

[RP: Bean Me Up Finale \(We Hope\)](#)

Published by: [Negaduck](#) on 6th Oct 2012 | View all blogs by [Negaduck](#)

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Continuing from [RP: In St. Canard, coffee drinks YOU](#). Reserved for Malicia and Negaduck for the moment.

Warning: some adult language and themes.

After a close escape from the Enforcers, Negaduck and Malicia were on the run. From the Council, from the police, from Darkwing Duck, and from a thoroughly embarrassed and fed-up public. With no other options, they had taken to the sewers.

Not that it seemed all bad, to the heavily drugged and degenerate Negaduck...

Inhaling deeply, the oppressive stench of the surrounds was not the sort he usually enjoyed. It lacked real toxicity. But he was not complaining.

Not when a pair of immense bijongas were on display right in front of his beak.

Like a mallard entranced, Negaduck shuddered and licked his beak, reaching out for the demoness's assets like a particularly horny zombie. Boooooooobies...

"OooOooh yeah....~~"

Now the drake was as hot-blooded as they came, but even he usually was not so voracious as to lose track of the bigger picture, to pursue a bit of tail to the extent of risking his own objectives. Purely out of self-interest, of course; you could not allow yourself to be sidetracked when constantly surrounded by sin. That was why he was a supervillain and not a common thug.

The drug though had its own objectives, and it only appeared to be getting worse.

Comments

49 Comments



by [Malicia](#) 9 months ago

Each step he took toward her, she backed an inch away, just slightly out of reach.

"You want these do you?" She leaned forward and hunched her shoulders so that the object(s) of Negaduck's drug-induced desire were squished together tauntingly.

"It's a shame, really... if only you hadn't interfered with my smear campaign on Feathers. This would all be yours." She made a sweeping gesture across her body.

"But... perhaps I might have a moment of weakness and give in. Maybe, say, if you were to get down on your hands and knees..." Her bill parted and her fangs protruded with a sadistic smile.

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by [Negaduck](#) 9 months ago

Ah hah, but could she back away as fast as he could lunge?

Apparently so.

A few failed swipes at his target, Negaduck came to a stop, a frustrated growl rumbling at the back of his throat. Although his hungry gaze remained locked on her curves, part of his mind was screaming at him to ignore her demands. He would not lower himself to that level. He would not

degrade himself completely. He would not even dignify that her blatant manipulation with a response.

But damn, did she look good...

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by [Malicia](#) 9 months ago

"All right then..." She pouted. "It was worth a try."

To which she proceeded to turn around and bend over, making a rather intimate display of slowly putting her dress back on.

"Oh dear, it looks like I lost my panties in all the excitement~ well, I hope you don't mind. Me walking around wearing absolutely nothing underneath... so bare and vulnerable..."

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by [Negaduck](#) 9 months ago

Legs gave out.

It didn't count as begging if you were on your knees involuntarily, right?

The attempt to hug her hips to him would probably only worsen his carvings, considering what height that put him at.

"You have no idea how badly I want you..." Which would come out rather muffled if she was still bent over. "Man, the things I would not kill just to [[CENSORED]]."

What, that wasn't degrading.

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by [Malicia](#) 9 months ago

"Aww muffin." She cooed and stroked his head affectionately.

Then she dug her claws into his skull and shoved him down further, until his bill was at eye level with her feet.

"Let's test that theory shall we?" She extended one of her clawed toes and gave it a wiggle.

"Lick it."

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by [Negaduck](#) 9 months ago

Alright, that was degrading.

Never would he have tolerated being put in such a position had he been himself. While his desire for her was strong, his ego was a thousand times stronger. Really, it was amazing it didn't have its own gravitational pull.

With his libido running unchecked, however, a little lick of the tootsies didn't seem all that bad.

And so, after a second's hesitation, he complied.

At least this latest bout of humiliation was not in public.

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by [Malicia](#) 9 months ago

This moment of glory would probably be better savored had it not been for the fact that Malicia's feet were extremely ticklish.

"HAHAHA...oh god... that's AH! HAHAHAHA! That's good! Don't forget to --eehah! Lick between the toes!"

Of course balancing precariously on one foot while the other hovered mid-air in his mouth resulted in a lot of squirming and it wasn't long before she came crashing down in a fit of laughter with tears rolling down her eyes. Lying in a heap on the slick concrete, she bit her tongue to suppress more giggling.

"You're very lucky I left my cellphone back at the warehouse, otherwise I'd be taping this monumental moment in history. But just knowing it happened in a tangible reality is satisfying enough for me."

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by [Negaduck](#) 9 months ago

When she fell back, he didn't exactly stop. Just.. moved upwards.

"How about I show you real satisfaction..." With an insatiable exploration of where else she might have been ticklish.

Okay, that was much more worth savouring than toe jam.

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by [Malicia](#) 9 months ago

But his head was gripped by her hands while in mid-lick, so that he was simply wagging his tongue furiously at thin air like a heavy metal band member.

"You'll have to earn access to those areas." He was shoved backwards yet again, and she stood up to straighten herself out, readjusting her dress straps and fixing her hair.

"You have two perfectly functioning hands. Use them."

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by [Negaduck](#) 9 months ago

Like a heavy metal band member, he also did not have much patience or braincells free to decipher this one.

All he knew that the only thing he was interested in doing with his hands was effectively precluded by the fact Malicia was standing. And dressed.

Not. Happy.

"What for?"

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by [Malicia](#) 9 months ago

Malicia rolled her eyes impatiently. "The same way you would use them while reading your monthly issue of Guns 'N Grenades."

She was peering around their surroundings now, trying to get an idea of which tunnel might take them outside of the city. Unfortunately, her sense of direction was on par with her cooking and singing skills. That is to say, she couldn't navigate her way out of a paper bag let alone the complex maze that was St. Canard's underlying pipe structure.

"I think we should go this way." She motioned down the largest tunnel. "I'm certain it leads out of the central island and into the suburbs."

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by [Negaduck](#) 9 months ago

"Stuff that."

Slapping his hat back on his fuming head, Negaduck spun and proceeded back up the steel ladder to the surface.

"I'm going to see whether those dragon riders care to ride something else. The broad on the right looked doable."

And probably a thousand years old.

Desperate times called for stupid measures.

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by [Malicia](#) 9 months ago

"I think I finally understand why you're such a cold, heartless, untouchable bastard." She called after him. "Anything less and you would have died years ago from oxygen deprivation due to all the blood pumping to little Negsy down there."

Honestly! With a libido like that, how did his brain cells manage to remain intact?

"But be my guest! You seem to have forgotten the part where they think you're my accomplice and will therefore arrest you on sight. If anything, your rotting away for all of eternity in the Dungeon Dimension is rightful Karma for putting me in this mess!"

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by [Negaduck](#) 7 months ago

With those scathing comments, his progress up the ladder suddenly ceased.

A breath, a clench of teeth.

Then back down he came. Not because Malicia's logic had talked him out of it.

But because it had provided him with a new target.

With an eery steadiness and unblinking gaze locked on her figure, he seized a piece of discarded lead pipe leaning against the wall and paced towards her. If she was going to be like that, there was no reason to hold himself back. It was her fault he was doped up to the eyeballs with aphrodisiac anyway; it was fitting she faced its consequences.

Whether karma would trump her superstrength abilities, however, was not something he had fully considered.

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by [Malicia](#) 7 months ago

Brow quirked, she crossed her arms and remained glued to the spot.

"Really?" She sneered condescendingly. "You're just getting stupider by the second aren't you? Just what do you expect to accomplish with that?" She motioned at the pipe.

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by [Negaduck](#) 7 months ago

No words, just serious face.

And a blur of motion as Negaduck swung the pipe at her head. Or pretended to, anyway; it was actually a feint to distract her from the fact he had dropped to the ground to sweep her legs out from under her.

The bigger, mouthier and bitchier they are, the harder they fall.

The trick then was to collect her skull with the makeshift weapon on the way down.

Perhaps, however, that was only a pipe dream of his own.

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by [Malicia](#) 7 months ago

She fell for the ploy -- literally, as all 250-some pounds of demon booty came crashing to the ground like chopped timber. Never one to give in so easily, she made a grab for Negaduck's leg on the way down, hoping to take him with her.

"You think you can take me!?" She guffawed. "You'd fare better against the dragons!"

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by [Negaduck](#) 7 months ago

Caught, he fell flat on his back with an 'oof', like a shorter, angrier domino.

All she got for her troubles was a hate-filled glare, and Negaduck swung back into action with the pipe. Not by swinging it AT her, however; by throwing it hard at a metal grate above them.

Which snapped off and released a tsunami of muddy sewer rats down upon Malicia.

To be fair, he couldn't figure whether she was more likely to freak out or pig out. The demoness's appetite was the one thing he had learnt never to underestimate. But all that mattered was breaking free to deliver the next attack.

Not that it should have come as a surprise that he would take fighting dirty literally.

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by [Malicia](#) 6 months ago

The rats themselves didn't seem to upset her initially. That was, until dozens of tiny teeth were chomping down on her cheeks, bill, limbs, and one particular saucy furball had done a head-plant straight into her cleavage where it squirmed and kicked.

"GRAR!" She jumped and thrashed and squealed. "IYAAA! OW! EEE! OOH!" Finally, she lit up with a burst of flame and the small creatures dropped to the ground like dead, roasted, flies. Unfortunately, so did Malicia as the mix of sewer gas in the air reacted with the fire and sent her careening backward into a wall. Her skull, thick though it may be, made a sickening crack. Dazed, she slumped to the ground where winged bottles of alcohol danced around her head.

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by [Negaduck](#) 6 months ago

Which was when a hand grabbed her by the ankle and dragged her slowly towards the water's edge.

The hand, of course, belonged to a scorched Negaduck. Singed but salacious, the blast had knocked him around as well, but not enough to knock the chemically induced passion out of his system. Her own goal, therefore, would play straight into his single-minded purpose. A purpose that had complete disregard for the gritty cold of the stone underfoot, their need to escape, or exactly how

unimpressed she would be if he succeeded in tossing her into the stinky sewer sludge in order to have his way with her.

In order to destroy all possible distractions, however, he could not risk her lighting up like that again. Nevermind how likely it was to attract the Enforcers. There were just some places a drake would very much prefer to avoid third degree burns.

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by [Malicia](#) 6 months ago

"Don't make me lick your toes again..." Malicia muttered, head lolling back and forth as she was dragged. "Put down the fish bulb..."

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by [Negaduck](#) 6 months ago

--SPPPLOOOSH!!--

And in Malicia was thrown, without a fish bulb or a second thought. Even if the putrid water did shock her into consciousness, however, she would have little time to deal with it before one messed up mallard came crashing down upon her. Exactly how messed up was obvious, not in who he was or what he was trying to do – but rather in the complete indifference he had to how the sewer run-off was going to affect his cape. Really, the dry-cleaning bill would be enormous.

And so in the murky depths he wrestled her like some sort of festering swap monster. If he could pin her against the side by her throat he would have a decent chance of getting the hold on her he needed. It would have the side benefit of allowing them to breathe too, but at this stage access to oxygen was low on his list of priorities.

Talk about thinking with the wrong head.

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by [Malicia](#) 6 months ago

The water seemed to jostle her back into consciousness and her eyes fluttered open.

"Why aren't we doing this on my bed?Why does it smell like my Aunt Nasty's kitchen? The family didn't make a surprise visit, did they?"

Okay, perhaps not completely conscious. Her eyes glazed over for a moment as she seemed to recollect her thoughts. "A sewer.....really, I thought you saved this sort of weird stuff for the girls at the brothel."

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by [Negaduck](#) 6 months ago

To which the reply would be.. a balled-up snake in the bill.

Considering what else may have been floating around in the sewer, it could've been worse.

Thankfully, the reptile was mostly harmless and too stunned at its sudden predicament to strike. Instead, it froze, hoping Malicia didn't have the inclination to put those sharp canines to good use. Well, it no doubt thought to itself, this is awkward.

"Who.. needs them..." he grunted, his weight on her back pressing her against the edge. "Insatiable filthy rotten slime bucket..."

It appeared the villain was falling into a daze himself, the need had truly overtaking him. Whatever shred of control he previously held was lost. She could try exploding the place again and he would still probably keep on humping whatever ashy remains were left. The unpleasant side-effect being that he was much rougher than he ever had been... which, for him, was saying a lot.

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by [Malicia](#) 6 months ago

"Fhwaa ifff frrr pfffbwem?!" Came the muffled and enraged reply.

But before Malicia could even begin the sexy sexy process of flaying him alive with her bare teeth, she heard a noise. It was still far off, and she just barely heard it over the loud grunts and groans of the brainless mallard on top of her. Her entire body froze, and she strained to listen.

Clicka-clack. Clicka-clack. Hsssssss. Clicka-clack...

That was not the sound of the mythical St. Canard sewer alligators.

Not even sparing a moment, the demonness was back up on her feet, bolting down the dark and murky tunnel. Negaduck was still firmly attached to her and gettin' his groove on. Forget the Horizontal Cha-Cha, it was all about the Vertical Sewer Slide now.

She rounded another corner, only to find herself face-to-face with a dead end. Realizing she still had a writhing snake in her mouth, she yanked it free with one hand and used it to bludgeon her newly acquired Nega-tumor.

"THIS" Fwack! "IS ALL YOUR FAULT." Fwack! Fwack! "WE'RE GOING TO GET ARRESTED AND NEVER SEE THE LIGHT OF DAY AGAIN. ARE YOU EVEN LISTENING TO ME?"

The sharp pain to her left breast that was her nipple nearly bitten off pointed to all signs of 'no'.

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by [Negaduck](#) 6 months ago

It was like being savaged by a rapid Tasmanian Devil (of the Looney variety). There was snarling, there was biting, there was clawing. The snake got no more response from him other than this, irritatedly batted away and generally failing to dislodge him.

"UUUGGGGHHHH...!" Fingers dug mercilessly into her shoulders.

"Motherfuckinbitchtits~~GGGGGHHH!!!!!!!!!"

Panting and finally spent, his movements eased against her. The haze slowly lifted. As though he was seeing her for the first time, he stared.

"... Mal?" A quick glance down at their surroundings, the concussed reptile, and the sludge covering their feathers. "What the..? I thought you preferred I saved this sort of weird stuff for the girls at the brothel."

Despite the surprise, there was an element of triumph there. If what looked like had happened had happened, the person he had jumped in his caffeine induced frenzy was.. her. In a festering, wet sewer. From his point of view, that was hardly a punishment.

((On a side note, just found out the Tasmanian Devil was also voiced by Jim Cummings. I had no idea!))

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by [Malicia](#) 6 months ago

Malicia gripped him tightly by the neck and squeezed. Perhaps if she was lucky his eyeballs would ricochet out of his skull and distract the dragons.

"Now that you've finished what may have been the saddest display of carnal lust I've ever witnessed,

perhaps you can rub those peanut brain cells together and come up with a plan to get us out of here." She motioned to the creeping shadows in the distance indicating the cavalry was not far behind. "Otherwise you can kiss your foul fish-smelling brothels goodbye. They don't have any of those where we'll be going."

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by [Negaduck](#) 6 months ago

"Ack..!"

Once his eyeballs had finished nearly popping out of his skull, Negaduck managed to focus them enough to death glare at her in return.

"I **can't**.." Sucking in enough oxygen to convey the required amount of contempt. "If you're **strangling me**..."

Really. Who had the peanut brain now?

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by [Malicia](#) 6 months ago

"Why can't you just do things WHILE being strangled?!" Honestly, SOME PEOPLE. But she did release her grip on the mallard, allowing him to drop into the murky sewage that pooled around her legs.

"This cannot be good for my delicate flawless complexion!"

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by [Negaduck](#) 6 months ago

Quick shake to clear his head, and he was back in action.

Attention locked on a glint of steel up above. A set of water valves, normally which would have required a ladder for workmen to reach. Not that it would be a problem for one as amazing as him.

Before going for them, however, it was time to bark at Malicia. "Get your 'delicate' arse into gear already and crimp shut this pipe." Referring to the steel tube coming out of the wall behind them that was feeding into the liquid at their feet. It was about as thick as a basketball, but surely superstrength had to be good for more than beating shop attendants into submission.

Without waiting for an answer, he set about scaling the wall. With no grappling hooks or other useful gear to help him, it would have to be a case of relying on his own agility and athletic prowess. Luckily, he had plenty of that.

First, a leap half-way up the side, catching himself on the craggy edges of the brickwork. Then came the tricky bit: springing from there to snag a hold of the pipelines running across the high ceilings.

Nailed it first try. Suck on that, Bane.

From there, a bit of the old Korbut Flip to swing himself from one pipe onto the top of the highest. In place at the valve's turn handle, he looked down to check the demonness had finished with her bitching and was doing her bit.

Spider Duck, Spider Duck, blows up whatever a Spider Duck does...

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by [Malicia](#) 6 months ago

Watching him scale the wall momentarily (or more likely, watching that pert rear end of his) she set to work, grabbing a hold of the pipe and giving it a good, hard squeeze. Then she let out an audible gasp. "NO! Oh... sweet Hades, **no this cannot be!**"

Malicia raised her hand toward Negaduck as if presenting it to him, and pouted. ".....I broke a nail!" She wailed mournfully.

Which was immediately met with a snarling reply from a few feet down the tunnel, where a dragon had been alerted to the villainess' crying. The creature swung its head in her direction and bellowed, plumes of smoke rising from its scaly nostrils.

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by [Negaduck](#) 6 months ago

The deadpan scowl said it all.

Despite that, he would have followed it up with some smarmy rebuke, but the dragon's roar provided a timely reminder of their priorities. Nevermind, there would be plenty other opportunities to mock her, because he was not planning on getting locked away in a brothel-less cell any time soon.

Straining, the felon cranked the valve's handle as hard and as fast as he could. The clamped pipe below began to buckle, swelling to the size of a person, then the size of a whale. Metal groaned while the brickwork began to crumble down around it.

"Unless you want it blown all over you for the second time today, I'd get moving, sweetcheeks!"

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by [Malicia](#) 6 months ago

Glancing around helplessly in all directions, it became readily apparent to the demonness that the only direction was up. Well, not a problem. It would be a case of relying on her own agility and athletic prowess. Luckily, she had plenty of that.

First, a leap half-way up the side, catching herself on the... no nevermind. Her lumbering weight sent her face-first into the brickwork. This was not followed by any 'tricky bit' because there was no way she was going to spring effortlessly to snag hold onto the pipelines. Instead there was a lot of heavy wheezing and straining as she hung limply half-way up the wall. It was hard to get a decent grasp because her vast amounts of cleavage, pressed firmly into the wall, created a rather large distance between her body and the vertical surface. Her legs dangled helplessly, unable to catch any foothold.

With one desperate tug the bits of brick crumbled in her grasp and she fell, landing in the murky water on her back, with her arms and legs flailing wildly. It was a sad sight indeed: Like watching a beached walrus in its final feeble moments.

Slowly wrenching herself back up she decided the next course of action was to clamber onto the expanding pipe. As it rose in height, perhaps she could use it to grasp the pipes above.

Instead, the pipe burst, and the resounding pressure launched her upwards like a rocket. Or perhaps a cannonball would be more accurate.

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by [Negaduck](#) 6 months ago

Watching the shooting star, i.e. Malicia, break head first out of their understreet containment, he ordinarily would've had something to say about her literal flop of a performance.

The explosion of the flood water, however, was a more pressing matter. It had pressed the Enforcers back – he could hear howls from the dragons as they were flushed away like baby crocodiles in a giant loo – and it was pressing awfully fast up to his perch near the roof.

Spiriting along the top of the pipes, Negaduck wasted no time pulling himself up through the hole Malicia had punched, clambering to the surface.

"Oh, so now you go off like a rocket," grumbled to himself, clearly expecting her dazed form to be somewhere nearby. Odd, he had been expecting to come up in the street, but the light was too strong for that. Appeared they had resurfaced in a building; that wasn't a bad thing necessarily, it probably offered much better cover. But there was one little thing...

"... why does this place seem terribly familiar?"

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by [Malicia](#) 6 months ago

Malicia grunted in response. Her head was lodged between the metal bars of the cell they had found themselves inside -- the result of an unstoppable force meeting a (mostly) immovable object. Surely, it would only take a bit of elbow grease to free herself... but her nails. Oh, her poor poor nails.

With her butt facing him, she asked: "Where are the dragons? Are the Enforcers nearby?"

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by [Negaduck](#) 6 months ago

But they had bigger problems than Malicia's jiggling booty (and that was saying something -- hiiiyooo!)

Namely the dozen police officers on the other side of the bars with weapons drawn.

Of all the places to rocket into, she picked the city jail?!

Without a second thought -- or any attempt to pull his ex-partner in crime free -- Negaduck turned tail for the hole they had crawled out of.

"I don't know," shouted over his shoulder as he prepared to dive for it. "How about you wait around here and find out?"

Such dashing.

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by [Malicia](#) 6 months ago

She had just managed to wrench her head free with a resounding 'pop', only to realize the situation.

"WHAT ARE YOU JUST STANDING THERE FOR? SHOOT HIM!" She screeched at the cops.

Negs and Mal: The most loyal pair there ever was.

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by [DW](#) 6 months ago

There was a very small, weak puff of smoke barely enough to conceal a mouse, let alone a duck. Darkwing grumbled under his breath about needing to remember to get water-proof smoke bombs.

In any case, a moment later, Negaduck's beak would meet gas gun. Darkwing had blocked Negaduck's exit at the top of the hole, a triumphant grin on his bill. He was soaking wet head to toe, but this didn't seem to be bothering him as much as it normally would have. His outfit had been through a lot of punishment that day, but it would be well worth it if he could put an end to Negaduck and Malicia's destructive shenanigans.

"And where do you think you're going?" The smug, sing-song tone in Darkwing's voice was unmistakable.

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by [Negaduck](#) 6 months ago

Skidding to a stop, surprise quickly turned to fury.

"Out of the way, Darkwing," he spat, squaring up on the crimefighter. "I'm leaving, even if that means leaving you in tiny pieces."

Outside the cell, the police held their fire. As much as they hated Darkwing's hat, they didn't particularly want to riddle it with bullet holes, if only because the paperwork for the shooting of a civilian would be a pain. A few raised their brows at the squawking demoness and wished they'd invested in proper hearing protection, but they kept the two criminals in their sights, just in case.

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by [Morgana](#) 6 months ago

"You won't be going anywhere."

The doors to the police station were blown open by a seemingly non-existent gust of wind. Morgana glided into the room, followed by a rather wet slapping noise that heralded the arrival of two Enforcers. Judging by the sulfurous stench on their clothing and the brownish-green water trailing behind them, they had been the lucky pair that Malicia's perfectly-manicured nail died for in the sewer.

And they weren't looking pleased about it at all.

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by [DW](#) 6 months ago

"Ha! Face it, Negaduck, you're outgunned, outnumbered, and outmatched! You might as well start making yourself at home. Look, I've even got you a house-warming gift." His finger pulled on the trigger of the gas gun. "Suck gas, evil-doer."

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by [Negaduck](#) 6 months ago

He may have been outgunned, outnumbered and outmatched, but he was also quick. With the vigilante so kindly giving away his next move, Negaduck ducked under the path of the gas pellet. It went sailing over his head, just as he went sailing into Darkwing, arms outstretched and ready to deliver a clobbering.

"**RAAAR!**" Okay, not the best one-liner, but it certainly won points for ferocity.

As did his dogged attempts to destroy the other mallard with his bare hands. Using his usual combination of brutal street fighting and martial arts, he threw everything he had at the hero, which equated to some pretty bone-crunching punches. If it opened up a chance to escape, all the better; if not, he could at least make Darkwing hurt. Bad.

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by [Malicia](#) 6 months ago

Honk!

...Is the sound that is evidently made when a gas canister collides with Malicia's breasts and nestles itself safely in her cleavage like a terrified child. A very flatulent terrified child.

And right into Malicia's face it went, straight up her nose and mouth. Coughing and gagging, she didn't even get a chance to remove the canister before the uncontrollable laughter began. Down on the floor she went, her body writhing as she cackled hysterically.

"**Hahahaha! I'm going to ahahaha kill you allhahahaha!**"

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by [DW](#) 6 months ago

"Uh-oh..." Such was said seconds before Negaduck delivered a solid punch to his bill, knocking at least one of his teeth out. He was overtaken for a few minutes, receiving painful blow after painful blow before he managed to get his bearings and fight back. While Darkwing probably wasn't as brutal a street fighter as Negaduck, he had very few qualms about fighting dirty. His reasoning was, of course, that there's no point in fighting fair if the villain has no intention of doing the same. The two fighting mallards were always something to see, given that they tended to be pretty evenly matched and knew each other's fighting style well enough to counter and re-counter.

The trick was to catch the other off guard by doing something completely unexpected and unpredictable. Darkwing was very focused on trying to find just the right opportunity.

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by [Negaduck](#) 6 months ago

Which was how Darkwing finally managed, after a few exchanges, to break his attacker off with a devastating kick to the head. ROADHOUSE.

One would ordinarily be expected to take some time to recover after such a blow. It may have caught the crimefighter a little by surprise, therefore, to be bludgeoned with a cell block toilet that Negaduck had apparently wrenched straight out of the ground.

Dropping the 'weapon', the murderous mallard had Darkwing by the throat up against the bars in no time. Even without superstrength, it was a strangling to make those Malicia so frequently doled out look affectionate.

Through the growling, a deranged glee sparked in his eyes. Maybe it wasn't such a bad day after all.

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by [DW](#) 6 months ago

Well, the toilet coming at him certainly caught Darkwing off guard. He had no time to react to the porcelain bowl smashing against him, and he would not have been surprised to find that all of the toilet water had ended up on him. Mercifully, it was clean toilet water. Unmercifully, Darkwing was far too dazed by being bludgeoned with such a hard, heavy object to prevent Negaduck from taking him by the neck and strangling him up against the cell bars. Darkwing instinctively reached up and tried to pry Negaduck's fingers off of him. His legs kicked out in an effort to get Negaduck to let go of him.

He made some strangled noises but managed to get out one phrase. "You... hit me with a toilet?! Grrk..."

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by [Morgana](#) 6 months ago

Morgana gasped. No! She couldn't stand idly by and watch the love of her life die at the hands of this scoundrel!

With a flick of her wrist the forgotten toilet was magicked into the air above Negaduck where it hovered momentarily, until she snapped her fingers and allowed the commode to drop like a porcelain anvil.

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by [Negaduck](#) 6 months ago

"MMFFFG!"

Letting go, Negaduck sought to deal with higher priorities. Specifically, getting an upside-down cell

toilet off his head.

Whether it was the size of his skull, or the fact that his oversized beak fitted pretty well into the S bend, the damn thing didn't seem to be moving no matter how hard he struggled. Staggering around almost drunkenly due to the top-heavy weight on his shoulders, the caped criminal pushed and clawed frantically at the outside of the bowl with no luck. Muffled curses could be heard echoing around inside.

As if he didn't already smell enough of sewerage already.

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by [Malicia](#) 6 months ago

And for a moment, Malicia fell completely dead silent as she watched this humiliating display. Sucking in her breath momentarily she said, "It looks like they really got the drop on you. I'd say your reputation has officially been flushed away."

And then she resumed her uncontrollable laughing fit as she was cuffed and dragged from the cell by the Enforcers.