

Operation: Rescue Manservant

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((Reserved for: Malicia, Morgana, Darkwing, Trevor, and possibly da real Negs))

PREVIOUSLY ON DUCKVERSE...verse...verse...

Morgana and Darkwing prepare to save Trevor from his thongful lifestyle as Mal's personal slave. More specifically, they are going to try and place a 'shield' over Trevor's curse, so that he no longer has to obey Malicia. Of course, this involves some skillful undercover work from Darkwing disguised as Negaduck... with an additional spell cast to make his personality more like Negs.

Will the heroes succeed, or is Trevor doomed to a life of skimpy clothing and massaging feet for the rest of eternity? Time will tell!

Comments

123 Comments



by [Morgana](#) [\[\[On Hiatus\]\]](#) 1 year ago

"I think the coast is clear." She urged Darkwing.

"If Malicia questions where you went, just say you went to grab a pack of cigarettes... that sounds like a Negaduck thing to do." At least she assumed so, based on Negaduck's putrid smoker's breath.

"I can stand watch. If the real Negaduck comes back, I'll send you a warning signal."

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by [Drake Mallard](#) 1 year ago

"I hope you have a spell powerful enough to knock him out if he does show up." Darkwing frowns a bit. He didn't like leaving her alone especially with that foul mallard. He had a sudden sense of urgency come over him. The risk of being exposed would get them all possibly killed. Then there was himself. The longer he stayed in this form, the more and more he would become like

Negaduck...

Darkwing took a deep breath and then stalked across the warehouse yard in a huff as if he was still angry about something. Slipping inside he spotted Trevor in the living room. Only the drake was now in his waistcoat and armed with a sword.

"Are you done having a tantrum or have you returned to taunt me some more?" Was the greeting Darkwing got when he entered the room.

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by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

"Aren't you supposed to be working, lap dog?"

"I have finished cleaning the downstairs and waiting for Malicia to finish her bath as I don't want to disturb her. Once she is done I will return to work. " Trevor was inspecting the sword he had found while cleaning one of the rooms.

The hunter moved through various stances and steps with the grace of a dancer with the sword. "Don't worry. I've been ordered not to harm a single feather on that ugly head of yours." But he could certainly cleave more of those melons that he had lined up on the counter.

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by **Drake Mallard** 1 year ago

Darkwing gulped as he watched Trevor slice melons like they were butter with that sword. Judging from the tone of the other drake, it became clear that the hunter didn't like Negaduck.

"Rusty." Is what he heard Trevor utter.

He says he's rusty? Visions of Trevor taking his head off with ease came to Darkwing's mind.

"Listen, If Mal catches you with that sword she'll burn you to a crisp. Then I'll have to listen about how she lost her personal slave for who knows how long." Darkwing suddenly actually felt annoyed just as he as saying it as if it could actually happen.

Must be Negs' personality kicking in. Keep control, DW..Keep control.

[Delete](#)



by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"I see you've finished with the hysterics." Irony completely lost on her, Malicia stood at the foot of the stairs wrapped in her large bathrobe. It was clear she had just stepped out of the bath, as her hair was still damp, and she was clearly wearing nothing else under the cozy wrap.

Glancing at Trevor she narrowed her eyes. "Who said you could play knights and dragons in your spare time? Either put it away, or find some creative use for it that involves mixing me a martini."

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by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

"I was just doing a little training before more work. Have to keep my skills sharp just in case. Never know what I'll need them for." Trevor gives a glance at 'Negaduck' before setting the sword aside and went into the kitchen. "What is in a martini so I know what to use to make it?"

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by **Drake Mallard** 1 year ago

Darkwing spotted the cross around Trevor's neck as the drake went past him. How am I going to get it?

"I had to step out for a smoke and get away from bag of dust here." Darkwing shot a glare back at Trevor. He could only guess that the reason Negaduck was stomping out and swearing earlier was that Trevor had made him angry. "Or would you have preferred it if I had stayed and rearranged your new pet's limbs?"

Wow. Where did all of this anger and aggression come from?

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by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"I'll start you off with a simple classic martini." She instructed Trevor.

She snapped her fingers and a massive leather-bound book 'poofed' into her hands. It had to have weighed 25-pounds at least. She shoved the book into Trevor's arms rather carelessly.

"This is a full compilation of every cocktail, martini, and everything in-between. Instead of practicing your swordsmanship, you can get to practicing these. I want you to learn all of them. I have all the ingredients you require in the kitchen and liquor storage room."

Sidling up beside 'Negaduck', she cupped his chin with a clawed hand and stroked his bill seductively.

"What about you? Any drink requests?" She purred.

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by **Drake Mallard** 1 year ago

"Let's give him a challenge. Make the strongest thing you can find in that book." Darkwing said followed by a sinister chuckle.

Maybe if I'm drunk I can get through all of this without any trouble. Sorry, Morgana.

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by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

Trevor opened the book and flipped through the pages to find the strongest drink listed. "Everclear 190 proof. Or 95% ABV. Do not drink straight. Do not drink excessively. Keep away from flames. Illegal in several states." He looks at 'Negaduck' with the "are you crazy" look. "Are you sure you want that? It sounds like this stuff could kill you."

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by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"I've seen him use gasoline because we were short on vodka." Mal replied airily. "Trust me, he can handle it."

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by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

"If I make it and he dies, it's not my fault. I'm just doing what I was told." Trevor found the martini recipe after flipping through several pages. He went to fetch the ingredients from the storage room. He started with the martini. It seemed simple enough. After mixing everything he poured Mal the glass and added the olives.

"There you are. I hope it's alright."

Now the other drink. It might as well have been gasoline he was pouring into the shot glass. Trevor hoped it wasn't going to kill the insane drake that was going to drink it. "Good luck." After pushing the glass to the undercover Darkwing.

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by **Drake Mallard** 1 year ago

"Yeah yeah. Just give it to me, old man." Snatches the glass and then drinks the entire shot in one gulp.

Instant regret.

It was like Darkwing had drank liquid fire. As soon as it entered his mouth it burned both his tongue and throat. But he had no choice but to swallow to avoid his cover being blown. He dug his fingers into the counter to keep himself from being knocked onto his butt from the kick of this horrible horrible horrible drink.

"So how is it?"

Darkwing coughed and replies in a squawk as he was trying to keep a straight face in hopes they didn't notice that the drink didn't settle with him. "It's great."

Now that I can't feel my tongue and throat anymore.

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by **Malicia** 1 year ago

Mal was swirling her own drink, sniffing it, and taking occasional sips which involved swishing the mixture in her mouth as one might do at a wine tasting event.

"Not bad." She concluded. "It could use a bit more bite, but at least you understand the fundamentals."

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by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

"I can add in a bit more of the bitter if you like." Trevor was glad he didn't completely mess up the recipe. "I'm glad you approve at least."

Then he came around the other side of the counter. "If I'm not needed for anything else, I would like to start cleaning the upstairs since I finished down here."

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by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"Mmm, I suppose. At least you're eager to clean. Just don't go snooping through my personal belongings." She stared levelly.

Glancing back at Negs, she smirked. "Not to mention the poor dear might drop dead from the smell of your dirty underwear pile upstairs."

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by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

"Oh dear. I guess I need to wash clothes then too." Trevor didn't like the sound of that as he headed upstairs. He wondered how either one of them managed to live in these conditions after all of the cleaning he had done so far.

The upstairs was just as bad as the downstairs. "What a mess. I

have my work cut out for me!"

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by **Drake Mallard** 1 year ago

Darkwing only grinned a little in response to Malicia. He was feeling tipsy from the high alcohol content in that one shot. He had drank on an empty stomach so it only hit his system much faster.

"How long do you intend on keeping the maid?" He huffed. How am I going to get that cross with him running around all over the place? Guess I'm stuck here for awhile.

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by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"Hmm... well let's see." Malicia said as she approached Darkwing from behind, wrapping her arms around him.

"I suppose I'll keep him around for as long as he's alive. And seeing as he's immortal, well..." She shrugged.

"But enough talk about him." She purred, snaking a hand under his jacket.

"Why don't we 'undo' all the cleaning he's done in here, hmmm?"

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by **Drake Mallard** 1 year ago

"Then for--" Darkwing didn't even finish his sentence when she stuck her hand under his jacket. Every feather on his body stood on end.

"And what? Make him do it all again just to torture him? Hehe."

Great. What do I do now?

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by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

"Uh huh." She nipped at his neck playfully.

"And let him see what he's missing out on."

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by [Drake Mallard](#) 1 year ago

"Feeling feisty are we?" Darkwing shuddered a little at the nipping. Forgive me, Morgana if this goes any farther.

He knew it was wrong but she seemed to have him trapped in her grasp. But if he blew his cover they would all be put in danger and he wouldn't forgive himself if anything happened to Morgana since this was his idea.

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by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

Rrrrr.....

The rumbling noise behind Darkwing shook the paintings on the wall. The cerberus was looming over the two ducks, and had all three sets of eyes on Darkwing.

"Pringles darling, don't be jealous." Malicia gave one of the heads a reassuring pat.

But the Familiar seemed rather fixated on the mallard, leaning in snuff at him.

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by [Drake Mallard](#) 1 year ago

"You should know better than to interrupt us, mutt!" Although Darkwing was kind of grateful for it, he didn't want to get mauled either.

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by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

"Sigh. We'll just have to go upstairs, then. Trevor will just have to

clean around us."

She kind of enjoyed that concept, actually.

YOINK. Cue Darkwing being dragged upstairs.

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by **Drake Mallard** 1 year ago

Maybe this will be my chance to snag that cross if he's going to be up there. Then I'll have to figure out how to escape. Since Darkwing didn't really have a choice at the moment as he was being dragged upstairs by Malicia.

He had to keep control of himself. Between the drink and the frustration he was starting to feel angry that he couldn't do anything. With Negs' personality, violent thoughts were plaguing his mind.

[Delete](#)



by **Malicia** 1 year ago

Yanking him into her room, she tackled the mallard to the bed and planted a big 'ol kiss on his bill.

"My my, that drink must've knocked some of the fight out of you. Usually your tolerance is better than that."

[Delete](#)



by **Drake Mallard** 1 year ago

"Oh. You want to play rough then?" A sneer spread across Darkwing's bill. Squirming under her he tried to kick her off him after allowing Neg's personality take over. He growled deeply as he glared up at her.

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by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"Is there really any other way to have fun?" Malicia couldn't help but feel like something seemed a bit different about Negs today,

but couldn't pin down the reason. She decided to chalk it up to Trevor's presence in the warehouse -- after all, any nature documentary would tell you that introducing a male into another male's territory can lead to some... issues.

"Trevor? Why don't you come here a moment? I need your assistance with something." She was grinning mischievously.

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by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

"What is it?" Trevor was in the middle of cleaning in one of the other rooms when he heard her. He came into the room and then gasped at what he saw.

"My lady. Excactly what do you need assistance with?" Considering she had Negs pinned down to a bed he could only guess what the two were going to do.

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by **Malicia** 1 year ago

Leaning forward, Malicia snagged the cross around Trevor's neck and yanked it from him. "Just need to borrow this."

She spun it on her finger playfully, grinning at Negs. "Maybe we should show him a little replay of what we did in the church."

[Delete](#)



by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

Trevor says. "You should be careful with that. It's been dipped in holy water. And holy water burns demons."

He didn't like it that she had taken it from him. That cross warded off Morogh which is why the vampire rarely ever got close to him in attacks.

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by **Drake Mallard** 1 year ago

Perfect. I got my chance. Now to get it from her.. Darkwing watched her snag the cross from Trevor. "Why not? He can enjoy the show." He grins. What did I just say?

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by **Malicia** 1 year ago

Trevor's warning was a bit too late. As she swung it on her finger the cross brushed against her wrist. Immediately she howled and dropped it on Darkwing's chest.

"And you continue to wear such a thing in MY house?!" She snapped at the hunter.

Releasing Negaduck from beneath her weight, she got up to tend to her wound in the bathroom, muttering along the way about damned water.

[Delete](#)



by **Drake Mallard** 1 year ago

"You should know better." He hisses. "I'll go get rid of it." Darkwing quickly grabbed it before Trevor made a move. What luck..

He got up. "I'll be right back. Hold that thought." Darkwing quickly dashed out of the room to head outside to where Morgana was waiting.

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by **Malicia** 1 year ago

Mal had come back from the bathroom to discover 'Negaduck' gone, and Trevor looking rather displeased.

"Ugh, typical. Just like him to take off when I'm still wound up." Her eyes settled on Trevor.

She held out her wrist to his face.

"Kiss it better." She commanded. "After all, you've harmed your mistress."

[Delete](#)



by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

Trevor sighed and gave her wrist a gentle kiss. "I am truly sorry. I should have told you about it sooner. I kept it with me since it keeps Morogh from getting close enough to bite me."

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by **Morgana [[On Hiatus]]** 1 year ago

Back outside, Morgana was shuffling uncomfortably. Was Dark okay? Should she check on him? What if Malicia discovered the truth and had him tied up? What if he was being tortured?

Just thinking about it was making her anxious.

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by **Malicia** 1 year ago

Oh. That was a rather nice sensation.

"That's almost a sufficient apology." She purred. "Keep kissing, though. Move up the arm."

[Delete](#)



by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

Trevor moved along her arm with more of the gentle kisses. "Feeling better?"

[Delete](#)



by **Malicia** 1 year ago

She had her eyes closed, and was sighing contentedly.

"Almost. Just keep going."

Bad Mal. BAD MAL.

[Delete](#)



by **Drake Mallard** 1 year ago

That drink made it hard to run as Darkwing stumbled out of the warehouse. "I really hope this works after what I've been through." He was starting to feel sick now after his stomach lurched.

Locating Morgana he went to her and held up the cross. "Sorry it took so long. I had to wait for a chance to snag it." He hoped he hadn't been followed either.

[Delete](#)



by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

Trevor contained his kisses up to her neck before pressing against her bill. "How about now?" As he brushes a few strands of her fiery hair from her cheek.

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by **Morgana [[On Hiatus]]** 1 year ago

"That's fine. I'm just glad you're--oh!" She waved a hand in front of her face, crinkling her bill.

"Dark, you smell like a keg. Why am I not surprised the first thing that woman does is pour alcohol down your throat? Must be the only way she can keep a male interested in her long enough, I suppose." She sniffed haughtily.

Taking the cross from Darkwing, she set it down in a circle she had prepared in advance on the ground. A number of ingredients were gathered at various points -- chains, powders, a skull... precisely what one might imagine from a strange otherworldly spell.

"Okay." Morgana took a deep breath and rolled up her sleeves. "Hopefully this will work, and he'll have a nice little 'barrier' to keep things under control."

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by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

"I want you to show me what a few centuries of pent-up restraint does to a young mallard." Malicia growled lowly. "You can show your mistress just how much you appreciate her beauty and stunning existence."

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by [Drake Mallard](#) 1 year ago

"Yeah. She had Trevor make drinks and I was stupid enough to ask for the strongest one. I feel really sick, Morg." Darkwing had to sit down as he was feeling dizzy and that only made his stomach hurt worse. Not only that his injuries from the fight the night before were aggravated. He would like nothing more than to return the cross to Trevor and then go home to curl up.

"I hope it doesn't take long. She might come looking for me if I'm gone too long."

[Delete](#)



by [Trevor Mallard](#) 1 year ago

"I'm no stranger to making love if that's what you mean." Trevor kissed her again. "If you want me that is."

[Delete](#)



by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

Mal's eyes darted back and forth conspicuously. Was a few moments of dirty pleasure worth Negaduck walking in on them?

Then again, the sheer thrill of the risk only revved her up further.

"I won't just hand myself to you." She proclaimed. "After all, I am a top-quality woman, and such access should be by reward only."

Slinking over to the bed, she lay down and stretched out.

"We'll start with a nice foot rub... for now."

A.k.a., until I'm certain Negaduck is out of a 10-mile radius. Or perhaps in another dimension.

[Delete](#)



by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

"Very well." Trevor went to the bed and started to rub her feet. "I assume I am forgiven for the cross?"

[Delete](#)



by **Morgana [[On Hiatus]]** 1 year ago

"It shouldn't, if I've done my calculations correctly." Morgana closed her eyes and began to chant.

"Air, fire, water, earth, elements of the astral birth. In this circle rightly cast, safe from psychic curse or blast..."

A pyramid of light seemed to slice through the ethereal, surrounding the cross in the center. There was a few momentary dramatic 'wooshes' until, finally, the light died down and the cross was left sitting, glowing momentarily.

"Okay, it's done." Morgana nodded. "But the only way we'll know for sure is to return it to Trevor and explain to him what you've done... that way he can test it out for himself."

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by **Drake Mallard** 1 year ago

"He doesn't know who I really am at the moment." Darkwing picked up the cross and got up slowly. His head swam now from the drink that seemed to be wrecking his body. "I should be back soon. I hope."

Then Darkwing returned to the warehouse and headed back inside. He probably could guess that Trevor was still upstairs. But how he would leave again with Mal wanting to drag him into bed with her. He'll have to think of something.

[Delete](#)



by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"Mmm... I suppose I can forgive you, given that your foot massages are quite nice." Already the tenseness in her body was melting away as she relaxed with a sigh.

Gosh, why didn't I invest in a personal slave earlier?

She only stirred slightly when she heard the sound of a door slamming and Darkwing returning. Good thing she decided to forgo the cuckoldry.

[Delete](#)



by **Drake Mallard** 1 year ago

Putting on a sour face Darkwing entered the bedroom. "Figures I would find you two alone in here." He growls. I can't believe I'm going to do this but how else can I talk to him without blowing my cover?

Then he leaped into the air to knock Trevor off the bed in mock jealousy. "She's mine!"

[Delete](#)



by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

Trevor squawked in surprise when several pounds of jealous drake hit him and landed on top of him to pin him to the floor after he was knocked off the bed.

"I was only rubbing her feet like she asked me to!" Trevor stared up at an angry looking face. He couldn't very well fight back like he wanted to with Mal watching and having been ordered not to harm Negs.

[Delete](#)



by **Malicia** 1 year ago

This earned Darkwing a whack on the back of his head.

"Since you're so opposed to rubbing them yourself, you have no right to complain about him doing it!"

Crossing her arms, she huffed and rolled her eyes. Typical

hypocritical Negs.

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by **Drake Mallard** 1 year ago

Darkwing snarled. "It looked like more than just rubbing to me with the look on your face." Then he leaned close to Trevor and whispered. "Trevor. It's Darkwing. I've been undercover this whole time. I'm sorry about this. This is the only way I can speak to you without blowing my cover."

Then he growled and loudly says. "I should break every bone in his worthless body." He shoves Trevor harder into the floor. I'm so sorry.

[Delete](#)



by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"You will do no such thing! He still has to finish cleaning the bathroom!" Now she was hurling pillows at him which, considering the demonness had supernatural strength, turned them into surprisingly painful projectiles.

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by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

Trevor was farther surprised by what was whispered to him when the foul drake had leaned in close. How could it be? He sounded and looked like Negs. Yet for some reason he believed it at the same time judging from the tone in Darkwing's voice and the way he was trying not to hurt him.

"Drake, I told you stay away." Trevor whispers back. "It's too risky."

Then he had to roll them out of the away of the flying pillows.

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by **Drake Mallard** 1 year ago

"Oh no you don't!" Darkwing had to keep Trevor down in their

mock fight. Those pillows hurt though when he had felt one hit his back. Then he growled again and glared at Mal. "You shouldn't have taken him in! You know I don't like you with other drakes?!"

Then back to Trevor in a low voice. "I risk myself everyday. Take this. This will help you against Mal." He quickly shoved the cross into Trevor's waistcoat before Malicia could see it.

[Delete](#)



by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

"You're going to have make this fight look real. She's going to notice something is wrong." Trevor sighed as he spoke low enough so he wouldn't be heard by Mal. When he heard Darkwing start to protest about it he had to risk Mal's wrath by having to hurt him to get him to fight back. So he bit Drake's arm rather hard.

[Delete](#)



by **Drake Mallard** 1 year ago

Darkwing howled in pain and kicked Trevor off him to get him to release him. He stood up rubbing his arm growling and spitting out curses that would make Disney censors have heart attacks.

"I'm going to kill him!" He sputtered angrily. Where did all of this rage suddenly come from?

[Delete](#)



by **Malicia** 1 year ago

For a few moments Mal seemed to be enjoying the battle. Really, how could she NOT enjoy men fighting over her? But her eyes were kept close on Negaduck, to assure he wasn't going to pull any limb-separating implements out of his coat.

But something was nagging at her. Something that 'Negaduck' had said.

"My my, are you admitting jealousy?"

[Delete](#)



by **Drake Mallard** 1 year ago

Darkwing shot a glare at her. "No! What makes you think that? I just want you to myself!" He felt something trickling down his arm. Great.. He had reopened the wound on his arm. It was time to leave.

"I'm going out. When I come back he better be gone or I'll dismember him? Got it?" He huffed and then stomped out of the room.

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by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"Then you better start brushing up on your masseuse skills!" She shouted after him, shaking her head.

Waiting for the door to slam shut, her eyes settled on Trevor with a mischievous grin.

Seconds later he would find himself tackled and pinned to the bed.

"Now then... let's get to know each other a bit better."

[Delete](#)



by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

Trevor looked up at her. "You wish to know what it's like with a gentleman?" Although he wondered why he hadn't been punished for hurting Negs by biting him.

[Delete](#)



by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"You can't tell me that you're actually well-versed if you haven't been with a woman since your dead fiancée." She smirked. As far as she was concerned, Trevor was like a shy, clumsy virgin.

"You couldn't even stay in the same room with me while I bathed!

It's rather amusing, really. I'm not used to your type. You puritans aren't exactly commonplace in this day and age."

[Delete](#)



by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

Trevor laughed. "Why do you think my beloved and I were going to be married?" He shook his head. "I'm not supposed to watch unless you allowed it."

[Delete](#)



by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"Why indeed." She shook her head as if she pitied him. "I can't imagine; being tied to the same person for the rest of your life."

She ran her claws over his chest, and stopped right where the scar was located beneath his shirt.

"So, what's the story on your scars?"

[Delete](#)



by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

"We were in love and wanted to be together." Trevor trembled a little when she touched the scar. "Morogh."

He shut his eyes as he recalled that night at Morogh's castle. "After my beloved's death, I tracked Morogh to his castle after many days of hunting. It was raining that night. He wasn't there at the time but his mate was. She was waiting for him in the bedroom when I came in. She attacked me and I killed her like he killed my fiance."

Trevor's tone turned grim. "I staked her through the heart and waited for Morogh. When he returned to find his mate dead he was filled with rage. I was about to strike when he saw me hiding in the shadows. He came at me with a sword in fury and sliced open my side. I escaped but the wound was fatal.."

He shifted uncomfortably. "I was dying and that was when she appeared. The one who has the other half of my soul."

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by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"Hmm..." She tapped her bill.

"He had a mate too, did he? What was she like?" She had been thinking about Morogh's earlier words regarding how Mal would've been a fine mate in another time.

[Delete](#)



by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

"As terrible as him. The both of them hunted and terrorized the country side together. She was cruel and ruthness. Used her beauty to lure drakes to her so she could drain them of their blood." Trevor frowned. "She most likely became his mate after he bit her."

[Delete](#)



by **Malicia** 1 year ago

Boy, did that sound like a familiar terrifying twosome.

"Now that is a good, working relationship." She nodded in approval. "None of this hokey marriage and souls bonded together stuff. Just good old fashioned blood-shed and chaos."

[Delete](#)



by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

Trevor says. "Judging from his rage, I do believe he did love her. Since then Morogh and I have been enemies. We won't stop hunting each other until one of us is dead."

He shook his head. Of course Malicia would approve. She was a demoness after all.

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by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"I'll never quite understand you Normals." She returned his head-shaking with one of her own.

"Always getting caught up in fleeting emotions that make you weak and vulnerable. Though I suppose it isn't just exclusive to your kind. The looks Morgana and Darkwing give each other are enough to make me lose a few pounds in retching."

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by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

"Oh? You seemed to enjoy my affection before it was interrupted." Trevor looked up at her and smirked. "Do you not call that emotion?"

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by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"That's different!" She protested.

"That is you praising me under my command. I have power over you. You can and will do everything I say. It's the very opposite of weak." Leaning forward, her chest pressed against his as she growled lowly.

"You're my little play-thing."

[Delete](#)



by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

"Seems to me you enjoyed it. Especially when I did this." Trevor leaned forward to kiss her on the bill again. "Besides. You have me in your bed."

[Delete](#)



by **Malicia** 1 year ago

Her tail witched and did a little swirl as he kissed her.

"I'm beginning to think you're enjoying this just as much. And here I thought a puritanical hunter wouldn't dare give in to the temptations of a demon."

[Delete](#)



by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

"I believe we're both two lonely souls who want affection." Trevor wasn't sure what came over himself. Maybe her temptations did get to him finally.

[Delete](#)



by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"Hmph! I am hardly lonely!" She was insulted by the very notion. "Nor am I desperate, so don't be getting any ideas in your head. I am plenty satisfied as it is."

But?

"But it's fun making you squirm..." Her hand had begun to wander into dangerous territory.

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by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

Trevor did squirm as her hand wandered there. "Are you sure about that?" The fact she seemed to enjoy his affection really did bring questions to his mind. Or maybe he was just her play thing.

At any rate. He really did feel alone in the world as he never made any connections with anyone out of fear of losing them. He sighed deeply as he laid there.

[Delete](#)



by **Drake Mallard** 1 year ago

Darkwing was glad he was finally out of there. He located Morgana again and hoped there would be no more trouble. He

was sick from both the drink and now the pain from his injuries.

"We need to get out of here before we're spotted. I don't think I could handle any evildoers right now. " He was having a hard time staying on his feet as is. He noted that the blood from the arm wound had now stained his jacket. If Malicia had seen it they would all have been doomed. "I hope this spell of yours works. She's got quite the hold on him."

[Delete](#)



by **Malicia** 1 year ago

Immediately interpreting the sigh as a lack of interest, she snarled under her breath.

"Perhaps you're looking for a different kind of pleasure then."

Then she went for his neck, total vampire-style.

CHOMP

[Delete](#)



by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

"Argh?! What are you doing?!" Trevor stares at her wide eyed as he felt her bite him. Had he been armed his immediate reaction would have been to stab her most likely. He only squirmed more under her and his only defense was to claw her back.

[Delete](#)



by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"Just wanted to see what you would do." She purred. "Looks like it woke you up a bit."

Releasing him from her grip, she rolled off him onto the bed, although her tail decided to coil itself around one of his legs.

[Delete](#)



by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

"You do really like it rough don't you?" Trevor looks at her wondering what they were going to do next.

[Delete](#)



by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"Is that an issue?" She shrugged.

"You on the other hand, seem to enjoy nothing more than lying about like a cold, dead fish." She huffed. "Honestly, could you be any more boring in bed?"

Quite a loaded statement, that. But they were quite literally sitting in a bed together.

[Delete](#)



by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

Trevor raises an eyebrow. "What would you like me to do? Take you?" He wasn't sure what she exactly wanted.

[Delete](#)



by **Malicia** 1 year ago

She rolled her eyes in exasperation. Clearly, this was going to require some serious provoking.

"You are losing your entertainment value." She sneered. "So it looks like I'll have to spice things up a little."

She pressed her hand against his chest, and within seconds her open palm was searing red hot. The pain would be unimaginable, and would leave quite the nasty mark.

"I like to give it rough, too."

[Delete](#)



by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

Trevor cried out from being burned by her hand. "Fine. If that's what you want." He rolled over so that he was on top of her to

pin her down right before biting her much like he had done to 'Negaduck' earlier. He actually growled a bit through a mouthful of her feathers as if daring her to try anything else.

[Delete](#)



by **Malicia** 1 year ago

She laughed shrilly. Now her entire body was beginning to heat up, quickly becoming hotter until she was engulfed by the orange glow of intense heat.

"Perhaps I should give you another sexy scar for your little collection, hmm?"

[Delete](#)



by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

Trevor growls again. "I could give you one too." He slipped out the dagger he had recovered at some point from his waistcoat. "Just a little nick."

This was the strangest time he ever had in bed with someone. He moved away from the heat as he didn't want his feathers to burn.

[Delete](#)



by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"No you couldn't. You're my little toy, remember? And I command you not to scar my beautiful face or body! A lady has to remain flawless, you know." The moment he moved away she was back up and lobbing fireballs at him, one after the other.

[Delete](#)



by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

"If you burn me up there won't be a toy left." Trevor had to dodge the fireballs to keep from getting hit. He back flipped off the bed.

"This isn't fun..."

[Delete](#)



by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"Then I hope all those years of hunting monsters has kept you in top shape!" She cackled.

Lunging forward, she swung her claws at his face.

[Delete](#)



by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

Trevor growled and then side stepped to keep from being clawed. "Of course. I must always keep in shape."

He stuck his dagger back into his waistcoat. That's when he noticed the cross Darkwing had stuffed in during their mock fight. He quickly adjusted the cross to his neck. The drake had mentioned that the cross would help him against Mal but he wasn't sure what other than the holy water that would burn her if he used it against her.

[Delete](#)



by **Malicia** 1 year ago

Like a feline toying with its prey, Malicia pounced again, claws outstretched, ready to snag him by the face and hopefully pull him down to the floor.

[Delete](#)



by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

He felt those claws rake his arm as he barely had gotten out of the way to avoid her clawing his face. Trevor stared at her after regaining his balance.

"First you want me in your bed, now you're trying to hurt me?"

Trevor looked at the blood staining his sleeve now. "There's something I should show you before you even try that again."

[Delete](#)



by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"Oh?" She was circling him now, occasionally taking swats, trying to snag his clothing and catch a few feathers in the process.

"And just what exactly do you plan to do about it?"

[Delete](#)



by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

Trevor rolled up his sleeve while at the same time trying to dodge her swats. He held it up to show her the scatches that had already stopped bleeding and were starting to close.

"Those were shallow wounds. The force that has been keeping me alive all these years has given me some unnatural abilities. I am neither a "Normal" as you put it nor a supernatural. How else do you think I can stand toe to toe with monsters like you?"

Trevor pulled out his dagger again. "So if you want to fight then try it." He hisses.

[Delete](#)



by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"No, that just makes you a mutant." She grinned. "How interesting."

She lunged at him again, tail swishing. "You really want to risk the rest of your soul by disobeying little 'ol me?"

[Delete](#)



by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

Trevor had thought about that but for some reason that risk no longer caused him any fear. "I'll disobey if it means not getting shredded to ribbons."

[Delete](#)



by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"Now now, I wouldn't destroy you completely. After all, I need your body intact to keep this place neat and tidy, and to keep me satisfied."

Eyes locked on his, the demoness advanced forward until they were face-to-face, and pressed her body against his. Her arms snaked their way around his body until her claws were digging into his back, which was sure to leave another set of deeper scratches.

"I just want to wreck you a little bit. Where's the harm in that?" She purred in his ear.

[Delete](#)



by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

Trevor winces. "If I'm wrecked how do you expect me to do things?" He bit her again. "Is this how you treat all of your lovers before taking them to bed?" He could feel the blood running down his back from the wounds she just had created there.

[Delete](#)



by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"Well seeing as you just showed me your wonderful little healing ability, I don't have to worry about that, do I?" She closed her eyes and seemed to gasp with pleasure.

Had she been more daring, she would grant him permission to do more damage. But Malicia didn't trust Trevor, and wasn't going to risk any permanent damage. Unlike him, she didn't heal at an exponential rate. Nor would she survive a knife in through the heart.

Of course, she had no idea about Morgana's little enchantment either. She was severely underestimating what Trevor could do to her if he tried.

[Delete](#)



by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

"Hurt me farther and then I require sleep for awhile." Trevor was squirming in her grasp. He particularly didn't really like being clawed repeatedly. Honestly, he had no idea how this would even lead to love making if that was what she was wanting. To him it seemed that all she wanted to do is maim him. "Really. What do you even want from me?"

[Delete](#)



by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"Hmm..." She tapped her bill.

"Right now? Another bath!" She snapped her fingers. "Get to it, please. And don't forget the bubblebath."

[Delete](#)



by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

"No." Trevor hissed out in response to her demand. He suddenly realized she had no power over him. "No. I'm done being your play thing!"

[Delete](#)



by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"You don't have a choice, remember? Besides, it isn't so bad. I can even let you join me in the tub this time." She ran a claw across his bill seductively.

"Are you really going to risk your soul over such a petty thing?"

[Delete](#)



by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

"I rather risk burning in Hell than living like this any farther." Trevor glares at her and he brushes her hand away from his bill.

[Delete](#)



by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"Oh-ho! He grows a spine." She glowered.

"Unfortunately, I could care less about what you want. This is about my needs after all." Grabbing him forcefully by the wrist, she began dragging him toward the bathroom.

"If you won't do it, then I'll MAKE you."

[Delete](#)



by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

Trevor switched the dagger to his free hand and swung at her. "Let me go!" He planted his feet to try and make it harder to drag him.

[Delete](#)



by **Malicia** 1 year ago

The blade caught her by the wrist and sliced the surface of her skin. Letting out a surprised yelp, she released her grip.

"Why you little..." She snarled. "Now you've really done it." Wordlessly, she watched him for a moment as though she were waiting for something to happen.

Cue the sound of crickets chirping.

"What's the big idea?" She finally exclaimed. "Shouldn't you be turning to dust or melting right about now?!"

[Delete](#)



by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

Trevor says. "You have no power anymore." His expression took on the deadly look he often had right before making a kill. He had the intention of killing her now, now that he had realized he had nothing to lose. The empty half of his soul would power him to deal her death. He got into a fighting stance so he could attack.

[Delete](#)



by **Malicia** 1 year ago

She was already backing away cautiously.

"You wouldn't really harm a lady, would you? Besides, I haven't been that terrible have I? I've fed you, given you a rather nice shelter. Not to mention the kissing." Her eyes fluttered nervously.

"Let's play nice now, yes?"

[Delete](#)



by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

"Pity that a Macawber allowed herself to fall into evil." Trevor took a step forward. "Lady?" He laughed. "I don't see a lady here. I see a demon that needs to be slayed."

[Delete](#)



by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"You wouldn't dare!" She snarled. "I saw the look in your eyes earlier, you're too conscientious for that!" Or so she could hope.

"Besides, you didn't seem all that opposed to getting intimate with this demon not too long ago!"

[Delete](#)



by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

"Oh?" Trevor held out the fang he had kept around his neck.

"This is all that is left of the Baron's mate. So I have no objections to dealing you death right now."

He shook his head. "I was a fool to think there was any good in you. That perhaps showing you any sort of affection or how you should be treated would have any effect." He spits. "You disgust me. I can't believe I allowed myself to fall into that temptation."

[Delete](#)



by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"Ugh. What is with you goodie two-shoe types thinking you can 'change' me through the power of love?" Evidently, this wasn't the first time she had heard this speech.

"In any case, your little tantrum is not amusing me. Unless you plan on taking off those clothes and putting on a little show for me, I want you out of my warehouse now." She snapped.

[Delete](#)



by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

"Very well." Trevor started to leave and looks over his shoulder. "I hope you enjoy being Negaduck's play thing. As that's all you are."

The coldness in his voice only made that sting more when he said it. He kept his dagger out ready to defend himself should she come after him while he was trying to leave.

[Delete](#)



by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"Don't you even dare. You've been in this house for 12 hours, you don't know a thing about him!" She shrieked after him.

In a lower voice she added. "Or me."

Boy, she was going to have a long chat with that vampire fellow about this little mishap.

[Delete](#)



by **Trevor Mallard** 1 year ago

"Oh? Really? Your reactions suggest otherwise. I bid you farewell. I would wish you a long happy life, but I don't think that's possible."

Trevor slipped downstairs to collect the rest of his gear and the sword he had found before heading out of the warehouse.

Delete



by **Malicia** 1 year ago

Now it was Mal's turn to throw a table-turning tantrum. Letting out an enraged screech, she punched a hole through the wall behind her, flipped the bed over, and began smashing glass vases left and right (how fortunate, there were so many in grabbing range).

And yet she let him leave alive.