

RP: Macawbers and Manservants

Published by: [Malicia](#) on 5th Apr 2014 | View all blogs by [Malicia](#)

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((Featuring: Malicia, Trevor Mallard, and anyone else who wants to pay a visit to Mal's warehouse and maybe save poor Trevor from a life of servitude as Mal's foot masseuse... or hinder him further, depending on your M.O.))

PREVIOUSLY ON DUCKVERSE...

After meeting the vampire Baron Marogh, Malicia learns that Trevor Mallard must do whatever she says, due to a deal he made with one of her ancestors. It doesn't take her long to track down the handsome stranger, and she lures him back to her warehouse and fills him with alcohol and sweet-talk.

After a tense struggle, Mal's intentions are revealed, and now Trevor is resigned to fulfilling the demands of his "Mistress".

Comments

113 Comments



by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

Malicia reclined further on the couch, lazily directing Trevor.

"The bathroom is upstairs, to the left, and down the hall. You can't miss it." Indeed, for what appeared to be a shabby looking warehouse on the outside, the inner contents were large and impressive. The bathroom was a luxurious room with marble flooring, and the 'tub' was more like a small swimming pool in size. It was going to take Trevor quite some time to fill that thing up.

"Don't forget to add the bubbles!"

((Just for funsies, a reference of how I imagine a Mal-style bathroom layout: <http://bedroomkitchen.com/wp-content/uploads/2014/01/bathroom-design-1476.jpg> Just pretend that window is looking out at the Audobon Bay Bridge!))

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by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

Trevor headed upstairs and was struck with awe when he entered the bathroom. The last time he had been in such a luxurious place was the Baron's castle. In fact, he was surprised the self proclaimed "queen" lived in a warehouse rather than a castle. He wondered what kind of magic was at work when the building itself seemed so small on the outside.

He was glad he didn't have to fetch the water to fill the tub since nowadays the water appeared simply by turning the knobs. Trevor looked confused when he heard Malicia from the other room.

"Bubbles?"

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by **Malicia** 1 year ago

She let out a long, irritated sigh and shouted up to him.

"Bubble bath! There's a bottle in the bathroom, labeled as such. Pour some into the tub when you're running the water."

[Delete](#)



by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

"Oh. I see." Trevor looked at the many bottles to find one labelled "bubble bath". He pours the liquid in and watches it as it turns into bubbles when mixed with the running water.

"Interesting." He pokes at the bubbly foam that was forming on top of the water. He had never seen this stuff before and it captured his interest.

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by **Malicia** 1 year ago

It wasn't long before Malicia trailed into the bathroom, wearing a silk bathrobe; her hair pulled back into a bun, with the exception of a few wispy strands.

"Honestly, you've been alive all this time and yet you act like

you're still stuck in the 18th century." She mused.

"Looks like I'm going to have to train you to be a proper servant. I think we should start with a serious wardrobe change."

[Delete](#)



by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

"When I'm not hunting, I'm home in the place of my birth. I was a farm lad before I was a hunter." Trevor looks up at her from where he was sitting by the tub. "I'm cut off from the world there."

He looks at himself and frowns. "What's wrong with what I wear?"

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by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"Aside from the fact it's ridiculously out of fashion?" She quirked a brow.

"I'm thinking... tailored suit. Originally I was just going to stick you in a spandex thong, but I think that might raise some questions from my guests -- and I know at least one that would shoot you on sight already as is. I don't need to encourage him further."

With her back turned to him, she stripped the robe from her body and stepped into the tub and sunk down into the bubbly concoction.

"Of course with that scar, you'd look fantastic in a leather jacket."

[Delete](#)



by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

"Thong?" Trevor didn't want to know what that was. It sounded strange to him and from the sound of it it must be something unorthodox if would get him questioned and possibly hurt.

Trevor turned his back to her. "My beloved made my waistcoat. I don't think I could discard it." He was feeling uncomfortable. "I

should leave while you bathe."

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by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"Wow. You really are the definition of old-fashioned gentleman, aren't you?" Clearly amused, she leaned over the ledge of the tub, resting her arms under her chin. The position allowed for just the slightest amount of cleavage to peek out from the bubbles.

"I know a few drakes who could certainly stand to learn a few things from you, and vice versa. In any case, if you're done blushing like a bridesmaid, you can go downstairs and grab me a cold bottle of wine from the fridge."

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by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

"It's not proper for me to be in here while a lady bathes. Especially one I'm not married to." Trevor got up and headed downstairs, glad that he had an excuse to leave. He at least knew what a fridge was since he spent sometime in houses that had them.

When he returned with the bottle, he came in with his eyes shut. "I hope it's the right kind of wine. There was a lot of bottles in there."

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by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"Oh, sweetie." She chuckled darkly. "All wine is the right kind of wine."

"So you tied the knot at one point, huh? How tragic for you." She murmured, popping the cork on the bottle.

[Delete](#)



by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

"I was to be married. But the Baron ruined that." Trevor sighs and

shakes his head still keeping his eyes shut. "If I'm not needed for anything, I will be downstairs."

[Delete](#)



by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"Fine, fine." She waved him away dismissively. "Just don't think about running away. You're all mine now."

[Delete](#)



by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

"I know. I know." Trevor bowed. "I am to serve you until the Baron is destroyed." He turned to head downstairs since he was not needed. "Call me if you need me."

[Delete](#)



by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"Mmm-hmm..." She sunk back into the tub, closing her eyes. Yes, she could certainly get used to this kind of star treatment...

[Delete](#)



by **Baron Morogh MacDuckgall** 1 year ago

"Interesting place for a queen. I figured you have something more grand than a warehouse." The vampire had been watching them from the bathroom window. Morogh had a knack at showing up uninvited. "I do hope he's serving you well."

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by **Malicia** 1 year ago

She slowly opened one eye to look at the vampire.

"Unfortunately, anything more grand would draw unwanted attention from the police and S.H.U.S.H. Sometimes you have to sacrifice the nicer things to blend in."

"As for the hunter, he has a few things to learn. But it's certainly nice to have someone with no choice but to obey your every

order. I'll have to thank my ancestors for that one."

[Delete](#)



by **Baron Morogh MacDuckgall** 1 year ago

"Well done. You've managed to turn a lion into a housecat. I can see you're enjoying my little gift to you." Morogh licked his fangs as it was apparent that he just had recently fed.

"If only you knew how powerful that ancient one was that he foolishly sold his soul to. One could only dream to have such power."

[Delete](#)



by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"Oh?" He had her full attention now.

"Are you saying you knew this Macawber?"

[Delete](#)



by **Baron Morogh MacDuckgall** 1 year ago

"Of course. Since she became an enemy of mine by granting that foolish hunter immortality. I have a passion for old legends and ancient magic. Even before that incident with the hunter I had heard of her in legends. The legends believe she is some sort of a deity. " Morogh paced a little.

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by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"It's possible. I can't say I ever kept up with my family tree." She shrugged. "I'm... not exactly involved with the rest of them."

[Delete](#)



by **Baron Morogh MacDuckgall** 1 year ago

"Your bloodline has had a long history in ancient magic." Morogh stopped pacing and looked towards the window. "Well seems someone has noticed that I just recently hunted down a victim in

one of the other warehouses."

[Delete](#)



by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"Just don't lead anyone here. Last thing I need are the neighbours complaining yet again." Because evidently, this was an ongoing 'thing' already.

"And yes, I knew that much about my family. Although somewhere down the line that powerful magic was hidden away... contained. My own father spent his life searching for it, and made a few dark deals along the way."

[Delete](#)



by **Baron Morogh MacDuckgall** 1 year ago

"I'm sure they're not a threat." Then he turned his attention back the conversation. "I assume you were interested in that same very magic as well?" Morogh was quite curious about her. Especially since she was a demoness which was unusual to find in the modern Macawber clan.

[Delete](#)



by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"My interest is what got me expelled from Eldritch Academy." She rumbled darkly. "That, and my cousin Morgana ratted me out."

[Delete](#)



by **Baron Morogh MacDuckgall** 1 year ago

"Pity. Maybe one day I shall invite you to my home and you can read from my personal library." Morogh folded his arms and growled. "Morgana. That she-duck was my prey until the hunter showed up and swept her away."

[Delete](#)



by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"Wait... he has met Morgana?" She rubbed her chin. "That's not

good... if she finds out that I'm keeping him here, she'll no doubt try to interfere."

Which begs the question of what happens to a person who has to listen to two Macawbers giving him opposing commands. Brain explosion, maybe?

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by **Baron Morogh MacDuckgall** 1 year ago

"I was about to bite her when he showed up out of the blue and saved her. I believe he spent some time with her." Morogh growls more. "Better hope she doesn't find out. He may take her side."

[Delete](#)



by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"If I can keep him contained to my warehouse, there shouldn't be a problem. Morgana wouldn't dare enter my territory." She finished off the last of her wine and leaned back in the tub again.

Of course, it wasn't Morgana she was worried about. The greater issue was a certain psychotic chainsaw-wielding supervillain who was not going to cope well with Trevor's presence.

"How goes your search in finding that 'challenging' evil opponent of yours?"

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by **Baron Morogh MacDuckgall** 1 year ago

"I need to draw this Darkwing out. He seems to be rather elusive." Morogh hisses. "For someone I've heard that loves to have attention drawn to himself he seems to be hard to catch!"

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by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"I know a solution that will fry two birds with one brimstone." She grinned.

"You go after Morgana. If you can get to her, Darkwing will come running like the knight in shining armor he wishes he could be. And this time, there will be no Trevor to protect her."

[Delete](#)



by **Baron Morogh MacDuckgall** 1 year ago

"Excellent idea. I'll have my prey after all." Morogh grins evilly. "I'll show that flapping idiot what terror truly is."

Fate seemed to have dealt her hand his way and he loved it. Trevor was off his back finally. He would get the prey the hunter took from him finally. And he would have an opponent that he could challenge and hunt.

"If only we had met years ago. You would have been the perfect partner and mate."

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by **Malicia** 1 year ago

Malicia decided it would be best not to bring up that never in a million years would she take on a vampire as a mate. She was... how do you put it: horrifically racist against the entire supernatural species.

"Yes, I am perfection incarnate." Ever the modest one. "It's why I'm such a successful supervillain."

"Morgana lives on the outskirts of town in a large mansion. You can't miss it: It's the only building in a 10-mile radius with permanent rain clouds. She has likely vampire-proofed the place, but I'm sure if you wait around long enough she'll emerge from her little hovel."

[Delete](#)



by **Baron Morogh MacDuckgall** 1 year ago

"Perhaps it's time for me to pay her a visit then." Morogh hops onto the window sill. He was about to go out when he spotted something below. "It seems the person that noticed my nightly hunt in the warehouse is Darkwing." He grins and licks his fangs.

"If I get him now when he's not expecting it, I'll have my fangs sunk into his scrawny little neck before he has time to even realized what's happened."

[Delete](#)



by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"Darkwing's lurking around here?" She frowned. "Yes, do try to lead him away from here if you can."

[Delete](#)



by **Baron Morogh MacDuckgall** 1 year ago

"I'd have to do it quietly since Trevor is right downstairs and he would notice if there was a fight. Unless..." An even more wicked grin spreads across his beak. "Trevor has never seen Darkwing. You could order him to attack him."

[Delete](#)



by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"Hmm... why not? I could use a bit of entertainment after my bath." Stepping out of the tub she dried herself by wrapping a large plush towel around her body.

"Mallard!" She called downstairs. "I need your assistance with something."

[Delete](#)



by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

Trevor came upstairs after being called. "How may I be of assistance?" And he made sure his eyes were shut in case she wasn't decent.

[Delete](#)



by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"Oh for Hades' Sakes." She growled. "Your eyes aren't going to melt, you know!"

"There's a trespasser outside, and I want him dealt with. He's wearing a mask, cape, fedora, and is loud and obnoxious. You can't miss him. Just come back here once you're done, are we clear?"

[Delete](#)



by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

"I'm sorry. It's just my ways." Trevor turns away. "I will deal with the trespasser." He headed downstairs and stepped outside to search for the trespasser.

The moon was out so there was a little light to work with. Trevor kept to the shadows as he stalked the trespasser and eventually spotted a drake in the outfit that Malicia had described. Not only that the trespasser was leaning over a dead body.

Must be one of the Baron's followers.. Trevor narrowed his eyes and then prepared himself to leap for an attack.

[Delete](#)



by **Malicia** 1 year ago

Hair still damp, she threw on a housecoat and slippers and decided to trail behind a fair distance back. She wanted to make sure things went smoothly. The last thing she needed was to lose her new masseuse to that idiot crimefighter.

[Delete](#)



by **Drake Mallard** 1 year ago

Darkwing had gotten word there was some trouble in warehouse district but he wasn't expecting to find a dead duck who appeared to have all of the blood in his body drained. The sight of it made him sick. This is not on my list of things on my resume!

He was trying to regain his composure when he suddenly was hit from behind and sent flying several feet.

"MONSTER!" Darkwing heard a shout as he rolled over to see a cloaked drake with a dagger come out of the dark with the intent

on stabbing him.

"Yikes!" He barely got out of the way before the blade struck him.

[Delete](#)



by **Malicia** 1 year ago

This was the first time Malicia had seen Trevor in action. Up to this point, he just seemed like a naive, poorly-dressed drake with shyness issues. It would be interesting to see this other side of him.

"Maybe I'll have myself a personal trained killer too."

[Delete](#)



by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

Trevor growled deeply when his blade struck the ground. "You're not getting away that easily!" He dashed after the masked mallard.

"I don't know who you are buddy but why are you attacking me?!"
The trespasser yelled back.

"Because all of your kind needs to be destroyed!" Trevor swung his dagger as he closed the gap between them.

[Delete](#)



by **Malicia** 1 year ago

Did he... think Darkwing was a vampire?? How amusing.

Now wouldn't it be ironic if the baron lost his 'challenge' to his rival.

[Delete](#)



by **Drake Mallard** 1 year ago

This crazy drake means business! Darkwing had no idea what he did to provoke the wrath of this cloaked stranger, but he wasn't about to find out. He cried out when the dagger slashed open a

wound on his arm after he tried to avoid the blade again.

Darkwing was unarmed so all he could do was just dodge and jump out of the way of the drake's attacks. He's fast! I've got to get out of here before he makes me into duck fillets!

He turned tail and ran with Trevor chasing after him. All he had come for was to inspect some trouble not get sliced to bits by an insane duck.

[Delete](#)



by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

Trevor chased Darkwing to a rooftop of one of the warehouses. His prey was cornered now. He had no place to run.

"Give up, monster. There's no place for you to go. " Trevor leapt and landed on top of the frightened drake. He pressed Darkwing down with one foot on his chest. "This is for the victims you killed!"

But first he wanted to see the face of this killer that he had now trapped under him. What poor suffering soul did the Baron bite to make him his slave. Trevor reached down and pulled the mask off with one hand while raising the dagger at the same time so he could plunge it into the monster's heart.

[Delete](#)



by **Malicia** 1 year ago

Down on the ground, Mal couldn't see exactly what was happening and so she had to try and listen. It was difficult, however. What was important to her was Trevor not escaping from her clutches, or somehow spilling her connection to him.

[Delete](#)



by **Drake Mallard** 1 year ago

All Darkwing could do was just lay there since he couldn't move. Everything hurt. Worse, now his identity was exposed to his attacker. He shut his eyes waiting for that fatal blow. He hoped it would be quick.

Yet nothing came...

"Drake?" He heard the duck who was holding him down say in surprise.

He knows who I am. Great.

[Delete](#)



by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

Trevor stared down in horror. Not only he just noticed that the duck was missing fangs that would have made him a vampire but it was a Mallard.

"I can't do it. I can't follow that order." Trevor couldn't believe that his mistress had ordered him to kill his own kin. He dropped his dagger and backed away. He saw Malicia watching from below and stared at her in shock.

[Delete](#)



by **Malicia** 1 year ago

Mal, in turn, was staring back at him in confusion. What was the big deal?

"Ugh." She groaned. "Whatever. Get back into the warehouse then. I think you've made your message to Darkwing clear; he isn't welcome in my territory."

[Delete](#)



by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

"I'm so sorry, Drake." Trevor whispered before he left the roof to head back into the warehouse. He knew as going to be punished for not following orders. He kept his head down not daring to look at Mal when he passed her.

[Delete](#)



by **Drake Mallard** 1 year ago

I should have known she was behind this. But who was that guy?
And how does he know who I am?

Darkwing got to his feet to retreat. He knew he couldn't fight in his state. Blood dripped down from the oozing wound on his arm and judging from the pain in his chest his ribs were probably broken.

"I don't know what plans you have going, Mal, but I will stop you when I've recovered!"

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by **Malicia** 1 year ago

Facepalm. Great, just what she needed: a superhero snooping around her hideout.

"Curiosity didn't just kill cats, Darkwing." She called back to him. "I'd stop while you're ahead. I think my friend has given you enough of a fair warning."

[Delete](#)



by **Drake Mallard** 1 year ago

"Your minion certainly did a number to me that's for sure. But don't think that's going to scare me. Next time I'll be prepared." Darkwing hissed between painful breaths. "I'm sure you're tied to that dead duck I found in that warehouse."

[Delete](#)



by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"Unless he's been cooked to a crisp, it isn't my handiwork." She purred darkly.

"By the way, blood is a good look for you. You should think about keeping it... permanently. I can help you with that, if you'd like."

[Delete](#)



by **Drake Mallard** 1 year ago

"Oh, I'm sure you would like to help with that." He glares down at her. But to fight her now would be foolish since he could barely stay on his feet. Darkwing shook his head trying to keep from blacking out.

[Delete](#)



by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"Now run along, Duck." She waved her hand dismissively. "Go and lick your wounds. I'm sure you have some other criminal to pester."

If she was lucky, the smell of his blood would lead the Baron straight to him.

[Delete](#)



by **Drake Mallard** 1 year ago

"You don't think I'm going to ignore that you have someone as your slave?" Darkwing didn't want to leave just yet until he found out who his attacker was. "Who is that minion of yours?"

[Delete](#)



by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"That's none of your concern!" She snapped irritably. "I'm not letting him go. He's mine and you can't have him!"

[Delete](#)



by **Drake Mallard** 1 year ago

"He's my concern now since he knows who I am!" He did not like this at all. "Let him go!" Darkwing was sure that she would get info out of this duck about who he is.

[Delete](#)



by **Malicia** 1 year ago

She was growing impatient with Darkwing's stubbornness. "Mallard isn't going anywhere. I highly suggest you drop it, if you value your life."

All this arguing was giving her a headache. Time to see if Trevor was any good at head massages too.

[Delete](#)



by **Drake Mallard** 1 year ago

"Fine. I'll be back for him when I've healed." Darkwing was frustrated by the fact that he would have to leave the Mallard behind. To make sure he wasn't going to be followed, he quickly dropped some smoke bombs, to hide his escape in the blue smoke.

[Delete](#)



by **Malicia** 1 year ago

Storming back to the warehouse, the demonness was NOT happy. She wanted Darkwing to stay away, not be more determined to snoop around!

"**You.**" Jabbing a claw in Trevor's direction. "You're supposed to be a hunter! You can't tell me that after two centuries that was the best you could demonstrate to me? He isn't even a MONSTER."

[Delete](#)



by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

"I can't kill one of my kin!" Trevor still had that horrified look on his face. He was waiting for his punishment. He had broken the terms of the contract.

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by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"I shouldn't be surprised you're related to that purple-dressed pansy." She sighed forlornly.

"Well, clearly this calls for some form of punishment." She stroked her chin thoughtfully. "I think we'll start with that spandex thong... then you can clean my entire warehouse while

wearing it."

[Delete](#)



by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

"I'm sorry." Trevor sighed in defeat. "Very well. If that is to be my punishment then so be it."

((OOC: lol. I'm trying not to laugh too much now since other people would wonder what I'm laughing about.))

[Delete](#)



by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"Well, I certainly can't take the rest of your soul! Yet." Evil grin.

"Besides, if I were to eviscerate you, there would be nobody to do my laundry for me." Hey, it just means I get to be creative.

Aaaaaaand have a guy in the house running around in a thong.

[Delete](#)



by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

Trevor didn't like the idea of her taking what he had left of his soul. Although this "thong" didn't sound that pleasant either.

"I suppose my punishment starts now?"

[Delete](#)



by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"You almost sound eager." She chuckled. "Fortunately, I happen to have your new outfit on hand."

Totally not because I had hoped to get it on Negaduck at some point, oh no. Certainly nothing like that.

Leaning in close, she parted her bill as though she was going to kiss him. Then she froze, inches from his mouth. Her yellow eyes flickered playfully.

"When I'm through with you, you're going to be a whole new drake."

[Delete](#)



by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

"I disobeyed. I deserve it." He fidgeted and stared back into those eyes as he gulped. He wondered what she was going to do to him. He eyed her fangs wondering if she was going to kiss him or bite him.

[Delete](#)



by **Malicia** 1 year ago

Instead of doing either, she swooped away to get dressed.

"Fix me something to eat. I'll need a quick snack before I settle into bed."

[Delete](#)



by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

"What would you like to eat then?" He sighed with relief that she wasn't about to maim him. Trevor had no idea what the demoness possibly would want as a meal.

[Delete](#)



by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"Some cookies and milk will do."

Ah yes. The bedtime snack of fearsome evil-doers everywhere.

[Delete](#)



by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

Trevor went to the kitchen to root around for the cookies and the milk. He found several chocolate chip cookies in one of the pantries and piled them on a plate.

What a strange thing to have before bed.

Trevor snuck a few for himself since he was hungry. He was pleasantly surprised by them since he was used to having more plain ones and he rarely had chocolate.

"Where do you wish to eat them?" After he had gotten the milk poured and gathered everything up.

[Delete](#)



by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"Upstairs." She beckoned him to follow her down the hall into the master bedroom.

Sliding on to the King-sized bed, she stretched out languidly for a moment and then slid herself up to her pillows, finally sitting up.

"I've always wanted my meals delivered directly to my bedside."

[Delete](#)



by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

"I see." Trevor set the plate down in front of her. "That's all I could find. Is there anything else you need?" He handed her the glass of milk.

He hoped she hadn't noticed that he had eaten a few of the cookies while still in the kitchen.

[Delete](#)



by **Malicia** 1 year ago

Fortunately she didn't, because she had already inhaled the entire plate before he had finished his sentence.

"No..." Her mouth opened in a wide yawn, revealing the glistening rows of sharp teeth. "That'll be... all."

And just like that, she was out like a light, snoring loudly.

Boy, bossing around servants was such hard work.

[Delete](#)



by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

Trevor slipped out of the room and headed back downstairs. He was exhausted himself so when he laid down on the sofa he was asleep within minutes.

What have I've gotten myself into?

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Shhrlrick.

Shhhrlrick.

Shhhhhrlrick.

It was the rasping sound that would, eventually, wake the demonesess the next morning. Or early afternoon, as was more likely... In any case, what would greet her was the so pleasantly unexpected sight of Negaduck sitting by her bedside, calmly hand-sharpening a throwing axe.

Nega-proof the hideout? As if.

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by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

"Well I've made some breakfast I hope it's something---
Umm...Hello? Who are you and how did you get in?" Trevor had came upstairs to check to see if Malicia was awake. He had changed into the spandex thong that she had left for him as his punishment for disobeying. He had slept in as well and didn't notice they had a guest.

[Delete](#)



by **Malicia** 1 year ago

Malicia stirred in her sleep, not at the sound of the axe sharpening, but by the word 'breakfast'.

Rolling over, she found herself facing Negaduck and his axe. Then, of course, she was alerted to the voice in the doorway of Trevor.

Slowly, she sat up, rubbed her eyes, and glanced at the thong-laden mallard. Then at Negaduck.

"Hm. I just noticed you two bear a striking resemblance to one another." Was all she said.

[Delete](#)



by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

Trevor was a rather thin drake underneath all of that gear he normally wore and for a duck that had managed to overpower Darkwing. He was missing feathers due to a large scar that ran from his stomach and along his left side.

"I suppose that makes him a Mallard too." Trevor was still staring at Negaduck. He didn't like the look on the drake's face plus the axe in his hand. Meaning he's related to Drake somehow.

He coughs nervously. "Well, breakfast is ready. He can have some too if he wishes." Trevor felt completely embarrassed and awkward that he was practically nude while in the presence of a guest. Especially one that had a rather dark vibe to him.

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Highlighting their similarities. That was a good strategy. Because he never bore hatred to anybody for the sole fact they happened to share his face.

"No, I'm a werewolf, you fricken moron!" What, was he meant to know Trevor was a hunter of the supernatural when choosing species to sarcastically compare himself to?

To Malicia, in a far more finely controlled tone, he asked, "Care to explain this latest travesty?" Leaning in to rumble with

dangerously measured airs, "Have you been dimension shopping again?"

I thought I made my stance clear on that.

... and other drakes in thongs lurking around our hideout generally.

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by **Malicia** 1 year ago

She began with the casual introductions. "Trevor; Negaduck. Negaduck; Trevor."

Turning back to Negaduck she began her explanation that quite obviously had been planned out in advance.

"Trevor sold half his soul to one of my ancestors and as a result he is magically bound to do everything I say. I decided it would be a terrible waste to just let him run wild for another Macawber to swipe up, so he is now my indentured servant. He will cook, clean, and give me foot rubs whenever I so desire."

Then to Travis she added. "You are to serve Negaduck as well, but I grant you permission to disobey his orders if they involve doing any harm or misdeed toward me, or to yourself. Everything else is free game, though."

[Delete](#)



by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

"If you were a werewolf, you would be dead by now." Trevor huffed at the drake's tone. "By "Mallard" I mean the surname. Meaning we're kin. So you are Negaduck. I've heard of you. Not good things though."

Trevor sighed and bowed. "Very well. I'll serve him. For now." He gives Negaduck a deadly look as if to say don't mess with me.

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

The look didn't really have the effect intended, thanks in no small part to Trevor's small small pants.

Something else, however, spooked the hell out of him. Something tied to the word 'surname', which prompted a frantic bout of gesticulating 'cut it OUT' with the axe. But alas, too late. Kin.

With any luck, Malicia would have been too groggy from her 'beauty' sleep to note the identity slip or his reaction to it. Just in case, Negaduck snapped back to his usual demeanour – scornful loathing.

"Perhaps you can serve me then by **shutting your anachronistic beak!**" Emphasis not suspicious at all. "Clearly you know as much about genealogy as you do about keeping your dignity."

Back to his cohort, "If that's all he's here for, I suppose I can let him keep his limbs. Provided he actually puts them to use."

Back to Trevor, "What're you waiting for?! She's been awake a whole two minutes! Get to work!"

Jabbing at her feet specifically, very specifically, with a flick of his cape he swept towards the door.

Not suspicious at all...

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



by [Trevor Mallard](#) 1 year ago

Trevor could only laugh at Negaduck's threats. "Keep my limbs? You think you're a match for me? I hunt supernatural beings. What do you think I could do to a mortal like you?" He found this rude short drake rather amusing.

He shook his head and then headed back downstairs to get to work while still snickering to himself.

[Delete](#)



by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

SHAAA-TING.

Cue freshly sharpened axe embedding in the wall not an inch in front of Trevor's bill, cutting off his exit, but fortunately nothing else.

"If you hadn't noticed," Aside from the fact that Negaduck always had to have the last word. "You are a mere plaything of a supernatural being. A supernatural being who has ordered you to obey me. So..."

Drawing up to his target, the conclusion was put without room for argument. "If I tell you to rub her fantastically feminine feet, you do it."

Outside Malicia's hearing, even if he had to snag Trevor by the bill to keep his attention – what else was there to grab? – he added through a hiss, "And if you go name dropping or dribbling about 'kinship' again, I'll do far worse to you can remove a few paltry limbs."

With that hanging over him, and last word complete, the masked villain made for the door. Leaving Trevor to, one would hope, do what he was told. Stay. Good manslave.

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



by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

"Being kin is the reason you're not dead right now. " Trevor hissed. Although he might make an exception to the rule if Negaduck threaten him again or threw another axe at him.

For now he would put up with him because of Malicia. He wanted to get the work done and hopefully get out of the accursed thong that he was now hating. So he headed back downstairs to start cleaning the place up.

[Delete](#)



by **Malicia** 1 year ago

Fortunately for Negaduck, Mal had become far too distracted by her own reflection in the mirror. She was fussing over her hair, smoothing out ruffled feathers, and applying just a tinge of mascara. The background noise of flying axes and angry

growling barely registered, namely due to the fact that it was just another regular morning in a household where Negaduck was present.

"Play nice boys~" She called out, her eyes still on the mirror where she powdered her face.

Finally satisfied with her appearance, she blew a kiss at her reflection and slipped into her regular outfit.

Joining them downstairs, she made a beeline for the kitchen. "Mmm, and what did you make me for breakfast?"

[Delete](#)



by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

"Hopefully it is still warm. Bacon, eggs, toast with butter, sausages, baked beans, and a tomato. I also made some tea. " Trevor was busying himself with cleaning when she came downstairs. He was also glad she hadn't noticed that he had completely disobeyed Negaduck but her orders came before the drake's when he was in her presence.

If he carried out his punishment now it would be over and done with. Plus, this warehouse was a complete mess and he had standards. Some places looked like they hadn't been dusted in ages judging from the size of the dust bunny he found.

[Delete](#)



by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"Hmm... not bad. But I'd like a glass of wine with my meal as well, if you don't mind. And make sure there's enough for Negaduck as well."

As if to accentuate this point, the demonness had sidled up behind the maniacal mallard menace in question and snaked her arms around his waist (well... more like his chest-area, due to height differences). Her tail coiled itself around one of his legs as she ran a claw over one side of his tufted cheek feathers.

"Isn't this wonderful?" She cooed. "Once I train him on mixed drinks, the sky will be the limit!"

[Delete](#)



by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

The once white mallard, now grey from the dusting he had been doing, returned to the kitchen to pour the wine.

"There's plenty of food. Enough to feed a small family." Trevor washed his hands before opening a bottle of wine to fix a few glasses. "Mixed drinks?"

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Even the best of Malicia's ministrations could not make this situation sit right with the head grump of the hideout. On the one hand, having a weak-willed fall guy to fulfil the demoness's 'goddess' needs was a welcome distraction. On the other, judging from the disrespect...

... perhaps he wasn't weak-willed enough.

"It sure will be... once I shoot this speedo-wearing snob out of a cannon."

Trevor's return saw no move on his part to move to the dining table like a civilised overlord. No, he was going to stay brooding where he was, and throw a through barbed taunts at this interloper until he worked out what better to throw at him.

"Yeah, for you, I'd recommend a refreshing blend of triple sec and cyanide."

That sneer, even more infuriating than dust bunnies.

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



by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

Trevor only rolled his eyes at Negaduck's vain attempt to threaten him. "You're about as threatening as a poodle." He

poured the wine and brought the glasses to the two. "Enjoy I suppose."

"If I am not needed for anything else, I will get back to cleaning. I saw a dead rat behind one of the book shelves. Who knows how long it's been there." With that Trevor turned and started back to the room he was cleaning before he was called away.

[Delete](#)



by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"Ooh. Do save that rat and drop it off at my apothecary! I'm running a tad short on spleens." She called after him.

Fortunately, her satiation for bossing around others was put on hold by the more physical satiation of hunger. Like a tazmanian devil she attacked the meal in front of her in a whirlwind of munching and chomping.

"OM NOM NOM NOM."

[Delete](#)



by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

"Should I put that rat in something?" Trevor had gotten behind the shelf to fetch the rat. "Where is the apothecary?"

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Poodle?! Fortunately, Negaduck was a calculating and high class villain, above childish name-calling.

Not above flipping the table with a single hand along its longitudinal axis simply to be a pain, however.

Leaning down to Malicia's level, he rumbled in her ear, "Why didn't you tell me you were in need of organs?" Hard to tell whether that was a murderous or euphemistic tone. Both, probably. "Always happy to 'help', you know..."

And with that, he stalked off into the falling dusk, leaving the

demoness and her new toy to get dirty. Dusting and fetching rats. What a night that would be.

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



by **Malicia** 1 year ago

Malicia was seemingly prepared for this table-flip because she immediately began catching plates and cups in her mouth, claws, and even her tail. Down went the contents with a great big gulp. Evidently, this wasn't the first time Negs had thrown a grade-a tantrum.

That didn't spare all of the glass that had hit the floor, however.

"Come and clean this up, will you?" She called to Trevor. "And do it... slowly."

Yes, bend over. Juuust like that. I'm enjoying the view.

[Delete](#)



by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

Trevor went to clean up the wine from the floor. "Do I really have to follow the orders of one who seems to be childish and thick headed? Several times he's threaten to harm me." He snorts. "Not that he could really do me harm."

[Delete](#)



by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"Well you are egging him on." She retorted.

"And I wouldn't underestimate him if I were you. I didn't select him to sire my first litter just for his looks, you know."

[Delete](#)



by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

"He shouldn't underestimate me either." Trevor huffs. "I've had over 200 years to perfect my hunting and fighting skills. Plus, the power that the ancient Macawber gave me is the reason I'm still

alive and can do what I do. Although, I wouldn't mind pitting my skills against his in a duel."

[Delete](#)



by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"HAH!" She nearly fell out of her chair with a snort.

"A duel would require a fair fight... and that's the LAST thing he'll ever do! But it would certainly be amusing to watch, I'll say that much."

[Delete](#)



by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

"I don't expect a person like him to fight fair." Trevor put the glass into the sink. "Most of what I fight doesn't fight fair. But he does have a weakness."

[Delete](#)



by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"Oh?" She didn't seem convinced. "You've been in his presence for less than an hour, and you think you know more than I about what makes him tick? Do share."

Really, this should be amusing.

[Delete](#)



by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

"That temper of his." Trevor spotted the axe that was still embedded in the wall and pulled it out. He held it and shifted it in his hand as if trying to get a feel for it. "By exploiting it, he will become blind with rage and will get sloppy flailing about like a toddler in a tantrum."

Deciding that he had a feel for the axe, he spun around, and cleaved the melon that was sitting on the counter in one broad stroke as if he was going for the killing blow of a monster's skull. "Axes are messy and not elegant but they get the job done. Care

for a slice, my lady?"

[Delete](#)



by **Malicia** 1 year ago

She grabbed the remaining large chunk of the watermelon, leaving the slice behind.

"You wouldn't be the first to exploit his temper." Said through mouthfuls of the tasty fruit. "That seems to be Darkwing's go-to method as well... granted, I don't think that's intentional. That idiot sets him off by breathing."

"But I digress. There will be no fighting under this roof." She glowered at him. "Nor will you harm a single feather on his body. Or I will show you a fate far worse than losing the rest of your soul."

[Delete](#)



by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

"Very well. I won't harm him unless it is out of self-defense."

Trevor took the slice that was left. "That dagger of mine is made of silver. I killed a werewolf with it. He made an excellent throw rug for the den. " The fruit was tasty indeed as he ate a chunk of it. "I saw a sword in one of the rooms I was dusting. I am a pretty good swordsman although haven't used one in years. I have to say things need to be organized in those rooms."

[Delete](#)



by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"If you need to defend yourself, you will do it without slicing off any limbs." Eyes narrowed. "Or other appendages of his that are still quite useful to me." She didn't like how unmoved he was by her threat.

"As such an experienced hunter, I'm sure you know better than to severely harm a she-demon's mate. I assume you're already familiar with my species, and exactly what we are capable of."

[Delete](#)



by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

"I think he means more to you than a simple mate. As many she-demons wouldn't care so much if their mate got the axe." Trevor looks at her. "I'm curious as to what you see in him. He doesn't seem to respect anyone, even you."

[Delete](#)



by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"You watch your mouth, slave!" The chair she was sitting in went flying backwards as she rose up and towered over him.

Evidently Trevor had unintentionally set off her own temper, as she lunged forward, her eyes glowing.

"Don't you dare speak of such nonsense again or I'll have your tongue! His use to me is purely reproductive and nothing more!" Her tail was lashing like a agitated cobra as she rounded on him.

"I'm going upstairs to have my morning bath. Be a good boy and finish your chores." She growled, and stormed away.

Hm. Who's weakness was being exploited now?

[Delete](#)



by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

Trevor was caught off guard from being lunged at but quickly regained his composure. "Very well." He went off to finish his chores.

She loves him and doesn't want to admit it.

Trevor got the rat and located the apothecary. He sighed at the disorganized mess. "I have my work cut out for me." He set out to arrange and organize everything in the room.