

Dungeons & Demons: Part II

Published by: [Negaduck](#) on 13th Apr 2013 | View all blogs by [Negaduck](#)
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((In what is hopefully the finale of this damn coffee arc, this blog continues on from [Dungeons & Demons](#). Reserved, for the moment, for Malicia and Negaduck. Anyone who wants to get in on the act, just drop a message to my good self.))

It appeared all of monster society had turned out for the scandalous event that was to be the dual trial of the daughter of a high society ghoulish and her odd Normal counterpart. The surrounding chatter, no doubt spurred by what the demoness had turned out in that day, was such that the head judge nearly broke his thigh bone gavel in attempting to quieten it down.

"SILENCE," the judge, a beast of pure quicksand – and a tiny judicial wig – boomed. "I bring to order the case of the Council of Mages vs Malicia MaCawber and Neg A. Duck. We commence with opening statements. Prosecutor OmNalrem, you're up."

The lead prosecutor, a dignified crocodile-like fellow, adjusted his scales and made his way out to the front.

"Your Honours, ladies and gentleghouls, we stand before you today with a case of immense selfish and reckless behaviour not seen since Gretel's unmerited attempts against an innocent witch. Unsatisfied with merely being exiled from our dear community, the demoness sitting behind me now sought to vindictively spread her brand of trouble through the helpless Normal community, unleashing upon them a horrific mix of deadly technology and forbidden magic. This, we will show, had gone on for some time before our courageous Enforcers investigated her for another releasing another horrific mix altogether – demonic spawn, fathered by this repugnant Normal here." Rounding on the snarling Negaduck, who had to be restrained from his sudden impulse to chew the prosecutor's face off.

"Stupid and uncivilized this creature may be, it was vicious enough to almost permanently do away with our dear Lee Bones – who is still recovering from bite marks to this day – and adopt the guise of an Enforcer for his own nefarious purposes. When discovered, both he and Lady MaCawber – and I do use that title loosely – resisted arrest to the point of devastating one Normal city and bringing about serious harm to those pursuing them."

Back to the audience, the counsellor continued.

"Due to the utter disregard displayed for the well-being of members of either society, and the deliberate endangerment of our upstanding law enforcers, we will be seeking maximum punishment for the guilty

parties. Thank you."
Nodding, the head judge turned to Malikai.
"Counsel for the Defence?"

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

Malik stepped to the front and cleared his throat.

"Ladies, ghouls, and fellow creatures of the court: While Prosecutor OmNalrem has made some legitimate points regarding this strangely-dressed Normal, Mr. Neg A. Duck, I have undeniable evidence that Miss Macawber's involvement in this scandal was entirely against her will." A dramatic pause.
"Including the conception of their mixed-breed children."

Jabbing a bony figure in Negaduck's direction, he continued.
"Miss Macawber, like many monsters, was the unwitting victim of this sociopathic creature. Not only did she have absolutely zero knowledge about the attack on Senior Officer Lee Bones, but her alleged 'illegal business' was in fact operated by Negaduck. Today, I will present to the court the savage criminal record that I have unearthed on this Normal. In turn, you will soon realize that Miss Macawber is unaccountable for her actions and should therefore be waived of all punishment. Thank you."

The 'unaccountable' meanwhile, was blowing a kiss to the council.

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by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

"WHAT THE HELL KIND OF DEFENCE LAWYER ARE YOU," bellowed the 'sociopathic creature', ready to throttle Malik as soon as he sat back down.

Sure, a betrayal was expected, but Malicia, completely innocent?
Was he MAD?

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

A wave of murmurs and hushed voices spread across the room from excited spectators. Less than ten minutes in and things were getting good already.

"I apologize for my client's violent outburst" Malik added. "While it is true I am defending both of the accused, I cannot, in good faith, allow such a threat to walk freely in our underworld. This is purely for the safety of everyone here today, I assure you."

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by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

"WHAT A LOAD OF-- MFPH!"

With a flick of his fingers, one of the assistant judges – a cloaked skeleton who had quite the family resemblance to Mr Death – shot a tiny winged gag at Negaduck's bill. The impact with his face sent the crook toppling backwards in his chair, flailing around madly to wrestle it off. That was one way to execute a gag order.

"This is quite unusual," commented the head judge. "However, as it will be in the prosecution's interest to demonstrate that Miss MaCawber acted freely, I believe the accused's interests will be adequately represented all the same." Not completely. Adequately. "Counsellor OmNalrem, please present your evidence."

And so it began. Physical evidence was first displayed and, due to the complete seizure of Malicia's warehouse, there was a lot of it. Hordes of hexes, heat-seeking harpies and remote-controlled Jabberwocks. Enforcers assisting the prosecution detailed their painstaking investigations of what existed, where it had likely come from, and how they came to find it in the demoness's factory. Last but not least though, was Enforceling Dave, dragging along a particularly pertinent piece of evidence.. a very irritated Junior.

"Come on now... that's it.. NO, don't eat the woodwork...!"

Eventually they made it to stand before the judges without too great a harm coming to the legs of any of the galley members, and Dave coaxed the little terror into sitting in the one place

through the use of a nice juicy ham bone. Then it was only a matter of explaining what they had discovered about the demonlings, and how they had come to capture this one in the flesh, all still in a Normal city.

Soon, it would be Malik's turn to cross-examine.

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

Throughout the display of evidence, Malicia remained poised and ladylike. Occasionally she would flutter her eyelashes in confusion and let out a hushed, "Oh my!" As though she had no darn clue where those silly deadly plagues came from.

She put on quite a show when Junior was brought out. "Hello sweetie! Mommy misses you!" Malicia cooed affectionately and waved at the demonling that was now attempting to dismember Enforceling Dave -- again. "You've grown so big, too! I see your second pair of fangs have come in."

"Perhaps once the cross-examination is done, we can allow mother and son to reunite momentarily. I do believe it's been quite awhile." Said Malik. A suggestion made from the bottom of his heart, surely, and not for some nefarious purpose.

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by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

"At least paternity is not under dispute," murmured the High Judge with some level of relief. It was pushing into mid-morning and he still had not had his daily cup of ooze; the last thing they needed was another complication.

Casting his eyes – wherever they were in the sludge that counted for his face – solemnly down at Junior, to the court he decreed, "Once the questions for Enforceling Dave have concluded, I am happy to grant a brief recess to allow contact between the accused and her kin, solely for the sake of the innocent childGAAAH!!"

Apparently the big booming voice behind him had caught Junior's attention and, being allergic to authority figures as he was, had launched into an attack. A vicious hiss, and he clawed his way up the podium, unimpeded by Dave, whose arm had been popped clean out of its socket and was dragged around at the end of the leash. This did not appear to trouble the young officer, except with a resigned sigh.

"Not again."

With a demonling running feral along the judges' panel, and the various courthouse guards and mages scrambling to contain him, the place soon had descended into mayhem.

Like a cat possessed, Junior ducked and weaved, screeched and scratched, before eventually deciding to turn tail. With a huge leap off the high bench, he landed.. bang smack in the middle of the evidence presented earlier. The dangerous, unstable weapons evidence.

This was going to get messy.

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

"Would you all stop screaming, you're scaring my baby!" Said Malicia, who was screeching herself.

Which was immediately followed by a duck-and-cover as she heard one of the weapons on the table powering up. The sonic-cannon syphilis rifle fired through a wall and then settled down again. Good thing it had a high-recharge time. Ain't nobody got time for syphilis.

From beneath the table, still chained, Malicia couldn't help but boast parental pride to the nearby Negaduck. "Not even a year-old and he's already terrorizing his first trial. Sniff.. They grow up so fast..."

Malikai had managed to corner Junior from behind and was looming over him. "I've had quite enough of this." He hissed lowly to the demonling, out of earshot from everyone else. "When this trial is finished, I'm going to eradicate you along with the

rest of your vile, blasphemous kind. Stupid little half-breed filth!"

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by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

Perhaps Negaduck would have been similarly beaming.. had he not still been rolling around, wrestling with the self-adhering gag.

"MFFFFPHHRRRPHMMRRRPH!!!"

Alternatively clawing at what was essentially a possessed strip of duct-tape, tugging on Malicia's dress and pointing at it, he seemed to be trying to subtly convey the one message.

Sweet boiled baby brains, could you give me a hand here?!!

Meanwhile, Junior had backed into a corner of the courthouse, staring fearfully up at his elder. Wings flattened against the cold walls. This was not his father with a chainsaw. This was something else entirely. Something serious.

As reckless as he was, he was not stupid. He had the good sense to back down when he had to.

"RAAAAAAAAAAAAAARRR!" Fear pushed aside, the demonling lunged at Malikai's legs for something to lock that second set of fangs on.

Scratch that remark about good sense.

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

"What is it, boy? Did Launchpad fall down the well? Do you need to go outside for a walk? You have a nasty case of pubic lice?" Clearly Malicia was having too much fun with this situation. Eventually, however, she decided to give her loud-mouthed partner a break and grabbed a hold of the gag, yanking it with all her demonic strength.

In classic cartoon fashion, the gag came off... along with his entire beak; leaving Negaduck as just a head with two very angry

eyes.

"Oops! Let me... just... adjust that..." There was some shuffling as the bill was returned to his face. Crooked.

She stood back for a moment and tilted her head to get a good look at him. "No... no... I think that's actually an improvement."

"GAH!" Though Malik's legs were well-hidden beneath his long sorcerer's robes, Junior somehow managed to latch on quite efficiently. With a snarl, the enraged warlock pointed a gnarled finger at the demonling and fired off a spell. If it collided, the demon spawn would quickly find himself confined to heavy-duty metal cage, normally used for holding dragons, along with a muzzle and strait-jacket.

Really couldn't take any chances with this one.

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by [Negaduck](#) 2 years ago

Two very angry eyes became two **extremely** angry eyes, as two very angry shackled hands reached up and KRICKed the misapplied beak straight.

Those two same hands then grabbed the spell by the edges, pulled reeeeeeeaaally hard and – in what was the magical equivalent of opening a stuck jar lid that somebody else had already loosened – managed to rip it off. Without losing any facial features this time.

The winged tape flapped around in the felon's figures. But not for long. Within seconds, it was slapped across Malicia's beak.

"Much better."

Picking himself back into his chair, Negaduck took the time to relax in the middle of all that chaos, fold his hands on the table.. and take in the sight of Malikai muzzling one hissing, struggling hellspawn.

"How kind of you to demonstrate what a cruel sociopath looks like," he called. "Straightjacketing your own grandson."

Because he would never be responsible for caging a demon, oh no...

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

"MRRFCKING MFFFRD." The chains of course prevented her from strangling him, and so she was left making grabby-grab motions in his general direction. Don't expect anymore surprise BJs after this move, pal!

Having completed said task (no, not the surprise BJ, the other task), Malikai set the cage down in the center of the room. "I think we can all agree this was absolutely necessary for the peace and well being of this court." He regarded the panel of judges who were trying to recover from the chaos.

"I would also like to add at this time, that the child in question was trained by his father. In fact, Negaduck had influence over the entire clutch. Should we truly be surprised that a Normal would use young monster children to his own advantage?"

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by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

"Oh come off it!" Negaduck barked in return. "I use all children to my advantage!"

Let that sink in in one, two, three...

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

There was an audible murmur among the spectators. Malikai simply grinned cheek to cheek. Always wonderful when the accused did the work for him.

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by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

Whooops..

Meanwhile, there was a murmur among the prosecution too. Rather than gossip, however, they were also considering how they could use this to their advantage.. but maybe not for the purpose of destroying a whole city.

Eventually, the crocodile fellow turned back to the judges.

"Er Your Honours, noting the usual rate of development for demon children, this little one here should be old enough to talk. If it please the court, I would like to call him as a witness."

"Okay," rumbled the Head Judge. "But if he tries to run off with my gavel again, it's to the sandworms with him!"

Nodding, with some help from the court house guards, the prosecution had Junior lifted onto the witness stand, cage, muzzle and all.

"Alright son, what is your name?"

Junior hissed like a rabid feline in response.

"Listen, you answer my questions, and I promise you'll get a nice, juicy mud cow, alright?" reassured the lawyer, before asking again louder. "So could you tell us your name, please?"

Some indecisive shuffling, and perhaps a bit of beak licking, on Junior's part. Dilemma. When he did speak, it was shockingly.. in a the voice of a normal little boy. "I haven't decided yet."

"Oh?"

"No. Twey call me 'Junior'." Eyeball. "That's a stooopid name."

"I see." Fair enough. "And who takes care of you normally?"

"Mommy." Attention settled on Malicia for a brief moment, then returned to the prosecutor. "Except I all grown now, so I take care of maself!" Even beneath the straightjacket, his chest swelled with pride.

"Of course. And where are your brothers and sisters?"

"They all left."

"Why?"

"To find their own towns to teworrise, just like Mommy said!"

"But you were found in St Canard, in your mommy's hideout even. Why? Did you not want to leave?"

Head shake. "Noo."

"Why?"

Fangs barred, eyes flashed a vicious yellow. "Because it's **mine**."

Beside the demoness, her co-accused sat back in his seat, almost bitterly. "Talk about an attitude problem," he snarked.

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

Malicia, who was placing her bill back into position with a brief krick (having removed the tape herself) responded airily. "Well it isn't unusual for the alpha of the clutch to claim the hatching grounds for himself, while the less dominant ones leave to stake out their own territory." Then to Negaduck she added lowly. "Yes, a real page-turner mystery on where he got the attitude".

Malikai stood back, his red eyes glowing furiously. This little brat could throw the whole trial. He had to consider his own cross-examination carefully.

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by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

The use of the term 'claim' appeared to trigger some alphaness of Negaduck's own.

"THAT'S MY TERRITORY." Fists thumping the table to near breaking point. "MINE, MINE, MINE."

Mystery solved.

The prosecutor's gaze slid back to Junior. "And.. how do you get along with your father?"

Deadpan look from the demonling. You need to ask, really? "He's a doodyhead."

The flurry of cursing and destruction of paperwork behind them seemed to confirm that theory.

"Did he want you, then, to stay in St Canard...?"

At which point, Junior turned downcast. "He didn't want me at all." Ego soon puffed him back up though. "But he's not the boss of me! I do wan I want."

The lawyer smiled in a sympathetic, sad sort of way, before concluding. "Thanks tiger. No further questions."

Malik, time to shine.

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

Malikai stalked forward, fingers twiddling. He knew there was an advantage to talking to the little half-breed, but he had to word his questions carefully. If only his buffoon daughter had more brains than bosom, he wouldn't have to do all the work here. Starting a Genocidal War is tough stuff, y'know.

"Junior". He began plainly. "You say your father didn't want you. Would you describe his relationship with your mother to be a loving relationship?"

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by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

Junior's tail twitched and he regarded the tall sorcerer with apprehension. Unlike his mother, more bosom than brains wasn't a problem for him. He KNEW this was the sane big meanie who had just locked him in a cage.

Still, the question intrigued him.

"Loo-ving...?"

Come now Malikai, a child of Negaduck and Malicia's; did you really expect him to know the meaning of that word?

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

"Do they do things a loving, consensual couple would do." Malikai said firmly. "Such as holding hands. Kissing. Staying warm by the fire together. Saying 'I love you'. These are all the types of things that partners in an agreeable relationship would do."

Then he decided to dig deeper. "Does your father ever hit your mother or call her names?"

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by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

To the first scenario, Junior screwed up his beak in utter disgust.

"Yeck! No."

To the second, he blinked, then grinned. Almost viciously.

"Oh, all the time. Queen Beeyatch, Brawn Hilda, Bootyzilla, The Crushinator..." A pause for thought. "And he hits her real hard! So hard we can hear Mommy scream from the other side of the house. Over and over..." Sad shake of his muzzled head. "Then when we go back into the room, the furniture is all broke and the ceiling is on fire."

Eyes narrowed at the Daddy responsible.

"He hurts her so much sometimes she can't walk properly!"

After the initial shock of this stirring testimony, Daddy himself was struggling to suppress tears.. of laughter. No matter how much trouble it was likely to get him in.

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

While Negaduck was suppressing his tears, Mal was being suppressed by the chains that were now glowing up a storm as they worked their strongest magic to keep her from making sure he couldn't walk properly. "I don't recall 'The Crushinator' being used to my face". She hissed.

Malikai stroked his chin thoughtfully, then turned to regard the rest of the court.

"This is what happens when we allow Normals near our kind. They envy our power, our magic, our superiority. And because they cannot have it, they rape our daughters and manipulate the vulnerable, all for their selfish gain. You all know that if they had the opportunity, they would wipe us off the face of the planet and abduct our children to use as weapons!"

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by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

The concerned murmuring from the gallery rose and threatened to wash tsunami-like over the room, but the Head Judge beat it back with his bite mark riddled gavel.

"Quiet! Quiet the lot of you!"

The judge to his right, however, was staring at Negaduck. Leaning forward over the bench, his blackened cloak slipped back to reveal his skeletal features better in the light. Funny, how one could have such a piercing and damning stare with utterly empty eye sockets..

Of course, it was not funny at all to Negaduck, who went from mirthful to tugging on his collar in record time. Quickly, he snatched up a loose piece of paper, scrawled a message, and folded it into a tiny plane. Which was sent sailing, across the courtroom...

... straight into the gelatinous form of one of the prosecution's assistants.

Surprised, it was plucked out and read. Granted, it had come

from the co-defendant, but they had heard of worse ideas.

Turning to the panel as Junior was carried away, Prosecutor OmNalrem declared, "Your Honours, we would like to present our next witness. We call to the stand.. Morgana MaCawber."

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

Malicia spun around in her seat to glare daggers at Negaduck but was thrown off-kilt by the next witness.

Well shit.

Morgana floated into the room, head held high, arms folded in front of her. Without sparing either Malicia or Negaduck a glance she took to the witness stand immediately.

Malikai clenched his fists furiously and held his tongue. He had suspected Morgana would be called as a witness. Yet he still felt confident he would win this trial... he just needed to ask the right questions.

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by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

Calmly, scaled hands folded behind his back, the prosecutor paced up to the stand.

"Miss MaCawber, you have been close to Malicia since your childhood, is that correct?" Without waiting for a reply, he continued, "How would you characterise your cousin?"

Presuming Morgana had more than just 'The Crushinator'.

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

"Yes, we were once very close. I must admit, the woman I see before me is merely a shadow of the friend I once had. Since... the events that took place a decade ago, we have not spoken much. But I did recently come into contact with her in St. Canard,

when I struck up a business venture with Negaduck." She nodded to the villain in question.

There was some hesitation before Morgana continued. She didn't seem particularly eager about being a witness, and there was little enthusiasm in her voice.

"Malicia is an extremely self-centered, narcissistic individual who expects the world to bow down to her while she offers nothing in return. She wants everything for herself, but is not willing to put in the honest effort required to accomplish her goals. She has no qualms with stepping on the backs of others --figuratively and literally-- to take what isn't rightfully hers."

"You hypocritical bitch!"

Malicia had exploded abruptly, knocking the table over. "Don't you dare preach about honest effort when you yourself are guilty of committing illegal crimes! You just said so yourself, you were in a business venture with a known supervillain!"

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by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

A tense moment. The prosecutor eyed Malicia. The upturned table. The shocked faces around them.

Then turned back to Morgana and simply asked,

"Would you describe her as somebody easily dominated?" Over to the demoness he strolled, standing directly before her, examining 'the specimen' coolly. "A delicate flower, as the defence would like to depict, able to be crushed under the hand of a mere mortal?"

The masked co-accused sat back in his chair smugly. "It's not a crime if she likes a good spanking, you know."

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

"Hardly." Morgana retorted. "But..."

She shifted slightly so that she was facing Negaduck. "While Malicia possesses power, she is sorely lacking in common sense. And where this specific Normal is concerned, all sense is abandoned. I should add that he is not to be underestimated. I am sure that if Malicia tried, it would be difficult to completely eradicate this Normal. He's much like a cockroach in that regard. Just recently I witnessed, with my very own eyes, this Normal leap from a 40-story building and then crater into the ground. He is not the least perturbed by her deadly abilities and is one of the few Normals who isn't afraid to talk back to her... perhaps that is why she is so madly in love with him."

This produced another wave of shocked murmuring from the court. Scandalous! Outrageous! Also, are we out of popcorn?

Malicia exploded into another fit. Which probably wasn't the greatest idea with the prosecutor standing directly beside her.

"LIES! ABSOLUTE FILTHY LIES!" Face flushed ambiguously red, she pounded the table which, between Negaduck's own tantrum and hers, had taken enough abuse for the day and decided to up and toddle away.

"That's quite enough Malicia Macawber." Boomed a massive pile of hair that was the third judge. "Any more interruptions from you and we will hold you in contempt of court. Allow Morgana Macawber to finish her testimony."

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by [Negaduck](#) 2 years ago

"Who's burning up now, honey?" murmured Negaduck to his choleric co-accused, safe for once in the knowledge she could not go nuclear. This was more like it, honouring him for the irresistible badass that he was. He'd have to check later that it was all on the official records.

Composed, the prosecutor brushed bits of spittle and broken woodwork from his lapels before continuing.

"Really?" to Morgana, as if the run of lost tempers had never happened. "And what makes you think she's 'in love' with this creature?"

Purely for the sake of quantifiable evidence. No flaming the scandal here.

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

"Call it a woman's intuition. That, and I have known Malicia her entire life... I know when she is truly taken with someone. Even if that someone is as reprehensible and immoral as this shameful being."

Malicia, now forced to keep her mouth shut, was sitting at her table-less seat, arms crossed furiously, and tail twitching so fast the surrounding paperwork was fluttering.

"Objection!" Malikai shouted. "We are not here to discuss subjective opinions and intuition." He sneered with disgust. "I find this line of questioning irrelevant to the case at hand."

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by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

"I am seeking to disprove the Defence's subjective opinion that his client was the victim of rape and intimidation and thus unaccountable for her actions," retorted the prosecutor succinctly. "Lest we rely on father's intuition, the dynamic between the co-accused must be fully explained."

The Head Judge waved a gloopy hand. "Continue."

"Miss MaCawber, keeping to events you have actually observed... have you had any indication that Malicia MaCawber was acting under duress, or in need of assistance?"

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

Malikai seethed but kept quiet. There was no use in arguing.

Morgana frowned. "You mean in regards to her initial crimes of harboring illegal weaponry? I'm... afraid I don't know the entire

story. I arrived in St. Canard after she had established herself, and I cannot say for sure whether her actions were her own invention or if Negaduck nudged her in this direction. What I can tell you is that I believe Malicia knows well enough that what she has been doing is wrong and was in no way intimidated into committing these offenses against Council Law. She didn't learn the first time around during our time at Eldritch, apparently."

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by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

The prosecutor smiled, a nice friendly smile of rows of teeth.

"Thank you. No further questions."

Beside Malicia, a certain caped criminal had leaned in to trace circles teasingly around her finely clothed thigh. "Don't worry, Mally...", he purred. "Nobody blames you for falling for such an indestructibly dashing, debonair doer of badness as myself."

Thank badness for those shackles.

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

"And who will you blame when you're being slowly digested in a sand worm's stomach?" She snapped back. "Can't you see we're both screwed now?! You pustulent piece of mucilage incarnate! I'm going to strangle you to death while you're dying in the desert!"

Aww, feel the love.

Meanwhile, Malikai had rounded on Morgana, staring her down firmly.

"Morgana." He began tersely. "Can you confirm for me whether the accused male by the name of 'Negaduck', sitting over there, is of any threat to us?"

She sighed. "Yes, as I already said. He's not to be underestimated. He is a psychopath, he'll use anyone to his own end and then dispose of them once they are no longer useful to

his cause."

"Would his ability to use others apply to this case with Malicia?"

"I..... yes, most likely. I can't imagine there being an inch of true affection in a single cell of his body. Her warehouse, in particular, was of great benefit to him."

"Then you agree that he is the bigger threat, compared to Malicia."

"Well... yes but--"

"Have I proven my point to the court yet?" Malik turned. "Even Morgana cannot deny that this Normal is the utmost threat here. That there are more out there, just like him who are waiting for a chance to make their first move. While we stand here in court persecuting one of our own, their species continues to run rampant. We should be protecting ourselves. Preparing ourselves!"

"Now hold on just a minute!" Morgana rose from the stand. "Not all Normals are like him! In fact, most of them are quite pleasant once you get to know them. In fact, I know one personally and he goes above and beyond to protect the innocent!"

"Oh? And where is this 'pleasant' Normal then?"

"I..." She sunk back into her seat and frowned. "I don't know where he is right now."

"I have no further questions." Malik smirked.

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by [Negaduck](#) 2 years ago

"Aren't you listening to your dear cousin?" Rolled Negaduck's voice, low and serious now. "Don't underestimate me."

Then he pulled back from her, and said no more.

The prosecution, meanwhile, were fumbling. Two star witnesses and a hoard of evidence, and things were not looking good. It

was apparent from the darkening of the judges' faces that they were beginning to fall in line with Malikai's thinking, to view the Normal across the courtroom not as a lowly animal but as an enemy.

Before a mob could break out, the prosecutor spoke up. "Er.. Your Honours, our next witness will be Senior Officer Lee Bones."

A hushed silence took the gallery as the Enforcer made his way down the aisle to the witness box, hobbling with a crutch under one arm, and a bandage around his skull, despite the fact there was no flesh there to protect. At one point, his left leg disconnected from the knee, and he was forced to collect it and hop awkwardly the rest of the way. Apparently his gnawed on frame was still in recovery.

"Senior Officer Bones," began the prosecution once he was comfortable. "You were brought in to assist with the case against Malicia MaCawber, is that correct?"

"Ah, that's right," said the jittering mass of bones, doing his best to keep his gaze on the questioner, and not the audience, or that Normal who was staring so coldly at him in a rather disturbing way... "Maggie-- er, that is, Officer Batburg, was doing an alright job but I wanted to make sure it was done properly and by the letter of the law."

Sure that's what happened. Thankfully for him, Officer Batburg had done her part and was out enforcing, rather than hanging around – as fond as bats were of doing that.

"But you were accosted before you could continue your investigations, is that right?"

"Yeah. I was in the local area pursuing a few leads—" Again, sure. "When t-t-the guy over there snuck up behind, and set his dogs loose on me!"

This came as a slight shock to the prosector, having seen the statements pre-trial. "You can identify him?"

"Sure." Not that he really wanted to look in that direction, but he forced himself. "Not by sight, so much.. but his voice. That voice will set my vertebrae shaking for the rest of my undead days."

Which, as it sounded, played to the defence nicely. But Prosecutor OmNalrem was not done. "Officer Bones, were you aware at the time of Malicia MaCawber's romantic involvement with this Normal?"

The skeleton was visibly crestfallen. "No.. no I wasn't."

"Did you encounter Mr Negaduck at any point prior to the attack?"

This generated some confusion across his featureless face. "No, just Malicia.. but I don't see..."

"So if you had never met, and he was not aware of your presence in St Canard that night, how could he have known to target you? Unless.. Malicia MaCawber had tipped him off, in an effort to disrupt the investigations?"

Lee gaped. "No, but..." She liked me. I thought she liked me. Not spoken but evident in his sadness, which shifted into indignant anger. "She tricked me the whole time, didn't she..? They were a team all along!"

Smirking, the prosecutor returned to his desk, saying only to Malikai, "Your witness."

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

Malicia gnashed her teeth together. For once, here was something she was actually not responsible for and she was still being implicated.

"I call Malicia Macawber to the stand." Malikai rumbled. Turning to regard his daughter, the expression playing across his sallow features made it clear he wanted no funny business from her.

Positioning herself up front, Malicia seemed to have recovered from her earlier outburst and was now sitting up straight and tall, looking as dignified as possible.

"Malicia, can you tell us about this attack on Senior Lee Bones?"

He began.

"I had no idea it had happened until Negaduck mentioned it to me more recently. I STILL don't know how he even knew about Senior Officer Bones... probably has my warehouse tapped." She shot a glare in his direction. Wouldn't be surprised if there was a camera in the shower either.

"Do you have any idea why he would do such a thing?" Malik pressed.

"Probably for the same reason he flosses with puppy guts and deposits enormous loogies on babies -- he's a terrible, wretched being! And he knew that this investigation was a threat to his weaponry. The warehouse was of great value to him and he would do anything to keep it under his thumb." Well, this WAS all true. But she held off on mention of possible 'jealousy' -- didn't want to play up the whole 'relationship' story the Prosecutor had going for them.

Malik leaned against the table, fingers thrumming. "So you and Negaduck were not a team, then?"

"Absolutely not! If we were, then why would he have to impersonate an Enforceling to get back into the warehouse? Because we were NOT a team."

"So you believe that Negaduck acted on his own accord, then."

Bemusedly, she glanced at the villain once more. "He does whatever the hell he wants. Nothing can stop him once he has set his sights on a target."

"Now Malicia..." Malik said softly. "Can you tell us all why you feel you are innocent in this case?"

"I was turned away by my own family, exiled by our society. Can you really blame me for living among the Normals and conducting business with them? I had no other options left. Nothing I have done has brought any harm to the Council or monster-kind. I see no reason why I should be tossed into the Dungeon Dimension! And who will look after my babies? They still need their mother. Exile me again if you must, but let me stay in this dimension with my children and the home I've

established for myself."

"I have no further questions." Malik concluded, before turning smugly to the Prosecutor. "I hope you're satisfied."

[Delete](#)



by [Negaduck](#) 2 years ago

"No, I'm not, actually." The prosecutor stood.

"Miss MaCawber, if you and Mr Negaduck are not working together, why have you been implicated in crimes together going back some time?"

From nowhere he pulled an edition of the St Canard Tribute, and threw it onto the evidence table. The headline, 'THE DEMON QUEEN AND NEGADUCK AT IT AGAIN', was prominent, albeit mildly ambiguous... "Easily accessible from Normal public records are these accounts of discord and destruction created by the work of the accused in what are plainly joint operations."

More editions were tossed onto the collection; months and months of church burnings, grand schemes and indecent adventures in bank vaults. "Now of course these activities, which caused massive disruption affecting the Normal world, are not the matter of this trial."

Whipping around to Malicia, he concluded, "But do you really mean to try to fool these good Ghouls here into thinking that you, with your unnatural abilities and gargantuan frame, have been overpowered by a Normal not once, but for YEARS?"

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by [Malicia](#) 2 years ago

"WHAT DID YOU JUST CALL MY GORGEOUS FRAME?!" Hair lit up and she made a leap over the witness stand. Immediately the chains lit up and she was yanked back into her seat.

"MALICIA. Stay on task." Malik snapped impatiently.

Begrudgingly, she settled down and argued back, "Those are just TABLOIDS. You can't take the word of fanatical reporters



by **Malicia** 2 years ago

Suddenly, Mal was devoid of all tears as she was led back to her seat. Now it was HIS turn to squirm on the stand. Yet there was this nagging feeling about his easy-going attitude earlier. He was going to pull something on them, she just knew it. Maybe he managed to steal a particularly sharp butter knife from the manor's silverware set before they left. Not that it'd do him a lick of help.

By this point, Malik was leaning back feeling pretty pleased with himself. Most of the court appeared sympathetic to Malicia's emotional weeping, and the 'single mother' card was well played on her part. Also as predicted, Negaduck had done all the dirty work for him by proving his point about the nefarious nature of Normals. All-in-all, things were turning up in his favor.

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by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

Dropped into the witness seat, the felon prepared for squirming.. by kicking back in the chair, feet up on the box, hands rested behind his head. Not the easiest pose to pull in shackles but the style points, they counted for everything.

"Mr Negaduck," began the prosecution, "How exactly did you get involved with Miss MaCawber?"

"She stabbed me. In the back." Conveniently leaving out the part about running her down with his motorcycle or stabbing first. "Then tricked me into swallowing some newt's eye aphrodisiac. Thought she could twist me around her lil claw."

A sneer in Malicia's direction. "Didn't work."

Glancing at his notes, the crocodile pushed on, "Did you or did you not then team up to commit felonies against the Normal world? Were you 'using' her?"

"Course I was," he admitted with a shrug, to some gasps from the peanut gallery. "And why wouldn't I? She already had her black magic business in full flight. I just supplemented it with my

own technological genius and away we went."

"So you deny manipulating her into the use of forbidden magics?"

"What the hell would I know about it?" This time, an all-out grin at Malikai. "I'm only a 'Normal'."

"And the demonlings?" questioned the prosecution. This was getting good.

"Look, my supposed defence team has already established that I am a) not a family man, and b) an extreme manipulator and doer of all that is evil. Do you really think I would turn to **babies** to achieve my goals?"

Bunnies, maybe, but not babies.

A yellow-jacketed arm waved dismissively at the demoness. "SHE wanted them. That's in your damn public records too. I just tried to make the best of a bad situation. And besides, you've seen her gargantuan temper. Do you have any idea what she's like in protective mode?"

Apparently Ghouls were a little more versed in the traits of angry mother demons, for the counsellor swallowed. "Ah, yes. Alright, those are all the questions we have for you at this time."

The malicious mallard smirked. Whoever would've thought telling the truth – well, sort of the truth – would prove so entertaining?

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

It was time for Malik to step in and work his magic. The non-magic kind of magic that wasn't really magic. Er, you get the point.

"Mr. Negaduck. If we were to hypothetically remove your shackles what is the first thing you would do to the court?"

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

"Why I'd likely give you lot a massive.. thank you, for the kind treatment," drawled flatly in response. "Particularly to you, 'Pops', for going out of your way to arrange my pre-trial bunking with your daughter. Despite believing I 'raped' and 'manipulated' her."

Eyes flashed, a hint of a smirk tugged at one corner of his beak. "Oh yeah, that was mighty kind of you."

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

"I knew your shackles would keep my daughter safe from any harm." He shot back. "Now tell us, Negaduck. My investigation into your past reveals that you are indeed listed as the Top Most Wanted in your State, as well as in the top ten ranking for Deadliest Supervillains in your country. You have demonstrated to the court your considerable lack of empathy for anyone and anything -- including your own children."

By this point, he was no longer speaking directly to Negaduck, but to the entire court. Like a cult leader possessed, he spoke with wide-eyed fanatical hysteria. "You, a Normal, have proven to be far more dangerous than any of us monsters. You have proven, without a doubt, that your kind are capable of a level of treachery previously assumed absent due to your inferior bloodline and overall low intelligence. Therefore it can be concluded that many more of your kind are lurking and waiting to strike, which is why we need to hit them first preemptively."

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by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

A bit of an anti-climax then that a bored voice cut through from the stand.

"I'm sorry, maybe it's just my low intelligence here..." The sarcasm was so dry it made the sand-dunes seem oases in comparison. "But you've lost me on that line of logic. Is what you're saying that I am so wicked that I forced her to become what she is, and that ergo I am wholly responsible for her anti-social actions, to the point I must not be only held accountable, but destroyed?"

Leaning forward, he clasped the edge of the witness box, the last sentence rolling out of him as a thunderous growl.

"Is that what you're saying?"

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

"That would be the line of thought, yes." He replied calmly. "So glad we're on the same page."

But Mal was leaning forward in her seat now. Having survived life with Negaduck this long, she knew when the villain was preparing to drop a bomb. His voice always got so much sexier (as if that was even possible) when he was about to do something particularly nefarious.

But Malikai, obviously unfamiliar with these licentious warning-signs, merely continued on his tirade.

"I think I've made my point to the court. You are a danger to us all and should be destroyed immediately. Once this little chapter is closed, we can move on to identifying future Normal threats and 'deal' with those as well. Surely you all agree with me?" He quirked a brow at the judges.

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by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

The grave mood that had gripped the courtroom – no doubt helped by the ominous clouds circling the actual graves outside – was not boding well for the only Normal present. Never one to be out-tiraded, however, Negaduck had to have the last word.

"Oh I agree with you, but if you're looking to destroy the one whose treachery made her what she is, you need to be looking a little closer to home..."

Slowly, not to make any sudden moves that would earn him a zapping, the mallard withdrew from his jacket the Satanic scroll. A wave of shock rippled through the elders in the audience, those that knew their scrolls from their, er, soles.

"Can it be..." murmured one through a thick Scottish brogue.

Passed to the Head Judge, the contract was unfurled and read aloud.

"... signed Malikai Macawber and Beezlebub, Lord of Darkness."

No bets as to upon whom the death glares of the court then fell.

Given the seriousness of the threat, the panel wasted no time joining together to throw a containment spell at Malikai. If it hit, he would find himself bound and shackled in a similar fashion of the two accused; maybe with a few extra strong wards, just in case.

"Malikai MaCawber," boomed the centre judge. "You are hereby detained, on authority of the Council of Mages, for the most extreme offence against the unnatural world, making a deal with Devil, and for the wilful sacrifice of an innocent."

As a secondary effect, Malicia would find her shackles magically released. Clearly the judges had accepted Malikai's explanation for her crimes – just not in the manner he had expected.

Negaduck, meanwhile, remained bound. Not that it appeared to bother him. No, this was far, far too enjoyable a show.

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by [Malicia](#) 2 years ago

"Wh... but... **WHAT ARE YOU FOOLS DOING?!**" Malikai roared as the force of the containment spell collided, and he dropped to his knees. "Who CARES about that old contract?! HE IS THE ONE YOU WANT! GET HIM!"

By this point, Malicia had sidled up next to Negaduck and (shackle-free) yanked him tightly by the arm. "I have spent more than half my life trying to find that contract and you're telling me you HAD IT UP YOUR SLEEVE?! **Where did you even get that?**" She hissed. "I know it wasn't in the manor, I've searched every inch!"

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by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

DON'T DISTRACT ME WOMAN, I'M GLOATING.

"Easy. I won a bet," came the smarmy explanation, although his attention was firmly locked on the humiliation being doled out to the furious mage. "Don't worry, I didn't get it in exchange any of your precious spawn."

Grumbled, under his breath, "Although not for a lack of trying."

Standing, to the court he declared, "Now I'm sure you'll later work out, as my amazing mind did in a matter of seconds, that the only reason Malicia is here with us rather than working on her brimstone tan is because her mother -- wassherface, Melantha -- was a total sucker and swapped out with her darling child when Malicia was hatched. If you'd rather not take my word for it, though, here a few witnesses that will be more than happy to testify---

On that cue, from out of the back of his cape flew... the skulls of many a Malikai-murdered Normal.

"YAAAAAAR!!!"

"Attaquer!"

"Damn'd be him that first cries, "Hold, enough!"

And so, launched by their own need for revenge, the skulls latched onto Malikai and attacked him furiously in the only way limbless heads could - with lots of chomping.

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

Malikai rolled around on the ground as though he had gone up in flames. Wrestling and cursing, he reached for the skulls and shouted at them all -- the judges included.

"You'll all pay for this! Especially **you** Normal." A bony finger was pointed in Negaduck's direction. "Go run back to your pathetic little city, I will find you and have my reve--ACK!" Cut off by one

particularly mouthy skull that had made it down to his groin area.

Malicia had barely registered what Negaduck had said about her mother, between the chaos of the court and the fact she was considering whether now was the best time to flee.

"Stand around and brag all you like, but I'm leaving." She was already halfway at the door. Frankly, she was more than happy to be done with this hot mess and just wanted to go home, back to the big city. Back to her warm, inviting bed....wait, crap.

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by [Negaduck](#) 2 years ago

"You'll not be following her, Normal," came a rasping determination. The third judge had his empty eyesockets locked on Negaduck, his skeletal hands outstretched. "Your crimes are still.. unpunished."

"Significant though this revelation may be—" concurred the Head Judge, gesturing to the suffering Malikai. "We cannot simply overlook the suffering and harm that has come to some of our finest at your hands." A lot of gloopy chuckle. "What sort of court would we be?"

Again, Negaduck was oddly unbothered. "Yeah, I thought you might say that." And, before anyone could stop him, stuck his fingers in his beak for an ear-spiltingly long whistle.

At first, nothing happened.

Then, inexplicably, music began to play.

[Did-a-did-a-did-dow...](#)

Outside the high glass windows, it appeared a storm was whipping up. Dead branches of trees blew by... and spontaneously combusted into flame?

Then, just as the lyrics hit... a swarm of wild demonlings appeared!

Crashing through the windows one by one, they re-formed as a tornado and whipped gleefully through the audience.

Using the distraction, the caped criminal leapt out of the witness stand and made a dash for the weapons covered evidence pile.

The shackles, of course, prevented him from causing any harm with them directly.. but nothing stopped him from tossing various blasters and bombs up to the circling spawn.

Boom, boom, boom, and a bang, bang, bang

Judges went ducking for cover and spectators ran screaming.

A few demonlings broke off from the attack and collected the thrashing Malikai. Spinning him over to where Junior sat in his cage, there was a flurry of wings and teeth, and suddenly the two had changed places.

In amongst the mayhem, one of those St Canard Tributes blew across to smack the second judge in the face. 'CHOIR CHAOS – SINGING DEMONS USED FOR FESTIVAL RAID'. And there were the demonlings up on stage, once again a distraction, while a handful of their siblings pick-pocketed and pranked the unsuspecting audience, the real choir children were tied up out back.. and there was a disguised Negaduck, proudly playing conductor.

And who said kids have too many extracurricular activities nowadays.

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by [Malicia](#) 2 years ago

"Show-off." Mal muttered under her breath as she ducked out the door and made off down the hallway.

...Then quickly came to a skidding halt when she realized she had no damned clue where she was going. Didn't exactly have a mode of transportation to get straight back to St. Canard. Not yet, anyway.

"Diabola!" She barked. "To me!"

"Ah, hello my lady." The servant was at her side immediately. "I figured you might be done with your trial and so I have a carriage waiting outside for your departure."

"Yes, I figured you might."

Back in the courtroom Malikai was thrashing wildly in the cage, only to be knocked by the blast of a stray gun. The force sent him, still imprisoned, straight out the window and over the edge of a conveniently placed cliff.

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

Satisfied with the widespread destruction and disrespect shown to the decidedly lame concept of justice, Negaduck made for one of the broken windows.

"Adios, arsehats!" And he was gone.

Leaving a monster who appeared to have a tail for a face confusedly asking those sheltering with him, "Uh.. was he talking to me?"

Outside, the peaceful crackling of the burning building contrasted nicely with the madness going on within it. Malicia would not have time to reflect on it for long, however, as her view would be blocked by an absurdly large red hat, and the arrogantly smirking masked face within it.

"Going somewhere, gorgeous?" purred upsidedown Negaduck, who had somehow managed to get onto the roof undetected.

"MOMMEH!!" happily cried one of the female demonlings, who had pulled the Diabola-esque trick of magically appearing on the seat beside her.

The other demonlings too popped into view. Naaaw, family reunion. That or they were stage-robbing. Maybe both.

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

"My darlings!" Obviously directed to the children and not their smarmy father/circus tamer. She scooped up the nearest pile of demonlings and pulled them into a breast-crushing hug. "Are you all brushing your fangs? I hope you're keeping to red meat! Sorry sweetie, mommy has no pockets for you to pick."

Once each child had received their prescribed amount of cheek-tugging and mother-smothering, she finally turned to Negaduck, obviously unamused with his appearance. "I am going as far from this place as possible. I've got a lot of work to do if I want to get my warehouse back. Hades knows just how much money I've lost in inventory; a reality that could have been all avoided if YOU didn't get us into this mess."

She really wasn't going to let that one go, was she?

But then, after a moment, she said quite heedfully. "Is it true? You know... what you said about my mother."

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

Back on the ground, following a graceful dismount – not really, it was more of a tumble, thrown literally off balance by all the disgusting affection being dished out.

To her last question, he shrugged. "Don't know, don't care. A shame though, I'd bet she would have been a total GMILF."

"G-MILF, G-MILF!" sung one of the nearby demonlings, just because.

"Start with the MILFs and work your way up, kid," tutored their much learned father with a roll of the eyes, before continuing. "Yeah well, the brats have got temporary access to cross-dimension portals, would you believe it, so I'm back to St Canard."

"We got it for our new job!" informed one of the mini-Mals excitedly, perching on the carriage side-step.

Oh didn't that sound ominous.

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

Typical Negs. But Mal seemed to settle with his answer; the pieces of the puzzle lined up with her own research and it all made sense now. Albeit tragic really; a mother sacrifices herself to give her daughter a chance at life, and said daughter uses that chance to destroy, pillage, and wreak chaos over the innocent.

Such as it was when deals were made with the Devil.

"You have yourself a job already?" A quick glare directed at Negaduck. "Your father didn't 'help' you find this job did he?"

Let's not forget who is out of chains and strangle-capable here.

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

"The hell I did!" snapped the drake back defensively. "A 'job' sounds far too respectable for anything carrying MY magnificent DNA. What did you little terrors say it was again?"

Another mini-Mal giggled. "We're gonna have a whooole world just for us!"

Another mini-drake chimed, "Yeah, and all we have to do is torment everyone who passes through!"

"Burn them!"

"Crush things!"

"Build fortresses from their BONES!"

This did not answer the question sufficiently for Negaduck, particularly as it sounded suspiciously like his own playground, er, dimension. "How lovely for you, really.. but what exactly IS this place?"

Before they could respond, a large section of earth to the side of the carriage began to rumble and shake. Then it glowed, reflective of the powerful forces that segued time and space, and out of it erupted... Droopy the vegetarian sandworm.

"I'm ready for my holiday now," he informed the surface in general, a little suitcase hanging from his lower set of jaws and a tiny traveling fedora upon his head. "I just hope the transporter carriages aren't too full.. I *do* hate crowds..."

And off he/it burrowed into the ground, leaving massive damage to the surrounding flora... and one open dimensional gate for thirteen eager demonlings.

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

"My... my little babies are moving up in the world." Tears of pride threatening to spill over. "Just remember to visit your mother once in awhile! Or send a postcard at the very least." All thirteen were somehow scooped up at once into another breast-smothering hug.

Pffff. Mothers. The same no matter the species.

"Does that include you, Junior?" Brow quirked at the eldest who had so very recently claimed her warehouse as his territory.

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

"You've got to be kidding, Mal." That derisive chuckle came not from Junior, but from his felonious father, once he had ceased with the gagging motions that the display of 'motherly love' mandated.

"He's waaaaaay too tiny and powerless to terrorise an entire dimension." Bending over so he could mock beak to beak with the insulted eldest, who was snarling away like a tiny doberman. "I bet he couldn't last two weeks without running home to momma."

"Oh yeah?!" burst back Junior. "I'll show you! **I'll be the baddest big ass there is! BWAHAHAHAHAHAA!**"

Poor little thing had to work on his quips. Not that it got in the way of the maniacal, albeit high-pitched, laughter, in all its wings-unfurled glory.

That done, Junior turned to the others. "Come on guys, let's grab our stuff and start the DOOM."

Nodding, his siblings excitedly activated the token they had been given to open a portal home; not cross-dimensional, per se, but certainly faster than traveling by coach. They dived in like a swarm of killer bees and returned seconds later, thereby answering the question as to what sort of 'stuff' demonlings had - namely a huge cattle truck with 'CALISOTA CHAROLAIS' down one side that they had obviously whisked straight off the highway itself.

Not before Negaduck, however, had a chance to look cocky over his ability to reverse psychology a one year old. "'Baddest big ass', huh?" Sideways smirk to Mother Demon. "Well he does have your genes."

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by **Malicia** 2 years ago

And there went the hands, right around his neck.

Aaah, that felt nice to do again. Like a breath of fresh air... or complete lack thereof for Negaduck.

Then, while still strangling him, St. Canard's Demon Queen dove into the portal and back to her kingdom. All's well that ends well!

Well... except for the sorcerer currently crushed under a boulder at the bottom of a cliff.