

PRELUDE

by [Unnatural Cuties](#) 11 months ago

Thanks to Lee's efforts (it wasn't a whole lot of effort but he felt it was worth it, nonetheless), Malicia was saved from further investigation... at least until the paperwork challenging the previous paperwork was finished and approved. Maggie had been rather cross with him and hadn't said a word to him when she left, but he was sure she'd get over it, eventually.

For now, it was time to celebrate. He had been rather surprised to find that the Normals had taken no notice of him... and that they appeared to be acting very unusual for Normals. Like many monsters, he didn't know much about Normal customs, and so he assumed there must have been some kind of holiday or festival going on in the city.

Whatever it was, it allowed him to walk among the Normals without comment. He found himself in a bar and ordered the best drinks in the house. The skeleton was quite surprised to discover that the alcoholic drinks Normals made were so strong, but they were very tasty, and he had no need to fear alcohol poisoning...

Which made it all the more curious that skeletons were capable of getting drunk.

Lee shambled out of the bar, the goofiest grin on his face. He hiccuped a couple of times. "Hoo boy... whatta night. Hic. Heeeeya... hey, you... Yeah, you, I'ma talking to you, buuuuuddy." He was pointing at a street lamp and stumbled over to it, nearly tripping over himself.

He giggled and threw a bony arm around it. "What's your name, friend?" The lamp post naturally said nothing.

"Ah. Strong, silent type, huh? Hic. That's fiiiine. I just... just wanted to talk to you." He held up a finger. "A minute. One minute. Okay, there's this girl, Mal... Malise...Malicia... preeetty girl. Knew her from high, hic, school,you know? And let me tell you, she's only gotten hotter over the years." He slumped against the lamp post, apparently having difficulty trying to stay upright. "So, yeah... Saw her again, business call, you know... Did I mention that? Did I mention that?"

He looked very puzzled, then shook his head. "Yeah, I'm an enforcer. You know what thaaaaaaaat is? Hic. Ah, well, don't worry about it...." He patted the lamp post. "Uhh... where was I?"

by [Negaduck](#) 11 months ago

"You were saying how hot Malicia MaCawber is."

My, that was a deep voice for a lamp. Technically speaking, it seemed to be coming from behind Officer Lee rather than from the lamp itself, but who was paying attention to details on a bright, moon-filled night such as that.

by [Unnatural Cuties](#) 11 months ago

Lee apparently didn't notice that his lamp-post friend suddenly sounded like he was behind him. He gave the lamp-post a drunken grin.

"Oh yeah... She's got curves that will make ANYONE rise from the grave..." He chuckled and elbowed the lamp-post a bit. "If you know what I mean. Eh? Eh?" He hiccuped again. "I mean, you know, don't get me wrong... I have nothing but complete and utter respect for this woman, but I don't think anyone can, hic, blame me for admiring her and wanting to make with a few boner and pleasure spells... hic."

He continued, "But you know me and my partner, Maggie... Have I told you about Maggie? Oh, don't get me started... the little old bat needs to learn there's more to life than just paperwork. ANYWAY, hic... Me and Maggie were supposed to be inspecting the warehouse for illegal stuff..." He waved his hand vaguely. "But how could I just go ahead and do that to my former classmate, huh? Besides, I think I'd rather spend my time inspecting her, instead..."

His arms suddenly shot out dramatically, as though he was trying to display the picture before the lamp-

post. "You should've seen it, hic, my friend. I'm pretty sure she's aching to jump my bones. She bent right over in front of me, that gorgeous tail all up in my eye sockets, and I thought I could see my unlife flashing before my eyes..."

by [Negaduck](#) 11 months ago

The lamp responded... with various growling noises? How strange. It sounded like an entire pack of bloodthirsty, vicious dogs.

Oh, it was a pack of bloodthirsty, vicious dogs.

And their bloodthirsty, vicious master standing there among them, looking none too pleased.

"Oh but she's not the only one who wants to 'jump your bones'..." rumbled Negaduck, the swarm of dobermans pacing around his legs, teeth bared and snarling at the skeleton. Its ghoulish nature unnerved them, but its skeletal nature taunted them; all they knew was they wanted to lock their chompers onto that.

As soon as Master gave the command...

by [Unnatural Cuties](#) 11 months ago

Even as drunk as Lee was, the sound of bloodthirsty (or rather bone-hungry) vicious dogs was unmistakable to him. And because he was drunk and unable to think clearly (which may have given him a chance to assess the situation appropriately and respond in a manner befitting an enforcer), he responded the way any ordinary supernatural skeleton would respond.

He gave a girlish scream and hugged the lamp-post. "Ah, uh... hic... nice doggies... good doggies...." He saw Negaduck for the first time and looked at him pleadingly. "Your dogs? Cute, hic, dogs. Look, uh, pal... umm... would you mind walking your dogs somewhere else? I don't really, hic, like the way they're looking at me..."

He didn't really like the way their master was looking at him, either. What was the Normal's issue?

by [Negaduck](#) 11 months ago

One ominous smile.

"I know."

The pack took that as some sort of cue and they lunged ferociously at the Enforcer, their growls tearing up the alleyway. Unrestrained, they were bone-shredding machines. They had made short work of a T-Rex; Lee was not going to pose much of a challenge.

Negaduck watched, satisfied, arms folded across his chest. No wonder doctors recommended walking the dogs as a way to de-stress.

by [Unnatural Cuties](#) 11 months ago

Lee stared in confused and drunken horror at the ominous smile. And when the dogs attacked, he let loose another girlish scream followed by:

"Bad dogs! BAD! No, ouch, hic, ouch... my ribs... give me back my leg, you lousy... OOOOOOW! Stop that, ack, my pelvis... my vertebrae..."

The dobermans did indeed make short work of poor Senior Officer Lee Bones. The experience hadn't killed him, fortunately, but it did leave him in literal pieces which would find themselves scattered about the city in a half-chewed condition. It would take a good month or so before all of him could be found and put back together again and started on the road to metaphysical and emotional recovery.

His clothes were left near the lamp-post (who hadn't done a thing to assist the enforcer), which contained many standard-issue enforcer items (including a badge and identification card), monster cologne, and a toothbrush.

by [Negaduck](#) 11 months ago

"Bone appetit, boys."

Surprisingly, none of the canines were put off their meal by this particularly horrific display of wit. Presumably they had developed a tolerance to supervillain strength puns.

As they scampered away with their respective treats, which would be gnawed on then buried in various filthy locations around the city, gratification rolled through Negaduck like a drug. Still in caffeine withdrawal, these moments of doling out cruel and unusual punishment were the only things keeping him sane.

Actually, sane was not the best choice of word.

What luck, then, to encounter some freak show talking trash about his woman. Not that he felt threatened – that was impossible with his size ego, and besides, a guy who had to rely on magic to get a boner could hardly be considered competition. But he would not put it past Malicia to drape herself over whatever loser turned up on the doorstep just to twist the knife that little bit further. To show how well she could do without him. Well, he would show her how hard it was to find rebound material when your ex-partner is a vicious, skull-crushing bastard, even when the city was drugged full of fearlessness.

Not that Officer Lee was getting as much of an explanation. Nor would anybody. No, that bewildered terror was just so much more delicious.

The pile of clothes catching his eye, Negaduck bent down for a closer look. The shiny, oddly-incriminated badge was turned over in his hands. He had seen one of those before.

"Looks like it's time to do a little inspecting of my own..."

[Supernatural FAIL](#)

Published by: [Unnatural Cuties](#) on 7th Sep 2012 | View all blogs by [Unnatural Cuties](#)

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

Maggie was waiting in front of Malicia's warehouse, not quite at the front door but still within a reasonable distance. Lee's attempt to get the investigation canceled had failed, mainly because he hadn't even made a single effort to fill out the paperwork involved.

This was mostly unsurprising, considering Lee's track record with following proper procedure. And yet, it seemed kind of off somehow, too. With all that flirting he had been doing with the suspect (ugh), it seemed like he would've at least made a half-way attempt at doing the paperwork... or even trying to pull some strings, so he wouldn't have to fill it out himself. Still, perhaps she was slightly underestimating the sheer magnitude of Lee's laziness.

Maggie continued waiting in the darkness for some time, gradually growing impatient. Lee was late. Very late. Also not surprising, especially since he'd probably be unhappy about having to face Malicia and tell her the bad news. There was protocol for this. She had another hour to go before such protocol would allow for her to start the investigation without him... after a report to her superiors about his tardiness.

Comments

42 Comments



by [Negaduck](#) 10 months ago

Eventually, her partner showed.

But it was not the one that had been causing her so much trouble. No, this was a new Enforcer. One with a green, misshapen body. A mutated skull. Silver screws through its veiny neck.

A Frankenduck.

Approaching Maggie, it stomped towards her with a vacant stare and an unnatural gait.

"Urrrrrgggh!" It introduced itself, presenting a badge.

It was amazing what a few kilos of painted latex and a naturally deep voice could do.

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



by [Unnatural Cuties](#) 10 months ago

Maggie blinked at the Frankenduck in front of her, then inspected the badge closely. It was legitimate. She eyed the silver screws at the Frankenduck's neck warily. It wasn't uncommon for screws to be made of silver or iron or copper.... she had seen a Frankenduck with screws made of gold once, which was very rare. But silver of any kind naturally put her on edge, especially since her and the Frankenduck's proximity to each other was already interfering with her senses.

"I vill forgive you for being late, if you vill forgive me for being a little rusty in ze old language of Groaning Corpses." Rustier than she previously thought... It was clear by context clues the Frankenduck had introduced himself, but it sounded like he had used the groan for "Let's dance!" That would've just been silly. She spoke slowly, so as to allow her words to sink in better. It was likely that even if he had difficulty speaking other languages, he would still be able to understand her. Difficulty speaking didn't mean difficulty comprehending.

"I vas not informed zat Lee vas being replaced. And by an Enforceling, too..." Enforceling was probably the lowest rank in the enforcers, very akin to "rookies" in the Normal world. The Frankenduck had to be new because she didn't recognize him. "I vill have to check in vith our superiors, you understand."

And before the Frankenduck could even utter a groan (of protest?), she started speaking in pig-Latin, contacting her superiors in the Enforcers Division. To her relief (and slight confusion), the voice that responded was not that of the main leader of the Enforcers (who answered directly to the Council of Mages), but the voice of a different superior who was much more timid and soft-spoken. He informed her (in pig-Latin, of course) that the Chief was in an even worse mood than usual and was not accepting calls at this time.

Maggie asked about Lee, where she was a little surprised to learn that Lee, a sociable skeleton, had not answered any of his calls, which meant at least one Council member (Lee's father) was also in a bad mood. Before she could ask about whether she had been assigned a replacement partner, the timid voice told her that they were sending her a replacement. He assured her that even though the enforcer was just out of training, he had shown a lot of promise, and everyone was sure he would be able to handle this case. Besides that, they were still short on manpower, and the Enforceling was the only one available.

Satisfied with these responses, Maggie closed communication. She didn't really relish in the idea of being saddled with an Enforceling, but at the very least, the Frankenduck wouldn't be able to pull rank on her.

"All right, Urrrrrgggh... am I saying zat right? Ah, vell, anyway, I expect you vill not engage in any risk-taking, glory-seeking behaviors and zat you vill follow my orders. As you may have learned in training, any case can turn dangerous. It is always best to exercise caution." It probably would've been an odd sight to see the little bat-girl lecturing (with a completely straight face that somehow still managed to look diabetes-inducingly adorable) a Frankenduck, but there was hardly anyone around to witness it.

[Delete](#)



by [Negaduck](#) 10 months ago

"Nnnngggghhhh..." Hah! This was easier than he had expected. Of course, it was largely down to his amazing planning and foresight to select a monster persona that would not be expected to speak.

How hard was it to lie when your vocabulary consisted entirely of groans?

Harder than he realised.

Nonetheless, with everything off to such a good start, the Normal underneath it all was roaring to go – figuratively – and could not wait for the look on Malicia's face when she realised her bony buddy had been replaced. Of course, being intimately familiar with the demoness meant there was always a danger that she would recognise him through the mask-upon-mask, but he had the utmost confidence in his mastery of disguise, even more so now the little runt of an Enforcer had bought it.

With a stiff nod to indicate his obedience, Frankenduck waited for her to lead the way, then staggered over to the front door where he helpfully pounded the door bell with one mutated arm.

Hey, those Hulk fists had come in handy for something.

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



by [Malicia](#) 10 months ago

This time, Malicia took much longer to answer the door. By this point she had come to expect that any uninvited knocking was likely that of an Enforcer, and the demoness needed a few moments to prepare: A bit of lipstick, a low-cut top, the slightest scent of perfume... If Senior Officer Lee Bones found her irresistible before, this would really get his tibias twitching.

And, of course, there was dealing with her eldest son who was perched atop the fridge in the kitchen like a Gargoyle, gnawing loudly on a bovine bone. "Get upstairs and hide in my room." She hissed to the demonling, who growled stubbornly. Malicia smacked the bone from his tiny claws. "Leave it here! Move along!"

Slowly, with a bit of mumbling and grumbling, he fluttered up the stairs and disappeared around the corner to the master bedroom. With Junior taken care of, Malicia headed down the hallway, pausing midway to admire herself in the mirror. Oh, you are gorgeous, yes you are!

Putting on her most seductive smile, she finally threw the door open. "I was hoping you'd come back." She purred. But within seconds her smile faltered and cycled through a range of emotions: Surprise, anger, disappointment, and even the slightest hint of fear.

"...Where is Officer Bones?!"

[Delete](#)



by [Unnatural Cuties](#) 10 months ago

"It is not within protocol to inform suspects of ze current locations of other enforcers," Maggie answered, trying to keep a straight face but having difficulty not looking like she had been grossed out by Malicia's display of seductiveness. "As you know, I am Magdalena Sari Rubina Opaline Lorelei Reinhilde d'Racula Desmodus von und zu Batburg, an enforcer for the Council of Mages. You may call me Maggie, zough, I would prefer Officer Maggie." It wasn't standard protocol to introduce herself every single time she encountered someone, whether that person knew who she was or not. It was just a habit, a one that was often particular to noble vampires.

"Zis is Enforceling Urrrrrgggh..." She looked uncertainly at the Frankenduck before turning her attention back to Malicia. "I can inform you zat Senior Officer Lee's attempt to overturn ze papervork requiring an investigation has failed. I can now return to giving ze investigation ze full attention zat it deserves."

[Delete](#)



by [Malicia](#) 10 months ago

Well. This wasn't good. Not one bit.

But Mal liked to think she could charm her way out of any situation. Heck, she even got a B- in her

school's Improv class. Having to think on her pointy toes came natural to her, or so she told herself.

"That's not a problem. I can see you've replaced him with someone far more handsome." The coy smile returned as she looked the Frankenstein up and down. "It is more than a pleasure to meet you, Enforceling."

Strangely enough, the demoness didn't even have to fake it. Normally the green, slightly decaying types didn't light her fire, but there was... something about this one she found oddly attractive. And already her tail was coiling itself around the green monster's misshapen legs.

"Come inside, then, and take a look at whatever it is you've deluded yourself into believing you'll find." She said to Maggie.

[Delete](#)



by [Negaduck](#) 10 months ago

The 'monster', meanwhile, had ignored her advances entirely. In fact, he had the thousand yard stare of a creature that truly was functioning on half a brain. Or a drake stubbornly tuning her out entirely so she would have no effect on him.

Because Hades knew a territorial former partner would not have appreciated the little display she had intended for Lee.

"BLAAARRRGH!" burst forth the Frankenduck, brushing her affection off.

And, moving forward, stomping one particularly sensitive demon tail under foot. Beneath huge, heavy boots. Accidentally on purpose.

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



by [Malicia](#) 10 months ago

"AYEEEEEEEE!" She screeched and fluffed up, feathers and hair splaying outwards like a terrified cat. She spent the next few moments hopping up and down in circles, blowing on her poor flattened tail.

After a few more seconds of undignified noises, she calmly recollected herself, tried to brush down her frazzled mane, and beckoned them toward the living room.

[Delete](#)



by [Unnatural Cuties](#) 10 months ago

Maggie could not help from smiling, just then, and it was taking everything she had not to giggle. A few seconds later, she managed to look serious once more. Still, she was more than a little pleased at the Frankenduck's rejection of Malicia. She was a little impressed that this Enforceling DID show some promise, although, she was still uncertain about it, given how late he had been.

She was glad he, at least, took his job seriously. "Be a little more careful where you step, Enforceling Urrrrrggh." She was pretty sure his stepping on her tail had been an accident. It was against the rules to do harm to a suspect that wasn't behaving in a hostile manner. She glanced at Malicia while they made their way to the living room. "I am very rusty in ze old language of Groaning Corpses, but I zink zat he vas telling you zat he is not interested in you. It seems he takes ze Enforcer Code very seriously."

She pulled out a copy of the business card (because, of course, she had made copies). "I do not believe you would've had time to redo a cloaking spell entirely, yes? Ve shall see how much ve can reveal, zen. As before, I vill offer again before I do zis, a chance for you to confess to any wrong-doings. It vill be noted and taken into account before ze Council and possibly reduce your sentencing, should you turn out to be guilty of such wrong-doing."

[Delete](#)



by [Negaduck](#) 10 months ago

Seemingly disfigured beak held high, Frankenduck moved into place behind the tiny Enforcer. Damn straight he wasn't interested. Even a mouldy corpse has standards.

Waiting for Maggie to be done with the procedural fairness rubbish, he cast his gaze around the living quarters under the cover of professional scrutiny. Well, she had really had let the place go, hadn't she? It was actually clean. You could barely see the blood stains in the floorboards any more. Such a shame.

Aside from that, nothing too out of the ordinary. Leaning back slightly, he could see into the kitchen. Half chewed bone on the tiles, not unusual if Malicia had those cursed cerberus mutts still running about. That was only at first glance, however. It would take a very thorough search to determine a) whether his coffee stash had gotten to, and b) whether there was any evidence of new intruders to add to his 'To Be Killed' list, not necessarily in that order of priorities.

How convenient he could snoop about with utter impunity. He didn't even have to sneak (as much as he enjoyed sneaking). Why waste time stalking your lover over the internet, when he could 'inspect' whatever the hell he wanted, and she couldn't do a thing about it!

But first, the most pressing matter. More important than flushing out any interlopers in his territory. More important than caffeine.

Revenge.

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



by [Malicia](#) 10 months ago

Standing tall, hands on her hips, she towered over the vampire with a sense of superiority.

"I told you once before, and I will tell you again: I have nothing to confess. Search the premises all you like." Malicia felt highly confident that Maggie would not find her illegal stash of magical weaponry. What better way to hide something magical than by NOT using magic? Really, it would take the mind of a Normal to find something awry.

Good thing there weren't any Normals nearby, she thought. At least, none who had enough braincells to figure out her special hiding places.

"I hope that once you've satisfied yourself, you'll vacate my property and never return. I grow extremely weary of your silly little investigation."

[Delete](#)



by [Unnatural Cuties](#) 10 months ago

"Very vell. My report will indicate zat you had your chance to confess. If zere is nozing for you to confess as you say, I vould not have any reason to continue investigating." She might have added that she would be glad when the case has concluded, and she doesn't have to deal with the demoness anymore, but that would've been unnecessary. The next words that came out of Maggie's mouth, then, were the magic words on the business card.

[Delete](#)



by [Negaduck](#) 9 months ago

With a swirl of flame and mild nausea, they were there.

And it was nothing like they were expecting.

Sure, there were plenty of crates. Stacks and stacks of crates, filling the expanse of the external warehouse.

But when Frankenduck staggered over to one and ripped off its top, all that greeted them was –

thousands of pet massagers?

Gritting his teeth, his glare slid over to Malicia. So she thought she was smart, did she? Too bad he had to rely on a vocabulary of groans or he would have told her exactly what he thought of that concept.

Not worth busting his cover though. No, he would have to go one better, and track down where the actually dangerous supplies had disappeared to. Knowing her, she had probably gone the lazy route and adapted one of his many home improvement projects. Which meant he knew exactly where to start.

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



by [Malicia](#) 9 months ago

Fortunately for Negaduck, he would be correct. Malicia had actually lost track of which hidden areas of the warehouse were pre-existing and which had been his handiwork -- he had created so many, and she suspected she only knew about half of them (the other portion were probably designed specifically to keep things hidden from HER... she never did figure out where he stashed all the Pistachio nut ice cream and chocolate yip-yaps meant for his consumption only).

And because she couldn't discriminate between the pre and post-Negaduck crawlspaces, she took a chance and just picked one. Besides, an Enforcer wouldn't know the difference.

"You'd be surprised just how many dogs in this city suffer from poor posture." Malicia smiled. "And my, such strong burly arms you have... I can see the Council got lucky when they found you." Again, the demoness was sidling up close to the Frankenduck. God, she just wanted to pinch that fine derriere of his and play with that fluffy little white tail.

Pause. Since when do Frankenducks have fluffy white tails? Oh well. All the more enticing. And while the current tail before her was nearly as stiff as its frigid owner, she was determined to get it wagging faster than the speed of light before he walked out of the building.

[Delete](#)



by [Negaduck](#) 9 months ago

Narrowing his eyes at her pitiful attempt to tempt him, Frankenduck was considering how to deliver an appropriate smack down using braindead moans, when the glint of something behind Malicia caught his eye. A switch.

Sure, it was labelled 'RELEASE POISON MONKEYS'. Blame it on his experience as a villain, but he knew better than to label switches for what they actually were. No, this switch was precisely what he was after.

The trick would be to trigger it without looking like he had known.

"BLEEERGGGH!" Using the first thing that came to hand – one of the pet massagers – he tucked it full force at the demoness, hoping to avoid her by a chainsaw's breadth and hit the switch instead. Nope, miss. So he grabbed another.

"RRRGGGH!"

And another.

And soon as many as he could throw as fast as he could throw them. Well, as fast as a Frankenduck defending his personal space could throw them.

Then, bingo!

With a whirrr, an entire side wall of the warehouse slid upwards to reveal something far more interesting than doggie relaxation aids. Something far deadlier than a pack of demonlings.

As the glint of Jars of Death Curse, zombifying artillery shells and various Weapons of Mass Distraction came to light, if there was anything the Council was lucky to have found, it was this.

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



by [Unnatural Cuties](#) 9 months ago

There was no disappointment evident on Maggie's face when they stumbled upon thousands and thousands of crates, and as she went through opening them, she discovered that many of them were filled to the brim with pet massagers. She didn't pay much attention to Malicia's flirting with the Frankenduck. She felt confident he would be able to handle things appropriately.

"Odd zat you vould cloak your varehouse for just zis..." She frowned, as she opened up another crate and searched through it. More pet massagers.

She started hearing things being thrown, and she turned just in time to witness a pet massager hit a switch labeled "RELEASE POISON MONKEYS." She braced herself to be attacked, but the side wall did not open up revealing an army of angry poisonous monkeys.

Maggie was not able to keep a straight face. Her jaw dropped a little, and she stared outright. This was bad. Definitely bad. Even with her senses dulled, she could sense magic and black magic coming off the weaponry, and she recognized a few things that were particular to monster society. She did not dawdle for long. She reached into her pockets, pulling out various magical, self-filling forms which immediately began to take an inventory of Malicia's collection of highly illegal enchanted weapons. She pulled out a pair of cuffs. "Enforceling Urrrrrgggh, ready some holy vater." She narrowed her eyes very slightly at Malicia. "Malicia Macawber, you are under arrest for the crime of possessing items illegally enchanted vith forbidden magic, a Class 1 category offense. You vould be vise to make zis easy on yourself and come quietly. If you resist, I and Enforceling Urrrrrgggh vll be forced to use force."

[Delete](#)



by [Malicia](#) 9 months ago

"**You'll** be the ones to use force?!" The voice was coming from the hidden room itself. The very moment the wall slid aside, Malicia had made a mad dash for the room. Now she was standing atop a tall wooden crate, tail flicking furiously.

"No, vampire. I do believe you're the one who is about to experience some REAL force." She slammed her foot down on the top of the crate and the side fell open with a deafening crash. Hundreds of shiny red eyes gleamed from inside, and out lumbered an enormous hydra... with lasers strapped to its many, many heads. ...What? Might as well go the whole nine yards.

Malicia herself now had an enormous cannon slung over her shoulder and pointed it at the two officers. "One more move and you'll be returning to the Council as ashes and Hydra feces." She growled.

This tense, dramatic show-down might have had more force behind it were it not for the fact that her breasts were currently vibrating: Brought to you by Negaduck's poor aim and one, very trigger-happy pet massager currently lodged in her cleavage.

[Delete](#)



by [Negaduck](#) 9 months ago

The hydra also had some sort of electromagnetic pulse energy weapon attached to it, as that was the only apparent explanation for why the Frankenduck was glaring daggers one moment, then suddenly struck down by a gushing nosebleed the next.

"Urrgghh..." Doing his best to cover the sudden fountain of fluid, the drake slumped against the

crate, groaning. His panting had to do with the thrill of battle and nothing to do with the evil temptress instigating it, wielding deadly cannons and giant, vibrating jubbies. No, that would have been weird.

With a self-pitying but also selfless gesture, he motioned to the Enforcer to go ahead. I'm fine, don't let her get away! and all that heroic garbage that good types usually did.

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



by [Unnatural Cuties](#) 9 months ago

Maggie did not pay much attention to the vibrating boobs; she was far more interested in staying alive and intact. She shot a concerned glance at the Frankenduck. She wasn't sure what had caused him to fall down like that. He was an Enforceling, though. She wouldn't be surprised if the intense situation had terrified him. It was a lot to deal with for a first case.

She did not move as Malicia requested. "You are making zings much, much vorse for yourself. I am going to guess zat you do not have a permit for zis, either." She nodded ever so slightly to the hydra. "And even if you do, you are using it for purposes beyond vhat a permit allows for. You are also threatening not just one but two enforcers for ze Council of Mages. Should you actually shoot zat zing zat you are wielding or command ze hydra to attack, you vill also be committing assault offenses. As it is, ze Council of Mages vill be informed zat you resisted arrest."

She did not move a moment longer because she was thinking about how to handle the Hydra. There were a few different ways the hydra might have ended up here. One was the old-fashioned way, but that was unlikely. Smuggling a hydra, especially in a Normal city, would've been next to impossible. Two, with sufficient ingredients, she might have actually made the creature. This, of course, would mean that it was not a REAL hydra or even really a living being. That would probably make it easier to deal with. The other way, of course, was summoning.

Summoning a hydra meant that it WAS a REAL hydra, which made it very dangerous and thus hard to deal with. Trying to send it "back from whence it came" would be a difficult task, even for someone who was a magic user. As someone who couldn't use magic, Maggie's options were more limited. She would have to rely on what she had. She was taking a chance in handling it like a summoned creature, but as she saw it, it was the most likely option.

Now.

She was fast but not as fast as she would've liked, thanks to the "silver interference." She ran to the Frankenduck and, much like a football player throws a football, she threw him to relative safety a distance away and over a bunch of crates. She moved again, fast, not wanting to stay in one spot for too long. She had reached into her pocket, pulling out a pair of glowing red dice.

"Doubles," she pleaded. She threw the dice at the hydra. The dice hit the hydra, bouncing off it quite harmlessly. The dice landed at its feet... a one and a five. Maggie growled, frustrated. She ran, closer to the hydra, then she would've liked, and picked up the dice. She was not going to quit running around anytime soon. The more difficult the target she was, the better.

[Delete](#)



by [Malicia](#) 9 months ago

"WOULD YOU SHUT YOUR HIDEOUS LITTLE MOUTH ABOUT THE GODDAMNED PERMITS?! YOU ARE BY FAR THE MOST ANNOYING INDIVIDUAL I'VE HAD THE DISPLEASURE OF KNOWING! ...and that's saying something, I've been around Darkwing Duck." She pulled the trigger and the cannon lit up and fired, but Maggie had already darted out of the way. A good thing too, because when the cannon collided with the wall behind her, a small black dimensional vortex opened up. Like a vacuum, it began swirling and sucking everything of close range inside it before blinking back out of existence.

"Where you'll be going, there won't be any paperwork to preoccupy your extremely pathetic life. Really, there isn't much of anything in a dead dimension, as I'm sure you're well aware." Malicia

added matter-of-factly, and fired again.

Meanwhile, the hydra's heads were flailing furiously and snapping at the little bat. The lasers on its back began firing at her, and one head slithered to the ground in an attempt to eat the dice.

[Delete](#)



by [Negaduck](#) 9 months ago

Thankfully Maggie had not punted him straight into the temporary black hole. That was not a pleasant experience the first time, one he certainly didn't intend to repeat.

Shaking his head clear, Frankenduck pulled himself out of a pile of massagers and wiped the last drops of blood from his bill. Peering around the crate, he took in the scene, unsure of who to back. Malicia in full, furious flight or the irritating Enforcer carrying out his revenge.

In true villainous form, he chose to deal with that moral dilemma by ignoring it. Creeping expertly to the exit, with any luck he could make it back to the living quarters. With the two females so busy battling it out, he could do some inspecting of his own.

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



by [Unnatural Cuties](#) 9 months ago

(OOC: :(... Duckverse swallowed my first post! Waaaaaaaah. It's brilliance will never see the world now!)

Maggie winced at hearing Malicia's shrieking, such was a disadvantage of having such ridiculously huge ears. Her heart raced as she darted this way and that in an effort to avoid being gobbled up by the hydra heads. Her heart nearly jumped out of her throat at the sight of the little black dimensional vortex. Black vortexes almost always meant something bad. Malicia confirmed as much when she told her that it led to a dead dimension. Dead dimensions weren't impossible to escape, just next to impossible. If she got trapped in one, there was a very good chance she would never get out.

The danger level of this case bumped up a good number of notches in her head. This was too much for an Enforceling. This was too much for her by herself. She would need at least two other officers or junior officers (one of which was a magic user) or one senior officer (a magic-user) backing her up. She called out in the direction she had thrown the Frankenduck in. "Enforceling Urrrrrgggh! If you see a chance to escape, take it immediately and call for back-up! Zat is an order!" She was unaware that the Frankenduck was already making a break for it.

As it was she was having a difficult time finding an escape route for herself, so she could find some place to hide and make an attempt at calling for back-up. She narrowly avoided being snapped up by a hydra head, only to almost run into the gaping maw of another. If she could just get rid of the hydra... She rolled the dice in her hands. "Come on, doubles," she muttered under her breath. She threw the dice at the hydra's body, being careful to avoid throwing them into a hydra's mouth. It would not be good if the dice got swallowed. The dice bounced off the body and fell to the ground: a six and a four. Maggie could've screamed in frustration.

Unfortunately, it was at that time she was struck by not just one but TWO lasers. She was unable to move while the lasers were frying her, and she had trouble remembering to move shortly after the lasers let up. She was thoroughly singed black from head to toe. It was a wonder she didn't go poof into a cartoony pile of ashes and eyeballs. The little bat girl started tearing up at the pain, unable to help herself. She even started sniffing a little. The only thing that prevented her from bawling a cartoony fountain of tears was the realization that three hydra heads were coming directly for her.

This time she did scream, not so much from fear but as part of an emotional outburst from being so overwhelmed. "LEAVE ME ALOOOOONE!" She punched one hydra head in the nose, sending it back. She kicked another one right in the neck. She was unable to turn around in time before she was snapped up by the third hydra head. It might have been the end of the little enforcer, but luckily, the hydra hadn't succeeded in swallowing her (even a vampire would be hard-pressed to survive being digested). Its mouth expanded in a variety of odd ways as its barely-an-appetizer struggled inside.

Finally, the hydra's mouth was forcefully pried open.

Maggie stood on its tongue; her short arms trembling with the effort it was taking to keep the hydra from closing its mouth. She tried to get closer to the outside so that she could jump out. Her nose wrinkled at the smell of its noxious breath. This was definitely not a good position for her to be in, especially since her dice were sitting unattended on the floor.

[Delete](#)



by [Malicia](#) 9 months ago

Malicia cackled loudly. Oh, this was nice. FINALLY things were going her way. Just watching the little bat struggle and whimper was a beautiful reward in itself.

"You couldn't leave things well enough alone, could you?" She mocked derisively. "You see, Officer, I've carved out a wonderful little niche for myself in this city, and I refuse to let a nosy prepubescent brat take all that away from me. Now, as far as I'm concerned, I haven't done anything to threaten the supernatural community and should therefore be left to my own devices. But **you** won't turn your head the other way, which means I'll simply have to get rid of it permanently."

Malicia had completely forgotten about the Enforceling, a.k.a., Negaduck, and so she took no notice of his absence. However, a tiny pair of glowing yellow eyes were following him as he began his personal inspection throughout the warehouse...

[Delete](#)



by [Negaduck](#) 9 months ago

Thought a hydra loose in a storeroom was bad? It was nothing compared to the sort of damage a crazed and determined Negaduck could unleash on designer furnishings.

"Come on, come on..." With no care for leaving evidence of his presence, tables were overturned, draws tipped over floors, metal doors of cabinets punched straight through – was that the Hulk fists or pure anger? "There's got to be something around here..."

By this point, he was willing to take anything worthwhile, even if was not what he originally came for.

Unexpectedly, in grabbing underneath the couch, he pulled out... a glowing pink orb?

"What in the squishy depths of endless stupidity is this?" It didn't seem particularly valuable, but who knew when it came to this magic stuff.

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



by [Malicia](#) 7 months ago

The orb seemed to react to his touch and exploded with a blinding flash, muting the entire room in an eerie glow.

When the possible-atomic-weapon died down again Negs would find himself holding..... his head. A perfect, full-life, full-size, feathers-and-flesh version of his head.

And to make things ten times more horrifying, the eyes popped open and it began to speak in Negaduck's low, gravelly voice.

"You're the most beautiful creature I've ever seen, I'm not worthy of your presence. Please, my Demon Queen, have pity on me and let me pleasure you..."

And out slid Negaduck's long tongue, which began to make some... very... interesting... swirling motions.

Well then. I think we can all guess the nature of this little magical trinket.

[Delete](#)



by [Unnatural Cuties](#) 7 months ago

Maggie was much too preoccupied gritting her teeth and keeping the hydra from turning her into its bite-sized snack. She continually made her way towards the exit. The other two hydra heads were watching her eagerly, just waiting for a chance to snap at her themselves. This proved helpful and unhelpful. It was unhelpful in that two hydra heads were effectively keeping her trapped inside the other hydra's mouth. It proved helpful when the lasers mounted on the hydras heads fired and went straight through the neck of the hydra that she was being trapped by. But this also proved unhelpful when the head immediately grew two back in its place.

So, now, she was back to running for her life from chomping teeth and horrible lasers while trying to pick up a pair of dice. She grabbed the dice, shook them in her hands, and didn't even bother to utter a silent plea. She threw them at the hydra.

Two five's.

Maggie did not slow down, although, she did sigh in relief. The dice glowed very brightly, then, and the light enveloped the hydra. She headed out of that particular area and away from Malicia's cannon of doom. Hide. She needed some place to hide and call for back-up. She darted through Malicia's warehouse this way and that way before shutting herself in a random room.

She immediately started muttering the usual magic code mumbo jumbo that would put her in a direct line with her superiors. She rattled off several lines of letters and numbers before being told to speak plainly. So, she took in a breath and explained the situation fully.

"Ze situation is out of control. Ve need help now!"

[Delete](#)



by [Negaduck](#) 7 months ago

In his time as a supervillain and a particularly twisted individual, Negaduck had been some pretty harrowing things. Mutants and monsters. Creations of demented scientists. Morgana MaCawber's cooking.

But this was a whole new level of horrific.

Like a hot stone, he dropped the, er, adult item and unloaded a pistol clip of ammo into the still wiggling head. A little difficult while he was trying not to look or listen to it. Thankfully, unlike most people, he had a fair amount of experience attempting to shoot something with his own face, so that itself would not add to the already generous level of nightmare fuel.

Warily, he cracked open one eye to inspect the damage. Was it dead yet?

~~~

As if to answer Maggie's plea, a portal opened not far from her. But out stepped, not the longed for back-up, but a young, skinny reptilian Ghoul in plain robes. An Enforceling.

"Sorry I'm late, I couldn't find the card, and then a pack of dobermans-- YARRGH!"

A blinding beam from the hydra cut his sentence short as it cut through the wall, and nearly took his head along with it.

Dropping to the ground, he stared up at his superior with shock.

"What's going on?!!!"

Which was the same question Maggie would likely be asking when it became apparent this was the actual replacement for Officer Bones, showing up even later than the fake one.



((Yeeeeee welcome back! If it doesn't work me bringing in the actual replacement now, let me now and I can edit him out. Just thought it would be a fun twist. I like fun.))

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



by [Malicia](#) 7 months ago

There was a deafening scream as a hundred or so heads were swallowed by the bright flash. The light left the creature dazed and confused and it began stomping around the warehouse, knocking over crates and shattering light fixtures with its winding heads. Some of the hydra's necks became entangled, and very soon the entire beast was choking itself with self-made knots.

Malicia cursed. The light had permanently blinded it; absolutely useless to her now. And with the arrival of the new Enforceling, she was outnumbered and lacking ammo; she had no way of knowing just how many Enforcers were currently on their way. Hesitantly, the villainess concluded it was time to make her escape. Officer Maggie had gone into hiding and the Frankenduck had wandered off... this was probably the best opportunity she had to slip out undetected.

But there was no time to grab the coffee, which was stashed on the opposite side of the building. She couldn't take the risk with the officers wandering about. The blind Hydra was destroying most of the remaining stockpile in the room, so there were no weapons within close reach. Malicia had not prepared for this inevitability.

And so, Malicia slipped out a nearby hole in the wall, only pausing momentarily to glance over her shoulder and survey the scene. Then she was gone.

\*\*\*

The swiss-cheesed Pleasure Toy began to melt and, slowly, reverted back to a now mushy and obviously very broken orb. Crisis averted!

Well, except for the Nega-Tongue, which had managed to become separated from the head and was still writhing on the floor like an epileptic snake.

Meanwhile, in the room Maggie was sheltering in, a fuzzy ball with wings and bright yellow eyes had joined her. Junior swooped from his nesting spot and dove at the vampire's head, claws outstretched.

"**WARGGGGgggg!ggg**" He let out a warcry; albeit awkward because his voice cracked at the end. Ah, the joys of puberty.

[Delete](#)



by [Unnatural Cuties](#) 7 months ago

"I could ask you ze same question! Where is ze back-up I asked for?" Maggie gave him a quick up-and-down glance. "Please tell me you are not ze rank I zink you are. Zis place is too dangerous for an enforceling!"

She barely had time to react before a pair of claws suddenly grasped her ears. "Arrgh!" Maggie stumbled a bit before reaching up to grab the demonling, a process which would no doubt begin a painful tug of war with her unfortunately large ears.

[Delete](#)



by [Negaduck](#) 7 months ago

"Back-up? I was sent here to cover for Officer Bones-- oh dear!"

Thinking fast, her keen-to-please accomplice jumped up and grabbed the first thing that came to hand. Being a weapons warehouse, what came to hand was a large spiked club, and he gave a mighty swing at Maggie's attacker, hoping to knock the creature off.

Given the demonling's close proximity to her face, that was bound to end well.

~~~~~  
Tucking the firearm back into his Frankenduck costume, Negaduck scrunched up his bill at the sight of the writhing tongue. How dare she take his amazing visage and turn it into such an abomination. He contemplated stepping on the thing, but the last thing he wanted was bits of what was essentially his tongue stuck in his boot tread.

"Let's see how SHE likes going through withdrawals."

Granted, his suffering was due to a deprivation of caffeine rather than sexytimes, but both were equally likely to cause populace-endangering grumpiness.

Back to the job – snooping. Noises from the outside indicated the battle in the supply warehouse was likely drawing to a close; he needed to hurry before somebody sought to track him down. Narrowing his eyes, the mallard carefully crossed the living room and proceeded to the most likely place Malicia would have stashed any goodies.

Up the stairs.

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



by [Malicia](#) 7 months ago

Junior opted to latch onto the club with his teeth and claws, tearing into it like it was a toothpick. Better than the alternate of Maggie's ears, anyway.

The demonling's fur had risen so much he looked like an adorable poof-ball with wings and a tail. Not so adorable was the utterly ear-drum shattering screeches that were echoing down every corridor of the warehouse.

The upstairs corridor of the warehouse was eerily quiet due to the absence of its mistress. It wasn't uncommon to hear Malicia singing in the shower at this time of the evening, which was enough to keep any intruder at bay. But now, the floor seemed to creak loudly and a whistling sound from somewhere down the hallway indicated a window had been left open.

Surely finding a stash of coffee would be easy as pie, right?

[Delete](#)



by [Unnatural Cuties](#) 6 months ago

Mercifully, Maggie was able to avoid a konk on the head by a club due to the demonling's enthusiastic latching onto the heavy club. Unmercifully, the shrieking of the demonling was giving her a monster-sized headache. She pulled her ears down. It was hard to concentrate on anything with that racket. One of the downsides of having such huge ears.

"Do you understand the procedure for a 1515BD?" Maggie asked the reptilian ghoul in a loud and almost obnoxiously adorable voice. 1515BD was the code for restraining young, dangerous creatures such as young dragons, young chupacabras, and young, delinquent monsters. It essentially involved harnessing the young creature up with a special, reinforced child leash.

[Delete](#)



by [Negaduck](#) 6 months ago

"Uh, sure..."

Steeling his nerve to close his eyes and concentrate for one brief moment, the Enforceling – let's call him Dave – summoned the harness. It glowed gently into life on the demonling, and slowly he set the club down to coax him off.

"Come on, lil fella... It's okay, we're all friends here..."

While kneeling so to be on the demonling's eye level was a good soothing technique, and the leash did contain some calming properties, perhaps that was slightly too close for his own good.

~~~

Speaking of getting too close for one's own good, the Frankenduck ventured in further to inspect the rooms. The sound from the breeze caught his attention, and he crept down the hallway towards it.

If that was the last room she had been in, perhaps that's where she kept the coffee? Sitting atop the bags like a beast on a nest of jewels, gloating and chuckling to herself.

That's what he would have been doing, anyway.

"Now what have we.. HERE..!" Reaching the room the noise was coming from, he flung open the door dramatically. Just in case something or someone was there.

Element of surprise and what not.

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



by [Malicia](#) 6 months ago

And within seconds, good 'ol Dave found himself being strangled to near death, followed by the leash being shoved somewhere that leashes should not ever be shoved. Unfortunately, Junior also managed to get himself tangled up in the mess as well, and quickly found himself writhing furiously just mere inches from the Enforceling's sweet, tender, pluckable eyeballs.

\*\*\*

Negaduck's dramatic door flinging was met wiiiiith... a very dark room. Also wet. And foul-smelling. Did he dare enter?

[Delete](#)



by [Negaduck](#) 6 months ago

His shoulders fell with relief and, oddly, disappointment. Negaduck had been hoping to come up against something interesting, but it was just your standard dank stink-pit.

Feeling quite at home, he wandered into the blackness, lazily slamming the door shut behind himself.

"Of course, she didn't want me to stench up the place when I was here, did she?" grumbled the mallard to himself, reaching for the light so he could better inspect the place. Had to start somewhere, may as well be the nicest room in the house.

~~~

Panting, and quite bedraggled, Dave managed a sheepish smile up at his superior from the floor.

"Eh heh... all under control..."

Although it wouldn't be for long until he had the good sense to insure his eyeballs were completely out of plucking range.

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



by [Malicia](#) 6 months ago

Unfortunately what Negaduck reached for was not a light, but a squishy tear-drop shaped mass that hung from the ceiling. Sort of like an over sized uvula, you might say.

And then it got a whole lot darker when the 'door' suddenly slammed shut from the ground up. This was quickly followed by a humid gust of rancid air, and the room began to jiggle and growl.

Oh, Negaduck. You just walked into one of the worst cartoon cliches of all time, didn't you.

[Delete](#)



by [Negaduck](#) 6 months ago

Stumbling as the 'room' shook, Negaduck so nearly tumbled down into the dark tunnel that would have been his doom. Regaining his balance, however, he scowled up at the 'roof'. No need to guess whose slobber that was.

"Chomp on me, will you? Let's see how **you** like it!"

And just like that, he tackled that dangling uvula and savaged it with his very own teeth like some sort of Duck Tyson.

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



by [Malicia](#) 6 months ago

This seemed to bring about the desired effect of a screeching whimper that echoed off the walls. The other two heads didn't respond in tandem, which answered the age-old question: If you bite the uvula of a cerberus, do all three heads feel the pain? (Well, it might have been an 'age old question' where the Macawbers came from...)

Soon, Negaduck would find thick saliva pooling around his ankles as Pringles began to salivate either in response to the pain or perhaps at the anticipation of swallowing the intruder. Either way, if you can't eat 'em, drown 'em.

[Delete](#)



by [Negaduck](#) 6 months ago

"Oh no you don't."

From behind his back he pulled out an industrial sized bottle of detergent and lobbed it into the belly of the fiery beast. Short of giving the canine's stomach a clean before paying it a visit, it was then followed by a chaser... of a crate of gummi bears?

"Remember kids," said to nobody in particular. "Only try this at home if your usual explosives supplier has cut you off."

With any luck, Pringles' digestive fluids would be hot enough to heat the potassium chlorate contained therein, creating enough of a tummy upset to set him free. There was, of course, the potential that it would just make being trapped in a giant mouth a lot more uncomfortable. Only one way to find out.

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



by [Malicia](#) 6 months ago

One major point Negaduck forgot to consider: Cerberus breathe fire. Add some bleach and candy, and well...

From somewhere deep within the belly of the beast there was a crackling noise followed by a flicker of light that became brighter as the explosion spiraled up Pringles' gullet toward the fake Frankenduck.

FIRE IN THE HOLE!

Wiping the muck off his face and tossing aside the remaining fake fist, his expression hardened.

"No need to thank me for showing you worthless morons how to do your job properly," he jeered. "Just send the cheque to 'The Duck That Got Away'."

Before there could be any protest of this particular self-description, an elbow was slammed back into the already structurally unsound building, causing the top half of the wall to crumble and collapse on a good portion of the enforcement. Under the cloud of dust and confusion, Negaduck ran for it, and escaped into the city.

Abandoning the warehouse, piles of equipment, a familiar and one feisty first-born son under the still-far-too-complacent care of Enforceling Dave.

"Awww, can we keep him?" Asked far too enthusiastically for someone having their foot gnawed.

Maggie had cause to be content, however. The case was beginning to be wrapped up, even if the culprits were not.