

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

Published by: [Negaduck](#) on 26th Jan 2014 | View all blogs by [Negaduck](#)

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Some time even further after [Deaf Duck...](#)

**Warning: coarse language, adult themes, disturbing visuals, mind breakage. Even more so than before.**

Stab.

Stab.

Stab stab stab.

The blade was sharp enough that it barely took any effort at all to run it through the target of his vengence repeatedly. The target, being a mere list on a slip of paper, could take it. The armrest beneath wasn't faring too well, but hey, what did he care.

"Boss, you wants I should dump this stuff here?"

Pushing back from the misappropriated foreman's desk, Negaduck went back to lackey-supervising duties. Begrudgingly.

"Yeah, anywhere between the Purple Sludgetastic Bucket and the Goopy Goo Factory stacks is fine." Dismissive wave to the intended area, and he was back to his brooding, leaving the goons to back out barrels upon barrels of toxic waste down from the truck.

And leaving the question, what horribleness was he planning with toxic sludge in a Play-Doh manufacturing plant.

## Comments

34 Comments



by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

The newly arrived barrel began to rock back and forth. Slowly at first, and then it picked up momentum. Then, with a rumble the top flew open and hit the ceiling.

And suddenly the room filled with cheesy saxophone music. You know the kind.

A claw slowly emerged from the glowing, radioactive waste. Followed by a pair of arms, seamlessly rising in one smooth, velvety motion.

Up Malicia emerged, her fiery hair and feathers dripping with a questionable radioactive glow. Then, leaning forward, she blew a kiss at the brooding villain in front of her.

"Hello, handsome~"

((For reference, just imagine this: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=V5V-mXZEFmk> Bwuhaha))

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by **Negaduck** 1 year ago  
Dumbfounded.

For once in his considerable career, Malicia had actually managed to take him by surprise.

And not just him, but the lackeys as well, who peered out of truck at the sound of the new saxophone-accompanied voice.

He had avoided her for.. what was it? Weeks? Months? And this was how she planned to reingratiate herself back into his company?

Not a bad plan.

Still, it would take more than that. He could be impossibly stubborn when he wanted to be – which was always.

"You know..." Regaining his cool superiority once more. "That ooze will be no good for your complexion."

Judging from that glow, a significant understatement.

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by **Malicia** 1 year ago

Running a hand down her thigh, she smoothed out the feathers

and gazed back at him through half-lidded eyes.

"Why don't you come feel just how good my complexion is. Among other things."

To say she was going overboard would be a statement. But Malicia Macawber refused to get down on her hands and knees and beg for his forgiveness. Nevermind that she wasn't even sorry about what she had done. But she knew she had to do something to get back on his lesser-bad side. After he had knocked her out cold, Malicia hadn't seen or heard from Negaduck for weeks. Usually, this was not a big deal. It was pretty easy to conclude when he was busy with a new caper or business in the Negaverse.

But this time was different. Public Enemy #1 was actively sidestepping her. And there was also the lingering question of just how much he knew. He must have been deaf for at least SOME of the time she spoke to him. But when did he regain his hearing?

Sidling over to him, she wrapped her dripping arms around his shoulders, pressing her body against his.

"You always look your best when you're bossing around brainless nitwits."

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by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

Boy, those delicious fumes were making him heady. Those delicious, shapely fumes...

No. Nonononono. There was no way he was done sulking.

With an aggravated gesture to the lackeys he knew were snooping which roughly translated to 'get out of here NOW', Negaduck pulled back violently from the toxic embrace.

"Makes sense you think so," he snapped. "Considering the lengths you've gone to jump every cross-dimensional idiot that shares my face!"

Wait, was that only referring to Darkwing, or...?

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by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"Ah." She fumbled momentarily, but regained her composure rather quickly.

"And yet I didn't choose any of them to sire my children." She said firmly. "I chose to nest with you." No comment on the uncontrollable-heat cycle part of that choice.

"And have I ever shared my personal liquor stash with anyone but you? Or my wares? My home?" She moved in on him again, this time pressing her chest against him.

Leaning forward so that she could whisper demurely in his ear she added. "And none of them have that panty-wetting voice of yours..."

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by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Considering he had taken to sulking with his back to her, it was a wonder those bosoms of doom encasing his head hadn't blocked out his hearing altogether. And just when he had gotten over the 'deaf old drake' bit.

The duckubus's words slid like fly-speckled honey over hidden wounds... but bitter hatred bubbled through the fissures and burnt it off again.

"I am aware of the full extent of what you've been sharing, oh 'Lady' MacCawber," he hissed darkly, stomping back towards the desk in the corner.

The fun thing was.. he wasn't. Not when it came to certain recent developments.

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by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"Just what is that supposed to mean?" Crossing her arms and trailing after him, her brown-nosing facade now quickly forgotten.

"I have standards. Unlike some ducks I know, I don't give myself over to every person within a ten-mile radius!" Looming across the desk to stare down at him.

"You've only slept with nearly the entire female populace in St. Canard! And don't get me started on the recent rash of St. Canard infants that are being diagnosed with "Violent psychotic tendencies". Funny, how they all share similar features... a large bill and beady black eyes!" Her finger prodded the tip of his bill for emphasis.

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by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

"Standards?"

With that, he threw back his head. And laughed.

"Even ignoring the last bozo you entrapped—" Which he wouldn't. Ever. "-Standards are a new concept to you, aren't they?"

Ripped from where it was pegged at knife point into the chair arm, the multi-page list of her.. history.. was tossed for her viewing pleasure across the desk. The number of names crossed off with angry black lines was a little hard to miss.

Also was the number of names that weren't names per se, but identifying features. 'Random guy with latte'. 'Moron with Justin Beaver back tattoo'. 'Santa'.

"At least I don't hide what I am." If he were superior before, it was nothing compared to now. "Unlike some ducks I know."

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by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

She crumpled the list in her fist, which burst into flames for added effect.

"So this is how you want to play, is it?! **Fine then!**" She raised her arms skyward and began to chant.

**"If I can't have anyone, neither can you!"** Lightning struck down and connected with her fingers, which she jabbed in his direction. The dazzling display bounced from her to him, and collided with an explosion.

When the dust cleared, Negaduck would still be standing there. Seemingly the same.

Except something was missing.

Something very, very important.

Needless to say, the flat, emptiness between his legs was no longer just a case of cartoon design.

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by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Okay, nevermind about the shock that came from the surprise demon-in-waste barrel.

The first moment Negaduck realised he had made a strategic error was as the list dissolved into flame. No, no the precious murder list!

But very quickly he was more worried about his precious something else.

Quick check, aghast, before staring up at her, pale with horror.

"You... you didn't..."

Not playing now.

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by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"You think you can control my sex life? Well, now I'm in charge of yours." She hissed deviously.

"You've pushed your luck this time, Red. I've always tolerated the whores and bimbos you bed daily. After all, it would be foolish of me to get upset at a snake when it bites. But this hypocrisy? I won't have it!" She was towering over him now, thoroughly enjoying his display of shock.

"Nevermind that my... rather long list of past suitors are from my younger days; shortly after my exile. I overdosed on tantric energy. But it didn't take me long to realize that a woman of my caliber deserves so much better. I **am** a lady! And not just any lady, but THE finest this city has to offer! How dare you accuse me of being... being like one of your prostitutes!"

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by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Did Malicia really think she could limit him through such simple, base measures?

He was Negaduck!

He was the King of Cunning, the Prince of Pus.. Possibilities!

He was... down on his knees, wrapped around her legs.

"Malicia, gorgeous! Come on, look now, I didn't mean it!"

Begging shamelessly, kissing at back of her hand, or.. whatever else he could get his bill on.

"Surely.. surely you don't mean to punish yourself, do you...?"

As smooth as his seduction normally was, it was a little hard to pull off in conjunction with wide-eyed pleading. Not to say she wouldn't enjoy that on some other level, however.

A bit of a change from the cold shoulder she received on arrival. Really, the toxic waste was less slimy in comparison.

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by **Malicia** 1 year ago

She held her claw out so that he could further kiss the back of

her hand. Hey, there was good reason she didn't get rid of his tongue instead... that part was still a very nice benefit to her.

"Well, I could reconsider your punishment..." She closed her eyes in thought, as though she were deeply contemplating restoring his manliness.

Like a flash, she had him by the front of his lapels, pulling him in close.

"Alright, I'll give it back..."

She smiled venomously and trailed her finger from his neck to his chest, making a swirly motion over his heart.

".....For a price."

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by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Had he not been so relieved he would have been more suspicious.

"Okay! What? What do you want?"

Grabbing at her own.. not so much lapels, as Malicia didn't have any, but shoulders or thereabouts to make clear exactly how serious he was.

"Anything!"

Not the smartest caveat to put on there, but which other witch could he run to for a solution? Morgana? That was bound to go well.

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by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"I want your soul." She said pointedly, although this was still accompanied by a dramatic organ solo and a crackle of thunder and lightning.

"And foot rubs. Lots of foot rubs." What? She had to milk this for



what it's worth.

"If you agree to the terms, then I'll give you back your virility."

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by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Horrified, the masked menace broke away.

"No way! **Never, ever...** am I going near those colossal clodhoppers again."

Arms crossed stubbornly, forgetting his feigned flattery effort as fast as she had.

Beat.

Then adding with all amounts of flippancy,

"But the soul thing, whatever, sure. The hell I'm going to do with it anyway, barter my way past St Peter?"

The hell indeed.

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by **Malicia** 1 year ago

Those colossal clodhoppers unintentionally proved their point when one of them quickly pinned him to the ground, pressing sharply into his stomach.

**"MY FEET ARE PERFECT YOU JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND TRUE PERFECTION BECAUSE YOU LIVE A LIFE OF MEDIOCRITY!"** She yowled.

Then, suddenly recollecting herself (while continuing to crush his spleen with her big toe) she stroked her chin in thought.

"Very well, I'll just take the soul then." Snapping her fingers, a labeled jar appeared in her hands. Gosh, that was convenient. Perhaps a bit too convenient...

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by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

The convenience factor didn't bother him. If anything, it wasn't convenient enough!

Time check.

"Would you hurry it up? I'm kind of -- **OOF!!** --"

Winded! Internal organs crushed! Mildly redoubled glare of annoyance!

"I'm kind of in the middle of something here!"

Gesture to the non-demon coating toxic waste. Schemes, remember those? Highly important.

Also getting his drakehood back too. That was also important.

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by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

"Pardon me?" She cupped a hand over her non-existent ear and leaned in.

"Perhaps I misheard, but it almost sounded like you don't want your penis back."

Lifting her foot, she stood back and crossed her arms and leered down at him. Oh yes, she was going to ride this little power trip until he at least tried to respect her. Heck, she'd even accept his fake compliments!

"Well." She stretched casually, and gave him a wave. "If that's the case, I'll let you get back to your little scheme then. I'm sure you can find a suitable replacement with all that soft clay you've collected."

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by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

What, they were still doing this? How long did she think he could

hold sycophantic grovelling for anyway?!

Facepalm that slid down and resettled his bill with a light 'sprroong'.

"No, no, I want your.. help." Took all Negaduck had not to grit those words out.

Pushing himself up, a slight look around to try to ascertain whether his current position was suitable for a genital-restoring/soul-stealing deal.

"Do you need me to, you know, do anything?" Aside from resisting strangling you and dumping your Play-Doh stuffed body into the bay?

Hopefully she would accept a reluctant attempt to be cooperative as good as feinted flattery. Blackmail equalled respect, right?

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by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"Remove your clothing." She instructed firmly. "I need to be able to access your soul."

A pause.

"...But take it off slowly. And sexy. Like those delightful dancers in the bow-ties and tight leather pants do."

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by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Glare. Not withstanding a different judgement on how 'delightful' those Chip N' Dale fellows were, he had reasonable grounds to question how relevant clothing was to soul retrieval, much less the strip act.

But as she held all the cards – and his nether regions – what else was there to do?

Cue the music.

The music, coming from nowhere at all, did provide a neat contrast to the mechanical movements.. and the flat glower he managed to hold the whole way through. Dancing was not his strong point.

STRIPTease OF DEATH.

At least there were no bunny ears.

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by **Malicia** 1 year ago

It had been no coincidence that Mal conveniently left the door ajar, in the event that any wandering lackeys may stumble upon this truly unique and majestic sight (with a cellphone camera or two at the ready).

The demonness in question was whistling, cat-calling, and at one point shuffled out wads of dollar bills that rained down upon him, fluttering like gentle leaves and shattered dignity.

"Yes, you work those tail-feathers, you little minx you! Come over here and give mama a lap dance!"

A gust of flames sent him sailing into her lap, and he would quickly find himself being squeezed, groped, and tweaked in areas that somehow managed to be quite private, despite his lack of well... privates.

Wow. No wonder he spent so much time at the clubs. This was fun!

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by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Oh fun. Fun fun fun.

Probably the least fun he had ever had at a strip dance.

A growl rolled out of him at this barrage against his self-respect... although he kept going. Because he was a professional,

after all.

And the 'no other choice' thing may have been a factor.

Arms flexed over his head so she could enjoy the gun show – and what woman didn't enjoy running her hands down a nice set of abs, even if they were hidden beneath a layer of feathers and hard liquor – he lent in to rumble,

"You're pushing it..."

Because, of course, she didn't know that already.

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by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"Mmmm... I love it when you threaten me. Gets me all hot and bothered." To demonstrate the former, she slapped his butt with a sizzling hot hand that left burning fingermarks over his tail-feathers -- her own personal branding.

Chuckling darkly, her hands slowly crept their way up his torso, coming to a rest on his thorax. Grinning hungrily, she plunged her hand inside of him -- quite literally. It was as though her hand had phased through a mini-portal in the center of his chest.

"Mmmm... yeah. That's the sweet stuf-- Huh??"

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by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

"Huurgh!"

Well, that was uncomfortable.

While her claws were clearly not doing any damage fiddling around blindly in there like a game of Operation, whatever she had done felt like a bolt of lightning up his spine. And Morgana wasn't even around!

"What.. did you..." The wheeze, not so much an accusation as stunned confusion, could barely be heard as he tried to make

sense of the sensation. Had she stabbed him? Again?

Geez, stripping was a tough gig but one would assume they'd get better tips than that.

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by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

"I don't understand!" She was muttering to herself, seemingly confused.

Then she proceeded to ram her entire head inside his chest, her neck craning left and right, then up and down.

"It's not here!" Her voice echoed back at him, as though she were miles down a dark cave.

Pulling her head back out, she gripped him tightly by the shoulders, eyes widened and frantic.

"Your soul is gone! **Where is your soul?!**"

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by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

Not really seeing the emergency, fully alert and now rather vexed eyes glared back at her.

"Oh my bad, I must have left it in my other cape."

Sarcasm always helps.

In case that wasn't clear enough though, he added, "How am I meant to know?! It's not the sort of thing I keep tabs on!"

Not like chainsaws or skull trophies or anything actually important!

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by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

"You monumental **moron!**" She slapped him across the face. "Do

you know what you've done?! No, of course you wouldn't. That would require some level of intelligence."

Shoving him aside, she stood abruptly and paced across the room.

"It was there before..." She mused to herself. "Of course you don't know where it is, that means you probably don't remember, which means you were probably snorting something to kill those two remaining brain cells you have..."

Rounding on him again she snapped. "If you ever want to see your pecker again, I suggest you dig far back into your memory and figure out where it went!"

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by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Stealing his manhood and forcing him to do a highly demeaning dance was one thing. Insulting his intelligence, however? That was crossing a line.

"Who do you think you're talking to?!" Roared back with equal ferocity. "As if I, Negaduck, the world's greatest criminal genius, has anything other than a lethally sharp mind at all times."

Snatching his costume up indignantly – and the scattered cash too. Just because he was soulless didn't mean he was any less greedy.

Then, re-think...

"Uh... although there might have been this one time, when I ran out of smokes..."

Whoops...?

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by **Malicia** 1 year ago

Facepalm.

"Do you realize exactly what this could mean? There is a

complete stranger out there with full custody of your soul! They OWN you for eternity! When you die, they can do ANYTHING they want with you! You damn well better hope that it's someone who doesn't have any actual knowledge about souls. I hope those damned cigarettes were worth it!"

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by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

The horribleness of it all waved off indifferently.

"When I die? Hah!"

Negaduck had other plans, and plenty of time to sort it out too. It wasn't like he regularly took falls from skyscrapers or got caught in massive explosions or anything.

Pulling on his jacket, when it occurred there was a far more pressing issue that was still to be resolved.

"So you going to fix me now, or what?"

Why wouldn't she? He'd actually gone along with his end of a deal for a change – if it didn't work out as Malicia was expecting, it was hardly his fault!

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by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"NO!" She exploded at him. "No I am not going to fix you! Not until your soul is MINE!"

Storming past, she made for the exit. Leaving him to his naked, putty-filled glory.

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by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Now the panic hit him. Nevermind the potential of an eternity of torment. There was a fate worse than death.



"WAIT!" Crashing after her in shocked desperation. "You can't--!!!"

And then he went literally crashing after her as his feet became tangled in his still-unfastened cape.

There went the door.

Forlornly, he sat.

"And here I thought lap dances were meant to have a happy ending."