

# [Mad Libbing for Villains](#)

Published by: [Malicia](#) on 29th Jun 2012 | View all blogs by [Malicia](#)

((Blog reserved for: Mal, Feathers, and any other regular visitors to the warehouse who want to pop in))

## PREVIOUSLY ON DUCKVERSE!

During what should have been a rather easy diamond heist, Malicia encountered some competition in FOWL Agent Feathers Galore. Mal, still quite sore about the little 'chained to the bed' incident, decides it's time to enact punishment on the red-headed seductress. Forcing her back to the warehouse, she manages to render Feathers unconscious. Now it's time to slap together a rather sloppy last-minute revenge plan...

by [Malicia](#) 5 months ago

There were some advantages to Negaduck's 'adjustments' of her personal abode -- all for his benefit of course, but on seldom occasion it served Malicia well.

Now was one of those times.

The sealed metallic prison he'd set up as a 'torture chamber' for example. Similar to that dreaded 'box of doom' Malicia found herself enslaved to during her baby rabies phase, this version was built into the surrounding structure. Fireproof, near impossible to cut through, no windows, no door. Only a small opening in the ceiling that was beyond reach, especially when the walls were too smooth to climb and there was nothing to grip. The metal was stained red, a few pools of blood indicated that Negaduck had put the room to good use in the past.

And that was exactly where Feathers had been placed. She had been left unbound, free to move as she pleased... not that it would do her a lick of good. But Malicia had also promised that Feathers would walk out of there alive and (mostly) unharmed, hadn't she?

When Feathers would finally awake from her drug-induced coma, the first thing she would probably notice was that she was completely naked. Malicia had gone to great lengths to ensure the agent wasn't hiding any helpful gadgets on her clothing or person that might benefit her escape. Even her red-hair had been thoroughly combed through, and a few chunks were missing -- the demonness had not been gentle in her investigation.

As for Malicia, she had holed herself up in the 'master control room' -- which was... literally, a giant room filled with a wall of screens that revealed the torture chamber at all different angles. There was an enormous panel that contained hundreds upon hundreds of buttons, levers, and even a crank or two.

She couldn't begin to imagine what half these controls did -- Negaduck seemed to have some sort of fetish for dramatic switches. It didn't surprise her if some of them did absolutely nothing aside from making him shudder with delight when he pushed and pulled them.

This was not Malicia's area of expertise. Before the Casanova of Crime showed up, her warehouse had remained technology free, unless you counted the toaster. Her brute strength, manipulation of fire, and knowledge of the dark arts meant that Malicia had never bothered dabbling in science and technology. Even the weapons she sold in her warehouse had been purchased (or stolen) from surplus providers, and the only modifications she made to them were of the mystical variety.

Needless to say, she was working outside of her comfort zone today. A necessary precaution, given who she was dealing with. The few controls she had figured out fit perfectly into her plan.

And so, Malicia leaned back in the padded leather chair (with spikes, Negaduck had to have spikes) and watched the center screen carefully, waiting for her quarry to awake.



by [Agent Galore](#) 5 months ago

It took a long while before Feathers started to stir from her coma, but she was operating on trained instinct... so, it was not apparent that she was stirring at all. Her thoughts were beginning to surface from the fog, and finally, she became fully conscious to the point where she was no longer appearing unconscious by instinct but by concentrated effort. She tried to gather what information she could from her other senses.

The first thing that struck her was the smell of old blood, which certainly wasn't an unfamiliar or even all that unpleasant scent, but in this scenario, it was disconcerting because she couldn't be sure it was hers. She didn't feel hurt, but it was possible that the drug had a pain-relieving effect. She did not let herself get up in a panic about this, however.

She focused on listening for about ten minutes, which was mind-numbingly boring but had to be done. She could pick up on faint electronic hums and some creaking, which sounded familiar and which she associated with the warehouse. But there was nothing else. It had, perhaps, been too much to hope for that Malicia would have taken to monologuing to herself or chatting with some friends or something of that sort, so that she could get more information.

She opened her eyes and got up a bit unsteadily. The first thing she did was check herself. As far as she could tell, she was perfectly intact but very naked. So, there would be no help from the impressive arsenal of spy equipment and weapons that she somehow managed to carry concealed in her clothing, catsuit or not. She ran her fingers through her hair, making it look like this was an unconscious, nervous gesture. She was a bit annoyed to find that her hair was uneven and that there were a few chunks missing from it but not overly upset or angered by it. She had gone through worse losses of hair during particularly violent sexual escapades... and under the work of a particularly incompetent hair stylist.

She was more unhappy about the fact that a few useful spy gadgets disguised as bobby pins were missing. She had to give the demoness some credit... Malicia had been more thorough than a majority of her captors in the past had been. She took in her surroundings, walking around, looking up, feeling the walls and the floor. She had to fight down a sudden rush of fear (which she kept from showing on her face both as habit and uncertainty about whether she might be being watched) as she came to a realization that she would not be able to escape by herself.

Strong as she was she would not be able to punch through the solid, metal walls, and would probably injure her hands seriously if she made the attempt. There were no doors or windows to open. There was a small opening in the ceiling, which she could probably fit through (and indeed, perhaps Malicia had gotten her in this room in the first place simply by dropping her in through the hole), but she could see no possible way to get to it. It was at the very center of the ceiling. She thought that it could be possible to climb up to the ceiling using her own strength to press against the two walls that met at the corners in , but there would be absolutely no way without suction cups or something to grip onto for her to make it to the hole in the ceiling. It was too far to reach or jump to, and so she wasn't going to make that attempt, either.

She would probably need her strength for whatever Malicia had planned for her. She was very much on edge and alert despite the fact that her expression was settling into one of boredom. There was really no telling what could happen and as a precaution, she stayed off-center away from the hole and away from the corners. She stayed standing, so that she would be able to move quickly if she needed to. She did not say anything, preferring to wait. She wasn't about to start talking to herself on the assumption that she was being heard when she might not be heard.



by [Malicia](#) 5 months ago

From somewhere overhead there was a loud audible screech indicating a P.A system had just been turned on. There was a few moments of muffled rustling until finally Malicia's voice filled the room.

"Good morning Feathers, did you have a nice nap? I hope you're well rested because you'll need plenty of energy." She purred.

"As you have no doubt realized, there is no chance of escape for you. But that's okay because so long as you cooperate, the less harm that will come to you." She chuckled darkly.

"While you were asleep, I administered a very powerful aphrodisiac to your system. It's an ancient concoction that has been passed down by monster-kind for generations, and with your pre-existing sex drive, I can only imagine what will happen when it kicks in. Which, by the way, you'll be feeling in a short time. Not only will you be overpowered by an insatiable hunger to ravage the next living thing you see, but this special potion enhances your senses tenfold. Every touch, every kiss, every thrust will be magnified tenfold. Your nether regions will be more sensitive than you ever thought possible."

Then for dramatic effect she stopped to do a bit more cackling.

"You are going to have the most mind-blowingly powerful orgasm of your life! AHAHAHAHAHA!"

Oh, the torture...?

"In any case, this technology allows me to see everything from my vantage point. You may not find them, but there are cameras everywhere. I'm looking at them right now, and I can see you from all angles an--...what the..." There was a pause.

"IS THAT THE INSIDE OF THE TOILET FROM MY BATHROOM?!"

More pauses and angry shuffling.

"When I get my claws on that filthy, rotten, fucked up pervert...!"



by [Agent Galore](#) 5 months ago

Feathers listened to Malicia's voice, still keeping the half-way bored, half-way annoyed expression... At least, up until the point where Malicia informed her about administering a powerful aphrodisiac into her system while she was asleep. There were no words for the panic that started to grip her mind. It took every ounce of self-control she had to NOT look fearful... and even then, the only thing she could do was settle into a dumbfounded and shocked gape. She remembered, in unfortunate clarity, the last time she had been affected by a powerful aphrodisiac... how she had lost complete control over her mind, how the only thing that had mattered was satisfying herself... at the cost of anything and everything else. It had been frightening.

Of course, her orgasm afterwards had to have been one of the most, if not THE most, powerful orgasm in her life. And she loved pleasure so very, very much... but giving up her mind and self-control and self-preservation for it was too high a price. She was really quite horrified about what was going to happen to her once THIS aphrodisiac took affect. After all, Malicia was a duckubus... and if it was passed down from monster-kind, chances were good that the aphrodisiac was supernatural in origin (rather than natural like the plant had been), which could further increase its potency.

The worst parts of it were probably that it would be a lot harder, perhaps even impossible, to try and lie about what had happened to her like she had lied to Negaduck and that she was being taped. If word of this weakness got out to any of her enemies, she was as good as done for. This thought caused such a rise in despair in her that she felt like she might cry...

Fortunately, she was overtaken a moment by a wave of arousal that distracted her from those thoughts. Her body started to tremble, and it became a bit difficult to keep herself standing. She leaned against a wall for support and began to pant lightly. It felt like this aphrodisiac was taking over her system a lot more quickly than the one in the Amazon had. Her expression shifted into a weak glare at some fixed spot on the room. She didn't know if she was looking directly into a camera or not, but she kept it up, anyway.

"I'm not sure why you're so surprised, darling..." She gave a light moan and slid down the wall ever so slightly. The panting gradually grew heavier and a light sheen of sweat was visible through her white feathers. "If he has that kind of technology..." Because she had no doubt, even as she was starting to lose herself bit by bit, which pervert she was talking about. "Why wouldn't he do that? In any case, I..." Her legs buckled, and she decided perhaps it would best to just sit on the floor a moment.

"I..." She was practically clawing at her mind at this point to keep herself from succumbing to the pressure of the arousal fog. Her body was tingling all over, and she felt like every nerve was on fire. She gave an involuntary whimper and shuddered a little, closing her eyes. "I'm not sure what you're trying to accomplish here... if you wanted to...." The panting grew ever heavier, and her hands began to sensuously rub up and down her naked body against her will.. this only seemed to send her into a frenzied, moaning mess for a few seconds before she managed to get herself to stop. "To get me hot and bothered.... wouldn't have taken too much..." She was having a hard time thinking. She wondered if she should even bother to continue trying to talk to Malicia... She couldn't think of what to say, there really wasn't anything she could say to get her out of this, and she felt like she was making a fool of herself.

'I'm not a fool,' she thought, trying to hold onto her last bit of self-control. Any second now, and she would lose herself... to be replaced by pure, raging animal lust.



by [Malicia](#) 5 months ago

"Yes, you WOULD know just how much of a pervert he is wouldn't you?" Her voice dropped, and she took on the thick accent that was Feathers Galore's own voice.

"To my masked menace, I'm sure you'll probably punish me later like the naughty, naughty girl I am. I look forward to it!" She mocked, letting out a dramatic moan at the end.

Apparently someone found a certain note that had been left in said masked menace's jacket.

"But that's okay." Malicia seemed to recollect herself. "Because now I'm about to unleash upon you a punishment that le hará lamento envolviendo los labios de enfermedad montado alrededor de su polla. O dick de cualquier hombre para esa materia. Vas a descubrir el lado oscuro de la lujuria, y disfruto de cada momento de ella!"

There was a long pause.

"Dammit, I think I leaned on the translator. Stupid lousy...mmbrrl-- bzzt!--" The feed cut out.

Seconds later it cut back on.

"Where was I? Oh, yes... the next stage of my little game."

The panel on the ceiling slid open and a male figure was dropped down into the blood-stained room where he landed with a somersault tumble. Long arms, chiseled abs, a strong bill, and... a big red nose? Two tufts of cotton candy coloured hair? Purple eyebrows and buck teeth?!

"**Hey there pretty lady! It's me, Wiiiiiiiiinky the Clown! Yuck yuck!**" The vision of horror honked his nose and did a cartwheel.

"Did you know Winky here moonlights as an adult entertainer outside of his television career?" Malicia's voice was smooth as silk now.

"How fortunate that he was available tonight on such short notice. Now, Feathers... you are about to learn how your sexual appetite for handsome villains will lead to the greatest humiliation of your entire career. How long can you hold out, I wonder?"

"Wanna see me make some naughty balloon animals?" Winky waggled his eyebrows.



by [Agent Galore](#) 5 months ago

Feathers was barely able to comprehend the following Spanish despite being fluent in it. Her eyes were starting to glaze over...

And then... IT appeared. Because such a thing so hideous, so vile, so absurd, so stupid, so wrath-inducing could not be described with any gender-related pronoun because that would give it person-status that it didn't deserve. She HATED clowns. The presence of which allowed her to claw her way a bit further out of the arousal fog enveloping her mind. She wasn't sure how much time she had bought... in yet another depressing realization, she remembered what she had been like before... how she would've given herself to a clown... or maybe even a whole army of clowns if it meant satisfying her needs.

And right now, her needs were great and only increasing by the second. Feathers managed to get her to feet, her legs still wobbling... her body still feeling like it was on fire. Her chest was heaving with every pant, and another pleasurable little shudder went through her. She managed to glare up at the ceiling. "YOU BRAIN-DEAD BIMBO!" She screamed, hoping her voice carried to Malicia's ears. She was no longer concerned with trying to hide her emotions, mainly because she was too overwhelmed to concentrate, and the only instinct that was functioning was that of a sexual nature. "WHEN I GET MY HANDS ON YOU, YOU'RE GOING TO WISH YOU HAD STAYED BEING NEGADUCK'S BIG, FAT, INSECURE, LOVESICK BITCH!"

Oh no... Being THIS angry was turning her on even more. No, no, no... She moaned once more, and another delightful little shudder passed through her. Her body was pushing her to give in, to stop resisting. She knew she was treacherous, but she never thought she'd be so treacherous to herself.

'I'm not going to screw a clown! I REFUSE! I am Feathers Galore!' She glanced back at the clown, feeling only slightly disturbed (it really should've horrified her more) that he... it... IT... was looking more and more appealing to her. "You," she growled, shooting the clown a weak glare. She tried to reach back for the anger she had experienced before. She was not going down (or getting down, in this case) without a fight. She managed to rush towards him and wrapped her hands around his neck tightly. It wouldn't take long to strangle him to death, if she didn't crush his larynx, first.

She tried to ignore how much strangling him was turning her on; for the first time in her life lamenting the fact that she was turned on by way too much. She tried to ignore how wonderful his feathers felt under her hands. She tried to push back thoughts of stripping him down and having her way with him. She did not, however, push back the tiny voice of reason that she could only just barely hear.

If she killed him, and she succumbed to the pleasure fog... what would be stopping her from having her way with his corpse? The only thing that could be worse than doing a clown... was doing a dead clown. She couldn't go that low; the clown was bad enough. She let go of his neck, then punched him straight in his stupid clown nose. She pushed him against a wall and looked into his eyes. There was a wide range of feeling in her own eyes. Anger, fear, despair... but most of all, desire and something wild and practically inhuman.

"I will make your life a living hell." She managed to get out, her voice taking on a breathless quality. "When this is over, I will hunt you down, I will take everything you hold dear and smash it all to pieces." She pressed the lower half of her body against him and moaned loudly, a strong shudder going down her spine. "I will turn everyone you've ever known and loved against you or kill them in the attempt, and in the most gruesome ways imaginable." Her legs were starting to give out on her, and she gripped him by his shoulders tightly to steady herself, now grinding herself against him desperately. Why did it have to feel so good? She could barely speak through her moaning; she was almost gone. "But I won't kill you... I'll just make you wish I would."

A particularly violent shudder ripped through her. "Oh, hell..." She seemed to collapse against him a moment, still panting hard. After a minute, she looked back up at him, her eyes glazed over. She seemed to be trying to pull him even closer to her. She smashed her beak against his suddenly, completely consumed by her lust.



by [Malicia](#) 5 months ago

Malicia must have considered the same possibility of necrophilia, because when Feathers began strangling him it only made her cackle louder into the P.A system. Dead or alive, it didn't matter.

Feathers was screwed either way... literally.

"And just so you know, I will be posting this recorded video on the Internet for the entire world to see. Soon, Feathers Galore the agent of seduction will reveal to everyone that the best sex of her life was with a clown!"

As if things couldn't get worse, Winky's body made random noises every time Feathers squeezed, pushed, or grinded. There was a couple honks here, some squeaky noises there, and even a big 'ol "AWOOOOOGA!" Evidently the clown didn't seem to mind the horrible threats coming from the agent's mouth. In fact, he seemed to be enjoying it

"Let me show you my party favor, Miss Galore! Hyuck hyuck!" Said through that dreadful nasally voice.

When Feathers slowly gave into her lust, Malicia continued taunting.

"How is it? Better than MY man? Don't worry. Once he sees this video pop up on the Internet, he, along with every other male on this planet will never want anything to do with you again! Even the toothless hooker hanging around the corner drugstore will be more alluring than you!"

Upstairs in the master control room, Malicia was leaning back in the leather chair, martini in hand, microphone in the other. Her attention fully on the main screen, she had forgotten all about the smaller t.v.s, concentrated on all other areas of the warehouse... including the front door.

"Hmm... I think I'll superimpose 'Wannabe' by the Mice Girls over top the video. I wonder if I can edit it so that your thrusting moves with the beat. How does that sound to you? Or would you prefer Circus Music?"



by [Kachka](#) 5 months ago

Before the duckubus could come to a decision regarding the important question of background music she was interrupted by the figurative doorbell. Apparently the universal law that dictated visitors always decided to come by while you were in the bathtub worked for watching the humiliation of a captured FOWL-agent too.

"Malicia?" a familiar accented voice called from the entrance of the warehouse. "Anybody ho- Oh. Um. Nice doggy? I don't taste at all? Don't eat paying customers?"

The voice became more urgent. "Hey, Malicia!"



by [Malicia](#) 5 months ago

Malicia froze. She heard the shouting and began scanning the screens until she spotted Kachka.

She was uncertain of what to do. She could leave to greet her guest, but that would mean missing out on the grand finale and all the gloating that came with it. She could call to Kachka to join her upstairs, but she was a co-worker of Feathers Galore. Would she try to put a stop to Mal's revenge?

Muting herself on the P.A in the torture chamber, she pressed another button. The intercom in the doorway outside screeched to life.

"Shop's closed right now. I'm a little preoccupied at the moment. Is this important?" Her voice had a nervous edge to it.



by [Agent Galore](#) 5 months ago

Feathers heard Malicia's taunts, and they registered with her on some deep, psychological,

subconscious level... the level that was currently buried under all of her arousal... the level that was cursing Malicia's name, family, and the day she was born while feeling repulsed, disgusted, and horrified by her body's behavior. It did not register with her insatiable lust and desire. All she really cared about at that moment was pleasure and more pleasure, and the only body within reaching distance that could give it to her. It was hard for her to speak because speaking required effort that was better spent satisfying her physical needs, but she did try through her grunting, groaning, panting, and moaning. English seemed to require even more effort than Russian, so a lot of what she said was Russian with bits of English slipping in here or there.

"A party favor..." She couldn't quite remember how clothes worked, least of all bulky clown clothes, given how much she hated clowns, and so she had taken to trying to rip them off of Winky since despite his being very willing to give her what she wanted, he wasn't stripping quite fast enough for her. She didn't seem to care about the noises or his laughter, and it did nothing to snap her back to herself. Until her arousal got back down to a manageable level (which could probably take even more than one orgasm this time), she was little more than a slave to her urges. "Do me a favor, and do me..."

She was kissing wherever she could, licking, grabbing, groping... At some point she had pulled him down to the floor and was writhing on top of him. His clown clothes were mostly shreds now, and she was making a valiant effort to get at the "party favor" he had mentioned earlier but was having difficulty because she couldn't hold still and bits of polka-dotted cloth kept getting in the way. She was more than accepting of his touch and wherever his beak went, moaning loudly. It hadn't quite gotten to the main event just yet, but as things stood... this was definitely the best foreplay she had ever experienced because her body was more sensitive than it had been in her life... She didn't mind being squirted with water from little rubber flowers or having things honked at her or being buzzed with a jobuzzer... all she wanted was to touch and be touched and for all the wonderful sensations to never end.

"Please... do whatever you want to me..." She breathed into his ear. "Just make me feel good." She nibbled on his cheek feathers and down onto his neck. "I'll do anything, please...."



by [Kachka](#) 5 months ago

"Eh... I suppose it could wait," Kachka answered via intercom, although she did sound a bit distracted. "Maybe we can set up appointment? (Shoo. Bird-bones are very bad for you.) Preferably at a time your stud is out?"

While she was currently not on kill-on-sight terms with Malicia's kinda-sorta boyfriend she still didn't want to run into him if it could be avoided. Especially not when she was busy shopping. Some things were just so much better when it was just the girls.

"By the way, when did you last feed your watch-dogs? "



by [Malicia](#) 5 months ago

Malicia was so mesmerized by what was going on inside the cell she almost didn't catch what Kachka had said. Really, it was like watching a train wreck... so horrific and yet you couldn't look away. That clown was goin' to town, and it was equal parts the most amazing and most disgusting sight Malicia had ever witnessed. And that was saying something, considering she came from a family where 'grave digging' was a recreational activity done at picnics.

"Kachka." Mal began slowly. "What is your opinion of Feathers Galore?"



by [Kachka](#) 5 months ago

"Her?!"

Her tone – a rhapsody in loathing with a counterpoint of annoyance – might have been answer

enough, but just in case it wasn't Kachka elaborated.

"She's a nasty, self-important skank with no regard for personal boundaries and I look forward to the day her looks give out and she becomes fair game Malicia please tell me your dogs understand 'sit' through speakerphone!"



by [Malicia](#) 5 months ago

A few seconds of silence.

"Pringles, please show Kachka to me." She finally said. Then added to her guest. "Feel free to grab a drink along the way if you'd like."



by [Kachka](#) 5 months ago

It wasn't long before Malicia's now-invited guest came in, half led, half nudged forward by her cerberus familiar.

"Ah, there we are. Good boy," Kachka murmured, presumably talking to Pringles. After a moment's hesitation added a half-hearted "...s?" just to be on the safe side, before turning her attention to her hostess.

"Hey Malicia. Mind to tell me what business you are having with Feathers Galooh bloody hell!" One look on the monitors was enough to make her wish she had taken the demoness up on the offered drink. Preferably something strong. "Malicia, you have to warn people before throwing stuff like that at them!"

And to think, as a kid she'd rather liked clowns...



by [Agent Galore](#) 5 months ago

It really was enough to ruin anyone's childhood memories of clowns permanently. Around the moment Kachka stepped in, Winky was spanking Feathers, who was on all fours, with a rubber chicken, and she let him, seeming to enjoy it and begging between grunts for more or for him to spank her harder. He had been doing this for a few minutes and went a minute or two more after Kachka stepped in before casting the rubber chicken aside, mounting her, and giving it to her doggy-style.

The sounds coming out of Feathers' bill now were anything but coherent. They were very clearly coming from someone going through immeasurable pleasure... heavy panting, short and quick grunts, long drawn-out moans, and loud, desperate cries. After a few seconds of this, she was no longer able to support her front and fell forward while Winky continued pounding into her from behind. She clawed at the floor, and her feathered body quivered, seeming unable to contain all the wonderful sensations she was experiencing. It was probably hard to tell through the camera, but there were tiny droplets of tears coming from her eyes.

The aphrodisiac was definitely doing its job successfully. So far, it was the most pleasurable experience Feathers had been through, and given her experience with sex, that really was saying something.



by [Malicia](#) 5 months ago

"I had to be sure you wouldn't try and rescue your co-worker." Malicia didn't take her eyes off the screen. She had a large notepad propped in her lap and was scribbling things down as she watched.

"I never knew suspenders could be used that way before... how fascinating." She murmured. Then

she pressed the intercom button, allowing her voice to fill the chamber again.

"Winky, why don't you show Feathers that unique face paint of yours. I think it would be an improvement on that shoddy make-up job." Leaning back, she folded her hands behind her head and let out a sigh of satisfaction.

"Life is good, Kachka."



by [Kachka](#) 5 months ago

"Life is confusing, Malicia."

Not to mention a little disturbing right now.

"So... I'm almost afraid to ask, why are we watching Feathers Galore being humped by a clown? I think I am missing some context here."

And a stiff drink. That too...



by [Agent Galore](#) 5 months ago

Winky appeared to be more than willing to follow Malicia's suggestions. Although, he was having a difficult time of it. Feathers grew absolutely wild and desperate when the clown dismounted her. She did try to cooperate, especially on the promise that she'd be well and truly pounded again, twice as hard, but she couldn't stop squirming, and her hands were going absolutely everywhere and anywhere. The end result, of course, was that Feathers was wearing clown make-up.. very badly put on clown make-up that looked like it had been applied by a child. At some point, Winky had also topped off the whole appearance by putting a spare clown nose (not his own) over her bill.

Feathers didn't protest it; all she wanted was sex, and she would have done anything to get it. As soon as Winky finished making her a clown and his hands went away from her, she tackled him onto the ground once more and found what she was searching for. Soon, she was riding him hard, fast, with no cares or concerns... She was like an animal mindless but determined in her one goal.



by [Malicia](#) 5 months ago

"It's quite simple, Kachka!" She began cheerfully. "You see, Feathers here thinks she can do whatever she pleases and WHOEVER she pleases... and I am merely teaching her the valuable lesson that treading on my territory comes with a few consequences. This is my way of politely telling her to **step off.**"

THIS was 'polite'?

"It's a matter of respect, you see. And evil. I AM a supervillain after all. By the by, do you know anything about putting videos on DuckTube?"



by [Kachka](#) 5 months ago

"Oh, I see."

She really did see. She didn't really see eye to eyes with Malicia on the territory in question actually being desirable property, but that wasn't really the point. The point was, you don't go around letting random floozies giving you horns, period. Like the duckubus had said, it was a matter of respect.

"Wish I could help, but I never used that Ducktube-thing..."

With sick fascination she continued to stare at the monitors. Looking away wasn't any good – she still

saw the rutting shapes in the corners of her eye, and imagining was far worse than seeing.

"Did you put her under some mind-control-possession-thingie-spell, or how did you get her to go along with this... show?"



by [Malicia](#) 5 months ago

"A powerful aphrodisiac made from a combination of dragon penile scales, toad nipples, and slime spunk. We monsters use it to keep our populations booming by ensuring couples get to making plenty of babies. But I've never seen what happens when a Normal ingests it... I suppose this could count as a little science experiment." Her eyes lit up momentarily. "Oh! I should have sabotaged her birth control. Now why didn't I think of that earlier?"

Pressing the button on the intercom her voice filled the room.

"How would you like to give birth to a beautiful litter of baby clowns, Feathers? Wouldn't that just be adorable?" Fortunately for Feathers, Mal had no hindsight to ensure the woman's fertility, so she was safe in that department. Actually that was probably a fortunate thing for everyone on the planet.



by [Negaduck](#) 5 months ago

"There's only one thing I hate more than adorable brats."

Looked like somebody else had taken it upon themselves to join the party. A somebody else who had far more familiarity with the torture room's controls than Malicia did.

In a matter of seconds, a switch was flicked, and a cannon folded out of the floor, face to face with Feathers. Except this was a water cannon. Before the atrocious coulrophilia could continue, it blasted her, with enough force to send the deranged woman flying into the back wall.

The push of a button, meanwhile, dealt with Winky, as a trapdoor opened underneath him.

"WOOOOOHOOOHOOOOHOOoooooo~!" echoed his cry as he fell away into nothingness.

Which left a demoness and an explosives expert sealed in a control room with one very unhappy, very wrathful red hatted psychopath.

"When a grown-up brat tries to mess with my stuff," growled Negaduck, finishing his initial thought. Funny, how the calm before the homicidal storm was exactly when he was most intimidating. Hands clasped behind his back, death glare locked firmly on his curvaceous consort, Kachka didn't even get a look in. No doubt, however, she was going to get caught up in whatever befell her host; there was 'guilt by association', and then there was 'guilt by virtue of the fact I'm so pissed I want to tear every living thing apart with my bare hands'.

In any case, life was about to get painful.

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by [Agent Galore](#) 5 months ago

Feathers heard Malicia without really hearing her, but even if her psyche was in the right state of mind, she wouldn't have been concerned about the threat of "clown babies." She was known for taking risks; although, evidently, the risk of pregnancy was not one of them whereas the risks that came with invasive surgery were perfectly acceptable. She continued to ride the clown unhindered and was getting very close to her release when the cannon made an appearance and hosed her down. The pressure of the water was, at least, enough to send her over the edge, and her pleased cry might have been loud enough to be heard outside the warehouse.

It calmed her down for all of ten seconds. That orgasm had not been enough to put her mind back

down to a manageable state; she was still very much overwhelmed by the fog of her arousal. She seemed to grow frantic upon realizing that the clown was missing, and she was alone in the room. She whimpered and returned to touching herself. It wasn't enough. She needed somebody... anybody. She called out and begged in English and in Russian. She was desperate enough that she was able to pull from her mind bits of various other languages, but at some point, they were all just stringing together. She did remember Malicia, and so that was probably the most recognizable and most frequent word she spoke that was accompanied by the word "please" and a few other things in a few different languages.

She was a mess, really. The hose had been helpful in washing off most of the offending clown make-up but not all of it. Her hair was very disheveled and wet... as were her feathers. She was trembling and panting and couldn't seem to stop squirming.



by [Kachka](#) 5 months ago

That right there was the reason Kachka much preferred to visit Malicia's when her semi-significant other was out. Their little spats were not exactly healthy for innoc- well, for unrelated bystanders. Time for a speedy retreat.

"You two are clearly in need of much discussing in private so I really don't want to disturb," she muttered in the manner of a person who feels they really should say something but doesn't actually want to be heard, while she carefully stepped backwards to the door.

"I will just let myself out..."



by [Malicia](#) 5 months ago

Malicia had been so preoccupied with another round of villainous cackling that she barely registered what was happening onscreen until it was too late. One moment, everything was going just swell, and the next Feathers was pushed against a wall while Winky had completely vanished down a hole.

Suddenly the demoness found herself caught red-handed, beneath the hateful glower of her Partner In Crime. But rather than stammer nervously and try to charm her way out of it, Malicia was too furious at how quickly he had put a stop to her fun.

**"No No NO NO NO!"** She screeched and stomped her foot angrily, which added to the 'grown-up brat' theory. "What the HELL do you think you're doing?!"

Rounding on the control panel she began smashing all the buttons in a frenzy, trying to get something --anything-- to activate that might reunite clown and agent. But the large downside of using technology designed by Negaduck and for Negaduck, was that only Negaduck knew how to override the controls. She shuddered at the sound of Feathers' voice moaning Malicia's name and managed to find a 'mute' button which she slammed so hard it stayed mashed into the panel.

Fuming, she shoved Kachka aside and grabbed Negaduck by the lapels of his jacket, shaking him wildly.

"BRING HIM BACK NOW! I'm not finished with her yet!" She demanded. **"DO IT."**



by [Negaduck](#) 5 months ago

**"YOU'RE FINISHED ALRIGHT,"** Negaduck bellowed, breaking out of her grasp with an explosion of rage - a ragexplosion, if you will. Nevermind the ancient Quack Fu principles of turning an opponent's strength against themselves. Here being a short ass had an advantage in that dropping his centre of gravity made for an easy shoulder ram. With any luck the demoness would be crumpled against the control panel.

With any other luck, no more buttons would be smashed irretrievably. Couldn't have his precious, shiny torture room getting hurt.

This, in the very least, bought him time enough to flick his attention to Kachka.

"As much as I love you dropping by to fill our quota of smarmy vitriol—" And they must have had a large quota, with the sorts of personalities that hung around the warehouse. "I think there's somebody else who would enjoy your company right now."

With a mere flick of another switch, a robotic arm swung out of the side wall and clamped around Kachka's waist. It then lifted her slowly, slowly into the ceiling, until she disappeared out of sight, only to reappear into sight when she was dropped through the overhead entrance to the main cell. Thanks to SCIENCE.

And then there were two. Two sets of two. Although whether the number of those breathing would remain the same in the short term was yet to be seen.

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by [Agent Galore](#) 5 months ago

Feathers had probably never looked happier to see Kachka than she did at that moment. In fact, to Feathers, Kachka dropping from the ceiling probably also accompanied a golden light and a chorus of angels. Feathers got back to her feet, once again seeming a bit wobbly. "Oh, Kachka..." she said, sounding breathless. Her gaze on Kachka was intense; her eyes filled with wild desire... and since Kachka was the only other body in the room, it was ALL directed at her. "I've always... wanted you..." Speaking seemed to be a difficult process for her, especially in between panting, but the woman tried her best.

"Pretty Kachka... sweet Kachka... I feel... like I'm going to explode... please help me..." It certainly wasn't the best material she ever came up with, but considering most intelligent thought was being crowded out by her high level of arousal; it wasn't that bad. It seemed Feathers wasn't going to wait for a response, either. She lunged, or more like pounced at Kachka. Perhaps it was a good thing, for Kachka, that while being fueled by an impossibly high sex drive had increased her strength and speed, it had really decreased all grace, fighting instinct, and again... severely hindered her intelligence. So, the pounce was rather clumsily done, and even someone with only basic skills in self-defense would be able to avoid it.



by [Kachka](#) 5 months ago

Matters were probably not helped at all by Kachka shouting incoherent curses at Negaduck when she was dropped into the cell with Feathers. That is, they would be incoherent for him unless he'd taken a class of Slavic Profanities 101 lately. For Feathers it would be very coherent indeed, especially since most of it was about reproductive organs and the odd goat.

So Feather would probably feel like she was receiving mixed signals when her declaration of lust was met with a horrified stare... and even more so when her enthusiastic pouncing was met with aggravated assault. After all Kachka didn't only have basic skills in self-defense, she had six years in an all-female penitentiary under her belt and was a master in the martial arts known as 'Beating the Crap out of Crazy Bitches.'

For the sake of the audience, let's not get into details. Let's just say the state of Feathers' hair would not improve and in the morning she would be sore in all the definitely-not-nice ways.



by [Agent Galore](#) 5 months ago

Feathers laid on the ground, quite thoroughly beaten. She was not a woman who bruised easily, but she would certainly be bearing some bruises (not to mention a black eye) after this encounter. She wheezed and coughed a bit from having the air knocked out of her due to a particularly hard kick

from Kachka to her stomach. And then, she groaned. But the way she groaned might have been a bit unsettling because it was difficult to discern whether that was a groan of pain or pleasure.

Feathers said something in Russian, in a tone of voice that was light, airy, and gleeful. It was along the lines of... "I love it when they play rough."

So, in fact, the groan had been one of both pain and pleasure. Even in her normal state, she was no stranger to being beaten, whipped, or even slashed at for sexually pleasurable purposes. She enjoyed both sadism AND masochism. She sat up and coughed a little more. Then, she stood, surprisingly quickly and caught Kachka's wrist in her hand. "You want to... hurt me?" she said, in a pant. Her grip on Kachka's wrist was tight and strong. She pushed against Kachka with her body until Kachka was against a wall. "You want to abuse me? Bruise me? Do it... I'm all yours... give it to me... make me your little bitch... please... I'm ready and willing..." Feathers buried her bill in Kachka's neck, kissing and sucking on her gently.



by [Malicia](#) 5 months ago

Negaduck's offensive maneuver had caught her off guard and she almost seemed to fold inward, completely winded. Sinking to her knees, she gripped the edge of the control panel, trying to catch her breath. She watched the screen silently, and couldn't help but smile weakly at the sight of Kachka kicking the over-loving shit out of Feathers.

"I always knew there was a reason I liked that one-eyed woman." She wheezed. "Kick her in the box, Kachka!"

From her position below Negaduck her eyes slid up to stare at him, the sour expression returning. "Since when do you care what I do with others in my own time? What is she to you?!"



by [Kachka](#) 5 months ago

That kissing and sucking, however gentle, was soon rudely interrupted when Kachka attempted to push Feathers away and then followed Malicia's suggestion to indeed kick the other duck in what may or may not have been her 'box'.

"Yech! Get off me you crazy bitch!" she spat in a mixture of disgust and fury – and the scales were quickly tipping further towards the latter. It just figured. Finally she got to beat the stuffings out of Feathers, and that skank still managed to suck all the fun out of it.

Not that that stopped her from throwing in another kick for good measure and then repeatedly slamming her trapped wrist (and Feathers' fingers) against the wall to make the other let go.

"I'll slit you—" Bang "—open from gizzard—" Bang "—to gullet if you don't lay off!"



by [Agent Galore](#) 5 months ago

It was another case of Feathers hearing but not comprehending. Her mind was far too gone from her arousal (and would not be back until she had gotten the appropriate amount of satisfaction) to be reached by legitimate threats or for her self-preservation instincts to kick in or even for her ego to tell her that Feathers Galore was NOT pathetic and that she should quit acting like this.

The first kick was met with a mixed cry of pain and pleasure... it was like a strong, electric jolt to Feathers' system due to the sensitivity she had acquired from the aphrodisiac. Feathers received the next kick with pretty much the same reaction, although, this time, it caused her to lose a bit of balance. She did not lose hold of Kachka's wrist, however, especially not if letting go meant stopping the treatment she was receiving. Of course, Feathers was not invincible or immune to damage... and so after having her fingers repeatedly slammed into the wall (met with mutters, whimpers, and pleased sighs which would occasionally contain the word "yes")... about a few more slams after her

fingers had started bleeding, she lost hold of Kachka's wrist, and sank to the ground.

This did not deter her. She clawed at Kachka's pant leg. "More..." Pain and arousal were laced in her words. "More," she begged, looking quite teary-eyed.



by [Negaduck](#) 5 months ago

Not a bad show. Later he would be able to sell it to cable for a mint – Bosnian Bitches Gone Badder. There may be a few protests about identifying the wrong ethnicity, but such was the price of alliteration.

Too bad it wasn't the sort of thing to get him personally drooling. As had been long established, the flat-chested, hard-edged agent wasn't his cup of aphrodisiac filled tea. It wasn't difficult, then, to drag his attention back to the rather more curvaceous, if extremely cranky, female balled up at his feet.

"I could ask you the same question," Negaduck rumbled, eying her darkly. "You've never messed with my playthings before. I assumed it was because you understood the consequences."

From behind his back he withdrew, not a chain whip, not an axe...

But a clown nose and rubber chicken?

"Perhaps it's time for a reminder."

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by [Malicia](#) 5 months ago

One eyebrow slooowly arched questionably and she began backing away from him. Mal knew better than to underestimate his choice of punishment -- Negaduck had an uncanny talent for turning pretty much anything into an accessory of torture. Normally, she admired that particular talent of his, but at this point in time all she could think about was placing as much distance between herself and that big red nose as possible. Which, considering the intimate size of the control room, was not a successful endeavor. She needed to escape.

"What gives you the idea this is all about **you** huh?!" Eyes never left the bizarre choice of weapons as she did a backwards crab-crawl toward the door. "This is strictly business between myself and Galore, and doesn't affect you in the slightest! So why don't you be a peach and let Kachka out so I can return her clown companion? I can still finish this! I **NEED** this!"

Reaching the thick steel door, she tried to pry it open but there wasn't a snowball's chance in hell she'd be getting through that much metal, even with her Amazonian strength. Cornered like an animal, she turned and pressed her back against the door, throwing her hands out in front of her. Predictably they lit up with two impressively large pillars of flame.

"You stay away!" She warned him, although she wasn't sounding terribly confident at this point. "Just walk away, or you'll regret this!"



by [Negaduck](#) 5 months ago

Predictably, that did not dissuade him in the slightest.

"Oh her 'clown companion' is long gone," came the low reply, dripping with cruel intent. "But I know where we can find a new one..."

One deliberate step after the other, and the lifeless eyes of the rubber chicken closed in on her.

Since somebody had left the microphone on, very syllable of that ominous exchange was heard

within the cell. Even had it not been, however, the thick metal enclosing them would have done very little to dull the sound of the struggle that followed. Lights flickered. On the other side of the city, an earthquake warning system went nuts.

The fact that somebody was bodily indented into the wall was also a bit of a giveaway.

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by [Malicia](#) 5 months ago

"You do this and I'll never forgive you, you sack of festering shit! Get away from me-  
EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!"

Some things just shouldn't be done with a rubber chicken. Ever.



by [Negaduck](#) 5 months ago

The violent epic show-down concluded with one last ground shaking tremor, and for a while everything was quiet. A sort of tense, awe-struck quiet. Even the house was afraid to creak.

The microphone gave a small screech in protest as somebody picked it up.

"I'm dreadfully sorry, ladies, but your hostess is unable to continue with this evening's 'entertainment'," purred Negaduck, feet up on the panel, lazily flipping through a cell phone. "And as much as I would love to sit around and find out which one of you will come out on top, if you know what I'm saying, I have other places to be. Sooo..."

For the first time he actually bothered taking in what was on the screens. "We have a couple of options. Either I can leave you here indefinitely, to hump and/or choke yourselves silly, or I can let you go. But I don't think I'll be even considering the latter unless there's, what would you call it, a 'personal token of appreciation' on offer."

Even though they couldn't see it, they could certainly hear his smile broadening. "You know what I'm talking about, Kachka? A little something 'to remind myself why the hell I am even bothering to help you out', 'a favour of equal value'...?"

Because one of his other uncanny talents was turning somebody's words against them. Aside from being deliciously malicious, it would also hopefully serve to clue the agent into what he was hinting at, namely he wanted the cigarette embargo, which he had only recently actually realised was in effect, lifted. Post haste.

Without waiting for an answer, he leaned over to show the screen he had been toying with to the 'hostess', who was in fact, right next to him. What state she was in, however, was another matter.

"See now, isn't that a much more fitting profile photo?" he mock-flattered. "Although you really want to be more careful with your account. 'Password' isn't, in fact, a password."

Oh dear. If Feathers' sojourn into clown makeup had been nightmare fuel, this.. this was something else.

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by [Malicia](#) 5 months ago

Malicia would have loved to scream. Or beat him senseless. Or well... do anything. But Negs had effectively left her bound and gagged -- demon-grade restraints of course, and the rubber chicken had found itself a new home crammed down her throat.

Her face began glowing such an intense shade of furious red that the chicken was starting to melt and drip down her chin. More specifically her painted chin, which had been done up like a rainbow-faced clown. The ensemble was completed by the big red nose on the tip of her bill.

The angrier she got, the mottled her face became as the paint bubbled and gooped down her chest and the nose began to squeak from the built up steam. It looked even worse than before, especially with the rainbow paint mixing to make a gross dark brown shade.

"Mmmfrlll wrffff fuuuu!" Was all she managed to say with a few kicks and struggles for added emphasis.



by [Kachka](#) 5 months ago

The look on Kachka's face wasn't nearly as furious as Malicia's but it made for a decent also-ran.

"Ugh! Fine!" she spat, punctuating her words with another hearty kick at Feathers, both to vent frustration and to keep the still half-crazed duck from humping her leg – or other, more personal bodyparts.

"You let me out of here—" notice the use of the word 'me' instead of 'us' "—and you get your little token of appreciation! Or medium-sized one if you want. But you are still a prissy bitch with bad aim!"

Perhaps not the healthiest thing to say to a psychopath who held the keys to her life, health and virtue (what little she had left) in his hands, but Kachka had never gotten the hang of proper grovelling.



by [Negaduck](#) 5 months ago

"Why Kachka, how mean-spirited of you," poured the mock-hurt out of the speakers, surprisingly calm at this stab at his reputation. Funny how he could roll with things so much better when everything was in his favour.

At least, it appeared he was rolling with it way until two crossbows appeared out of the walls pointed straight at the unhappy couple. A second later, they fired.

And sent a pair of bolas spinning to bind Feathers' wrists and ankles.

"Thank me for that 'bad aim' later," directed as the back wall slid open to reveal a direct exit to the street. "Get out."

Standing, he cast his gaze over the two remaining women. One on the screens, one on the floor. Both bound, both in clown paint, both humiliated. "Now isn't funny, how you've both wound up in the same mess. I assume you'll gnaw your way out eventually. Except you, Malicia, will have the advantage of this key—" Placed just centimetres out of reach on the leather chair. Hey, who wanted teeth marks in their demon proof cuffs.

Squatting down so they were eye to eye, Negaduck tilted his head, taking in her hurt and fury like a sadistic sponge, like it was a scientific curiosity. "By the time you do, I'll be off enjoying a completely carefree run of the entire city." Running a finger under her chin, his voice dropped lower. "Perhaps you can join me, if you promise not to make a clown of yourself again."

Straightening, with a sweep of his cape he turned and, stopping only to eject the disc from the recording station, went on his merry way.

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by [Agent Galore](#) 5 months ago

Again, Feathers heard everything, and it all registered in her memory, but she really didn't care about any of that right now. All that really mattered was her and Kachka (or more specifically Kachka's body/willingness to beat her black and blue... or well, more black and blue). Feathers gave a sharp, pained yelp at the kick, then a long, throaty moan. "More..."

It wasn't just more beating she wanted; she would've preferred to be touched a little more intimately. Would it be so much to ask for Kachka to do some nipple-pinching? Luckily for Kachka, Feathers didn't know how to phrase the question or get across what she wanted other than physical attention.

It came as a big shock to Feathers when her wrists and ankles were suddenly bound. She seemed to look uncertain and frustrated by this development. She looked to Kachka, her gaze still smouldering with that same desire, but it also contained the most ridiculously hopeful (and genuine) expression that had ever been on her face.

"This is part where... you screw me..." She paused, wracking her arousal-fogged brain. "Senseless?"



by [Kachka](#) 5 months ago

Kachka had been in the process of leaving when Feathers' desperate plea made her pause and turn back to her fellow FOWL-agent.

"No," she said flatly, and lowered herself into a crouch before Feathers, meeting the eyes of the other duck. "This is the part where I leave you behind."

Clacking her tongue in a resigned manner she got back up and began to unbutton her shirt.

"I'm not not getting involved in whatever you and Malicia have going here. If you're stupid enough to prick the side of a sleeping dragon, you deal with the mess by yourself when it wakes."

With a sigh that suggested she was being too nice for her own good here she slipped out of her shirt, revealing a plain gray muscle-shirt, and dropped it into a mostly dry corner of the cell.

"Here you go. In case you get your senses back in time to make a run for it. Best of luck."

And with that she followed Negaduck's friendly suggestion to indeed get out.



by [Agent Galore](#) 5 months ago

It was interesting seeing the emotions play on Feathers' face freely. From very hopeful to immensely disappointed with dashed hopes.... To a little glimmer of hope upon seeing Kachka unbutton her shirt, then dashed hopes again when another shirt was revealed underneath it. Then, the shirt was left behind, and Kachka was gone.

"Nooooo..." Feathers whimpered. She proceeded to struggle with her bindings, thrashing about on the floor like a wild animal until she wore herself out. She laid on the floor, bruised, beaten, and extremely sexually frustrated. Tears leaked from her eyes, and she continued to pant and whimper.

(OOC: Hmm... So... should I skip to the aphrodisiac wearing off now?)



by [Malicia](#) 5 months ago

It had been a good thing that rubber chicken was still in her mouth. The moment his finger was under her chin she flinched and snorted like an enraged bull. But no other response was made and she merely watched him leave.

She could still hear Feathers and Kachka onscreen and tried to ignore the whimpering and begging while she began working her own attempt at thrashing free. More specifically, she was trying to spin around on her butt so that her tail could reach out and grasp the key. Negs had either forgotten about its prehensile abilities or expected it to be her saving grace.

Unfortunately her feet were bound, so she had to try and bounce her bottom around -- good thing it was well cushioned. After a full ten minutes of butt-bouncing and spinning, she had edged close

enough to the chair. Her tail brushed the key but missed it slightly, causing it to edge further away. Grunting in frustration she tried again, and again, until finally it fell off the chair and hit the floor next to her. From there was another ten minutes of using her tail to blindly fit the key into the cuffs that were behind her back on her hands. Eventually, there was a satisfying 'click' and they fell off.

Negaduck had been right, of course. By the time she had managed to completely free herself, he was long gone. But it didn't matter because she had already decided she wanted him long gone.

So furious was she that the clown paint was almost forgotten until she passed a mirror in the hallway. Letting out an enraged shriek, she slammed her fist into the mirror and it burst into tiny shards. The paint was wiped from her face and from there began what could only be described as the most furious 'Spring Cleaning' event St. Canard would ever witness.

Feathers, fortunately, had been completely forgotten.

From outside the warehouse all was quiet. A few birds were chirping happily in the trees, the nearby Audobon Bay Bridge was bustling with its usual traffic. Nearby fishers and mariners were at the docks bringing in nets of fish and lobster, and mobsters were making deadly deals in shady corners.

The silence was cut short by the shatter of glass as a chainsaw smashed through the window and landed on the front lawn. This was soon followed by a dozen more chainsaws, a few machetes, a pile of bombs, and a very confused giant purple squid clutching many of the same aforementioned weapons. Then the clothes came fluttering down, specifically a pile of yellow double-breasted jackets, black capes, red hats, and skull-patterned boxers. Next came the machine guns, a death ray, and the entire control panel from the torture chamber, the wires dangling and sparking from where it had been torn straight from the wall.

It wasn't long before a crowd of curious onlookers --mostly low-class criminals -- had gathered to watch what was quickly becoming a near infinite pile of deadly weaponry. Most of them stood back cautiously, wringing their hands greedily. There was a lot of shiny, useful stuff in there... but most of the entourage had enough intelligence in their pea-sized brains to know better: These items didn't belong to just anybody. This was **Negaduck's** stuff. You didn't touch Public Enemy One's personal belongings, and that included the fiery-headed female who was still tossing his things out of the window.

One particularly foolish weasel gave in to the temptation however and scurried up to the pile, eyes gleaming hungrily. Wiggling his stubby fingers, he reached in to pick up some custom-designed red and yellow tracers when he noticed a large round shadow had eclipsed him. Looking up, his only reaction was for his eyes to bulge from his head as the Negaduck-shaped jet plane landed on top of him with a splat!

Tugging on their collars, the rest of the crowd sloooowly backed up to a safer distance. Henceforth, the pile would remain untouched.

Until its owner returned, that was.



by [Agent Galore](#) 5 months ago

Perhaps shortly after Malicia had managed to get a hold of the key, so that she could begin freeing herself, the aphrodisiac in Feathers' body started to wear off. The first thought in her head as she began to regain control over herself was this:

'I'm so horny...'

This wasn't really any kind of change from her thought processes from earlier, but obviously, there was some kind of change there because it was soon accompanied by a wide range of emotions from horror to despair to embarrassment to unspeakable rage. None of this played on her face. Her facial expression, at the moment, could only be described as "bored."

She began to sort, suppress, rationalize, and dismiss various thoughts and feelings. She would need

all of her mental functions available to her, and for obvious reasons, being an emotional mess would be an extreme hindrance. From an outside appearance, the bored expression remained and shifted to slight annoyance when she discovered the clown nose on her beak. She removed it, after some effort on her part. Bindings on her arms and legs... that was... inconvenient, though, they would be relatively easy to remove.

She continued concentrating on sorting out all the emotions surging through her.

'I am fine,' she thought to herself, as she began to develop an icy shield. 'I am alive... of course. This is just... an inconvenience.'

Yes. That's what it was. An inconvenience. She was Feathers Galore. She would ALWAYS be Feathers Galore. And nobody, NOBODY got the best of Galore... or made a fool of Galore. Malicia was, in fact, the fool.

'I'm sure she would expect me to be horrified... or broken... or defeated. Clearly, she doesn't have any idea who she is dealing with. I cannot be broken. This... clown thing? Ha. It's about as embarrassing as tripping down the stairs, especially considering she had to utilize such brutishness... making me take an aphrodisiac and trapping me in here with a clown. That has to be the most half-assed and stupid plan for psychological warfare ever concocted. The amateur... If she knew anything about anything, she would have tried to get me to have sex with a clown without drugging me. That would be the most humiliating course of action. But of course, she'd never succeed in that endeavor... and perhaps she was smart enough to realize that she isn't smart enough to manipulate me in such a manner.'

She was feeling better already as her thoughts continued along this line; her ego and self-confidence returning to its full glory. And now that she was no longer in danger of having an embarrassing mental breakdown (not that she would admit that), she was ready to take action. She began to pick at the bola wrapped around her hands systematically and expertly with her beak. She was well-trained in escape artistry, so such simple restraints as these were definitely not going to hold her long. Soon, her hands were free, and it took even less time to work on the bola wrapped around her ankles.

She picked up Kachka's shirt and gave it a distasteful look. She was debating whether or not, she'd rather be naked, but ultimately decided to wear the shirt. If there wasn't any need to expose herself, she wasn't going to... mainly because there existed losers who didn't deserve to gaze upon her naked form.

She looked at the open back wall thoughtfully. Her thoughts were interrupted when she heard all the crashing and raging going on within the warehouse and from outside of it (due to all the things being dropped outside). She smirked a little, remembering some of the exchange between Malicia and Negaduck that she hadn't been able to comprehend earlier. Well, that was QUITE satisfying. She frowned a bit.

Of course, the most important thing right now was to find that diamond Malicia had taken from her and get out of the abode of the very dangerous and unrestrained fire demon. Maybe if she was lucky, she could find her catsuit and her equipment, although, she wasn't optimistic that Malicia had left it intact... or hadn't stashed it away somewhere for herself.

Maybe the woman would find her lethal lipstick later and die a horrible and painful death... but that was probably too much to hope for as well. Stick to the basics. She exited through the back wall and found various things from the street... trash cans and boxes and such to stack on top of one another in the torture room. She climbed a bit unsteadily (not only from the haphazard manner in which the things were stacked, but also due to the fact that she felt like she had been hit by a truck) to the top until she reached the hole in the ceiling. She climbed out of the hole and having succeeded in that. She thought about where to look.

'If I was a stupid, temperamental, insecure fire demoness, and how thankful I am that I'm not, where would I stash that diamond?'

It could be anywhere, and the warehouse was huge. She was also very exhausted, still very horny (but at her normal level of horniness, so it could be handled easily enough), and extremely sore. It was

very tempting to just give up and go home, but she REALLY didn't want to explain to her employers why she didn't have the diamond. And so, she started her search. A very careful and quiet search... Last thing she wanted to do was draw Malicia's attention.