

[RP: In St. Canard, coffee drinks YOU.](#)

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(Reserved for: DW, Morgana, Negaduck))

Finally the city of St. Canard has fallen, betrayed by its greatest ally: Coffee. But in the aftermath, and with the help of Dr. Rhoda Dendron's antidote, thousands of (mostly naked) citizens are peeling themselves off the pavement, crawling out of dank holes and shaking their heads in shame and embarrassment.

Just another typical week in Calisota's biggest metropolis.

But there is one loose end left and it belongs to the cretin that started it all: Negaduck. Or, more specifically, a caffeine-deprived Negaduck that picked the wrong time to piss off his (ex) Partner in Crime.

Now Darkwing Duck, with his unusual sidekick Morgana Macawber, are ready to confront the bloodshot-eyed tyrant. Fortunately our masked hero has a plan...

by [DW](#) 3 months ago

The plan was simple. Find Negaduck, mercilessly taunt him with tainted coffee, then lock him up. And once again, the day would be saved! It was perhaps a couple of minutes of riding around on his still-white Ratcatcher before he decided to amend his plan... because if there was one thing Darkwing was good at, it was changing his strategy midway through a plan.

He wasn't going to find Negaduck. No, he didn't need to. He was sure he could make Negaduck come to him. A scene cut later... Darkwing and Morgana would be atop a tall building under a very large sign which read: Untainted Coffee- \$100 a cup. The price had to be outrageously ridiculous instead of just ridiculous... otherwise, they'd probably have ordinary citizens lining up to buy coffee which wouldn't be good considering he only had one thermos full of TAIANTED coffee. Darkwing wasn't above underhanded behavior in the name of justice.

"You see, Morgana... Negaduck, being the fiendish coffee addict that he is, won't be deterred by such an outrageous price because he'll probably figure he can just steal the coffee. He probably won't even suspect this is a trap if he's coffee-deprived enough." He leaned against one of the posts holding up the sign, grinning smugly. "Yep, yep, yeeep... This little adventure is about to come to a satisfying conclusion. Once again, good will triumph over evil!"



by [Morgana](#) 3 months ago

Morgana's lips pursed together with worry. "I certainly hope that's how it pans out... but Negaduck is also quite intelligent. Won't this seem too obvious a trap for him?"



by [DW](#) 3 months ago

Darkwing frowned a moment at Morgana's doubting of his absolutely foolproof trap. He crossed his arms. "Hmph. I'm very certain that I am much more intelligent than he is. He may look like me, but when it comes to intelligence, I far surpass him. In a battle of wits, I would win against him every single time." He gave a little smile, then, partly due to his own ego-stroking and partly for reassurance purposes.

"Besides, not only is this trap clever, but our disguises are beyond brilliant! He'll never see his inevitable capture coming." It actually wasn't bad as far as disguises went. He was wearing a brown suit with a crazy-looking neon tie. He was also wearing sunglasses over his purple mask.

So, nearly a typical cartoony disguise, then.



by [Morgana](#) 3 months ago

Morgana had also gone incognito. She had attempted to place a stylish scarf around her mountainous head of hair --Jackie O style-- which created a rather bizarre effect of what looked like a flag dangling off the back of her head. She was wearing a rather sharp-looking skirt and button-up blouse, and much like Darkwing, also had a pair of sunglasses which were so large they threatened to engulf most of her face. For the finishing touch, she was wearing bright pink nail polish and a pair of six-inch heels that made her even taller than she already was... which was to say tall enough that passing birds had to make a last-minute emergency brake lest they collide with her face.

"Well that IS true. There's no way he'll suspect it's us with these outfits."



by [Negaduck](#) 3 months ago

From the shadows behind them came a terrible sound.

An unearthly deep, guttural rumble, a growl of the undead. It was bone-chilling. It was deranged.

It was Negaduck.

As he moved towards them, like a beast creeping on all fours, it appeared Darkwing and Morgana were not the only ones not looking at all like their usual selves. The withdrawal had metamorphosed him into something else.

The usually immaculately styled costume was tattered. Feathers were all over the place. And, in case the rabid dog effect was not quite complete, he was foaming at the beak.

"... **h-hand it over...**" That husk was barely recognisable as his voice. Edging ever forward, those glazed eyes stuck on that single flask of coffee.

Looked like that intelligence was not going to be much of a worry. That said, a sick dog was still a dangerous dog. Except imagine how much more complicated it would be when Old Yeller was heavily armed.

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by [DW](#) 3 months ago

Darkwing stared at Negaduck's haggard appearance, a little shocked. He stopped himself from blowing their cover by commenting on the masked menace's state.

"Oh, look! A customer! Allow me to introduce myself, I'm, ah... Cuckoo Calvin. Right." He grinned broadly, and perhaps a tad bit nervously. "And have I got a deal for you! Yes, my high-quality, definitely not tainted by anything whatsoever coffee IS a tad pricey, buuuuut... You have dedication! I like that, and I want to offer you a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity!" Going up against the Liquidator did have its upsides, it seemed. "How about we discuss it in my little make-shift office... over coffee? First cup, free of charge." He gestured to his "office." It looked like it was made of cardboard and had the words "Office" scribbled on it. And little was perhaps understating it a bit. In reality, behind the cardboard outside was a cage big enough to fit only one person. It was the best he could do on short notice.



by [Negaduck](#) 3 months ago

As shoddy as the cage's camouflage was, Negaduck paid it no notice. That did not mean he went in it however, as he was only interested in one thing.

Snarling, he took a swipe for the thermos.

"Blaaarrrrrgggggghh!"

Which translated roughly from Coffee Zombie language into 'GIMME!'

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by [DW](#) 3 months ago

"My, aren't WE an eager customer?" Darkwing quickly pulled the thermos back to avoid the swipe Negaduck made. "I guess if you don't want to do business with us, we can just pack up our coffee and leave..." There was a little sing-song note in his voice, a definite indicator that he was thoroughly enjoying taunting his arch-nemesis.



by [Negaduck](#) 3 months ago

"RAAAARGH!"

Oh, the outrage. There were no words that could describe it. Mostly because he was incapable of much speech by this point, but anyway.

Frustration vented, Negazombie locked his crazed sights on his counterpart, ready to gnaw off his arm if that was what he had to do to get the promised beverage. Teeth bared, he pulled back and lunged ferociously at his target.

The withdrawal may have zapped his mental capacity, but unfortunately it had not affected his speed. If 'Cuckoo Calvin' got too cocky, he would inevitably be caught in the grasp of a bloodthirsty – well, generally thirsty – madman. And then there would not be much of him left to do business with.

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by [DW](#) 3 months ago

The lunge was not unexpected, but Darkwing may have underestimated the speed and ferocity of his double. Some fabric from the sleeve of his suit was torn off, and Darkwing could only give a quick yipe and scurry further backward, nearly tripping over himself (which would definitely not have been good) but getting his balance back quickly.

Well, having any kind of discussion (even a lively argument or Negaduck threatening bodily harm) with Negaduck was out of the question. But the plan could still work. He held the thermos up. "Is this what you want? The coffee? You want it?" He began making his way towards the office while he talked to Negaduck as though he were some kind of dog. "Maybe we should play a game of 'Go get it?'" He waved the thermos. "Poor Negaduck, he hasn't had any coffee, and now he's all cranky. How SAD it is that he hasn't gotten a single drop of delicious, invigorating coffee..."

He gave a big inhale. "Ah, smell that rich, tantalizing aroma..." It had probably been a mistake to do that. Something seemed to go off in Darkwing's brain because he gave a sudden pause and stood, almost frozen to the spot. He DID smell that rich, tantalizing aroma...

And it had been... what? A few hours since he had been submerged in that death trap full of coffee? He was really starting to wear down, too.... he had barely slept the past few days. He could really use a cup of coffee right about now.

He glanced at the thermos, then shook his head as though trying to clear it. No, no... he had a plan. Stick to the plan. Just throw the thermos into the cage, and it would be a done deal.

Unfortunately, Darkwing hesitated.



by [Morgana](#) 3 months ago

Oh for Pete's Sakes. This was getting ridiculous! Morgana shook her head, "Just give him the coffee, Calvin! Is it really worth losing your arm over a small profit?"

In the meantime, she was heading over to the small make-shift stand they had set up and began digging behind it... she was sure she had seen a broom earlier. She may have to start knocking a few heads if things got a little too wild.



by [Negaduck](#) 3 months ago

Oblivious to Darkwing's dilemma or Morgana's words, the caffeine starved brute closed in on the prize, growl continuing to echo in the back of his throat.

Then.. SNATCH! Taking advantage of his enemy's distraction, he succeeded in whipping the flask out of the other's hands.

Finally, he would have what every fibre of his being had been carving. The warmth of the container heated his palms and fragrance tingled his senses. Drawing back, he held it to himself greedily, jittering like a complete lunatic.

"Eeh heh.. heh heh heh heh..."

A lick of his lips, and he uprighted the thermos into his waiting beak. Soon it would all be over.

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by [DW](#) 3 months ago

And just before Negaduck could taste sweet, sweet victory (or rather tainted black coffee), the thermos was roughly tugged away from him. He couldn't quite snatch it out of Negaduck's hands... the masked menace seemed to be holding onto it like his life depended on it.

"I don't think so, pal. If you want it so badly, you're going to have to... to..." Darkwing was having difficulty trying to think clearly. What was he trying to do with the thermos again?

He WANTED to drink it, of course, but he knew that wasn't what he was supposed to do. And he still recognized that it was TAINTED coffee. He COULDN'T drink it... not unless he wanted something of a repeat from earlier. Something about throwing it somewhere...

Well, whatever it was, he needed to get the coffee away from Negaduck. "Give it back!"



by [Morgana](#) 3 months ago

Slowly, Morgana approached from behind, broom raised...

And sent it sailing down over Darkwing's head.

"Get (whack) a hold of yourself! (whack whack!)" She shouted. Really, what else could she do but try and smack some sense into him?



by [DW](#) 3 months ago

Darkwing immediately cringed upon the broom's impact with his head. He whirled around, hands still firmly gripped on the thermos. He had the most indignant and exasperated of expressions on his faces. "Morgana! What did you do THAT for? I'm the GOOD GUY, remember?!" And she hadn't really succeeded in smacking some sense into him. If anything, it smacked some of the sense out of him. Now, he could REALLY go for a cup of coffee. He was WAY too tired to be dealing with such nonsense as being smacked with a broom.



by [Negaduck](#) 3 months ago

A good guy who really should have known not to turn his back on the bad guy.

WALLOP!

And that was one full force king hit, coming down on Darkwing's skull like a tonne of pain.

Happy the coffee taunter – that was all his mind recognised him as – was clobbered into the pavement, Negaduck caught the thermos out of the air and resumed what he was doing. Gibbering with incoherent anticipation and preparing to swallow the whole thing in one go. Ah, delicious anticipation. Almost as delicious as the actual coffee would be, once he poured it down his throat...

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by [Morgana](#) 3 months ago

She took another swipe at Darkwing. "Er, Da--Calvin, you must have me confused with someone else. But our CUSTOMER here deserves the coffee, don't you think? We have MORE where it came from, remember?"

Honestly! Was caffeine really this important to Normals? If Morgana didn't know any better, she'd think it had magical properties.

It was then that Darkwing was hit from behind and Negaduck once again had the coffee. Realizing that he needed to be in the cage -- or things could get very ugly, very fast -- she swung the broom at the thermos like a bat, hoping it would connect and send the coffee sailing straight into the 'office'.



by [DW](#) 3 months ago

And with another konk on the head with a broom and Negaduck's doozy of a wallop, Darkwing was knocked senseless. He laid on the ground, staring at the stars swirling around his head and groaning in pain. "But I don't want to snatch the fly out of midair... make one of the other monks do it," he muttered dazedly.

(OOC: Apologies for the wait and the short post! Also, not to worry, Darkwing will be back on his feet soon.)



by [Negaduck](#) 3 months ago

And the thermos was indeed snatched out of midair, albeit by the most un-monklike fellow that had ever existed.

Which meant... Negaduck was finally in the cage! With the very coffee that would be his undoing! Completely unawares of their scheme!

Really, after all that effort, the good guys would be able to sit back and congratulate themselves yet again on how clever they were.

(OOC: No apologies! You'll take what you're given! DW, if you want to skip ahead of Morg to prove how clever you are, go right ahead!)

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by [Morgana](#) 3 months ago

Hurrying over, Morgana knocked aside the cardboard cutout to reveal the er, stealthily hidden trap. Leaning forward to hit the latch so that the door slammed behind Negaduck with a clang. She tried to keep a safe distance, there was no telling what he might do... he was as rabid as a werewolf with circus fleas.

With Negaduck now in place, she went to check on Darkwing. "Are you okay, Dark?" She asked the motionless lump on the ground.



by [DW](#) 3 months ago

Morgana would only receive a pained groan in response. Darkwing sat up, shaking his head. Then, he looked around. His eyes locked on the thermos in Negaduck's hands, and he growled. He stood and marched quickly to the cage, yanking the door open and stepping inside close enough so that he could get his hands on the thermos.

"I think I need this A LOT more than you do!" He tugged roughly and even went so far as to step on one of his counterpart's webbed feet as hard as he could.



by [Negaduck](#) 3 months ago

"ARRRGH!" Howling in pain and fury, the attack was enough to get him to loosen his grip on the container, but not enough to let go entirely. Refocusing his glare, Negaduck set about wrestling his precious back.

What resulted was a furious, and incredibly ridiculous, tug of war between the two identical mallards.

Deciding he had had enough, the criminal of the pair went for a low blow – a sharp kick to the other's middle. Or potentially lower, if Darkwing was having a really bad day.

Either way, it was enough to break the pest off and give him some distance. Distance to slip back out of the cage and slam it shut behind him, trapping the hero inside.

There, he could finally enjoy this long awaited moment without interruption.

Not that he was giving interruption a chance. Like a man who had been lost in the desert for thirty days, he consumed the entire contents in one long, noisy swallow. With not a drop wasted, he wiped his bill clean, satisfied.

"Aaah."

It was an immediate transformation. His feathers and costume were neater. His jabbering had stopped. And, most frighteningly, the spark of intelligence returned to his eyes.

A spark that quickly flickered to fear.

"What?!" The drug, he could feel it taking hold, slowly but surely. "Aww hell, no...!"

He fought it. He hated it, the loss of control. How could he win if he couldn't even think?

Then, suddenly, it stopped mattering so much. In fact, it stopped mattering at all.

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by [Morgana](#) 3 months ago

"**DARKWING!**" Morgana was furious now. Was the hero so weakened by his need for coffee that he was going to risk both their lives by letting Negaduck loose?

Apparently, yes.

Everything seemed to unfold far too quickly. Negaduck had the container, and suddenly he was out of the cage and draining the thermos. Meanwhile, Darkwing was back down.

Well, there was no other choice-- she would have to take matters into her own hands. Cracking her

knuckles, Morgana tore off her stealthy disguise to reveal her usual satin red dress. The sunglasses were dramatically tossed off the side of the building where they would fall 60 stories and hit some poor passerby on the head. The scarf in her hair remained however, mostly because she had forgotten about its existence.

"All right Negaduck, enough is enough!" She bellowed. "Your plan is finished! The city is recovering itself from your petty prank, and no more tainted coffee will be spread among the masses!"

Gee, she was feeling pretty good about this heroic speech of hers! Maybe she had a knack for this line of work...



by [DW](#) 3 months ago

Darkwing was having a really bad day. He was crumpled on the cage floor in the absolute WORST pain. He couldn't even lament the loss of the coffee. "That was... really... low.... even for you." Did his voice sound a little higher?



by [Negaduck](#) 3 months ago

To that dramatic, righteous speech, Negaduck... smiled contentedly?

"Sure." He shrugged. "Sounds good."

Stretching, his chill out was ruined by recognition of the weight on his shoulders. Literal weight, not guilt. No drug in the world could manage giving him the ability to feel guilt without his head caving in.

"Errgh." Reaching into his cape, he pulled out a machine gun. Not so much to wield it as to inspect it dubiously. "Geez, I carry a lot of weaponry, don't I? What am I worried about?"

And with that, he neatly de-armed himself. To the extent a pile of bombs, blades and biohazards twice his height became to accumulate. The only thing that gave him pause was a metal sphere,

"I was saving this for you guys," he informed them cordially, as if it were nothing more than a photo album or a nice bottle of wine. "Typical doomsday device, anti-tamper switches, random countdown, the works. Suppose I don't need it now, with my plan ruined and all. Might as well destroy it."

With the press of a button, the device gave an ominous beep, and he set it down in front of the pile.

"It will probably turn this city into a giant crater, but hey—" Same carefree smile. "Saves you cleaning up a lot of the mess from the last few days, right?"

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by [Morgana](#) 3 months ago

Ooooooh dear.

Spinning around to glare at Darkwing, she waved her arms wildly and shouted at the mallard. "REMIND ME AGAIN WHY YOU THOUGHT IT WAS A GOOD IDEA TO MAKE A PSYCHOTIC CRIMINAL MASTERMIND COMPLETELY FEARLESS?!"

Back to Negaduck. "Well since you don't care, would you at least be so kind as to step into the cage and stay there?" Yes, she was actually trying to appeal to his... lack of fear? She didn't know, honestly. She was just winging it.

And oh right, there appeared to be some sort of apocalyptic bomb on the ground as well.

"Hmm... maybe if I..." The spellbook was retrieved from within her head of hair and she began flipping through the pages, muttering to herself. "Maybe I can... hmm, no. Not that. But what

about..."



by [DW](#) 3 months ago

Darkwing gripped the bars and forced himself up, wincing. He was having a hard time thinking straight what with still being in pain and starting to feel very, very coffee-deprived.

"It WAS a good idea. If we had regular coffee, I would've used that!" Oh god... coffee would be sooooo good right now. He gave an absolutely pitiful whimper and rested his head against the bars.

He heard the ominous beep. Even in the state he was in, he knew that wasn't a good sound. He tried to open the cage door, but it only rattled. He frantically began searching through his costume for something to unlock the cage with. He was pretty sure he had the key.

If he was thinking straight, he would've gone right for his lockpicks. Sadly, he was not.



by [Negaduck](#) 2 months ago

Chuckling good-naturedly, which somehow was more disturbing than his best maniacal cackle, Negaduck shook his head.

"Ah, Morg, honey, you're so new to this whole 'saving the day' business, aren't you?" Cheerful tilt of the head. "Suits you though. Not that I would have ever told you as much, since the last thing I wanted was for you to realise how well you worked with him, but you win some you lose some."

Waving it off. "I digress. I can't simply go in the cage. After everything I've done, it would hardly sort out karma, would it? No, what you need is to defeat me in the most humiliating and painful manner as possible."

Without a single pause for thought, he said, "Here, let me help," and stepped off the edge.

Not a scream was heard; instead a shout fading below, "Isn't this much more satisfyinggggggggggg?"

Then, eventually, **THUD**.

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by [Morgana](#) 2 months ago

"We DID have regular coffee, or did you forget about the antidote?" Morgana added icily, before turning back to Negaduck. Boy, when this was all said and done she was going to have a few words with Darkwing about this whole case.

To Negaduck she frowned. "Well thanks, I suppose-- **WAIT WHAT ARE YOU...**" He had already walked off the edge. She winced when she heard the thud. ".....doing?" She finished weakly.

Sloowly, Morgana peered over the side of the building and called out: "Well that certainly is the more humiliating and painful route!"

She presumed the best option now would be to chase after him. There was no way a fearless Negaduck running loose in the city could end well for anyone. But her thoughts were interrupted by the beeping noise. Oh, yes. There is a bomb. Almost forgot about that.

"...D...Dark?" She eyed the ticking contraption nervously. "Help?" She pleaded.



by [DW](#) 2 months ago

Darkwing frowned at her tone. Thinking about it, he HAD forgotten about the antidote. He chalked it

up to being tired and having no coffee; otherwise, he would have never made such a stupid mistake. Darkwing Duck NEVER made stupid mistakes! Not at all. None whatsoever. Having placated his ego, he grumbled irritably at Morgana: "You should've said something earlier."

Now, what was he doing? Oh, right! His lockpicks. He pulled out a lockpick and started working on the cage's lock. It was taking him longer than usual because he had intentionally picked out a complicated lock and because he was having difficulty concentrating.

Click.

"AHA!" He shoved the cage door open and stepped through. He was just in time to hear Morgana ask for his help. "No problem, Morgana. I could disarm a bomb like this in my sleep!" He was in front of the bomb in an instant, and he parked his tail feathers on the ground. He examined the bomb carefully, not yet touching it. He discovered that it had at least a hundred different ways it could go off. It was likely there was only ONE way to disarm it. Typical Negaduck...

He would need to work on getting past the anti-tamper switches, first, before he could even get to the core of the bomb. His hands started to move towards the bomb, but he stopped short of touching it. His hands were looking kind of jittery. Odd. He wasn't THAT nervous.

Unfortunately, it seemed caffeine withdrawal was really getting to him. Not only was he getting jittery, but he was also starting to suffer from a headache that wasn't entirely residual pain leftover from what had happened earlier. "Ugggggh..." He groaned.

Darkwing glanced at Morgana, hesitating. He had pretty much reached his "receive help" limit for today... a limit which was very limited, indeed. He wasn't about to risk St. Canard being reduced to a crater, though. He held up his jittering hands. "I need steady hands." He added quickly: "Don't zap me. Get over here. I'll tell you what to do." At the very least, his expertise was going to save the day... even if he wasn't the one to physically disable the bomb.



by [Negaduck](#) 2 months ago

Meanwhile, a rather crumpled supervillain was pulling himself groggily out of a duck-shaped hole.

"N-not that humiliating," he stammered, finishing a conversation nobody else was paying attention to. "You could have thrown in a few electric shocks, a pot plant or two..."

Nonchalant twist of the wrist as if to brush that 'constructive criticism' aside.

"But it's a start."

How much easier things were when he didn't have a reputation to protect. Or a prison to avoid. No, there was something so calming about going with the tide, even if it was a tsunami of ill fate against him.

Not that he particularly wanted to stay stuck in a hole in the middle of the road. Gritting his teeth, he gripped the asphalt with his fingers as best he could, and continued hauling himself out.

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by [Morgana](#) 2 months ago

Morgana's eyelids fluttered with anxiety. "Okay then..." She squeezed in next to Darkwing, hands raised above the bomb.

Face hardened with determination, she nodded. "Let's do this, Dark."



by [DW](#) 2 months ago

Darkwing was quick and clear about instructions for disabling the many anti-tamper switches. Then, there was a precise way to remove part of a covering for the device. And then, another. And another. The device was pretty well-layered, and even just one wrong movement would be enough to set it off. Finally, they had gotten near the core, and he finished telling her how to get there.

"Now, once you've opened the core. There's going to be a lot of wires. Normally, with bombs like these, you always want to go for the red wire. But since this is Negaduck, we'll need to pull the blue wire instead." He sounded very sure of himself.

When the panel to the core was opened, however, all of the wires inside were colored black. All of them. Darkwing stared at all the black wires stupidly for a moment.

And then, he cursed.



by [Malicia](#) 2 months ago

"Fee Fi Fo Fum, I smell the blood of a caffeine addicted bum."

At the top of Negaduck's self-made hole, a pair of clawed feet were waiting for him. There, Malicia stood with matching manicured hands on her hips. The demoness shifted her weight slightly as she gazed at him through half-lidded eyes.

"My my, it appears you've finally plunged off your rather high pedestal. Sixty stories, to be exact." She added contemptuously, every syllable spoken with a purr.

Then, she conjured up a steaming hot cup of coffee and held it tightly in her hands. She made a show of leaning in to inhale the rich aroma before taking one slow sip. When her bill finally parted, she let out a loud satisfied 'ah~'.

"Well I am full. I won't be needing the rest of this." The cup was turned upside down and the near-full contents were carelessly emptied onto the pavement. The sweet, untainted liquid dripped off the edge into the hole, quickly seeping into the soil that surrounded Negaduck.



by [Morgana](#) 2 months ago

"I think I might have another idea, Dark. I really didn't want to use it but..."

Morgana buried her hands in her hair and procured an enormous bazooka.

"I... may have borrowed this from Malicia's warehouse. Just in case of an emergency."



by [Negaduck](#) 2 months ago

While a thermos full of caffeine had taken the edge off, what impulse control did Negaduck have to resist more? Like a honey badger who didn't give a \$*%, he hovered whatever spilt liquid he could reach up from the very asphalt. Unashamed by that pitiful sight, he only frowned at the coffee that had seeped into the dirt and thus beyond salvation, before turning his attention to the pourer.

"Malicia MaCawber. You mustn't be very happy with me."

The understatement of which he chose to honour by resting his elbow on the edge of the imprint and propping his chin up in his hand. That was so much more comfortable than pulling himself out of the hole before his spine had time to uncrumple.

"That's alright. I suppose I can overlook your childish behaviour when you apologise."

That was not a taunt. That was a statement of (what he presumed to be) fact. It never entered his

mind that she would do anything besides patch him up like she always did. Wouldn't that be nice, getting that pancreas out of where it was lodged in his throat?

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by [Malicia](#) 2 months ago

"APOLO--" She had begun to burst, but bit her tongue instead. Of course, this created a similar effect to a pot of water that was threatening to boil over, only to be contained by a flimsy lid. Her left eye twitched furiously.

She began again. "No. No I am not very happy with you. Seeing as you came into **my** home, proceeded to ruin **my** plan, and then humiliate me in the process. All for the sake of what? To maintain your reputation as a whore fucker?"

Malicia shook her head in disgust. "Look at you now. Perhaps if you had just left well enough alone, you would be sitting pretty on your mountain of coffee beans and money."



by [Negaduck](#) 2 months ago

"If I left well enough alone, what kind of supervillain would I be?" he explained levelly. "Really, were you that worried that Feathers Galore was superseding you somehow? Oh Mal, that's so insecure it's adorable."

The light, ill-conceived joshing at her emotional state aside, Negaduck tilted his head and resumed seriousness.

"Don't you have any idea what I would've done to her had your places been reversed?"

No, it was not like him at all to be so straight-faced. Only in a drug-induced haze would he even consider laying all his cards on the table. It made it so much harder to cheat.

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by [Malicia](#) 2 months ago

Blank stare. Okay, she didn't really have an answer for that one.

"Well our places would never be reversed, because she's not smart enough to come up with such an ingenious form of revenge. Her job isn't to think, it's to follow orders from her higher-ups." She was derailing now. "And I am NOT insecure! I could bag any man I wanted if they didn't keep mysteriously vanishing into thin air! Why, I'll have you know I met a VERY handsome Frankenduck recently, and we hit it off quite well!"



by [Negaduck](#) 2 months ago

"Yeah, I know. That was me."

Clearly nothing bad could come out of admitting this.

"Why didn't you tell me you had laser hydras in stock?" Casually crumbling bits of road edge between his fingers. "One of those would've been great for rounding up girl scouts."

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by [Malicia](#) 2 months ago

"What."

Twitch.

"WHAT."

And before another word could be said, she was down in the hole, strangling him. "YOU DRESSED UP AS AN ENFORCER AND HELPED THAT BLOODSUCKER? I'M ON THE RUN BECAUSE OF YOU! THE COUNCIL HAS IMPOUNDED MY WAREHOUSE!"



by [Negaduck](#) 2 months ago

He fought and flailed as much as was required to keep himself alive, but otherwise did not seem too perturbed.

"But -ack- on the plus side, I found these awesome massengers."

From somewhere he produced one and held it up to the side of her neck.

"Want to try?"

Whhhhhhhhhrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr.

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by [Malicia](#) 2 months ago

"I'LL TRY YOUR FACE, YOU SLIMY SON OF A BITCH!"

And so, for the first time (possibly. Hard to tell with someone as wicked as he) the Great Negaduck was beaten with a vibrating massager... which kept on vibrating as Malicia whacked it across his face and conked him over the head with it.

Well, she DID pride herself in top quality products. Good durability like that can't be found in just any old place.

Whhhrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr.



by [Negaduck](#) 2 months ago

Had he any sense left, Negaduck would have known it was about time to either flee or grovel shamelessly. But no, in complete disregard for keeping his skull uncrushed, he kept talking.

"Now Mal - OW! - I've done plenty worse things since - ARGH! - Come on honey, you know I - ACK! -"

That last sentence would never be finished, but not because the last blow sent him flying clear out of the hole. No, it was more to do with the feeling that came over him as soon as he pushed himself back up off the road. Once the daze lifted, he looked around to regard Malicia with a different expression entirely.

Stage Two.

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by [Malicia](#) 2 months ago

"Don't you 'honey' me!" She yowled. "I have NOTHING but the clothes I'm wearing! My weapons, my potions, my spell books, my... (dramatic sob) shoes. All confiscated by the Enforcers!"

She didn't notice the change in his demeanor as she stormed toward him again, arms outstretched and ready to lay another beating.

"I suppose you had something to do with Enforcer Bones never calling me back as well!"



by [Negaduck](#) 2 months ago

"I'm sorry." His usual biting sarcasm had apparently returned. "Another pack of bitches got to him first."

His usual glare, on the other hand, wasn't quite back to normal. It was hungrily running over her like a coyote eyeing a raw, dripping steak. The lust wasn't just radiating off him, it was enough to make all Love Machines in a five mile radius spontaneously combust.

"You want your own bone to slobber over? I've got one for you right here." And lunged. Not exactly Casanova smooth.

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by [Malicia](#) 2 months ago

Holy shit.

It was like hitting an invisible wall. The tantric energy radiating from him was so powerful it nearly knocked her off her feet before he managed it himself. Even her short-spent time in the Negaverse didn't hold this vigorous an effect, causing every feather on her body to stand on end. Civilizations have fallen to this type of power!

She was so dazed by the energy high she only now realized they were on the ground, rolling in what was a bizarre mixture of killing and groping.

"What, are you taking Viagra now to get that little guy up?!" She managed to taunt.



by [Negaduck](#) 2 months ago

There was a growl that indicated her joke was not appreciated, but the death groping did not stop.

"Give me ten minutes and one news crew and we'll see how long that nasty rumour of yours lasts," he rumbled into her ear while simultaneously working to hold her down by the hair. All of his blades and flails and doomsday devices were long since abandoned up on the rooftop, so he had to work with what he had. Not that was to be any relief. He was about as gentle as a blood-starved shark.

Which meant that Malicia was soon to be rendered clothesless, if that single green dress was all she had.

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by [Malicia](#) 2 months ago

Ooogh... this felt just like the time she had binged on ice cream. So delicious, and yet the overload was drowning all of her senses.

It didn't help that she had received little intimate satisfaction in the time she booted Negaduck from the warehouse. How could she when every bloody guy she sized up would mysteriously vanish afterward?

"Get off of me!" She snapped, although she obviously wasn't trying that hard to remove him, as it didn't take much to physically restrain him with her enhanced strength. It was both a mental and physical struggle to resist that titillating energy and the weight of his body on top of hers; his hands roaming her in a manner that was repulsive and exhilarating all at once. She wanted to snap his

neck. She wanted him all over her.

"You damn dirty man-slut!"



by [Negaduck](#) 2 months ago

"How stupid do you think I think you are?" the felon hissed, the hatred seeping through in stark contrast to the passion of his movements.

It appeared Malicia wasn't the only one with an inner battle over the suddenness of the situation.

"You planned this. You left me no choice but to drink the drugged stuff, then conveniently showed up when the freaken aphrodisiac effect was kicking in. Now since I'd do absolutely anything to have you—" Suppressed moan. "You were going to use the opportunity to humiliate me further, to make me beg."

Sttttrrrrrrrriipp went her dress straps as they were split with his teeth.

"I should kill you for everything you've done."

RRRrrrrrrripppppp went her panties as they were torn aside and discarded.

"Instead, I'm going to make you do the begging."

Whhhhhrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr went the.. massager.. downtown?

Now really, who didn't see that coming.

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by [Malicia](#) 2 months ago

"Believe it or not, not everything I do revolves around YOU." She ceased her wriggling for a moment. Oh, that felt nice.

"I have FAR BIGGER priorities right now." Another subtle jab at his manhood. "Like the fact a small army of Enforcers equipped with Class-A magic licenses are swarming the city trying to find me. And here I am, lying naked in the middle of downtown with a self-centered imbecile trying to-- OoOooh...." The howling moan did a swell job at explaining the rest.

Suddenly the duckubus flipped around and with all the force of a meteoroid she pinned his body to the ground beneath her. **"Enough"** Her chest was heaving and unintentionally smothering him. "I'm finished with you, remember?! As far as I'm concerned, this will be the last time we EVER see each other. Unless, of course, you're willing to ADMIT you were wrong, and that you so desperately need me back because of how clearly superior and alluring I am."

What? She couldn't NOT try to make him beg now that he'd put the idea in her head.



by [Negaduck](#) 2 months ago

How he hated the tables being turned! This time, however, Negaduck did not protest being relegated to the bottom (aka losing) position. If anything, having a face full of boob only pushed him further over the edge of lustful insanity.

"Oh darlin', you know how wrong I am."

A muffled chuckle as his fingers traced down to her most secret sensitive spots.

"Very, very wrong..."

Probably not the right 'wrong' she meant.

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by **Malicia** 2 months ago

A visible shudder ran through her body from head to tip of tail. "Nnngh... NO! BAD!" She whapped him.

"An owner doesn't reward her dog when it shits on the rug!" She growled. "Perhaps you'd do better with a choke collar."

Suddenly the sky above was eclipsed momentarily, and there was a deafening roar. Above the libidinous villains two enormous winged lizards were circling like vultures.

"Dragons!" She released Negaduck and jumped up in a frenzy, hurrying to gather her discarded clothing.



by **Negaduck** 2 months ago

"You want to bring in reptiles?" he squinted up at the creatures. "Now you're just getting freaky. Not that I'm complainin-- HEY!"

It was his turn to panic as he realised the boobs'n'ass were making a break for it. Shooting to his feet, the depraved drake made a grab for her, for her wrist, her waist, her tail, anything to slow down the escape of the target of his uncontrollable urges.

"Where do you think you're going?" in his deepest, huskiest purr. "I'm just getting started..."

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by **Malicia** 2 months ago

Clutching her dress to her bare chest, she turned to give Negaduck another smack. But one of the 'freaky' reptiles above opened its mouth and fire poured out -- kind of like Mal on an early Monday.

Letting out a yelp she dodged the barrage of flames that were hitting the pavement all around them. With Negaduck attached to her tail, he too was taken along for the ride, although his perfectly pressed black cape might have been claimed as the first victim.

Then from the sky a voice crackled loudly on a megaphone:

"Malicia Morrigan-Lillith of the Macawber Clan and her unnoteworthy accomplice: By the power vested in the Elder Council, the Enforcers place you under arrest for committing a Class A625 crime of hoarding illegal magic weaponry, releasing unregistered demonlings into Normal territory, and for the attempted murder of a Senior Officer. Place your spell-casting hands in the air where we can see them. If you resist arrest, we will exercise deadly force."

There was silence for a moment as the megaphone crackled. Then:

".....But first please put your attire back on. Please."



by [Negaduck](#) 2 months ago

You knew Negaduck had to be drugged when he did not contest 'unnoteworthy accomplice'. Or 'attempted' murder, for that matter.

There was one thing his twisted, lust-wrecked mind would not stand for, however.

"Oh no you don't!"

Stepping in front of Malicia, he boomed back at the voice, with no good sense but to be dramatic. Whether that would have been any different had he not consumed the coffee, one could only speculate.

"You want to cover up these brilliant bijongas, you'll have to find them first!"

And, before anybody could say another word or destroy more of his costume, he threw down a smoke bomb.

By the time the red cloud had cleared, the manhole cover they had dropped down would be back in place.

Assuming nobody's brilliant bijongas got stuck on the way down.

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by [Malicia](#) 2 months ago

As the smoke cleared, both dragons and Enforcers alike were left speechless. What... just happened?!

"We did NOT just get outwitted by a Normal!" One of the dragon riders bellowed. "We'll never hear the end of it from the Council!"

"Calm yourself. The demonness cannot hide from us forever. Until then, we continue searching." The lead Enforcer rumbled. And with that, the dragons took to the sky.

Meanwhile, down in the sewer Malicia pinched the bridge of her bill. "This is vile! You bring me, a lady, down into this disgusting place?!"

Oh, and thanks. I guess.

".....But my 'bijongas' are quite brilliant, aren't they?" She cupped the massive mammaries in question with her hands and gave them a squeeze.



by [Negaduck](#) 2 months ago

((Negs and Mal's escape continued at the [Bean Me Up Finale](#) blog over on my profile. DW and Morg are welcome to finish their scene here.))

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by [DW](#) 8 days ago

Darkwing gaped at the enormous bazooka Morgana had just pulled from her hair. He stuttered a moment as he tried to put words to all the thoughts racing through his head, but nothing comprehensible came out of his beak. His beak snapped shut for a moment as he eyed the bazooka. Trying to regain his composure, he coughed into his hand.

"Eh, aherm... Good, uh, thinking ahead, Morg." His eyes were still locked on the bazooka, although, every once in a while he'd glance at her hair and just couldn't help wondering what else might be in there. "What's your idea?"



by [Morgana](#) 7 days ago

"This." She pointed the bazooka on an angle and fired, launching what appeared to be a black sphere roughly the size of a tennis-ball.

Suddenly it stopped in mid-air above them, as if hitting an invisible wall. It began to churn, and the atmosphere around it seemed to swirl inward. It soon became apparent that the sphere was in fact a black hole, and it was growing in size and strength very quickly.

"Throw the bomb into it!" Morgana urged the crimefighter. "Hurry, I have to close this hole as soon as possible before it gets out of control." Indeed, a strong wind was picking up. The scarf resting over her head was torn from her hair, immediately vanishing into the black abyss.



by [DW](#) 7 days ago

Darkwing snapped out of yet another disbelieving stare at Morgana's urgent words. He picked up the bomb and chucked it into the blackhole where it was swallowed up in seconds. Unfortunately, mid-chuck, Darkwing tripped over himself and started sliding towards the blackhole. "Okay, close it! Close it! Close it!"



by [Morgana](#) 7 days ago

"Oh dear! Okay... okay...let's see here... the reversal switch issss..." She fumbled with the bazooka momentarily as Darkwing was lifted off his feet and hurdled toward the center of the vortex.

A mere millisecond before our favourite caped crime-fighter would forever be lost in another dimension, the hole suddenly snapped shut and vanished with a rather anti-climatic 'poof'.

Morgana sighed with relief. "Crisis averted."



by [DW](#) 3 months ago

Darkwing sucked in a breath just as the vortex snapped shut. He sighed in relief and wiped sweat from his brow. He stood, a bit wobbly on his feet and dusted himself off, trying to look as casual as possible.

"Yep, yep, yep. Just another night in the life of Darkwing Duck!" He gave one clap of his hands. "We work pretty good as a team. Now, we just need to..." He paused, then frowned. He looked around and then hurried over to the side of the building. "Where'd Negaduck run off to?" He groaned in frustration. "How much longer is this night going to last?" He threw up his arms, then slouched looking a bit bleary-eyed. He started searching through his clothes before pulling out a magnifying glass. "Well, he couldn't have gotten very far in the condition he was in," Darkwing muttered.

He had, of course, completely missed the dragons flying over the city.



by [Morgana](#) 3 months ago

"I suggest we start with that large Negaduck-shaped hole at the base of the building." Morgana was peering over the ledge.

"Dark." Her brow furrowed worriedly. "If Negaduck is fearless, he could be capable of anything. But that doesn't scare me half as much as what he'll be like with an increased libido."



by [DW](#) 3 months ago

Darkwing blinked and hurried back to the edge of the building. "Negaduck-shaped hole?" He had completely missed that as well. He spotted it this time due to knowing what to look for. He gave Morgana a sheepish sort of grin. "Eh heh... of course. That hole, I was just... looking at another hole, but since this one is more defined, we'll check it out."

He frowned a moment, seeing Morgana's worried expression. "Relax, Morgana. Like I said, he's not going to get very far. We'll find him before he does anything worse than make a sleazy pick-up line. Now, we haven't a moment to lose." With a swish of his cape, he headed inside the building and down the flight of stairs to get to ground level. His magnifying glass was almost immediately close to the ground, and he paced around the hole, looking for clues. "Hmmm...."

"Hmm. Coffee stains on the pavement..." He tried not to get distracted by the light scent of coffee. "Something smells like fire... and... aha! What is this?" He pulled out a pair of tweezers and grabbed a scrap of green fabric. He held it up for Morgana to see. "Three guesses who this belongs to, Morg." His eyes caught sight of another item. A... massager? A bent massager. "Hmmm." He frowned a little bit. "All right, I really do not want to recreate this particular scene in my head."

He put the magnifying glass back close to the ground and began pacing again, seeming to be following a trail. "Hmm. I know that smell anywhere. A smoke bomb... But why? It doesn't quite add up. There's something missing. Hmmm."



by [Morgana](#) 3 months ago

"So he ran into Malicia." She concluded. "But I don't see any blood. I was certain Malicia would decimate him on sight... unless she had a very good reason for holding off."



by [DW](#) 3 months ago

"No pile of ashes, either," Darkwing muttered, still pacing about. "No sign of blackened pavement. Given the coffee stain, I'd say she was trying to taunt him, blackmail him, get revenge on him possibly." He was now pacing around a manhole, trying to find more clues. "Negaduck wouldn't be trying to run or hide from that. He'd fight back. And yet, he's not here and neither is Malicia. Smoke-bomb... Were they trying to hide or run from something? I don't there's anything in this city that would make them do that." He paused. "Well, except for me, of course."