

## RP: Devils & Double-Standards

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Reserved for: Negs and Mal

Malicia Macawber was not a masochist.

At least, that's what she continued to tell herself, over-and-over again as she dangled nearly 5000-ft over St. Canard; dragged behind a small airplane currently flown by the legitimately psychotic lover that she repeatedly scorned, and had been scorned by, more times than she could count.

When they eventually reached the ground, or, more specifically, the roof of the warehouse where a landing pad awaited them, she hit the ground bouncing behind the aircraft, coming to a rolling stop next to the wheels. Lying face-down, she could only let out an exhausted groan. She was still recovering from her bullet wounds and sudden jump in cortisol thanks to her unprepared air departure had taken the fight out of her.

"Whyyyyyyyyyy..." She muttered forlornly.

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by [Negaduck](#) 11 months ago

Malicia's question and altogether presence were largely ignored, save for using her skull as a step to disembark.

"Come on. If we move fast enough, we can still take advantage of this situation."

We? What situation?

"I thought I saw Darkwing among your merry band of idiots." Had been a little focused on other things at the time. "If he was affected by the virus..."

No reason why he couldn't jump straight back into a fresh attack. Maybe after briefly dealing with the mess Harou had left.

Of his costume, that was. Had to prioritise that!

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by **Malicia** 11 months ago

Not the least bit surprised by his lack of concern she slowly rose from the pavement and re-adjusted the straps on her dress.

"What do you plan to do? Gloat in his dying face? Besides, if he really is sick then Morgana will be guarding him like a rabid honey badger. You won't get within three feet of him before she zaps you."

Really, didn't he ever rest? Where did all this boundless energy come from?!

"I have a better idea! Let's stay in and watch something on television. They finally released the sequel to that movie you enjoyed so much --the one with the ducks being sewn together to create some sort of millipede. I'll even crack open a bottle of the really good whiskey. Doesn't that sound delightful?"

Malicia Macawber: The pinnacle of excitement.

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by **Negaduck** 11 months ago

Theoretically there was nothing wrong with the idea. But that was the problem. There was wrong with it.

It was such a change of pace Negaduck had to slow his own to even attempt to wrap his mind around the suggestion.

"And that would destroy the city... how?"

Not following.

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by **Malicia** 11 months ago

"It... it wouldn't." Fumbling clumsily with her claws, she averted her gaze like a child who had just been caught with her hands in the cookie jar of badness.

"I just thought it would be..." Hesitating for a moment to find the right word.

".....nice?"

Wait, that's not a good word at all! Not when you're an EVIL CRIMINAL bent on DESTRUCTION and CHAOS.

Jeez, how much of an effect did Harou have on her?

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by [Negaduck](#) 11 months ago

It was as if Negaduck had been slapped. No, not that; his reaction to such a thing was not anywhere along the spectrum of 'normal'. This was more along the lines of being told Chicks with Chainsaws Monthly had been sold and rebadged as a Christian charity magazine.

"'Nice'?" Echoed once the reeling was done. "**NICE?!**"

Of all the sentences she had uttered during delusions of, well, being Malicia, this was the most unfathomable.

"Have you lost your mind? What business do we have doing anything 'nice'?!"

And there was the problem. It wasn't business at all.

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by [Malicia](#) 11 months ago

"I...I don't know! It was just a suggestion!" She stammered, although she seemed equally as confused despite the words coming from her own fanged mouth.

"It's just... well, we've just finished narrowly escaping death" Actually that was more you but that's beside the point. "And that just got me to thinking that we could take a small break and spend some time together." She swallowed nervously.

"Like... to appreciate each other. Or something?"

Really! Where was this all suddenly coming from? Why now, after all this time? These questions and more were suddenly running through Malicia's own mind. These... compulsions for affection. What sort of mushy, weak-minded spell had come over her?

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by **Negaduck** 11 months ago

From the shock on his face, Negaduck was wondering the exact same thing. Until a rare flash of empathy struck him.

Or at least, the minimum amount of empathy that was required for reading a female's concerns enough to manipulate them.

"Aww sweetfangs, I appreciate you plenty."

With the faux reassuring pat of her hand, that nearly passed for genuine – in the Guildhall School for Overacting, anyway – right up to the moment he whipped about on his heel and continued on his merry plotting way.

"Right, I'm going to need to hit the road ASAP, so magic up some threads and more of that healing goo, would you?" Not a question. "Top shelf whisky would be good though; grab a case of that and those new anti-enchantment rounds too. They won't be expecting that kind of firepower..."

Amazing there was not also a demand for a sammich thrown in there, but he was mid-sentence. Let him get to that.

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by **Malicia** 11 months ago

Surprisingly, she did exactly what she was told. No snark, no jabs at the size of his drakehood. Just a a nod as she wandered off to gather all of the demanded items.

Returning a half-hour later, everything tumbled out onto the coffee table.

"Sorry about the wait. I had to make more goo." She explained.

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by **Negaduck** 11 months ago

Scarcely looking up from the map he was trawling over.

"It's fine. I've got to decode these tunnels anyway..."

Hold on a moment.

'Sorry'?

" ... I think you could use some new threads as well. How about that black little number with the tassels I got you last summer?"

You know, the one you said you'd rather cover yourself with toad slime and bow down before Morgana than wear.

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by **Malicia** 11 months ago

"I suppose." She frowned. "Not sure how that will help us, but if it's that important to you..."

And off she went again, returning thereafter in what must have been an outfit he nabbed straight off the body of an unconscious stripper.

"I think the tassels are a bit too small..." As if that were somehow a mistake.

To emphasize this point she swayed her chest, causing the shiny beads to tinkle and sway.

"What if it falls off?"

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by **Negaduck** 11 months ago

Well. Hadn't thought that plan through.

"Nnnnnnnhhh...."

Hard to expose her when she was already exposed. And like that, too.

His pupils bounced with every hypnotic movement until, eventually, he shook it off.

"Now hold on, you are NEVER this obedient!"

Don'tlookattheboobiesdon'tlookattheboobies.

"What the hell is wrong with you?!"

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by **Malicia** 11 months ago

"I... I don't know!" She cried, which only caused her breasts to jiggle more voraciously.

"I just feel this overwhelming need to be loyal, caring, attentive, and all... pathetic and mushy. Kind of like--" The light-bulb clicked. Her expression darkened.

"Trevor" She hissed.

Grabbing Negaduck by the shoulders (which only brought him closer to her Orbs of Doom) she exclaimed. "Of course! How did I not think of it before?"

"Harou had his medical experts give me a blood transfusion when I was recovering from my gunshot wounds. He used Trevor's blood."

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by **Negaduck** 11 months ago

"That explains the thong."

Fingers drummed on the armrest as Negaduck leaned back in the sofa, contemplating. What was the best way to play this?

To his advantage, of course.

"I take it this is yet another of one of the fun quirks of your

Abnormal background. So tell me..."

Leaning wolfishly forward.

"Just how loyal can you be?"

Which was a good question, considering recent events with one by the name of Harou, but the tone with which he posed it made it sound distinctly euphemistic.

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by **Malicia** 11 months ago

The deer-in-headlight expression answered his question.

"What... exactly would you have me do?"

Really. Did she need to ask?

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by **Negaduck** 11 months ago

Jackpot.

"Oh 'evil-kins', I think you know."

And that's how Malicia would find herself trudging through underground sewers using her superstrength to bust through passageways and gratings, all the while carrying enough equipment to make a pack horse wince.

Still in the skimpy outfit, of course.

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by **Malicia** 11 months ago

"It smells like a zombie prom night down here." She moaned, trudging along.

"And my hair is getting all poofy from the humidity." Cue the pout and whine.

For Negaduck's sake, he better hope she didn't create any flames. The combination of sewer gas and what was likely explosives among her haul of mystery items would surely send every sewer grate and man-hole flying sky-high.

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by **Negaduck** 11 months ago

"It's great, isn't it?"

Leading the way, Negaduck was far more interested in following the map he had been consulting earlier than hair trauma.

"Now, where do you think Morgana's Floating House of Horrors has parked itself this week?"

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by **Malicia** 11 months ago

"I don't knooooow." Whine, whine whine. Augh, how did she always get roped into these shenanigans?

"Just look for a bunch of dark clouds and lightning gathered over one area of the city. You know, above ground. Where it isn't a smelly sticky hair-ruining sewer."

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by **Negaduck** 10 months ago

"There are only two vacant lots large enough to accommodate that Addams Family knock-off this side of town." As usual, paying no attention to Malicia's griping. "And this one is the closest to swamplands."

Morgana had to get the bugs for her delicious Cockroach Casseroles from somewhere, after all.

Map following had paused under a manhole. "Pop up and check it out for me, poopsie."

There was taking advantage of her current weakness. And there was needlessly tormenting her.



Of course, Negaduck always went with the latter.

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by **Malicia** 10 months ago

"Now you want me to get my shoes dirty out in the swamps?" Cue the big, watery eyes of doom and a movie-winning pout.

Foolish, Mal! You should know by now that trying to appeal to Negaduck's conscience was a losing battle... what with him not having a conscience to begin with! Maybe all those Trevor Red Blood Cells were impeding her ability to rationalize such facts.

Which is why she found herself flung top-side within seconds. Sighing in defeat, shoulders slumped, she trudged forward into what was a predictable thick fog caused by the gaseous fumes of the local bog.

Negaduck's guess had been correct: It wasn't long before Mal came upon the familiar silhouette of the Macawber family mansion. She had begun to turn back toward the sewer when a sudden... impulsion, seemed to pull her toward it.

It just... didn't seem very honorable to attack Darkwing while he was already down.

And that was how she found herself standing on the front porch, grasping hold of the heavy metal knocker that attempted to bite down on her hand.

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by **Morgana [[On Hiatus]]** 10 months ago

The door swung open, and Morgana's lithe figure stood in the darkened entrance. Her eyes narrowed, first at Malicia, and then at the horrendous outfit she was wearing.

"Malicia Morrigan Lillith. You have a lot of nerve showing up here." She rumbled spitefully as she folded her arms across her chest.

"Yeah, yeah... just thought I'd let you know Negs and I are about

to launch an attack on your mansion so we can make Darkwing's day far worse than it already is." The demonness said quite halfhearted.

Eyebrows raised suspiciously. "And why, pray tell, are you telling me this?"

"I don't know!" Malicia suddenly exploded frantically. "Stupid Trevor and his stupid blood! Harou gave me a blood transfusion because of the gunshot wounds!"

"...Ah." Now, Morgana could only smile with amusement. She well-understood the implications of giving a duckubus a blood transfusion. The fact it was Trevor's blood was like a cherry on top of the blood pudding pie. Well, at least that explains the thong she's wearing.

"Shut up." Came the miserable response from said duckubus.

"I didn't say anything, Malicia."

"You didn't have to! It's written all over your face! Anyway, I have to go back to the stupid sewer now. See you in ten minutes." And just like that, the demonness vanished back into the fog.

Closing the door, Morgana immediately began to prepare for the improntu visit from her two unwelcome guests.

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by **Malicia** 10 months ago

Back at the sewer, the man-hole was removed and Malicia clambered back down, landing beside Negaduck.

"It's there." She confirmed. "Are you sure you want to do this? Because I brought a bag of popcorn in case you changed your mind. I can heat it up and we can cuddle together and watch a good movie. Perhaps that one with the couple and the notebook... I forget what it's called."

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by **Negaduck** 10 months ago

"Oh–"

Already waiting down there was the full swag of explosives she had been hauling.

Enough to take out a good sized suburb or two.

Pointed directly upwards at Macawber Manor.

"I'm sure."

Not only sure but gleeful in his typical so–oh–slightly insane manner. And completely unawares of what had gone on above.

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by **Malicia** 10 months ago

Cue the long, drawn–out sigh.

"Very well, then... fire up the cannons."

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by **Negaduck** 10 months ago

Not needing to be told twice – or at all, really – a match was struck. Sure, Negaduck carried much bigger flamemakers but sometimes the old ways were the best ways. And who would want to upstage the big bang anyway?

"I know the goal here is to entrap Dorkwing, extract what remains of the disease and use it to cause widespread death and destruction, yadayada." By way of explanation.

"But if this just splatters bits of hero all over the streets–" Far, far too much enjoyment here. "I can work with that."

Match held to the main fuse.

Except, inexplicably, it was snuffed out mere millimetres from its target.

Annoyed, but assuming nothing more responsible than a gust of that delicious sewer wind, he tried again.

Again, it happened.

Cue rapid fire re-attempts three, four, five.

Furious, the deranged drake scooped whatever matches held on his person, and struck them at once. Resulting, effectively, in a giant torch-like fireball.

And still, it self-extinguished.

"MALICIA." Since any fire related mishaps were clearly her fault.  
"SORT THIS OUT, ALREADY."

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by [Malicia](#) 10 months ago

"Okay, okay... keep your shirt on." She rumbled, stepping in to do the dirty deed herself.

It seemed to work this time as she lit the main fuse. There was a brilliant explosion as every rocket, dynamite, and squid-powered weapon of mass destruction soared straight for the mansion.

.... Only to collide with an invisible barrier. It was like the mansion was protected inside a perpetual snowglobe of safety.

"Welp, that didn't work. Guess we should give up and go home, yes?" She tugged on Negaduck's arm, pulling him away.

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by [Negaduck](#) 10 months ago

It was like a kid on Christmas coming down the stairs to find no presents.

Pure, shocked denial.

"No, no... That should've worked."

Understatement of the year. There had been enough explosive packed under the pipelines to send the mansion to the moon.

A certain one-eyed FOWL agent would've found this particularly amusing.

"That should've worked!"

Almost hysterical, ripping around to face the demoness in confused accusation.

"If you've ripped the warheads out again to add more 'bang' to your cocktail hour, so help me Malicia..."

He might not have understood magic. But he sure understood bad habits.

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by **Malicia** 10 months ago

"Morgana must be using magical means to defend herself." She explained calmly. "It isn't that difficult to magic up a barrier that keeps out ill-intent, after all."

Funny how she never seemed to have one before.

"Not much we can do about it, I suppose..."

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by **Negaduck** 10 months ago

Son of a witch.

"Magic put it up, can't magic take it down?!"

Come on Malicia, logic! And psychotic determination. That too.

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by **Malicia** 10 months ago

"Well... maybe. But it depends on the spell she used and whether I have the know-how to disable it." She furrowed her brow.

"I was kicked out of school before I got to 'Advanced Magical Tactics'..."

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by **Negaduck** 10 months ago

Clearly she was still affected by Trevoritis. No way Malicia would ordinarily have admitted her shortcomings so readily.

Unfortunately it was the last thing Negaduck wanted to hear.

"SO?"

Pulling her down by the – what else was there? – nipples to growl at her level.

"Hit the books before I hit the roof!"

And WHOOSH! Out of the manhole she was flung once more. Whether she would come beak first against Morgana's door or her barrier, he obviously didn't care.

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by **Malicia** 10 months ago

"OW!....oooooh~"

Apparently Trevoritis did not damper the libido. Unless, of course, there's something Trevor isn't telling us...

Pouting again as she was sent back up to the surface, she realized it was going to take more than just dragging her feet to convince Negs to give up on this destructive goal of his. But how?

....Ding! Cue the light bulb above her head.

He was in the sewer. Ergo, if she whipped up a small tidal spell... she could, quite literally, flush him out.

And so Mal did indeed hit the books. But the approaching rumbling noise Negs would hear from somewhere behind him was not a magic barrier being disabled.