

**by Negaduck 1 year ago**

"Morgana McCawber."

Standing behind the witch was a mallard of most scandalous disrepute. Except he was not so much standing as dropped into a low bow, crimson hat swept across himself in a frightfully dashing impersonation of a gentleduck.

"What a pleasure to find a gorgeous creature such as yourself out on a night like tonight. The very flutter of your eyes brings out the gloom and desolation of the darkest, deepest shadows."

One of his specialities. A full charm attack.

**by Morgana 1 year ago**

"Oh...! Well, thank you." Morgana was taken aback by his unusually charismatic introduction. She had done her homework, and knew somewhat of this handsome devil dressed in red and yellow. But his fetching compliments didn't match up with what she had heard about the sinister and mysterious doppelganger.

She flashed him a courteous smile. "I must say, I am surprised you know my name. I am afraid I cannot say the same for you, although I am aware you and Darkwing are not one in the same."

**by Negaduck 1 year ago**

Anybody else may have received a serve - of poisoned tipped spears, that was - for not attaching his name to his infamy. But this was not just anyone. This was Morgana MaCawber.

"Negaduck," came the response, gruff but with a suave smile, as he re-donned his hat. "And you, my enchanting one, are precisely correct. We are not one and the same."

As if it was nothing but a lazy thought, he toyed casually with one of his cuffs, and idly speculated,

"Why, if I were Darkwing, I would be nosing around, ruining good business, risking everything all for the sake of some disappearing kitchenware..."

Masked eyes flashed up to hers.

Morgana was not the only one who had done her homework.

**by Morgana 1 year ago**

Morgana cleared her throat and shuffled uncomfortably. It was clear to her

that Negaduck was far more cunning. Not to say that Darkwing is by any means stupid, she scolded herself, feeling a strange sense of guilt. But the vigilante crimefighter's judgement was easily clouded by her alluring personality, and she relied on that advantage to keep him running in circles. Negaduck, on the other hand...

"They say you are the one who runs this town." Morgana replied coolly, diverting the conversation away from her. If he was as egotistical as Darkwing, he would certainly prefer talking about himself.

**by Negaduck 1 year ago**

A dark look overcame him. There was egotistical. And there was megalomaniacal.

"This town is full of nothing but morons who are begging to be drained dry. All this wealth, all these resources, just waiting for somebody to snatch them up. The opportunities here are truly endless..."

The greed and the spite left as suddenly as it had appeared, charm snapping back on as quickly as somebody flipping a psychopathic light switch. Meeting Morgana's gaze once more, however, the slyness stayed with him.

"If you know what to look for."

It was becoming increasingly obvious he was looking for something in particular.

**by Morgana 1 year ago**

For a split second, the sorceress seemed taken aback by his maniacal speech. But as quickly as her surprise had come, it was gone again.

"I will admit, the people of this city are rather... how shall I put it, glass-eyed. They don't seem to acknowledge much beyond the tip of their noses. When I magicked my mansion in-between two highrise buildings downtown, not a single person took notice. I was so worried that it would draw unwanted attention. But I was able to stay hidden for almost a month." Her voice became softer and she blushed lightly. "That is, until Dark found me..."

She couldn't help but smile at the thought. Morgana often replayed that night over again in her head. The way he looked at her when she entered the boardroom and introduced himself. His tail had been wiggling so fast she thought it might fall off.

**by Negaduck 1 year ago**

He caught the shift in her expression, and was barely able to contain his revulsion. Affection was a concept he struggled with at the best of times, but

towards Darkwing? That would not do.

"Don't tell me you actually like that dweeb." Not exactly tactful but it sure cut to the heart of the matter. "That fumbling, presumptuous idiot's only talent is to interfere with perfectly laid plans and destroy them out of sheer incompetence. Not to mention he would never approve of anything outside the norm..."

Eyes narrowed, cruel and knowing.

"Or outside the law."

**by Morgana 1 year ago**

For a moment, it looked as though Morgana wanted to refute his statement. But instead she frowned and hung her head. He was right. Darkwing would never accept her as she was. He had already attempted arresting her for her previous crimes.

After a few moments of silence, she looked up to regard the devil in yellow. "I doubt you've come here simply to make small talk. Do you have a business proposal for me?"

**by Negaduck 1 year ago**

Ah, there was nothing quite as enjoyable as crushing hopes and dreams. Particularly when they involved his heroic counterpart.

But to business first.

"With my knowledge of this city, and unsurpassable criminal genius, I can help you make the most of your.. talents. All I ask in return is you put those talents to good use."

What constituted 'good' use he left undefined. Instead, he took one of her slender hands in his, and traced his fingers along it suggestively. There was more to this tryst than the promise of an unstoppable crime spree.

"And Darkwing will be none the wiser."

**by Morgana 1 year ago**

Her hand remained in his for a few moments as her expression hardened. "You would like to use my magic."

She pulled away from him and stood up straight. "I can most certainly assist you with my expertise in the occult. But I warn you now Mr. Negaduck, I will not hurt or maim the innocent. Fortunately, there are plenty of ways to get what one wants without shedding a single drop of blood."

**by Negaduck 1 year ago**

"Not any good ones," murmured outside of hearing range, before the suaveness snapped on again.

"You misunderstand me, my dear. I don't want to USE you. I want to HELP you." How humble, how sincere he sounded, as if such a thing was not completely ridiculous. "Sure, a little 'you scratch my back I'll scratch yours' would be appreciated... but my primary concern is ensuring your potential does not go to waste."

Stealing her hand back, persistent fiend that he was, he gazed into her eyes earnestly.

"Come on Morgana... with my guidance, you can have all you ever wanted. Gold, jewels, cash... and in a quarter of the time it would take you to even attempt such feats on your own."

Ironic, in a way, that the one thing she dearly wanted was what he never could provide.

**by Morgana 1 year ago**

Sighing loudly, she beckoned for him to follow her up the well-worn path to her home, which looked more like a graveyard. A skeletal hand emerged from the ground and made a grab for Negaduck's foot, while a bone-chilling wind whipped his cape back and forth. Thunder rumbled and lightning crackled, despite the fact the area surrounding the mansion appeared perfectly sunny and cheerful. It was as if Morgana's property were trapped in a very large snow globe.

A very large snow globe of death and decay.

"Let's discuss business over tea then. I am interested to hear how exactly you can assist me in my own goals, and how exactly it will benefit you as well." She opened the front door and invited him inside.

**by Negaduck 1 year ago**

The gloomy surrounds would have had Negaduck's approval, if only they hadn't been pestering him so much.

"Tea? You got anything stronger?" he grumbled, making to shake an unfortunately persistent creepy crawly from his webbed foot. "Embalming fluid, perhaps?"

It was intended to be an underhanded jibe, but he had best not push it too far, or he could be the one being embalmed. MaCawbers had a volatile sense of humour at the best of times.

**by Morgana 1 year ago**

The inside of the mansion was as grim and gothic as the outside. The walls were covered in large paintings of pale-fleshed and green-skinned monsters with beady eyes (some with more than others) that seemed to watch Negaduck as he followed her down the hallway. They passed through the dining room into the adjoining living quarters, and there were photographs of young Morgana adorning the walls, complete with a large framed degree in the center, over top the mantle. Bachelor of Sorcery Honors read one. Master of Faruncle Research said another.

Many of the photographs also featured a familiar fiery-haired demon at a much younger age, smiling next to Morgana or hugging her. One in particular was during a rather 'intriguing' phase in which the young demon's face was coated in acne and her fangs were hidden by large braces. It was by far the most unflattering photograph of Malicia Macawber that ever existed.

...Which was why Morgana made sure it was featured front and center, for all her visitors to see. Her? Bitter? Naaaah.

A pair of bats fluttered up and circled Negaduck wearily, chittering away as they eyed the newcomer.

"Eek, Squeek. If you would be so kind as to fetch Mr. Negaduck a glass of Phantom Fizz." Morgana seated herself on the couch in the living room, next to the fireplace where the photographs seemed to judge them.

Smiling coolly at Negaduck, she invited him to take a seat at the couch across from her. A coffee table toddled into the room on its four wooden legs and stopped to settle itself in between them.

"Now then. Let's talk business."

**by Negaduck 1 year ago**

"S'imple, Morg," he said, abbreviating partially out of habit, partially out of being distracted by a fluffy purple cushion attempting to take a bite out of him.

"For a start, you've got to stop using your weirdo pets-" Gesturing to the departing bats. "-For doing your leg work. Most of the bleary-eyed boofheads around here have their noses stuck too far into their television sets to notice, but SOME one will, and they're going to be hard to shake."

As if he had to elaborate on who that was likely to be.

"And secondly, you're thinking too small. I mean, home invasions? I can give you factories. Supply lines." A wide, scheming smile grew. "Tupperware parties."

Never had the phrase been spoken with such evil, ominous intent. Unless you counted, well, any tupperware hosts.

**by Morgana 1 year ago**

Morgana frowned. "You do have a point. Dark was able to deduce I was behind the sleep sand crimes because he caught sight of Eek and Squeak... and he seems to take special care into considering the spectral hound."

The two bats re-entered the room, carrying a large chalice between them. It was filled with a bubbling liquid that sent swirls of vapor into the air. It was plunked on the table in front of Negaduck.

"Thank you darlings." Morgana spoke to them sweetly. "That will be all for now."

Turning back to Negaduck, she clasped her hands neatly together in her lap, and spoke with a nervous uncertainty. "I have never left behind my Familiars before... tell me, have you any experience with diamonds?"

**by Negaduck 1 year ago**

Negaduck choked on his first big slurp of the drink in a manner that said 'have you any idea who I am?'

Gathering himself, he sat back and regarded her with calmness that made a rather ridiculous contrast to his initial reaction.

"Sure, I've dabbled in a few minor ventures in that area." A pause, mostly forced to hide exactly how interested he was. "Why do you ask?"

**by Morgana 1 year ago**

If Morgana had noticed his perked interest, she didn't acknowledge it. Instead she pushed the topic quite casually.

"I've considered moving in that direction. Gold bricks are rather heavy and difficult to hide." She leaned forward and took a sip from her own drink, which was a rather thick red liquid.

"Unfortunately, my knowledge on diamonds in St. Canard is rather sparse. I've heard rumors this city is filled with a lot of phony jewelry in order to fool the large density of criminals that target museums and stores."

**by Negaduck 1 year ago**

"Can fool them all, but can't fool me." A smooth, arrogant smile that hid mental notetaking to double check his own stash later. "You're not talking to any ordinary criminal here, Morgana."

And just when it appeared his ego could not have been any larger, he had the

nerve to actually wink at her while raising the chalice back to his bill.

"Which makes the pair of us."

A little harmless flattery, right...?

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**by Malicia 1 year ago**

After the rather unusual series of events that had led to both Negaduck and Feathers lying scratched and bruised in Malicia's bedroom (followed by being promptly kicked out) the demonness was nowhere to be found. Her warehouse was left as it was, with all its ornate statues, expensive rugs, plush furniture, and stock-piles of ice cream. But there was no sign of life inside, unless you counted the three-headed beast that lay by the door, whimpering occasionally.

Two months passed in silence --sweet, blissful silence. There was no monstrous screeching, no unexplainable earthquakes, no raging wildfires. Until finally, on the day of St. Canard's Annual Ice Cream & Diamond Extravaganza (why the event committee continued to organize these kind of social gatherings in a city laden with criminals is anyone's guess) in Central Park.

Cue the rich and snooty scattering like ants at a picnic, diamonds falling to the ground, ice cream bowls left abandoned, pearls clutched. Oh, the horror!

And there, in the epicenter of the panic stood Malicia, cackling loudly and brandishing a flaming fist. A fireball was lobbed at a great Oak tree and somewhere Bushroot probably cried out and was suddenly silenced.

She plucked a pink diamond from the overturned glass case on the ground, and seated herself next to the tubs of ice cream. Hmm... where to start first: Rocky road? Pistachio nut? Maybe just some 'ol fashioned vanilla...

**by Negaduck 1 year ago**

A diamond that was mysteriously whisked out of her claws. As if by magic! But no, it wasn't something as mundane as that. It was simply somebody who had very light fingers... when he wanted to.

"So what, you disappear off the face of the planet, only to show up to swipe MY merchandise?" Standing behind her, Negaduck inspected the gem between his fingers, before tucking it safely within his jacket. "I don't think so."

Nor did he think to say 'Oh hi honey, where have you been? Are you okay?'

Nor of the possible reasons for her sudden vacation. No, two months did not make him any less insufferable than before.

by **Malicia 1 year ago**

Shloop!

That was the sound of a half-tonne barrel of ice cream being tipped upside down and deposited on the masked villain's head.

"I didn't see your name written on it." She responded casually from somewhere outside the sticky mess.

Ah, such a touching reunion.

by **Negaduck 1 year ago**

"GAH! POOOTH! MMNHPPH!"

Really, as much as Negaduck enjoyed pistachio icecream, he also enjoyed breathing.

The initial moment of panic and disgust over, he promptly shook himself, not unlike their canine companions Malicia always seemed to be comparing him to. And what a shake, to disperse that amount of goop... Nevermind that it splattered the icecreamy goodness near and far, the amount of energy behind it was quite impressive.

So impressive, in fact, that he actually shook a bag right off his person. It landed not too far anyway, and from the trail of shinies that led up to it, it was chock full of diamonds.

The slightly sticky supervillain froze, slid his masked eyes over to the demoness, and smiled.. nervously.

"Eh... heh."

And then, FOOOM! He made a dash for the dropped goods. Hopefully before she got a hold of them, and hopefully before she thought to question why he was carrying more gems that had any business even being at a diamond convention.

by **Malicia 1 year ago**

Her foot slammed down on his hands as they reached for the bag, and she stared down at him coldly. Oooh, Serious Business.

"As if you need anymore diamonds. You don't even put them to good use, I don't see a single diamond accessory on your gaudy little outfit." She pressed her foot down harder.

"Now move aside. Otherwise this will quickly become St. Canard's Annual Supervillain Cook-Off."

**by Negaduck 1 year ago**

Suppressing a yelp of pain, he clenched his teeth and squirmed uncomfortably in an effort to free himself. No use, those stilettos were like knives.

"Ugh, no, Mal, darlin'... I've got something big planned for these."

Gazing up at his partner in crime, and numerous unspeakable things, his eyes were round and pleading. Like a puppy.. if it was being stepped on.

"You'll.. like it."

Malicia liked surprises, right? Did she also like lies? Bigger and bigger lies? If not, it was mystery why she even bothered to talk to him.

**by Malicia 1 year ago**

"Oh? A surprise? How lovely!" She clasped her hands together sweetly. "Well in that case..."

Rearing back her free leg, she gave the bag a swift kick, sending the diamonds sky high until they were but a twinkle in the distance. The contents soared across the city, probably to land somewhere on the outskirts between St. Canard and Duckburg.

"Fetch, boy." She threw back her head and let out a wicked cackle.

**by Negaduck 1 year ago**

That was unnecessarily cruel. Just the way Negaduck liked it... if he wasn't the one she was being unnecessarily cruel to.

But with the speed with which his sack flew -- and this is not the appropriate place to make puns -- he could not afford to hang back and complain snidely about it. No, not even a departing quip. His eyes traced the very flight path of the gems like the metaphorical dog watching a stick and, as soon as her heel was removed, he was after it like a shot.

Too bad she had never trained him to 'heel', because he would not be returning with her supposed surprise anytime soon. Assuming he actually retrieved the majority of the goods, that was, and did not come after her in a maniacal killing spree of revenge.

Luckily, for the sake of plot at least, a surprise would already be waiting for

when she finally returned home... and she discovered he'd stripped her illegal wares business clean to make way for a diamond smuggling factory.

by **Malicia** 1 year ago

Malicia cocked a brow in surprise at how quick he ran for it. What, not even a single disparaging comment? But not as surprised as her arrival home, only to discover her warehouse was looking more... like an actual warehouse.

"**What.**" Was all she said. Yet somehow, her entire opinion of the matter was easily summarized by that single word. That, and the fact her hair had immediately ignited like a firecracker on the 4th of July. And this was before she had even discovered Negaduck's partner in crime.

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Timing (and hilarity) dictated that at that very moment, the mallard responsible busted in. In one hand was the satchel, which had near exhausted him to retrieve, leaving him powered by rage alone. Turned out he did have a few disparaging comments to add.

Mostly about how she was not to punt his things half way across the country, and that she would bow down and worship him, and generally respect his almighty authoritah.

"Now LOOK here, you..."

Oh how fearsome he was. How imposing.

Not quite as fearsome or imposing as the demon chick with the literally flaming highlights, however. Not at that moment.

by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"**I am going to rip your testicles out and eat them myself!**" The demonness roared, lunging at him with all her weight. Every step she took seemed to shake the ground beneath her.

"Malicia, that won't be necessary. Besides, you could stand to eat healthier food, judging from the treatment you're giving those lovely hardwood floors." Another voice spoke calmly.

The walking-candle-with-boobs stopped dead in her tracks, eyes widening at the familiarity of the voice. No, it couldn't be...

It was.

Morgana emerged from the shadows and floated gracefully across the room toward Malicia. She paused under the skylight where the full moon above seemed to accentuate her perfect hourglass figure and cast an eerie glow on her smiling face.

"It's been awhile, cousin." The sorceress nodded toward the demon. "I was so happy to hear that you would be assisting us in our little business venture."

Malicia could only sputter breathlessly in response. The flames on her head quickly died down until her hair was once again fluffy and resting upon her shoulders.

"Us?" Her eyes slid over to Negaduck warily.

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Not.. exactly as he had planned. But he would have had to explain the warehouse's renovations somehow and, judging from the smoking footprints Malicia had left, perhaps it was for the best he had another witch on his side.

Steadying himself, Negaduck drew a breath. Outwardly calm, he adjusted his hat, his jacket, and bravely moved to stand between the rivals. There. Nothing to worry about.

Really, what could possibly go wrong with two MaCawbers in the one room anyway?

"Uh, yeah. Morgana needed a little help breaking into the criminal world, and with my brilliant mind, and your.." How best to flatter her? "Business know-how, I figured we could leave this city's gem industry for dead."

Not that things were ever that simple with him and his schemes.

by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"**HER?**" The demonness screeched. "**You want me to work alongside HER?!**" She jabbed a claw in Morgana's direction, because breaking the sound barrier didn't seem to make the point clear enough.

"Of all the things you could do to me!" Malicia continued dramatically. "You want to sleep around with other women? No problem. You want to lounge around my home and pretend it's yours? I'll let it slide. Finish off half my booze stash? Whatever. But **this**. This crosses the line."

Morgana barely flinched during her cousin's outburst. "I see you still have that adorable temper of yours. I take it you're still a little sore about what happened when we last saw one another?"

"DON'T you even go there." Malicia snapped back. She had begun pacing back and forth, the floor steaming beneath her.

So Morgana didn't. Instead, she went somewhere else... to Negaduck's side, placing a long slender hand on his shoulder in a rather affectionate gesture.

"Well you don't have to join us... I suppose Negaduck and I will just have to accomplish this task together. Just the two of us."

**by Negaduck 1 year ago**

Such manipulation. Such guile. Negaduck would have been mightily impressed with the witch's ploy... had he not been caught right in the middle of it.

Still, if Malicia was going to follow through with her earlier threat, backing down now would not save him. The only option was really to roll with it and hope he came out on top with bodily organs intact.

"Such a shame." Sharing a sly half smile with the sorceress, a disappointed expression was soon sent Malicia's way. "And here I was looking forward to you demonstrating that ruthlessness that has supposedly made you 'Queen' of this town..."

Le sigh.

"But if you're not up for it, well, you must be happy with being.. second best."

**by Malicia 1 year ago**

Malicia wordlessly looked back and forth between the two. She was stuck. If she refused to work with Morgana she'd be leaving them alone. Together. Just the two of them. And backing down would be like claiming second banana... "Fine." She snapped sullenly. "But I expect my wares will be returned to me once this is over." And just like that, she slunk away like a sulking child to inspect the machinery and whatever diamonds the duo had stashed away.... And to dip into her ice cream supply. Morgana released her grip on Negaduck. "Ten years later and I can still tune her like a radio." There was both arrogance and wistfulness in that statement. "It's quite sad how easy it can be. Perhaps if our alliance continues at a smooth pace, I can teach you a few of my tricks."

**by Negaduck 1 year ago**

"Perhaps I can teach you a few of mine." In case the husky drawl wasn't suggestive enough, Negaduck added a few extra suggestive brow wiggles for good measure.

It had to be a brave - or incredibly, utterly foolish - mallard that would flirt with his partner's arch-nemesis in her own home. With the speed and fury Malicia stormed off, however, he naturally assumed the demoness to be long out of earshot.

Besides, even a megalomaniac could sense he would not be welcome in her bedroom tonight. So if he could weasel his way into somebody else's - even if it was likely to be terribly creepy and full of staring beady eyes - all the better.

**by Malicia 1 year ago**

Morgana brushed past him playfully. "Not on the first crime." She purred.

From the kitchen, Malicia could be heard noisily opening cupboards, grabbing dinnerware, and ripping open bags of food.

"Perhaps I should check on my dear cousin before she puts herself into a hypoglycemic coma." She smiled wryly. "Have we cornered the last of the jewelry stores yet?"

**by Negaduck 1 year ago**

Like one of the dobermans watching a juicy, fresh baby steak pass before them, Negaduck tracked her movements with his eyes. And a sly knowing smile. So she was game for his game then? That would make it all the more interesting.

The ruckus in the kitchen snapped him out of his trance, however, and he wandered in behind the demoness. Hey, he knew well enough not to leave her with the food if he had any desire to be fed himself.

"Malicia, it's me." Just in case she had forgotten how talented - and arrogant - he was when it came to crime. "For the small stuff, we're down to private collectors and deposit boxes. Then it's time to go after the real prize."

Absentmindedly tearing open what looked to be a packet of crisps, he was staring into the distance in a way that suggested what he thought that prize might be. And it wasn't diamonds.

Oh Negs, for such a playa, you damn obvious.

**by Malicia 1 year ago**

When Morgana was out of range Malicia shot out of her seat and grabbed him by the neck, slamming him head first into the table. The plates and cups bounced a few feet in response to the startling thump his skull made against the expensive wood. "I know what you're trying to do here." She growled lowly at the head currently smooshed into the surface. "You're trying to humiliate me. Punish me. You bring my wretch of a cousin into MY home and force my hand into working with her. You just weren't satisfied with one threesome were you? Wanted to toss a little incest into the mix did you?" She released her grip. "Well two can play at this game!" She cackled maniacally. Wait..... how?

**by Negaduck 1 year ago**

Once Negaduck popped his head back up off the table he levelled one of his most soul-shaking glares at his cohort. Granted, it wasn't particularly threatening until he had cracked his oversized beak back into place, but he levelled it all the same.

"YOU'RE the one who disappeared for weeks without notice!"

Volume control. Not one of his stronger points. In hypocrisy, however, he was a pro.

"What was I meant to do, shut up shop?" Voice dropped to a venomous hiss to avoid a certain cousin overhearing, as if she couldn't have picked up on the first outburst. "Crime doesn't stop just because you hear the call of the tanning bed, Mal!"

Narrowed eyes. "And if you're threatening me with what I think you're threatening me with..."

Letting it hang. Because somebody would hang, if she was serious.

**by Malicia 1 year ago**

"So team up with Ammonia Pine! Or your Fearsome Flunkies! Or that very creepy little mole that lives in the sewers whose incessant ranting is carried up through the pipes!" She paced the kitchen, hands flying in the air dramatically. "Anyone but her!"

But a smile only slid across her bill as his hackles raised. It was the smug, vengeful smile of a woman scorned.

It said: Just watch me do it.

**by Negaduck 1 year ago**

He knew that look. That determination. And he was equally determined to stop it.

"No. No no no no NO." Legs of his chair screeched against the polished floorboards as the criminal launched to his feet. Doing so really didn't give him any advantage in height, but dramatics were dramatics.

"Listen, you thick-headed harpy. I have a plan in the works here and, whether you can understand it or not, it is going to destroy that joke in a cape."

Dinnerware made another jump as his fist slammed against the thankfully sturdy table top.

"And I will not have you working against me on this!"

Volume control, or his lack of it, has already been mentioned, right? Because Negaduck seemed to believe that the louder he made an assertion, the truer it was.

Worked with the Fearsome Flunkies anyway.

**by Malicia 1 year ago**

"Now who said I was going to work against your little plan?" She fluttered her eyelashes in an extremely poor attempt at feigning innocence. Then she placed one hand on her chest and the other in the air, as though she were reciting an oath. "I won't do anything to ruin your goals for world domination, Ghoul Scout's honor." "Is everything okay in here?" Morgana always had a knack for gracefully floating into whatever area she was occupying, which she demonstrated by appearing in the kitchen doorway. So graceful. And slim. And delicate. Ooooh, how Malicia hated her. "We're fine." Malicia replied brusquely. "Just clearing up a few things with **my** partner in crime.

**by Negaduck 1 year ago**

While Malicia was verbally staking her territory, Negaduck was staking his... with a stake.

The crazy-eyed lunge with the weapon he had mysteriously acquired from somewhere was foiled, however, by his demoness target happening to shift out of the way at the last second.

Consequently all he managed to stake was the kitchen sink, narrowly avoiding having his arm turned to splinters by the garbage disposal - whose fantastic idea had THAT been? - or getting any blood spilt on Malicia's precious floor.

Adjusting his costume as if nothing had happened, the murderous mallard turned his glare to Morgana, still irate about not having the last word on who was blackmailing who.

"Oh yes, everything's fine. Fine and dandy," he spat, irrationally but uncontrollably projecting that frustration at the very female he had intended to charm.

Not in the mood to be caught in the middle of a family feud though, with a snap of his cape he turned to stomp out the door and find somewhere less hormonally charged to sulk.

"So fine and dandy, in fact, I might go see what's the most incredibly sharp thing I can carve out of the armoury," grumbly referring to HER armoury, that was, the armoury he had purloined to make way for his new venture.

As to which caped crusader's flesh said sharp thing would soon find itself, well, that much was obvious.

**by Malicia 1 year ago**

Morgana rounded on her cousin, hands on her hips. "See to the latest haul we've brought in. Have them sorted and on the conveyer belt immediately."

Without another word the sorceress turned and stalked after Negaduck, leaving Malicia in a stunned silence. "It seems to me that Malicia has figured out your hot button." She said to the raging mallard as she trailed behind him. "You really mustn't let her get to you like that. We have an enterprise to concentrate on right now, we don't have time to play childish games." To prove her point, she stopped to pluck a stray diamond from the floor, balancing it carefully in the palm of her hand. "You are Public Enemy One, aren't you?"

**by Negaduck 1 year ago**

Childish games? There were no childish games involved. He was simply trying to beat a piece of steel into an appropriately eye-gouging shape using his bare fists and a canine squeaky toy.

"I **know**... but sometimes just I want to... and then **she**..."

Suddenly losing all control and strangling said hunk of metal as if it had a demonic tail and a penchant for ice-cream wasn't a game either. Sure was amusing to watch though.

**"ARRGH!"**

Outburst over - or as much as it could be while he was still trying to control it - Negaduck was left panting, the veneer of calm slowly returning.

"You're right," sighed in concession. "She's not going to get the better of me. Of US. After all, what's the worst she can do?"

Even if Darkwing was terrified of her, Negaduck of all villains should have known better than to pose that rhetorical question. Seemingly oblivious, however, he whisked the diamond out of the witch's hand, devilish smile hinting at the corners of his beak.

"To business?"

That was not a toast. It was a plan. The lead in to one, anyway.

**by Malicia 1 year ago**

Morgana gave him a sympathetic pat on the shoulder.

"Believe me when I tell you there's been an innumerable amount of occasions where I've considered magicking her mouth shut. The trick is to simply beat her at her own game."

And then she nodded. "To business." She agreed, swaying past him. Taking care to brush her body against his eeeeever so slightly.

Meanwhile, Malicia was brushing her body against another masked mallard not-so-slightly.

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Whilst oblivious to the actual goings-on outside the warehouse, the lingering threat Malicia levelled lingered over his mind like a dark cloud of treacherous ooze. Consequentially, his body language in response to Morgana's flirting was more surly than seductive, but his eyes slid after her all the same.

So she didn't get his fires burning (literally or otherwise) in the same way Malicia did. And so he had only been playing the charm card to draw her away from Darkwing.

But blast it if the way she moved wasn't utterly hypnotising...

Shaking off those distracting thoughts, he quickly moved to catch up to her path.

"Actually, on business, I believe we've come to a new level." The stray diamond somehow made its way into his grasp, and he held it demonstratively. "We can slide these around the world all we like. We can do it on a scale and at a speed far greater than any street thug. Ultimately, however, it's still the realm of ordinary thieves."

A slight smirk, mood already improving with this new train of thought. "It's time for the next step, Morg. Time to turn this into something special. And you have the goods to do just that."

Was that deliberate that it sounded so sleazy? Not that it mattered. He soon clarified what he meant by 'goods', even if it left the suggestion rather open.

"Your magical talent gives us the capability to make this more than a mere smuggling operation. Nevermind the notoriety; think of the extra money you can make. If you, say, magically combined five smaller diamonds into one large perfect specimen, not only would the value of that individual stone be greater, but the entire market would go nuts if you divided it by fifths!" A pause, not wanting to get too carried away without knowing her abilities. "Unless, perhaps, you can simply make them larger as is. Or into some sort of gem-powered death cannon."

Please say you can whip up a hero-seeking face-melting gem-powered death cannon. Please.

by **Malicia** 1 year ago

Up, and up, slooowly went Morgana's eyebrow, at his final request.

"I can most certainly combine five smaller diamonds. And while I can also

enlarge a single one, it is a tad more complicated, as all magic requires the displacement of energy elsewhere in the universe to increase or create an object. It is simply not possible to make something out of nothing."

Reaching into her head of hair she pulled out a large leather bound book and began flipping through the pages as she spoke. "And I technically could create such a weapon... but I see no need. I will start with the combination spell."

**by Negaduck 1 year ago**

"I'm talking hypotheticals here, Morg!" Negaduck trailed after her, 'explaining' himself. "But just think of the money you could rake in! Death cannons are a niche market, you know, and..."

Something told him this was not a point worth pushing. Like a kid who has realised his dreams of a monster truck for Christmas would not come true, his shoulders slumped.

"Fine." Had to keep his priorities straight. The whole point was to continue dragging her further down the path of evil; anything beyond that was only a bonus. Not worth getting her off side.

Besides, it wasn't like he couldn't simply BUY a death cannon with the diamond money.

After moodily watching spell preparations for a moment, he turned and made for the door, muttering almost beneath his breath, "I'll go find something to sacrifice then. I hear that.. helps."

Whether it helped the spell or only his mood was left undefined.

**by Malicia 1 year ago**

"I have things under control here. But if you find anymore diamonds, that would be fantastic." She was pouring over the spell book distractedly and didn't seem to take notice of his mood.

"Mmm... good thing I brought an extra supply of monkey drool." She murmured.

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