

## RP: Deaf Duck [[Language Warning]]

Published by: [Negaduck](#) on 18th Jan 2014 | View all blogs by [Negaduck](#)

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Some time after [Meet the Dead Parents...](#)

**Warning: coarse language, adult themes, disturbing visuals, mind breakage.**

Once upon a time there was a villain. He was a very, very grumpy villain who would snap the arm of anyone who tried to approach him.

POP! would go their sockets.

But nobody noticed how grumpy the villain was. Because he was brooding up in his dark corner of the bar and all the other hoodlums were merry and drunk.

Besides, he was always like that.

Slamming a note down on the counter top, the very grumpy villain turned to leave and walk out into the icy cold night. Maybe there would be something out there that would make him less grumpy.

### Comments

31 Comments



by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

A Wild Malicia appears!

Curiosity having got the best of her, she demonness decided to go poking around in Negaduck's grumpy business. And that was how she came to taking a peek at said note.

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by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

A pair of hands emerged from the note in a display of improbable physics, grabbed for Malicia's beak, and swung a

nearby glass stein at her head.

Yup, that's what could be expected from anyone foolish enough to expect Negaduck to pay for anything.

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by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"Eeya!" Swatting away the glass she backed out of the bar and onto the street, trailing behind the villain. Still feeling sore and petty from her most recent loss, but also pleased with the most delicious discovery of Negaduck's deafness, it was high time she let off a little steam in a manner she could never get away with under normal circumstances.

"Hello pencil-dick." Sidling up beside him, she tried to make enough visual motion to clue him into her presence.

"How's my little Helen Killer doing?" She cooed.

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by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Oblivious to his follower, Negaduck had kept trudging forward. But even when he finally cottoned on to the 200 pound demonness 'suddenly' beside him, he did not stop.

"Oh, it's you." Just a touch bitter about how their last encounter ended, despite the fact that he totally won. "What do you want?"

Stubbornly refusing to accept his recently acquired handicap, he would push through a conversation. Even if he couldn't understand a word.

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by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"Oh, you know. Just thought I'd stop by to chat." She began cheerfully.

"I fucked Darkwing Duck." Well, that was sudden. "I had to do it through the dreamworld, but it was still real. You know us

duckubi can enter the dreams of males and mate with them whenever we please, right?" Conveniently leaving out the part where she had taken on the appearance of Morgana during the act; not that it mattered when talking to a deaf person, but for the sake of her own ego and the fact that even in his dreams Darkwing found Malicia sexually undesirable.

"He was actually good. You two may be identical but his touch is different. Something surprisingly magnificent."

Continuing to trot alongside him, she continued to babble away. "I met another very handsome drake. An agent, actually. I think I'll have him too. Then immediately after he's been inside me, perhaps I'll convince you to go down on me. You could use some protein in your diet."

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by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Because she couldn't have possibly have deduced he was having trouble hearing anything she said, what was the most likely thing she was rabbiting on about?

Shopping.

"You go get bags of the stuff, I don't care." And pronounced so sternly too. "I just don't want to know about how terrible the spillage is because you can't find anything in the right size."

Uh...

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by **Malicia** 1 year ago

Halting in front of him now, she seemed to be on a tirade now.

"You want to talk right size?! You could be the right size if it wasn't for how damned selfish you are! Always more interested in finishing yourself off before me! Well Darkwing is different. He's attentive, he's a giver." This was followed by a sharp jab to his chest.

"Why can't you be more like him, huh?! Did you think that maybe

sometimes I wouldn't mind a little bit of cuddling, hmm? I'm not asking for marriage here. You can fuck all the whores you want! I don't care! But sometimes I wish somewhere in that twisted black gnarled husk of a heart you could just ONCE be a little more... like the way he looked at me."

When he thought I was Morgana.

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by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Ah hah, so he had successfully insulted her enormous frame! Winning.

"Listen, sweetheart, it's not my fault you're a loud-mouthed, lumpatious bitch." Arms crossed, smug. "Perhaps if you didn't threaten to crush the spines of every salesman within a 50 metre radius with that hugantic behind, you'd get the attention you wanted."

When all else fails, stick with big bootay jokes.

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by **Malicia** 1 year ago

A momentary pause. He... couldn't hear her, right? Because if he had, he definitely would not be smirking and cracking big-butt jokes after her opening line about banging his most hated enemy.

Having gotten all that off her oversized chest, she seemed oddly indifferent to his wisecracking insults.

"Ugh. Why did I have to fall in love with a psychopath..."

Her hands flew up to her mouth. Yeah, no. She hadn't meant to say that out loud. Or in her head. Or ever.

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by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Not a decible got through his thick, arrogant skull. But her

change of expression sure did.

That wasn't what he expected after making such hilariously sharp quips.

"Wait.. what'd you just say?" The level of horror plastered across her face was almost enough for him to acknowledge his own weakness as he gripped her by the arms, panic and suspicion rising.

**"What did you say?!"**

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by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

**"I SAID YOUR FACE LOOKS LIKE THE AFTERMATH PRINGLES LEFT BEHIND AFTER HE GOT INTO THE SUGAR-FREE GUMMY BEARS"**

Yep. That's her story and she's sticking to it.

Eyes darting nervously, she decided it was high time to leave. "Continue about your skulking and misery."

Then she ran.

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by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

He watched her go.

When the earthquake-like vibrations from her pounding escape died away, for that was all he had to go off, Negaduck gave up his skulking for scheming.

"Arrgh, she's hiding something from me, I know it!" OH RLY. "What mess has that tempestuous temptress caused this time?"

Nothing had better happened to his motorcycle again, or there'd be real hell to pay.

"One thing's for sure... I'm going to have to find out for myself."

Because he couldn't simply ask. Oh no.

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by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"SHUDDAP YA BUM. SOME OF US ARE TRYING YA SLEEP." A shoe was flung from a nearby building at the villain's head.

Malicia, meanwhile, had stopped off at the nearby convenience store to stock up on a couple gallons of ice cream. From there, it was a trip back to the warehouse where she nestled in for an evening of watching her favourite rom-coms. After much tears were shed and a growing pile of empty cartons were towering next to her, the demonness gave a stretch and headed to the bedroom.

But there was no sleep to be had. Instead she seated herself in a candlelit circle where she appeared to go into a deep state of meditation.

"Hello, Dark Darling." She murmured aloud, eyes shut tightly. "Your honeywumpus is back and dearly misses playing with you..."

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by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Up in the rafters above, somebody was playing detective. But it was not Dark Darling, quite the opposite...

Negaduck eyed his notepad, and the observations he had taken since shamelessly stalking her after her retreat.

Supermarket.

Icecream.

Romantic drivel (accompanied by a number of sadistic scribblings that had been the only thing keeping him from going into a coma during this torture).

Now, a summoning...? This didn't add up.

Maybe had he heard the words with which she began the incantation, it would have been a different story.

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by **Malicia** 1 year ago

A door materialized in the center of the circle. Opening her eyes, Malicia stood and tussled her hair. The next few moments were spent in front of her mirror where she applied lipstick, powdered her cheeks, sprayed herself with perfume, and slipped into something a tad more... sensual.

Satisfied with her overall appearance she swung open the lone-standing door and stepped through.

She was surrounded by an endless blue void of mist. Every so often a stray cloud would float past, which the demoness would haphazardly wave aside.

"Morgana?" Darkwing's voice was calling out, and his silhouette appeared in the distance. Judging by the way the vigilante's figure was stumbling and tripping, he was having some trouble seeing through the smokey dreamworld.

"Over here, Dark." Malicia's voice perfectly mimicked that of her cousin. Eventually, Darkwing seemed to locate her and grasping out to her touch, found himself instead groping her squishy chest.

"Er, Morg... I ah, don't mean this the wrong way but have you been getting some work done...?"

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by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

From his perch, the spying supervillain's eyes bulged at the sight of Malicia's.. new outfit.

What.. what kind of magic would possibly require that?

Maybe she was going to lure a nice hot female for him to make up for.. whatever trouble she had undoubtedly caused.

Impatient and intrigued, Negaduck waited for her return.. and waited.. and waited...

How long did it take to pick up from the supernatural ether?!

Perhaps he just needed to look over the door to see what was happening. If it was a portal, from directly above, sometimes you could get a little preview...

But instead, he overbalanced, and went tumbling down... crashing straight through the door and into Dreamworld.

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by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

If the two figures wrapped in the otherworld ether had noticed Negaduck's entrance, they certainly didn't acknowledge it.

Darkwing was having a grand old time, giving her chest a number of curious squeezes. That was, until the fog cleared and he caught sight of who said breasts were attached to.

"Oh. It's you again." His face fell. "How many times do I have to tell you? I'd rather eat a full serving of your Aunt Nasty's surprise stew before I ever cheat on Morgana with you!"

"Darkwing, Darkwing, Darkwing. We talked about this already." Gripping his head and shoving it forcibly in her cleavage. "This is all a dream. You can't cheat on your girlfriend in a dream because none of it's real!"

"It... still doesn't feel right." Although the beads of sweat now forming on his head as he sunk deeper into her grasp showed some signs of weakening. He was a guy after all. As loyal and loving as he was, it was hard to pay attention when one's face was currently being smothered in bosoms the size of watermelons.

"Besides, this is your dream. Which means you've made me appear here. Doesn't that tell you a little something about your subconscious desires? Hmmm?"

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by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

If that were true, who was to next appear would certainly raise some interesting questions about his subconscious.

**"WHAT THE MOLTEN, BOILING ZOMBIE HELL IS GOING ON HERE."**

If Negaduck's volume control was a little out of control before, it was enough to make the rest of them deaf now.

No time to reel from it. The two were torn apart, leaving Darkwing to face the grumpiest villain of all...

... who was now blindingly bent on disemboweling him with a very sharp looking carving knife.

Always taking it out on the innocent party.

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by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

"Wha-- **HEY!**" A narrow dodge from Darkwing. "She came onto me! DID YOU NOT SEE HER SHOVE MY FACE IN HER BOOBS?!"

"Don't bother, he's as deaf as a doorknob." Spat Malicia, clearly unimpressed with sexytimes being transformed into stabbytimes. Grabbing Negaduck by the cape she yanked him backward to keep him a feather's length apart from his goal of swiss-cheesing Darkwing.

"What?!" Darkwing's head was spinning now. "My greatest enemy shows up fuming because his woman is seducing me (not that I can blame her for finding me irresistible) but my words fall on deaf ears? Sheesh... maybe I ought to listen to Launchpad's advice and buy one of those ridiculous dream dictionaries. This is getting weirder by the minute."

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by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

Struggling and swinging wildly, Negaduck was.. all the words in

the thesaurus for angry AT THE SAME TIME. Enough not to be able to think clearly and simply unfasten his cape.

"THIS IS NOT ICECREAM WRESTLING."

It was about to keep getting weirder.

"You contemptuous whore..!" Apparently bellowing at Malicia now, not that the attempted stabbing of Darkwing stopped. "I knew you were up to trouble. I figured the tonne of lard you bought had to be for something, but this?! **This is what you were hiding?!**"

Swing and a miss again, including the false deduction.

He was howling now, unfocused in his attempts on slicing Darkwing into lots of mini-Darkwings, desperate to make someone else hurt.

"How could you do this to me?!"

Or with 'me', not to put to fine a point on it.

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by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"Oh, go stuff your dick in one of your on-call prostitutes!" She snapped. "I can do whatever I want, whenever I want, and there's nothing you can do to stop me!"

It was at this point that Darkwing, having realized it was HIS dream, figured he could use his own imagination to get himself out of this bizarre lover's quarrel. First thing's first: Deal with the crazy stab-happy twin.

"Hey Negsy! How about I soothe your pain with a bit of aspirin!" By which he was referring to the stick of TNT he'd somehow conjured up and crammed into his gas gun. He pulled the trigger, letting it fly.

Of course, being that Negs was deaf, it was unlikely the malicious mallard even turned his head to register Darkwing's quip.

The red fuse-lit candle bounced off the doppelganger's head and exploded.

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by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Hades, this was frustrating, having a confrontation he couldn't even hear!

Well, he kind of heard something.

Head whipping back around to yell, in a manner eerily like an elderly drake, "WHAAT?!"

BANG!

Oh yes, very pain-relieving, dynamite to the face.

"... ouch," coughed out a blackened black-masked face, then teetered to the ground.

Nothing like a concussion to at least temporarily put a stop to any nasty mental images.

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by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"Well then." Darkwing dusted off his hands. "This has all been extremely unpleasant and bordering on a complete nightmare, so I think it's about time I wake myself up."

"What?! We haven't gotten to the sex yet!" Letting out a childish whine, Negaduck was all but forgotten as Malicia tackled Darkwing and pinned him to the ground beneath her weight.

"Hah! In YOUR dreams, Malicia. Real or no, Darkwing Duck will never stoop so low as to do the horizontal hokey pokey with a wicked temptress of mayhem and misgivings!"

"Oh Dark, you really know how to talk dirty to me." Her voice suddenly transforming again to that of Morgana.

"Wh...but... I don't get it." His brow furrowed in confusion. "Is this

supposed to have some sort of psychological meaning?"

"Let me spell it out for you, Dimwit." She snapped impatiently. "We've already done the --as you so eloquently put it-- 'horizontal hokey pokey' together. Remember your last pleasant little dream? With Morgana?"

"Y...yeah but that was a dream with Morgana and not you." But the true meaning was dawning on the duck, and he was starting to feel that familiar nauseated feeling after doing something reaaaaally wrong.

"It was me disguised as Morgana, sweet pea." She cooed cruelly. "And this isn't a dream. Well, it is for you, but I'm here on my own accord. You know, the whole evil sorceress thing and all..."

"Hoo boy. Freud would have a field day with this hot mess..."

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by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Roused by all the chattering, Negaduck groggily began to push himself up.

Wait.. roused by all the chattering?

Yes, he could hear them! For whatever cartoonish physiology was going on, their words were clear as day. Back to normal, woohoo!

Well, maybe not woohoo...

Silently listening in on the nearby exchange, the fury grew within him again. But this time, it was not misdirected at the poor, albeit highly annoying, sod that had attracted Malicia's attention.

No, it was directed at her.

And the more he listened, the worse the wrath about to befall her glamorous head was going to be...

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by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"I just want to feel it again!" Malicia was begging the duck beneath her. "The way you touched me. It wasn't like any other male I've been with!"

"That's because I thought you were the love of my life!" Darkwing snapped back in exasperation. "And because you're a crazy, narcissistic villainous fiend who CLEARLY cannot comprehend the concept of a 'stable relationship'. It figures that you can't even identify the difference between engaging in lustful, empty, sex and making love!"

"I thought that was just a term people used to describe the process of brewing a love potion!"

"Riiiiight." An irritated eyeroll from Darkwing. "This has all been fantastic. Really. But I think I hear my alarm clock ringing so..." And indeed, somewhere in the distance an alarm could be heard as Darkwing slowly faded away.

"ARGH!" Punching a cloud with exasperation, Malicia got to her feet and turned to glare at the lump of Negaduck.

"This is all your fault! If you just gave me what I WANTED, perhaps I wouldn't need to start experimenting with your mortal enemies! You stupid, useless, psychopath!"

And then she stormed off, back to her bedroom to go smash things. And eat more ice cream.

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by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

Default expression set to ominous, he stood, casting a final glare at the spot where Darkwing had last been.

This would not be forgotten.

But there were other matters to be addressed, so he stalked after the frustrated and fuming female back into the real world.

And there he watched wordlessly while she no doubt took her irritation out on the furniture, his thoughts masked.

Just like the fact he wasn't stupid with deafness anymore.

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by **Malicia** 1 year ago

It wasn't long until the bedroom resembled a post-tornado scene. Typical Malicia tantrum. The eye of the storm herself was now flopped face-down on her King-sized bed, moping like a spoiled teenager denied the latest and greatest in electronic cellphones. Whether she actually registered Negaduck's presence wasn't really clear. It seemed that with his acquired deafness, came the idea that he was essentially invisible and therefore she could continue to engage in melodramatic monologue.

"...making me weak." She was rumbling into her pillow. "Perhaps I can find an extraction spell in one of those books I pinched from Morgana. Get rid of this disease."

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by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

A squeak of springs as a weight was added to the bed. Not a 400 pound anvil, although that would've been a lot less dangerous.

Negaduck, from where he sat on the edge, and said.. more nothing. Instead, he raised a hand to her... and trailed his fingertips down her spine, between the shoulder blades of arms that could rip him in half, and likely wanted to at this point.

And whether that action was followed by an explosion of spontaneous burn-your-face-off rage, he continued to say nothing. Only gazing down at his cohort, his disease, like a brewing thunderstorm.

Right up until the moment he kissed her.

It was no ordinary, drunken with lust and rage and actual booze, kiss. It was slow, with a depth of feeling he had never before expressed.

And, for the first time ever, those dark eyes would be burning directly into hers.

... hopefully not literally, if the feeling was returned.

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by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

It was like flipping a switch. Malicia fell into his arms, no questions asked. In what could only be described as a line stolen directly from one of the many, many Harlequin romance novels stashed in her closet, she let out a loud gasp and pulled him closer.

"I want you to infect me." Said through deeper kisses. "Again and again and again."

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by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

There was a cheap gag in there somewhere regarding the likelihood that he already had. After all, nothing says 'I love you' like syphilis.

Between all the beak locking and enamoured moans, however, there would be no time for any such tastelessness. Pressing her back onto the bed, as if she were a rare treasure or the latest Grenades N' Gore Monthly, the only time his bill parted from hers was to attack her neck.

Perhaps 'attack' was too harsh a verb. There was hunger there, for sure, but controlled through desire, a need to take it all in, to not rush.

For once, it was all about her! And what he could give, not what he could take!

Until a heavy voice by her ear would bring her crashing back to reality.

"So, you just want to feel it again, do you?" That should have rung alarm bells immediately. "Fine."

Sliding one hand under her chin, not to hold it in place by force, but to gaze gently into her features with the same mock affection.

"But if you ever go experimenting with my arch enemy again.."  
Lowering to whisper beside her head, "I will end you."

With that, down came a bedside lamp atop her skull.

Assuming his supposed partner was nicely KO'ed, off he stepped to straighten himself up and head for the door.

Making love indeed.

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by **Malicia** 1 year ago

Between all the kissing and moans she was awash with praise, and had probably uttered his name a hundred times over as though he was the equivalent to a god; certainly a far cry from her claims of his stupidity, uselessness, or psychopathic state. Malicia had surrendered her common sense and intelligence in exchange for whatever itch needed scratching after her little 'experiment' with his sworn enemy.

Just as her climax came crashing down on her like a tidal wave she cried out, "Oh, Negaduck! I lov--" Her words suddenly cut off by his own.

And quickly her softened expression melted into one of pure terror and dread.

"W...wait. I can explain--" Too late. She was out like the light that had just shattered against her skull.

She slumped back, her eyes swirling, and little severed hearts fluttered around her head.

Rest assured, she would never lay a claw on Darkwing again.