

RP: Date With Disaster

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((Reserved for: Mal, Lowkey, and an enraged wangless Negaduck))

This was going to be perfect.

She spun in front of the mirror a few times, pausing only to wink and blow a kiss at her own reflection.

"As usual, I never fail to surpass my own self in beauty." Twirling a lock of her fiery red hair in one claw.

Tonight, the demonness had selected a glittery black dress with gold trim -- real gold, of course -- and a matching gold choker.

If that weren't enough to blind anyone, the pair of diamond six-inch heels on her ~~massive~~ lovely feet made an audible 'twinkle' sound as she did another strut across the room.

Grabbing her clutch-purse from the nearby chair, she paused only to admire herself a few moment's further before heading out to the destined meeting place for her date with one, Agent Lowkey.

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by [Agent Lowkey](#) 1 year ago

This was going to be a disaster.

Or so one slightly trembling fellow thought as he watched his companion meticulously dress himself in front of a mirror. What was the point of going through all this maintenance if you're just going to where the exact same outfit as usual? Lowkey's lackey, Carmine, could never tell.

"Aaaaand, you're sure about this?" He asked, for the umpteenth time. Not that Reynard really noticed or minded.

"Absolutely" There wasn't a trace of uncertainty in his answer. This did not satisfy the other however. Carmine shifted nervously, hoping to get his point out without saying anything.

"Completely sure? Not even the slightest doubt...or bit of foresight?" Carmine was grasping at straws to get the agent to realize what seemed like an obvious flaw in the plan.

"About what? Can you hand me that bottle?"

"Sure." With calmness he hadn't displayed since he heard about the date, he handed off a bottle of cologne to Reynard. After it was applied and set down, his uneasiness turned into full blown hysteria. "Everything! You can't just not go on a mission for some date! This is bad, real bad. You're going to get caught, then they'll ask questions, then they'll find out I've been working with you, and I'll be killed or worse!"

Satisfied with his appearance, Reynard gave his reflection a thumbs up and wink before turning to his increasingly frantic partner in crime.

"Slow down, kiddo. Nothing's going to happen. I'm just gonna go hang out with the lovely lady, we hit it off a little, then bam, new ally. Besides, no one's going to find out."

This little bit of assurance, combined with his confidence in the plan, settled Carmine's nerves again. He even let out a relieved sigh as Reynard began to leave.

"Really! Oh good. Good. Why's that?"

Reynard stopped right in front of the door for just long enough to reply.

"Because you're going to cover for me. Ciao!"

Carmine could have sworn he heard the sound of glass breaking in the distance, not knowing it was just another piece of his sanity shattering. Oh the joys of working in F.O.W.L..

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by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

It was a particularly nice evening in St. Canard. Not too hot, not too cold. As such, the city was bustling with nightlife. Everywhere, couples were walking arm in arm through the park,

cuddling on the benches, or seated outside the restaurant patio across the street, energetically chatting away.

Malicia was seated at the central water fountain, occasionally craning her head, as she was unsure of which direction her date would be coming from.

Naturally, she took this time to gaze at her reflection in the water and fix her hair. A few passing strangers stopped momentarily and did a double-take, unsure if the nicely-dressed woman was in fact a high-profile supervillain. Should they... do something? Call the police? It wasn't as if she was doing anything wrong, aside from possibly blinding a few pedestrians with her questionable fashion choices. Fortunately, as per big city behaviour, most shrugged it off and decided it wasn't their business to get involved.

It was creeping closer to the expected meeting time, and she was growing irritable. Surely, he wouldn't even consider standing up such a fine lady as herself. She shook the very idea from her mind. Agent Lowkey seemed like the perfect gentleman. There was no way he would forget about someone as stupendous as herself.

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by [Agent Lowkey](#) 1 year ago

The agent was indeed at the meeting spot, though a little ways away. A good amount of time had passed since he arrived. Between scoping out the area, finding a good enough spot to eat and buying a modest sized bouquet of red and yellow roses, he had plenty of time.

But, instead of sitting plain sight or just coming out once she arrived, he stayed put in his little hiding corner.

While creepy, it did give him an opportunity to observe. She was drawing some attention from the locals. Not positively disastrous, but more eyes would be on them than he would like. That could be a problem. The other problem being that she was far better dressed than he was anticipating.

"I feel so...inadequate for the occasion now."

No time to dwell on it now. Right as he headed into "fashionably late" territory, he started to approach her. His offering of flowers was his first gesture at getting her attention.

"That's a lovely dress, I hope these won't clash with it."

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by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

"Flowers? For me?" She seemed surprised and almost taken aback by the traditional gift.

Taking them from his hands, she leaned her face into them. Except, instead of smelling them as one might normally do, she began inspecting the petals curiously.

"They're perfect! Not to mention, they're two of my favourite colours. How ever did you know?"

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by [Agent Lowkey](#) 1 year ago

That wasn't a question he could readily answer.

At the time of the purchase, it just seemed like a good pick. Perhaps it was the bright colors that sold him. That tended to grab his attention quickest. There was no reason or time to try and figure out this mystery.

"Just luck of the draw, I guess! Ready to get going? The restaurant's not too far off from here."

Of the many things that could be used to describe the agent, 'light eater' is not one of them. The place he had in mind was sure to accommodate for his appetite, and hopefully his guest.

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by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

"Oooh my, and just what have you picked tonight?" Gathering up the roses, she followed alongside him, paying no attention to the occasional stares they received.

"I think there's a Pelican's Island convention in town." One fellow whispered to his wife. "His girlfriend needs to work on her Ginger costume, though."

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by **Agent Lowkey** 1 year ago

The mere mention of his most beloved show, even under a hushed voice, caused him to instinctively whip his head around looking for the source. He calmed down a little, though his eyes still scanned the area for what could possibly be related to the series.

"I thought on our first night out we should go somewhere special. Then I found out the reservations there needed to be placed months ahead. Not to worry though, I always have a back up plan. The House Royale."

The House Royale was a somewhat upscale restaurant, famous for its unusual serving manner. Food was carried around by waiters and waitresses on various plates and slabs. The customers selected their item and size of their portions to be placed on their plate. A sort of reverse buffet, but fancy.

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by **Malicia** 1 year ago

Her eyes lit up instantly. This... what was this magical, amazing place? How had she overlooked it during her many evenings dining out after a successful heist?

"Now you know how to pick a place! Good taste in flower-picking and food? You're too good to be true, darling."

It certainly beat the dive bar at the local strip joint that a CERTAIN other duck considered to be 'Good eats. Oh yeah, and the food is okay too, HAH'.

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by **Agent Lowkey** 1 year ago

"Heh, well I have been told I'm somewhat of an impossible fellow here and there..." Improbable was the exact word a certain science team gave him, but that was mere semantics. "But I assure, I'm all too real."

The place was crowded, evidently many other's though tonight was good night to enjoy a nice meal or four. The sight of duo made some of the patrons think about other options. Many nervously looked around for a waiter to bring their check early. A few tried their best to avoid looking directly at them.

"H-hello and welcome t-t-to The House R-royale! Table for...two?" The host at the booth did his darnd best not to look like a nervous wreck. Reynard propped himself on the booth to answer.

"You got it, geez this place is packed, how long is the wai--"

It just so happened that a previous party rushed past them in a panic most likely unrelated to their appearance.

"No wait, your tables ready. Right now. Please enjoy." The poor host was in such a rush to seat the 'guests'.

Reynard thought nothing of it and simply lead Malicia to their table. "You're going to love the food here, they've got these little things of meat that they wrap up in other meat, that's glazed in this tangy sauce. OH, it is the best appetizer!"

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by **Malicia** 1 year ago

Malicia took no notice of the fleeing party members -- her eyes were following a massive steak that was making its way across the room.

And soon it became strikingly clear to everyone in attendance that no matter how nicely you dress up a demonic duck monster and give her a manicure, a monster is still a monster. With claws outstretched and fangs dripping, Malicia was stuffing food down her gaping maw faster than they could serve it. Fortunately, the sudden emptiness of the restaurant meant there were plenty of uneaten dishes strewn about.

"OOoooooofg mf Fgades." She exclaimed through a mouthful of what appeared to be an entire roast pig -- apple and all. "Fff sff goooooood".

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by **Agent Lowkey** 1 year ago

If given proper amount of time and warning, Reynard would have spoken up that the dishes were brought to them. This idea was quickly scrapped at the sight of Malicia's merciless slaughter of the helpless and well cooked pig. He could only drum his fingers together in a nervous manner. He couldn't help but be thankful the place was a basically a fancy buffet.

"Uhh yeah. The food's great. And plenty of it, thank goodness." A look around showed empty plates being carted away only to be replaced with full trays the next minute. This was the best time to snag a few slices of this and a few drumsticks of that for his own meal. "Man, talk about lucky, I never get this great of service. They just keep coming out with great stuff. Ooh, that looks good."

He grabbed what looked like a sandwich, only the bread was replaced with meat. And the meat was replaced with more meat.

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by **Malicia** 1 year ago

Having satiated her appetite for the time being, Malicia joined Lowkey at their table and seated herself all neat and proper -- as though the last ten carnivorous minutes had never occurred in any capacity whatsoever.

"So Lowkey." She began conversationally. "Tell me more about yourself. Where are you from? Do you have any friends or family around these parts?"

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by **Agent Lowkey** 1 year ago

"Oh just this far off...place. In the middle of no where. Think it was torn down for a high way or something."

Or is completely inaccessible to him for some severely aggravating reason. Maddeningly aggravating. But he pushed that thought aside along with the downcast expression he momentarily wore.

"Not too many friends, per se. Plenty of work buddies. Kind of. Relatives are even scarcer. You might as well say they're non -

existent, heheh."

Life sure is a confusing and often lonely thing for him. But, at least there was good food. Which he started helping himself to once again. Maybe he could steer this topic away from secrets that are best kept as such.

"Have I told you that you look just stunning in that dress?"

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by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"Don't I?" Fortunately for Lowkey, he was on a date with somebody who enjoyed doing all the talking, especially on the topic of herself.

"I'm from Transylvania myself, but I left home at an early age and spent some time trekking across Europe." She began unprompted. "It's how I got my start in high-profile crime. I didn't come to this side of the ocean until a few years ago. I originally came to St. Canard because my cousin was here, but I settled in once I discovered just how lucrative this city is."

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by **Agent Lowkey** 1 year ago

That was far easier than he expected.

He settled in his seat a little more, content to let her dominate the conversation, for the whole evening if need be. However, his full attention was peaked again. He sat up a little to rejoin the talk.

"Cousin? So so, you have family in town? Do they do what you do? The soul stuff?"

He really didn't want to out right say it.

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by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"HAH!" She guffawed so suddenly that a chunk of meat flew out

of her mouth, sailed across the room, and hit a poor waiter in the eye.

"Morgana thinks herself too high and mighty to deal in 'forbidden magic'." This was accompanied by air quotes and an eye roll from the demonness.

"As if ANY magic should be forbidden; just try telling that to the Elder Council. But I digress. Morgana can do magic, but Hades knows what usefulness that serves her. We're not exactly on pleasant terms, she and I." Understatement of the century.

"Last I heard, she's been hooking up with Darkwing Duck. I suppose she had to settle for him, after her little business venture with Negaduck went downhill."

Downhill, accompanied by a deadly rock slide. With Malicia standing at the top, tipping the first boulder.

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by [Agent Lowkey](#) 1 year ago

The waiter toppled over in a cry of pain, and with him, fell the numerous dishes he was carrying. But the painfully comedic event went unnoticed to the agent as more intriguing topic popped up.

Business venture? He wouldn't bring it up, but that certainly sparked his interest. What sort of scheme could the masked criminal have been concocting at the time. It sounded like this Morgana Malicia was talking about wasn't much for the type of business Negaduck is interested in. Whatever the reason, magic had to have come into play. That was a dangerous weapon in the wrong hands. Well, more wrong than his.

For now he would keep inquiring about the minor details.

"So, your cousin who, for some odd reason, refrains from using every bit of magic at her disposal is together with our residential stick in the mud hero? Talk about wasted potential."

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by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

"They deserve each other." She rumbled darkly. "Two moralistic fools who think they're better than the rest of us."

Smiling demurely, she leaned over the table to place a clawed hand against the side of Lowkey's face, running it down his fluffy cheek.

"But we know better, don't we?" She winked.

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by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

"You'd think so."

Before either of them had time to process the implications of that particularly gruff voice, a beam of startlingly white energy was directed at Reynard's chest.

Out of the shadows stepped Negaduck, unfamiliarly high-tech weapon in hand.

He did not look smug about delivering an unannounced hit, about taking advantage of the element of surprise, or even successfully drake-blocking Malicia once again.

He looked furious.

If the remaining diners didn't know whether they should be rushing for the exits before, they sure did now.

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by [Agent Lowkey](#) 1 year ago

The touch surprised him. But, he enjoyed it. So much so, that he didn't try to stop himself when he began to lean into it. But before he knew it, before any words could register, it hit him.

The impact of the blast knocked Reynard back a few feet from the table. But it wouldn't let him fall, the beam kept him slightly in the air for its duration. At first he couldn't let out a sound, not a squeak or scream, then as it continued he was finally able to holler. His loud cry grew in intensity each passing moment, then started to distort. Like a record skipping, there sudden breaks in his voice, in an unnatural manner. His voice was both high and low pitched at once, as if screaming for two.

On top of the eerie sounds of agony he made, his body was reacting just as

violently. Bits and pieces of him flashed in and out of sight. Eventually whole portions of him seemed to vanish before reappearing. If he were a drawn character, it would look as though his outline was shaking violently, tearing itself apart before reforming again. It was a wholly unpleasant experience. Finally, much to his relief, the firing stopped, and he was left a slightly smoldering mess on the ground. His body still shimmered slightly, but started to stabilize over time. He could only look up to see the bane of his existence standing menacingly with weapon in hand.
"Ahh...**AHH** y-y-you! Dirty **ROTTEN**...ugh" His voice had yet to completely recover, it wavered back and forth between something familiar and something less so.

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by **Malicia** 1 year ago

The second she heard his grungy voice, she knew date night was over. What she didn't expect however, was Lowkey's eerily supernatural reaction to whatever the hell Negaduck had slammed him with.

"REALLY?" She snapped at Negaduck, as though his presence was more of an annoyance than an actual threat. "Is it truly impossible for me to have one pleasant evening out?!"

Cracking her knuckles, she made a motion to stand from her seat. Except... the standing part wasn't happening. In fact, her entire body seemed incapable of getting anywhere, despite the fact she still had some free range in her limbs.

"What the hell is this?!" She snarled.

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by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

"I've told you before, you should watch what you eat." Not watching who he lectured, but his target. "Buffets are notoriously.. heavy."

Conveniently, for the purposes of exposition, some of the tables overturned in the chaos revealed large slabs of food that Malicia had scarfed down were not actually food. Olympic weight plates painted to match the meat. Gigantic dumbbells hidden among the chicken drumsticks. Not that he had to try particularly hard; anything that had been placed within the demoness's vicinity had

disappeared as if being sucked into a highly narcissistic blackhole.

Talk about weight gain.

Of course, leaving her hands free opened the risk that she would attempt to harm him from her seat. But, noting he was out of grabby grabby range, and Reynard was directly in the very literal line of fire should he move, Negaduck was willing to take that chance.

"I imagine you're wondering a similar question." Lowering to speak directly to the sorry, suffering mass that was Lowkey. "Did you know, your current owners are very keen to utilise your past for their own purposes? This was the result of their initial experiments in separating your earthly form into, well, something actually impressive."

Not so subtle dig there as the weapon was displayed tauntingly out of the agent's shaky grasp.

"Unsurprisingly, however, they concluded that it was impossible. Not with this, not without destroying your physical presence entirely." Appreciative gaze running over all those shiny, shiny buttons. "I've dubbed it the Anti-Rey Gun."

Standing, he switched without a thought back into demonstration mode – another charge pumped mercilessly into Lowkey's middle. Unlike the last, however, he did not cease fire.

"Fun, isn't it?"

Okay, maybe a touch of sadistic satisfaction there.

(OOC: Yes I acknowledge 'Anti-Rey Gun' was originally Rey's idea. Totally stole it now though. Muhahaha!)

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by [Agent Lowkey](#) 1 year ago

His mind raced and ached while he recovered on the ground.

Experiments? Earthly form? What was he talking about? No, it

couldn't be. Sure, he was rather liberal with top secret information here and there, but he had never revealed much pertaining to his origins. Had he? Negaducks words were striking nearly as strongly as the so dubbed Anti-Rey Gun.

Buying in completely to the teasing, he attempted to feebly swat away at the accursed thing. His arm simply flailed about at the air, it was taking everything he had and more just to stay upright and conscious. He needed that thing gone, yesterday. No further back than that. FOWL keeping tabs on him wasn't anything new, even the occasional 'check up' wasn't surprising. But this was beyond what he expected from them. A weapon specially made to undo everything he was.

He wouldn't dare admit it, but the moment that gun was pointed at him, he felt it. Mortal terror.

"Wait, no—" On instinct he shot a hand up and attempted to stop the assault, but this plea for nonexistent mercy was immediately cut off and replaced with another bout of cries and lights.

The distortions became more violent this time, the space around him began to bend and pull in every direction. The little chunk of reality he was occupying was being torn down, along with him.

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by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

"ENOUGH!" Mal screeched. She didn't have a damn clue what Negaduck was yammering on about, but what she did know is that passing a dumbbell was something she was NOT looking forward to.

Also, the whole zapping-her-date-into-oblivion-thing was a real downer too.

"I see you've had to compensate for your recent loss by swinging around an even bigger toy." She taunted the masked mallard.

"Perhaps I should have zapped away your brain as well. Not that it would make much of a difference! Do you honestly think you can just barge in here and interrupt my evening?" Her fingers twitched, as she so dearly wanted to wrap them around

Negaduck's neck. Or send a fireball his way. But she knew she was at a terrible disadvantage, and she could feel a terrible case of acid reflux coming on.

To Lowkey she added reassuringly, "Don't you worry, dear. A child with a dangerous deadly weapon is still just a child."

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by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Unsurprisingly, he was not a child who took well to commands.

"You honestly think you can **mock** me and live to get away with it?!" roared as he twisted about to face Malicia.

The blindingly hot beam not ceasing at all.

"He sure as hell won't!"

That much was obvious, as Reynard's cries grew more pained and his image more distorted.

"Not unless I start to see an appropriate level of respect being paid... starting with you reversing that goddamn spell!"

Priorities, people.

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by **Malicia** 1 year ago

Her eyes darting frantically between the twitching Lowkey and then to Negaduck's crotch. Then back to Lowkey.

Long, dramatic sigh.

"Fine." She agreed. "I'll reverse the stupid spell. But if you turn around and kill him anyways, I promise you I'll magic up something a hell of a lot worse. Are we clear?"

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by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Clearly he wasn't about to back off until some actual progress was made. And if that meant she acted too slow to prevent Lowkey's grisly dispatching, then meh, no real loss.

Particularly considering there was a point there would be no pulling him back from...

"TAKE YOUR TIME, SWEETHEART."

That counted as an acknowledgement, right?

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by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"FINE! Take the stupid thing back already!" She wriggled her fingers and there was a small, non-dramatic magic 'poof' around Negaduck's lower region.

Clearly displeased that all future possibilities of a robotic-Negaduck-striptease had come to an end, she resided herself to crossing her arms and pouting.

Well, at least she had that video footage she gathered from the traffic cam...

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by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Jacksonesque crotch check, and a sigh of relief. Finally.

The weapon – that was, the one purloined from FOWL – was powered down.

"Listen here, jackass." Foot on Reynard's sternum once his body stabilised enough, so he could lean over for a pleasant little drake-to-drake chat. "I know more about you than you do yourself. You displease me the slightest bit – interfering in my business or my—" Sideways glance to Pouty McChesty. "'Business' partners – and I will destroy you."

No 'understand', or 'capache'. If Lowkey couldn't wrap his head around the seriousness of that promise, it was only another excuse to blast him. Hurray!

"Now get out."

Assuming the poor fellow could even move. But if not, who needed another excuse...

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by **Agent Lowkey** 1 year ago

Never in his short life had he felt the amount of rage, hatred and worse yet, humiliation than he did now. The moment he was stepped on, that anger intensified. But all the downed agent could do was gasp in pain.

His body's form wavered a little here and there, but the air around him finally stopped twisting. He needed to run. He needed to get far, far away. More importantly, he needed information. While he was in no position to demand anything, a probing questions couldn't hurt. Not nearly as much as that earlier treatment did.

"You...you shouldn't have that...you shouldn't know about any of this" He was able to only get so much through the gasps for air and occasional warp speech. He hoped that wasn't permanent. "How?"

He didn't need a direct answer. Any little hint would be enough to start investigating loose ends. And have a talk with a certain mad scientist. Whatever happened, he was utterly defeated, and he knew it.

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by **Malicia** 1 year ago

Meanwhile, in the far corner, there was the horrific sound of retching.

Not because this dramatic moment had somehow managed to make the demonness ill. But because the current situation required her to not have a few tonnes of metal inside her body.

Of course, puking up large heavy objects had the unfortunate side effect of ruining one's hair, make-up and dress. And so

when Malicia finally joined Lowkey by his side and helped him up, she wasn't looking her finest.

"Let's go." She urged the agent. "You look like you could use another drink."

And a few liters for herself as well.

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by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Unfortunately the help distracted Negaduck from what could have been a helpfully revealing moment of gloating. Because what villain could manage to pass one of those up in a moment of triumph?

But seeing Malicia take up his beaten rival's side, it began to feel like less of a triumph.

Did she not see what happened?! He tore the Pelican's Island loving failure apart, without even the hint of a fight! She should've been all over him! Particularly considering what other talents she had restored...

"He can find a suitably loser-ish drink on his own."

Suitably unimpressed eyes burnt at hers, not accepting this turn of events.

"I'm not finished with you."

Unless you want me to finish with him.

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by **Malicia** 1 year ago

This was met with two 6-inch heels being lobbed directly at his face.

"Don't you tell ME what to do!" She screeched. "What makes you think that you have the power to control moi? Do you really think that method is going to work on me?"

Motioning to the agent, she plucked the single rose from her hair and waved it in Negaduck's face.

"Lowkey knows how to treat a lady proper!"

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by **Agent Lowkey** 1 year ago

It seemed that his manners were paying off.

Still, he wasn't going to bank on Malicia to protect him during this encounter. Furious as she may be, he was still vulnerable. In fact, her egging on might hasten his demise. Especially if his gifts were being brought into the argument. It would take a blow to his pride, but turning tail now was the only option.

"I'll...go," he rasped out. There wasn't much strength in his words, just enough to get above the bickering. "I'll go, no fuss. Just tell me one thing, how did you know?"

He half glared at Negaduck, he couldn't risk provocation, but his blood still boiled, almost literally, from the event.

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by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

So. Lowkey was smarter than he looked.

Trademark sneer tugged at one side of Negaduck's bill.

"Let's just say.. don't leave your lab unguarded in a salmon storm."

Helpful. That's what he was.

That cryptic clue left, attention turned back to Malicia, as if the high heel dodgeball had never occurred.

"Now now, I wouldn't dream of trying to control a lady." The arrogance with which his gaze scrolled down her curves would've suggested otherwise, had his past history, character and 'Most Controlling Criminal In Existence' eTitle not already done so. "Just a little chat, that's all."

A sweep of an arm to show her back to a non-demolished table, and a grin to Lowkey that read as they were all likely thinking: yeah right.

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by [Agent Lowkey](#) 1 year ago

Well that answered that. The thinly veiled clue got the wheels turning in his mind. This wasn't some contingency plan mapped out in case he went rogue, it was just another by product of those blasted experiments he endured.

Talking with High Command about it would just lead to a dead end, also they wouldn't much appreciate him ducking out of his work again. He needed to go to the source of things. Cornelius.

After standing up, he began to hobble his way out. What a disaster this night was. And speaking of, he turned his head over towards Malicia as he left.

"Sorry about our plans, deary. They'll have to be put on hold."

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by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

"Whuh... bu... no! Our first date can't end like this!" Her voice edging into whiny territory as she watched him leave.

She was completely stunned at Lowkey's sudden submissiveness. Why was he giving up so easily? Did that weird-ass gun do some major damage to him? And what exactly did Negaduck know that Lowkey also knew that Malicia DIDN'T know?

Rounding on Negaduck again, she grabbed him by the lapels, the fury in her face matched only by the fire that was pouring from her mouth.

"Explanation. **NOW.**" She hissed.

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by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

"You were on a **date** with that **dork** and you want an explanation from **me?!**"

Twisting out of her grip resulted in a rather graceless flop onto a table. As he hadn't swallowed a feast's worth of weightlifting gear, however, it stayed in one piece. Mostly.

"You're lucky he's been properly taken down a peg! Or I'd be a bit concerned that you were willing to trade tormenting me for his safety!"

Glare suddenly switched to realisation. Sly, knowing realisation.

"Wait, I see what's happened here." Aside from the bleeding obvious? "With your stubborn spellcasting, you've been having withdrawals."

Hands snaked down her hips and guided her alluringly his way.

"Come here and let me remind you of how a real drake treats a lady."

Which was totally part of his masterplan to establish who was 'Top Villain' in the city and nothing at all to do with his own addictions.

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by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

Mal wasn't sure what made her more furious: The fact Negs had once again ruined a good night out, or the fact that there was the teeniest tiniest sliver of truth to his wild speculation.

"You are just... ugh! You are such... **UGH!**" She stomped her foot in frustration, threw her arms in the air in a 'I surrender' motion, and stormed out of the restaurant, leaving Negs to his smug victory.

That, and she really needed to seek a professional about the bowling ball presently sitting in her upper intestine.

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by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Unfortunately Negaduck had seen enough of Malicia's moods to read between the lies, which only fuelled his already bloated sense of self-satisfaction. Even if it didn't result in any other forms of satisfaction... this time.

"Two extra-large serves of misery to go..."

The ticket to an easy win, and the key to his seemingly permanent upper-hand was holstered up fondly: the Anti-Rey Gun. What a great 'find' that had been.

"... and one delicious bowl of victory for dessert."

Deep, malevolent chuckling – completely undeserved for those little quips but who was going to stop him? – rolled on as he rolled out the door. Chaotic balance reestablished in his favour, just as it should have been.