

by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

"Are.... are you wearing a skirt?"

by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

Frozen, mid-step. He had been so caught up charging away from Lilly's that he had forgotten he was partially still in 'disguise'.

Slowly, the crossdressed crime boss turned to face Malicia.

"Nooo..." he lied, badly, before ripping off said non-existent skirt in one smooth motion.

Having also forgotten he was wearing the largest, frilliest pair of women's knickers ever seen.

by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

Slowly her eyebrow arched as she looked down South. And not with the usual sly expression she normally had on her face while concentrating on that area of his body.

"You have some very interesting hobbies." Was all she said.

by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

Flushing with – was that embarrassment? No, he only ever conveyed varying shades of anger – the mallard tore off the granny panties and, while he was at it, quickly disposed of the feminine blouse and two coconuts that had been 'filling' it. Which left him in nothing but an undershirt.

Not that stopped him carrying himself with an air of total superiority.

"I'm a master of manipulation. That takes commitment," he retorted, as if it were a principle worth defending. So what if it landed him ridiculous moustaches or adult diapers. Lies were what he lived by.

All the same, style WAS important... glancing down at his rather style deprived state, he eyed Malicia warily.

"You wouldn't be able to, you know..." Mandatory finger wiggle. "Be able to magic me up a new set of duds, would you? My others are still in the cleaners..."

And they really must have been, if he was going with the dangerous move of trusting a MaCawber with his appearance.

by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

"Yes, yes. Of course I can." She wiggled her fingers back at him. "Do that."

It was more a wave of the hands than a wiggle. Flames rose up around Negaduck and engulfed him, although it was safe to assume they weren't of the holy-shit-that-burns variety, as he wasn't presently rolling on the ground in screaming agony.

When the flames melted away, Negaduck would find himself in a rather handsome business suit -- the fancy variety worn by business tycoons the world over. Complete with a red undershirt and tie. Thankfully his mask remained in place. Even the demoness knew better than to come between a mallard and his secret identity.

"Now don't you just look fetching."

It wasn't as though she selected this particular outfit because she had a 'thing' for men in suits. Oh no.

by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

Well, that could've been worse.

Twisting around to examine all aspects – checking she had not sneakily added a 'Bite Me' sign or a dinosaur tail – he seemed satisfied enough. But something was missing.

"Don't you think it's a little... bland?" he ventured, brow raised.

Which should have sent off mental alarm bells for Malicia. The subtext was clear: don't you LIKE my usual costume? Critiquing one's partner's dress code was difficult enough; it was practically impossible when they were heavily armed and had an ego the size of a distant galaxy.

by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

"Hmmm... you're right."

Another wave of her hand and suddenly Negaduck had a big, fat cigar hanging out of his bill and ten shiny rings on each finger -- each with a big, fat glittering diamond. And... was that chin stubble and whiskers suddenly sprouting on his chin?

"There! Much better!"

Apparently she didn't catch on to his subtext at all. She was too busy shamelessly ogling him.

by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

Startled, the felon jumped back and gawked at the additions, reflexively spitting out the cigar.

"HEY!" he bellowed, glare one of increasing indignation. "I'm a **supervillain**, Malicia, not some fat cat corporate! I pull in as much money as they do, except I use it for inflicting widespread destruction and chaos! For striking fear into the hearts of thousands!" Bling-rings were ripped off and dashed to the ground vehemently. "I'm not **afraid** of getting **my** hands dirty!"

Threateningly, he closed in on the demoness.

"You understand the difference, **don't you?**"

by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

But Malicia remained unperturbed, and merely crossed her arms in defiance. "Calm down. Who said you needed to wear this permanently or act differently? I just wanted an excuse to give you a tie so I could do this." And without another word she yanked hard on the fabric in question, pulling him forward into a rough forceful kiss.

by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

It took him a moment to adjust to the sudden change of gears. But anger was channeled into lust easily enough, and it didn't take him long to return the kiss with equal intensity.

Sweet Satan, how he wanted to kill her.

He also wanted her, full stop.

Those two conflicting impulses could battle all they liked, however; experience told which one would win out.

When their beaks parted, Negaduck was smiling his slyest knowing smile, bedroom eyes dark with a variety of violent thoughts, most of them enjoyable.

"Are you sure you didn't want it to put me in a noose?"

There was a reason why he usually wore a turtleneck.

by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

Such a delicious moment surely could not be ruined by anything.

"We should go make a ba--have sex. Right now."

Normally such straight-forward statement would be music to any man's ears. But there was something... oddly desperate in her tone. And the shifty gleam in her eye could only mean one thing: Malicia was brewing something up. And not of the potion-making variety.

by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

The mental fog lifted. Eyes narrowed. Hands caught her wrists before she could slip them anywhere distracting.

"What are you up to?" he rumbled, an underlying tone of warning that she had better get herself together and not ruin sexy time before his paranoia snapped him completely out of it.

Too bad for Negaduck, in this case, he probably wasn't paranoid enough.

by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

"I should be asking YOU the same thing! Running around in skirts, spending time with my insipid cousin. I could've done all that stuff with the diamonds too, you know!" She pouted childishly. "You don't need her."

Weeeell... maybe he did need Morgana. Malicia never exactly finished her studies at Eldritch, and the whole transmorphing-tiny-objects-into-bigger-objects was upper year stuff. But that was just sparse details that didn't matter, right?

by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

"You weren't here, remember?" he pointed out.. pointedly. "You were off swanning around some tourist trap, or a hot spring, or a lake of brimstone- I don't know, wherever demons go to relax."

Cleverly keeping the focus off his own dastardly activities, he brushed the tip of his bill over her neck line, in a teasing hint of where he could be kissing. Not to mention allowing him to drink in her scent...

"And I never got an invitation..." he grinned mischievously, not bothering to even veil the emotional blackmail.

Oh yes, because Malicia was the rude, ungrateful partner. Right.

by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

"It... it was a personal vacation of self discovery. Filled with spirit quests and vision journeys and all that other... inner searching stuff." Her mind reeled distractedly as he taunted her.

Of course, mostly all she discovered was that she got the best tan EVER in The Grenadines. And the drinks and men were mightttty fine the further South you went.

by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

"And how many bottles were you searching in..."

Mid-quip, he paused, as if his brain had caught up with something. Oh, the jig was up. He had put it together. There would be no babymaking that night.

Except suddenly he leaned forward and drank in her scent again.

"Ooooh MAN you smell good! I don't know what the heck you're wearing, but it's sending my head spinning..."

Must have been in a good way, because he couldn't seem to tear himself away. After which he unceremoniously plunged his head down her canyon-like cleavage.

"MMFFFPHHawwYGEEHHH...." came the garbled, blissful moan. It was not so much a motorboating as a uncontrollable need to have that all up around him. Losing his senses around his conniving consort was never a wise move, but blast it if it wasn't the best feeling ever, short of blowing up a puppy hospital.

by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

"Actually I'm not wearing anyth--OOH!"

Well. Can't argue with results.

And so, with Negaduck on an excavation deep in Mount Mammaria, Mal toddled back to the warehouse. All the while receiving some very odd glimpses and a few mothers gasping in horror as they covered their children's innocent virgin eyes.

Eventually they reached their destination, and Malicia headed up the stairs and down the hallway... except instead of moving to her bedroom as per usual, she veered down the hall in a different direction, to a room that had been sealed shut.

Until now.

The door magicked itself open, and in they went. The room was mostly plain, except for a few odd toys lying on the ground and... a bed. Or what looked somewhat like a bed, except it was round, and the sheets were ruffled and curled up.

It was, quite literally, a love nest.

RED ALERT RED ALERT RED ALERT

by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

Once he had tugged his head free of her massive mammaries, the disorientated drake looked around.

And didn't appear to take any of it in.

Maybe it was because his head was so clouded the nest didn't register. Maybe it was because he had ever SEEN the inside of a non-Negaversian nursery and didn't know what to make of it. In any case, his devilish, perverted grin fell back on his cohort.

"Since we're rehashing outfits today, why don't we do yours? I'll help you with your dress..." Low growl dropped even lower. "... by removing it with my teeth."

Well can't say fate didn't try and warn him.

by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

And so, as daylight turned to dusk and eventually nighttime, the mating ritual of The Wild Malicia occurred within the nest. They say that once she has finished with her mate, she bites his head off. However, judging by the fact that Negaduck had survived this long, that was only a rumor spread by fearful citizens... or perhaps by Negaduck himself, to keep would-be suitors away from his duckubus.

Insert a horrifying cut-scene here of cartoon sperm with fangs and evil eyes, rushing through a dark tunnel. Possibly bashing each other over the heads with little mallets. One of the sperm reaches the giant burning ball of destiny, and whips out a chainsaw in an attempt to work its way to the center.

Whether the little slugger is successful would remain a mystery for now. For Negaduck's sake, it better not.

by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

Outside that horrifying nightmare vision, the great burning ball of destiny took the form of the smouldering tip of a cigarette. It dangled out the very edge of his bill, looking like it could tumble out any section. But he didn't have the energy to hold it.

A groan, and Negaduck sat up, feeling as though he was coming out of a daze. A quick check of the time confirmed he had a meeting to get to. Reaching for the discarded jacket Malicia had majicked up... the fabric immediately dissolved into a hundred pieces at his touch.

Too be fair, that was probably a new record for any piece of his clothing.

Reluctantly he hauled himself up and went rummaging through the house for a spare emergency costume of his. It was a bit of surprise to come out straight into the hallway – when had Malicia installed that weird little room anyway? – but he found a change of clothes, tidied up his plumage, shaved the whiskers, and gargled with bourbon. All in all, he came out looking as presentable as ever.

Except even through his satisfaction, exhaustion was evident.

Heading out, he adjusted his cuffs and parted with a casually offensive shout out to wherever the demoness was lurking, "I'd love to stay and shag, honey, but doom awaits!"

Yes. Yes it did.

by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

"Okay, have fun!" Called her voice from somewhere upstairs.

Upstairs where, at that moment, she was naked and suspended upside-down from the ceiling like a bat, her legs squeezed tightly shut.

...What? She read somewhere that it helped with the fertilization process.

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by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

It was nowhere special. An open pavement on one of St Canard's busier, ritzier streets. It was, however, strategically positioned on a route a villainess would take when flitting between shoe shops or, say, terrorising the local day spa owners.

And there, scrawled in huge hard to miss lettering, was a sign.

'STAND HERE FOR FREE DEMON TREATS.' Complete with a down arrow indicating that 'here' was very much right there.

Honestly, how could one pass up such a tempting offer? Not only were they free, but they were unspecified. It won on sheer mystery alone.

by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

Malicia didn't notice it at first. She was, after all, too busy flitting between shoe store and spa to pay any attention. Plus all these boxes she was carrying obstructed her view of the street in general -- a fact made known to every unfortunate passerby who got in her way and was promptly plowed over.

At some point, however, as she was contemplating whether to drop by the lounge to grab a quick martini or twelve, she paused in front of the sign.

"Treats for demons? As if there is such a thing!" She almost seemed affronted by the suggestion. "Unless it's a foot rub. It's been a whole sixteen minutes since I've had one..."

She was lost in her own thoughts by that point. Although she did spend some time peering around the sign and under it, as if hoping to find something waiting for her there.

by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

Something was indeed waiting for her. But not under the sign. Above it.

An 100 tonne steel box, reminiscent of the zoo lions' cages of old. Except this one was galvanised, re-reinforced, and all in all appeared to be built for confining monsters.

Oh, and it was hurtling down on top of her.

**SLAAAAAAAAAAM.**

Citizens threw themselves out of the way. Cars swerved and traffic collided as people desperately attempted to evade the incoming walls. In short, chaos erupted.

In the middle of all that, the creator of chaos repelled in from the hovering helicopter above, and landed smoothly before the bars.

"What a treat I have in store for you." Negaduck smiled menacingly at his newly caught captive, but it didn't quite reach his eyes. There was a flash of something darker there. Something that indicated he was deeply unamused.

Just like Malicia was likely to be.

by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

For a few moments Malicia was stunned and confused as to what was going on. One second she was on the street, the next she found herself behind bars... and walls. She shrugged it off nonchalantly and wound up her fist, slamming it into the metallic barrier. ...Only to recoil, howling in pain. Her hand was bright red and throbbing, and for once it wasn't because of anything fiery or demon-related. Just pure, outrageous, cartoon effects. It wasn't long before realization settled in. Or, more specifically, Negaduck had settled in atop to jeer at her. Taking a moment to nurse her hand by suckling on her knuckles, she looked up at him blankly.

"This... is going to be a really kinky treat, right?" Eyes filled with so much delightful hope.

by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

Eyes narrowed. So she was turning on the kink already, was she? Time to play hard ball.

"Let's examine the circumstances, shall we?"

Like a lawyer in a court case – which, unsurprisingly, he had a fair amount of exposure to – the determined drake proceeded to pace up and down in the front of the cage, setting out her charge.

"You, Malicia MaCawber, have proceeded down a path that is the very antithesis of villainy. You have been stockpiling little baby boots and toys rather than burning them. You have been getting friendly with local plebeian mothers rather than taking them hostage. And you been getting cosy in what I have since found out to be a nursery—" His tone became quite sour on that point. "– rather than focusing on an appropriately blood-stained lair. Bottom line, you are no longer interested in kids because you want to torment them, but because you want to have them."

Attention snapped back to the defendant. Cue wolfish grin. He had her.

"Your prize?"

Drawing up close, but not too close to be within easy snatching distance, he delivered the final pronouncement through a snarl.

"You get to damn well stay in here until you get over it."

What, while on heat? Worse than a death sentence!

by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

"But... wuh... that's..." She was nearly stunned into silence. Nearly.

"YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! I HAVE RIGHTS YOU KNOW! ...I'm not quite sure what they are but... NONETHELESS I HAVE RIGHTS!" As she shouted, her hair flared upwards to express her rage, and her body began to glow bright red.

"You really think you can contain me?! HAH! I laugh at your pathetic attempt! HAH HAH HA--  
AAAAAAAAAAAAAH!!!"

It seemed all that furious energy she had produced was bouncing off the walls like a game of pong, only to connect with her stomach. The sheer force sent her flying backwards into the wall behind her.

For a couple seconds she lay completely still until slowly, she began to stir.

"Your plan will never work." She growled lowly. "Darkwing Duck and everyone else in this city will not tolerate you just camping out right in the middle of downtown. It'll slow down traffic!"

Because that was clearly the ONLY thing the citizens needed to be concerned about.

by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

A brow arched upwards.

"You kidding? They'll probably award me the Key to the City for stopping this nonsense!"

Arms folded, Negaduck watched her struggle against the prison with a deliberate expression of callous indifference.

"And quit hurting yourself. You think I don't know what you're capable of? This is the highest level of magic-resistant, demon-trapping technology in existence." A flick of a finger and he set a bar chiming tunefully. "Had to call in a few favours to get my hands on it at such short notice. But when they heard what was at stake..."

Accusatory scowl settling on his cohort once more.

"You wouldn't believe how happy they were to hand it over."

by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

"WHAT is at stake?! And who the hell creates demon trapping technology?!"

Probably one of the many, many victims of her 'these shoes are too small' tantrums.

Giving the bars a furious shake she scowled at him. "This is ridiculous. How long do you expect me to stay in here? I have to eat! And... oh god."

She looked at him with horrible, wide-eyed realization.

"I have to pee!" She wailed.

by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

A sly, sadistic grin slithered across his bill. So maybe there were a few upsides into keeping a caged consort after all.

"You bought a truckload of designer shoes today, didn't you?" A gesture to the discarded pile of boxes and bags. Then he commanded one of the most disgusting, depraved orders he had ever had.

Which meant you knew he was delighted with it.

"Go in those."

Yup, enjoyed that more than he probably should have.

by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

Negaduck would quickly find himself being pelted with shoes... very pointy-heeled shoes.

"YOU DISGUSTING TREACHEROUS LOW-LIFE SLUG!" She screeched, pausing only to hurl the second of a pair of Gucci pumps. "I don't know **what** you're up to or why, but when I get out of here I'm going to TEAR EVERY FEATHER OFF YOUR NEGADUCKY BODY."

Circling the inside of the cage like an irate lion, she picked up another pair of shoes and shook them fiercely at him, as if to illustrate a point.

"THESE ARE ONE OF A KIND STUART WEITZMANS **BITCH.**"

... Lock her up because she wants babies? Sure, why not. But threaten the integrity of her shoes by suggesting she urinate in them? Blasphemy.

by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

Shielding himself with his arms – and his cape, not that would do a lot against a gem encrusted stiletto – Negaduck scoffed at her rage. Probably not the wisest of moves, but he scoffed all the same.

"Don't blame me!" he hollered back, shoes bouncing off him this way and that. "YOU'RE the one whose

biological clock is clicking like a high yield thermonuclear bomb! If you weren't thinking with your ovaries so much, I wouldn't have to resort to this!"

As the barrage of Blahniks ceased, he picked one heel from the ground where it had ricocheted, and dangled it in front of the bars temptingly.

"So you can choose. Can the raging hormones, or—" A nod towards a yet unhurled box in the corner. "—find out what ELSE those boots are made for."

In typical Negaduck style, that was hardly a choice.

by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

"Since when have you ever taken issue with my hormones?" She sniffed indignantly.

"Is this about the baby thing?" NAW, REALLY MAL? You're just figuring this out NOW after he monologued about it for ten minutes?

"I'm ready to be a mother!" As if to prove her point, she picked up a discarded shoe and stroked it tenderly.

"Poor wittle thing" She squeaked in a non-ironic high pitched cutesy voice. "Wet's get you inswide your wittle shoe boxy woxy where the big mean mallard can't hurt you."

Oh god, Negs. The symptoms of "Baby Rabies" were worse than you thought. She has progressed to the next stage: BABY TALK.

by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

Cringing at every syllable, Negaduck watched on with the sort of utter revolution a normal person would have displayed had she actually relieved herself in the 'poor wittle thing'. Nope, baby talk was something he would never be able to handle, not for a lifetime, not for two minutes.

"Oh yeah?!" retorted when eventually the green tinge to his feathers died down. "And what am I supposed to do, huh? Find a new sandwich wench? Because there's no way I'm putting up with a sappy, baby-brained blimp for the next nine months!"

Really, what gave her the idea that he would PERMIT that?

by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

"YOU CAN'T TELL ME WHA--" She started in, but considered for a moment. Sheer force and rage hadn't changed his mind, nor would gentle reasoning.

As if anything Malicia ever did was remotely 'gentle'... heck, even the shoe she was was maternally stroking had been crushed in her fist at the beginning of her outburst.

But she still had one trump card she hadn't used. After all, she may be stuck in here against her will... but he wasn't.

"Is it hot in here or is it just me?" She tugged lightly on the front of her dress. "Yes... very hot..."

And just like that, her dress dropped to her ankles.

by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

Oh he was on to her. From the get go. From the moment the fabric tugging and fidgeting commenced, the villain crossed his arms, and turned away stubbornly.

"Don't even try it. I..."

One tiny peek couldn't hurt though, right? Wrong. Within seconds he was caught within the snare of the all-powerful hypo-boobs.

If Malicia had any pyrokinesis at all, it was making him hot under the collar. A succubus was irresistible enough, but his succubus, caged, at his mercy? He stared, hungrily, paralysed on the spot.



"... ay ay ay ..."

Negaduck licked his lips. So maaaaaybe it wasn't the best idea to guard her from horny males himself.

Nevertheless, he hadn't moved closer to the cage. It was likely due to a tiny, mostly unheard part of his mind screaming at him: NOOOO IT'S A TRAAAAP RUUUUUUUUUUN! RUN YOU IDIOT!! ARRRGGHHHH!

by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

"Look at the time! I almost forgot to do my daily stretches."

And then she proceeded to bend over and touch her toes, making sure her backside was facing Negaduck.

"Aaaaaah~!" She moaned happily. "That feels so good."

I will conquer you, little man!

by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

Cruel, manipulative woman. Such a brazen move, particularly in public, had always been guaranteed to send him over the edge.

Which made it all the more surprising when something swung between the bars and collected the exposed cheeks of her behind. Well, not so much that something was swung but that the something was cold, hard and hollow.

"Down girl," smirked Negaduck, lowering the shotgun barrel that he had used as an impromptu spanking tool. Who knows where he had found the power to resist; possibly he had prepared by studying up on a few mind control techniques perfected by the ascetic monks of HoodooJoondoo. Probably before he robbed them. "That delicious bootay won't be tempting me tonight."

Possessiveness then washed over him. A territorial glare slid around the area suspiciously. The shotgun was cocked.

"Or anybody else for that matter."

With that, the fiery fiend turned to take up his post. Which, in effect meant climbing UP a post, as a power pole knocked over in the sudden installation of the Malicia Trap made for a handy up-ramp to the metal roof of the cage, a nice high vantage point.

It also had the handy effect of putting some distance between him and that 'delicious bootay'. HoodooJoondian techniques or no, there was little point tempting fate.

by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

If it weren't for the fact she were there to witness it, she would not have believed it. He... resisted? And she had pulled out her best seductive maneuver. NOBODY RESISTS THE BOOTAY BEND-OVER TECHNIQUE. NOBODY!

Was she losing her touch? Oh god... is this the first step in the ageing process?

No. That couldn't be it. Perish the thought.

"You're a robotic replacement, aren't you?!" She accused him frantically. "Someone kidnapped the REAL 'Red, and you're just a stand in!"

Her finger shakily pointed up at him where he sat perched like a sniper.

"I'm on to you, robo-clone."

by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

A sniper who had pulled a deckchair out of nowhere, Negaduck had settled in for the long haul.

"Pff. Not even preggio and the mummy brain phenomenon has already eroded your mental capacity."

Resting the shotgun on his lap in order to light a cigar – using a propane torch of course; lighters were for suckers – the caped criminal watched her out of the corner of his eye, the smirk still playing at one corner of his beak. Arrogant bastard. He didn't even seem to care when a tiny swallow passed the potent cloud of cigar smoke and dropped to the ground, lifeless.

"There's only one of me."

No way was he a robo-clone. An ego of that size couldn't be programmed.

by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

"If by one of you, you mean one of you, and Darkwing, and perhaps countless other look-alikes." She grumbled more to herself than him.

"Fine then! Stay up there on your little perch. For all you know, the seed has already been planted. And by keeping me here, you only delay the inevitable!"

And then she proceeded to do a rather bizarre dance. At least that's what it looked like.

Really just just had to pee. BADLY.

by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

His face fell into a scowl. Not that he had caught her words precisely, but he did not tolerate any entertainment of the idea that the alternates stood up to comparison. Sure, they may have LOOKED alike, but he was different. He was better. In everything.

"What are you talking about?" rumbled, gaze scanning the distance distractedly.

'The seed has already been planted' was hardly ambiguous. But he was a mallard in denial.

Meanwhile the pee dance went ignored. Here was hoping Malicia had left a few of those shoes left unthrown...

by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

The noise she was emitting sounded so much like a distressed puppy it was disturbing. She squirmed left and right, sat down on the ground, stood up again, squeezed her legs together.

"I can't go here!" She whined at him. "There's people everywhere and I have..... performance issues." She pouted up at him.

"Can't you at LEAST lower down one of those portable bathrooms?! And get rid of all the people! I can HEAR them out there!"

by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

A groan, and the felon pinched the bridge of his bill.

"Oh for the love of..."

Standing, Negaduck hefted open a rooftop trap door and waggled a finger down at her.

"You'll get a bucket and a blanket you can make into a curtain. But that's it!"

Couldn't make her TOO comfortable or she would start nesting in there and that would destroy the entire point, wouldn't it?

Reaching into the endless supply closet that was grabbing things from offscreen, he tossed the aforementioned items down carelessly. Wow. Just like a real prison.

As for the people... the growing sirens in the distance suggested there were about to be a lot more people

around very soon.

by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

Malicia wasted no time throwing up the curtain and disappearing behind it with the bucket.

And then.....she began to yell loudly.

"ALALALALALALALALALALALALALALALAAAAA" What? She wasn't going to let them HEAR her pee. Even Negs, who spent so much time in her private space, was banned from hearing tinkling noises. And don't even get started on "Number 2"... according to her, ladies simply don't excrete feces at all.

Not that she needed to make any noise, because the sirens surrounding them were loud enough as is.

by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

A roll of masked eyes, but the screech of tyres cut him off before he was able to pass comment.

Then it was the sound of a few dozen firearms loading, and malicious mallard winced as spotlights suddenly lit the scene with blinding intensity.

"NEGADUCK," bellowed one loudspeaker from behind the newly formed police line. "DROP THE WEAPON. WE HAVE YOU SURROUNDED."

With a 'you cannot be serious' glare, the villain faced the crowd, not in any hurry to follow their orders. Didn't they realise what they were interrupting? Police these days, sheesh. No manners.

by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

"Aaaah, much better~" She stepped out from behind the curtain, fully relieved. It was then she heard the clicking of weapons and realized exactly what was going on.

"OVER HERE OFFICERS!" She waved her arms and hopped up and down. "Damsel in distress right here!"

How ironic that the same woman who capsized more than half the vehicles in the police department was now awaiting their dutiful assistance.

"Hands up, Negaduck!" A cop was shouting. "Back away from the cage. Slowly."

by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

An aggravated sigh, and he placed a hand on one yellow-jacketed hip.

"You morons." With Negaduck level voice projection, a loudspeaker wasn't in the least required. "You know what she is?"

With the gun in his other hand, he gestured to the hopeful demoness below.

"She's in HEAT. She's going to get her claws into the first hapless male she can. And if it isn't me, it could be anyone... even YOU."

Dramatic point to a random canine fatty in the surrounding barricade. Fearmongering, another of his delightful talents.

"And after that, you know what'll happen? You'll have a horde of vicious baby demons on your hands. Swarming through city streets and teething on buildings! Do you really want that to happen? Do you REALLY want me to set her on the loose?"

Was he actually arguing for the city's benefit? With logic? Maybe he was a robo-clone after all.

by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

The police... weren't quite sure what to make of Negaduck's story. They seemed to huddle among each other, discussing the plausibility of Malicia's outrageous hormones.

"It could be a trap yanno..."

"But why would Negaduck capture Macawber FOR us? That's Darkwing's job!"

"Yeah but why does he care so much about whether she terrorizes the city either? That's his MO!"

"I dunno... why's he sticking around though?"

A few more minutes of hushed discussion continued until the police turned back to Negaduck.

The chief cleared his throat and shouted back up to the villain.

"Negaduck! If what you say is true, then we'll be taking Miss Macawber into our custody. The supervillain prison will be more than sufficient enough to incapacitate her! This is police business now. STEP DOWN or we'll open fire."

by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

Wide-eyed, Negaduck blinked, stunned. Did they really think... How could they even suggest...

Doubling over, he burst into laughter. Rather spiteful laughter.

"Oh.. oh yeah. REAL sufficient! That would explain why she was wandering the streets freely, rather than still in prison after you captured her the last time!"

Honestly, they may have well offered to imprison her in cardboard.

"I am the only one capable of holding her. And I will **keep** her under control until this phase has passed."

A snarl formed on his bill and the gun shifted warningly into both hands.

"Let me handle it."

No room for argument in that tone. Weird... it nearly sounded protective. But the mystery remained... why on Earth didn't he just abandon her.

by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

Unsure of how to respond to that, the police returned to their football style huddle to discuss the next course of action.

"Let the army deal with it. There's no way he can stand against the military's finest tanks!"

"You're uh, forgetting that one time... yanno when he did that thing with the sponges and kazoos."

"Well we can't just leave a dangerous, possibly breeding monster, under the full supervision of a crazed supervillain! ... Can we?"

**"NO! NO YOU CANNOT!"** From somewhere behind the steel wall Malicia had decided to add in her two cents. "And so help me, if you leave me here I WILL MAKE EACH AND EVERY ONE OF YOU SUFFER! I MEAN IT!"

The cops exchanged weary glances. Somehow, the fingernails on chalkboard screeching had not increased morale for the fair Malicia. Really, who wanted to risk dealing with... that?

"How about we, ah, reconvene at the station. Yanno... talk it over. Maybe order a pizza."

"Hey, yeah. That sounds great! Let's grab some donuts on the way back."

"No no no! You **imbeciles!** Do you always do your thinking with your stomachs?!" Malicia pounded against the wall furiously. "LET ME OUT! LET ME OUT RIGHT THIS INSTANT!"

by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

A smug, evil smile slid over his bill. Ah, nothing better than getting his way.

Now if only Malicia would get on board with that concept.

"You hear that, woman?" A few resounding stomps with one foot on the steel roof to make sure she was paying attention not busy wailing.

"You're mine." The rumble contained such sick satisfaction it was almost unhinged. No, scratch that, it was unhinged. "Nobody's coming to rescue you. Your only hope for getting out of there is to give up on the kid thing. For good."

Otherwise it would be giving up on ever using a normal toilet in private again. The horror.

by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

There was a silence from below, before Malicia gave her response.

The bucket was hurled upwards straight at him. And it was full to the brim.

So much for being ladylike.

by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

Golden shower. Right in the face.

"Oh GARGH!" Stumbling madly backwards, Negaduck shook the wetness off as best he could, but it would involve some wiping and some hat wringing. 'Like water off a duck's back' did not work so well when said duck was clothed.

"YOU FILTHY, FILTHY WHORE!" he howled, whipping out a rag to try and mop up the worst of the damage before it sunk into his suit. "YOU DEPRAVED, DISGUSTING..."

Abruptly, he stopped, and a demeanour worthy of similar adjectives overtook him.

"Actually, I kind of like that," smiled down at her with a lustful gleam.

Maaaaybe her scent was getting to him again. Or maaaaybe he was just far filthier than any living creature should have been.

by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

"Ugh." Full face-palm. She really should've known better. This WAS the same mallard who enjoyed lapping up blood -- all kinds of blood -- like it was strawberry sauce.

"I give up." Slumping against the wall, she sunk to the ground miserable and defeated. Perhaps if she had bothered to practice a thing or two about escaping a confined cell using sheer wit she might've stood a chance. But Malicia had always relied on her abilities to get her out of a tight situation, so much so it had made her intellectually lazy.

Watching him wring himself out she added spitefully, "I bet the smell is an improvement for you!"

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## [RP: The Baby Trap](#)

Published by: [Negaduck](#) on 4th Dec 2011 | View all blogs by [Negaduck](#)

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For mind-boggling reasons, Negaduck has caged his demonic consort against her will... in the middle of a downtown St Canardian street. He isn't budging and law enforcement have given up attempting to resolve the situation.

So, for the short term at least, it appears that the circus is in town. Stay behind the police tape though, kiddies... this one bites.

Trialling this as an open blog. Come one come all! We'll see if chaos results. Beware, some adult themes and language.

## Comments

154 Comments



by [Negaduck](#) 4 months ago

Malicia had done everything within her power to fend him off. To persuade him. But there was no stubborn like Negaduck brand stubborn.

"Hey, it's YOUR stink. You should be flattered," the fiend smirked down at his infuriated captive through the bars.

Flattered that he didn't appear in a hurry to wash off, uh, her? Oh yeah, very flattering.

Instead, he took up the shotgun and the deckchair again, and resumed his watch. If her 'giving up' didn't result in immediate freedom though, what would? How was he determining whether the baby rabies had been cured? For the moment, he seemed content to wait. And be on the very, very safe side.

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by [Lilly Teal](#) 4 months ago

"What on EARTH?!"

And it had been such a nice day for a walk outside, too... Lilly stared at the cage with the mallard on top of it in utter, utter confusion. Well... it did explain why Malicia hadn't shown up to Darryl's... Shaking herself back onto the right track, she ran over to the massive cage.

"Malicia darling, what IS going on?"

Yes, ignore poor Negaduck utterly.



by [Malicia](#) 4 months ago

"Lilly? Is that you?" Came her voice from the other side. "HURRY. I need your help..."

"...I could REALLY use a manicure. I chipped a claw. Could you send a nail file over? Maybe drop by Hamburger Hippo and pick me up something to eat, I'm famished. And then perhaps find a way to get me out of here?"

Ah, yes. Priorities.



by [Lilly Teal](#) 4 months ago

"... I'd... I'd be glad to do all of that for you, dear. But... um. Could you please explain things?"

Anything? Everything?!

"Why are you inside a massive steel cage in the middle of the street for one. And why is Negaduck on the roof with a shotgun..."



by [Malicia](#) 4 months ago

She let out a long, drawn-out sigh. Couldn't Lilly be a mind-reader and just figure it out?

"I am in a massive steel cage because he trapped me in here! BECAUSE HE'S A NUT JOB!"

And then there was a pause, and she added, so quietly that Lilly could barely hear. "Also, he wasn't really on board with the whole baby thing."



by [Lilly Teal](#) 4 months ago

"... ah... so... I take it the talking things out part of the relationship isn't going too well," she sighed. "Oh Mal, really. Couldn't you have picked someone less..."

She paused a moment, wondering how to define Negaduck in the most concise manner. After some thought, she waves her hand at the top of the cage. "Less THAT? Oh dear oh dear... how long does he want to keep you in here?"



by [Malicia](#) 4 months ago

"Lilly, you are far too polite."

All things considered, Negaduck has only attempted to ruin your life on multiple occasions and nearly killed your cousin.

"He's keeping me here until I don't want children anymore! He doesn't UNDERSTAND the estrus cycle of a demon! I don't KNOW when it will pass! It could be anywhere from a couple weeks to a couple months!" She shuddered at the very thought. Already her short time in confinement was leaving her antsy, and she had only been stuck there for a few hours.



by [Negaduck](#) 4 months ago

"A couple of WHAT?!" boomed a voice from above them.

And there stood Negaduck, shotgun in hand, and a look of sheer disbelieving horror written over his face. Why hadn't he looked into the subject more thoroughly in the first place? Isn't that what the internet was for, porn and researching the estrous cycle of demons?

Looked like the long haul would be even longer than expected. How thoughtful of Lilly to show up and offer to run for supplies.

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by [Lilly Teal](#) 4 months ago

"Months!" she called up helpfully. "For heaven's sake. Of all the STUPID... what is WRONG with the both of you?"

She would never get a satisfactory answer to that, she should know that by now.

"... never mind. So I take it you two really intend to continue this spectacle for a month or two? That's so sensible. It certainly won't make ANY of this harder or more ridiculous. You two must have gallons of dignity to spare..."

Meaning you really, really, REALLY don't. People are just going to utterly steal the show from you while you're both too busy here to do any villaining. But that's your call.



by [Malicia](#) 4 months ago

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN 'BOTH OF US' I DIDN'T SIGN UP FOR THIS!" The demoness tugged at her hair in frustration.

"Where's Darryl? He's smart! Get his fluffy hide over here and see if he can invent me a way OUT of this cage!" And maybe enrage Negs in the process.

Then Malicia turned her attention back to the now-panicking Negaduck. "This is against my rights, you know! I DEMAND TO SPEAK TO MY LAWYER!"

Did she... have a lawyer?



by [Negaduck](#) 4 months ago

Still reeling at the prospect of months on guard – which would probably feel like years while he was resisting his baser instincts – the yammering down below snapped Negaduck out of his shock.

"NO. NO RIGHTS. NO LAWYERS." At this point he wheeled on Lilly with the unnerving habit of gesticulating with a loaded weapon. "**And definitely NO DROP-KICK DWEEB-BOYS.**"

If Darryl was really that smart he would not risk sealing his fate by coming anywhere near the general area anyway. With an even more territorial than usual Negaduck and an even more horny than usual Malicia, what could possibly go wrong?

"And you, Little Miss Know-It-All," scoffed down at the bookseller. "You can be as smarmy as you like, but I've got no other option here. She gets out of here and I'm done for, finito!"

In case Lilly had the mistaken idea he was worried about being maimed, he added behind a hand, as if that would prevent Malicia from listening in, "Have you SEEN the size of those breasts? One jiggle of those babies and I just have to..."

And then he mimed what could have been a person scooping two watermelons into their face and madly devouring them. Because Lilly needed to see that.

Focus, Negs. FOCUS.

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by [Lilly Teal](#) 4 months ago

"NEGADUCK."

Her tone was still full of what is WRONG with you, because that question could never be asked too much when it came to the masked mallard. And people were beginning to look at her oddly from the distance for conversing politely, nearly scolding, these two supervillains instead of running in screaming fear as she should. There was clearly something wrong with her too.

"So you're just keeping her there for MONTHS, are you? Do you actually have any supplies for that? And don't look at me," she went on scolding, highly annoyed with the juvenile antics of the both of them, "because I'm not going on a grocery run to help this effort. Malicia, are you really that bad right now?"



by [Malicia](#) 4 months ago



"I have to pee in a bucket!" Was her immediate response. In other words: Hell yes, it's pretty bad.



by [Negaduck](#) 4 months ago

Mid lick of the imaginary melons, he froze, gaze slipping back to Lilly. Huh, wasn't like him to lose his composure like that. Unless he was angry. Or drunk.

Or standing on top of an imprisoned temptress who wouldn't stop talking about her bodily fluids.

"She'll be fine." Lazily meandering back over to the deckchair, the scolding only made him grin. "Besides, it's a good opportunity to let her ass eat away at itself. In a few months, she might even fit through the doors at the cinema."

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by [Malicia](#) 4 months ago

"My ass is PERFECTLY NORMAL." Her bill curled into a pout. "And even if, hypothetically, it was larger than life, I thought you liked it!"

Cue the pouting and pity party, aimed in his direction. "Sniffle..."



by [Lilly Teal](#) 4 months ago

"What I MEANT was, are you really that badly in heat that this cage would be neces- NEGADUCK GET BACK HERE."

The deckchair was just out of sight enough for her to not be able to properly scold.

"I NEED TO YELL AT YOU PROPERLY."

The populace was really getting concerned at this apparent madwoman who was alright with shouting at public enemy number one.

"Your yelling is fine. I could hear you across the block."

"Darryl don't you dare take a step closer."

"... er... alright? I'll stay on the other side of the street..."



by [Negaduck](#) 4 months ago

"Well yeah..." Merrily ignoring Lilly, he had already flopped down into the chair like he owned, well, everything. "Just because I like something though doesn't mean it should pose a bigger threat to the local infrastructure than me."

The laid-back, indifferent attitude was partly a cover. It hid an internal monologue of don't-think-about-the-ass-don't-think-about-the-ass. Honestly, there was only so much talk about soft squishy bits he could stand.

Then a familiar voice hit his ears, and he locked onto the sound like a rabid dog. He better not have just heard what he thought he had just heard...

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by [Malicia](#) 4 months ago

"For the last time, Lilly." Malicia spoke through clenched teeth. "What part of I am in here completely involuntarily against my own will did you not comprehend? OF COURSE IT ISN'T NECESSARY! I can

handle my natural urges perfectly fine!"

You know, by building bizarre love nests and using them to ensnare an unwitting mate.

"Just what are you so afraid of?!" She shouted up to Negaduck. "I thought you were a duck, not a chicken."



by [Lilly Teal](#) 4 months ago

Lilly blinked twice. Then it clicked.

Oooooohhh....

"He's afraid of impregnating you. That's why you're in there. It's HIS urges he's worried about," Darryl called out helpfully, about the same time as the same occurred to Lilly. Apparently the yelling had clued him into quite a bit of the drama.

"... so why don't YOU go in the cage? Or take a vacation for a while?" Honestly, she couldn't see what the problem was. "No need to lock HER up."



by [Negaduck](#) 4 months ago

Somebody's trigger finger was twitching violently.

How convenient, it matched the twitch he had developed in the corner of one eye.

"Listen here, wise-ass!" roared across the street at Darryl, making all previous yells seem insignificant.

"I'm not AFRAID of impregnating ANYONE." Wasn't that the truth. "Is it so freaken hard to understand? I don't WANT her with child. By me or anyone else."

As a side, he added pointedly to Lilly, "Which is what will happen if I swap out. Woman doesn't take 'no' for an answer."

My, it was as if he knew about certain agreements that had been forged over bio-technology interference.

Back to Darryl, the raging mallard continued, "I have PLANS for her. Plans that don't involve getting fat and cooing over a disgusting ball of fluff! Bank heists don't tend to include daycare, you know!" A snarl graced his bill; the shotgun had been taken up again. "She's MY partner in crime. Not yours. I'll do with her what I will."

The plans obviously did not have anything to do with listening to Malicia's opinion on the matter either.

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by [Malicia](#) 4 months ago

"Well, I'm so very glad we could have this talk about our future." The demonness snapped sarcastically. She knew he was beyond arguing with at this point. The masked villain was just as head-strong and stubborn as she was, after all. If Negaduck were an unstoppable force, and Malicia were an immovable object, the answer to the heavy-handed question about what happens when both meet could now be answered: Sex. Angry angry sex.

"Although..." She began slowly with a wry smile. "Your behavior is very much similar to a male demon guarding the nest while the female sits on the eggs." She sighed dreamily. "You really are perfect for the role of alpha inseminator."



by [Lilly Teal](#) 4 months ago

Both cousins facepalmed simultaneously.

"You're hopeless."

"Both of you."

"Whether either of you likes it or not, this is going to end up with a baby SOMEHOW."

"Even though here's no arguing with him to stop this."

"And there's no arguing with you to not jump him."

"WELL, I should be off, then. We could let them kill each other," Darryl suggested cheerily.

"They won't," Lilly said, before realising how mean that sounded and facepalming again.

"I don't know what to do with either of you, I just don't... HAVE the damn baby and get it over with!"



by [Negaduck](#) 4 months ago

The dawning terror of what Malicia had suggested proved distracting. So distracting, in fact, the shotgun drifted out of his hands.

And smacked, butt-first, onto the hard steel at his feet.

BANG! The slug blasted a hole through his brim, but it was a few inches away from his skull, so it was hardly a close call. In Negaduck terms, at least.

Fumbling for it, he was back on defence. Really, couldn't a guy force a woman to follow his orders these days without some sort of argument?

"MAKE ME," thundered the deranged drake, clearly the best retort in existence. Before anyone could think that pleasant thought through though, another siren pierced the air, and a van screeched up to the chaotic scene.

Except this time it was not the police.

"Alright, no need to panic," cooed a white-coated avian doctor, pacing up to the group slowly and carefully. "We've just had a number of reports about increasing insanity in this area, and think it best if the instigator is taken to somewhere.. calmer."

Without any other warning, her white-coated companions latched onto Lilly.

"There there," reassured the doctor as the guards made to throw her in the van. "There'll be no villains to yell at anymore."

Lilly could hardly insist her behaviour had been of a normal person. Neither could the two clashing villains, either, but everybody KNEW they were bonkers.

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by [Malicia](#) 4 months ago

"Hey hey HEY!" Malicia could hear the struggling. "Back off! She's my ticket out of here! DAAAAARRYL! DOOOO SOMETHING!" She whined helplessly.

The demonness was becoming fully agitated now. Very rarely, if ever, was she placed in such a vulnerable position where she could do nothing to help herself. Negaduck meant serious business this time, because he had pulled all the strings to keep her confined.

Yet somehow, she hadn't given up hope.

And so began the very extremely sad sight that was the villainess attempting to claw her way up the metal wall to the barred roof where Negaduck was perched. Claws raked helplessly at the metal like a cat stuck in a carrier on the way to the vet.



by [Lilly Teal](#) 4 months ago

"Hey, what?! PUT ME DOWN!"

"WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO?! Lilly! Oh hell, look, she's not the instigator. She's not even mad! It's these two that started the the- are you even listening?!"

Apparently not. The struggling girl was flung in and the door slammed shut on her. My, we're getting a strange sense of deja-vu.

"We'll be the judge of that," snorted one of the people in the white coats. "State of the art tests and all that."

"Um... those haven't come in yet... and we're still hopelessly outdated compared to the other parts of the city."

"... alright. Painful, inconclusive, Victorian-Era testing, then," the fellow shrugged. "It's the best we can do."

Are we sure this wasn't how most of the only mildly insane villains got worse?



by [Negaduck](#) 4 months ago

"Well," said Negaduck. "That was a long time coming."

Oh yes, he could judge. He, standing on a rooftop with shotgun in hand, ready to shot any male simply for being within range. He, multi-tasking with the best of them, manufacturing a plot for the destruction of St Canard and surrounds while remaining on guard downtown. He, not even noticing the desperate scrapings of his cohort up the prison walls he had imposed, because the screeching of claws on metal sounded almost soothing to him.

Oh yes, he could judge.

Meanwhile, the white van zoomed off, taking Lilly and Malicia's supposed 'ticket out of there' along with it.

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by [Malicia](#) 4 months ago

"Ngggh... eeeh.... almost... there..." She muttered under her breath.

Miraculously, she had made some progress, but there was oooooone, tiny complication... the fact Negaduck was standing directly at the top, by the opening. Right where her hands were juuuust about to grasp the ledge.



by [Lilly Teal](#) 4 months ago

"Long time coming?!" Darryl exploded, still with the presence of mind to stay just out of range. Perhaps his aggravating presence would distract Negaduck before he could catch Malicia's progress. Perhaps not. In either case, he was sick of the both of them.

"She hasn't done ANYTHING, and they've carted her off and going to do God only know what to her!"

Darryl, please remember who you're actually talking to.

"Oh God I don't believe this. I just don't BELIEVE this. Can you just do me a favour and shoot yourself in the foot?"

At this point getting Malicia pregnant out of spite for the masked mallard seemed like not a bad idea.



by [Negaduck](#) 4 months ago

"Oh please," rumbled the masked villain dryly, evidently unmoved by Darryl's fury at the injustice of it all. "I'll shoot YOU just so I don't have to hear you talk anymore."

And, because this was Negaduck, he did. On the mark and without a second thought.

As it so happened, however, it would never be known whether Darryl had drifted within range, as a passing ice-cream truck blocked the incoming pellet at exactly the right moment. The bullet ricocheted from the truck, off a 'Keep St Canard's Streets Safe' street sign, bounced from the shiny surface of a costumed Santa donation tin, and slammed... into the back of the open hatch door at the top of the cage.

The explosive force of the impact smashed the trapdoor closed with a CLANG that made even Negaduck jump.

Oh well, at least nobody got hurt.

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by [Malicia](#) 4 months ago

And that's when everyone heard the sound of a cat screaming.

No, wait. That was coming from the cage.

"AH AH AH AH AH!" The pavement was visibly cracked where Malicia had crashed back to Earth, now blowing on her red throbbing fingers.

"DAMMIT !@#@\$ SUCKING ##\$@#245@@# BITCH TITTIES AAAAAH."

So ladylike.



by [Cornelius Tex](#) 4 months ago

"That sounds like the place!" a short butcherbird who surely hadn't been there earlier said cheerfully. "Don't you think, Mischa?"

Because the giant steel cage in the middle of the street wasn't enough of a clue. Trotting up to the corner like he was on some sort of exciting field-trip, Cornelius took a moment to gauge the distance between shot fatally and shot not so badly, and made the appropriate adjustments to his position.

"I say!" he directed to the masked mallard on the top of the cage. "Are you this demon's keeper?"

Oh WELL DONE, Cornelius.



by [Old Wolf](#) 4 months ago

The tall wolf who was standing right next to the bird – no point in standing behind him, the only way Cornelius could be used as a meat shield was to put a stepladder under him – just sighed.

He didn't point out that this was a bad idea. He had already done so in his office when the bird had told him of this exciting opportunity to have his brains blown out for science, another time at the parking lot and twice on the way here.

Instead he murmured, "Cornelius, have you been reading those rubbish dragon–slayer–books again?"



by [Negaduck](#) 4 months ago

As if Malicia wasn't in enough of a mood already, Cornelius had to go make it sound as though she was some kind of exotic pet.

Negaduck, being in a rude, thoughtless and churlish (ie normal) mood, did nothing to correct him.

"Yeah." Distracted from investigating the cause of her 'fuss' was, he turned and looked the newcomers over coldly. "What's it to you, nimrod?"

Maybe if he had known who they were, he would have shown a little more respect.

Or maybe not.

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by [Malicia](#) 4 months ago

By this point in time, anything Malicia had to add was merely a long string of colourful words. Locked in a cage, in heat, with squished fingers, and being treated as the city's latest freak show attraction was, evidently, the key combination of events to put her over the edge.

It was a good thing Negaduck had put so much time and effort into his metallic box of doom. The mass of burning flames inside were so immense that the demon in question could no longer be seen. Flames rose to the top, licking at the bars. The box itself remained impregnable, and the smoke rising from it created some rather creative shapes hovering above the cityscape.

Apparently she was also a pro at excessive swearing via smoke signals.



by [Cornelius Tex](#) 4 months ago

"I have NOT, Mischa. Really, must you be so skeptical? This is merely a fascinating opportunity to understand demon genetics."

He was so excited, not at all discouraged by Negaduck's tone. He could be easily insulted at times. But not when he only knew the archaic, rather flattering meaning of the key insulting word.

"Oh, thank you. But I wouldn't call myself much of a hunter. I don't suppose I can have a DNA sample to study? A feather or a bit of hair will do just fine.

Good luck with THAT...



by [Old Wolf](#) 4 months ago

"I don't think that's what he meant, Cornelius," the wolf remarked in a low voice. He didn't elaborate however, because frankly, he had no idea what exactly the drake did mean, either. Curse young people and their constant redefining of perfectly good words. He made a mental note to investigate this later today – one of his more tech-savvy subordinates had mentioned some kind of dictionary for urban slang words.

Clearing his throat he returned his attention to the problem at hand.

"...if the young lady doesn't mind," he added to Cornelius' friendly request. Looking at the young lady in question, he wasn't too sure what they would be able to do about it if she did mind.



by [Negaduck](#) 4 months ago

The question itself was bad enough, but did they have to go and be polite about it? Honestly, there he was, hands full with a livid demoness, stuck on a cage as all hell swirled about them, and they had the nerve to interrupt him with manners? This required special attention.

"Oooh, you'd like to know whether she would mind?" Negaduck crowed in feigned delight, every syllable dripping with contempt. "Hold on a moment, I'll check."

A pause, as the beleaguered villain made a show of turning around if to speak to somebody, only to find them absent. Huh. How strange.

He checked beneath him. He checked above, and to the sides.

Finally, he returned to the visitors.

"I'm sorry, I can't seem to find this 'young lady' anywhere." With the smoke signal curses helpfully confirming this pronouncement, the pleasantries of his tone dropped; sadistic grin returned; the street echoed with the ominous 'caa-cink' of a reloading weapon. "So why don't you both sod off."

And if Cornelius dared to take that as a mere suggestion, he would quickly be downgraded to 'hunted'.

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by [Malicia](#) 4 months ago

Malicia, who had only heard bits of the conversation through her ferocious temper tantrum, paused for a moment.

"DNA sample? JUST WHAT THE HELL DO YOU THINK I--" She stopped suddenly. Hmm... this could actually work in her favor. After all, in order to acquire the sample someone would probably have to get inside the cage.

And he did refer to her as a "young lady". That scored many non-flaying points in Malicia's book.

"I don't mind at all!" She called over the wall, her voice having changed from angry giantess to sweet maiden. "I'd be delighted to assist you two gentleman in your noble pursuit for science."



by [Cornelius Tex](#) 4 months ago

Cornelius listened to everything with a polite and highly puzzled expression. Before long, he looked up at Mischa. He wasn't good when it came to social situations at the best of times, but when people started being confusing one PURPOSE, what was he supposed to do? Thank God he had the wolf to rely on.

"What are we meant to do? Both their replies conflict, and he has a gun and doesn't seem to know enough not to shoot."

What if he shoots us? That would be very irritating indeed. Would he, you think? Am I allowed to kill him if he does?



by [Old Wolf](#) 4 months ago

At Cornelius' question the wolf looked up from the wristwatch he had been very discreetly checking during Negaduck's gripping performance – a gesture that was as much posturing as the mallard's antics had been, just posturing of a different flavor.

"Hm? Oh well, if you insist on continuing this little enterprise I'm afraid we have no choice but to disregard the one with the gun. After all, your lovely DNA-donor seems interested enough."

Of course there was still the gun to be reckoned with. Oh, and the psychopath holding it. Him too...

"So, do you have something on you to disarm him? The mechanical blow-up crocodile perhaps, or the knock-out toads? Because I would rather not resort to bringing Agent Feathers Galore into this. In this conjunction that is bound to get ugly..."



by [Negaduck](#) 4 months ago

Catching onto the fact that his dramatics were not being fully appreciated for the brilliance they were, Negaduck glared down at the two debating as if he wasn't even there. What was WRONG with them? Why weren't they cowering in fear? Would a white van be along soon to collect them too?

Actually, that had to be it. They were bonkers. That or they were a pair of nerds so deep into some lame fantasy game that they didn't realise that it was not pretend. Once he finished humiliating them, boy were they in for a nasty shock.

"You two losers really think you can take me?" he called down, then held his arms – and the shotgun – wide. "Go ahead then."

Nasty little smirk.

"Take your best shot."

Mechanical blow-up crocodiles indeed.

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by [Cornelius Tex](#) 4 months ago

"Oh dear, oh dear, I really don't know what to use now... I wish they wouldn't make such vague statements. Then again, bravado, not thinking... I don't want to hurt the young lady," Cornelius muttered to himself, patting the pockets of his labcoat both inside and out. "I could use... hm..."

Realising belatedly that Mischa wouldn't hold anything for him, he tucked the highly dangerous matter-warping pistol with the FOWL insignia on it under one arm and kept rummaging until he found...

A small glass ball that made enough noise to possibly contain all the major hurricanes in the Northern Hemisphere when he took it out of its pouch for a second to look at it. "Oh dear me, no, I need a living DNA sample... and to be alive to collect it..."

A knife that accidentally sliced through three feet of concrete paving when he fumbled it. "Oh dear. And I can't throw ALL that well."

Collecting it, he somehow got it safely back inside his coat and took out a box. "Hello, what's this?"

It was a large and rather annoyed looking toad. Breathing acid. "I don't remember packing you!"



The toad gave an irate croak, and at the sound, a shriek emanated from his coat, and what shot out of one of his pockets looked like someone had taken a moray eel and mixed with an eagle and a bat. LIVE FOOD WITH WARM BLOOD. YAYAYAYAYAYAYAY!

"CISCA. I did not take you either!" he snapped, grabbing it by its 'if lost, please return to FOWL' collar. The unholy abomination stopped and gave him a heartbreaking look. "NO. Honestly, how am I supposed to oblige this young man with all of you making a mess! I'm sorry. Give me a moment..."



by [Old Wolf](#) 4 months ago

The elderly wolf didn't seem too disturbed as he watched Cornelius go through his Collection of the Strange and Horrifying. If anything his expression was one of resignation.

"Look, you know I would never dream of criticizing your creative approach to cataloging your, eh, projects," he told the fumbling butcherbird, absent-mindedly swatting at something that seemed to consist entirely of huge eyes, fur and butterfly-wings. "But maybe you should think about investing in some kind of bag? I understand that suitcases are not really you, but maybe one of those old-fashioned doctor bags?"



by [Negaduck](#) 4 months ago

Watching the growing menagerie, horror slowly dawned over Negaduck's face. It was part realisation over how bad it could have gone for him had the scientist actually attacked instead of fumbling around.

And it was part blind jealousy that somebody should have so many awesomely vicious things if that somebody wasn't him.

Still, the two seemed so enthralled with their continued back-and-forth that it was possible for the criminal to meander across to the other side of the roof unnoticed. Shortly enough, he meandered back, probably again unnoticed.

Until he called down to Cornelius with an attention-getting bellow.

"Hey freakshow!"

What may have been more attention-getting was the tub of raw, bloodied steaks that may have been intended for an over-the-demoness cook-up over the head of the butcherbird.

"It's FEEDING TIME."

Here's hoping his creations liked steak just as much as he did.

Mischa, meanwhile, copped the less severe punishment of having a bucket dropped on him from above. That bucket may or may not have been a special bucket roped up from the inside the cage just for the occasion. Malicia would probably not have been happy her only non-shoe toilet option had been purloined, but surely the old wolf would be grateful. It had to be less 'irritating' than being shot, didn't it?

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by [Malicia](#) 4 months ago

Malicia almost felt at home with the assortment of oddities the bird had procured.

"Come here sweetie. Aren't you a beauty?" She clicked her tongue at the winged eel, very much the same way one would try to gain the attention of a cat.

Awww she wanted to pet it. And hold it in her arms. And rock it gently back and forth like it was a

newborn.

BABY RABIES STRIKE AGAIN.



by [Cornelius Tex](#) 4 months ago

Normally Cisca's modus operandi was to devolve into a screeching mass of no self-control and rip to shreds anything that was covered with that tasty, tasty, smell of blood. But she didn't want to be put in the corner again, so she opted from the screeching mass of respect for one's owner that carefully gobbled as many steaks as she could and licked at the covered person in question.

It was no fun being put in the corner and not allowed to play...

Oh dear, she felt ill now.

"Cisca did you overeat?" Cornelius asked worriedly, not at all fazed by the copious amounts of bloody meat, as if it were all in a day's work. Then again, it WAS, for him. "You silly girl. Here."

Some of the meat was probably bad. He'd had to deal with his creations eating what they shouldn't before, so he always had medicines on hand. A quick gulp and a lot of disgusted faces later, she looked a lot better.

And very, very annoyed at the one who had caused her tummy-ache. Narrowing her eyes, she coiled up like a spring and shot up towards Negaduck's face almost as fast as lightning. Her tail whipped out to give her some more speed, catching Cornelius's 'cut into everything no matter how insane' knife on the way out and inadvertently sending it spinning, and slicing a thin slit right through the wall of the demon-cage to clatter off into a dark corner under some shoes.

Form of... screeching, terrifyingly fast mass of bloodthirsty rage. ACTIVATE.

"Oh dear," Cornelius sighed. Kids. "Mischa, are you alright?"



by [Old Wolf](#) 4 months ago

That question was answered, probably affirmatively, by a bucket flying towards Negaduck with remarkable speed and accuracy. With such speed and accuracy in fact, that poor bloodthirsty Cisca suddenly found herself accelerated from behind and squished against the bottom of the flying bucket. The power of mad science had nothing on the power of the wolf's little issue with being subjected to bodily fluids.

"I am unharmed," he pointed out very calmly, a serene little smile on his snout.

Everything was under control. As far as bodily fluids were concerned, urine was one of the harmless ones. After all it was mostly sterile. In pre-industrial societies it had even been used as a cleaning agent. Unpleasant but hardly harmful.

Unless that Macawber-woman was suffering from some condition. Or her demon-physiology meant her bodily secretions did carry germ. Or there had been other things in that bucket before like steaks or bile or who knows what and good grief he **hated that smell!**

After some brief rummaging about in his pockets he produced a comb and generously splashed it with his trusty disinfectant to remove whatever golden drips had made it into his fur.

"Now get your DNA and make it quick. I really need to change."



by [Negaduck](#) 4 months ago

The prospects for a little DNA stealing were looking up as a pee-propelled-eel smacked Negaduck in the face.

Toppling backwards, the angle of the roof meant the resultant scuffling and gnawing was not strictly visible aside from a few stray feathers flying about. The cursing though was clearly evident.

"Argh! Don't you DARE bite me THERE you little -- YARRRGGGGGH!"

So much for smacking the two agents around when they least suspected it.

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by [Malicia](#) 4 months ago

The cries of pain and suffering were like music to her ears.

"I'm loving that little darling more and more." She sighed, referring to the eel and not obviously the unfortunate mallard being mauled by it.

She had been too distracted to notice the knife with all the hubbub going on. "Come on in, boys~" She called out sweetly.



by [Cornelius Tex](#) 4 months ago

"Just a few feathers miss, if that's alright," Cornelius asked kindly as he trotted up to the cage. "You aren't likely to eat us, are you? Because it would be nice to know beforehand. Mischa takes offense to that sort of thing, you see. Hm... I don't think I can quite reach an opening..."

Frowning his brow, he started to dig through his pockets. "Knife, knife, knife... ah!"

That slit in the metal looked likely.

"Miss! I think my knife went in there somewhere. Could you possibly find it and cut out a doorway, please?"



by [Old Wolf](#) 4 months ago

Considerably less enthusiastic than his short colleague the wolf approached the cage, furiously rubbing at his nose with a tissue that smelled sharply of disinfectant.

"Cordelius, you ndo rebember what I dold you about getting involved in other people's reladionships, yes?" he asked in a somewhat muffled manner. "Nod dad I abbrove of locking dis lobely lady ub like dis.."

Finally satisfied that his nose was finally urine-free he snuffed a few times until life returned into the sensitive organ.

"Ah, much better – but I really don't think we should dawdle. Miss Macawber, we would be much obliged if you could just hand out a few feathers, then we will be on our way and leave you two to your domestic bliss."

He didn't sound too optimistic about this suggestion but hope springs eternal.



by [Negaduck](#) 4 months ago

Unaffected by the civil discussion, the sounds of domestic bliss continued above. Growling, screeching, banging and – out of nowhere – a number of gun shots. Not entirely surprising, considering who was up there, but the determined shout that followed was somewhat of a curiosity:

"Hey! Give that back!"

Which only raised more questions than answers. Cisca had managed to get the weapon off him? And, even more strangely, she had managed to fire it? Could Cornelius' creations get any crazier?

... aside from the hurricane balls and the laser knives and the hypnotoads.

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by [Malicia](#) 4 months ago

"Cut a.... doorway?" Her face lit up like a child on Christmas morning.

She glanced up at Negaduck. He seemed efficiently occupied. Excellent...

"I'll go find it." She chimed to Cornelius, and vanished into the back of the cage. For once she was happy Negaduck hadn't provided her with much -- it made the search that much easier. Flipping aside the boxes, she found the coveted knife, not quite sure how it could cut through something that she couldn't. Perhaps it was enchanted?

She decided not to dwell on it. Returning to the wall where the two strange scientists were waiting, she rammed the dagger straight into the thick steel. It worked! Slowly, like opening a can of tuna, she began to cut a passageway..... a Malicia-sized passageway, to be precise.



by [Cornelius Tex](#) 4 months ago

"It works perfectly!" Cornelius said in equally childish delight. "I haven't really had the chance to test it, you see. How lovely. Now, as you've cut almost half of it and you could certainly manage to reach an arm out, a few feathers, dear? Or some hair if it's more convenient, it really doesn't matter. And I would much appreciate my knife back when the the doorway is completed."

There was little else to add to that, so he merely glanced towards the top of the cage, looking concerned. "I do hope Cisca is alright. The poor thing has never been outside of the labs before. She must be feeling so frightened."

Yes. Of course. Poor thing.



by [Negaduck](#) 4 months ago

That question was soon answered, and not in the positive, when a red, yellow and black blur descended on Cornelius like death from above. And that red, yellow and black blur was using a certain winged eel as a garrote.

Poor Cisca. It wasn't clear whether she was dead or just incapacitated, but either way Negaduck was making use of the fact that feathers and fur provided more grip than scales to strangle the life out of FOWL's head scientist with psychopathic determination. Pushing off Cornelius' shoulder blades with his legs, since he had landed on the unsuspecting butcherbird feet first, Negaduck may have also been taking a touch of glee out of dealing with both annoyances simultaneously.

Too bad he couldn't also deal with Malicia and Mischa simultaneously, particularly as they were standing right there, but tunnel vision was always a danger of those who lost themselves in violent fury. Oh well. He would get to them. Eventually.

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by [Old Wolf](#) 4 months ago

Seeing Cornelius being strangled by a murderous, violent psychopath with an abomination of science Mischa saw no choice but to do the decent thing.

He turned and walked away.

Really, it wasn't like Cornelius was in any immediate danger. Strangling people to death took some time after all; at least one minute to loss of consciousness, usually more like two.

Plenty of time to walk over to the leftovers of a certain sign that had advertised demon treats and take a likely piece of wood to use as a club.

And certainly enough time to take careful aim before introducing said club to Negaduck's kidney.



by [Malicia](#) 4 months ago

The very second the hole was carved and the metal was pushed outward, Malicia didn't hesitate to hop on out. Nor would she ever consider stopping to assist Cornelius.

However, the fact Negaduck was in arm's reach was a different story.

And so just as Mischa's club went for Negaduck's squishy pee-filtering organs, Malicia reared her foot back and aimed for one of his more important squishy organs. Namely the one inbetween his legs that had gotten her into this mess in the first place.

"YOU LOUSY ROTTEN DISGUSTING FUCKWIT!" She roared indignantly.



by [Negaduck](#) 4 months ago

Why was that belting accompanied by a golf-like sound effect and not the sound effect of, say, someone receiving serious internal injuries?

In any case, Mischa was an old wolf. But he was an old wolf with good aim. Negaduck was batted off the struggling scientist like a murderous, violent fly, colliding with the wall behind with a painful if slightly comical bounce.

Unfortunately for karma, this meant Malicia's well-directed kick was directed at empty air. No matter, undoubtedly she would catch up to his squishy organs at some point.

Taking no note of this fact whatsoever, the caped crimeboss writhed on the ground, breathless with the blinding agony in his abdominal, none of which stopped him gasping out,

"Get her BACK in the cage or I'll turn you both into pony food."

Right, who had more pull? The freshly freed and very aggravated demoness, or the supervillain who was down but not out?

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by [Cornelius Tex](#) 4 months ago

"AH, thank you Mischa," Cornelius gasped out as soon as his throat was free. "Cisca, you poor creature, are you alright?"

Poor Cisca made a feeble sort of noise and tried to bare her fangs at the masked mallard, but she just didn't have the energy.

"Well, we'll fix that as soon as we get back to the lab. Miss, I would appreciate my knife and a few feathers, please? Then we can be on our way."

And Negaduck was utterly, entirely ignored.

by [Malicia](#) 4 months ago

But Malicia was far too distracted by the fatigued eel-like creature named Cisca.

"Ooooh you poor baby!" She pulled the abomination into a bone-crushing hug... perhaps the poor creature was fortunate enough to not have any bones.

"I would love to have one of these of my own." She said to Cornelius. "Do you have extras? I'll trade my DNA in exchange for one."

And so for the time being, Negaduck was all but forgotten. Lucky, lucky bastard.



by [Old Wolf](#) 4 months ago

"Well. This is all manners of disturbing," Mischa commented with a resigned sigh – having spent almost a quarter of a century dealing with Cornelius and whatever the crazy bird cooked up on a daily basis had turned him into a self-taught expert on all things disturbing and strange.

Of course the same was likely true for the mallard he was addressing – while Cornelius and Malicia were fussing over poor Cisca the wolf thought it prudent to keep an eye on the suffering supervillain.

"I take it you have no Plan B for whatever problem you are trying to fix with this?"



by [Negaduck](#) 4 months ago

Suffering? Please, he had taken the shot to his side all of two minutes ago. Even having all of his squishy bits crushed at once, by something the size of a freight truck from the top of a cliff, would never keep him incapacitated for long.

"Plan B?" A swift leap to his feet, a quick brush down, and the villain was back in action – which largely involved sending sending nasty looks at those involved and gloating. "I'm **Negaduck**, the mastermind of all things devious, the most brilliant schemer to end all schemers. You think I don't have a million strategies for keeping a single rogue female under control?"

Ego blast delivered, the rhetorical question was left to hang.

Until a hand reached up and pulled Mischa down by the base of his tie. It was not a threatening move, rather one that came out of a desire for preventing the rest of the group hearing what was to follow.

"Help me," mouthed Negaduck, not even looking at the elderly wolf. No, his utterly forlorn and powerless gaze was locked on the mountain of a woman before them who was cooing and fussing over a scaled freak of nature as if it was the most adorable creature on the planet. Maternal urges. Even the superpowered did not stand a chance against those.

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by [Old Wolf](#) 4 months ago

Luckily there was no need for questions that might have provoked a lengthy exposition speech. Since the mallard had seen fit to discuss his little problem via megaphone Mischa was already aware of the basics.

In fact it was quite possible there were people in Duckburg who were already aware of the basics.

"Did you consider to use a discreet contraceptive method, perform whatever intercourse she deems necessary and insist that the fault for there not being a pregnancy yet is entirely hers?" the wolf inquired in a low voice as he gave his trapped tie an impatient tug, much in the tone of a member of

tech-support asking 'Have you tried turning it off and on again?'



by [Negaduck](#) 4 months ago

Eyes slid sideways to Mischa's, much in the manner of a person approaching tech-support having gone through a system reboot, a system reprogramming, and a full system dismantle then being instructed back through the very basics of cycling the equipment.

"You've never done a monster woman, have you?" His attention slyly returned to the monster woman in question, who would have no doubt appreciated that terminology. "Different physiology or some B-S. I've already checked into it, doesn't work."

Finally releasing the tie, he murmured thoughtfully, "I wonder if I could just poison her tea... or a solid coat-hanger to the stomach is always a classic..."

Because of course the different physiology of demons wouldn't come to play there either.

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by [The Rival Agents](#) 4 months ago

"Oh, Cornelius!"

A very merry roar thundered down the street, followed by the heavy slams of thick, thick high heels against the cracked pavement. The owner of such was yet another orange toned giantess who could give St. Canard's city banks a run for their money on a good day, Mrs. Devika Tex, FOWL's own Financial Administrator. The tigress, carrying as much luggage on chest and hips as she carried in arms in form of shopping bag after shopping bag from every baby boutique in the city, approached her tiny husband. She beamed with the exact same motherly glow Malicia had been scorching the avenue with.

"Sweetheart!" The recently rejuvenated carnivore cooed lovingly, as each and every single sign of destruction and chaos went over her fuzzy, little ears. Hey, she worked for FOWL, this was as just a common sight as scales on a lizard. Then again, when you were the mad scientist's wife, anything but scales on a lizard was also a common sight. She only paused when she saw the slight drained look on his face, "You poor thing, you look like I just smothered you again." Because being denied of all air happened on a daily basis when your wife's hugs packed a lot of jugs.

"Deep breaths, hun." She advised as she began to shove all her shopping spree evidence into his beak, still too overly excited to pay any attention to the others around her, "Look, look! I've been shopping for our baby on the way! I got the CUTEST onesies and socks and blankets and little baby bonnets! Look, this one even has a cute little picture of a baby wolf!"

She picked out the tiniest, most adorable baby romper from the bag and proudly showed him and then Mischa, who was going to be forced into the child's life no matter how much he refused to. It's what he gets. Devika was far from showing any signs of pregnancy, but she was just raging with maternal hormones already and then some.



by [Old Wolf](#) 4 months ago

Mischa had just been about to inform Negaduck that, no, to the best of his knowledge he hadn't had any carnal relations with monster females when Devika's appearance distracted him.

The sight of Cornelius being almost smothered with affection as well as a pair of furry breasts was not what shocked the wolf into silence. So far it seemed the bird had those perils well under control – for the sake of his sanity Mischa assumed that certain questions Cornelius had asked about snorkels were not related to those. It was Devika in full mommy-to-be-mode that made him blanch. The mention of cute little baby-wolf-pictures was just icing.

Trying very hard to keep his ears from twitching nervously Mischa, grizzled veteran in the battle of

the sexes, turned to Negaduck to give his professional opinion.

"Pray," he told the mallard in a hollow voice. "Take up religion and pray. Hard."



by [Malicia](#) 4 months ago

"Oh. My. Gosh."

Cisca was haphazardly tossed aside, like a rag doll a little girl abandons for the newest, shiniest, Mattel Barbie model. Within seconds she was at Devika's side, fussing and gushing over the haul the mother-to-be had procured.

"Where did you find those ADORABLE little outfits?!" Her voice reached a sickening pitch that only baby-rabies could achieve. Those adorable affectionate dulcet tones were ten times more horrifying coming from the demoness' fanged mouth.

"Are those genuine Italian leather baby booties?! SQUEAL." Did she just say the word squeal? Yes. Yes she did.

Pray, Negaduck. Pray like you've never prayed before.

BABIES!



by [Negaduck](#) 4 months ago

While Mischa might have had his ears under control, nothing would stop the twitch forming under the caped criminal's eye as he took in the scene with renewed despondency.

THE HORROR.

Seeing as though he was not the religious type, to the extent his last attempt to feign piety ended up with the local clergyman dead, nor the type to give up easily, Negaduck sought to improvise. Improvise as in whipping around the two women and swiping whatever disgustingly adorable items had caught Malicia's interest off Devika with the lightness of a professional thief.

"Hey hey HEY." Just out of reach, the garments were jiggled at his consort tauntingly. "You want these?"

With a fwoosh they were tossed back into the cage.

"Go get 'em."

Surely the demoness had not lost her head to the extent that she would willingly wander back into the container, even if it did have a big chunk cut out of it? In any case, there better not be any interference from the spectators, or he would be holding them personally responsible for his inevitable suffering.

Y'know, once he recovered from a crushed pelvis.

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by [Malicia](#) 4 months ago

It was sad really. Considering how Malicia had pulled a similar stunt on him involving a bag of gems a week earlier.

And yet she went for it. No questions asked, straight beeline back into the cage.

Well, in her mind it wasn't an issue. After all there was a large gaping hole in the wall. No problem getting out right?



And if worse came to worse, she could pelt him with baby accessories until he released her again.



by [Negaduck](#) 4 months ago

The moment her perfectly-normal butt was through that gap, in an impossibly fast blur of cape and feathers, Negaduck had zipped off and returned with a thick plate of industrial strength steel. A few quick welds here, here, and here-and-here-and-here-and-here, and the gap was resealed.

Nobody could ever accuse him of moderation, however, and off he zipped again. This time returning with an impossibly heavy dumpster which was crashed against the side of the cage where the hole had been.

Which was promptly followed by a tank.

And a train.

And, preceded by an ominously increasing scream of jet engines from above, an entire passenger aircraft.

Tumbling out the wreckage, the masked mallard did not even revel in breaking his previous two second hijacking-to-destruction record, instead pressing his back urgently against the pile of twisted metal as if his relatively small weight would make any difference to the trap's integrity. Strange, his lungs were burning from the combination of lack of oxygen and pure adrenaline – possibly due to the terror that was BABIES, possibly due to doing all of that in the space of a single breath.

"There," he panted, shakiness betraying his words. "Easy."

What was not so easy was determining whether, multiple layers of fortification considered, Malicia would be able to open it up like a passing icecream truck anyway.

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by [Cornelius Tex](#) 4 months ago

How anyone could be that inhumanly fast was truly amazing, and Cornelius was utterly fascinated. Not so fascinated that the booties got by him, though. He was well aware his wife would wail if what she apparently held most dear was lost into the cage, so he quickly snatched them out of the air as a few things shot past his head as bait. He had also apparently acquired some demoness feathers after all. And some Negaversian ones. AND his knife.

Wait, why was he interested in inhuman speed when he suddenly had all these things on him when he was empty handed a second before? There was no understanding the man.

"I don't see much reason to stay here, then. Miss," he called towards the cage. "If you are still interested, I will certainly give you care of one of Cisca's spawn. I shall bring it to the warehouse when your mate is less aggressive."



by [DW](#) 4 months ago

Darkwing was not having a very good day. It wasn't because there wasn't enough crime going on. On the contrary, it was because there was too much crime going on. He had heard about Negaduck's little stunt in the middle of downtown traffic probably an hour or so ago, but he had been held up by otherwise more important undertakings going on. Now, as he zoomed down the streets in what looked like a bit of a drunken manner (driving a motorcycle with one of your arms broken was not easy; not easy at all), he was berating himself for not interfering with Negaduck earlier. He should've known better than to leave his doppelganger to his own devices. He just had to hope that the yellow-clad duck hadn't hurt anyone too badly in the process of all those hijackings he had done. He arrived

at the scene, parking the Ratcatcher a good little way away and moving about unseen.

He could barely see the cage behind all the junk that Negaduck had piled against it, but he knew it was there from hearing reports about it. He threw down a smoke bomb with his good hand. Even if he had already done his entrance more times than he could count today, he wasn't about to break tradition.

"I am the terror that flaps in the night! I am the caged beast of justice that you have unleashed! I am... Darkwing Duck!"



by [Old Wolf](#) 4 months ago

"...and that would be our cue to leave," Mischa surmised and offered Devika the crook of his elbow to take so he could lead her... well, mainly away from here. "Mrs. Tex, if I may? Your husband seems rather heavily armed at the moment."

Really, this was so much easier than dragging a protesting, struggling and heavily armed butcherbird around by the collar of his lab coat. Ever the gentlewolf Mischa would even offer to carry the feline's remaining shopping bags.

"By the way, Cornelius, did I hear you right, is that thing actually going to spawn?"



by [Malicia](#) 4 months ago

"Yes, do bring me one of Cisca's babies!" Malicia called out brightly from somewhere behind the mass of planes, trains, and aeroplanes. . "I'm sure it'll make the perfect playmate once my own little one comes along."

Then just as quickly, the entrance of Darkwing heralded her voice back to its harsh, shriek of rage.

"THAT'S NOT FUNNY, DARKWING."



by [The Rival Agents](#) 4 months ago

Her enthusiastic talk about all the designer brands in form of baby blankets, jumpers, shoes, and was that even a pair of sunglasses?, was cut short when Negaduck decided to intervene. Oh, and she was having such a good talk too! It's rather hard to find girlfriends to talk babies when you're more or less a villain. You'll be surprised at how much villains don't care for babies, and Negaduck here was a prime example.

"Oh!" Was all that she could say, good thing Cornelius reacted fast enough before her hormon-induced emotions could lash out. He really saved them all an ear-shattering wail of a roar. Instead, however, her ears perked in happiness as she took back the pair of boots her husband had rescued from mid air. Oh, she was so happy for that one.

That is, until she checked her bag.

"I'm missing the lace dress with the ribbons!" The woman's lip began to tremble as that volcano of tears began to swell up inside, "Ooph! Cornelius, it's in the cage! You don't know how many women I had to threaten to get that at Bloomingdale's. Six of them, and a few sales clerks!"

Was she ever aggressive in mother mode. She called out to Darkwing Duck as she took Mischa's arm, "Hey! Darkwing! Be a dear and get my baby's dress from the cage , pleaaaasee?"

If not, I am really going to throw a fit here. That dress cost me more than my car! It's Designer straight from Milan! Cue the water works.

"If that dress gets torn...!!"



by [Negaduck](#) 4 months ago

The sound of all that chatter was cut off by the overbearing WHRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR of a gatling gun.

Convenient, from a criminal's point of view, that Darkwing's entrances took so long. It provided plenty of time to adjust to the situation, if one was inclined to cheat...

Which was how Negaduck managed to get set up with the heavy weapon back on the top of the cage, just in time to unload an absurd amount of lead into the smoke cloud.

Eventually the bullets ceased, not out of ammo so much as a recognition that if the caped crimefighter were actually in there, he would have been more holy than a High Priest, and Negaduck propped against the gun in order to turn and glare at the madness down below.

"Would you all shut UP about babies already?!" howled as he massaged his much tried temples. "It's bad enough with THIS ONE—" Angry finger point at Malicia. "—losing her mind; I don't need YOU—" Angry finger point at Devika. "Encouraging her! OOooo, ~lace~ and ~ribbons~ and ~babies~! GAG!"

Oh yes, because that would help the situation.

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by [Cornelius Tex](#) 4 months ago

"She is," Cornelius said. "Almost certainly very soon. Haven't you noticed how extra aggressive she's being?"

Cornelius... only you would notice that, because everything you create is ALWAYS lethally aggressive.

"That and I've noticed her wrapping around some of the mice as egg-warming practice before she eats them," he added, before Devika's grief dragged his attention away.

"It won't get torn dear, I'm sure of it," he said hurriedly, patting her knee in as reassuring a manner as he could. He was about to ask if she couldn't just buy a new one, but thought better of it. Though really, there couldn't have just been one, surely... that would baffle all logical sense. Unless all the other items had been bought, in which case... never mind.

Women.

"Don't scold her!" He added just as hurriedly. She'll cry! "The sooner she gets the dress back, the sooner we leave, and the sooner all this baby discussion stops, you see?"



by [Malicia](#) 4 months ago

Meanwhile, from inside the cage Malicia's claw carefully traced the ribbons on the lovely little dress she'd happened upon.

"Now this is just precious" She said aloud to no one in particular. "Perhaps I can find a tailor to make this in a size that would fit me. Oh, the baby and I could have matching outfits!"

It was probably for the best that her voice was muffled by the containment. Negaduck --or anyone with a remaining shred of sanity-- didn't need to hear this level of horrifying.



by [DW](#) 4 months ago

Darkwing didn't pay much attention to Malicia's initial protest about his entrance lines. Everyone was a critic, after all. He did take offense to the woman shouting at him to retrieve her baby's dress from inside the cage. He was about to retort with something sarcastic and/or, no doubt, upsetting to the hormonal pregnant woman... something along the lines of how he wasn't a pet that you played fetch with or that baby dresses weren't a priority when a homicidal maniac was holding up St. Canard's traffic... but then, Negaduck saved him from any trouble he might have gotten into with aforementioned pregnant woman. The word "saved" here means, of course, that Negaduck tried to turn the mighty masked mallard into a Swiss Cheese mallard.

Luckily, Darkwing was not so easily dispatched. He appeared in yet another cloud of smoke directly behind Negaduck and made short work of the gatling gun by disassembling it and scattering its pieces across the pile of stuff that Negaduck had piled against the cage. He probably could've had a better advantage against Negaduck by not alerting his Negaversian counterpart to his presence, but he had to make his discontent known. He took off his hat, which was riddled with holes that were all inches shy from piercing Darkwing's brain, and waved it at Negaduck.

"THIS... was my favorite hat, I'll have you know." He put his holey hat back onto his head and gave a little grumble. Of course, he was more upset about his hat than the fact that his life had been in danger. Getting dangerous was his motto. He wasn't doing his job right if he wasn't getting shot at or facing life-threatening situations on a daily and/or (mostly) nightly basis. Then again, he did have at least five other hats just like it...

He was quick to get back into crimefighter mode after letting his grievance be known, especially upon remembering Negaduck mentioning babies. Babies being involved with Negaduck was cause for immediate concern. He fished around in his suit for his gas gun. "All right, Negaduck, what are you scheming this time?"



by [Negaduck](#) 4 months ago

Far too distracted by the horror that was happening on top of the cage to catch the horror that was happening within it, Negaduck jumped and gaped at the vigilante's decommissioning of his guard post. He snapped out of it, straight into rage, just in time to catch the main part of the barrel as the useless pieces were tossed aside.

"AND THAT WAS MY FAVOURITE GUN, YOU MORON!" Swinging the weighty barrel like a baseball bat at his counterpart's infuriating head.

"AND THERE'S NO SCHEME." He would take another swing at Darkwing's scalp if it presented itself, otherwise he settled for a snarl through very clenched teeth. "I'm just TRYING to deal with THIS--"

Stomping a foot on the trapdoor he was standing on to indicate the caged demoness.

"So if you could kindly BUTT OUT, it would save me the trouble of removing your arms and beating you to death with them."

Which was a shame, because he really, really, REALLY wanted to do that. Everything about him screamed that; nevermind his past history of behaviour, there was the bunched shoulders, the eye twitch which hadn't stopped, and the feathers raised with territorial ferocity on the back of his neck.

But the shrewd part of him knew what getting into a brawl with the troublesome hero would do, and it would not result in making Malicia easier to handle at all. At least, not in any way that didn't involve a euphemism.

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by [DW](#) 4 months ago

Darkwing managed to duck the first swing as he interpreted what Negaduck said and tried to figure out whether the other masked mallard was lying to him or not. This led into a series of complicated "I know he knows that I know..." thought processes that went something like this: 'Negaduck is a liar,

but I know that he likes to brag about his schemes, therefore, if he says there isn't a scheme, then there probably isn't one. But wait, he knows that I know that he likes to brag about his schemes, so maybe he is lying to me, which he is apt to do, so that I won't foil his scheme. But he also knows that I know that he knows this, so he would tell the truth to make me want to foil him, and then I would look like a fool. But I know that he knows that I know he knows that I know and I know...'

It was around that point Darkwing started to get confused and lose track of this complicated line of thought. Dealing with his negative counterpart always gave him such a headache. Literally, too, as Darkwing chose that inopportune moment to present his head, which Negaduck then took the barrel of the gun and smashed it against the side of his temple. Luckily, Darkwing had a notoriously hard head, so this didn't cause him serious injury. It did really hurt, though, and it took him a minute to recover from it. With the confusing line of thought forgotten, Darkwing managed to come to this conclusion: Negaduck is evil, therefore I should stop him from doing whatever the hell he thinks he's doing.

"Riiight. While I couldn't agree more that Malicia belongs behind bars, I also wouldn't dream of having you free to do whatever you want... so, since you have so thoughtfully provided this cage, I think I'll just lock you up with her." His gas gun now visible, he aimed and fired a gas canister of laughing gas at the other masked mallard.



by [Negaduck](#) 3 months ago

Out of pure reflex, the conniving crook swung the barrel the second after the gun fired... and batted the canister straight back into Darkwing.

Whether it would explode on the vigilante or bounce off was another matter.

"Have you not been listening to ANY of this, you brain-dead buffoon?!" thundered Negaduck, unimpressed that he had once again uncovered new levels of stupid in his counterpart. "You can't lock me up with HER! Don't you realise what'll happen?!"

To be fair, Malicia had been forced to endure so much that nobody could be sure whether there would be breeding as opposed to bashing. To be unfair however, which was his publicised preference, he would do everything imaginable to avoid finding out.

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by [DW](#) 3 months ago

The canister, in fact, did neither of the things Negaduck thought it would do since Darkwing unexpectedly managed to catch the gas canister and disable it before it released its gas on him. He was looking quite proud of himself and didn't seem deterred by Negaduck's ranting. "Of course I know what will happen. Two horrible criminals will be locked up, and I'll have foiled whatever scheme you're cooking up. Really, Negaduck, you need to get with the program." He launched himself at Negaduck with one of his fists flying towards his counterpart's beak.



by [Inflatabelle](#) 3 months ago

Wandering out of a local bar, Belle staggers out, holding onto a lamp post for balance. She looks up and squints at the spectacle before her. She mouths "What the ffff...?"



by [Inflatabelle](#) 3 months ago

Belle walks closer to the cage, staring in confusion and curiosity. At the bars she looked Mal up and down, "Um..what the hell?"



by [Negaduck](#) 3 months ago

Wide-eyed, Negaduck stared, completely flabbergasted. Partly because his counterpart had actually countered his move competently. Partly because he seemed to be completely oblivious as to the consequences of his intervening. Hadn't he heard the booming explanation given to Malicia and, well, just about everyone? Didn't he listen to the news bulletins? Did he miss the Fertility Block Party signs that had been stuck up around the place as the freak show developed into a full blown street carnival?

Hey, the citizens had to put up with this sort of madness all the time. It was fair enough the local vendors were trying to make some money off of it.

"ME get with the program?!" the felon blurted with disbelief. "No, you put me in THERE, and -MPH!-"

The lunge took him by surprise. Sent flying on his back, when he eventually came to a sliding stop, he glared up at the crime fighter with renewed hate. There he was, Public Enemy Number One, trying to avert a major catastrophe - for his own interests, sure, public safety being an unfortunate side effect rather than a goal - and the purple clad clown wasn't even listening to him!

"You just bluster into these situations, don't you?" he sneered. Really, that shouldn't have come as a surprise.

Refocusing on the fist fight, seizing hold of the other drake's collar, with a practiced ease he made to flip the hero over his red-hatted head and throw him to the ground. Hopefully to the ground off the edge of the cage, where he would hopefully break his neck and hopefully leave them alone for good.

One could always hope.

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by [Inflatabelle](#) 3 months ago

Her attention was snagged by the fighting taking place, "What the..hey Watchit shorty!"



by [Malicia](#) 3 months ago

Malicia perked up at the sound of Belle's voice.

"HEY!" She called from inside the cage. "Make yourself USEFUL for once and find me a way out of here!"

Because Belle was always willing to lend a hand like the dutiful citizen she was... right?



by [DW](#) 3 months ago

The fact of the matter was that Darkwing did listen to news bulletins; they helped him pinpoint crimes, after all and that he had, in fact, passed several Fertility Block Party signs on his way there. The problem was that Darkwing Duck had a rare mental problem which allowed him to miss that which is completely OBVIOUS. Giant flags, giant neon signs, megaphone announcements... They were all totally and unknowingly ignored by the self-proclaimed super sleuth. So, unless someone took the time to carefully explain things to him or unless he found some teeny tiny completely un-obvious clue that would lead him to the right conclusion, he would be in the dark about what was happening. That was what was happening here. The only thing Darkwing knew was that Negaduck was causing trouble and that meant that he had to stop him!

"Of course. I'll take any chance I can get to inconvenience you, Negs," Darkwing told him before being grabbed by the collar and tumbling off the cage. Luckily, he did not break his neck mostly because a certain rubbery someone in yellow spandex broke his fall. She probably shouldn't have been standing so close to a cage where two mallards were duking it out. "Oomph..." He quickly got up off the woman and helped her up. He would've given her some words of warning or bragged

about his chivalry in helping her up, but he was too focused on dealing with Negaduck. He scaled back up the cage.



by [Inflatabelle](#) 3 months ago

"What da heck are ya doin' in there ya loon?" She gives Mal a side look of suspicion, "This ain't some exhibitionist perv-play between you and your midget boyfriend is it?"



by [Malicia](#) 3 months ago

"Well TECHNICALLY no but... I suppose there was some urine splashed on his face, and I suspect he is getting off on my misery." She said this ever-so-casually as though it wasn't a completely horrifying concept at all.

"He's just an IDIOT, is all."



by [Inflatabelle](#) 3 months ago

Belle leaned back and let go of the bars that she was holding to steady herself. Wiping her hands off on her suit, "Um, -ew-." She looked at the lock and back at Mal, "So why doncha just use your freaky evil demon-dog powers and bust outta this thing?"



by [Negaduck](#) 3 months ago

Darkwing's progress up the side of the cage would be impeded by something with black and red stripes falling on him from above.

No, that would not be a criminal. Or a giant killer spider. It was a deck chair.

"The only inconvenience you're causing is inconveniencing my stopping HER getting knocked up, which will only inconvenience the existence of life on this planet!" snarled Negaduck angrily from his perch like a lunatic, unaware of the new visitor to Malicia's humiliation. Wait, was he really LIKE a lunatic, or was that analogy unnecessary?

The thoughtful pause as he stood atop a magically fortified cage he had dumped on his partner in crime in the middle of St Canard should have answered that one.

"And, you know... sandwich making," he added with a matter of fact shrug. As if the loss of sandwiches were what he was really worried about.

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by [DW](#) 3 months ago

Darkwing yelped as the deck chair landed on his head and made him lose his grip on the cage, causing him to flatten against the ground. He looked a little dizzy for a moment before getting up and glaring up at Negaduck. "What?! What do you mean? I mean, what was stopping her from getting knocked up before that?" He definitely didn't enjoy the thought of mini-Malicias and mini-Negaducks with demon blood running around and causing havoc. Not at all. He scurried back up the cage; this time making it before something could be dropped on him again.



by [Inflatabelle](#) 3 months ago

Will you two keep it down! Ladies are talkin'!

by [Malicia](#) 3 months ago

"Because I can't....." A lightbulb switched on over her head (literally. Gotta love cartoon physics).

"Of course!" She smacked her forehead. "Why didn't I think of that before?!"

And so Malicia placed both pinkies under her bill and let loose an ear-piercing whistle.



by [Inflatable](#) 3 months ago

Belle drops her bottle and covers her ear, "GAH Mal! What gives?!" Somewhere, a cup of water shows ripples vibrating through it.



by [Negaduck](#) 3 months ago

Last. Straw.

"**What do you think I'm DOING?!**" The roar was matched by a mini-explosion – of the top of his head. Flames and smoke billowed like a volcano. No wonder there was doubt that Malicia was the only one of the two who would be bringing demon bloodlines into the mix.

When that had settled down – relatively speaking, as he still had that unhinged glow of a madman pushed to breaking point – he leaned over the side to yell something abusive at Inflatable, but was cut short by the whistle.

He knew that whistle alright. Clearly he hadn't thought of its involvement either. His sides of his brim flopped down in a mortified panic.

"Oh no." Spinning around to face Darkwing, he snagged the crime fighter by his lapels. "You gotta help me!"

It must have been desperate if he was pleading his most hated enemy for help. Screw religion – turning to the morally good had to have been the last refuge of a true scoundrel.

"I can fend off that flea-ridden idiot when I've got freedom to move—" While his hands did not move from Darkwing's collar, his eyes darted off to the distance this way and that. "–But here, I'm stuck! I'd have to either give HER up, or give my limbs!"

Queue frantic shaking of his captive.

"I LIKE MY LIMBS!"

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by [Inflatable](#) 3 months ago

Belle stood staring at the panicking Negaduck, mentally checking a box on her Things-I-Thought-I'd-Never-See list.

by [Malicia](#) 3 months ago

It was like a scene out of the Godzilla movie (the horrible American version). A man in a nearby coffee shop sat down to read the newspaper, only to sense a slight rumble. Slowly lowering his paper, he saw the ripples on the hot beverage.

Boom.



Boom.

BOOM.

BOOMBOOM.

And from Negaduck and Darkwing's vantage point, they could hear the screams and cries of horror in the distance, slowly growing louder as the distance closed in. The scratching of metal followed by the cry of horns indicated a number of cars had been flipped over in haste.

And then the cerberus rounded the next building, bounding directly toward the cage. The small tent city that had risen around the display -- filled with circus freaks-- scattered like ants as the beast trampled their temporary homes. A bearded lady-man-thing went flying, and the man with a butt for a face and a face for a butt fell face (er butt) first into a basket of snakes that were casually lying about -- you know, typical circus freak props.

Finally the hellhound came to a screeching halt at the front of the cage. And, much to Negaduck's horror, the three gaping maws, filled with fangs the size of stalactites were at \*perfect\* level with his squishy, delicious body.



by [Inflatabelle](#) 3 months ago

Belle froze in terror. Dogs were a mortal enemy of hers ever since her transformation. Being living rubber duck made her a giant squeaky dog toy in ever pup's eyes. "N n, nice doggy..?" Her pupils dilated to points in fear. In a tiny voice, "help.."



by [Cornelius Tex](#) 3 months ago

It was just as well that Devika had been gently led away from the ensuing commotion. Cornelius didn't seem to have followed, though he had shown such little involvement in the rumpus that one would have assumed he wasn't there at all. The only indication of his silent and fascinated observation (and no doubt note-taking), was his reaction to Pringles.

"Oh, what a delgithful creature," he said with all insane sincerity, somehow popping up near the cage again. "I say, miss, do you have any puppies of the same type? I would dearly love a pet very like that."

Oh dear God Cornelius. No. WHY?!

"Incidentally everyone seems to be very busy with either staring at the fine creature or massacring each other." Which was quite the sight to see. It was like he was on vacation. "Would you like the knife again if I can pass it to you?"

He did promise he wouldn't meddle, which was why he had been so quiet so far, but really if nobody was going to get that little dress back his wife wanted so badly, what was he supposed to do?



by [Kachka](#) 3 months ago

With all the commotion and the added noise of a huge cerberus trampling half the city it was small wonder nobody seemed to notice the colorful stream of what was probably swearwords coming from above the cage. The source of those obscenities (delivered in a foreign language to slip it past the censors) was a gaunt, one-eyed duckette desperately trying to hang on to a rain rail and preferable getting back on the roof.

While she had seen no reason to get involved in this mess there had been ample reason to watch from a safe distance and maybe point and laugh a little. Unfortunately her vantage point on the top of a nearby building wasn't built to withstand the minor earthquakes caused by Pringles. Just like rain

rails weren't built to support full-grown ducks hanging on them.

"Oh yob tvoyu mat yob tvoyu mat yob tvoo~"

And just like that yet another complication appeared in front of the cage in the form of a FOWL-agent landing beakdown on the street.

"Ow..."



by [DW](#) 3 months ago

The puzzled expression on Darkwing's face was comical, to say the least. He had certainly never expected his worst enemy to plead with him to help him. It was more than a little disconcerting, and Darkwing was trying to figure out what Negaduck was up to. His mind once again started going to the "I know he knows that I know..." line of reasoning from before, but Darkwing stopped himself before he got too carried away. Whatever was coming for them was getting closer judging from the small earthquakes that were happening. He glared at Negaduck and shoved his hands away from his lapels.

"All right, all right! I'll help. But I'm not doing it for you, I'm doing it for the citizens of St. Canard." Darkwing grumbled under his breath. "Stupid villains... they think it's all fun and games until somebody is in danger of losing their limbs..." And then, he saw the giant cerberus running down the street towards them. It wasn't the first time Darkwing had encountered Malicia's cerberus, but the first time he had seen it, he had been atop the warehouses, well out of reach in striking distance. Now, he could feel the hot breath of the cerberus bearing down on him. Darkwing cracked a nervous grin.

"Eh heh heh... Nice doggie, good doggie..." He knew he needed to distract them before they thought of starting to chomp down on him. He'd need the time to figure out what to do with them, so that they wouldn't cause more damage to the city than they had already. He reached into his suit and pulled out three large-sized chew bones that he couldn't have possibly been hiding in his suit, yet that was where he got them from. From his first encounter with the cerberus he had prepared for this inevitability. "See the bones, doggie? Nice chewy bones, right? Good doggie..." He wasn't going to throw the bones; that would mean more disaster for St. Canard. Maybe if he was lucky, they'd be happy to just take the bones and settle down in front of the cage.



by [Negaduck](#) 3 months ago

Hot breath? More like a flaming furnace times three.

With no small amount of dread, Negaduck turned to face the beast. Veeerry slowly.

"Now, now boy..." Hands raised shakily, 'boy' probably being the most nicest term he had ever used to refer to the hulking creature. "I know the iron-spiked cage looks bad, but you don't want your charming and talented mistress to spawn, do you...?"

Probably the nicest description he had ever provided of Malicia too, unless bowling through buildings with one's bootay counted as 'talented'.

Not prepared to rely on his ability to smooth-talk a monstrous watchdog that had it in for him since Day One, he made like the fearsome, ruthless and cunning supervillain he was.

And hid behind Darkwing.

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by [Malicia](#) 3 months ago

It was a good thing Pringles had three heads, because between the tasty looking Inflatabelle,

Darkwing and his chew bones, and the ever-so-edible Negaduck, it was hard to choose a target.

But as always, it was Malicia who won out.

"Pringles darling!" She called from the cage and all three heads perked up in her direction.

"Mommy needs your assistance with something." She pointed a finger at Negaduck. "Daddy has been a very bad boy and isn't playing very nice. He has me trapped in here, the same way that mean old wretched warlock used to keep you locked away." She pouted. "Do you remember that sweetie? When you were a puppy?"

The cerberus let out a low whine as though he were reliving a rather troubling memory. Shaking himself back into the present, three sets of eyes narrowed at Negaduck and a low guttural growl emerged like an approaching earthquake.

"Cornelius, was it? I would indeed appreciate that knife now." Malicia answered the scientist.

"And Pringles, you make sure that Daddy stays right where he is. If he makes a single movement, I give you full permission to take off a limb. But not his arms, please. His fingers do amazing things for Mommy and she needs them intact still."

Well. Isn't she generous. For her own benefit, of course.



by [Cornelius Tex](#) 3 months ago

"Very well, then. The sooner I can get Devika's shopping back, the better. She really will be very upset if anything happens to it, you see. Gets awfully attached to these things, especially these days. Of course I'm not wholly sure why it's at such intensity, but what do I know..."

He's just a genius, after all. Women? Alien specie, that.

"Coming through," he warned, pushing the end of it into the wall. "If you could grab the end of it and give it a pull, do try not to damage it... so, as I was asking, could you possibly find a similar fellow for me? A smaller version if possible. It would make a wonderful playmate of Cisca."

Cisca, who had been resting around Cornelius's shoulders, raised her head and made an approving little noise, indicating that this was one living animal she would not attack if it happened to bleed. Awwwww.

"She loves the idea already."



by [DW](#) 3 months ago

Darkwing continued grinning nervously at the three-headed dog. It occurred to him that he looked almost exactly like Negaduck, that dogs weren't the best at distinguishing colors... He was pretty sure that him and Negaduck probably smelled different from each other since his counterpart seemed to enjoy hanging around rotten fish and being covered in blood and who knows what else all the time, but that didn't guarantee that the cerberus would be smart enough to realize that Darkwing Duck wasn't in the same category as Negaduck.

He became a little bit distracted and disgusted when Malicia started talking about Negaduck's fingers. Did she really have to share that little detail? He would've commented on Malicia's oversharing, but he realized he had a job to do. He couldn't let Malicia get out of the cage... with Pringles keeping an eye on Negaduck, he probably wouldn't have to worry about the villain going anywhere before he could get him locked up. He started to move, but he was impeded by the fact that Negaduck was gripping his shoulders. This irritated Darkwing beyond belief, mainly because Negaduck was wrinkling his cape. He roughly pulled himself away from the other masked mallard. "Would you get a hold of yourself? What are you, a duck or a mouse?!"

He eyed Pringles warily, still holding up the chew bones in a meager attempt at protecting himself from the giant three-headed dog, should it decide to try snapping at him. He hopped off the cage and glared at Cornelius and Belle.

"All right, back away from the cage. Nobody is letting this demon out while Darkwing Duck is on duty!"



by [Negaduck](#) 3 months ago

It may have also been said that the very same talents Malicia was fond of had something to do with that fish smell, but Darkwing had never been one to draw obvious conclusions. Except this time, it was probably the crime fighter's brain protecting itself.

With his meat/chew bone shield gone, Daddy was rooted to the spot – an oddly apt expression – and left to stare down the familiar. It was causing him some amount of difficulty, however; how did one stare down teeth?

"Eh... heh." Damnit, where did that shotgun go? The last he saw of it was in a flurry of scales atop the cage. "Y–you know, Pringles... last time, when I vowed to make a three-headed dog skin rug out of your sorry hide... of course I was only joshing..."

Joshing so much that blindly reaching behind him in case the gun happened to have fallen there in a long overdue change in luck.

What? He was only moving his arms, and the 'puppy' was under strict instructions not to maul those. And Pringles was a good widdle doggie... wasn't he?

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by [Kachka](#) 3 months ago

Luckily for Darkwing his impact after jumping off the cage was somewhat softened. Just what had softened that fall was made clear by the sounds of "Ooof!" and only seconds after an enraged shout of "Get off me you damned hooligan!"

Luckily for Kachka Darkwing had not yet jumped on the bandwaggon of wearing shoes and webbed feet were reasonably soft. Still, having a crime-fighter jump onto her butt while she was still trying to digest falling off an (albeit low) roof was something she could have done without.



by [Inflatable](#) 3 months ago

Belle stood there, frozen in mortal terror, eyes dilated down to points. "Sorry Dark but I'm terrified beyond the capacity for rational thought." One of the three heads sniffed her curiously. Oh geeze. This is how it begins. First the sniffing, then the chomping. Belle has been here so many times before.



by [Malicia](#) 3 months ago

Malicia grabbed the end of the knife and tugged it through. "Pringles has plenty of litters for you to choose from." She responded as she flipped the knife over in her hand.

The cerberus in question still had most of its eyes on Negaduck. The head on the far left, a.k.a., "Lefty" spent a few moments leaning down to give Belle a sniff. Then his nose wrinkled in disgust and he pulled back. Icky alcohol fumes! Like mommy after she comes home from the bar.

Poor Belle. Rejected even by a slobbery mangy hellhound.

And as Darkwing kept his attention to Cornelius, Malicia carefully began cutting yet another exit for

herself. Why was that idiot helping Negaduck out anyway?!

The middle head, so accurately dubbed "Groucho" whipped forward and snapped at Negaduck. You want to see joshing do you? The beast's fangs practically spoke for him as they just barely grazed Negaduck's body, tearing his clothing in the process.



by [Inflatabelle](#) 3 months ago

Belle didn't know whether to feel lucky or rejected. All she could do was utter a hurt. "Hey..", then sniff her breath for any offensive odors.



by [Cornelius Tex](#) 3 months ago

"Wonderful! Cicsa is so pleased. Aren't you dear?"

Happy sound!

And as soon as the new exit was even marginally near his level, he reached in and grabbed his wife's shopping.

"Ah! Finally. Oh, I see. It's customised. No wonder she was making such a fuss."

Go away now Cornelius. Just go away.

"I'll wait here until you're done with the knife."

YOU FOOL.



by [Negaduck](#) 3 months ago

Arms instinctively flew up to protect his delicious, crunchy skull, but that did nothing to protect his suit from bite marks. Mortified, Negaduck gaped down at the damage. Aside from generally looking shaky with terror, there was not a lot he could do about it... and one could tell the terror was genuine because he uttered not a squeak, much less a complaint about the cost of replacement costumes.

Then a familiar Slavic accent made it to his brain. He recognised that cursing, or so he felt. It was a long shot, but they were on as friendly terms as he ever got with anyone, right?

"Hey, hey, Cyclopa," called as loud as an urgent whisper could be, although his eyes were mostly stuck on the drooling maw in front of him. "You want to get fancy with explosives? Ever blown up a cerberus before?"

Oh right, because making it sound like a challenge would trick Kachka of all people into doing him a favour.

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by [DW](#) 3 months ago

Darkwing got off of Kachka, looking a little sheepish.

"Eh heh heh, sorry, miss..." Distracted as he was for the moment, he almost didn't notice Cornelius slip past him. Then, he sputtered indignantly when he did notice and the shot scientist wandered into the cage and back out. Who did that guy think he was?

"Excuse me, I'm TRYING to save St. Canard over h...." He did a double-take and noticed Mal was cutting away at the bars of the cage with the knife. "HEY, HEY! WAIT!" He threw himself at the cage and attempted to snatch the knife from Mal. He hadn't counted on it being more than a little difficult

to get the knife from her, though.



by [Malicia](#) 3 months ago

Malicia paused momentarily to admire the view from below the bare Negaduck. You know, because it's not like he already wasn't wearing pants or anything logical like that.

Her attention quickly snapped back to Darkwing however, and she bared her teeth. "What the hell is your problem?! You're supposed to be the HERO. You should be RESCUING me, not encouraging this ridiculous chirade!" She took a swipe at him with the knife. "I have no qualms leaving YOU without fingers. You look like the fumbling virgin type anyway."



by [DW](#) 3 months ago

Darkwing glared at her. "News flash! You. Are. A. VILLAIN. Your rightful place is locked up behind bars!" Then, he muttered something under his breath that sounded suspiciously like "and not producing any demon spawn that could terrorize me in the future." He backed up a bit when she took a swipe at him with the knife but closed in again and tried to make another grab for it. He was momentarily dumb-founded by her next comment.

"WHAT?! Me?! I'm NOT a... What do you really think that I... I'm Darkwing Duck! I'm irresistible; my fingers are FINE... err, not that I have any intention of using my fingers on you..." His face quickly began to heat up. "Not that you aren't attractive... but I, and you, and um, hoo boy..." And thus, his little embarrassing ramble trailed off as his thoughts went into some interesting territory, and no doubt everyone witnessing the exchange had forever cemented Darkwing in their minds as a virgin.



by [Inflatabelle](#) 3 months ago

Belle, standing near the whole 'virgin' exchange, points casually at DW and snickers, "Heh heh. Virgin."



by [Cornelius Tex](#) 3 months ago

"Really?" Cornelius asked in concern. "You seem a reasonable age, though. Is it a problem of impotence? They do have medicines for that now. However, if it's merely a problem of social function as opposed to biological, I suppose therapy of some sort might be better..."

He was only trying to help, you understand. He wasn't the most sexually active person on the planet, at least outside of Devika, let's not get into that, but he was aware of the subject. In a textbook sort of manner. And since mating was a function embedded in the psyche of any normal male, not having done it past a certain age implied a problem.

Nevermind that he would never have given it much thought himself if Devika hadn't pounced him forty years ago.



by [Kachka](#) 3 months ago

Kachka refrained from giving Darkwing a withering stare as she scrambled back to her feet. It's just not much fun to stare at people who currently have their dignity flapping around their ankles, metaphorically speaking.

Instead she went for the next best thing – glare at the hero's yellow-clad counterpart.

"I made an ox explode once," she informed the mallard, not bothering to lower her voice. "I assume the underlying principles are similar. But even if I were having the right ingredients on me—" she

pointed a thumb at Pringles' impressive backside "-I am not sticking my hand in there to save your sorry tail."

Best not to speculate about the particulars of that explosion too much.

"Let virgin boy here deal with it."



by [Negaduck](#) 3 months ago

Oh the sweet, sweet humiliation of a hated foe. Could it possibly get any better?

Perhaps had he been in a better position to gloat. Being very much a non-virgin was exactly how Negaduck had gotten into this mess to begin with, the front of his outfit in tatters and a hormonal demoness who was eying him off like an all-you-can-eat feast. No matter, he would scoff at the embarrassed crime fighter later. In the meantime, he settled for a sideways sneer that practically said for him yeah, it's about time you lot recognised the total dweeb status of this dork compared to my Adonis-like manliness.

A sneer that fell off his masked face the moment he caught Kachka's refusal. It wasn't necessarily that she refused to toe the line like a good little underling should; it was the volume.

"Would you keep it down?!" he whisper-shouted, flashing with anger. How could she possibly be so stupid?! Oh yeah, like the eye-patch wearing explosives expert hadn't realised the potential ramifications of either the dog-beast or the woman-beast picking up on what he had been trying to do.

Not too alarmed though; the chances of any of Pringles' three dim-witted brains putting that together were practically zilch.

[Edit](#) | [Delete](#)



by [Malicia](#) 3 months ago

"Oh please, do you think I'm deaf? I can hear everything you're hissing, you twit. I'm just giving you a chance." Malicia called up to the doppelganger, taking extra care NOT to keep her voice down whatsoever.

Pringles meanwhile, was inching further toward Negaduck. One of the heads had opened its gaping maw and was subtly ushering the villain inside. As if he somehow wouldn't notice the sky above vanishing, only to be replaced by a dark stinky cave of rancidly humid air and droplets of drool.

Her attention back to Darkwing, her bill curled into a sickly sweet smile. "You poor untapped thing. I pity you so. But do feel free to fantasize about me as much as you'd like, especially if it will enrage my captor even further."

And if Darkwing wasn't confused, embarrassed, or completely befuddled enough already, she hurled the knife in his direction, pointy-end first.

At least it would give her ample time to vacate the area.



by [DW](#) 3 months ago

Darkwing's red-from-embarrassment face turned into a red-from-anger face. He scowled at everyone who called him a virgin, but his expression soon fell into one of utter disbelief when Cornelius had the GALL to call him impotent.

"What?! I... you..." Darkwing sputtered indignantly. His scowl soon replaced his look of disbelief. "I am NOT impotent! I am NOT a virgin! I'm not, I'm not, I'm not!" It really wasn't helping his dignity much by throwing a temper tantrum, complete with stamping his webbed feet, in front of everyone.

He turned and glared at Malicia when she continued to mock him and was almost too angry to realize that she had thrown the knife at him. He managed to duck just in time before it could embed itself straight between his eyes. It went sailing through his hole-y hat, knocking it off his head. He quickly ran over to get his hat, pulled the knife out of it, pocketed the knife wherever he pocketed all his things, and put his poor mangled hat on his head.

"Ooooooh, now I'm mad!"



by [Inflatabelle](#) 3 months ago

Belle causally leaned against the cage, watching the DW tirade in amused interest. She waited until DW had finished his little tantrum to add, "And a virgin."



by [Cornelius Tex](#) 3 months ago

Cornelius saw his knife disappear into the hero's pocket. He was very proud of that knife, and that fellow had just taken it.

... there was no possibly way for anyone to look more heartbreakingly upset than Cornelius did at that moment. "Excuse me, young man, that's mine..." he objected, the very picture of a child that had had his ball stolen. That's right, STOLEN. That fellow thought he could get away with what he liked just because he was a 'hero', apparently. How dare he!

One thing, though. The pocket Cornelius had kept that knife in had been specially tempered to prevent it from slicing through it like it did everything else.



by [Kachka](#) 3 months ago

While the scientist went to discuss the finer points of rightful ownership with the caped hero Kachka stepped closer to the cage, giving Pringles an apprehensive look – here was hoping the cerberus remembered her from her previous visits at the warehouse and still considered her a customer and not to be munched.

"Say, Malicia," she interjected, giving the demoness a little wave. "Quick question, while I see you. Are you planning to take parental leave over this?"

The last word was accompanied by a little wave in the general direction of Negaduck – his genitals apparently being the cause of this whole mess.



by [DW](#) 3 months ago

Darkwing probably shouldn't have been surprised when the knife that had been tucked away in some obscure location in his costume fell out taking a small chunk of his costume with it. The knife had just barely managed to miss one of his webbed foot. Rather than be relieved that he had avoided something painful, Darkwing's blood pressure proceeded to skyrocket, which became obvious by how bright red his face was.

"Ooooooooooooooooooh!" He ground his teeth together and shot a glare at Cornelius. "Maybe you should've thought about that before giving a weapon to a known supervillainess, you... ARGH!" One could practically see him mentally counting to ten to prevent from letting loose a stream of profanities. He picked up the knife, and demonstrating that he at least knew the finer points of knife safety, did NOT throw it in some random direction where it might stab some poor innocent passerby. Instead, moving at a speed that his counterpart had been moving at when he had stacked things up against Malicia's cage, he put the knife in a box. Then, he put that box in a small cage, then he put that cage in a metal box, then he put the metal box inside a bigger metal box, and then he put the bigger metal box into an even bigger metal box, and then he wrapped chains around that metal box



and then he hauled the box off to some dumpster and returned, panting and twitching a little.

"THERE! Now, it's gone! Now, NOBODY can use it! Aheheheh..." He happened to look down at the hole in his costume, and immediately stopped acting like someone who had just gone off the deep end. He shot Cornelius an annoyed look. "This was my favorite costume, I'll have you know..."



by [Inflatabelle](#) 3 months ago

With a sly grin on her face, Belle couldn't resist quipping, "Ta –not– get some in?", at DW. Glass houses Belle.



by [Negaduck](#) 3 months ago

Really now, this was cruel. Negaduck should have been lording over this, like the Lord of Everything he was, enjoying the destruction of Darkwing's favourite dignity. Not standing under an increasingly dark, dank cloud that seemed to be dripping... globs.. of... goo....

WHAT.

Letting out a squawk of panic, he reflectively made a dash out of the jaws of doom. And got pretty far, too. Except in his rush the back of his turtleneck had snagged on one of Pringles' great big pointy teeth.

Teasingly, the fabric stretched out as far as not–even–possible. Then snapped him back like a rubber band.

Straight into a set of salivating jaws.

One second.

With sheer terror – and perhaps the assistance of a jackhammer – he broke out from behind those giant teeth and made another attempt at his sprint to freedom. Except, due to the urgency of his escape, it ended up as a tumble over himself instead of a sprint.

"OW! AH! OUCH! SON OF A...!!!"

SPLAT.

Would there be a skinny Russian butt to cushion HIS fall off the side of the cage?

Probably not.

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by [Cornelius Tex](#) 3 months ago

What? But... why did he... why would he...?

He'd worked AGES on that! He had no idea where the drake had left it now! Granted, he could make another, but it had taken so long to make it comfortable and perfectly balances...

At this rate, Cornelius was going to cry.

"That was mine..."

... or, you know, start killing people, but he had promised not to do that too much outside of the labs...



by [DW](#) 3 months ago

Darkwing either simply did not register the hurt look on Cornelius's face or he didn't care. Either way, he marched past the butcher bird, remembering that he... He paused in his step and twitched upon hearing Belle make another jab at him. He whirled around. "WILL YOU CUT THAT OUT ALREADY?! It's bad enough trying to work on this scene with all these people here; I don't need some... uh..." He peered at Belle closely. "What are you? A burglar? I'll deal with YOU later after this current threat has been dealt with. And really, you shouldn't be talking about someone else's costume. I don't think you'll be getting a date anytime soon in that ugly yellow get-up."



by [Malicia](#) 3 months ago

Negaduck may not have landed on hard cement. In fact, one could greatly argue he landed in something far, far worse.

...Malicia's arms. Which caught him a suspiciously timely manner.

"Hello darling." Hissed acridly. "So nice to be reunited with you once again."

Hm. Maybe he would've been better off inside Pringles' belly.



by [Inflatabelle](#) 3 months ago

Belle looked hurt and angry, "You don't think I already know that!" She whipped out a whiskey bottle from her bag and started to chug it down. Turning on her heel she stomped away. From across the street she shouted, "At least I've gotten some in my life, virgin-boy!"



by [DW](#) 3 months ago

"That's right! Run away! If you can't take the heat, you need to get out of the kitchen!" Darkwing shouted back at her, then turned. Now, where was he? His eyes happened to glance over in Malicia's direction, and he saw her holding Negaduck in her arms. Yuh-oh. That wasn't good. He sped over to the two and because he simply wasn't tall enough to physically grab his counterpart out of her arms, he gripped Negaduck's cape and tugged hard in an attempt to get him away from Malicia. Naturally, he was paying no mind to Negaduck's comfort in this matter.

"Hand him over, you dastardly, disturbing, demonic duckubus! He is going to JAIL where he belongs! And as for you, you are going to a completely SEPARATE prison where you can't get impregnated and produce demon babies everywhere! So, let go!" He tugged sharply on the cape.



by [Inflatabelle](#) 3 months ago

Across the street, Belle stormed off into an alley, but not before shooting DW the bird behind her. She marched down the alleyway until she reached a dumpster, sat next to it, and drained every bottle she had on her person. "Ugly! I don't need him tellin' me I'm ugly! I already -knew- that!"



by [Negaduck](#) 3 months ago

Swallowing his fear, Negaduck turned his most charismatic smile up at the demoness. Unfortunately, even a hardened criminal had difficulty hiding the nervousness that came with being caught by the same super-strong female he had imprisoned and humiliated. Being in tatters from scrapes with a cerberus, a weird eel creature, and a headstrong crime fighter didn't help either.

"N-now sweetheart, maybe we can find another way to sort this out." Like he would have any say in

it. "How about I go get a change of clothes, and you go get a hysterectomy-GAK!"

Speaking of scraps with headstrong crime fighters, here was one who seemed intent on permanently depriving him of oxygen.

Choked by his cape, which refused to rip out of pure comedic effect, Negaduck thrashed wildly, angry shouts straggled from his throat, alternating between trying to pull the fabric away from his windpipe and taking blind swipes at both of his captors.

"AK--OU--OT--WHYD--SSST!"

Which may have translated to 'I say there, my good man, kindly desist your current activities before I rupture a lung.'

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by [Cornelius Tex](#) 3 months ago

"I believe he was referring to you how you dress, not your physical appearance," Cornelius volunteered, having run to the same dumpster the rubber-ducky was hiding behind and trying to push the top open despite his small stature. "Though really he isn't qualified... all that dramatic flare makes him look ridiculous... and my KNIFE!"

The poor crazy pyscho.

"Could you open the lid for me so I can look about for it? I don't want to lose it... it's my favourite knife, after all..."



by [Malicia](#) 3 months ago

Malicia didn't even try to stop Darkwing. Instead, she held Negaduck steady, allowing Darkwing to continue strangling him. Yay, teamwork!

"Unfortunate for you, I have strangely lost whatever urge I had to mate with you. I suppose your idiotic idea to confine me worked to some extent. I say this is 'unfortunate' because it means the wrath I'm about to bring down on you will not be sexy whatsoever. No, my dear... you are in for a world of pain."

And just for added humiliation, she grabbed his bill and tweaked it.



by [Inflatabelle](#) 3 months ago

Belle looked up in surprise, not even noticing the grey beaked fellow above her at the dumpster. "Huh?! Wha? Oh, yeah sure." She grunted to her feet and held open the dumpster with one hand and chugged the last of her gin with the other. "Darnnit! Now I need another 7 bottles of gin." She turns to leave, dropping the lid to the dumpster on top of Cornelius' head with a BONK!



by [DW](#) 3 months ago

Darkwing noticed that Negaduck was struggling to breathe and very reluctantly eased up his grip and tugging on the black cape. As tempting as it was to strangle his arch-nemesis, the purple-clad mallard was still a good guy. Just as he eased up his grip, Negaduck backhanded him in the beak, practically causing it to flip up in a humorous boing noise. Darkwing let go of the cape, so that he could hold his poor hurt bill.

It was then that he heard Malicia talking to his Negaversian counterpart and frowned.

"Well, that sounds like a relief... but why take chances? You two are STILL going to separate prisons!"

He fumbled around in his suit for his gas gun. He eventually found it, but apparently his costume wasn't the only thing that the knife had cut a hole into. Darkwing gaped at the hole in his gas gun. "Aw, what is THIS? COME ON! I can't believe of all the..." He grumbled something unintelligible to himself.



by [Negaduck](#) 3 months ago

That was the problem with oversized beaks. They were destined for abuse.

Malicia, meanwhile, was destined to be on the receiving end of one rather irked glare. It was not made any less intimidating by the fact that the glarer was sucking in air like it was of the tasty toxic variety, seemingly keen to make up for the past minute or so of not doing much breathing.

And then expression faded back into dread as her words made it to his ears.

Not sexy? What, at all? What was he going to get out of the punishment then, if that was ruled out?!

There were few times where Negaduck took a threat seriously, from his cohort or anybody else. After all, he spent the better part of his time invoking rage and misery. He didn't simply cross the line, he removed it and painted a big bright curse in its place. If people weren't swearing terrible vengeance against him, he wasn't doing his job properly.

But this vengeance was one he had the terrible feeling he shouldn't be jeering at.

It was in the middle of this frightful realisation that the other mallard piped up with his 'threat' of prison. Boy did that threat sound better in comparison!

"ALRIGHT! Arrest me already!" he twisted around to shout, fighting with all his might to thrash out of the she-demon's grasp. "Anything to get me away from he--"

Then he spied the broken gas gun. And with it, any hope he had of help from the hapless hero.

"YOU USELESS, INCOMPETENT TWUNT!"

Yes, because just like every other failed scheme, this was all Darkwing's fault.

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by [Malicia](#) 3 months ago

"Who are YOU to decide whether I can have children or not?!" Malicia roared at Darkwing.

And then she gripped Negaduck tightly in her hands and wielded him like a bat or perhaps a slightly heavier blunt weapon. She lifted him up and sent him crashing down on Darkwing's head.

And then she raised her NegaBat and sent it down on Darkwing's head again. And again. And again. Beating him repeatedly into the ground, while simultaneously causing sufficient damage to the 'proud' papa Negaduck.

"You disgusting, vile, hypocritical creature! You call yourself a HERO? You only play by YOUR rules!" She shouted with each swing.

Well, that was one way to literally kill two birds with one stone.

"Take THAT! And that! And that! AAAAND THAT!"



by [DW](#) 3 months ago

Darkwing growled and shot a glare at Negaduck. "I am NOT incompetent! My gas gun isn't all I have,

you know! I have plenty of..."

The next thing he knew Malicia was screaming at him and bringing Negaduck down over his head. "But you're..." WHACK! "Villain..." WHACK! "Can't even..." WHACK! The poor guy wasn't able to get a word in at all. "I can explain!" WHACK! "What? I am, too, a her-ow..." WHACK! "Oh, the pain..." WHACK! Darkwing was much too dazed from all the hits upon his head to think of how to escape this particular situation. "You're pretty..." WHACK! He was probably going to say something along the lines of pretty deranged or pretty psychotic, but once again having the "Negabat" slammed into him left his words unfinished.



by [Negaduck](#) 3 months ago

Negabat wasn't faring much better.

"T-twinkle twinkle littttle skull~" sung disconnectedly as he was near batted into unconsciousness, too dazed himself to object to Darkwing being labelled as 'disgusting' and 'vile'. That's what he was famous for, not that purple pansy!

Really, if she wasn't careful, people would start to get them mixed up.

On a similar off-key note, the masked menace was also too concussed to object – with his fists – to the vigilante's potentially disastrous ambiguous closing statement. No, he was busy drunkenly counting the tiny demonesses, winged eels and baby dresses floating around his skull like stars.

**NIGHTMARE VISIONS.** Thanks to those, he wouldn't be out of it for long. There was only so much hell one brain could take.

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by [Kachka](#) 3 months ago

While Malicia so maturely discussed basic demon rights with the matched set of masked mallards Kachka decided to ignore her survival-instincts for the moment – instead of turning around and running like mad she backed away slowly. She could always ask about that maternity leave some other time.

When her orderly retreat led her by a dumpster that had seen a lot of excitement today she paused to carefully open the lid.

"Um. Sir?" she asked the trapped butcherbird with a nervous little smile. "Eh, I'm about to run for the hills now, would you like to come along?"



by [Inflatabelle](#) 2 months ago

Exiting the liquor store with a fresh jug of rum, Belle stared at DW's 'clubbing' with a grin. She points and laughs at his misfortune, making her snort a little, "BWAHAHA HAHA \*snort\* BWAHAHA!!!"



by [Malicia](#) 2 months ago

"You're damn right I am!" She snapped, feathers puffed with indignation.

Dropping Negaduck like a heap of garbage, she returned to the cage to collect her shoes and parcels. Carrying the mountain in her arms she treaded right on top of both Darkwing and Negaduck... in her brand new 6 inch pumps -- taking special care to shift her weight into the glistening sharp heels.

"Now if you'll excuse me, I'm heading home to try on my latest finds. Have yourselves a very painful day!"

These shoes are made for walking, and that's just what they'll do...



by [Inflatable](#) 2 months ago

Belle hadn't laughed that hard in years. She began snorting like a bull as she guffawed, clutching her chest. "Oh lord, I can't breathe! This is priceless!! Two jerks with one pair of cheap shoes! BWAHAHA!"



by [Cornelius Tex](#) 2 months ago

"My knife!" came a near-wail from the dumpster. "That horrible fellow! I can't find it anywhere..."

Sigh. And if they were going to be running for the hills, he couldn't spend more time looking for it than he already had. It wasn't FAIR.

"Alright, then," he said sadly. "I'll just have to make another one. To the hills, then."



by [Kachka](#) 2 months ago

"I'm sure your new knife will be just as nice, sir," Kachka assured him with some relief as she reached into the container to help the short shrike climb out again. She really didn't want to leave him here to be picked up by the law or the garbage collection people. If it came to that, somebody up the food chain was bound to decide it was aaaall her fault.

With a heavy sigh she glanced at Millie. She really ought to say something. Insulting Darkwing Duck was one thing. But now she'd gone and insulted Malicia's shoes...

On the other hand, she didn't want to be obvious about the fact she was friendly with the rubber duck – not when she was standing next to someone who was constantly on the lookout for new and exciting things to cut up.

"Oy!" she called out to Millie. "Mean-spirited girl! You coming too, or waiting for journalists to turn up?"



by [Negaduck](#) 2 months ago

Not waiting for the journalists was Negaduck. One trampled heap of mallard, he fought the urge to lie there groaning and picked himself up, brushed the heel dents out of his suit and straightened. To his surprise, he found himself largely unscorched and still in possession of all his limbs.

And Malicia, after that entire saga, had stormed off after apparently being cured of her maternal impulses.

"That didn't go too badly after all," he remarked to nobody with misplaced cheerfulness, before his spiteful nature returned and a sullen glare was directed at his recovering counterpart.

"No thanks to YOU."

A nasty kick directed at the hero's side, because his morality (or lack thereof) practically compelled him to kick a good duck when they were down, and off he went, slipping off the street before the surrounding circus had any time to stop him. Leaving, as usual, somebody else to clean up the mess.

With absolutely NO consequences whatsoever.

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by [DW](#) 2 months ago

Darkwing laid on the ground, feeling thoroughly stomped on. He was in so much pain he was literally seeing stars in front of his eyes. He noticed Negaduck starting to get up and tried to lift himself up in order to go after him. "Not so fast, Nega..."

Then, he was kicked hard right where the wounds he got from Malicia's heels were. He felt the air fly out of him, and he wheezed and rasped for breath. He also made a noise that sounded suspiciously like the noise a kicked puppy might make. This meant it took him even longer to recover, so that by the time, he was just getting up and dusting himself off pretty much everyone that had been in the scene was gone. And then, a media feeding frenzy descended on him, and he was pummelled with questions and accusations and camera flashes. Darkwing tugged nervously at his collar and tried to answer them before giving up. He reached into his suit, pulled out his thankfully unbroken grappling hook, and made his escape.



by [Inflatable](#) 2 months ago

"Press?!", Belle squaked, "Oh crud!" She looked from side to side desperately searching for a place to hide. Seeing no adequate location to run to, she let out a large exhale, collapsed flat and slid herself in between two buildings.

-----  
by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

Not too long after a certain cage-in-the-middle-of-the-road incident, one malicious mallard was recovering in a hideout down town, a derelict somethingorother used for crash place and the storage of weapons grade unobtainium.

Sprawled out on the couch, the last few nights had evidentially been big, but following the last debacle Negaduck was taking a break from female company. Too much trouble. And he had to make up for the down time from villaining the previous one had cost him.

Consequently, a break from female company did not mean a break from nefarious activity. The scraps of torn fabric in the maws of the sleeping pack dogs around the couch indicated that much. And they bore the same sadistically contented expressions as their master; they just did not sleep talk as much as he did.

"Why I oughta..." grumbled as he twisted around fitfully. "Tasty, squishy organs.. it's not like you needzzzzzzzzZZZZZZZZZZZZ....."

How peaceful. Like the beautiful calm over a minefield.

by [Cornelius Tex](#) 1 year ago

Cornelius had no sense of privacy, propriety or timing. He never had and probably never will.

At least he had the sense to knock, given it was a stranger's domain. Realising the occupant might be asleep, he set down the rather suspiciously squishy sack and concientiously rapped on the door as loudly as he could so they would hear him even in sleep.

How thoughtful. Always thinking of others, is Cornelius.

"Hello? Negaduck, is it? Anyone home?"

y [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

The door was answered... with an axe thrown straight through it, right at the source of the noise.

Conveniently it punched a nice hole through the woodwork that would allow investigative hands to make their way through to the locks inside. IF the blade had not punched a nice hole through Cornelius' skull, that was.

Was it possible not to be a morning person' even when it was mid afternoon?

by [Cornelius Tex](#) 1 year ago

Investigative was the ONLY way to describe Cornelius's hands at this point, as he instantly took the chance to unlock the doors and peek inside.

"Good afternoon!"

by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

Realising that the disturbance was not taking the hint and leaving him in peace, a red-hatted head rose slowly like an awakening dragon. He certainly had the teeth to pull that off.

"**What's so GOOD about it?**" snarled venomously, not so much at Cornelius personally, but at the concept of 'good' in general. Oddly enough, he was not a fan.

The dogs, by contrast, dropped their growls of warning as soon as they caught a whiff of whatever it was the unexpected visitor had in that bag. Sure, they had eaten well the night before.. but dogs do not have an off switch when it comes to tasty, tasty food. Particularly the kind of food that came in sacks.

by [Cornelius Tex](#) 1 year ago

"I'm not very sure, but I've been told it's customary to say," Cornelius nodded, setting down the sack carefully and undoing the neck before pushing it forward.

"I apologise for disturbing you, but I was told you have some very effective flesh-eating hounds, and these limbs were really starting to clutter up my workspace. I'd toss them in the creek, but people seem to object to finding things there and they begin calling the police."

Honestly, how insensitive.

by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

The beasts gathered, spending only a brief moment sniffing at the offering, before the carpet became a whirlwind of furry land piranhas. There was much gnawing and chopping and maybe a few instances of a gruesome tug of war.

Negaduck would have spat out some biting comment about his place not being a tip, despite it looking like one, but then the smell finally hit him too. And the effect wasn't all that dissimilar to what it had been on the canines.

Unblinking eyes locked hungrily onto the source. Lips were licked. And, had it been visible, his tail was probably gearing up to high speeds. As had already been well established, there was something very, very wrong with him.

Fighting the urge to lose himself with unfamiliar 'company' around, however, the supervillain snapped himself out of it, wiped the drool off his beak and shot to his feet, mostly to distract himself from feeding time.

"And who the hell are YOU, anyway?"

Apparently the demon in a cage mess was still a little fuzzy in his mind, which would explain the fact that Cornelius had only been greeted with one axe and not a half dozen of them.

by [Cornelius Tex](#) 1 year ago

"Cornelius Tex," he said cheerfully. Had he introduced himself back at the cage? Probably not, but it didn't really matter.

"I could have given them to the local medical college, of course, but the problem is they weren't really volunteers in the proper sense and one of them had a very distinctive tattoo. You understand, don't you? I can't just throw away the legs of people the news is frantically reporting missing."

by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

'Had' being the operative word, as the tattoo was long gone now. Along with everything it was attached to.



"I don't see why you can't," shrugged uncaringly as he made his way around the back of the ratty old couch.

He understood, of course, the necessities that came with secret murders and covert operations. But he did not understand, more broadly, the point of such sneakiness. Not his style, not in a long shot.

Speaking of shots, the moody mallard took a hit of breakfast – a half drunk bottle of dark spirit something or other that had been lying around. Refreshed, he narrowed his eyes thoughtfully at his supposed guest, before gesturing at him broadly with the glass.

"I remember you." Finally. "You were after Mal's DNA or some nonsense until your mountain of a wife came bawlin'."

Be it PTSD, or a result of being used as a pile driver repeatedly, that was the extent of his memory of Cornelius Tex. Luckily, perhaps, for both of them.

"How's that working out for you, lugging around a crazy preggo?" Smirking, he dropped back on the couch, resting his feet on a dog that was too busy snacking to notice. "Never in a million years would you find me dealing with THAT nonsense."

Which was why he had imprisoned his partner, which was why that phase had phased, which was why he felt he could lounge around and be smug about it. What a clever plan that had been. A triumph for all baby-hating males out there!

by [Cornelius Tex](#) 1 year ago

"It could be much worse," Cornelius said placidly, making sure his sack was perfectly empty. "I'm sure demonesses are much worse, but I'm not wholly sure. You'd tell me, wouldn't you?"

Taking it for granted, much?

"She's not too far along, really, your... er... woman," he commented. "From what I could tell of the feather I got. But then again I know nothing of the demonic gestation period. You know, this would be rather marvellous! You and she would be able to further my studies tremendously! Do you think she knows how many there will be?"

The universe itself stopped to stare in disbelief.

WHAT, CORNELIUS?! WHAT?!?!

by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

Mouthful of uber classy drink was nearly spat classily all over the floor. Instead he choked on it.

"You.. you're talking like she already IS pregnant." Blanche. Cornelius was new to him but, as brilliant as he clearly was, he did not seem the type capable of pulling so big a 'prank' on a veteran liar. "But.. I haven't even seen her since.. much less..."

Realization hit him like a sack of rotten fish.

"She was the whole time, wasn't she?"

Immediately he was up. A grimy suitcase was thrown on a bed. A gun, a bottle and a dog were thrown in that.

"I'm out of here."

The other canines, still munching away, only glanced up with mild curiosity as their masked master turned to dip his hat to the unexpected visitor.

"Thanks for the warning, pal."

And he was, in fact, gone. Off to somewhere far away with high crime rates, plenty of half dressed girls, out of control streets and no crazed pregnant demon women in sight.

