

by Unnatural Cuties 4 months ago

The bad part of town. Even during daylight hours, it was a dangerous place where only the bravest, toughest, most clever, and/or most evil characters dared to tread. It was, of course, at its absolute worst at night. There was no telling who could be lurking in the shadows or creeping through the dark alley ways.

Certainly, no one would expect a little girl who looked to be no more than seven to be wandering around said dark alleyways completely unattended. She went unnoticed by anyone who might have been lurking about. As a natural creature of the night and as a supernatural predator, it was easy to keep out of sight and stalk through the alleys without making a single sound.

She was hunting down someone, in particular, for questioning. Her sources told her that a certain masked mallard had been seen with a brood of demonlings... and that he had a connection of some kind with Malicia. It was definitely something that warranted investigation.

It didn't take her long to find him. She smirked a little, her fangs catching what little light there was and glinting in the dark. His back was turned, and apparently, he had not heard her approach.

"Excuse me. You are Mr. Negaduck, yes?"

by Negaduck 4 months ago

Mid-step, the caped criminal froze. Not out of fear. Out of confusion. Did he really, in the middle of a dark gloomy alleyway, just hear something cute?

Spinning around solved the mystery. It was only a child. Granted, it was a rather creepy child that could sneak up on him, but Negaduck never got the best 'vibes' from the little ones anyway. All that rabid innocence. Eeegh.

"What'd you want, kid?"

Lowering himself they were eye to eye, he smiled a patronising smile. As if he knew any other kind.

"I don't do autographs. At least, not until you're a big girl."

Straightening, he turned to continue on his way, hat tugged down over his face.

"And have had significant cosmetic surgery," added with a mutter under his breath.

Double eeegh. That fur. Those beady red eyes. She could buy a set of knockers twice as big as his head for her sweet sixteenth and he still wouldn't

touch them.

by Unnatural Cuties 4 months ago Not even a second after Negaduck had turned, the little girl had moved in a mere flicker of motion. To Normal eyes, it looked as if she had simply disappeared and reappeared directly in front of him. Her large ears gave a twitch, and she glared at him. Apparently, she had heard him muttering. She looked about as menacing as a newborn puppy.

"I am not ugly, you are ze ugly one," she said, crossing her arms. Clearly, she was not a master of comebacks. "Now, zen, Mr. Negaduck, if you are done being rude, I shall introduce myself."

She pulled out a small notepad. "I am Magdalena Sari Rubina Opaline Lorelei Reinhilde d'Racula Desmodus von und zu Batburg, an enforcer for ze Council of Mages. You may refer to me as Maggie or Officer Maggie, if it's all ze same to you. You are a Normal who has a passing familiarity vith ze supernatural, but I cannot expect you to know everyzing, so I shall give you an explanation. I am very similar to... ah, I believe you call zem... ze police? Except I am normally involved vith issues in ze supernatural community... vith few exceptions."

Explanation taken care of, she continued. "I have reason to believe you know somezing about a brood of demonlings in ze area. Your cooperation in my investigation would be much appreciated, Mr. Negaduck."

by Negaduck 4 months ago

Normal? Cooperation? Done being rude?

Did she have no idea of who he was?

From the blank stare, the disparaging brow raised, it was fair to say Negaduck had no idea who she was either, despite the explanation. That had something to do with his utter lack of caring, tied in with the fact all he heard was:

Blah blah blah I have big stupid ears and think I'm better than you blah blah blah.

"Oooh, I see." Patronisation turned up to 11. "In that case, let me show how well I cooperate with police..."

And, out of nowhere, he brought a giant spiked club down upon her fuzzy cute head.

The satisfying thing about crushing small helpless creatures, among many

aspects, was that it was so much easier to squash them completely. Like somebody who had snatched at a mosquito and was opening their hand to inspect their success, the malicious mallard slowly lifted the club off its target. Hoping that his new 'friend' was enjoying inspecting the sidewalk with her insides.

by Unnatural Cuties 4 months ago

Upon lifting the spiked club, Negaduck would discover that the bat girl was entirely unharmed. The only evidence that the spiked club had been used over her head at all was that her ears had slightly flattened, and her hair went out of place.

The bat girl hadn't even reacted to the attack.. not a flinch, not even so much as an annoyed glance. She seemed busy writing something on her notepad. She did take the time to smooth her hair back into place, and her ears eventually sprung back up.

"Hm, yes. Ze Normal newspaper here did mention somezing about you being a public enemy of ze city. Given your flashy costume, I suspect you are not shy about talking about your various exploits. You vere seen vith ze demonlings. I'd like to know vhy. It is very unusual for demon babies to respond to Normals in a manner zat doesn't result in serious bodily injury or death."

by Negaduck 4 months ago

The reappearance of an unsmooshed investigator threw him. How was that.. That wasn't even...

Recovering, determination won out over disbelief. Yes, it appeared to be a cute and indestructible nightmare. But everything had its weakness. He hadn't given up on finding it.

"I would like to know why you would like to know 'vhy'." Arms crossed defensively, he went for a stall. "I wreak havoc on the city with plagues of all sorts of things. Canines, cuttlefish, demented old ladies."

Negaduck eyed the bat coolly, like a school kid dodging questions about the smell of cigarettes and the abrupt disappearance of Mr Fluffels the Hamster.

"What's it to you?"

by Unnatural Cuties 4 months ago

Maggie looked up from her notepad, red eyes narrowing in on him. "I've already told you that I am enforcer for Council of Mages." She looked thoughtful for a moment, wondering how she could get him to cooperate. She pulled out a dark red lollipop and began sucking on it. "I have to determine

what ze threat level to zis Normal city is."

by **Negaduck 4 months ago**

"I'M a threat to this city!" He may not have had paranormal abilities, but those lungs certainly seemed superpowered.

Looming over Maggie, a low rumbling growl echoed in his throat. His patience with this game had reached its limit. Her inherent cuteness was not helping matters.

"So **WHAT** if I have entire horde of demonic hatchlings doing my bidding? So what if I've honed their instinctively evil natures and turned them loose on civilisation?"

That snarl. That savage curl of his beak. It was suddenly apparent why the demonlings had taken a shine to this violent, deranged individual.

"What're **YOU** going to do about it?"

It was rhetorical, of course. Unless the answer was 'run away very fast and repent for ever bothering your awesome Meanness'.

by **Unnatural Cuties 4 months ago**

Maggie looked up at him, lollipop stuck firmly in her mouth. She did not regard him with fear, wonder, anger, or annoyance. Much like earlier, she did not really seem to have much of a reaction at all to him looming over her and snarling. It wasn't that she didn't view him as a potential threat. Standard protocol suggested that all Normals be dealt with cautiously. The fact that vampire slayers and career monster hunters could be successful was more than proof enough that Normals were not to be underestimated just because they lacked magic or special abilities.

It was more along the lines that it really took a lot more than a snarling mallard to intimidate an enforcer of the Council of Mages. Even if the guy was covered in garlic (which would automatically make him several times more threatening to her), she would not show much more than wariness and take action to avoid harm to herself.

"Zat depends," she said, after a moment. She pulled the blood red lollipop out of her mouth and twirled the stick around in her fingers. "Because you are a Normal, zere are very, very few situations in vich I could treat you in ze same manner I would treat a non-Normal criminal."

She gave him a very serious look. It was extremely difficult for this look to make any kind of lasting impression or impact, however. She looked like a little girl who was trying to explain to her parents that her imaginary friends were real.

"Zink very carefully, Mr. Negaduck. Vere did ze demonlings come from?"

by Negaduck 4 months ago

The fact that she was failing to even acknowledge his awesome Meanness was not helping either.

In the middle of plotting what sharp weapon would be best to try on this mysteriously unsmooshable force next, Negaduck continued to ignore the majority of what the bat was blathering about with due disregard for her status.

Until that question caught him by surprise.

"What... don't you know that?" as the crook choked on a derisive snort of amusement. Geez she looked young, but you'd think an Investigator would know something about the facts of life! "They were 'summoned' in the usual way, alright?"

Pushing past her again, he made to continue his storming away again, with another grumble under his breath.

"Was actually on my way to do some more 'summoning', until you stuck your ears in my business!"

Ah, the life of a supervillain. In between prison stays and mad schemes, there was plenty of time to get your 'summon' on.

by Unnatural Cuties 4 months ago

It was as though a switch had been flicked in Maggie's head. The words "summoned" ringing in her over-sized ears. It was exactly the type of thing that the Council of Mages permitted detaining Normals for. Summoning demons from hell was definitely forbidden due to its connections to very dark magic and Beezlebub, the Prince of Darkness himself. There was no telling the sorts of consequences that could arise from this.

Maggie pulled out a pair of cuffs from her pocket. They were not Normal cuffs. These were cuffs that could hold even the strongest of non-Normals and were enchanted to prevent particularly flexible or near-intangible non-Normals from getting loose.

The next thing Negaduck would probably feel would probably be very similar to how someone being hit by a truck would feel. That was Maggie... body-slamming him into the nearest wall in the alley. "Get down. On the ground. Now! Make this easy on yourself, and don't resist." She was trying to sound strong, authoritative, and intimidating... but with her cute little girl voice, it really just sounded like she was squealing at him... like a child might squeal at another child after taking her favorite toy.

by Negaduck 4 months ago

Beak, meet mortar.

Any normal Normal, once their vision cleared again, would likely have taken notice of the broken bricks sprinkling past their indented face and taken notice of her direction. But this one.. this one was rather stubborn.

One burst of strength, one push off the wall and he was behind her. Thankfully his flair for theatrics came in handy when it involved flipping over an opponent's head.

Thankfully, Maggie was even shorter than he was.

"I don't know **WHAT** you are." Fingers were twitching for a kill now. "But you're not going to be it for much longer!"

With all intention to pin her down and wrench those adorably tiny fangs from her mouth with some pliers, he lunged.

by Unnatural Cuties 4 months ago

Maggie was a bit surprised by the sudden back-flip Negaduck pulled off. She was surprised because he probably should've been disoriented for a few more seconds, and also, as far as she knew and could recall, most Normals weren't capable of doing back-flips that well. Clearly, this was not an ordinary Normal she was dealing with. Before she could make a mental note to put herself on further guard and just as she was turning around, Negaduck was already lunging at her.

He even managed to make contact and push her slightly downward for all of three seconds before she seemed to disappear, moving too fast for him to see. In another few seconds, Negaduck would again feel like he was being slammed into by a truck, the force of which was capable of knocking him onto his back. Maggie was there, forcefully grabbing one of his arms and slapping a cuff on it; the other cuff was not yet around anything.

"STOP RESISTING!" she shouted, trying to deepen her voice, which only seemed to make her sound even less intimidating than her voice usually sounded. "Stop resisting," she repeated, for emphasis, without the deep tone of voice but still trying to sound authoritative.

by Negaduck 4 months ago

Cuffing? Him? This would not do.

Like Lemuel Gulliver himself, the growling villain stood... taking the tiny person hanging to his wrist along with him.

"Stop?" Holding his arm up so they were face to sneering face. "I haven't even started."

Promptly followed by a hearty round of swinging his law enforcing paper weight around into whatever hard surfaces were nearby. Walls, dumpsters, hobos, you name it.

Because when it came to inflicting horrific pain on police, he had all the energy in the world.

by Unnatural Cuties 4 months ago

Maggie was not a heavy person and really wasn't expecting to be swung around like some kind of rag-doll. "Vait, vait!" She tried to say, but of course, Negaduck wasn't going to listen to her... and that was something that she expected since he certainly hadn't listened to her so far. Fortunately, having the invulnerability of a vampire meant that being slammed into so many things, walls, dumpsters, and all, didn't cause her much more pain than tripping and falling on some sidewalk might a normal person. All of the swinging around, however, did make the officer VERY dizzy.

She eventually let go of the other end of the handcuff, landing on her rear.

"Ohhh..." Why was everything spinning? She tried to stand, her little legs wobbling. She took a step forward, then a step back. It was almost as though the poor little thing was drunk. She held her head. "Uggh..."

by Negaduck 4 months ago

"Poor widdle thing."

Behind her, Negaduck took a moment to enjoy the sight of her pain. Not as much pain as he would have liked, granted, but he would soon fix that.

"Let me put you out of your misery."

From within his cape came the tommy gun. Without a shred of hesitation, he put a bullet into the back of the helpless enforcer.

But she did not fall.

So he put another.

And another.

Until the magazine was totally depleted.

And still she seemed remarkably unaffected for somebody with visible holes peppering their torso.

Confused, and highly frustrated, the masked menace turned the weapon over in his hands, searching for a malfunction. "What the..?"

Had somebody switched his ammo or something? Like when the kids had filled his shotgun with nerf darts. Not. Funny.

by Unnatural Cuties 4 months ago

Maggie was still wobbling and trying to stop her world from spinning so much when she felt something hit her in the back. What she felt was probably similar to how someone would feel after being stung by a small bee... and bit by a mosquito because there was a slight itching sensation that accompanied it. Her eyes teared up a bit because for all her tough, supernatural cop attitude and despite being alive for seventy years, she still had a tendency to react to things in a child-like manner. She tried to distract herself by counting the number of bullets hitting her in the back and was surprised after she counted past six. Didn't Normal guns only have six places for bullets? Well, her knowledge of Normal weapons tended to be limited to medieval weapons and some very old-school guns.

She turned around and was hit with more bullets. In total, she had been pumped full of thirty pieces of lead. Most of them sort of just hit her and fell harmlessly to the ground, but a few did actually penetrate just a little bit. These were easily dug out, much like very thick splinters. She gathered up all the bullets and counted them again. Yep. 30. She placed them into a neat pile on top of a flat trash can lid then turned to Negaduck, her eyes still looking teary.

She might have even sniffled a little despite her best efforts to look tough and stern. Her little dress was just riddled with holes.

"You big meanie!" she shouted at him, running over and then kicking him in the shin... gently, which meant it had about half the force of having a sledgehammer slammed into his shin.

She didn't stop there. She grabbed his arm and twisted him around, slamming him against the wall again. She took his uncuffed hand and put the cuff that was dangling from his cuffed hand on it. He was now effectively in an "arrested" position. She sniffled again, accidentally, but cleared her throat and attempted to sound stern once more. It was time to read him his rights.

"You are being restrained by an enforcer from ze Council of Mages on suspicion of illegally summoning a brood of demonlings. Because zis is a non-Normal criminal act and a very severe one at zat, I am granted full permission to detain you, a Normal, as outlined in ze Enforcer's Code Book, Section C, Sub-section A, Paragraph 5a, upon which it states zat any Normal

who presents a non-Normal threat of class 4 and above is to be treated with non-Normal status and immediately restrained to prevent further threat to ze Normals. You vill not be taken into custody at zis time until your knowledge of zis non-Normal act is confirmed."

She pulled out another pair of cuffs, deciding that she probably shouldn't take any chances with this Normal. She slapped them over his ankles. "Upon confirming your knowledge of zis non-Normal act, you vill be taken into custody and put on trial to be judged by ze Council of Mages." She turned him around and looked him in the face. "Once your knowledge is confirmed, and you are to be taken into custody, you vill have ze following rights..."

The tears were gone now replaced by the adorably stern look of the variety that can only be seen on the face of a child... the kind that most people gush over regarding how cute it looks.

"You have ze right to keep your beak, snout, muzzle, mouth, mandibles, unclassified or unknown talking orifices, voicebox, and/or telepathic line of communication shut. Anyzing you say can AND vill be used against you when you're up in front of ze Council. You have a right to be treated humanely. You have ze right to a representative or representatives, a maximum of three, to come to your defense in front of ze Council of Mages. If you do not have any representatives to speak in your defense, and you vish to have one, one vill be appointed to you."

by Negaduck 4 months ago

"OW!" A shin kick, really? "**GMPH!**"

Beak didn't need to meet wall again. They had only just been introduced. Maggie, however, didn't seem to be giving him any say in that.

Dazed, his mind was too fogged to take any of what she said in. Even without a concussion, however, there would be no chance of him paying any attention.

"I don't want anything to do with this freak show!" Snarling, struggling against his bonds furiously. He caught that she was reading him his rights, and something odd about orifices, which only sought to enrage him further. Those ideals, those principles of due process and 'humane treatment'. How dare she try and force that garbage on him. It was more vomit-inducing than the image of Ammonia Pine giving a guy a... well let's not go there.

"You think your pathetic Council of Goons can stop me?" Negaduck howled. "I'll mince them into a bloody milkshake and feed it to sewer rats! I'll wipe you all from whatever miserable plane of existence I find you festering in! **I'm the greatest supervillain that this feeble world has ever KNOWN!**"

No, he did not listen at all when it came to keeping his big snout shut.

by Unnatural Cuties 4 months ago

"Whatever you zink you are, you vill most likely be sent to ze dungeon dimension for a long, long time." Maggie grabbed him by his waist and effortlessly carried him over her head. He could struggle all he wanted. He wasn't going to get free of those cuffs, and her grip was as solid as iron.

"Now, tell me vhat you know about ze summoning ritual. Vhere did you get ze information about it? A forbidden spellbook? Beezlebub? A sorceror or sorceress?"

by Negaduck 4 months ago

Now that was embarrassing. To go from an 'I am the greatest' rant to being carried like a harmless kitten.

At least it wasn't quite as embarrassing as being flung over his mate's shoulder on their way to getting amorous. Regardless, there were many roared curses, most of them unprintable.

"I'M NOT TELLING YOU ANYTHING, YOU REVOLTING RODENT!" Squirm squirm, twisting, turning. **"PUT ME DOWN OR I'LL RITUAL YOUR FACE IN!"**

Lucky the population was in the middle of fearless madness or all that yelling may have drawn some unwanted attention.

by Unnatural Cuties 4 months ago

There was a slight twitch, and Maggie's grip unconsciously got a little tighter, but she stopped just short of breaking any of his ribs. "Vell... You're STUPID. Everyone knows a bat isn't a rodent! STUPID... stupid-head." She grumbled under her breath before walking a few more steps.

"Ah, zis should be a good spot." She sucked in a deep breath and began to speak the arcane language of... pig Latin?

"Allingcay ezay Enforcervay Ivisionday ofvay ezay Ouncilcay ofvay Agesmay, Ivay eednay avay ortalpay. Officervay identificationvay umbernay 212."

A voice seemed to boom into the alley. "Ouryay allcay ashay eenbay eceivedray, Officerway Aggiemay. E'veway eparedpray away ortalpay ellspay orfay ouyay. Ustjay elltay ethay ortalpay erewhay itway eedsnay otay openway."

The other voice stopped there, and there seemed to be a strange tension in the air. There was also a sort of crackling noise. Maggie spoke again, but this time, it was ordinary Latin.

"Expositus quaesitio cella!"

A fierce wind suddenly whipped up, and there was a small fireworks-like explosion. A giant white and grey swirling portal appeared before them. She hopped into the portal with Negaduck in tow.

They were now in another dimension. A very small, empty dimension that was surrounded in white. White everywhere as far as the eye could see. There was nothing else. Maggie dropped Negaduck on the ground, none too gently.

"Velcome to ze Interrogation Room, Mr. Negaduck."

by Negaduck 4 months ago

"Wow, white. How threatening."

Sure, it was clean and dull, two things he wasn't particularly fond of. But if she wanted to get Negaduck, one of the toughest and most experienced crooks out there, to talk, she was going to have to try a little harder than clean.

"What're you going to do, bland me until I tell you the gory details?" he drawled. "If you want to know that badly, why don't you buy a few magazines? Or, I don't know, check the Internet?"

That wouldn't surprise him - these magic mooks could create a dimensional portal with Pig Latin, but they probably couldn't work out a modem.

"There are a few graphic illustrations if you know where to look."

by Unnatural Cuties 4 months ago

Maggie's expression became thoroughly puzzled at the unfamiliar word of "internet." Perhaps it was some kind of Normal code word or device or a new type of telephone? She didn't have a chance to ask about it because of his talk about graphic illustrations. It set her on edge.

"Zere is nozing in zis room to focus on or to distract you except me. I intend to use zat to my advantage if I need to." Maggie watched him a moment. "Tell me about zese graphic illustrations... is zat vhat you used to learn how to summon ze demonlings?"

by Negaduck 4 months ago

Negaduck quirked a brow at another reference to the 'summoning'. Geez, the girl liked her euphemisms.

But then again, she did look about seven so that was sort of understandable.

"I suppose you can say they gave me a few ideas." Like how to deal with breasts THAT big without being smothered to death mid-act. "But the rest was

part improvisation and part natural talent."

And practice. Lots and lots of practice.

by Unnatural Cuties 4 months ago

"Such natural talent is rare in a Normal," Maggie told him. "Where did ze illustrations come from? If there is a forbidden spellbook in a Normal city, it must be retrieved immediately. Tell me where it is."

by Negaduck 4 months ago

"Is that what this is? You don't think we 'inferior' Normals should be capable of such things?" spat he in spite. This was apparently a sore point. "That we should be prevented from mixing with your mighty magic society?"

Sitting up, Negaduck narrowed his eyes hatefully. It was all so clear now.

"There was no spellbook. I did this by myself." A moment's reflection. "Maybe with a bucket or two of blood and an iron candelabrum."

Had to be creative when it came to spanking a butt as sturdy as her's. The blood was for him.

Shaking that distracting memory away, the debauched drake returned to the point of his rant. Defiance.

"I didn't intend to end up with thirteen of the terrors. But I'm tempted to get more, just to rub your hideous faces in it."

by Unnatural Cuties 4 months ago

Maggie glared at him. "I do not care one way or another whether Normals have such talent. What I care about is how zat talent is used. Summoning demonlings is strictly forbidden. Demonlings in areas populated by Normals are a class 3 hazard. And summoning zem is a class A criminal offense... possibly class S, depending on ze type of summoning ritual." She clenched her fists when Negaduck told her that he was tempted to summon more.

"No! You vill not be summoning any more demonlings!" She stomped her feet for a moment in a tiny fit, then rushed at him. She grabbed him by the side of his head, forcing him to look at her directly. "And you are lying to me. Even if you do have natural talent, it would take years of study for you to be able to perform such a ritual without somezing to guide you along ze way. You mentioned graphic illustrations as vell. Where is ze book?"

She looked him in the eyes a few seconds, as though searching for something. Then, she frowned. "Hm. I didn't vant to have to do zis, but it seems you leave me no choice. You vill talk to me and tell me everyzing you know, Mr. Negaduck."

She placed her fingers near his eyelids and kept them pried open. Nothing happened for a couple of seconds after that, but then...

Maggie's eyes seemed to get slightly wider, shiny, and somehow sad. Her gigantic ears drooped a bit. Her lower lip started to tremble.

This was not sad puppy dog eyes or sad kitten eyes. This was beyond that. This was on a level of adorableness that few ever witnessed in their lifetime. This was a look that could probably put a diabetic in a coma. As for everyone else, well...

One way or another, there was a very high chance that they would want it to stop. The look was either too adorable for someone with even a hint of goodness in their soul to stand looking at without feeling the need to do whatever it is that the little bat girl asked... or it was so adorable that those with dark hearts would be completely and utterly repulsed by it.

There was no way she could've been anymore adorable-looking.

That is... until she tilted her head.

by Negaduck 4 months ago

The... the CUTENESS.

"No... no, no, no!" Horror building, his entire being was flooded with the urge to destroy it or get the hell away from it. "Those eyes! Those ears!"

No amount of scrambling would do. The restraints kept him from running and her grip kept him from turning away. Sweat ran down his mask. His pupils had shrunk into hysterical dots.

"I can't stand it! Stop! Please!" Wailed the mallard, trembling violently. The tilt, that was too much. "I'm **not** lying! There was no book! Speak to **her**! I didn't even want the little monsters!"

Maybe, just maybe, this would finally convince him to take family planning seriously.

by Unnatural Cuties 4 months ago

Maggie didn't let the cuteness slip, but she pondered over his words. No book. Her? Hmm, so... perhaps this "her" had made the graphic illustrations and had taught him how to do the demonling summoning ritual. She had her suspicions, but she needed to clarify.

"Who is her?" she asked, making her voice sound as cutesy as possible. As if the beyond adorable look wasn't enough.

by Negaduck 4 months ago

"How many other demonic broads are stomping around this city?!" Being traumatised didn't stop him from being smarmy. "Malicia! Malicia MaCawber!"

Now it was his turn to turn puppy eyes. Not at the maddening level that Maggie could manage, but genuinely pleading all the same.

"You gotta help me. Woman's had a hold on me for so long..." Trembling, tears pooling dramatically. "She's kicked me out now, ruined a flawless scheme of mine and I haven't even dropped a nuke on her house! I don't know what's **wrong** with me!"

Besides the usual.

"Look, I had no idea she was in heat. When I found out, I did everything I could to stop it!" With the limited range of movement the cuffs allowed, he pulled a newspaper out from the folds of his jacket. The front page featured the headline 'ROAD CAGE: CRIMINAL CONTRACEPTION SHUTS DOWN CBD', and there was a photograph of the circus that had developed around Malicia's imprisonment, plus a few of the local police enjoying some corndogs.

"But of course she had gotten her claws into me earlier and was already knocked up, wasn't she?" he reflected bitterly. "Evil, vile, heartless creature..."

Which may have been the root of the problem, in more than one manner of speaking.

Surprising, really. He had never confessed as much to himself, much less anybody else, much less a disgustingly sweet aberration of nature that worked in supernatural law enforcement. Blame it on the shock to the system she had just put him through, or the caffeine withdrawals that had begun to rack his system.

In any case, to be surrounded by nothingness hopefully meant nobody bore witness to that particularly embarrassing breakdown.

by Unnatural Cuties 4 months ago

Maggie listened to him, keeping the cute expression up, which was becoming increasingly difficult as she became a bit confused by what he was saying. She looked at the newspaper. It definitely appeared legit, and it certainly wasn't something he could make up on the fly.

"I am confiscating zis for evidence," she told him, somehow managing to shove the newspaper into her little pocket. She stopped the cute look and frowned, looking very thoughtful.

"Vait... now, you are saying ze demonlings are ze result of mating between you and Miss Malicia Macawber?" She gave him a confused look. "Vhy didn't you say so earlier? You had me believe you had summoned ze demons from ze pits of hell."

by Negaduck 4 months ago

Intense.. stare.

Had she put him through all that over a misunderstanding?

"I WASN'T BEING LITERAL!" Negaduck finally burst out. "I SUMMONED THEM WITH MY - you know what, forget it."

If she couldn't wrap her head around a euphemism, how would she wrap her head around him being direct?

A silent moment of aggravation, before his eyes slid oh so slyly back up to Maggie's.

"So... knocking up a batshit crazy duckubus with a flock of filthy hellspawn isn't illegal?"

Nevermind whether it should have been.

by Unnatural Cuties 4 months ago

Maggie met the intense stare with a blank look. Well, she supposed she shouldn't have expected the Normal to know better about using "summoning" as a euphemism for a mating ritual. She listened to him describe Malicia and raised an eyebrow, particularly at the "batshit" part.

"Ze vords politically correct mean nozing to you, hm?" She removed her hands from his head and resumed her usual stern, serious business expression.

"Impregnating a demoness is not illegal, no. Giving birth to demonlings also isn't illegal in and of itself. Ze illegal part is hatching demonling eggs in a Normal city, and zen raising zem zere. If Miss Macawber had hatched zem in a monster town and raised zem zere, zere vould be no issues vhatsoever."

And then, the bat girl seemed to look unhappy about the fact that there was no reason to continue keeping the masked mallard restrained and in the interrogation room. "If you vere not a Normal, you vould be held equally responsible for ze illegal act zat Miss Malicia Macawber committed. Since you ARE a Normal, however, you are not generally subject to ze same rules and laws zat zose in monster society are. Zerefore, ze blame vill fall solely on Miss Malicia Macawber's shoulders. This also means zat I can no longer legally detain you. You vill be set free."

by Negaduck 4 months ago

The promise of hardly-deserved freedom, or the wankery of political correctness, may have drawn some comment from him, but the devilish gears were already turning.

"On her shoulders, hey?" In smoothness that was a total contrast to the emotional outburst not a minute before. "Well, that seems hardly fair..."

Anybody who knew the slightest about him knew that Negaduck and fair did not go together. But she was so new to his world, wasn't she...?

"I don't suppose... you would consider lessening her punishment, if I told you where she was hiding the kiddies?"

You know, for the good of the children. Because that's what he was all about.

by Unnatural Cuties 4 months ago

Maggie was new to Normal society, true... but unsurprisingly, the way criminals acted in each society was not all that different. Apparently, the way hardened "cops" acted in each society was not all that different, either. Maggie's instincts were telling her that the masked mallard was up to something.

"First of all, I do not decide on punishments. I am an enforcer. Ze Council of Mages decides on punishment. Ze most I could do is put in a good vord and report on cooperation, vvhich ze Council may take into consideration and use to support a lighter sentence." Then, Maggie gave him a skeptical look.

"Second of all... vwhy do you vant to help ze evil, vile, heartless, batshit crazy duckubus?"

by Negaduck 4 months ago

"Because she's **my** evil, vile, heartless, batshit crazy duckubus," he bristled believably, as if irritated to be forced into another 'confession'. "And how can I punish her properly for what she's done if you lot have her locked away somewhere?"

Oh how indeed.

"Besides..." Suddenly his voice went softer, his manner warier. "I'd never tell anybody else this, but there are just some things children should never be exposed to, right? Hell, I want them evil, not demented..."

Come on, you balloon-eared bitch. Take the hook.

by Unnatural Cuties 4 months ago

Maggie gave him an uncertain look for a moment. The first part of what he

said seemed very... fitting, somehow, from what little she had learned about him. The second part, though? She raised an eyebrow.

"I'm not sure why you would not want me demented if you want me to follow in your footsteps, Mr. Negaduck. I am not sure exactly what you are up to, but... if you have a lead as to where a demonling or two or more may be, it would be irresponsible of me not to check it out. But first..." Maggie picked up Negaduck and moved a few steps.

There was some more Pig-Latin and some Latin there at the end... and a portal opened back up. Suddenly, they were back in the dark alley from before. Maggie set him down and pulled a key out of her pocket.

"Before I fully release you, will you tell me where you think some of the demonlings are, zen?"

by Negaduck 4 months ago

Teeth gritted. "You wisearse, I should show **YOU** demented, you..."

But the world flickered, and he remembered that threats were best made after the unpickable cuffs were off.

"Uh, right... yeah, you know her warehouse?" If she didn't before, it was all over the news now. "They're in enchanted items scattered around the place."

Thankfully spending a fair amount of time with magic users - not to mention holding a disturbing amount of bathroom video footage - meant he was reasonably familiar with their tricks. How else would he have found all the good booze?

"Mostly shiny stuff, precious gems, mirrors, bottles of 500 year old gin..." Thoughtful tilt of his head. "But I wouldn't rule out her expensive linens, or shoes, man.. watch her with the shoes, there's something wrong with how she deals with shoes. Pretty much anything she wouldn't normally let out of her sight."

A patronisingly pitying smirk.

"But to tear through all that stuff would take days, and a little Investigator like you probably doesn't have the resources..."

by Unnatural Cuties 3 months ago

Maggie wasn't fazed by Negaduck's initial outburst, but she frowned as she continued listen to him explain. "I thought I had searched the warehouse quite thoroughly earlier..." Unless... "Are there secret rooms in the warehouse?"

by Negaduck 3 months ago

"I'm assuming you didn't overlook the actual warehouse part of the warehouse?" Flat derision all the way. "It's only an entire facility full of the most dangerous combinations of modern weaponry and black magic." A pause. "And a few crates of penguin-shaped flash drives."

That's what happened when you did the re-stocking after a few too many Santana Champagnes.

Shifting in the cuffs - would she hurry up and remove them already - Negaduck sneered.

"There's some sort of cloaking spell on it. But if you can't un-magic that or whatever, I've got a few of the business cards she gives the local bruisers so they can drop by whenever they've got a face to melt or a herpes curse to spread."

What? Like that was going to get her in trouble or anything.

by Unnatural Cuties 3 months ago

"A cloaking spell? Zat can't be right, I would've been informed by a vitch scout if zere vere any indications zat such a spell might be active in zis city, and I..." She paused and suddenly remembered where she was. A Normal city. Of course... Many magic users in monster society had little to no experience with Normal technology. Furthermore, such lack of understanding of such technology meant that it could sometimes interfere with successful magic casting. Magic was a very tricky business. Really, she shouldn't have been surprised that a witch scout hadn't detected any spells of a cloaking nature.

Maggie frowned. She didn't have any magical abilities herself, but she did have a basic understanding of magic theory and knowledge about how to use certain enchanted items provided to her by the Enforcers Division of the Council of Mages. In addition, most monsters, whether magically gifted or not, usually had some means of detecting magic (it was kind of a necessity in a society where magical items and dangers were commonplace). Some monsters just had a sort of sixth sense when it came to sensing magic, some could actually see into the "magic spectrum" and were particularly good at discovering ley lines. For vampires like herself and for werewolves, a heightened sense of smell allowed them to literally sniff out magic.

But even a monster's magical detecting abilities could be thrown off track. A few strategically placed pieces of silver would be more than enough to interfere with a vampire and werewolf's magic detection, for instance. There was also the fact that the blood from the bunny rabbit heads had been an enormous distraction to her. The scent of blood tended to override every other scent, especially for a vampire.

Maggie's pause only lasted for a few seconds before her eyes narrowed slightly. If Malicia really was stockpiling Normal weapons that had been enchanted with black magic (and selling them to Normals... Normals who were almost entirely ignorant of the dangers of dealing with black magic), then this case had just become even more dangerous. Given what she knew from Malicia's file, it seemed unlikely that the black magic enchanting the weapons would be of the class S or A variety. Class B was possible; Class C was the likeliest. Lesser black magic... But black magic was black magic and still strictly forbidden and extremely dangerous to deal with.

"Getting a team of magical enforcers together to 'un-magic' as you say the cloaking spell could take quite awhile. The paperwork alone would take one whole night to fill, and a week to process. If you have a card that will allow access to the warehouse, then it could make the job easier and quicker." She would still have to report back to the Enforcers Division, of course... since the case had taken a rather sharp turn, they would need to be informed. Besides that, she would also have to have someone analyze the business card to make sure it did what the mallard told her it would do. Carelessly reading magic words on a business card of suspicious origins was a good way to get one's head exploded... or worse.

She used the key to unlock both sets of cuffs and shoved everything back into her pocket. She held a hand out for the card to be placed in.

by Negaduck 3 months ago

"Sidetracking the bureaucracy huh? I hear that." To an extent. His preference was always to tear the bureaucracy apart and feed its mangled organs to the sharks, but any undermining of authority was a step in the right direction.

The card handed over, its inscription - together with the 'Boobs, Bombs and Booze' tag line HE had recommended - was clearly otherworldly. The embossed font crackled with flame, burning to be read, in both manners of speaking.

"Don't be surprised if she's hidden the goods deep within boxes of expensive trinkets or embarrassing 'ladies items' to throw a searcher off." A shrug. "But if it means you got to wreck up the place, hey, she only brought this on herself."

Oh yes she did. So very much.

by Unnatural Cuties 3 months ago

Maggie tucked the business card into her pocket. "I will do my job... thoroughly, completely, and by the book; I do not need tips from a Normal masked criminal." Maggie gave Negaduck a slightly disapproving frown. "I will leave you now, Mr. Negaduck. Hopefully, we will not see each other again." And with that, she was gone. There one second, then gone in a blink of an eye.

by Negaduck 3 months ago

"I'm counting on it," said Negaduck to the night air.

It did occur to him that while most of the demonlings were long gone, Junior was probably still playing Mamma's Boy. That meant he had violated his usual principles on a number of levels. He had helped law enforcement. He had risked his lineage being corrupted by agents of good. And, worse still, he had risked a good supply of black market supplies in order to do so.

It also occurred to him as long as it made Malicia's life difficult, he didn't give a damn.

Spinning on his heel, he strolled off into the darkness, whistling a merry, carefree tune.