

Dungeons & Demons

Published by: [Malicia](#) on 12th Jan 2013 | [View all blogs by Malicia](#)

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Blog reserved for: Negaduck and Malicia

PREVIOUSLY ON DUCKVERSE...

After Negaduck's coffee plot was foiled by Darkwing (with assistance from Morgana) the maniacal mallard encountered an on-the-run Malicia. The two escaped into the sewer and were subsequently captured by the Enforcers. Now they've been brought to The Dungeon Dimension where they await trial for Malicia's illegal possession of magical weaponry and the erm, "summoning" of demonlings.

Not a big deal for two fairly competent criminals, right? Except, perhaps, for the fact that Malicia wants absolutely nothing to do with her former beau. It's going to take some serious teamwork to get out of this mess, and both would rather leave the other to rot.

Comments

181 Comments



by [Negaduck](#) 2 years ago

Being thrown face first into a cell generally was never a pleasant experience. Even when it was through a portal rather than a cell door. And even when one's face was meeting coarse black sand rather than stone.

On the plus side, it did effectively jolt him awake.

Sitting up, Negaduck took in the surroundings. The dark dunes that stretched out for miles, bordered only by savage shards of rock. The wind that whipped past, ripping through the remains of the cape that hung from his shoulders. The cold that chilled the thick shackles around his wrists. It was a desolate nowhere, a wasteland.

A pity, he was normally quite fond of wastelands.

"What the hell is this?" grumbled to nobody in particular.
"Another Lawrence of Oilrabia remake?"

Unfortunately there seemed to be a distinct lack of attractive

females in midriff revealing outfits.

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

"This is the Dungeon Dimension, you vertically-challenged fool." Malicia had just stepped --or rather, been shoved-- through the portal, which snapped shut behind her.

"There is literally nothing here. Except for you." She grimaced at the mallard as though she had just stepped in something slimy and pungent. "Frankly, I'd prefer just the nothing."

The casual manner in which Malicia scanned the surroundings indicated this was not her first visit to the desolate landscape.

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by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

And Negaduck was up on his feet, meeting her revulsion with a venting to make planetary fissures look placid.

"Well I'd prefer to have my eyes drilled out and my nads blasted with dry ice than listen to your self-centred screeching for one more second!"

And then he did one of the tricks he was best at: transferring blame.

"It's your fault we're here! You're like a particularly stupid whale, beaching itself constantly on the shores of failure! In search of what? Shoes? Shiny things? A fucking clue? It'd be kind of funny if you didn't insist on taking me down with your giant blubber-filled arse!"

At this final stage, it was a wonder the force of his wild bellowing didn't blown the dunes straight off the ground itself.

"You want nothing? **How about you check the vacant space between your ears!**"

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

"I would be more than happy to assist you with the eye removal." She hissed. "As for your 'nads'... well, can't exactly remove what was never there to begin with." Her bill curled back into a maniacal smile.

"And if we want to talk failure, let's look at your most recent 'take over the world' scheme. Coffee. Really?" She guffawed. "I think your so-called 'mastermind' is getting stale as you age. How does it feel knowing you'll likely die here, while Darkwing goes on to live a fulfilling life reversing all your hard work? Perhaps he'll even go back to the Negaverse and repair all the damage you've done."

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by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

Shaking in his shackles, the disgraced mallard seethed. Weren't these discussions fun when one knew exactly where to hit?

"My evil empire will still be standing when I bust out of here. Unlike yours, which has been wiped off the planet in the space of a day."

A sneer, eyes burning into hers.

"How does it feel, knowing your presence there was so pathetic I could undo everything you 'worked' for in two minutes with a zombie mask and a feigned lurch?"

How was that for masterminding, beeyatch.

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

"Unlike you, I don't rely on an evil empire to measure my progress." She snapped back. "My presence comes from the path of destruction I leave behind me, and St. Canardians will never forget that, no matter how simple-minded they might be!"

Turning away from him, she motioned to the landscape around

them. "Bust out of **here**? HAH! How Normal of you. This isn't your average prison, and there is no escape. You're stuck here, possibly forever. Do you realize just how insignificant the Council views you and your kind? They'll probably just keep you here to rot for the rest of your sad, pathetic life!"

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by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

She hadn't even finished that sentence before she was being shouted over.

"OoOoOOO it's QUEEN MALICIA, THE DESTROYER OF SHOP ASSISTANTS."

The restraints prevented him from accompanying that with the matching gesticulations, but that was possibly for the best.

"Somehow I doubt your mighty Council will leave me here. Somehow I think they might be keen on hearing how 'Normal' you got. And, for a bit of extra scandal, I'll gladly fill them in on how much Normal got into YOU, you hog-tempered hussy!"

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

It was a very, very good thing she was shackled, because she spun around with such force the restraints snapped tight and glowed brightly as they worked their literal magical, keeping Negaduck strangle-free.

"You wouldn't dare." She hissed. "I'll deny every bit of dirty information you give them! You think they'll believe YOU? You have no evidence!"

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by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

"AH HAH!" Another side benefit of the shackles was that he could not stick his finger in her face, else it would have been up there so far it probably would have lodged in her nasal cavity. "I **knew** it. You really believe in this 'Normal' crap. For all your carrying on

like you're above your little society of freaks, like you couldn't give a hoot what they think, you don't want to admit how loudly you cried out for me, down on all fours in the moonlight."

Eyes flashed as they bore into hers, fierce and unequivocal.

"Do you."

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

For a moment she was speechless, face flushed with a combination of rage and embarrassment.

"I'm not going to stand around and listen to this nonsense." She finally said, as though she really had anywhere to walk away to. "Also, I'm pretty sure you just stole that last line from one of my romance novels! I KNEW my copy of Fifty Shades of Grey didn't just get up and walk away, you know."

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by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

"HEY I'M NOT ON TRIAL HERE."

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

"YES YOU ARE! WE BOTH ARE!" Arms flailed wildly in response.

"And I'll see to it that you get dumped behind like a piece of--"

She stopped suddenly. Perhaps it was just her imagination, but the sand beneath her feet seemed to be shifting slightly.

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by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

"Oh what a load of huuuurgh!" Another sudden shift in the sand beneath them had caused him to lurch, only just managing to keep his balance. Wasn't easy when your arms were chained.

Silence. Negaduck froze, waiting, listening.

Eventually he dared to ask, far quieter than their previous screeching, " ... what was that?"

Please tell me you broke the floor again.

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

"Don't. Move." She spoke through clenched teeth, and every muscle in her body had tensed up.

"It can sense the vibrations and sound."

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by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

In what was perhaps the first time ever, Negaduck actually followed instructions. If only because he was too busy staring at the increasingly trembling dunes, trying to work out what in fresh hell was about to hit them next.

And what hit them... was a face full of sand.

It was like an explosion had occurred at their feet. From within it, however, emerged a gigantic, terrifying, colossal cliché. Er, sandworm.

Then, it did something shocking.

It spoke.

"Could you please keep it down?" it snuffed in a deep, dopey voice that more befitted a creature with a cold, despite its complete lack of a nose. "I'm trying to nap."

Really, how inconsiderate.

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

Perhaps the only thing more bizarre than a giant talking sandworm was Malicia's response: A tiny whimper. In fact, her whole body was trembling.

"Y...yes." She finally managed to squeak out. "Of course. Apologies." She concluded.

But not without adding a childish remark of "He started it..."

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by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

Resisting the urge to yell 'IS THIS WORM BIG ENOUGH FOR YOU?!' at his shaking associate, Negaduck settled for directing a scowl at her instead. Apparently dibberdobbers did wear nappies.

Clearing his throat, without the slightest bit of fear (that he would admit to), he stepped forward.

"If you'd permit me to make a suggestion," he ventured. "Things would be a lot quieter around here if you'd show us the exit..."

Which prompted a sigh. Who knew a giant worm could convey such depression, such weariness. "Oh, I can't do that. There are no exits, you see. At least, none that you or I can access. Do you think I'd stay in this miserable place if I had the option?" Another sigh. "Maybe an island holiday would be nice, although sunshine really dries me out..."

"Ah, right." Cutting in before it could ramble further, the drake's devious gears were turning. "In that case, have you ever tried demoness...?"

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

"But Normals are far tastier." Mal interjected, although she completely avoided looking at the giant worm. There was a level of discomfort and possibly even fear present in her posture that suggested she'd much rather end the conversation and move as far away as possible.

"You two seem to be getting along perfectly fine, so I think I'll be

going... that way now." She pointed in a random direction, of which nothing but sand and rocks extended as far as the eye can see.

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by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

All that talk of eating caused the worm to flop what was supposedly its head to the side noncommittally.

"Eew no, I'm a vegetarian."

Before Malicia could soot away to a less tense patch of desert, it perked up again.

"Wait a moment, did you say 'Normal'?" It lowered to 'peer' at them closely, although not in the conventional sense as it had no eyes. "I've never encountered a Normal before... What is it doing here?"

"Conversing with a brain-dead talking phallus, apparently," grumbled Negaduck.

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

"It's here on account of its own stupidity." Malicia rumbled. "Not very noteworthy creatures, are they? Not even capable of a simple transmofrigication spell. Honestly, I don't know how they manage to feed themselves half the time. Did you know they can't even stomach worm spleen? Or even look at a bowl of snake soup without feeling nauseated?"

"Why, THIS one." She motioned to Negaduck. "Has to rely on primitive Normal technology like chainsaws and guns to be even remotely threatening. The second you remove his little tools, he's as helpless as a kitten."

Suddenly, Negaduck was no longer a part of this 'exclusive' conversation that was all about him.

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by [Negaduck](#) 2 years ago

"OH YEAH?!" snapped the 'kitten' in return. "If you're so superior, what're YOU doing here as well?"

The carapace of the creature bristled. Sensitive to sound, its sullen brain was slowly coming to understand what was to blame for all the noise tearing through the desert. And it was, to put it mildly, somewhat irritating.

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by [Malicia](#) 2 years ago

"**YOU. YOU ARE THE REASON I AM HERE!**" The worm and his sensitive non-existent ears were all but forgotten with Malicia's angry outburst.

"If you had once, just ONCE, supported me and not thought of your own greedy satisfaction, NEITHER of us would be here! I would've been overlooked by the Council, especially if Lee Bones hadn't vanished! **His father is a high-ranking council member, do you understand that?** We both would have been GOLDEN. But nooooo. You just HAD to be petty and show that blood-sucker where my illegal stash was located! Because it's all about Lord Negaduck the Grand Puba Public Enemy One, isn't it?! You just couldn't let me humiliate Feathers Galore! WELL I HOPE YOU'RE SATISFIED NOW YOU STUPID STUPID LITTLE DRAKE."

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by [Negaduck](#) 2 years ago

"RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAWWWWWWWWRRRRRRRRRRRRRR!!!"

That was not a retort from Grand Puba Public Enemy Number One. That was the worm writhing as if it had been struck, its struggling body turning the dune into a churning ocean.

"OOH THE PAAAIN," it moaned, its tail segment slapping down between the two bickering prisoners, nearly crushing them. Diving into the sand, when it resurfaced in a launch at the pandemonium, it appeared to have given up its vegetarian ways, if only to bring some peace to the desert.

Regardless of all the slurs against his intelligence, Negaduck didn't need to be told twice. Scrambling to his feet, he took off. Thank Hades the Council hadn't seen a need for leg shackles in a dimension of nothing but wasteland.

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

"GET BACK HERE I'M NOT DONE MAKING MY POINT YET."

Malicia shrieked, chasing after him.

And as they ran, she did indeed continue her ranting. "I wouldn't be here if you hadn't run me down years ago with that outrageously tawdry motorcycle of yours! I'd likely be on a warm beach right now, basking in the sun while surrounded by perfectly sculpted Adonis abs and asses! I'd be on top of the world! I'd probably RULE the world if I wanted to! I should have realized it's not Morgana or even Darkwing who gets in my way the most. It's YOU!"

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by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

Running and squabbling. Who said males couldn't multitask?

"So you stand in MY way and then blame ME when you get bowled over?" he shouted as they fled. "You might want to re-think who is REALLY the obstacle here!"

Probably the higher priority should have gone to re-thinking having a shouting match while being pursued by a vibration-targeting being. One that was burrowing and leaping through the ground with distinctly un-wormlike speed and un-wormlike teeth.

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

"I had PLENTY of time to rethink things while I was bound and dressed like a clown!" Malicia was sprinting behind with such force that she was one stray breast away from a black eye.

"I never stood in your way! I was ALWAYS on your side, you moronic clusterfuck! If you had returned the favor even once, we would have it all! But nooooo, you have to always be so difficult! If you had even an iota of loyalty in that undersized body of yours, I wouldn't have to preemptively betray you!"

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by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

"You think you would've lasted this long had I not? HAH!"

Miraculously the threat of death behind prevented a boob-related distraction, but only just. "I would've cleaned you out entirely within two weeks, tops! Particularly after you had the nerve to STAB me! But what are thanks I get for carrying your mammoth hide for years, at great risk to my spinal column at that? You kick me out, drag my reputation through the mud, and RUIN Betsy! All because you couldn't take the same humiliation you like to dish out constantly!"

A burst of additional speed, either because the anger was fuelling him, or that last worm lunge was unnervingly close.

"YOU crossed the line, not me!"

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

"YOU WEREN'T EVEN THE ONE I WAS TRYING TO HUMILIATE!" She roared in frustration. "If you hadn't ruined my fun, I never would have kicked you out! WE WOULD PROBABLY BE SNUGGLED IN MY BED RIGHT NOW EATING ICE CREAM AND NOT IN THE DESERT RUNNING FROM A VEGETARIAN WORM MONSTER!"

Speaking of mass ice cream consumption, she was beginning to slow down. The villainness wasn't exactly designed for long-range chases, what with her... less than aerodynamic body type. "Hoo...want... ice cream..." She puffed.

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by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

Negaduck kept running. Not because he was a traitorous jerk. Because he hadn't noticed she had stopped.

"Not TRYING to humiliate me'? This coming from the woman who thinks she can treat me like a disobedient mutt!" he raved on, somehow having the strength to keep up the pace despite his own steady diet of baby seal sandwiches and breakfast scotch. "You strangle me in front of the lackeys so much I have near permanent neck burn! You replaced all my spare suits with gold thongs! And I haven't forgotten all those times you've run to Darkwing, just because you were worried my trail of destruction might wreck your favourite dayspa! I HAVE to put you in your place or else people might think that I... Mal?"

Finally, he noticed the distinct lack of shouting in return.

He turned around in time to witness, not only her complete lack of cardiovascular fitness, but the worm taking one deep dive under the surface. With her a huffing duck, it appeared to be going in for the kill.

There was only one thing to do.

"HEY MAL!" he hollered.

Beat.

"THANKS FOR THE LOYALTY LESSON."

And then off he ran, laughing.

Fate, as it would happen, had its own lesson in loyalty to teach, and he had not been long running when the worm resurfaced, not under Malicia, but under HIM.

The force sent him flying backwards, probably straight into the demoness, probably resulting in a rather.. compromising entanglement, just in time for a portal to open nearby.

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by [Malicia](#) 2 years ago

Malicia had stopped completely by this point, now bent over to

rest her hands on her knees as she caught her breath. "I'll... hah... huff... loyal your face..."

Such beautiful timing it was then, when he was skyrocketed face-first into her cleavage. The force sent her backwards on her rear-end and she bounced a few feet through the sand, leaving a line of butt-shaped tracks in her wake.

"You just keep coming back to them, don't you?" She quirked a brow at the smothered mallard.

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by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

Above them, two Enforcers stood at the opening of the portal.

"Prisoners #853 and #063, it is time to prepare for your tri--"

Slowly, a disbelieving brow was raised at the mallard struggling to free his skull from the venus boob trap, his muffled curses and the mixed up pile of limbs around them.

"... Miss MaCawber, what are you doing?"

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

Malicia froze, staring at the Enforcers like a deer caught in the proverbial headlights of shame and humiliation. Then she began to shriek wildly.

"I'M BEING SEXUALLY HARASSED! GET HIM OFF OF ME! What were you thinking, leaving me alone and defenseless in a desert with a lust-driven Normal?! **I could sue you for this.**"

And then she began to sob. Large, thick tears that streamed dramatically down her cheeks, quickly soaking her aggressor's red fedora.

"I've never been so traumatized in my life..." She wailed.

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by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

Exchanging a look, the officers reached down to seize the floundering felon and pull him loose. It took a bit of straining – Malicia's breasts were hungry, it seemed – but he was eventually released with a 'POP!'. Tumbling backwards into the council's halls, one went back to retrieve the demoness, leaving Negaduck to his protests.

"How can you sexually harass a succubi?!" he spat as the remaining Enforcer hefted him to his feet. "That's like trying to waterboard a fish!"

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

"So awful... so awful.." She was moaning as she stepped through the portal with the Enforcer. She draped one hand across her forehead, as if ready to faint from the mere shock of it all.

"I do hope you add attempted assault of a lady to his long list of misdeeds." She said to her captors. "Now might I be able to sit down? I'm feeling so very exhausted after this ordeal."

Not so coincidentally, she made sure to lean forward ever so slightly while asking, ensuring a face-full of cleavage for both Enforcers. This was paired with an innocent flutter of her eyelashes.

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by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

((I've just realised all this time, I've been picturing Enforcers as tall **Nibblonians**..))

This elaborate display was met with deadpan glares of annoyance. From the Enforcers, anyway; Negaduck, the King of the Deadpan Glare, was too busy struggling and snarling, promising to 'assault her properly' and the like. They held him firm without the slightest bit of visible effort, apparently already sick of the both of them.

"No time for sitting," boomed one authoritatively. "You must consult your counsel before the trial."

Turning to the 'exhausted' demoness, he added, "Miss MaCawber, since we do not normally hold trials for Normals, he will share your defence team. I trust this will not cause any trouble."

The other, who had the misfortune of holding the furious drake, and was thus closest to the racket he was causing, leaned across to whisper behind one hand to her,

"Does it have an off button?"

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

((Now I'm hearing their voices when they talk, what have you doooooone))

"Trouble? Ohhhh no, none at all. It will only **completely ruin my life and reputation, possibly dooming me to the Dungeon Dimension for eternity.**" She spat.

"Why does he even need a trial? Save yourselves some time and money and just cut off his head -- that's his 'off' button by the way."

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by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

"Why yes, that would be the usual procedure." The calm response of which finally snapped Negaduck out of his raving. "But these days, we are a more just and civilised society."

With that, they were lead down the grand old hallways, with little attention paid to the resisting of at least one of the prisoners.

"Now we must entire due process is followed for everyone."

Finally, they came to a set of huge, ominous doors.

"And then we can go about removing heads."

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

As they stopped at the doors, Malicia leaned over Negaduck and hissed darkly.

"If we somehow manage to get out of this in one piece, I will be the one to remove both of your heads".

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by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

Scowling straight ahead, the only side he had heard the remark was a spiteful retort out of the corner of his beak.

"You won't be getting near either of them, you bilious, Brobdingnagian b--"

Before they had a chance to continue this fond exchange, the doors creaked open, and they were shoved inside.

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

The second the duo burst through the door, Malicia was on a tirade. "I refuse to share my defense with this repugnant Normal! He should be sitting inside that sand worm's stomach right now, and I should be back in St. Canard with my warehouse returned to me in FULL. Why the Council is so concerned about my stay in Normal society makes no sense to me!"

At a large oak table there sat a darkened figure. It was difficult to make out his features in the poorly-lit room, but he was leaning forward and listening intently, a pair of gnarled green hands neatly steeped in front of him. Finally, he spoke.

"On the contrary, my dear. I too am just as concerned about your... unique lifestyle." A pair of glowing red eyes settled on Negaduck curiously. "Very concerned."

The demonness froze. "...**You.**"

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by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

Oblivious to Malicia's shock, the 'repugnant Normal' had already launched into his own tirade.

"You **should** be concerned! Do you have any idea what this slag has been up to?" Staying well out of said slag's kicking range. "She'd have bred with half of St Canard had I not intervened! Nevermind the hellspawn she's been releasing on the city though; her black magic wares have been severely disrupting the balance in underworld! There's something seriously not right with ordinary thugs packing zombifying grenades!"

Really, all that stuff was meant to be for HIM.

"Feed **her** to the sand worms. I've had nothing to do with it!"

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

Immediately, Negaduck was elevated into the air and spun upside-down. The chains around him tightened, digging through his feathers and chafing the skin beneath.

The figure stood and swished toward him. His pale green skin was not a trick of the light, nor were the long black nails on his fingers. His hair was waist-length and grey, with a few black strands of peppered throughout.

With Negaduck still floating, the two met eye-to-upside-down-eye.

"Now that is no way to talk about my daughter." He rasped.

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by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

Ooooh, now that wasn't comfortable.

"Daughter...?" Negaduck wheezed through the pain and surprise, gaze shifting over to the demoness as if to ask wordlessly, 'What the flying fudge...'

As his attention moved back to the green-feathered ghoul, however, he seemed to have pieced enough of it together on his own.

"I always assumed you were six feet under." The ghost of a smirk; even upside-down and aching, he couldn't help himself. "How nice of you to dig your way out just to meet us."

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

"... 'Us?'"

With the wave of a gnarled hand, Negaduck was dropped abruptly. The ghoul turned to Malicia for an answer.

"I've heard some rather disturbing talk amongst the Officers regarding the nature of your... involvement, with this Normal. Surely there is no weight to these absurd claims?"

Malicia, who was currently facepalming in the corner over the sheer nightmare that was being trapped in a room with the two people she hoped would never encounter one another, merely responded with a growl. "Of course it's all lies! Not that it's any of your business regardless."

"Oh but it is." His nails clicked against the table. "I am your defense after all."

"I'd prefer to go back to the sand worm." She spat.

"Oh, come now my dear." Negaduck was abandoned to the floor as the wizard slid up behind his daughter and cupped a hand beneath her bill. She pulled away immediately, and he merely clicked his tongue in disapproval. "You're going to be that way with me, are you? I thought that after a decade apart, you would be delighted to see your Daddy."

"Go to Hell!" She barked.

"Now let's take a look at your case." As though he didn't hear a word of her protest, he quickly returned to his seat. Two chairs floated to life and scooped up both Negaduck and Malicia, seating them neatly in front of him. A pair of small spectacles had 'poofed' out of thin air onto his long, crooked bill, as he thumbed through the file.

"Hmm... yes... illegal weaponry...attacking a high-ranking Officer... resisting arrest... demonlings?" His eyes slid upward questioningly, and he folded his hands together.

"You've gotten yourself into quite a situation. Fortunately, I am confident this situation can be resolved satisfactorily."

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by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

"And what'll be your fee for that, our first born son?" seethed Negaduck, evidently not very trusting of anybody posing as his 'defence'. "Well you can have him!"

To Malicia, he pre-emptively snapped, "That's right, I said it: our. If you were planning on denying everything, you should've thought twice about leaving that infuriating bundle of biological evidence in the clutches of the Enforcers when you decided to high-tail it out of there!"

A glimmer of malice in his eyes, a sort of vindictive pleasure that came from having zoned in on a spot that was sure to bleed.

"Perhaps we should add 'incompetent mother' to that list of charges..."

Not that he really cared about the fate of Junior, Malicia's parenting skills or the cause of justice – he just loved to watch her squirm. And why not? What did it possibly matter to him?

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

For a moment, Malicia stared ahead blankly. And then, slowly,

her face scrunched up, and she broke down.

"It's true! We DO have a son together." She sobbed into her hands.

A pause.

"Because **he** forced himself upon me against my will. I'm just... so ashamed to admit that a Normal managed to overpower me and commit such an atrocious, vile act."

Oh, she was going there. Two can play at the squirming game.

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by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

The forever superior expression written across his face faded into one of dawning horror.

"No nononono! That's not true!"

Desperately trying to explain himself, he turned to the elder ghoul.

"She WANTED it! If I ever forced myself on her, it was because she MADE me!"

Probably not what Daddy wanted to hear.

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

"I'm not the only victim of his. A young bookkeeper by the name of Lilly Teal was also sexually assaulted by him. I'm certain if you looked into his criminal records, you would see I speak only the truth!" She was wiping away thick tears from her bill now.

Malik sat motionlessly, hand on his chin, studying them both quite carefully. If there was a trace of anger in his body, then it was well-hidden by tactfulness.

Finally, he said. "I believe I have exactly what is required to build a strong case. There needn't be any worry."

But for whom?

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

He had been about to violently protest his innocence – thanks to a convenient FOWL memory wipe, such an offence against Ms Teal was news to him. And what a ridiculous slander it was! The only convictions he had in relation to her were kidnapping, extortion, robbery, arson, blackmail, intimidation, child abduction, frame-ups and attempted murder!

Before he could put his foot in it further, however, the level response from the other side of the table burst the bubble of indignation right out from under him.

"Wait.. what.. You're not going to just take her word for it, are you? The only strong case you have is for her being a lying minx!"

Fumbling for justice, a concept he was not used to handling in the slightest, he stubbornly pressed to regain the advantage that he had lost.

"When am I going to get a chance to tell my side of the story, huh?"

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

"You don't." Malik simply replied "That's what I'm here for."

Malicia, meanwhile, had made a rather miraculous recovery from her PTSD trip and was staring levelly at her father. "No, you're here for something else. Something that benefits you."

"Now why ever would you think that, my darling?" He smiled crookedly. "Isn't it only natural for a father to come to the aid of his poor, defenseless daughter?"

"Like you did when I was expelled from the Academy?" She seethed. "Don't play the 'father' card with me. You are no

Moloculo."

"Think what you must." He sighed. "I admit I should have been more present in your life when the academy was just about ready to lynch you. But I'm here now, ready to defend you and that's all that matters, is it not?"

"..." She wasn't sure how to argue with this logic. Regardless of what his ulterior motive might be, she really had no other choice. If Malik Macawber was one thing above all, it was a master manipulator. Her chances of escaping this whole debacle in one piece were now greater than she had hoped.

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

The panic of imminent retribution from papa subsiding, Negaduck felt comfortable enough to return to one of his more acceptable habits: deadpan snarking.

"How heart warming," he rumbled sarcastically. "So what's next? Bustling out the bubbly and tiny novelty hats to celebrate this beautiful family reunion?"

Behind the smarm, the crook's gears were quietly turning. Like Malicia, he was highly suspicious of their supposed defender's intentions. Based on what he could infer of their history and Malik's reaction to her accusations, he was increasingly willing to put a ton of stolen cash down on there being a betrayal on the horizon. Unlike Malicia, however, he was increasingly confident the betrayee would not be him. What would the old codger have to gain from dumping him in it, anyway?

That devious smirk was slowly creeping back despite himself. Oh this was going to be priceless.

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

Malicia could see the relaxation in Negaduck's features, and she didn't bother to warn him about letting his guard down. The bastard didn't deserve it, as far as she was concerned. Instead, she crossed her arms and glared at her father.

"Very well. I accept that you will be our defense for the trial and I expect you already have some compelling evidence lined up to prove my innocence."

"I've started." He smirked. "But I'll need a bit more time. Until then, you and this Normal will simply wait patiently under Enforcer supervision. I have already pulled a few strings and arranged for your temporary stay in our Manor. Surely you would prefer your old bedroom over the Dungeon Dimension."

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

"Wow, that's so nice of you!"

Gleefully exaggerated thankfulness wasn't a jerk move he got to bust out often, so he made the point of making sure his co-accused got to enjoy it.

"Isn't that nice, Mal?" Cackling barely suppressed as he leaned close. "Why'd you never tell me how nice your dad was, hmm?"

Look at her face, all scowly like. Must have been cottoning on to how screwed she was. Haha, sucked in!

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

Malicia ignored Negaduck, although her tail was visibly twitching now. Maybe she could get her father to pull a few more strings and get rid of these shackles so she could strangle the snide mallard.

"How interesting that you managed to pull such a feat for a rather high-profile trial." Malicia responded coolly. "I would think the Council wanted us under their direct supervision."

"Oh, you will be. Enforcers will be posted outside the manor at all times with a force field that prevents you from stepping anywhere off grounds. Not that you would try to leave, surely."

His lips tugged into a smile.

"Surely." Malicia replied.

"Well it's all settled then." The sorcerer pulled back his seat and stood. "You two make yourselves comfortable and I'll see you soon enough. The trial is just around the corner."

[Delete](#)



by [Negaduck](#) 2 years ago

"As is retribution," murmured the mallard under his breath, with the obligatory dark chuckle. For the first time, he was actually looking forward to his day in court.

Except for that time he managed to have the lead prosecutor replaced by a rhinoceros. Ain't nobody got time for waving a gavel around when there's a raging rhino crashing through the jury box.

But first things first.

The Enforcers reappeared to escort them off to their new remand location, silently but not without the wary sideways look to Malik. Unlike Negaduck, they had some idea of what the mage was capable of. They also had some idea of what horror lay before the two defendants.

Malicia's childhood home.

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by [Malicia](#) 2 years ago

Grand. Just grand. Malicia was a grown-ass adult and she was going to be grounded in her old home. And worse: She had a nosy asshole ex-something-or-other as her only company.

The Manor sat atop the edge of a craggy cliff, almost as if it were a daunting Keep with a rather elegant Victorian design. Thick purple clouds circled above and crackled with lightning, despite the fact it was a pleasant sunny day in all directions outside the vicinity.

As they approached, it was clear the sight of Macawber Manor left the Enforcers feeling slightly on edge. The officers had even drawn tentacles to see which unlucky duo would stand guard outside the thick iron gates. Years of rumor and superstition about Malik Macawber and his demon progeny had turned the old home into somewhat of a legend; the kind of legend where foolish young monsters ventured inside on a dare and were never heard from again.

The very moment Negaduck and Malicia were ushered through the gates, a glowing force-field engulfed the property. Still shackled, there was no chance of the demoness magicking her way out of this one; this was top-level sorcery at work.

Instead, she made her way up the old crumbled steps and stopped at the front door. She paused momentarily as if she were bracing herself, and then, slowly, opened the door.

((I just realized the [cover art for DWD Issue 8 with Negs](#) is close to what I imagine the Manor to look like, haha)).

[Delete](#)



by [Negaduck](#) 2 years ago

Negaduck, however, remained on the top step, staring up at the house with beak wide open.

"No... No... This cannot be!"

When he finally managed to wrench his sights off whatever terror they had been locked on, to Malicia he exclaimed,

"That guy has totally ripped off my head-on-a-stick design!" Indignant gesture to the iron work above, which – for the sake of the censors – was currently unadorned by any actual severed heads. "I patented that insular cortex piercing cross spike, for cripe's sake!"

Hardly Normal to take issue, not with the manor's creepiness, but with who held copyright to it.

((Ooooo I need to get that one. And Negs needs to get some robotic hounds, so much easier than living ones.))

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

Deadpan expression. "Oh please. I'm quite sure this house has been in our family for over a century. It was used as a summer vacation spot by my grandparents and their children before my father inherited it. Besides, you have about as much originality as a Saturday Morning Cartoon villain."

The second she stepped inside the house, Malicia was hit with what felt like a wall of ice. The temperature itself wasn't cold per se, but there was a different sort of chill. Just how she remembered it.

"Home sweet home. Don't make yourself comfortable." It was surprisingly well-kept, given that it had been seemingly abandoned for so long. She approached a coffee table that had gnarled beastly clawed legs and swiped her finger across the top, checking for dust. "Hm."

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

"HEY YOU TAKE THAT BACKBLEEERRR!"

Apparently there was some tentacle creature that lived within the walls that did not appreciate either Negaduck's presence or his attitude, and chose to express it by seizing him mid-storm in – and slamming him into the roof.

Then the floor.

Then the coffee table.

Then the side wall.

Then the roof again.

Eventually the beating stopped and the caped criminal was dropped, battered and beaten, into a wheezing heap on the floor. Time to request urgent medical assistance.

"Where's.. the liquor cabinet..."

Or that.

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

Malicia watched calmly as Negaduck was mauled by the creature. Once he was deposited at her feet she smirked down at him. "I see you've received the traditional Macawber welcoming."

This was immediately followed by a welcome of another variety. Namely in the form of a rotund impish creature, green and spotted, with a pair of leathery bat wings on both its head and back. It approached the two, just barely meeting Malicia's knees in height, and stretched out two stubby arms.

"Lady Macawber! Welcome home! I was wondering when you would be back for dinner. I left your meal out on the table but I fear it might be cold now."

Indeed, a plate of food had been left out on the table. Well, it MIGHT have passed for food at some point in time. Now it was just a hardened black and green moldy lump on a plate.

"Diabola." Malicia replied flatly. "The food is cold because I have been gone for ten years."

"Oh, has it been that long?" It scratched its head. "I see you've brought back a young man too! How wonderful."

Then it approached the still-crumpled-up-and-battered Negaduck and performed what was likely supposed to be a polite bow, except the lack of knees on its small legs resulted in it nearly bowling over the pancaked villain. "I am Diabola, the caretaker of Macawber Manor. As a servant of Lady Macawber and her father, I will be most pleased to attend to all your needs during your stay."

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

Despite the near miss with her skull, Negaduck adjusted to this concept remarkably quickly. Maybe not so remarkably, actually,

being the ruler of another entire dimension.

"Uh yeah, can you bring a hacksaw to deal with these chains—" Obviously misunderstanding the nature of the highly enchanted shackles. "- And a couple of hookers to massage out this tentacle damage." Obviously misunderstanding the nature of Diabola's service.

Didn't stop him from welding an index finger of warning against the imp though.

"No weird broads - no giant insects, no slime monsters. Just normal, two-eyed chicks, with two breasts or more."

That seemingly straightforward demand rudely levied, the drake finally pushed himself to his feet - a little clumsily due to the restraints - all the while grumbling about the condition of his costume. He had been wearing the same suit since plummeting off the skyscraper, with the lovely additions of sewer water and now tentacle goop. Really, if it didn't get fixed soon, it would begin to look as unclassy as Darkwing's.

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

"But of course. What may I call you?"

"Negaduck." Malicia interjected. "And please don't interact or talk to him, Diabola. Just treat him as a very ugly piece of furniture in the home."

"Lord Negaduck." Diabola bowed again. "I can tell Lady Macawber is very fond of you. She takes after her great-grandmother in that way, right down to their lovely Rubenesque figures--"

"**Diabola.**" Snapped the 'lovely rubenesque figure' in question. "Go prepare something for me to eat. Lord Negaduck will not be having anything, hookers or otherwise."

"Understood." The impish creature nodded and toddled away.

Circling Negaduck like a shark, the demonness decided now was a good time to set the boundaries. "Let me make a few things

crystal clear to you. Your insistent meddling and attempt at ruining my reputation are going to bring the both of us down. I don't know what you were thinking, pulling that stunt in front of my father. What I can tell you is that when we get to that trial, I will make it clear that I would never, EVER, have relations with an inferior species. You think you're so smart, don't you? But I know you, and I'll always be one step ahead of your pathetic little hair-brained schemes."

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

Holding his ground, he watched her from beneath the shadow of his brim. So that's how it was going to be, was it?

"Is that so? And yet your darling father didn't seem to buy your stunt one bit."

The lack of violent outburst was one thing, but placing a supposed attacker under lock and key (er, forcefield) with the supposed victim? He was no Father of the Year but even he knew the only way that made sense was if her story had been completely written off. He was liking his chances.

"Like your revolting goblin slave, he's obviously seen straight through you, and no doubt the judges will too."

No fuller figure was going to hide that.

"Then we'll see who the superior species is."

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

"YOU DON'T GET IT DO YOU?!" She exploded with rage. "He doesn't CARE what the real story is, he's going to spin it to HIS advantage! I don't know what his exact plan is, but if you think I'm the one dangling over the precipice of doom, you are in for a large disappointment!"

Honestly, she didn't know what was worse: Being stuck in this house with a bloody selfish idiot, or the fact she was hot and bothered as hell right now, and stuck in a house with this bloody

selfish idiot.

"Diabola, I'll be upstairs!" She hollered out to the butler/maid-creature-thing. "I've had a long day and require a bath to calm my nerves, not to mention get the smell of sewage out of my feathers. You can leave my dinner in my bedroom."

Spinning on her heels, she left Negaduck alone in the downstairs foyer, hoping one of the other creepy-crawlies in the house would keep him busy.

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

Her nerves needed calming? He was so worked up and ready for a good, hard.. fight that it took a few minutes before he could even un-ball his fists.

When he finally did so, Negaduck figured it was a good a chance as any to do a little solo exploring. Er, of the manor.

"Damn harpy..." Down the long corridor he had seen that Diabola disappear, he scanned for doors containing potentially interesting contents. "Calling me an idiot... Cancelling my hookers..."

Light shone out from beneath one closed door. Stopping to inspect it didn't mean stopping his grumblings, however.

"There better be a sandwich around here somewhere or I'm making an imp smoothie.."

Nevermind that he had no smoothie maker with him. It was amazing what an all-out pummelling could do, especially when one was in 'the zone'...

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

Decorated along the walls of the corridor were a number of old paintings, each featuring a level of blood and gore that was to be expected of a creepy old house. One painting depicted an ancient scene of monsters roasting a family of Normals over an open fire,

including a baby swaddled in a sandwich. Another was a group of villagers being digested alive by a pit filled with spikes. And yet another featured a battle-torn field, sorcerers pitted against villagers with pitchforks and torches who were down on their knees surrendering.

Hmm... sensing an obvious theme going on here.

The rooms Negaduck passed didn't seem terribly promising in the way of food thus far. Scratching and skittering could be heard from some rooms, while others emitted gurgles and shlorping. From somewhere upstairs came a moaning, whimpering noise.

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

Getting increasingly frustrated with his search, the malicious mallard turned to the paintings. Hidden doors and spyholes were always in paintings; it was creepy old house law.

The more he examined the content of said depictions, however, the more he was drawn into their stories. Gore, lots and lots of gore. It was really quite comforting. Now that was the sort of thing that should be hanging in all family homes; he was beginning to see why Malicia turned out the way she did, so thoroughly evil, so twisted, so...

Why was he thinking about Malicia?

Focus. FOCUS.

Despite all the distractions floating around, he did finally focus.. literally, on the painting in front. The central part of this artwork was a lake of blood being fed by the slaughter of victims around the water's edge, spurting into the pool's depth like sophisticated cherub sculptures, except, well, far less relaxing. Unless you were a Ghoul, or Negaduck.

"Wait.. it looks so real..." frowning at the water, which increasingly appeared to glisten and ripple. "Like you could reach

out and touch it..."

The second his fingerpad did brush the parchment, however, things got real. Fast. Like a tidal wave, the blood gushed out of the painting, washing the felon down the corridor like a dinner scrap in a drain.

"YEEEEEEEEERRRBBBLBBBBBLLLL!!!"

Swirling and swooshing, the out of control current tore him through the maze-like house...

... only to, finally, deposit him somewhere upstairs.

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

"Ah... ooh... yes yes yes... mmm..." The moans and whimpers from earlier were now audible, and it was painstakingly clear that it was Malicia's voice, and she was most certainly doing something in the bathtub that involved more than getting squeaky clean.

But Negaduck had actually been deposited a little ways down the hallway, in front of another room. The door to the room creaked open and Diabola stepped out. "Ah, Lord Negaduck. Were you admiring the paintings? Our master of the house has garnered quite a collection over the years -- a big fan of the Genocidal Era. Bathory's Bathtime was a particular favourite of his. In any case, I was just leaving Lady Macawber's dinner in her room, but I'll be on my way now. I suspect she'll be a little while longer."

And with that, Diabola vanished down the corridor, leaving the masked mallard to ponder which direction to head in.

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

There was nothing to ponder. The moment he had landed and the blood had drained from his ears, Negaduck was honed to that sound like a particularly sensitive radar. Those moans... he knew those moans...

Was she doing what he thought she was doing?

There was something at his feet, something dark and talky, as he wrung the ooze out of his cape. He didn't want to pay any attention to the blur, but it soon left him alone of its own accord.

"Sure, Dorothy..." he murmured vaguely as it vanished, leaving him to carefully stalk up to the door in question. The keyhole gave little away, but the noise...

Swallowing, he pressed the side of his head against the thick timber to hear clearer... and damn near melted.

His heart – or the little broken shards of flint that resembled a heart – began to literally beat out of his chest, which was odd, because he thought he had medical treatment specifically to inhibit wild takes. Such a ludicrous display he could never tolerate her seeing. But there was the door, preventing her from witnessing and preventing him from ruining his pride by jumping her.

Sighing dreamily – and there was an adverb that had no business being in the same paragraph as him – he leaned against the door, letting it take his weight as his legs weren't doing too good a job of it.

Just a little while.. he'd enjoy this lust-induced fog just for a little while...

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by [Malicia](#) 2 years ago

It probably would not have mattered, as Malicia was so lost in her own vices she couldn't hear anything beyond her little sanctuary of pleasure. But something else noticed, and through the keyhole the tip of a tentacle poked out, like a watchful guard dog. Despite the fact it had no face, there was something almost smarmy in its movements as if it were saying 'Hah! Don't you wish you were ME right now?'

Then it vanished back from whence it came, which, not-so-coincidentally, led to another very loud audible gasp of pleasure. "You naughty little thing you..." Malicia purred.

It was most certainly not Negaduck she was speaking to, either.

[Delete](#)



by [Negaduck](#) 2 years ago

There are double takes. And there are double takes of a tentacle that appears to be rubbing one's beak in it doing the nasty with your ex-sortalover. "GAAH!"

Then, like the brave villain he was, he turned tail and ran.

Only to run back with a halberd he had swiped from one of those old-timey armour displays that also are mandatory in an old-timey mansion.

"YAAAAAARRRRRRRRRGH!!" Like a drake possessed, he smashed at the door with the axe blade repeatedly, pausing only to snarl a deranged "WHHHHHHERE'S SLIMEY?!" through the broken woodwork. Then back to work breaking the door down and viciously spearing any trace of non-Malicia organism.

It wasn't so much a thought-out strategy as a homicidal outburst triggered by the sudden rush of blood from one head to another.

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by [Malicia](#) 2 years ago

"WHAT THE HELL IS WRONG WITH YOU?! GET OUT! **OUT!**" Malicia snatched a bar of soap and flung it at his head, one arm still covering her chest --as if her lovely lady lumps were something Negaduck had never seen before. Her bottom half was submerged beneath the water. A gaggle of tentacles surrounded her both inside and outside the tub. One was holding a scrub brush and taking care of that hard-to-reach area between her shoulder blades, while another was lathering up her hair with shampoo. Another had vanished down into the unknown depths -- literally and figuratively. Judging by her reddened face and heaving chest, she had been very close to finishing. Er, her bath that is.

"You peanut-brained imbecile! Why the hell are you breaking the door down?! If you have to pee, there's a guest bathroom

downstairs!"

[Delete](#)



by [Negaduck](#) 2 years ago

The soap clocked him right in the face – right in the bill, in fact, but he spat it out a second later with an enraged roar. So much for washing one's mouth out with soap.

The strength it seemed gave him the extra boost he needed to shoulder through the door. Welding the weapon as a spear – as best he could with still shackled wrists – he locked his gaze on the monster and growled,

"Ello, beastie."

And, without any attention paid to Malicia whatsoever, launched into the bath to attack.

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by [Malicia](#) 2 years ago

It was quite literally a blood bath. Well, if tentacles could bleed anyway. It was more like a green sticky goop, similar in viscosity to mucous. The tentacles tried to fend off their attacker as best they could, but alas, they were in the end only simple monsters. Their suction cups were no match for a lustful mallard wielding a sharp object.

A few minutes later, the last tentacle fell lifelessly to the floor and Malicia was left sitting in the bath, now completely covered in thick green slime. She was ten times messier than before she had started her bath. Glaring daggers at Negaduck, she tapped her claws impatiently against the side of the porcelain tub.

"How thoughtful of you to come to my aid and rescue me from those fiendish dwellers of the underworld. My hero." She spat sarcastically.

[Delete](#)



by [Negaduck](#) 2 years ago

Flicking the last wriggling tentacle off his shoulder, Supreme Lord Negaduck Killer of All Things turned to glare those daggers right back.

"Don't you dare call me that," he spat.

"You know nothing I do in this world is for your benefit."

Stepping out of the goop, he made for the door. Uh, well the gap where the door had been.

Leaving with only a wry, over-the-shoulder, "Enjoy your bath."

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

"Like Hell!" Grabbing what was left of his cape, the felon was yanked backwards. The shackles didn't seem to protest, likely because her next move wasn't one of violence, and she was using his clothing to navigate him back toward her.

For once, the mess he left behind seemed to work in her favor as it caused him to slide forward, hit the tub, and fall back in again. Steadying her hands around the back of his clothing, she managed to shove him forward, into the water.

"You get down there and you FINISH what you started, you son of a bitch!"

Diabola passed by the broken doorway. Pausing momentarily to watch the scene, the creature gave a little wave of its arms and the splintered door pieced itself back together. The servant made sure to close it before continuing down the hallway.

"Ah, kids." The imp shook its head in amusement.

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

As Malicia had earlier demonstrated, even in one piece it was not a magical sound blocking door. Thus, out in the hall, one could easily hear:

"WHAT! NO! THERE'S **SOAP!** AND--MFFFFPPPPHH!!!
Mppphbbhh... Mmmmm... Oh I like the taste of that..
Hoohooyeaah..."

If there had been any Ghouls present, they would have likely cast blindness on themselves, for Negaduck was doing the exact thing a mallard in a former partner's family bathtub should never do...

... lick the splattered mix of blood and dead monster slime sludge off the side.

Once again, Malicia's restrained super-strength stopped her getting what she wanted, be it his drowning.. or something else.

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

Malicia couldn't help but at gape at him with a mixture of horror and what was now a very, very intense frustration.

"Are you sure you're a full-blooded Normal? Because it's moments like this where I begin to wonder..."

Only moments like this? Sheesh.

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

"What else do you suggest I eat?"

One last long lick of the ooze off his finger, and he turned to meet her gaze. It would've been like something straight out of one of her trashy romance novels, had he not had green muck dripping off his hat. Then again, who knew what they included in the Ghoulish versions?

"You cancelled my dinner order, and everything else here is.. out of bounds."

One had the sense he was referring to more than Diabola's kitchen supplies.

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

"Well, enjoy your delicious meal then!" She barked agitatedly, climbing out of the tub and storming away, leaving only a trail of slime and raging hormones in her wake.

Her own stomach rumbling now, she was pleased to find an enormous 4-course meal waiting in her bedroom. Ah, now here was one thing she DID miss about this house -- Diabola's cooking. The servant had even cracked open a bottle of 17th century bloodwine on the side.

Throwing open her closet, everything was exactly how she left it. She threw on an old silk robe (it was a bit tighter than she remembered, odd) and sat down to begin what was certain to be a delicious meal. Negaduck could choke on his stupid slime for all she cared.

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

Dang, her butt looked fiiiine when she was angry. Even more so when covered with blood and gloop.

Still, he had more important matters to attend to.

Like finishing off this delicious slime.

"Heheheh..." With Malicia gone, he could survey the remaining scum in all its scummy glory. "Score!"

A real case of 'you are what you eat'.

When the last sludge was slurped and the last tentacle gnawed – yes he was aware of where they might have been, and strangely was not bothered – Negaduck clambered out of the bath. He shook himself dry; despite despising Malicia's frequent characterisation of him as a canine, sometimes a villain just had to do what they had to do to get filth splattered as far and wide as possible.

But it was not enough. Holding up a corner of his tattered cape

between two fingers, his beak crinkled with disgust. The smell – a bizarre combination of sewer, sex and slime – was not a problem, but the threads had seen better days.

"Can't be looking like a hobo now..." But he sure as Hades couldn't be looking to the demoness to fix that..

Idea!

"Hey gimpy!" Bellowed as he made his way back down the stairs, peering around for the imp. "Where you hiding?"

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



by **Malicia** 2 years ago

"Yes, Lord Negaduck?" The voice responded immediately from behind him. "Did you enjoy your bath with Lady Macawber?"

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

Any anger Negaduck might have expressed at being startled by his own appearing-out-of-thin-air trick was overridden by the lunacy of the question.

"Are you kidding? There was a vicious, angry monster in there!" The dramatic outburst switched off as suddenly as it had started. "Then she left and I got to enjoy some slimy calamari. Mmm."

Back on track. "Anyway, uh, reckon you could magic me up a new costume? This one's been through the wringer—" Torn cuffs displayed, as if she couldn't make out the shabby nature of his garb from well across the castle. "—and somehow I doubt you have a drycleaner within a quarter mile."

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



by **Malicia** 2 years ago

"Of course, it won't be an issue. You'll have to remove your clothing for me." Diabola toddled around him in a circle, inspecting the rips and tears. "Yes... shouldn't be any harder than sewing on Great-Uncle Blagh's head."

"I'm sure we can find you something else to wear in the meantime. Come with me, then." The winged creature waggled a tiny hand to beckon him.

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

Suppressing a quip regarding the standard of women he normally removed his clothes for, the mallard followed.

"Yeah sure, there's just the little matter of these—" Jangling his wrist shackles. "Getting in the way. Think you could do anything about them too?"

A deep, reassuring chuckle.

"It's not like I'll be able to go anywhere with this mighty forcefield surrounding the house."

And even if he could, he really wanted to stay and see Malicia get what was coming to her.

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

"Hmm... no, I'm afraid that is beyond my magic capacity. The Enforcers use a class of restricted magic that isn't available to the general population. Keeps them at the top of the power chain. Few have escaped their wrath. But I'm also confident that Lady Macawber will do fine. She has been under fire from the Council once before, and that was without the assistance of her father."

As they walked, Diabola seemed to be leading Negaduck through a maze. Winding left, right, up, down, and at one point, upside-down. Finally they stopped in front of a closet door, which the servant opened.

"We have plenty of clothing in here if you would like to wear something else while I fix your garbs."

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

The explosion of dust left him coughing.

"Who the hell's clothes are these, Tutankhamun's?" With a selection as fine as this, he was half tempted to go starkers.

Waving away the two-headed moths, he decided to thumb through the rack anyway. A guy had to have some style.

"You got anything that doesn't look like a dress or a retarded snuggie?" Bit of a tautology that was. "Ah, here we go..."

Deep red waistcoat with shirt, and a thick black cloak with a rather 'bat-wing' themed edging. For all intents and purposes, he was going to look like a Dracula impersonator.

Actually, considering how much Malicia hated vampires, that would be perfect.

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



by **Malicia** 2 years ago

"Oh goodness no, Tutankhamun preferred silk. He was always going on about how smooth it felt against his nether regions." As Negaduck tossed aside the rejects, they piled up atop the servant, who remained a little round lump beneath the pile of fabric and pseudo-snuggies.

"An excellent choice." Came the muffled response after Negaduck had put on the vampiric outfit. "Red suits you quite well -- it's as though you were made to be covered in blood at all times."

How Diabola could see what he was wearing through a dozen thick robes would forever remain a mystery.

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

"King Tut can keep his silk." No notice was paid to Diabola's apparent X-ray vision; he was far too preoccupied with checking himself out. "Give me thick, red and oozing any day."

Satisfied with the fit – or more precisely, that it did not diminish his godly hawtness – the last item to be thrown on the pile was his costume. The mask, naturally, stayed put.

"Do not lose that. I want it back as fast as your mutated little fingers can mend."

With that command set, off he swaggered, beak held high, to find what other trouble he could cause. Nevermind he had no idea where he was, it was a giant mansion; there had to be something worth his attention.

Not a bad way to spend a stay in custody, really.

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



by **Malicia** 2 years ago

"I'll have it good as new, Lord Negaduck." Diabola bundled up the fabric which was twice the size of the imp. "By the way, if you enjoy blood, I've opened up the library. We have plenty of literature about the Ancient Bloodbaths and Genocide War for you to sink your teeth into... although some of it may bite back."

"**Diabola!**" Malicia's voice barked from upstairs. "I'm still waiting on my dessert!"

"The lady requires me once more. I'll be around if you require my assistance." With that, the winged creature was gone, along with Negaduck's costume.

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

"Books?" snorted to himself. "Books are for losers."

Even if they were the violent kind.

Making his way down the hall, however a little malicious exploring seemed to change his mind.

"Although.. libraries are traditionally centres of snooping. Might be worth checking out."

Chuckle chuckle.

"Can't hurt."

Oh if only he knew.

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

As far as creepy old-house laws went for ancient libraries, this one fit the criteria quite well. It was not a large room, but it was covered wall-to-wall in old leather books. In the center of the room was a gigantic red wingback chair, obviously reserved for the 'master' of the house to spend his evenings in solitude.

One wall, however, had been reserved for a gigantic tapestry that featured the entire family tree. The lineage traced all the way down to the bottom where Malicia, Morgana, and a number of other cousins lay at the end. All in all, pretty standard.

.....If it weren't for the fact the tapestry was currently weaving thirteen tiny branches under Malicia.

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

The artwork didn't really draw his attention, which was odd, considering how much he loved tapestry. Or not.

Instead, hopping on a step-ladder, the master snoop began carefully sorting through the collection – by ripping books off the shelves one by one.

"101 Incantations... The Lizard of Oz... Brave New Slime..."

As they flew over his shoulder and collected in a pile on the floor, so too did their contents. Reptiles, warts oil, the beginnings of a plague, all scattered about, trying to come to terms with their new existence in at the bottom of a library. It would have become quite the menagerie, had he not stopped at one item of non-fiction sort.

"Hello.. what's this..."

Any Ghoul, of course, would have recognised the Academy's emblem. But he was more interested in the pictures.

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



by **Malicia** 2 years ago

The inside cover was impressively embossed with Eldritch Academy Year 4045 and surrounding it were scratchy signatures with various messages:

Good times in ReaperEd Mal! Let's partner up next year xoxoxo Vicky Ghoulburn.

Thanks for the tutoring lesson, totally aced Alchemy. And LOTS of thanks for the 'other' tutoring session ;) -- Victor Vladmeyer

^ Bitch, what have you been doing with my boyfriend?! -- Screechella

Malicia, another year down, a few more closer to our goal! Thanks for always being there when I need you, I know we can get through this all together. You're not just my cousin, you're my best friend and colleague. Love, Morgana.

P.S: You need to wear your hair down more often, it looks pretty :)

Whoaaa, when'd you get so HOT? Call me, let's hang out during the summer: 542-556353-4545434-3343 -- Ram Webb

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

And the brow went up.

Right there were a few bits interesting tidbits that didn't match up with how he had pictured Malicia's early years. Best friend? Hot?

Figuring this slice of the past needed a solid going over – purely for blackmail purposes, not that he cared or anything – the crook

dropped into the imposing chair, and started to flip through the pages.

Not so much as intriguing as disturbing were the grainy photographs of the student body. The bizarre, mutant body that it was. Monsters, ghouls and globs of all descriptions.

"Looks like a world record attempt for the biggest number of ugly losers in a single place at the one time..." he muttered.

And then, there it was.

"BAHAHAHAHAA!"

Needless to say, the uncontrollable fit of laughter was so loud that it managed to spook the spooks on the other side of the manor.

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



by **Malicia** 2 years ago

There it was indeed. In glorious full colour: Malicia's student photo. A face covered in large red pimples, a shy smile hidden behind metallic braces attached to head-gear that may have doubled as a medieval torture device (hard to tell with these monster-types), and a scrawny, shapeless body that hadn't quite caught up with the size of her large head. Were it not for the fiery red hair and yellow eyes, Negaduck may not have recognized her at all.

It doesn't matter what culture you come from, monster or Normal. You knew a total egghead when you saw one.

And if Negaduck were to continue flipping through he would see the slow changes that occurred from the beginning of the year to the end. In a spread for the "Society for Normal Activity" the braces had come off. A few pages over she was posing with Morgana in front of a guillotine at some sort of school sporting event, and the pimples had receded somewhat. Her body was beginning to fill in as well, starting with the chest and then the hips. By the last page, which featured an end-of-the-year prom night, Malicia was well on the way to growing what would eventually become her puppy-suffocating bosom of doom.

Elsewhere in the mansion, the demon in question felt a shiver run down her spine.

[Delete](#)



by [Negaduck](#) 2 years ago

After some time, Negaduck finally recovered his breath from that round of derisive hysterics.

"Well, I'll be keeping this."

And in he dropped it into the front of his shirt, that seemingly endless carry space that was Whatever He Was Wearing.

Drumming fingers on the armrest, his impatient gaze was then cast about the library. "There must be something ELSE worthwhile around here..." Brainwave. "Ah hah!"

Jumping to his feet, the shelves of the bookcases, rather than the books themselves, came under inspection. "These places always have those stupid hidden hallways..."

As true as that might have been, it would mean either hoping that he could recognise the trigger by chance, or trying very single book and wonky candle holder for a release.

OR... he could just clamber to the top and tip all the loose books out.

Smug as hell, he did just that. A little climbing and he stood on top of the case, and with one well placed stamp of a foot, the entire MaCawber collection toppled to the floor.

Except one.

Jumping back down, avoiding the mini-tornado from an opened chapter of Dainty Disasters for the Home, he proudly pulled back the remaining false hardcopy, expecting the case to slide away to reveal more juicy secrets.

And instead let out an echoing scream, as the trapdoor it activated opened UNDERNEATH him.

Whoops.

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



by **Malicia** 2 years ago

Luckily his fall was broken by bones and skulls, which was probably less painful than hitting the floor. Probably.

He was now in what appeared to be some sort of sacrificial altar room. The walls, floor, and ceiling were marked with foreign symbols. On a slab of concrete there was a skeleton chained down -- a normal looking-skeleton, with the normal number of limbs, eyeballs, and one head. The surrounding floor was splattered with rusted brown blood.

Negaduck would suddenly experience a crawling feeling that was in fact more than just a feeling; a football-sized millipede with fangs was scurrying across his back. Judging by the cobwebs that had made a nice home in a few of the empty sockets of the skulls around him, this place hadn't been used in awhile.

And there was a portrait. Gigantic in size, it nearly covered an entire wall and rose ten stories high. It was a younger, raven-haired Malik Macawber. In one gnarled hand he brandished the head of a Normal. The rest of the body was under his foot, as he stood above like a proud hunter.

Next to the portrait was a row of real, mounted heads. All Normals. Each one a valuable trophy. The one furthest on the end appeared to match the victim in the portrait.

Huh. Well surely this can't mean anything detrimental.

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

Exiting the bone pile with all due speed - skulls he may have had a fondness for, but not arthropods the size of his head - Negaduck took in the chamber, somewhat in awe.

"Okay, this is a little disturbing." Studying the portrait, then the heads. "He hunts ordinary people?"

Backing up to lean an elbow on the altar, the mastermind mulled this over.

"It's like the house was trying to warn me..."

You think?

"That we have far too much in common."

Nothing more unsettling than being a replacement for Daddy.

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



by **Malicia** 2 years ago

"Yehr not very smart are yee?" One of the skulls muttered. "Git out o' here while yee can, lad."

"AYE, MATEY" said a...pirate skull? Well, it did have an eye patch. "Thar be nothing but doom awaiting down here."

"Hey can you pleeeeee get this bug out of my socket? It's kind of itchy and I'm ticklish!" Another whined.

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

"Sweetmercifulcrap...!!!"

What? He was used to corpses and mutilated corpses. He wasn't used to them talking back.

Having recovered from that embarrassing dive for cover – er, tactical evasion – Negaduck eyed the talking trophies dubiously. Right, victims probably cursed to whinge for all eternity, got it.

"Please, my bedsheets have more doom in them than this dump," drawled with no jealousy whatsoever. "Just because you suckers got the chop doesn't mean I will. Old Red Eyes here—" A nod towards the head-toting Malik. "–has even taken it upon himself to get the Freak Police off my back, so shows what you know."

Couldn't blame them for their stupidity, really. They were

probably a couple of hundred years behind the times.. and having bugs in place of brains wouldn't have helped either.

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



by **Malicia** 2 years ago

".....Malik has offered to help you?" If the skull had any muscles it would've raised a dubious eyebrow. "Just what is your association with him and the demon child?"

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

"The demon 'child' has a thing for me but she got so caught up playing the woman scorned that she got us both done by the cops." Yes, that was what happened. "They took the opportunity to hand us over to this.. Council. Whatever they call it. Dopes in Cloaks."

"Wait," stirred the skeleton upon the altar. "How wouldst thou definest 'thing'?"

"You want me to draw you a picture?" Either he was running low on patience for explanations or the definition had alluded him as well. "Look, that's not important. The point is, Tall Dark and Wrinkly has shown up to act in our defence. Except I don't think he plans on saving her at all."

Ah, it was so nice to be able to gloat to someone. "Judging off the fact he's not played the doting father before, and he seems rightly unimpressed with her behaviour, my bet is on him dropping her totally in this. That way she's no longer his problem, with the added torment of the one she was trying to blame this all on getting off scott free." A smirk, arms folded. "Hey, that's what I'd do if it was my kid."

Of course.

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

The room was filled with horrified murmurs.

"Malik's daughter and a Normal?!"

"No. He would not tolerate that."

"ARRRRRR."

One skull in particular rolled over to Negaduck and stopped by his foot. Three-quarters of the skull-cap were shattered off, creating jagged edges. Somehow managing to look up at Negaduck it croaked miserably.

"I oogled his daughter. You are looking at the result of that."

"You... do realize Malik is the grand leader of the Underground Normal Genocide Movement... don't you?" One of the heads on the wall piped up.

[Delete](#)



by [Negaduck](#) 2 years ago

Picking up the skull – Alas, poor pervert! – Negaduck processed this gradually.

"So? He wants to normalise genocide? What's the problem with that?" If anything, that only confirmed his 'similar interests' theory.

"Non, yew empty-headed food-trough wiper!" exclaimed another head through an outrageous French accent. "Eee wants to kill all non-monster types! Exterminate the lot of yeew, lak commoon kitcheen cockaroches!"

But, being the stubborn mallard he was, Negaduck fought to resist that alternative version of reality.

"Fah! I may be non-monster, but he knows I'm hardly 'normal'. I've got a batch of illegitimate hellspawn with her, for Hades' sake! ... even if she did try to explain those away with a cockamamy story about being forced..."

Really, how much more ludicrous could you get.

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

The room went silent. One could swear the temperature dropped ten degrees.

Finally, the head on the wall broke the silence. "You... procreated with his daughter? Creating Half-Normal spawn?"

"It is rather troubling, isn't it? The fate of those poor children, and you..." Diabola's voice finally interjected quite grimly. The imp had somehow appeared directly beside Negaduck.

Then, just as quickly, the servant squeaked rather cheerfully. "Lord Negaduck, I have mended your outfit." The neatly folded costume was presented to him. "Hopefully it is to your liking. I see you've been exploring a few of Macawber Manor's mysteries. The master of the house once used this chamber to recreate infamous genocidal Tableaus. He and the other like-minded Genocidists would also gather here to host their Annual Hunting of the Normals, an ancient but now-outlawed traditional practice."

A maid, a cook, a seamstress, and a tour guide. What couldn't this little winged creature do?

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

"Waitaminute, what fate are you talking about?"

Presumably her mending was to an acceptable standard, as he accepted it and distractedly set about changing, using nearby bones and rusted spikes for hooks. No thanks, needless to say; wasn't lack of a beating thanks enough?

"Forget about the kids; is something going to happen to ME?!"

Always having his priorities in order.

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



by **Malicia** 2 years ago

"In due time, I suspect. You must be more useful alive than dead at the moment. But once that usefulness runs out..."

"Maaaaan, so glad I'm not you right now" Said one of the heads mounted on a spike.

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

Adjusting the last sleeve around those pesky cuffs, from beneath his newly re-blocked fedora, Negaduck frowned in frustrated confusion.

"I don't see what you're all fussing about. So he wants to eradicate my kind.. and has a daughter who he's homicidally protective of.. that I knocked up.. who is planning to testify that everything was my fault..."

And suddenly it all made sense.

"... oh."

Barely had his face fallen into the appropriate expression of horrified panic, he zoomed up the stairs – who knows how he found them after all that – a non-stop blur until he found Malicia's room, and promptly shut himself inside, back against the slammed door, panting like crazy.

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



by **Malicia** 2 years ago

Malicia was sprawled across her bed, thumbing through a magazine. Every so often she'd raise a champagne glass and take a sip of thick, green ooze.

She barely lifted her eyes from her reading material when Negaduck made his panicked entrance. "What's your problem now? Did you just experience the insalutary conclusion to all that sludge you vacuumed up with your mouth?"

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

"Why didn't you TELL me your Dad was the Grand Poobah of the 'Kill All Normals' club?" shouted in the manner of one trying not to shout once his breath had returned.

Stalking over, her lack of sympathy panic – while to be expected – was no less irritating.

"You think it MIGHT have something to do with why he was so keen to take on this case?"

As opposed to, say, just being a huge fan of Ally McTeal.

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

"I assumed it was obvious enough, but apparently I've overestimated your intelligence. My mistake." She continued flipping through her magazine.

"But look on the bright side: At this very moment, he's likely hunting and slaughtering all of our children; saves you all the trouble of doing it yourself."

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

"Oh, good."

Eyes closed, calm, calm.

Then it occurred to him that maybe this wasn't something that should actually be reassuring.

"Hold on, doesn't that.. bother you?"

She had seemed rather fond of the little blighters when they were around, although he had always assumed that was something to do with their potential bartending talents.

What was she just saying about his intelligence...?

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



by **Malicia** 2 years ago

"I am unbelievably bothered, but what am I expected to do? I'm chained and confined to my house -- it's like I'm 15 all over again." A nonchalant shrug of her shoulders followed by another sip from the champagne glass.

"Also, I think Diabola put something in this drink to calm my nerves."

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

"NO."

The glass was sent flying out of her hand and shattering against the wall.

"Snap out of it and help me think of a way to turn this on his head!" He had Malicia by the shoulders now, shaking her like the world's heaviest rag doll. "I will NOT be played at my own game! I am the puppet master here; there is no way he is going to be moving me around like a pawn!"

Desperation had shifted into anger. The feeling of being off-balance due to somebody else's manipulation was not something he was used to, and he didn't plan on becoming so.

"NEGADUCK PWNS ALL DEM KNOOBS!"

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



by **Malicia** 2 years ago

".....Have you been smoking something? Diabola isn't sharing any troll tobacco with you, I hope." Shoving him back she climbed off the bed and dusted herself off.

"Why should I help you with anything? You're to blame for this whole mess, you deserve to stew in it. I see no benefit whatsoever to saving your tail-feathers. In fact, I'm going to enjoy watching you crash and burn during the trial."

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

Aaaaand anger shifted back to desperation.

"You can't be serious!" Her shove had dumped those tail-fathers on the floor; rather fitting, really. But, never knowing when to quit, he got back up. "Listen, Malicia, I totally understand the urge to abandon the amazingly handsome father of your soon-to-be-butchered babies to certain doom, really."

Because I had been about to do the same to you.

"But you've got to think about yourself here! You said earlier you don't know what his plan is. You can't just loaf about without trying to work out what he's got cooking. What if his master scheme involves taking YOU down as well?"

Geez, look at him, all with the wide eyes and appeals to self-interest. Could it be.. was the Mighty Negaduck actually scared? No, never ever, perish the thought... or more accurately, perish the idiot who ever dreamed of suggesting such slander. With an ice pick. To the face.

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



by **Malicia** 2 years ago

"He won't throw me to the werewolves just yet. My well-being is required to keep up his silly little anti-Normal movement. And by the time he's done with me, I'll be far away from here." Malicia pushed him aside as she headed for the door and out down the hallway. A few twists and turns, and she was in the library where Negaduck had been poking around earlier.

"...What in sweet Hades were you doing in here?" Malicia side-stepped a fallen shelf and made a beeline for the family tree on the wall. She ran her claw down the line that had sprouted from her name.

"All thirteen still accounted for." Was that a sigh of relief? "He hasn't found them... yet."

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

"Glad I'm not on this thing..." Not that he was an expert at interpreting tapestries, but one would have expected the artwork to have been a little busier had it included ALL of his living progeny. Such a visual reminder of his man-whoring nature would probably not have helped his efforts to worm his way back onto Malicia's good side.

Leaving the distraction of the Macawber tree and his mutterings, Negaduck turned back to the demoness and the subject at hand.

"There's still time then. Come ON Mal, with your knowledge and my cunning, we'll be able to get inside of the curve of this coot and stop him returning with a demonling-pelt coat. That's what you want, right?"

Ah, emotional blackmail.

"... You wouldn't condemn your precious babies just to get back at me, would you?"

That smile, while perfectly constructed to tug at the heart strings juuust right, faltered the tiniest amount. He wasn't entirely sure this line of manipulation would prove effective. It was, after all, Malicia.

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



by **Malicia** 2 years ago

"NO." She spun around, fire spouting from her bill as she faced him.

"You are NOT going to get out of this so easily. You deserve to suffer. If I'm going to help your sorry, pathetic ass, then I want a reward. And saving my children DOESN'T count. I want a greater benefit from this. As it stands right now, I'd be far more satisfied with you dead than alive." Her tail was swishing so furiously that the tapestry was fluttering against the wall.

"Give me one single, solid reason why I should do anything for you. One."

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

The flames shot through the convenient gap beneath his hat created by his head retreating into his turtleneck – like a turtle, oddly enough. A particularly cowardly turtle.

And so it was time to answer the Big Question.

"Uh.. heh... foot rub?"

This last 24 hours was full of unpleasant shocks. One was finding slime monsters stuffed where no slime monsters should go. The other was this sudden realisation that he did not hold the advantage in their.. thing. He did not even hold the balance of power. No, all he held was an embarrassing yearbook and a vague hope that her baser urges would kick in and prevent her from getting rid of him forever.

And it was not looking good for that at this point.

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



by **Malicia** 2 years ago

"Don't patronize me! You wouldn't give me a foot rub if your life depended on it -- which it DOES, by the way. You'd make for a sub-par masseuse, at the very least." Well, good news is that she hadn't declined his offer per se, but she wasn't convinced either.

"**DIABOLA!**" She screeched suddenly. "I require a drink! Actually, make that five drinks."

"Absolutely, Lady Macawber." Said Diabola who, of course, was suddenly standing next to the both of them. "Shall I fetch something for Lord Negaduck as well?"

"Hmmm... fine. It's likely his last day on this Earth, might as well throw the diseased dog a bone. But only pick from our cheapest stock, please."

"Coming right up." The imp bowed and toddled away.

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

"Argh." Shoulders slumped. This was a card he had hoped not to play. "Fine. Let me show you."

Taking one of her hands in both of his – assuming she would let him – fingers traced lightly over its features.

"Being a master of torture isn't simply a gift. It's understanding how the body feels. Where tendons connect. Where nerve centres bunch."

Also knowing a thousand and one uses for common fireside bellows, he thought to himself, not that had any relevance for this little presentation.

"Of course, such vulnerabilities can have other uses aside from delivering pain."

And so, with any luck, some moderate pressure applied at two spots on her claw would see one demoness being sent straight to heaven.

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



by **Malicia** 2 years ago

"Hah! As if! You're a master of pain not ooooooooooooh."

He may as well have injected her with opioids, based on the way her body completely collapsed back into the wing-back chair and her muscles turned to rubber. This was nice. Very nice. Even better than the professionals at St. Canard's gold standard spa, not that she would ever tell him that. Somehow though, Negaduck probably didn't need to be told to figure it out.

And to think, all of those third-degree burns and many many stranglings could have been avoided with these magic fingers.

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

That was the desired effect, going by the arrogant quirk of a

smile at the corner of his beak, but with those gigantic talons facing him it did not last for long.

"Uh.. say, how about we go somewhere where I can do your back and shoulders instead?" Running a fingertip down the side of her calf to make it all the more convincing. "I know how tense you've been..."

I know because I was the cause, but
pleasentfootrubpleasentfootrub.

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



by **Malicia** 2 years ago

"You said **foot** rub." She tensed slightly and her tail flickered. "And I want my foot rub. Afterwards, you can do my tail as well." She stretched her leg for emphasis, wiggling those big 'ol daggers in his face.

"If the body is a temple, then mine is a golden palace."

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

Teeth gritted violently. "More like Stonehenge." It took all his willpower to keep that snark below hearing range before the unpleasant task began.

Unstrapping the first of the insanely-high heels with due reluctance, the feathers on the back of his neck bristled. The very nature of a foot rub rubbed his almighty pride the wrong way. But the looming threat of being a head mounted on a dungeon wall was a far worse rub by comparison, so he would have to make do. It didn't mean he was giving up what power he had left, however.

"Alright, but you'd better start talking, otherwise I'll stop, got it?"

To distract her from getting argumentative, he immediately went to work, dodging those eye-gouging nails and digging his thumbs into the especially pleasurable points of her sole.

"How does your father fit into this 'Council'? And if this Normal

hunting business isn't allowed, why hasn't he been done for it?"

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



by **Malicia** 2 years ago

She didn't even think about why he was asking, or what it implied. The words just seemed to flow right out of her as she sunk deeper into the chair.

"He's been on the council's radar for years because of my birth." She murmured hazily. "They knew dark forces were at work when a demon had been born into the family. But they were never able to prove anything, so they watch him carefully, just waiting for him to slip up.... ooh, a little to the left, please." She purred.

"Same goes for the whole Normal hating thing. Very underground, very frowned upon. While being bigoted against Normals is still common, the Council has long since pushed to keep another genocide from happening. We don't want to provoke anyone. Many family lines ended when the Normals eventually revolted against becoming our main entree."

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

"Dark forces were definitely at work in creating these corns," grumbled her miscreant-turned-masseuse, brow knotted.

Working through the equivalent of kneading semi-set cement into bread, Negaduck did his best to keep his mind on their dilemma while his fingers did their thang.

"So if the old man is such a bad ass, what exactly does he need you for?" One hand flipped off her other shoe so he could deal with them both unhindered, resulting in an increasingly tangled blur of claws and calluses. One would have assumed having one's toes tied in a bow like that would hurt, had those accursed magic chains not prevented him from doing any harm. "No offence but what sort of mastermind relies on the impulses of one fickle female..."

Said he on his knees before said fickle female, elbow deep in acupuncture.

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



by **Malicia** 2 years ago

"Because something went wrong with his plan. I was not supposed to survive past hatching. Something happened that prevented him from doing away with me. I only know this because he would remind me of this fact every day of my childhood—eeee! That tickles!" Well, there was the answer to how one reacts to toe tying.

"You can do my back now." The robe she was wearing dropped to the floor, leaving behind a topless Malicia. Not that she seemed to care -- wasn't anything he hadn't seen a million times before.

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

Even long term exposure did not dull the effects of the All Powerful Hypo Boobs. One peek of those puppies and his vision had glazed over, a low growl vibrating out of his drooling beak like a rabid animal.

No. Stahp! It was not that he had any moral problem with shamelessly ogling a topless ex, but he was meant to be distracting her, not the other way around. Slapping a hand over his eyes, which had a bonus effect of slapping some sense back into himself, with the other he pointed over to a nearby piece of furniture.

"Get on the desk." One sweep of an arm and it was cleared of any priceless books and artefacts. Even a intricately painted lamp ended up on the floor. The place already looked like a hurricane had hit it, so what did it matter?

Assuming she complied, and that the table did not collapse under her weight, the villain resumed his tactile bribery before she could slip back into mega-cow mode. Now this was going to be a hundred times nicer than a foot rub.. for him especially.

"Sounds like he's been underestimating you," he leaned in to purr in her ear after a few moments of massaging. "And he'll no doubt be underestimating us too." Movements flowed tauntingly around

the small of her hips, before gliding back up. "You know, Malicia, we may have had our.. disagreements in the past, but we do make a diabolical team." Calculated pressure applied to her shoulder blades backed up the pressure he was applying verbally. "Don't you think?"

In middle of all this manipulation of both body and mind, did either of them stop to wonder why Diabola had not yet returned with the drinks?

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

"If by 'team' you mean I've been useful enough to you that I'm worth keeping alive, for now." She rumbled, her face down on the desk.

And then there was a long pause as her body tensed up.

"Good Glob. Maybe the prison psychiatrist was right about me picking men who are like my father. And here I assumed he was just high on prescription drugs the whole time."

Oh, the horror!

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

"Pah! Those shrinks don't know squat. They'd diagnose the Liquidator with hydrophobia if given half a chance."

Extracting fingers from where they had become trapped between her tensing shoulder muscles – damn, woman was built – Negaduck continued, gradually, to smooth over their little falling out so they could get on with the good stuff. Escaping, that was.

"See, this is where we have a break down in understanding. While of course two cunning felons such as ourselves must operate on the principle of mutual benefit–" Taking certain liberties with her curves as the massage grew deeper. "If you think I'm using you like anyone else, you are sorely mistaken."

Voice dropped to a bassy rumble. "You are deadly, ruthless and

beautiful, Malicia, and as cruel as a caustic cat o'nine. Suckers come and go but you are better than all of them, a diamond among a million forgeries, my favourite femme fatale..."

Like he was above foot rubs or blatant flattery to save his own skin.

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

There was a whirlwind of movement and suddenly Negaduck found himself pinned to the table with the deadly, ruthless, beautiful 'diamond' on top.

"You're so full of shit." She growled, her face leaning into his. "But seeing as how this is likely your final day on the mortal coil, I suppose I'll leave you with a parting gift. And you will enjoy it, because it's the last you'll ever have from me or anyone else."

And with that, her mouth passed his, then trailed itself down his neck, over his chest, and made a beeline for Happy Territory where she engaged her own art of 'oral massage'.

Just in time for Diabola to reappear drinks in hand. Accompanied by Malik Macawber.

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

"Oh mamma..."

In the blissful moments before realisation of their audience had hit, all Negaduck could think of was that the only way to make that 'gift' any more perfect would be if she were on top of a pile of skulls, coated in the blood tsunami from earlier. Maybe once they were done here, that wouldn't be too hard to arrange...

"You heartless wench..." Lost in rapture, fingers tangling in her hair. "I'm.. going to do terrible things to you... but not before I do terrible things to your tight, juicy--"

Needless to say, it was at that exact moment Malikai's presence snapped into focus, and he gave the sort of start normally

reserved for the electric chair.

"FATHER?!"

That came out wrong.

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

Pausing mid-lick, she arched an eyebrow at him. "Really? Just when I thought you couldn't take things to a stranger level--"

"This really will not help your case." Malikai's voice cut in.

And just as quickly, Malicia joined Negaduck in the electric chair boogalo. In a rush to get off her hands and knees, the demonness clambered for her robe and inevitably tangled herself in an even more compromising position with Negaduck. "Hello Father, I didn't hear you come in." Said casually as though she wasn't currently laying naked and entwined with a visibly aroused Normal.

Malikai loomed in the doorway, his hair appeared to be singed. His pale green feathers were covered in tiny red bite marks and scratches. If one didn't know better, one might think he had rolled around in catnip and then crawled into a den of tiger cubs. Fire-breathing tiger cubs.

"The trial is tomorrow morning." He said. "The Enforcers will arrive at dawn tomorrow to retrieve the both of you. Malicia, I expect you to be fully-clothed and in a state of inconsolable disrepair. You are to tell the court the exact same story you told me. I am certain you will be let off with a warning and perhaps community service. That is, if you can manage to suppress your hoor's nature for that long and not jeopardize this entire case by your pathetic addiction to this Normal's nether-regions." And before she could get a retort in edgewise, he turned and left the room with a flourish of his robes.

"Would you like one eyeball or two with your drink?" Chirped Diabola.

[Delete](#)



by [Negaduck](#) 2 years ago

... how could one possibly react to that?

Panting, fight or flight instinct inhibited by the half tonne of demonness crushing more than one major organ, there appeared to be only one way to react. Which was to set upon the nearest helpless helper who had the audacity to offer him a drink.

"You **rat-faced little snitch!**" The roar of which preceded a lunge off the table that probably would send the whole thing toppling sideways. "You set this whole thing up! Hold still while I shove that eyeball up whatever horrific wormhole happens to be your most painful orifice!"

The spell-constrained shackles did nothing to stop the flurry of fists raining down upon Diabola's head. Well presumably upon Diabola's head. With all that dust and miscellaneous debris flying about, it was a little hard to tell if they were raining down on anything.

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by [Malicia](#) 2 years ago

The old saying 'I'm rubber, you're glue, whatever you say bounces off me and sticks to you' took on a whole new meaning. Negaduck's strikes seemed to bounce right off the little imp-creature. Correction: It wasn't 'seemingly', his fists WERE bouncing off.

"I would stop while you're ahead." Malicia said as she collected her clothing. "Diabola has survived two centuries with our hot-headed family for a reason."

From inside the dust-ball of shouting and rage, Diabola casually chimed in. "Indeed. Why, your great-great-great aunt Toadmire had quite the itchy magic finger. A bit of a sadist, you might say. I suppose I should mention at this point that I had nothing to do with Lord Malikai's arrival, that was of his own volition. But if Lord Negaduck feels some relief I am more than happy to serve as his anger management tool."

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

The murderous mallard did stop, but not because the logic of all that had gotten through to him. No, her apparent invincibility was a kind of a challenge.

"I'll feel some relief when the lot of you are pulverised into soot!"

Reaching back, he grabbed the desk lamp that had crashed to the floor earlier, winding up for the throw. And why not? It was heavy, it was pointy, it had glass and flame; surely it would do far more damage than his fists.

"I've taken down bigger, uglier, more conniving weasels than you, and I'll do it again!"

Thus the gauntlet, and the lamp, was thrown.

That declaration of his came unexpectedly true unexpectedly fast when the lantern bounced straight back – and cracked him in the head. Out like a particularly psychotic light he went, slumped over a pile of books and scattered eyeballs.

Probably the only effective 'anger management' strategy for him: a complete KO.

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

When Negaduck would awake, it would be inside a dank stinkin' dungeon somewhere in the deeper depths of the manor -- apparently there was some layover with the 'creepy old castle' laws here.

"Lord Negaduck, are you still unconscious?" Diabola's voice called out from somewhere in the darkness.

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

"Ergh... yes..." bit back the gruff voice of his 'Lordship.'

Apparently even a fullscale black-out wasn't enough to inhibit his

sarcastic jerkness.

Groan. His head was thumping worse than the time Quackerjack had invented that dubstep dancing teddy bear.

Eventually deciding that lying around in the company of one he had threatened bodily harm with earlier wasn't a great idea, Negaduck opened his eyes, and struggled to adjust to the darkness.

"Where in Hades am I..?"

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

"Lord Malikai thought it might be better if you spent the rest of the evening in the dungeon, given your earlier discrepancy with Lady Macawber. She is out of sorts and locked herself in her bedroom and has threatened certain death to anyone who comes near. I suspect she may sneak down later and pay you another visit, however. She does seem to have... a bit of an addiction. She still manages to be rather ladylike about it though, doesn't she?"

While chatting, Diabola set a bowl of writhing worms down next to the cage bars. "A little something in case you're feeling peckish. Worms are good for virility."

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

As ladylike as a herd of stampeding rhinoceros, thought the crook before stalking over to the servant.

"And how, exactly, do you think that will help this situation?" The thick, venomous contempt indicated he was on the edge of his patience.. again. "Maybe you've forgotten, but dear Malikai isn't what you would call fond of half-demon brats he has already. So let's whip up a second batch, great, that's sure to end well!"

A sudden thought and he leaned against the bars to glare down at her.

"If you're trying to spur him into finishing me off as quickly and

painlessly as possible, I will not be amused..."

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

"Certainly not! Lady Macawber would be VERY upset if I were to provoke your death before she has a chance to cause it by her own hand. I am, after all, her indentured servant, not Lord Malikai's. We imps are passed down the matriarchal line by death of our previous mistress. I once served her mother, until that dreadful evening when my ownership was transferred over to the newly-hatched Malicia. As such, everything I do is for her benefit, and not that of her sire." Diabola waggled a tiny finger.

"Oh and how is your outfit fitting you? I used a silk spider threading as it is much more secure but less visible, I thought it would be far more efficient for the fabric memory and movement." Such a talent the servant had with sewing, almost as grand as the non-sequiturs.

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

"Yeah yeah yeah, it's fine."

Never worth commenting on anything unless it didn't meet his expectations.. in which case, he would 'comment' a lot.

"Waitaminute, Malicia's mother died just after she was born?"

Suddenly there was an extra dimension to the villainess, one filled with a bittersweet sorrow that coloured everything she was, everything she did. Even a cruel soul like Negaduck could not take it, and unable to fight it, he broke down...

Into snorts of laughter.

"What happened? Don't tell me! Her shell was so huge even her own momma couldn't handle it? Ba ha ha ha!"

Touching display of sympathy that was.

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

"Melantha was healthy and happy after the delivery." Said the creature who, evidently could not detect a good'ol fashioned fat joke. "And so looking forward to having a child of her own... she was a kind, gentle soul, that one. Too kind for this world, perhaps. It's the only explanation I can consider for why she chose to trade places with her daughter when Beelzebub--" The imp stopped short.

"Oh dear, I'm afraid I'm saying too much. I'm not to speak of such things. I suppose all I can tell you is that while Malicia's birth was the effect, it was not the cause of her death. That crime lies on someone else's chipped shoulders."

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

The chortling abruptly ceased. Something got his attention, and any guess would be that it had to do with his second favourite 'C' word: crime.

Maybe it was the over-powering stench of those oddly coloured worms, but he smelt a cover-up. And what did a cover-up equal? Leverage.

Squatting down so he was eye-to-eye with the rambling servant, he went to press more information out of her like a slug caught underfoot.

"Whose?"

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

There was the hint of a twinkle in the imp's eye. "Now Lord Negaduck, you must understand that if I haven't told Malicia all this time, I certainly wouldn't tell you. But you seem like a bright creature. Perhaps you can figure it out on your own."

[Delete](#)



by [Negaduck](#) 2 years ago

That was all the confirmation he needed. Straightening, Negaduck turned contemplative.

"It's not figuring it out that's the issue."

It was figuring out how to use it.

It appeared the blood hound had finally caught a scent. But the scent of a suspicion, no matter how delightfully rotten, would not be enough to get him out of his predicament. No, he needed proof.

Right at that moment, his gaze landed on a glint in the distance. His vision having adjusted to the dark, he could make out features of an adjoining chamber. It was the dungeon he had been in earlier! Whether the skulls of Normals past could be of any use to him was one thing, but it became clear now what the skeleton of the last victim had been bound to.

A sacrificial altar.

Putting this all together quickly, holding the bars he turned back to Diabola.

"Uh say hey, globby... As such as I appreciate the worms, I'm reeeally starving. Think you'd be able to rustle me up something larger, something live, to sink my teeth into?" Charming smile. "Last meal and all."

Like anyone believed that.

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by [Malicia](#) 2 years ago

"**DIABOLA!!! I REQUIRE MORE ALCOHOL!**" Malicia's bellowing shook the foundation of the manor.

"Ah, I shall get back to you on the cuisine, Lord Negaduck. Our lovely lady needs a refill." The imp bowed and toddled off.

[Delete](#)



by [Negaduck](#) 2 years ago

As soon as the servant was out of sight, he turned his sights to escape.

"Not that I plan on waiting around."

With time now to inspect the surrounds closely, it became clear it was exactly the sort of creepy, dark cell one would expect to find in a creepy, dark house. Thick, rusted bars. Large sturdy lock. Skeletons dangling in cages through the passageway outside.

Hold on, one of those looked close enough to tumble right into his cell, if he could only knock it off balance. One would assume it was his gore fixation gone overboard to want a skeleton in the prison with him, but as always, he had a plan.

But first plots first. Dragging and pushing and grunting to move the in-cell cot to the side, the determined drake stood on it – carefully, as it was effectively a bed of nails (therapeutic, sure) – and stretched out with his shackled arms... but it was no use. The tip of the remains was still way out of his reach.

A less stubborn mallard would have cursed his short stature and maybe invested in a pair of platform shoes. Negaduck, however, simply gritted his teeth and searched the cell again. Then..

"Aha!"

The worms. Or not so much the worms but what they were resting on.

Snatching up the bowl, with the eye of an Olympic frisbee player, he whisked it up at the corpse's mass.

Success! The skeleton, or at least the part of it that he needed, snapped off with the collision and dropped to the mouldy floor. Grabbing the arm, the felon turned it over... five fingers, or as he saw it, five perfect lockpicks.

"How kind of you.. to give me a hand."

Above, almost obscured by his chuckling at his own hilarity,

there was a secession of creaks.. and fate sought to punish him for that woeful pun by letting the rest of the skeleton topple straight onto his head. Maybe with a few wriggling worms for added flavour.

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

A little while later the hallway was filled with the noise of approaching silverware on a tray -- the familiar clatter that could only come from a beverage and some sort of accompanied meal.

"Good news, Lord Negaduck. I had a leftover ogre shank put aside, along with a bit of blood pudding. Hopefully you'll find this a bit more filling. Thought you might appreciate a drink as well, although I apologize on the lower quality. Lady Macawber has finished off the last of the high-end blood-wine. On the bright side, she'll sleep like a demonling tonight." The tray of food was placed by the cage. Fortunately, Diabola didn't take notice of Negaduck's new cell-buddy.

"Is there anything else I can get you?"

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

A hand popped up from under the pile of remains to make an 'okay' signal.

"Irmits fnnnee," came the stifled mutter. "Fnne nd dathdndy."

With any luck, she'd leave him to humiliate himself in peace.

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

"Oh good. You have yourself a nice sleep, don't want to be tired for your trial. Which me reminds me, I need to iron our Lady's best gown..." As Diabola wandered farther off and back upstairs, the mumbling continued.

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

Bursting out of the bones like a festering sore – a metaphor about as lovely as her Ladyship upstairs – the prisoner spat out a few spiders and made straight for the door. Hand in, er, hand.

"As if anything as old and crusty as this door – or him – could contain the mighty Negaduck."

Or his habit of talking to his own ego.

Sizing up the lock, the appropriately sized phalange was inserted and jingled around expertly. Don't get excited now, 'phalange' just means finger bone.

One criiick and one swing of the door later, he was out, but not out of trouble.

"Oh delicious." Nudging the tray with a foot, he watched in disgust as the shank flinched and jumped of its own accord. "Trust Malicia's lot to deliver the terribly undercooked goods. Suits me fine this time around."

Scooping up the silverware, being careful of both getting caught and of dropping the jittering tray, he stalked into the main dungeon. Paying no mind to the rows of deceased Normals on display, with one sweep of an arm the skeleton on the altar was pushed, clattering, to the floor.

"So he wants to distance himself from dark forces, hmm?" The tray was dumped onto the cold sacrificial slab. "Then he should have never brought me into his home."

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

"Yaaaar what madness is this?" The pirate skull has been stirred from whatever counted as sleep in the world of re-animated bones. "A last ditch attempt to save yer scaley hide from Malikai? Or do yee just enjoy eating supper fresh off the slab?"

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

"The old bat let slip that Beelzebub was connected to the untimely demise of Malicia's mother. The fastest way to find out how is to have a little talk with the guy.. in the flesh."

With all the unnecessary cutter of cutlery and glass knocked out of the way, Negaduck moved away from the altar to find a more appropriate implement than a steak knife to finish the deal. Thankfully Malikai appeared to have an athamé on display just for the job.

"And I've seen enough dark magic to know, if you want to get anywhere in life... you need to make a few sacrifices."

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

Even as he prepared to finish the process the room seemed to dip a few degrees colder, and the many victims of slaughter's past moaned and groaned.

"Yes, yes! Make him pay for what he did to us!"

"Expose him and this dungeon! Avenge us!"

"Yaaaaar!"

Upstairs, Malicia snored loudly and stirred in her drunken slumber. The gathering dark energy would have been enough to rouse her, had she not drank twice her weight in rum and fizz.

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

A flash of the blade, and it was driven savagely through the chunk of ogre flesh. Like a stuck pig, the shank twitched and thrashed, but could not escape the slaughter.

And yet.. nothing happened.

It was only thanks to a loose skull that had bounced itself onto

the altar that the ritual was complete. With a well-placed headbutt, it knocked the bowl of blood pudding, spilling the fluid over the 'dying' meat.

"Voilà!"

The blood flowed through channels carved in the altar, seeping out to five adjoining points. Once the sigil was fully connected, the walls began to shake, chattering the skulls' remaining teeth and sending mammoth-sized millipedes skittering for cover.

No going back now.

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

There was a thunderous roar as the ground split open beneath the altar, and from it arose a gigantic skull-shaped doorway with a pair of red, glowing eyes. A door nestled inside the gaping jaws flew open and fire poured out in all directions.

As the smoke and flames died down, a silhouette stood in the doorway and brandished a most devious weapon indeed.

"Fer Pete's sakes, what's the big idea?!" The silhouette stepped forward to reveal the form of Beelzebub... with a towel draped around his midsection and a shower cap over his pointy horns. The 'weapon', a sponge on a stick, was pointed in Negaduck's direction.

"This better be good, pal, or I'm trapping you in a room with the Little Lost Bunnies for all eternity!"

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

"What's the big idea?' 'WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?!'"

Rage boiling over like a volcano, not even the threat of Little Lost torture could keep him at bay now.

"I'm about to be fed to the vegetarian sandworms--" Near deliriously violent shake of his shackles for emphasis. "And

you're having a fricken **bubble bath?!"**

The thunderous roar of the opening of the gates of fire had nothing on a seething Negaduck, who had only just begun. "I don't get it. Is my cat kicking total below average this month? Did I only endanger the lives of four major cities and two endangered species rather than my usual nine?"

To make up for the lack of cat-kicking or simply to vent frustration, a cowering skull nearby was promptly booted across the chamber and into a stone wall.

"I am single-handedly responsible for the greatest spread of evil and depravity cross dimensions, and now I hear you're backing the same Malikai twit who's angling to snitch me up permanently?!"

Granted, Diabola had not confirmed as such, but he was willing to do what one generally did in the company of the Devil.

Take a bet.

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

"Okay, okay. Keep yer pants on. Oh, wait..." He cracked a smarmy grin.

"To be fair, it ain't MY fault you decided to go bangin' his daughter. Well, then again, I AM the reason little Mal-Mal ended up moving to St. Canard. So I guess I gotta take some credit for that, 'uh? You're welcome, by the way. The kid woulda been working a stint as a no-nonsense teacher at the Academy right now if I hadn't intervened."

Beezlebug circled Negaduck, twirling the sponged stick which melted into a pitchfork. "By the way, I ain't 'backing' the old man, per se; he came looking for me, needed a lil something-something from me. Yanno, kind of like you're doing now." He cracked a grin.

"So tell me, Negsy. What have you got to offer up in return for my bailing you outta this mess?"

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

Acknowledgement of his involvement with the ghoul prompted a low growl.

"I knew it."

But then so did three thirds of the audience by then, so big deal.

"What, isn't the value of having me topside enough for you?" The sneer covered the level at which the question had caught him off guard. He hadn't thought as far ahead as bargaining chips. His ego had not even contemplated that there was a important chip than HIM anyway.

"What do you want then? A couple of half-caste demonlings? Take the eldest; he'd make a fine guard dog." Muttering, "Provided you muzzle him tightly enough..."

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

"Aaaah, that's right. You're a proud papa now, ain'tchya?" He clicked this tongue. "But it'd be awfully cruel of me to deprive you of the chance to spend some quality paternal time with your kids." He winked.

This was followed by a brief moment of contemplation, and then he snapped his fingers. "Tell ya what. You tell me exactly what sorta favor you want me to do for you. Then we'll go from there, unh? I'll decide whether it's worth any bargaining."

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

'Now'? Did he not know what happened that time in Vegas with those Swedish triplets? Or with that huge-breasted spy sent to blow his brains out (and did, although not in the sense she had been ordered)? Or with his last Stockholm syndrome victim...?

Still, offspring with supernatural powers no doubt counted for

more on the negotiation table. Also being aware of their actual existence probably helped.

"Sure thing. Nothing major. No 'plucking me from the vast oblivion between dimensions' type favours. This should be easy."

Yeah, that had been fun.

"You did a deal with Malikai MaCawber?" A hundred per cent serious, time to drop the – metaphorical – bomb. "I want proof."

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

"You mean something like this?" A long scroll was conjured up, which unfurled itself to reveal an official statement drafted in old-style cursive. It was written in blood, of course. No self-serving master of the dark arts would settle for just plain old ink, there's gotta be RULES you know.

More specifically, the blood-writing stated:

"I, Malikai Macawber hereby surrender my First Born Child to Beelzebub, Lord of Darkness®, in exchange for Immortality. By signing this contract I have agreed to the aforementioned terms.

No returns, refunds, or take-backsies!*

Signed,

Malikai Macawber

Beezlebub, Lord of Darkness®

*Exchanges on sacrifices are acceptable, given the exchange is of equal or greater value."

The contract was dangled inches from Negaduck's face. Had the villain made a swipe for it, the Devil made sure to keep it just out of arm's reach, taunting him with a huge grin.

[Delete](#)



by [Negaduck](#) 2 years ago

Of course he swiped for it. What self-serving master of the dark arts wouldn't?

Reining in his temper, Negaduck managed to keep his fists clenched rather than lodged in a goat's snout. While pummelling the Devil would earn him a new level of Bad Ass, it would unlikely help in this situation.

"Yes. Exactly that." Gaze slid back to the puppet master, a picture of impatience barely controlled. "Hand it over. Unless you want to see how many of St Canard's most annoying I can send down to keep you company. The 'fabulous' Clyde would love to get to know YOU, I'm sure..."

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by [Malicia](#) 2 years ago

"Awwwww. Muffin." Beelzebub crooned. "Aren't you adorable when yer all angry."

The scroll was rolled back up. "You're gonna have to do better than pestering me with a fruitfly if you want this contract."

[Delete](#)



by [Negaduck](#) 2 years ago

It was an empty threat anyway. If it had been physically possible to rid the city of nuisances like Clyde, he would have done so already. No wonder nuclear annihilation was such a tempting proposition.

Stewing for a moment, a million thoughts of what to do flew around Negaduck's head, but they were all irrationally violent options. No, he couldn't beat or threaten his way out of this one. He had to get clever. But who could out-scam Satan?

Then it struck him.

Making a big show of racking his brain for another plan, a desperate sucker stuck in a no-win situation, when the villain did pose an idea it was with considerable hesitation.

"Considering my resources here are limited, and I can't even leave the bloody property, I'll have to go with one of those 'impossible task' deals – you like those, right?"

Looking around the surrounds for inspiration, the challenge decided upon certainly met the 'impossible' description.

"How about if I bet, with no magical or mechanical assistance, that in a single leap, I can jump higher than this painting."

The painting of the Lord of the manor, that was. The painting that took up the entire far wall. The painting that was the height of a small apartment building in and of itself.

The determined drake was in fine physical shape, sure, but this had to be the worst case yet of his ego getting the better of him.

"I do it, you give me the contract."

Leaving Beelzebub to set the terms for what was to be forsaken when the cornered criminal inevitably lost.

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

"You can't be serious." The devil cackled. "What kind of cockamamie bet is that?! And I thought the whole golden fiddle thing was ridiculous."

Now he was looking Negaduck up and down, trying to figure out what trick he might have hidden in those yellow sleeves. Considering the mallard had everything confiscated, and the shackles kept him well under control, the devil couldn't see much reason for why Negs would boast such confidence.

"Ah, whatever. You're on! Let's see you Do The Mario."

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

"Alright. Get ready..."

A bit of leg stretching and finger cracking later, Negaduck tensed

and sprung...

Not more than a lazy couple of feet upwards?

Rather than expressing any sort of devastation, however, he was perfectly satisfied. Like he had artfully completed what he had intended to do.

Before the Lord of Darkness could get a taunt in edgeways, he motioned calmly to the artwork as if waiting for something to happen, and then declared, "See? The painting didn't jump at all."

Really, it didn't get any lower in terms of dirty rotten tricks or puns.

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by [Malicia](#) 2 years ago

"...You've gotta be kidding me." He sneered. "No. You're not, are you? You actually pulled that pun move on me?! The PUN move, of all things."

He massaged his temples momentarily and took a deep breath. "Alright, fair enough. I can't go back on a legit bet, so you get the damned contract. 'Sides, I'll get my retribution when your time comes." With a snap of his fingers, the contract 'whooshed' into Negaduck's hands.

"Malik's kind of a huge douche anyway; never really liked the guy at all. But do both of us a favor and get Mally back in the game, wouldya? Your 'scorned lover' shenanigans are bringing down the kill count substantially. I want you both back to work fulfilling your daily quotas after this whole trial thing is done and over with, capiche?"

[Delete](#)



by [Negaduck](#) 2 years ago

"No need to get grouchy, 'muffin'." Whose turn was it to be smug now? "If I wasn't such a nasty low-down cheat, the South Calisota Girl Scouts would still be selling cookies rather than chocolate-coloured asbestos."

Contract safely tucked into the front of his jacket, Negaduck huffed.

"And I'll take care of the kill quota, but don't think you can order me around." Finger a-wagging. "You want 'Mally' back in the game, get her there yourself. Did you see what she did to my bike? Woman needs a full and complete bitchorcism..."

And a good anvil on the face for all those penis jokes.

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

"Hah! I think ya secretly enjoy the challenge. And speaking of seemingly-impossible feats, I'm still waiting for Darkwing Duck's head on a platter. The whole coffee thing was pretty good for awhile, but you really shot yourself in the foot with that one. Time to step it up a notch, buddy."

Retreating back into the doorway, he thumped the floor with his pitchfork. "Anyway, I got a coupla CEOs in need of some good 'ol fashioned capital punishment. Don't disappoint me, Negs!"

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by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

"Ah stick it up your nine circles," Negaduck grouched, waving off the nagging of the higher (or was that lower?) authority.

Having got what he had aimed for, there was no need to linger for the sake of exchanging further pleasantries. Particularly not when noise from above indicated a possibly imminent interruption.

Being caught with a bloody altar was sure to raise questions. Scooping up the skewered ogre shank and tray, the masked mallard made a dash back for the cell. Maybe he was not smart enough to lay off insulting Old Nick, but he sure was smart enough not to leave evidence.

Whether he made it back inside the cell before any visitors made it down was of little consequence. In either case – as this little episode demonstrated – he was perfectly comfortable

improvising.

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

The Gates sunk back down from whence they came and, miraculously, the floor closed back up and left itself as it was before Negaduck had entered the scene. Pretty handy, that.

Dawn had finally arrived, and with it came Diabola and the two Enforcers, one on each side, looking as stern and stone-faced as ever.

"Good morning, Lord Negaduck!" The imp had another tray with a silver cover. "I've packed you some breakfast for the trip. You wouldn't want to be hungry during the trial."

Diabola unlocked the cage door with a finger-snap, and the Enforcers were quick to surround the mallard.

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by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

Propped up on the cell's cot, the fiendish mastermind was devilishly.. gnawing away on an ogre bone?

"Given the fantastic hospitality you have already provided, Diabola, I doubt I'll need it," he said, tossing the well-picked bone lazily over one shoulder.

Unhurried by the Enforcers' presence, he stood. "Still worth bringing along though; some of us won't be back here for a long, long time."

On that cryptic note, Negaduck allowed himself to be escorted out with little fuss. Chaos was sure to follow, but it was saved for the courthouse.

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

The armed brigade was led through the manor until they stopped

short at Malicia's bedroom door. Diabola knocked lightly.

"Lady Macawber, are you ready? It's time for you to leave."

"Just a minuuuuute~" The door was flung open, and Malicia stepped out. She had traded in her green dress for a cob-webbed gown and her hair braided into a rather elaborate bun.

One would think she was heading to a cocktail party and not a trial where the remaining pieces of her life hinged solely on the Council.

"Well don't you look beautiful. Doesn't she look marvelous?" Diabola turned to the Enforcers and Negaduck. The former of which merely grunted and rounded on the demonness. Malicia was quickly herded beside Negaduck so that the two villains were sandwiched in the middle.

Wordlessly, the group made their way downstairs and Diabola waved them off. "Best of luck to you both! Do come by and visit again, it's always a pleasure to have company!"

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by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

Thunk.

That was the sound of Negaduck's jaw hitting the floor boards.

It was only the push of the Enforcers behind that prompted him to snap the lower half of his beak into place a la roll-up blind, and drag his stare away from her formidable assets. Mostly. Kind of.

"What are you playing at?" murmured out of the corner of his mouth as they were marched along. "Somehow I don't think that's what your old man had in mind when he ordered a display of 'inconsolable disrepair'..."

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

"Whatever would I be playing at?" She murmured back. "I'm just a

lovely, innocent young lady who doesn't want to dry up in the dunes of the Dungeon Dimension, provided I'm not eaten by sandworms first. Surely the Council will find it too cruel to allow such a tragic fate to befall a visionly creature."

In before any jabs about the sandworm being the visionly creature.

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by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

"Uh huh. You do realise you can't beat them into agreeing with that with your visionly fists, right?"

And so it continued until the Enforcers finally shut them up for their arrival into the Grand Hall of the Council.

Things no doubt wouldn't go so grand from here.