

[9 months later... \(Mal, Negs\)](#)

Published by: [Malicia](#) on 31st Mar 2012 | View all blogs by [Malicia](#)

Previously, on The Young and the Heartless...er, I mean, Duckverse.

Upon coming to the startling realization that Malicia had reached her 'breeding' cycle -- a stage in which female demons begin searching for a mate in order to make some babebs -- Negaduck went to great lengths to prevent his Partner in Crime from getting knocked up. And great lengths they were, as the entire city was thrown into confusion when he confined Malicia in a metallic box right in the heart of Downtown St. Canard. Soon, curious citizens were coming far and wide to view the odd scene, and a small tent city of circus freaks formed a radius stretching outward from the caged demonness' location.

And it seemed that Negaduck's plan had worked. Malicia expressed not only zero desire to mate with him, but vowed to break every bone in his body the moment she got out. But! A blood sample taken from one, Cornelius Tex, scientist of F.O.W.L, revealed that Malicia was, in fact, with child.

The moment Negaduck discovered this horrifying fact, he fled the city, and has been unheard from since...

by [Negaduck](#) 8 months ago

And so, some nine months later, a conversation was ongoing deep within a sub-sub-sub-basement of a dance club in one of the most crowded centres of South America. It was a rough life for people there, packed on top of each other in improvised buildings, with no streets, no infrastructure, and no protection from the high levels of pollution or the roaming gangs. They did their best to look after each other though, and didn't take kindly to this garishly dressed gringo showing up and ousting their locally grown and familiar crime bosses.

Until they heard his plans. Not focussed – at least, not solely – on illicit profits, he was there to develop a way to physically destroy the rich. The entire city would become a slum, and they would no longer be on the bottom. Finally, those who shunned them, lorded over them, would have a taste of what they went through everyday! It seemed like justice, almost too good to be true, and why wouldn't they believe him?

Yeah sure, why not.

Which brings us back to the conversation...

"So you got all the parts."

"Sim, chefe."

"And the assembly is complete."

"Sim... b-but there is just one little hold-up."

A forced exhale of impatience.

"What?"

The fellow being questioned, a willowy rat creature with a few broken teeth, drew back at the outburst, then steadied himself. "It is ready, however without the energy collider from across the border..." Wariness; he knew from experience that the boss hated to be reminded of failures, particularly when they were his own. "... we need another form of propulsion."

Another exhale, this one with a slight growl to it, as the yellow-jacketed crook placed his hands on the table with various blueprints spread out before him. Any shooting the messenger that may or may not have occurred, however, was interrupted by a deafening beat from above that literally shook the walls around them.

BOOM BOOM DA-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM!

Wide-eyed, Negaduck looked from his 'consultant' to the other armed gangsters guarding the room with part alarm, part irritation.

"What the diabo was that?"

"You know how wild dese baile funk can get, eh?" explained the rodent with a nervous smile. "It is the popozão, the ladies... with all that booty shaking, dey can bring down the house. For real."

The other crooks looked cautiously hopeful. Perhaps the manda-chuva would forget about the disappointment of the energy collider for the night, and go party with them instead!

But the boss was too busy considering whether he could use the booty-shaking to run some sort of turbine.

"I see..." Negaduck mused to himself. "Think I came to the right place to find a 'big ass' death machine."

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by [Malicia](#) 8 months ago

BOOM BOOM BOOM!

...Was not just the sound from above, but also the noise of what seemed like the very air in front of him combusting within itself and then exploding outward to create what looked like a round fireball. And as it slowly moved outward into a ring of fire, it took on the form of a hole. If one were to peer through the hole, it was not the other end of the room they would see, but something else, dark and foreboding.

Now that's really playing with Portals.



by [Negaduck](#) 8 months ago

And in a reaction that was completely fitting, Negaduck... stared at it blankly.

Then, picking a glass up off the table, he inspected the clear, colourless substance in it carefully. It was only fermented sugar cane, but the mere smell of it was enough to rot one's liver.

"Which one of you idiots messed with my drink?" He held it aloft to quiz the group. "I'm seeing burning rings, and I don't mean the kind you get after eating your mama's atrocious curry."

But the group was cowering in a corner, huddling together from the most unnatural and ominous sight.

The masked mallard blinked. Huh. Maybe they'd drunk the same stuff.

Did Occam's razor work when things got this weird?

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by [Malicia](#) 8 months ago

And from the burning portal arose a terrifying sight. A large, looming figure with glowing yellow eyes, shining claws and fangs, and a horned tail.

"E...EL DIABLO!" Someone in the room cried. Some of them fell to their knees, figures rushing to draw the sign of the cross.

"YOU." The voice boomed, and the clawed hand lashed out like a viper, grabbing Negaduck by the

turtleneck. "IT IS TIME."

Before he could even utter a reponse, he was yanked into the portal.



by [Negaduck](#) 8 months ago

To be fair, he did utter a terrified "YAAAAARRRGGGHHHHHHhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh....!" but whether that counted as a response was a matter of debate. In any case, it echoed and faded away until the portal snapped shut, leaving nothing but a glass of cachaça that shattered across the floor.

After some time, the cowering cronies built up the courage to creep out of their corner and search the room. Satisfied that the beast was truly gone, along with their ill-tempered boss, they eventually gathered around the blueprints.

"Maybe this is a sign," said one. "That we should do something good with it."

Convenient. The horrible invention of doom looked, for all intents and purposes, like a giant soccer ball.

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by [Malicia](#) 8 months ago

There was a flash, indicating the portal had snapped shut and two bodies collided backwards on the floor of a familiar bedroom.

A very familiar room... and a very familiar pile of blankets, folded into the shape of a nest. Another blanket had been folded over top however, which seemed like a new addition.

Malicia stood before him, and for all intents and purposes she looked... well... completely the same as always. Despite his 9 months of absence, the demonness was wearing her usual green dress and her body was no worse for wear. Nary a beachball belly in sight.

"So glad you could join me." For a creature that sneezed fire on a daily basis, it was interesting how one could almost see the breath in the air with each icy syllable she spoke. Topped with a heaping of acid.

"I hope I wasn't interrupting anything important~" She added in a more innocent tone.



by [Negaduck](#) 8 months ago

A quick shake to clear his head, and Negaduck was up on his feet, fuming. So fuming that the potential danger did not register.

"YOU STUPID, SELFISH WOMAN!" he railed. "DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA... ALL THAT WORK... I COULD JUST..."

Suddenly, he stopped, double-taking on her belly or lack thereof.

"Hey. You're not blimp-sized." Adding, with just as innocent a smile, "Well. No more than usual."

Too busy with the verbal jousting to notice where they were again? Yeah, probably.

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by [Malicia](#) 8 months ago

"And you're somehow still breathing." She snapped her fingers and a thick rope slithered up from behind, quickly encircling him and binding him tight. Within a few moments he was flat on the floor, hog-tied like a raging bull. Which, was probably the most accurate metaphor ever used to describe

the criminal.

"I wanted you to be here for the special moment." Malicia smiled ever-so-sweetly. Moving toward the nest of blankets, she grabbed the blanket on top and pulled it back.

...To reveal 13 shiny eggs. They were a rather dazzling shade of orange, speckled with red and yellow. The moment they caught Malicia's eyes there was a change in her demeanor. Suddenly she stood a bit straighter. Suddenly her eyes softened, and there was a glint of... was that pride?

Getting down on her hands and knees, she made herself at perfect eye level with the closest egg. Gently she stroked it and began to coo. "Mommy brought you all a little surprise. Aren't you excited?"

And the eggs began to wiggle.



by [Negaduck](#) 8 months ago

The wriggling and struggling and fighting and cursing came to an immediate freeze the second he spied the eggs. That couldn't be right. 13 of them? And Malicia acting maternal? It must have been a trick of the light, or an effect of the awkward angle he was sprawled on the floor.

Unnerved by the entire scene, most particularly his cohort's apparent delirium, the bound villain craned his head around to try and look at her properly.

"Mal?"

This had to be an act, surely? A set-up, to freak him out as punishment for fleeing?

"Mal... what are those?"

Please tell me you've adopted a nest of dragons to make up for not actually being pregnant.

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by [Malicia](#) 8 months ago

The rising crescendo in his voice seemed to snap her out of the maternal haze, and she spun her head around to glare at him.

"Oh, I think you know."

Sweeping back toward him, she bent down and scratched his chin playfully. "It won't be long now. And, you must understand, newly hatched demonlings are so very **hungry** and need something big and meaty to nourish their little bodies..."



by [Negaduck](#) 8 months ago

As much as the rope would let him, Negaduck pulled back from her touch. No scritchng, no petting, no being a part of this whatsoever! Really, the thought of children disturbed him enough; these had to have fangs?!

Okay, thoroughly unnerved now.

"I.. take it they won't be breast-fed." Corners of his bill twitched upward in a tense smile. Not that he was pleading with her, oh no. The mighty Negaduck had more dignity than that.

Maybe it was hiding under the nest.

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by [Malicia](#) 8 months ago

"Don't be ridiculous!" She snarled, clearly not catching the off-colour humor. "They eat raw meat immediately. It helps them to grow big and strong! What sort of bizarre creature uses their breasts to FEED? Unless of course, you're using them to rest your drink inbetween but that's--" She stopped mid-sentence and tilted her head in the direction of the nest, as if listening for something. Her eyes widened with excitement.

"Do you hear that?"

Silence.

And then.

Scritch scritch scritch. Crack!



by [Negaduck](#) 8 months ago

Sweating now. This was not how he expected this day to go! Or his life, for that matter. Never in his vividest, most horrific nightmares did Negaduck picture himself at a hatching!

At least his internal panicking allowed for a moment of serenity during this beautiful, special moment.

Until a howled,

"WHY AM I HERE?!"

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by [Malicia](#) 8 months ago

She seemed more than happy to answer his his question, complete with charming smile.

"Like I said..... they're going to be awfully hungry."

And that's when he would realize that in his panic, he hadn't noticed that Malicia had been basting him with hot sauce for the past five minutes.



by [Negaduck](#) 8 months ago

A terror stricken scream at the sight of the sauce, which was admittedly a little feminine, and immediately his struggling redoubled. Unfortunately the urgency to get out of the ropes diminished the cleverness with which he attempted to do so, and so his Houdini act was not going well. Yet.

"You witch!" spat up at her through his thrashing around. "How could you do this?!"

Another howl, this one even more heartfelt.

"WHAT KIND OF PARENT FEEDS A NEWBORN HOT SAUCE?!"

Pause. Re-take.

"I mean... WHAT KIND OF PARENT FEEDS A NEWBORN THE OTHER PARENT?!"

Yeah, that made more sense.

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by [Malicia](#) 8 months ago

"THE KIND OF PARENT THAT LOCKS THE OTHER PARENT IN A METALLIC PRISON, FORCING HER TO URINATE IN HER DESIGNER SHOES!"

Oh. It was SO about the shoes. Forget the whole itty bitty issue of her being left alone and pregnant, with nobody by her side to hold her hand while she went into labor. No, that was miniscule compared to the act of defiling fashionable footwear.

And as the newly-made parents continued to argue there was a loud cracking noise in the background. Followed by another. And another.

"Rrrrrrrrrlllllllll..."

A set of teeny tiny glowing eyes peered out from within the folds of the blanket. And as if comforted by the cacophony of noise Negaduck and Mal were producing, the tiny creature launched itself from the nest and proceeded to clumsily flutter toward them.

If there was any doubt that Negaduck was the father, the demonling's appearance made it crystal clear. The tiny winged creature had the same white feathers, long orange bill, strong jaw, and puffy feathered cheeks. With the extra addition of a long black forked tail and a pair of leather demonic wings. A pair of tiny needle-like fangs protruded from the top half of its bill, and its small hands revealed a shiny set of claws.

"Gwaaaaaaaarrrrr!" It tried to growl, but it came out as more of a tiny squeak.



by [Negaduck](#) 8 months ago

After a start of surprise, the hatchling received its first words of welcome into the world from its father.

"GWOOOOOORRRRRRRRRL!" replied Negaduck with the force of a tropical cyclone, making it clear he wanted nothing to do with the tiny lookalike.

And that he did not want to be a snack, either.

That done, he busied himself with attempting to grab at the knife hidden inside his jacket sleeve. Got it! Only his grasp was slippery with hot sauce and he lost it again. #\$(@*! Couldn't stay like this forever. Not with miniature monsters around!

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by [Malicia](#) 8 months ago

The demonling was blown backwards until he collided into the wall with an adorable 'squooosh'. But he was not fazed by the greeting, and instead flapped his tiny wings even harder, propelling itself toward Negaduck with the disturbing speed of a rocket.

And at the very last second, when it seemed the little monster was about to collide with his face, mouth open, fangs exposed, it took a sharp turn...

...And landed face-first in Malicia's cleavage, burying himself into the soft squishy mound of mammaries.

"Prrrrrrrrr....." He chirruped happily.

This apple never even fell from the tree.



by [Negaduck](#) 8 months ago

Oblivious, the masked mallard had been occupied with devising a way out of his entanglement until

he heard the purr.

Looking up, his expression was clearly torn between being glad the kid wasn't bothering him anymore... and confused possessiveness.

"Hey!" he began to protest, but how did you word such a thing? ".. those are mine."

One of the joys of new fatherhood. Awkward jealousies.

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by [Malicia](#) 8 months ago

"Awww..." Malicia had turned her attention to the ball of fluff. "I think I shall call you Negaduck Junior".

Another round of growls and hissing heralded the entrance of the twelve other demonlings. One by one, they fluttered toward Negaduck and Malicia -- 6 girls and 6 boys, each with a pair of leathery wings and shining needle-like teeth. The demonlings all varied somewhat in appearance. Most of the boys had Negaduck's facial features, some with Mal's tan feathers, and even one who had dazzling red, orange, and yellow feathers like the demonness' hair. Some had smaller bills like Malicia, others bigger ones like Negs. The females resembled tiny Malicias with variances in feather and bill size as well.

The newly hatched descended upon Negaduck, eyes glinting furiously..... and proceeded to lick the hot sauce from him back. It was probably not a mistake that Mal had applied a generous amount to the bottoms of his feet, where it was guaranteed to be a sadistic form of torture to have tiny little monsters licking your feet.

Fortunately they seemed uninterested in actually eating their father, although a few of them may have gnawed on him here and there. They were more drawn to the hot sauce, or were happy just fluttering about their mother, greeting her with purring and cooing noises and nuzzling her bill.



by [Negaduck](#) 8 months ago

The approach of the swarm initially caused some concern. Had he been free to move, it would have been a time for back, back, backing away.

"No... wait..."

When it turned out to be more of a lick attack rather than a fanged one, horror shifted to... horrified laughter.

"H-HEY! You leave that alone or I'll- BAHAAAAHA!" Squirm squirm thrash squirm. "Y-you little bratsOW!"

Redder and redder his face, even through the mask, became, until he was a hollering, cackling mess.

"Eeeheheheee! I'LL KILL YOU ALL! AAHAHAHAHA!"

Probably not that much better than being eaten alive by one's own offspring.

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by [Malicia](#) 8 months ago

"For some unbelievable reason they seem to like you." Malicia rumbled beneath a trio of fuzzballs that had begun nesting on her chest and face. Some of the demonlings sitting on Negaduck's back had even chewed through his restraints, finally freeing him from his tickle torture.

Malicia snapped her fingers and a large, raw, cow carcass poofed from thin air, landing on the floor in a heap. Instantaneously all thirteen babies abandoned their parents and tackled the dead animal. This was quickly followed up by what sounded like numerous buzzsaws hacking through flesh and bone.

They could have rivaled a school of pirahna at work on the Discovery Channel. Within a few moments the litter had devoured the entire cow, leaving nothing behind except a few splintered bones. Their bellies now round and swollen from satiated hunger, a few flames escaped their tiny mouths as they burped. Then they fluttered back to the nest, curling up together in a pile of fluffy feathers. They were asleep almost immediately.



by [Negaduck](#) 8 months ago

Even Negaduck, who had taken the opportunity to stand and flick any remnants of rope and sauce off himself, flinched at the sight. Ruthless, vicious little killing machines; really, where had they gotten that from?

At the results, however, he let out a low whistle. Impressive.

"Now that could come in handy..."

Who ever heard of evil plots being assisted by the presence of children! When they were half-breed demonic beasts, however, there were always exceptions.

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by [Malicia](#) 8 months ago

Malicia shot him an annoyed glare but didn't say anything. The very fact he hadn't committed infanticide was a miracle in itself.

"Aren't they just precious?" She clasped her hands together and looked on lovingly, as though they were just the sweetest little angels. You know, angels with a thirst for blood and chaos.

"I'll miss them so when they leave the nest soon..."



by [Negaduck](#) 8 months ago

Creeping forward like a dog on the hunt, the feared crime boss was peering into the nest, edging a careful finger forward to prod one of the sleeping terrors. Assessing their capabilities, he was. Not just giving into curiosity.

"Soon?" asked over his shoulder. "And what happens then?"

Because he didn't know the first thing about parenting, Normal or otherwise. Was it time for him to pack his bags again and find a different continent to flee to?

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by [Malicia](#) 8 months ago

"Well of course they leave soon." Said matter-of-factly, as if the natural habits of demon babies was commonplace knowledge.

"They stay by the nest for a couple weeks to build up their strength. Then they depart to start their own lives, wandering off into the world to spread chaos, misery, and suffering. They'll only return to the nest during their own mating cycle when they're ready to start their own litters. Their first breeding period is usually at 25 to 30 years of age."

The adorable ball of fluff Negaduck had begun to poke immediately latched on to his finger, sinking

its needle-like teeth into the flesh.

"Did I mention they do not like being disturbed during naptime?" Malicia fluttered her eyes innocently.



by [Negaduck](#) 8 months ago

Blink. A second passed. Then the pain set in.

"Ye-OUCH!"

Ripping his abused hand away, Negaduck waved it around frantically, then sucked on the injured finger to soothe it. All the while glaring hateful daggers of hate at the fanged creature.

"So wittle Junior wants his naptime, eh?"

A spiked club was pulled out from somewhere within his cape.

"I'll give him a PERMANENT naptime then!"

Winding up the club with that all too familiar look of deranged homicidal rage, the blow he was preparing would have easily wiped out half the nest. And that was what happened when you were a violent psychotic with a short temper; only a minute ago he seemed to want them. So much for a lack of infanticide.

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by [Malicia](#) 8 months ago

Within seconds Malicia had swooped in and pinned him to the wall, hand locked tightly around his throat in a deadly vice-grip.

But it wasn't her typical violent reaction that was scary. It was the look in her eyes, like nothing he had ever seen before: The look of a mother fiercely protecting her offspring. And indeed, if Negaduck had been given a hypothetical and very handy guidebook to "Demons and Their Brood" the page on maternal instinct would've been highlighted, underlined, and dog-eared five times over. **The Demoness is rabidly protective of her babies, beyond all logical thinking. She is fueled only by pure, deadly, instinct.** The pupils of her eyes had retracted into slits as she let out a ferocious howl and hurled him across the room and straight through the wall.

Yeep. He could really use that handbook right about now. Hey, if he managed to survive this, he could even WRITE it. Sell millions.



by [Negaduck](#) 8 months ago

Coughing up wall plaster, and plucking a few furniture splitters from his clothing, Negaduck shakily staggered to his feet. The club was long gone, knocked somewhere out of reach, but the daggers in his glare remained the same. Except this time they directed through the half demolished wall to the ferocious protector beyond.

"My, that was a little uncalled for, don't you think?"

Probably not, by any parents' standards, demonic or otherwise. Negaduck, however, wasn't known for his standards.

"You have thirteen of them, Mal! Thirteen!" A dismissive wave at the nest. "Who cares if I moosh a few?"

Too bad nobody had given him that book, because surely it had a warning not to even attempt to

argue logic with a rabid demoness. Luckily he was also short on logic.

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by [Malicia](#) 8 months ago

Malicia was, evidently, incapable of stringing a logical, coherent sentence at this point. Instead she responded with a gruff snort that sent flames from her nostrils. Now who was the bull?

Storming toward him, she seemed rather intent on keeping him as far from the nest as possible now. It was interesting how, when one considered her strength, she probably could have ripped Negaduck in half ten times over by now. Either she was fighting natural instinct or there was a biological reason for not obliterating him on the spot.

Then again, the fact Negs survived a crushed pelvis during SNOO SNOO was proof enough that it would take more than an enraged demonic mother to snuff him out.



by [Negaduck](#) 8 months ago

Continuing with the bull metaphor, it was undoubtedly helpful that Negaduck not only was as ballsy as a matador, he also had some of the key costume essentials. Starting with a red cape.

¡Ole! And through it she charged. It was unclear whether the flourish he gave was necessary for causing maximum disorientation or just to be flashy.

"That's the best you got?" A deep chuckle as he re-fastened the garment around his shoulders, all patronising arrogance. "What if somebody wants to mutilate that brood for real, hey; is that your Plan A? Ugly them to death?"

That handbook would have definitely had a line mentioning do not taunt the rabid demoness.

Another chuckle – oh he was hilarious, he knew it – and the malicious mallard dropped his shoulders to take on a challenging stance, smirking wickedly.

"Come on, mama, you can do better than that."

Now this was about him being a jerk, about riling his hotheaded mistress for the fun of it, and nothing at all about coaching her how to ward off a determined attacker.

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by [Malicia](#) 8 months ago

She took the bait, rushing through the taunting cape, past Negaduck, and directly through the wall. Evidently, she had charged with such a ferocity she seemed unable to stop and continued on a straight path down the hall until she reached the end, crashing right through the top-story window and falling 2 stories until she collided with the ground.

And for a few moments the demoness lay in a heap, amid the broken glass and splintered wood. Sharp pieces embedded themselves in her arms, legs, and various other areas of her body. Yet she seemed unfazed and stood slowly, gave herself a quick shake like a dog stepping out of a bathtub, and proceeded to scale the wall back up to the large Malicia-shaped hole she created.

Bitch be unstoppable, yo.



by [Negaduck](#) 8 months ago

Her sparring partner managed to race to the gap she had left in the framework in time to see her make a sizeable dent in the asphalt. Or make that ass-phalt.

Meanwhile, the demonling she had dubbed "Negaduck Jr." had laid claim to the buffalo, and the others seemed to be waiting while he ate first. And as he finished and flapped his way up to Malicia, perching himself on her shoulder, chest puffed out proudly, it was becoming clear that he was the Alpha of the litter.

"Mine!" He exclaimed proudly.

Malicia gasped and the anger on her face was quickly replaced with delight. "Did you hear that?! He's already said his first word... what a fast little learner you are!" She gave him a scratch under the chin. "What a smart boy!"

And as the demonling nuzzled into his mother's hair, his tail wrapping around her neck and dipping down into her cleavage, one could swear he was shooting Negs a smug, shit-eating grin.

((OOC: Seagulls: MINE MINE MINE MINE!))



by [Negaduck](#) 8 months ago

Oh how Negaduck fumed. It was bad enough being pulled from the middle of a scheme to then receive no credit and no (good, sexy) attention. He would not tolerate being shown up by a newborn!

As soon as he had unclenched his fists and unballed his shoulders enough, he put on his best nonchalant badass swagger.

"Well if you're busy with Sir Poops-A-Lot here," Casual thumb-jerk at the poop machine in question. "I'm going to tear around town on my motorbike, track down the biggest concentration of innocent and helpless I can find, destroy everything they love, and torment them with endless suffering and cruelty."

As if it wasn't trying to obviously bait her or anything, he then tugged down the brim of his hat and made to leave. Fully expecting to get pounced with pleas for inclusion before he made it to the door. Seriously, how could she resist? If she hadn't left the warehouse for as long as her craziness seemed to indicate, she would be dying for some mayhem!

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by [Malicia](#) 8 months ago

Malicia narrowed her eyes suspiciously. She wouldn't put it past him to lead her away from the nest so he could sneak back in and finish the job. Though, judging by the low guttural growl the little one on her shoulder was directing at Negaduck, she had a feeling her babies had a fighting chance. After all, they had half of his genetics, and how many times now had he managed to survive her wrath? Especially when he left the toilet seat up... Ooooh, she hated that...

"I need to do a bit of shopping anyway." She said. "I'm going to need a video camera so I can record all their precious little moments."



by [Negaduck](#) 8 months ago

"Oh please." He couldn't help an eyeroll. "You're not going to smother them, are you?"

Because I think I have that covered.

"Let the news crews do the filming of Junior's First Spree of Terror." A motion for her to follow through the door he was impatiently holding open. "We've got a night on the cards that has nothing to do with babies whatsoever."

Baby-making, on the other hand...

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by [Malicia](#) 8 months ago

Malicia looked at him. At the door. At the brood.

Finally, she placed a finger in her bill and let off a high-pitched whistle. Within moments, Pringles came bounding into the room -- making sure to knock the door wide off its hinges so that it cracked into Negaduck's face -- and settled himself next to the next.

"You keep an eye on the kids for me, okay baby?" The obligatory head pats were given and Negaduck Jr. was plopped back down into his nest. She gave them all one last wave and turned to leave.

...She probably should've counted however. Because there was one tiny, fuzzy little Mini-Mal stowaway hiding in Negaduck's seemingly endless pockets.



by [Negaduck](#) 8 months ago

Fixing his mangled bill with a tortuous krrrit, Negaduck turned his temper to the canine... but left it alone. He was in the middle of getting his way, which he always enjoyed. That score could be settled later.

"Don't wait up~~" sing-songed in the most taunting manner possible, he slammed what was left of the door behind them.

Down in the garage, away from prying eyes and nasty teeth, he could finally let his true feelings known.

"Ooh baby, I've missed you so bad." Purred wantonly through tender caresses. "I've been dreaming of coming back here and riding you all night long..."

Perhaps at that point he would remember Malicia was standing right there, and unwrap himself from the motorcycle fender he was stroking.

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by [Malicia](#) 8 months ago

Malicia rolled her eyes and shoved him aside, hopping on to the back of the accursed vehicle. The entire back end immediately sunk under her weight, causing the front to do an involuntarily wheelie.

"The first day we met you ran me over with this horrid thing." She rumbled.



by [Negaduck](#) 8 months ago

"Heh. Good times." Showing absolutely no remorse, and absolutely no concern about the suddenly odd suspension set-up, he swung onto the front. Thankfully it balanced the bike enough for the front tyre to grip, the engine gunned, and they were off. All three of them.

"Don't know where you want to go, darlin', but do you mind if we keep a low profile tonight?" shouted over the road noise eventually. "I'd prefer some didn't know I was back in St Canard."

A determined spark in his eyes. Not that she could see that, with the hat and the cape and the general distraction of the wind.

"Yet."

Because only in St Canard could speeding through town on a gaudily modified motorcycle with demoness in tow be considered 'low profile'.

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by [Malicia](#) 8 months ago

"Why? Trying to avoid all those other women you turned into mothers?" She could've been joking. But then again, all things considered...

They were moving at such a fierce speed the wind whipped her fiery hair to and fro, and she couldn't see for the life of her. So instead she leaned in over the loud roar of the engine and spoke in his non-existent ear.

"So what were you doing all the way down South anyway? Aside from discovering whether my petite, pert, perfect rear end could compare to the behemoths causing earthquakes with their hip gyrations."



by [Negaduck](#) 8 months ago

His arms could be felt to tense through the jacket. Yulp, prepare for a hissy fit. One that was unlikely to simply protest against unfair accusations, such as being a total manwhore.

"OH, so NOW you decide to ask that, huh? Not before you whisk me away in the middle of a perfectly good plan! Not before what I've been hatching over all these months is ruined just so you can introduce me to whatever you've been hatching!"

Seethe. It was like she expected that being present for the birth of his offspring was more important than plotting or something.

"You're lucky I found something even better for St Canard, or I'd introduce you to the asphalt, face first!"

Yes, because she was alive by his mercy, and not the other way around...

Meanwhile, the bike had swung away from the deserted streets and was beginning a perilous, twisting ascent to one of the highest lookouts over the city. But what nefarious activity was there to do up there, aside from make out?

Plenty, if one had the right sort of creative mind.

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by [Malicia](#) 7 months ago

"I consider it a fair exchange, considering I was completely incapable of stealing even a single diamond ring when **I was the size of a dragon's left testicle!**"

Gotta love Macawbers and their creative mental imagery.

Malicia clung a bit tighter to him now as they climbed higher up the winding roads. She was never a big fan of heights, even if it was a wonderful way to look down upon others in all her superiority. She decided to withhold this rather unique piece of information, however. The last thing she needed was for Negs to dangle her over the edge of a cliff, or strap her to the front of his jet like a hood ornament (at least she would be a gorgeous show-stopping ornament!)

"I do hope you brought the picnic blanket and large electronic box that has strange disembodied voices coming from it." Her joke fell flat thanks to her naivety toward "Normal" technology.

"Or at the very least, a bottle of the finest vintage. It's been a whole WEEK since I consumed anything good."

Wait.... A WEEK?



by [Negaduck](#) 7 months ago

The reference to a dragon's jewels of a different nature was perplexing enough to distract him from grudge holding, at least in the short term. Like the children they had abandoned under the responsible care of a dog, that was by far the best method of pulling him out of a bad mood. That and boobs.

"A WEEK?!" he barked, surprised. What an outrage! Not that he was particularly au fait with dietary directives, but even Negaduck knew that was unacceptable. "It's a wonder they hatched healthy at all, if you weren't keeping your nutrients up with plentiful, high proof booze!"

Really, tsk tsk.

Rounding the last corner of the look out, there was a pause before he responded to her general line of inquiry.

"... I've got a barrel of denatured ethanol and a modernised, multi-mode onager."

Pitched with a raised brow as if to ask, is that enough to quit your bitching?

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by [Malicia](#) 7 months ago

"Well... I have always wanted to recreate the fall of an ancient civilization, via flaming boulders." She murmured thoughtfully.

Hopping off the bike (which seemed to practically slump with exhaustion from holding up her weight for so long) she stretched momentarily before peering over the edge to admire the lively city lights below. The stars above were barely visible, trying to compete with the dazzling twinkle of the light pollution that engulfed the sky.

"That reminds me. You can have the rest of these." Digging into her cleavage she retrieved an open box of cigars, labelled with the silhouette of a bat. Before he could even respond, they were tossed haphazardly at his head.

How the gorgeous St. Canard skyline reminded her of cleavage cigars is beyond anyone's knowledge.



by [Negaduck](#) 7 months ago

As his attention was focused on pulling the Troublemaker into position, lined up on that very skyline, the box collided with an empty thunk against his head. Thankfully it bounced off and landed in his lap, so no harm done – to the cigars, at least, to brain cells who knew.

"Oh, thank you," chimed with Negaduck brand sarcasm as he tucked the container into his jacket. "If I ever want to experience the smooth taste of smoked frogs warts, I'll know where to look."

Too busy sassing the Queen of Sass, he didn't notice the tiny clawed hands reach out of his jacket collar and take the cigars as he moved to put them away. But either way, the box slid into the mysteriously bottomless storage device that was his costume, so all remained none the wiser.

Hopping off the bike, a swift button push and the crook watched with immense satisfaction as what was essentially a giant metal slingshot unfolded from the body of the vehicle.

"So what say I put 'em in the air and you light 'em?"

Because with a loose baby demon hanging around, hefting boulders with heavy machinery couldn't possibly go wrong.

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by [Malicia](#) 7 months ago

"Hey, those are top-grade smoked frog warts!" She retorted irritably. "Sorry if I don't have your impeccable knowledge in all things highly toxic, but I had to get SOMETHING in my system... I was having the worst cravings while I was gestating the eggs. Try explaining to the bouncer at the strip club downtown why a pregnant woman feels a sudden need for a lap dance!"

It really should not come as a surprise that carrying Negaduck's offspring did not lead to the good 'ol fashioned peanut butter and pickle sandwich treatment. Nope. It was cigars, beer, and strippers for her.

But his further suggestion for some good 'ol fashioned mayhem --the one type of 'good ol' Negs specialized in-- seemed to deter her from the dreaded post-pregnancy rant. She gave her fingers a few cracks, then wiggled them to indicate she was more than ready to light up the town.



by [Negaduck](#) 7 months ago

And so began a game, a game which involved his trying to fire off too many rocks too quickly for her to be able to torch them all. It was a game of skill... well mostly a game to determine who was better at destruction.

For the people down below it was not a game at all, but who cared about them?

"I hope you're warmed up after all that time sitting on your arse!" he crowed, then slammed down the lever to launch the first of many volleys.

Lucky the thing could load itself, because it would be problematic to ask your female who you've just been insulting to lift some boulders for you...

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by [Malicia](#) 7 months ago

"Oh please. My worst is still superior to your personal best!" Hands now lit up like fourth of July firecrackers, she hurled a number of fireballs at the flying boulders. The resounding collision brightened the night sky momentarily like a flash of lightning, and the flaming rocks of doom quickly sailed downward to crash-land in a quiet suburban neighbourhood.

Cut to one particular house where a boulder smashed through the ceiling. After a few moments of silence and smouldering flames a voice exclaimed: "Gee Binkie, I didn't think yah'd be redecoratin' the living room so soon!"



by [Negaduck](#) 7 months ago

A cackle, and Negaduck gleefully triggered 'OMFG RAPID FIRE' mode. Why hadn't he used it to begin with? He wasn't planning on making it easy for her, that was for sure.

There was such a thing as healthy competition. This was not it. More than the Muddlefoots were able to attest to that on that night.

"Please, I could do this with my eyes closed!" he whooped. "Prepare to be crushed!"

Unbeknownst to him, however, his little stowaway had slipped onto the bike and was having a good time exploring the machinery. The noise and the explosions were so much fun! And my, that rope sure looked tasty...

CHOMP!

That was how, at a crucial moment pre-launch, the sling mechanics failed and sent a boulder, not into the city, but straight up. By hundreds of feet.

You would have thought Negaduck would have recognised what a growing shadow above him meant by then.

But no, he remained happily oblivious, until a boulder the size of a coffee truck landed directly on top of him.

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by [Malicia](#) 7 months ago

Malicia paused mid fire and blinked at the sight of her squashed squeeze. And then she pointed a finger at the large rock and set it aflame anyway.

Well she was trying to keep a record here by not missing a single boulder.

It was then she spotted the Mini-Mal and rushed to her side. "Now how did you get all the way out here, you little scamp!" She picked up the demonling and cradled it protectively. "Did you want to join in on mommy and daddy's reign of destruction too?"



by [Negaduck](#) 7 months ago

"BOOM!" chirped the cheerful terror, raising her chubby arms up with joy.

Next to this heartwarming scene, the boulder burned away contentedly. As much as burning boulders could be content. No sign remained of Negaduck, presumably flattened beneath it, but a slight crackling was heard that could be the sound of frying feathers...

"YARRRGH!"

His agonised leap was enough to send the boulder flying, not as far as the catapult had done but enough, and off he ran clutching his flaming tailfeathers. The pain! But there was no lake, no extinguisher about!

After a few seconds he came across a container of clear liquid. Not waiting a second, he quickly overturned it over his back half, dousing the fire out with water. A deep, relieved sigh. Except that wasn't water...

FOOOOOOOMP!

"YAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRRRGGHHHHH!!!"

So, as the mini-Mal snuggled against her mother, in the background tore around a figure completely encased in flame, the roar of which only partially drowned out his screaming.

Just like Negaduck and babies, ethanol and heat don't mix.

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by [Malicia](#) 7 months ago

Malicia watched the scene with unfold quite patiently and with a rather satisfied smirk. "Didn't you ever learn that the first thing you do when on fire is to stop, drop, and roll? Running only encourages the flame you know."

And so did spending your time around a female literally made of fire.

"Now sweetie, watch closely and learn how NOT to make a fool of yourself." She cooed to the child.



by [Negaduck](#) 7 months ago

Whether the blazing villain took her advice on board or not became rather a moot point as, in his terrorised flight, Negaduck tumbled off the edge of the cliff.

The noise of him hitting ledges and branches along the way echoed back up to the top, along with the complimentary curses.

"OW! OOF! SON OF A! #\$\$**!!"

Not long after – surprisingly seconds later, considering how far the drop was – a battered and still lightly smouldering masked mallard pulled himself back over the edge, having evidently clawed his way up fuelled by sheer bloody determination. The ferocity of the fire that had put him in such a state, however, was nothing compared to the ferocity of the glare and the ferocity of the growl that he levelled at the ball of fluff and fangs in Malicia's arms. Clearly, with typical irrationality, he blamed his offspring for all the ill that had befallen him.

Mini-Mal in response waved cutely at him. "Funn-eh!" The adorableness. There was no possible way she could have taunted him worse.

Before the slingshot could be newly loaded with baby demon, the sound of whurring sirens cut in. Absurdly fast, mother and child were surrounded by a squad of police cars. And fire engines. There may have even been a tank.

"Malicia McCawber!" boomed a loudspeaker. "Surrender immediately or we will open fire!"

They didn't appear to notice the chickling – reasonably enough, considering its size compared to Malicia the Destroyer of Worlds and Ice Cream Vans. Or if they did notice, it was also reasonable enough had they assumed she was planning on devouring it.

Somebody should have provided that "Demons and Their Brood" guidebook to the authorities too.

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by [Malicia](#) 7 months ago

Snarling, Malicia tucked the tiny hatchling in between her cleavage -- the safest spot one could probably be at this point in time -- rumor had it they may have even been bullet proof.

"I see St. Canard's finest are still getting paid a meager salary to ruin my fun!" She snapped back. Without hesitation she began hurling large balls of fire at the cars and trucks, all the while backing closer to the edge of the cliff. From over her shoulder she shouted at Negaduck.

"Well?!" She snarled impatiently. "Get the catapult up and running again!"



by [Negaduck](#) 7 months ago

But he was long gone. Vanished without a trace. Except nobody was likely to make a TV series out of tracking him down.

One would hope her bosoms were actually bulletproof because the police followed through with their threat to open fire, although not of the literal kind like Malicia's. There was some yelling and diving for cover as explosions engulfed a number of vehicles, but mostly they stayed on the offensive. It was a rare opportunity to catch the demoness on the back foot and they were not about to let that pass.

The fire truck turned out to have been a good acquisition, for it turned its hose on her. Had it not been so chaotic, somebody should have made a quip about cooling her off, but it went un-punned. That's how serious the situation was.

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by [Malicia](#) 7 months ago

"When I get my hands on that idiot...OOPH!" The hard-hitting stream of water sent her flying until she slammed full force into the abandoned onager. Rather hastily, she retrieved the ball of fluff and fangs and plopped it into the empty catapult.

"Alright sweet pea, mommy's going to give you a bit of a boost and then you can fly the rest of the way home!" No need to fix the sling. With a flex of her muscles, the catapult was pulled back while Malicia simultaneously ducked and avoided the gunfire that was ricocheting off remaining boulders.

"Ready?" She said to the Mini-Mal, in the same way parents spoke to their child at the park before pushing them on the swing. "1....2...3... off you go!"

And then she did what Negaduck would be envious he hadn't done first: She sent the baby sailing sky-high, waving a brief farewell.



by [Negaduck](#) 7 months ago

With a brief happy squeak and fluttering of wings, the demonling disappeared over the edge of the cliff.

But she did not stay there.

Officers held their fire in confusion as the high-pitched screech of a jet engine filled the sky. Hurricane-level wind forces whipped around them. And, to top it all off, Ride of the Valkyries began to blare... or was that just what was in their minds, as the Negaquack lifted into sight?

"Ba!" peeped the mini-Mal ecstatically from the bridge of the aircraft's 'beak', before a volley of rockets launched from the side wing tips.

But it wasn't just rockets...

The beak had opened, releasing a swarm of winged beasts at their attackers. Claws outstretched, fangs wide and bitey, they flocked to savage whatever opposers were foolish enough to remain in the fiery aftermath.

BABBEH ATTACK.

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by [Malicia](#) 7 months ago

Never put it past Negaduck to actually blare classical music during an assault. The deranged mallard was just as melodramatic as his double -- though no one dared tell him that.

It was like a cloud of bats descending upon the confused army of police and fireman. Panicked gunshots were fired but were quickly muffled by the swarm. The sound of buzz-saws and burping indicated that some of the firearms had quickly been digested by the adorable horde. A few of the firemen were now living up to their names as they tried to beat the flames off their arms and legs, dropping and rolling and spraying one another with water. It wasn't long before someone shouted "Retreeeeeeeat!" Officers of the law piled inside their vehicles, rolling up the windows and locking the doors in the faint hope it would somehow deter the fanged menaces. Really, it only delayed the inevitable as the babies worked their way around the metal frames like the fluffy little can-openers they were.

The confusion made it easy enough for Malicia to slink away from the chaos and make a running drive for the motorcycle left abandoned off to the side. Her experience with driving was sparse, and the blasphemy of handling Negaduck's personal vehicle sparser still. But surely he would appreciate

Whether Malicia would be was another matter entirely.

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by [Malicia](#) 7 months ago

Waiting for them at the bottom of the cliff was a newly made hole. An awfully familiar demonness-shaped hole to be precise.

And much to Negaduck's relief, if he were to peek down the pit he would discover his beauty -- the metal one -- to be fully intact. The OTHER partner of his had cushioned its fall with her body, which lay twitching beneath it in classic cartoon fashion.

"Oooooogh..." She groaned miserably, as winged ice cream cones tweeted around her head.



by [Negaduck](#) 7 months ago

The second the landing gear hit the ground, Negaduck was out and running.

"Sweet Satan, are you alright?! Let me see you!"

Who knows how he jumped down there so fast, but soon he was beside his one and only, checking for signs of damage with heartfelt concern.

"You're.. you're okay!" A nervous relieved laugh. "Not a scratch!"

A hundred kisses were planted on the yellow fuel tank of that bike, before he whistled up to the demonlings to signal them to come lift it out of the hole. My, he had them trained remarkably well in the short time prior to the assault. That's what kids were for after all, right - cheap labour?

"Careful with that!" he barked as the huge pair of tyres wavered into the air above them.

Now would be the time to deal with his other beauty. Or at least get out of the hole, lest those distant sirens get any closer, or a certain crime fighter took the chance to ambush them...

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by [Malicia](#) 7 months ago

A hand grabbed him by the ankle. "Help a fair lady up, you moron!" She barked in the most unladylike of fashions.

All the while, muttering under her breath about not letting the kids eat him when they had the chance.

Which may or may not have been a "Thank you for rescuing me" in Malicianese.



by [Negaduck](#) 7 months ago

"What was that?" Mockingly cupping a hand against his ear. "Was that 'pull me into your amazingly muscular arms, oh please, mighty Lord Negaduck'?"

Which was definitely a 'SUCK THAT I AM THE GREATEST' in amazingly-egocentric-duckese.

Still, he scooped her up anyway, mostly because those sirens were getting louder. And he didn't want to hear too much complaining when he got them out of the pit in the fastest way he knew how - by firing a bazooka point blank at the ground. The resulting blast sent them both flying. It also did a number on his feet, too, the blackened char half way up his legs like a pair of torn stockings.

"... ouch," he croaked, sprawled on his back just outside the hole.

Small price to pay for being too lazy to climb up.

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by [Malicia](#) 7 months ago

Standing shakily she dusted herself off and gave him a sharp kick to the ribs. "Get up! I can hear more sirens coming, they've obviously called back-up! I say we call it a night before Darkwing decides to join the fray." She began collecting the stray demonlings that were wandering away from the jet, piling them all into the back seat and conducting a quick head-count.

"And as much I anticipate introducing him to our new family, now's not the time when the army is probably rolling in."



by [Negaduck](#) 7 months ago

"Those pansies? Bah, I've seen better guns on toy soldiers."

Negaduck readied the jet anyway, flicking a tiny beastie away from the controls, and they were off. Deep down, even he recognised that a meeting with Darkwing at that particular point would have been rather unfavourable. He wanted to hone them into little killing machines first.

"Since when are we using the F-word around the kids?" Scowled as they blasted over the city lights. "You know I can't stand it."

No kidding. He was already starting to go a little green. It was a wonder he hadn't already jettisoned them at the mere mention.

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by [Malicia](#) 7 months ago

Malicia leaned back in the passenger seat, arms resting behind her head.

"Well 'Genetic Army of The Apocalypse' just seemed like a rather large mouthful is all." Junior curled up in her lap and she scratched him under the chin, causing his tiny leg to thump happily.

"I doubt these ones will be the least of your concern in any case."



by [Negaduck](#) 7 months ago

A tilt of the head. 'GAA' didn't sound so bad to him. And oddly appropriate, maybe if you added an 'H'.

So dwelling, it took him a moment to register her response. Sounded... ominous. But maybe she was only referring to the dozen other brats he probably had out there.

"Hey, if they don't get in the way of my business, or raid the armoury, I don't care." A sideways glance at Junior, not exactly filled with parental affection. As long as they don't get in the way of anything else either.

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by [Malicia](#) 7 months ago

As if sensing his father's questioning stare, Junior opened his mouth wide in a huge adorable yawn and then nuzzled closely into Mal's chest. A single demonic eye cracked itself open to stare right back at Negaduck.

Malicia, blissfully unaware of the silent exchange between father and son, continued stroking the chickling's feathers. "Well I'm certain that if you don't try smashing them to death with a blunt object,

you'll be able to appreciate their short time with us. I think tomorrow I will begin teaching them the basics of mixing a good hard drink."



by [Negaduck](#) 7 months ago

With his attention back on their direction of travel, for all appearances Negaduck seemed not to have noticed the wordless taunt. He did, however, drop the plane down towards the warehouse with enough suddenness to lodge Junior deep enough into those breasts that he would either suffocate or disappear entirely. That'd learn 'im.

"Oh really?" feigned benign enthusiasm, not looking over from the controls. "And what time do you plan to commence this introduction to essential life skills?"

An odd question, but he was a busy supervillain. Couldn't go throwing his schedule around for the sake of something as atrocious as 'family'.

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by [Malicia](#) 7 months ago

"Why, during Happy Hour of course. When else?"

Junior indeed vanished into her cleavage with a strange 'shloop' noise -- as though her breasts had quite literally swallowed the evil little thing. "Oh dear, it's going to take me all day to find him." Malicia sighed.



by [Negaduck](#) 7 months ago

Mental note made. So the demonlings would be unoccupied until their mother woke at, oh, say four in the afternoon. Perfect.

That would leave them free for essential life skills coaching of a more useful nature.

A slight bump as they touched down in a disguised hanger not far from the main warehouse. Negaduck waited until he had powered the jets down and popped the canopy before shooting his consort a sly sideways smirk,

"Need a hand?"

Might lose a couple of fingers in the effort but hey, so worth it.

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by [Malicia](#) 7 months ago

"Well all that gunfire and destruction has gotten me rather... excited." She purred lowly, slipping a hand under his shirt.

"Perhaps you could help me find a number of things..."



by [Negaduck](#) 7 months ago

Now those buttons were much more fun than anything that could be found on a flight deck.

But he didn't toy with them. Not yet.

"I assumed you didn't drag me all the way back here for a family portrait," the smile reaching maximum sly volume, rumbled in the lowest rumble he could manage. Not for the sake of the spawn in the backseat, oh no, it was simply the husky state his voice went to when tuning all da ladies.

Speaking of the spawn in the backseat... a few of them gave surprised 'meeps' as they lit up unexpectedly. Not enough for normal eyesight, not enough to draw any attention... They were discovering a new type of food. Boy was that some tasty, tasty energy.

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by [Malicia](#) 7 months ago

"We can take some photos... but they certainly won't be the family friendly variety." Just a few more sly exchanges and soon yellow-double breasted jackets were going to be torn asunder by demon claws.

The children had, for the time being, all but been forgotten. Grade A parent material right there.



by [Negaduck](#) 7 months ago

Welcome to Grade A parenting, Negaverse style.

It began with making a smooth move on Mamma while simultaneously ridding the area of any potential distractions. Some lustful growling may have been involved. Also involved was sneakily bumping the 'rear eject' button with an elbow, and fishing one blocking son out of Boob Valley like a rabbit out of a very warm hat, and indifferently flinging him by the tail over one shoulder.

Hopefully while maintaining enough dirtiness to prevent the slightly less irresponsible parent from noticing that the babies were suddenly scattered, on their own, around the hanger. The hanger which was full of dangerous supplies and nasty chemicals.

Oh well, turned out a fogged up windshield had some advantages...

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by [Malicia](#) 7 months ago

And so yet another famous Titanic scene was reenacted in The Negajet. No, not the classic hanging-off-the-front-of-the-ship scene. The OTHER one, complete with claw marks trailing down the foggy window.

And once all was said and done, Malicia did what CLEARLY all ladies do after making "sweet tender love" (give or take... okay a lot of take) to their children's father: She proceeded to roll over and pass out with a loud ground-shaking snore.



by [Negaduck](#) 7 months ago

"Figures," grumbled Negaduck, sitting up to snipe. "You always..."

And suddenly complete exhaustion hit him too.

"... do..." Yaawn. "...that....."

SNNNNNNNNNNNNNNOOOOOOOORRRRREEEE.

That was unusual. Despite the male stereotype he rarely, rarely conked out afterwards. Sure, maybe if they had actually got around to drinking that barrel of booze, or if it was the conclusion of a five day no-sleep villain-a-thon, but normally he took his industrious approach to everything, and would be up not long after searching for the next way to make trouble.

But this time, jeez, he was just drained...

The kids on the other hand were utterly rejuvenated and, since feeding time had been interrupted by the cockpit dome cutting them off, they had taken to finding their own fun. Which involved snacking

on one of the jet's landing wheels.

CRUNK.

And then a slow, painful crreeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeak as the plane toppled over to rest on its now much shorter side.

Crushed by a slumbering demoness was never pleasant, and knowing the cause was damage to his other beauty was even less so, but all the strength the drake had was to complain with a weak,"

"...ow."

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by [Malicia](#) 7 months ago

And so a day had passed, and Malicia awoke to find both Negaduck and her babies missing. Surely this was just an unfortunate coincidence right? Or perhaps the children finally came to their senses and ate their father, and were now off on their own adventure?

Finally, she decided, that she would venture out and search for them.....after her morning martini.