

[RP: Undomestic Dispute](#)

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(Reserved for: Mal, Negaduck)

Continuing with the drama of the Bean and Clown RP, Mal has taken every possession Negs left at her warehouse (which, unsurprisingly, is all deadly weaponry) and tossed it out on the front lawn along with his clothes. Negs might have to whip out the classic boombox-raised-over-the-head apology to get out of this one.

by [Negaduck](#) 5 months ago

The screech of monster truck sized tyres signified the owner of the deadly weaponry – and mindbogglingly stylish fashion – had arrived. The crowd parted far enough to stay out of his way... but not far enough to miss the ensuing spectacle.

As soon as Negaduck leapt out of the vehicle, as soon as the image of all his precious possessions out on the street hit his brain, he took an involuntary step backwards.

"WHAT?"

Recovering from the shock, he stormed straight up to the warehouse, punched in the security code – nearly literally – and was.. zapped by it?

That. That was not meant to happen.

How could he strangle an apology out of the demoness likely responsible if he couldn't even get into the building?

"**MALICIA,**" he boomed at the upper windows, shaking the flames from the keypad off his finger. "YOU HAD **BETTER** HAVE A GOOD EXPLANATION FOR THIS. AND 'HOES' HAPPY HOUR' **AIN'T** GONNA CUT IT!!"

Yeah. Not quite the classic apology route.

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by [Malicia](#) 5 months ago

From the top floor window Malicia poked her head out and boomed back at him. "DAMN STRAIGHT I HAVE A GOOD EXPLANATION! WE'RE FINISHED! THROUGH! OVER! I NEVER WANT TO SEE YOUR HIDEOUS OVERSIZED BILL AROUND HERE AGAIN! TAKE YOUR STUFF AND **GET OUT!**"

This was met with a scandalized "Ooooooooooh" from the onlooking crowd of crooks.

But the scorned demoness wasn't finished yet. She had taken care to hold onto a few possessions in anticipation for his return. After all, what was a good break-up without an extra dose of humiliation rubbed in? One of Negaduck's favourite (as if he could choose a favourite) chainsaws was procured from behind her back and dangled precariously out the window. Perhaps he had named this one "Blanket".

"Have I ever told you just how **STUPID** and **IMPRACTICAL** these things are? You look like a reject from a horror movie!" The 'stupid' item in question was dropped carelessly where it collided with the ground in a symphony of grinding metal and screeching parts. It sounded an awful lot like dubstep-- there even may have been a sickening 'wub' or two mixed in as the chainsaw dented inward from the impact.

"And don't get me started on **THIS**" One of his red fedoras was next. She waved it like a war flag as she continued. "The only reason you feel the need to wear such a ridiculously large hat is because **you're compensating for the size of something else!**"

"Duuuhhh–huh huh huh. Negaduck has a tiny wiener." Chortled one of two large burly twins in the crowd.

"Huh–huh yeah." His twin responded in an equally dim–witted fashion. "No wonder he's so angry all duh time."

"Hey Negs!" A smaller crook with an audible lisp shouted from somewhere in the back. "I guess what they say about the size of a duck's bill ain't always true eh?! Haww haww!"

"Doin't worry, at least ya still gots dat winning personality of yoirs!" Said another.

This was met with a round of knee–slapping and raucous laughter from the crowd.

Very seldom did St. Canard's bottom–feeders speak out against the top–tier villain, and never did an entire gang dare to point and jeer at him as they did now. Perhaps it had something to do with the mugs of coffee the group was swigging back as they watched the dispute unfold.

And then Malicia pulled out the Pièce de résistance: The Troublemaker. Held high above her head it sparkled in all its glory; the shiny metal was absolutely smooth and flawless.

"After Junior took your precious bike for a joyride, I brought it to the finest mechanic in Calisota and had it repaired, rebuffed, and remounted. I even had him add on a miniature bar, an even bigger glovebox compartment, and a coffee grinder. I WAS going to save it as a surprise for your birthday but..." She narrowed her eyes. "**Catch.**"

The bike was football punted out the window, straight at him.



by [Negaduck](#) 4 months ago

He had all of half a second for his eyes to bulge out in terror before it collided with his face.

No dubstep there, just the sickening screech of metal crashing and skidding along the pavement. Somewhere, under all of it, may have been the sound of a heart breaking. Or.. maybe not.

The ridiculously large hat and its owner lay there, splattered, buried beneath bolts and blower bits. Until with one deafening roar, Negaduck pushed the wreckage off his top half like the undead flinging themselves out of their earthly graves, and snarled.

She wanted to play nasty, did she? He would teach her the meaning of the word, even if it involved pummelling her with a dictionary.

"I don't know **what's** gotten into you this time, but you loved when it's gotten into you **before**, judging by the way you moaned for it like a pig in heat!" he bellowed, not about to allow her to run the show. "The only reason you're bitching now is because pushing out THIRTEEN brats has turned your honey pot into a goddamn **SAARLAC PIT!**"

Pacing beneath the windows, his glare was locked on the crazier–than–normal wench above, just waiting for a chance to get his hands on her. This meant the mocks of the mob didn't draw that much attention.. for now. He would show them later. Those idiots, he had told them not to touch the coffee. But with brains as tiny as theirs, that was like telling a child not to touch a perfectly iced cake.

It also meant he didn't even notice when the popcorn sellers arrived.

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by [Malicia](#) 4 months ago

"You know what a pig in heat sounds like, do you?" She tilted her head and feigned sudden realization. "Oh, that's right! I almost forgot, you've been fucking Feathers Galore. Yes, I suppose you do have some experience with barnyard animals then."

Speaking of animals, a large variety were now being thrown from the windows. Dobermans, mostly. But there were a few snakes, octopi, scorpions, and a cornucopia of other animals Negaduck used in one grand scheme or another.

"As for my 'saarlac pit' you needn't worry yourself about that anymore, because you won't be seeing it again. I have plenty of male suitors already lining up for the mere chance to breathe the same air as me. No doubt I'll find someone taller and larger to suit my refined tastes."



by [Negaduck](#) 4 months ago

Unlike somebody who actually cared for their animals, the crook did not risk attempting to catch them all. Instead, he sidestepped this way and that as furry blurs hit the ground with various ROOOWs and squeaks. It was raining dogs and.. well, more dogs.

Scowling up at the only bitch he was interested in – harhar – the drake tilted his head in actual sudden realisation. "Is **that** what this is about? You're **jealous?**"

The second question had an element of a teasing purr, a hint of Negaduck smugness. That stopped the second an unnaturally large bat smacked into his face. Who knew what scheme he had been keeping mutated mammals for, but it did not want to let go.

Much frantic tugging at the huge black creature wrapped around his skull ensued.

"MMMMMFFFPAHABAMFFFFFFFFFFFF!"

Eventually he pried it off his beak, although those sharp little claws ripped up his cheek feathers something shocking, and threw it spitefully onto one of the piles of junk. There it could make friends with death devices and chemical weapons, because that wasn't a disaster waiting to happen.

Meanwhile, panting with exertion and lack of air, the snubbed supervillain refocused his attention and attempted to pick up where he was before the bat-borne interruption.

"You..." Despite the wheeze, he was able to get enough volume out to keep the masses entertained. "You get any more air in your head and you'll take off. Honestly Mal, you **KNOW** I bang every big-breasted bimbo in this goddamn city! Since when did you not want to be one of them, huh?!"

For whatever reason, most likely that he was male, he could still not see what problem she had with his behaviour. Sure, it had been atrocious, cruel and uncalled-for. But that she liked that! Or so he thought.

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by [Malicia](#) 4 months ago

Malicia nearly dropped the mutant winged monkey in her hands when she heard his remark about her jealousy.

"**I AM NOT JEALOUS OF F.O.W.L'S PROSTITUTE!**" She doth protested too much. "Of course I know you've tossed it inside just about every woman in St. Canard! You are after all, a simple-minded creature who only thinks with his simple, base instincts. Much in the way we don't blame a dog when it humps someone's leg."

The monkey in her hands was waved around wildly as she continued. Oddly its screeching couldn't compete with her own. "But I won't tolerate you ruining my fun just to protect one of **them!** I HAD A PERFECT PLAN GOING AND YOU RUINED IT! NOT JUST RUINED, YOU TURNED AROUND AND PUNISHED ME! HOW DARE YOU! I AM ABOVE THEM! WHAT I WANT ALWAYS COMES BEFORE THEM BECAUSE I AM SUPERIOR IN EVERY WAY!"

At this point the monkey was actually tugging to get out of her grip. Meeting the ground was far more preferable over this.



by [Negaduck](#) 4 months ago

"YOU'RE A SUPERIOR PAIN IN THE ARSE, THAT'S WHAT!"

Clearly the strategy was to recognise and acknowledge her grievances by completing disregarding them, and having a little temper tantrum of his own.

"You could have torn apart the reputation of any one of hundreds of floozies but nooooooo, you had to take your petty insecurities out on the only broad in the city who can out-sex a succubus!" A particularly poorly thought-out analogy given the circumstances. "Trying to assert your place in the pecking order? Fine. But deliberately making her unusable to me? THAT was not acceptable."

Because what really mattered was that what he wanted always came first.

With a huff, Negaduck crossed his arms and glared her down. Er, up. Whatever. "Really Mal, you could have picked so many other ways to settle your score with her. So many sexy ways!" Whether it was the frustration or something else, he lost it at this point. "For cripe's sake, THERE'S A WHOLE VAT OF TOXIC SLUDGE IN THE BASEMENT GONE TO WASTE!"

Because whatever wrestling activity he was thinking of was so much more dignified than clown porn.

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by [Malicia](#) 4 months ago

His final sentence was clipped short by said vat of toxic sludge being dumped over him.

"Not anymore it isn't~" She crooned sweetly, claws drumming against the empty container. "I'm sure you'll figure out some sexy way to put that to good use, won't you?"

Finally, the warehouse had been completely emptied of every possession belonging or even remotely related to Negaduck. Except for one, remaining item of interest which had brought the maniacal mallard there in the first place.

Malicia picked up the sack of untainted coffee and admired it for a moment like it was a rare antique, which when you considered all the facts, was a fairly accurate description for the current state of coffee in St. Canard. Then she faked a toss out the window, pausing only at the last second to clutch the bag tighter.

"Hmmm, nope. I think I'm going to keep this." She cradled it in her arms like a newborn -- ironically, not even the demonlings had received that level of quality mothering.

Then to Negaduck she waved her hand. "Be gone with yourself, now. And take all your crap with you."



by [Negaduck](#) 4 months ago

From beneath the mountain of black ooze, tiny bubbles rose to the surface. Tiny bubbles of fury, caused by the heat of anger coming off the villain buried inside. Apparently he did not find it amusing. It was somewhat amusing, however, that it seemed to be turning him into a miniature volcano.

When Negaduck wiped the sludge from his eyes, the second he could actually see the object she was cooing over, that build up of vexation was wiped off his face along with it.

"N-now Malicia..." For all his best efforts in delivering that warning with a sense of authority, it came out as a plea. "I'm not kidding around here. Do you know what that would do to me?"

'Course she did. That's why she was so damn smug about it.

"You wouldn't want to risk my entire operation here, would you?"

In war fighting, the theory of Carl Von Quackwitz came to play, dubbed 'the centre of gravity'. The concept was simple; take away the thing that enabled an opponent to fight, and it did not matter how deadly their weapons were or how many troops they had, they would no longer be able to function.

No guesses as to what Negaduck's was.

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by [Malicia](#) 4 months ago

"You want it?" Vicious smile cracking at the corners of her bill. "Then get down on your hands and knees and grovel. Tell me how deeply you regret ruining my fun with Feathers. Apologize for that horrific photo of me. Lick my feet and call me your Demon Queen!"

For added emphasis she draped her foot across the window sill, clawed toes wiggling in his direction. Oh, she was enjoying this. In fact, this was far more satisfying than watching Feathers get spanked by a rubber chicken. It now dawned on Malicia that all this time, she had been punishing the wrong whore.



by [DW](#) 4 months ago

Darkwing could only gape at Morgana as she talked to the octopus like it was some kind of adorable puppy or something. Did she NOT see it splatter him with ink? Poor, starving creatures... hmph. He didn't make any move to continue attacking the octopus, though. Instead, he simply crossed his arms and grumbled incoherent things about evil octopuses. He paused a moment when Morgana said she had heard something and raised an eyebrow.

"Maybe it's some other poor, starving creature that isn't in any way being a terror and menace to society?" So much sarcasm...

He paused again, actually straining to hear. Then, he narrowed his eyes. "Wait a minute... I think I know those voices. They sound just like..."

Fast forward to a few minutes later with the Ratcatcher parked out of sight, and Darkwing peeking out from behind an abandoned and empty popcorn stand.

"Malicia and Negaduck!" he said, in a whisper. They were just in time to witness Malicia holding the bag of coffee over Negaduck. Negaduck's somewhat nervous reaction started the gears turning in Darkwing's head.

"I think... we need to see how this little event concludes..." he told Morgana.



by [Negaduck](#) 4 months ago

It was often said that animals have a sixth sense when it comes to foretelling the onset of a natural disaster. It was no surprise then that any remaining creatures in the vicinity scattered for cover; the incoming storm was written in the trembling of his balled up fists.

"**NEVER!**" Negaduck finally burst out, stubbornness trumping fear. "I'd lick the inside of a festering sewer before going anywhere near those mammoth hooves of yours!"

Squaring up on the building, the furious felon directed the index finger of doom at his ex-consort, determined to make her understand this was serious. business.

"Now hand over the UNTAINTED beans or I'm going to come in there and TAKE them!"

A fair enough threat. He was renowned for his break-and-enter abilities and he knew the place inside out. What chance did Malicia really think she had?

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by [Malicia](#) 4 months ago

Malicia smiled triumphantly at this. Right where she wanted him to be. Did the moron really think she hadn't considered that obvious factor when she started tossing his underwear?

"Alright then." She said with a flourish. "Come and get it~"



by [Negaduck](#) 4 months ago

The ~~moron~~ magnificent mallard of meanness was so focused on the opportunity to get his hands on his ~~bitch~~ beans that he did not think twice about how welcoming she was of it. Instead, reaching behind his back, he produced a ginormous grappling hook that must have been twice his body weight and, twirling it by its rope, launched it at the roof.

Malicia had probably figured he would try and blast his way through, but he knew the lower levels were fortified. The roof, on the other hand, was a weak spot, which was why he had placed so many traps across it – to keep intruders and the irritatingly persistent hero-types at bay.

But as the whole fiasco that started this fallout demonstrated, anything Negaduck built could be Negaduck disabled.

As the hook flew towards the top of the building, it was his turn to look triumphant. He had purged her from this decadent nest once before. He could do again.

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by [Malicia](#) 4 months ago

Morgana was munching down on a bag of popcorn as she watched alongside Darkwing. She couldn't help but chuckle quietly at the quarreling couple. "He's going to great lengths to get that coffee." She observed. "I knew you Normals were crazy about it but..."

Malicia merely crossed her arms and sat back calmly, watching, waiting. Waiting for what?

And there it was: a tiny ball of white feathers, bright glowing yellow eyes, and a pair of leathery black wings.

Junior. Standing on the roof, the pint-sized progeny caught the hook as it landed and tugged fiercely. If Negaduck was still attached to the end, he would find himself being pulled with it, high into the air where the young demonling put on his best Spaghetti Western impression by looping the rope around in circles like a lasso.

"Wreeeeeeeeee-haw!" He cackled.



by [DW](#) 4 months ago

"Crazy about it? Nah. Clearly, Negaduck is addicted to the stuff. He WOULD have such a vice... on top of all of his other vices. You'd never see ME with an addiction to coffee!" Darkwing said, watching the scene with the smuggest of looks on his face.

Yeah. He absolutely did NOT have an addiction to coffee. He only drank coffee... what? Fifteen or so times a day? He could stop anytime he wanted! Really!

"But this could be just perfect... if Negaduck isn't able to get the untainted supply, then I think I know of the perfect way to defeat him." And now, he looked devious as well as smug.



by [Negaduck](#) 4 months ago

Not looking as smug was the yellow and black blur being spun in wide arcs far above the building.

"YEEEEEEEEAAAAARRRRRRRRGGGGGGGH-YE-YE-YAAAAAAAARRRRRRGH!"

Eventually the sheer momentum broke his death grip on the rope, and the force sent Negaduck flying... straight into the point of one of many rooftop lasers. In one rare stroke of luck, it did not electrocute him, but crumpling a heavy metal dish with one's spine was never good for the senses.

"Uuugggh..."

And so, fortunately for Junior, Daddy was down and dazed. But he would have all of 2.3 seconds to take advantage of that.

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



by [Malicia](#) 4 months ago

"Well it certainly looks like Malicia's little monster will be moving things in our favor." Morgana agreed.

Indeed, Junior wasted no time pouncing the downed villain. There was a flurry of feathers, claws, and snarling as he latched on to Negaduck's legs and chomped down. Then like a termite to a Redwood forest he began gnawing away at whatever his little mouth could manage.

"Perhaps you'd like to change your mind about apologizing?" Malicia called up to him.



by [Negaduck](#) 4 months ago

From within the cloud of dust and feathers came many a pained yelp. Eventually, a very mauled mallard made a sprint for it, all tattered costume and high panic.

"NUH-UH-I'VE-GOT-THIS-UNDER-CONTROL!" Came the shouted reply as he zoomed into hiding.

Back pressed against the hulking base of yet another laser, Negaduck caught his breath, and retrieved something from within the folds of his jacket.

Turning the cold metal of a large pair of bolt cutters over in one hand, he prepared to peek back around the block that served as his cover.

"Once I clip the little bastard's wings..."

Not in the parental sense of limiting freedom for a child's own good. In the literal sense.

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by [DW](#) 4 months ago

"I think I'm enjoying this way more than I should," Darkwing said, watching the scene on the warehouse rooftop, still looking smug and devious.



by [Malicia](#) 4 months ago

Sighing dramatically, Malicia busied herself with inspecting her fingers, as if the the possibility of her child being mauled to death was a rather dull event.

"Knob!" Junior barked, sending a row of fireballs at the laser Negaduck had sought solace behind. The collision brought the ray to life and it began to spark and smoke from the damage incurred. The machine overloaded, sending deadly beams in every direction. The crowd below didn't budge as bolts ricocheted off the roof, bouncing into the pile of items below, hitting the kernels in the popcorn machine which exploded into fluffy white bits, and one stray beam even tore a hole straight through the center of Morgana's beehive hair-do.

Junior was soon occupied with dodging the mechanical failure, and growled in frustration.



by [Negaduck](#) 4 months ago

In a flash of light, Junior was hit. Not by the weapon, however. By a flying side-tackle from his father.

Bouncing across the roof they tumbled, until the demonling was pinned by very precise and potentially deadly hold on his neck... which was mostly hanging off the edge of the building.

What was more concerning, however, was the glint of the bolt cutters as they were raised in preparation for the final blow.

"Time you fell to Earth, little one..."

Which was when Negaduck was hit in the back and instantly turned into extra crispy fried duck.

"... o-oh right the laser ... " he wheezed, then toppled over.

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by [Malicia](#) 4 months ago

Standing over the felled villain, Junior held a single, untainted bean between his claws. He waved it inches from Negaduck's face, taunting the immobilized coffee addict. "Nyaaaah nyaaaah!" He blew a raspberry.



by [Negaduck](#) 4 months ago

Two slivers of white appeared in the charred smoking blackness as Negaduck cracked open his eyes to glare up at his darling son.

"You call that gloating?"

Stretching, testing the degree of movement and the associated degree of pain that came with a blast from 150kWs of intensified power, the taunt was brushed aside indifferently.

"You know nothing about -- **GIMME!!**"

Or not.

Whether it was the damage to his nervous system or the haze of uncaffeinated sobriety, the surprise lunge for the bean missed Junior's outstretched hand completely. The momentum did, however, carry him off the nearby edge of the roof.

From down below, there was a loud **CRUNCH** as one scorched supervillain was cushioned by landing.. in a pile of his own sharp, pointy collection of assorted weaponry.

Whenever it rained, it poured... embarrassment.

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by [Malicia](#) 4 months ago

Malicia propped her elbows up on the windowsill, watching the catastrophe unfold. "Well, it's been fun." She yawned and waved at him. "But I could use a nice hot mug of coffee. Do be sure you remove all of your stuff from the lawn within the hour, or I'm burning it all."

The gathering crowd was hooting and hollering. At this point the news trucks had arrived as well, and the entire debacle had been filmed.

"This is Webra Walters reporting live from the Warehouse District where a rather unusual lovers quarrel has unfolded between two of St. Canard's extremely dangerous supervillains". The news reporter was standing directly in front of the pile where Negaduck had landed. She motioned to the moaning, groaning body of the burnt, bruised, and blistered criminal.

"Behind me you can plainly see the aftermath, where the cruel-hearted Public Enemy One known as Negaduck has apparently broken the heart of the wrong woman, and has now lost whatever shred of dignity he ever held to begin with. Or, as the cool kids might say, 'He done got served'."

The microphone was then shoved in his face.

"Mr. Negaduck! Channel 5 wants to know: do you have any comments on this rather dramatic break-up with Miss MaCawber?"



by [Negaduck](#) 4 months ago

Goddamn media. That was exactly the sort of biased, unflattering tripe that was normally reserved for Darkwing Duck.

"I DON'T NEED HER!" Taking a bad-tempered swipe at the microphone. "NEGADUCK DOESN'T RELY ON ONE STUCK-UP HUSSY TO GET WHAT HE WANTS!"

Which was true. For free alcohol and ammunition. For a plush hide-out and hex support. Even the sating of his most filthy kinks he had managed to outsource.

But other things would prove difficult ... Mostly the coffee.

Doing his best to ignore that fact, the crumpled crook picked himself up, carefully pried a morning star out of his lower back, and gathered up his things. Biting back only a single sob at the sight of his trashed, treasured chainsaw.

On the bright side, with everything crushed by gravity and demonic revenge, it didn't take much to scoop most of it up onto his shoulders to carry the short distance to the tray of the parked monster truck.

One last glance over his shoulder to scowl at the villainess responsible. Oh he would not be forgetting this anytime soon.

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by [DW](#) 4 months ago

Darkwing looked positively triumphant. He ducked back down behind the abandoned popcorn cart. "Yes! This is PERFECT. We'll get the cure, save the city, and then we'll lure Negaduck out with the promise of coffee... and by the time that occurs, he'll probably be begging for a drink of it. We'll have him locked up and the key thrown away within a few short hours!"

He looked to Morgana. "Let's..." He noticed the gaping hole in her hair. "Err... are you... okay?"



by [Malicia](#) 4 months ago

Morgana frowned and smoothed her hair down somewhat. "Nothing a bit of gel can't fix... Eek and Squeak might find it a bit drafty in the meantime. But in any case, I think you're definitely on to something. Negaduck was looking rather desperate when he saw that coffee. I'm surprised he left it here of all places... he underestimated just how safe his belongings were in Malicia's care. I think he might have actually trusted her."

Well, that, or he was just lazy.

Malicia, meanwhile, had retreated back inside to sit in front of the television where she would spend the rest of the evening nursing a pint of Rocky Road and watching Bridget Jones' Diary.

The news crew had turned to the crowd where the tall muscular duck from earlier was handed the microphone. "Any thoughts?" Asked Webra Walters.

"Hee. Negaduck's gotta small pecker."



by [Negaduck](#) 4 months ago

At which point the thug was promptly flattened by a reversing tyre about the size of house.

"Hey Walters," shouted down Negaduck from the driver's seat. "You want to file a real report? Why don't you lot head down to the bottom of the city floodgates."

A smile with a level of viciousness that anybody with some sense could see through. But not only were these people drug-affected, they were journalists.

"I hear Justin Beaver is going to be making a surprise appearance in person there."

Seed of populist celebrity panic planted, he sped away.

It would be a miracle if St Canard was left standing after this. If ever he needed to cause utter widespread annihilation, it was now.