

RP: The Revenge of the Return of The Hatching

Published by: [Malicia](#) on 23rd Jan 2015 | View all blogs by [Malicia](#)
[Edit Blog](#) | [Delete Blog](#)

Reserved for: Malicia and Negaduck.

Nine months.

Nine very, long, raging, hormonal months.

How Negaduck managed to stick around and not get killed was a miracle in itself. Credit must be given to 'decoy Negs', who took the brunt of Malicia's rage. Though one had to question how Mal failed to notice she was beating up on a log wearing a mask and cape.

Not to mention the awkward splinters during the uh... make-up sessions.

But today was the day. Finally, the eggs were on their way.

Negs would only realize this when he heard a loud knockin' at the door.

Comments

50 Comments



by [Negaduck](#) 5 months ago

Negalog would open the door. However that was possible.

The actual Negaduck had already sensed impending danger and was in the middle of a daring leap out the window.

All proud, because you know.. nothing more rewarding than outrunning a heavily pregnant chick.

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



by [Malicia](#) 5 months ago

Correction: A magical heavily pregnant chick.

"GET BACK HERE YOU COOCH-WRECKING SONNAB\$#\$#" An

enchanted rope wrapped around his ankles just as he made his window dive. The result: One dangling Negaduck.

"Oh! Lord Negaduck! So surprised to see you!"

From his dangling spot, he would see the up-side down form of none other than Diabola, the servant imp.

"I trust you're doing well? I'm here to deliver Lady Macawber's little ones. I could use your assistance -- I need someone to hold this."

He was handed an extremely large butterfly net.

"I shall get some sedation on board as well."

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 5 months ago

Remaining upside-down, calculating whether severing the rope would mean a deadly fall. He could only dream.

"About time." Conveniently or deliberately construing that as for his welfare. "I'll take a triple."

What? What did Malicia need sedation for?

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



by **Malicia** 5 months ago

"But of course. Just let me get set up inside..."

Cue one scene change later. An actively contracting, yet quiet (yay drugs!) Malicia was in her bed, lying on her back. Diabola, much like a doctor, had set itself up at the foot of the bed with an odd-looking suitcase, containing a variety of instruments that looked a little too much like medieval torture devices.

And a tire jack. Which was promptly placed in-between the demonness' legs and cranked open.

Diabola reached in. What followed were a disturbing amount of clicking and metallic noises that sounded an awful lot like a mechanic messing around under the hood of a car.

Finally, the imp signaled to Negaduck... who was at the far end of the room holding the net, and wearing padded armor with an umpire mask.

"Okay Lord Negaduck. Be ready with the net." She instructed.
"1....2...3...."

FWOOP An egg came flying out and hurtled at him with startling speed.

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 5 months ago

Ready? What was ready? Was it so stoned out on painkillers you could barely recognise your own hands?

Piper's meds had nothing on these.

"Blue!" Slurred out randomly. "No, wait, pokado---"

DOOINK!

Right in the skull. Good shot Ma!

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



by **Malicia** 5 months ago

Out came another egg, and another. Each seemed to bounce right off his head and landed safely in a make-shift nest that Diabola had set up in advance.

"Good job, Lord Negaduck!" Diabola called out encouragingly.
"There's just a few more to go..."

FWOOMF. FWOOMF. SQUEEK! FWOOMPH!

Six eggs in total. Not too bad, given the last litter had more than twice the amount. Each egg was adorned with red and orange speckles and were practically glowing.

Diabola gave Mal a reassuring pat. "And of course, you've done a fine job yet again Mistress."

Mal responded by nibbling on her bed post. "Thish chocolate is SO good."

Oh boy, the miracle of child birth!

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 5 months ago
YAY IMPROMPTU BALL PIT.

POP out came his head from under the apparently quite hardy stash to survey the damage in a daze. And made the mistake of looking straight down the barrel, as it were.

That's when the fearsome Negaduck, terroriser and mutilator of the multiverse, suddenly lost his stomach.

Trying to catch it in the hockey mask probably wasn't the best idea, as it could only act as a colander, but what was a little more bodily fluid about the place?

"They're wrong, saying it's like seeing your favourite bar burn down." Oh yes, wouldn't that be a tragedy.

"It's so much worse than that."

With any luck the whole experience would be enough to scare him off that whole business forever.

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



by **Malicia** 5 months ago
After a surprisingly speedy recovery, Malicia was up and about again. Her horns had already begun to recede, and the wings had already vanished.

She placed her hands behind her, giving her back a good, loud crack. "Mmm... feels good to be back to my normal, fabulous self!"

"Well, Lady Macawber, my work here is done." Diabola gave a little nod. "Always a pleasure bringing in the next generation of your family."

"Yes, yes. That'll be all Diabola."

She seated herself by the nest, letting out a loud, contented sigh.

"Aren't they just amazing?"

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 5 months ago

No answer. Just a hand sticking out from behind the chair, clawing along the ground.

Reaching for a conveniently dropped mace.

Not to threaten the little ones, necessarily. Perhaps if he konked himself on the head hard enough, all this would be forgotten.

Instead, however, the grasp went beyond that, to a cell phone beyond. Carefully, both it and the hand's owner took advantage of the post-birth peace, and disappeared next door.

"Six. No, all in good condition."

Even a hushed tone could convey impatience.

Particularly after hearing the next response.

"What'd you mean you can't take them now?! Nine months I've not killed-- I mean, guarded the goods, now you want to wait until hatching?!"

Garble garble garble down the phone.

"I'm sure you could find a suitable incubator. Get a coal pit big enough--"

Garble garble.

"ALRIGHT. But you'd better come through the second they come through, or it won't be their mother of a mother you'll be worrying about!"

Hang up. Exhale. This had better be worth it.

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



by **Malicia** 5 months ago

Time passed. Mal never strayed far from the nest, and she doted constantly on the eggs. She would pick each one up and cradle it in her arms, talking to it, telling each one about how much fun they were going to have once they hatched. So many things to learn, so many banks to plunder!

Finally, the day had arrived. Negaduck was dragged into the room to, yet again, witness the hatching of their brood.

The first egg hatched, and out popped a white female -- her resemblance quite close to the sullen psychopath in the corner. A pair of black leathery wings and tail accompanied the demonling as she let out a high-pitched shriek and shattered the rest of her shelled cocoon.

She sniffed around the nest and at the rest of the eggs. Almost immediately, she singled out one egg in particular and began gnawing on the shell. Then attempted to push it from the nest.

"Now, now, sweetie. We don't kill our siblings." Mal cooed lovingly, picking up the small winged baby. It screeched and clawed at the air, biting at Mal's fingers like a feral cat. She held it out at arm's length, allowing it to tantrum until, finally, it tired itself out and fell asleep. Gently, she set her daughter back into the nest where the baby curled itself into a fluffy little ball.

The egg their daughter had been gnawing on began to crack and split open. Baby #2 was on its way.

Mal pulled Negaduck into her arms and nuzzled him affectionately. "Just think" She purred. "We made these! Together! Just the two of us!"

Out popped Baby Two's head.

Dark, almost black feathers. Yellow eyes. A prominent tuft of feathers on the head. And a strikingly blue bill.

Mal bit her lip so hard it began to bleed.

[Delete](#)



by [Negaduck](#) 5 months ago

Negaduck had been lost in his own mind until that point.

Stare.

Bending down to inspect the latest more closely.

"... does something seem different about this one to you?"

Just, you know, a little. Call it a hunch.

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



by [Malicia](#) 5 months ago

"No." She blurted out, perhaps a bit too abruptly.

"He looks fine. He's a handsome little one -- just like his father."

Cough.

The rest of the eggs followed: More white and lightly tanned demonlings. Thrashing and lashing about, they all huddled close together in a communal fluff-ball, keeping each other warm.

Finally, the last egg hatched: Another black-feathered baby with a bright blue bill. But even more striking was the lack of wings, tail, or claws.

She was, well... Normal. Up until this point, Mal didn't even know if she was capable of rearing 'Normal' kids.

Letting out a tiny little peep, the little female crawled over to her matching ebony brother and curled up close to him for warmth and safety.

Mal surveyed the brood in its entirety: The two ebony ducklings were huddled together on their own, separated from the other four.

Slowly, her eyes slid over to Negaduck, carefully gauging his reaction.

"They're... quite something, aren't they."

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 5 months ago

His gaze meanwhile shifted intently between the two bundles of non-identical evil.

One of these things was not like the other, one of these things just doesn't belong...

"No," he concluded. "These two here definitely odd. And I know why."

Rounding on Malicia, all indignant accusation.

It was about to go down.

"It's your filthy monster blood!" Yes.. that. "I should've known a couple of freaks would show up sooner than later!"

An entirely rational explanation. Why not.

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



by **Malicia** 5 months ago

"Wha---what."

Okay. Calm down. Play along, use this to your advantage.

"How DARE you!" She snapped back. "My monster blood is superior to your dullard Normal genetics! Where else could they

get such dazzling physical characteristics and immense power?!
Not YOU!"

Their arguing had stirred the nest, and the babies all began to screech and cry. Immediately, Mal snapped her fingers and in floated a cow carcass.

Like a swarm of winged piranhas, they took to the air and circled the meat in a whirlwind of claws and teeth. Within seconds, there was nothing left but bones and gristle, which they gnawed on like dogs... or their daddy.

All except for their wingless daughter, who peeped helplessly and hungrily from her spot in the nest.

"Oh... come here, darling." Mal picked her up and cradled her. "We'll get you some meat too."

Then she gasped in horror.

"Wh.... WHERE ARE YOUR TEETH?"

Spinning around to look at Negaduck all wild-eyed. "What kind of baby is born without teeth?!"

[Delete](#)



by [Negaduck](#) 5 months ago

"How do you expect me to know?!"

Because Negaduck was a wealth of knowledge when it came to babies.

"Here, just give her this."

Small but horrendously sharp dagger offered for the grabby grabby claws of the little one.

What? His offspring could handle worse!

"Right. When will they be ready for their first pillage?"

Characteristically keen.

"I've got a few raids to run today, and the clock is ticking..."

Amongst other things.

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



by **Malicia** 5 months ago

The little female just stared blankly at the knife. Instead, she nuzzled into Malicia's chest, and slowly began moving around until she grabbed a hold of her top and pulled it down. Then, with instinct driving her hunger, she began to suckle.

Mal let out a startled yelp. She knew to some extent that some babies breast-fed. But demonlings were born carnivorous, and did not require any milk.

Still... it was relieving the pressure and soreness, so she tolerated it, as bizarre a concept it seemed to her. Breasts being used to feed babies? Preposterous!

She brightened at his question. "All ready to get them out into the bank vaults are you? They should be fine to go by tonight. They just need a few more meals to keep their strength up."

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 5 months ago

What in Hades was this?! Breasts being used for nurturing?!
OUTRAGE.

To get the offending image out of sight, Negaduck turned.

"Good." He could still hear though, ergh! "I'll pick up some supplies..."

It would be a good few hours before he returned. Couldn't get out of there fast enough...

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



by **Malicia** 5 months ago

By the time he returned, the demonlings had settled into their home. They were fluttering about the warehouse, occasionally stopping to gnaw on the furniture or steal shiny objects, which were promptly stashed in the nest.

The oldest -- the white-feathered girl -- was perched atop the highest shelf, surveying her domain. Occasionally her eyes would settle on two of her siblings play-fighting, and they would instantly freeze under her imperious stare.

Malicia, meanwhile, was trying to figure out what the heck to do about their wingless daughter. She couldn't fly with the rest. She couldn't share their bones. She didn't even have claws for play-fighting.

She was, well... rather helpless. And the baby herself must've realized as much, because she practically glued herself to either Malicia or her ebony brother.

"You two are lucky daddy is such a dunce." She cooed sweetly to them both. "Not that mommy would ever let anything happen to you anyway."

Nothing at all...

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 5 months ago

'Daddy' burst back in at that moment, a length of rope looped over one shoulder.

"Alright, it's time for crime!"

Unfurling the coil, the rope had.. baby toys! If by baby toys one counts precious shinnies like shuriken, miniature explosives and a few big chunks of meat. All stuff to keep the little ones clinging in excitement and thus more efficiently led along.

Demonling wrangling was so much easier the second time around! Plus having half the numbers helped too. A bit.

Lifting up the chin of nearest tiny 'lady', mindful of those teeth, "Are you ready for your first act of maniacal mischief, my little horror?"

Was... Was that Negaduck brand affection? Hades forbid he was ever caught cooing! Coaxing, let's call it. Coaxing.

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



by **Malicia** 5 months ago

Tiny Lady snapped at his fingers, but quickly set her sights on the hunks of meat. Soon, the entire hoarde had descended upon the rope, gnawing ravenously on the items.

"Don't forget this one." Mal held up their wingless girl, then dropped a sling around his shoulders. Then she plopped in the duckling, who froze up like a baby deer in the sights of a hungry wolf.

"Are you sure you don't want me to come too? We can make this a whole family affair!"

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 5 months ago

GET-IT-OFF-GET-IT-OFF.

After a brief reprieve of the terrified spider dance, Negaduck drew in a just barely calming breath. Only had to tolerate this abomination long enough to get through the door. If he didn't headbutt it first...

"Nah. I'm not in the mood for an affair, you know?"

Har. Har har har.

"Besides, this is a simple test run. We'll be back in two shakes of a baby. You won't even miss them."

And with that, the merry flying flock was tugged out the door, nomming all the way.

~~~

The second they were in the clear, the sling was dumped unceremoniously around her dark brother's back. Freaks of a feather, and all that.

"Errggh."

Babies. Being on good(ish) behaviour. Enough to send a year's worth of revolted shivers down his spine.

Time for a puff on a relaxing bad habit.

"Come on, you monstrous menagerie." Exhaling smog wherever, because a) it didn't hurt demon babies and b) who cared? "Off to market..."

A figure of speech, surely.

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



by **Malicia** 5 months ago

"Weebwa?" One of the demonlings tilted its head curiously. Another perched itself on Negaduck's shoulder and sniffed at the smoke curiously.

The wingless girl swung back and forth and giggled happily at her brother, who was flying her around in circles. The swarm all stayed relatively close to Negs, although the two ebony kids seemed... less interested in obeying him.

\*\*\*

Back at home, Mal had settled in front of the television with a pint of ice cream, awaiting the evening news. She was anticipating what would surely be a very frantic live coverage of Negaduck and the demonlings at large. In fact, she had recorded and stored away ALL of the news reports and newspaper clippings from the last batch of kids -- which promptly went into the "Baby's First" memory album.

She sighed happily. Negs may have been a massive, psychotic jerk-wad, but he sure was good with their children!

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 5 months ago

"So do you need me to clip the little bastards' wings or what?"

"No. Their.. unique genetic make-up is part of their value to us. Leave the wings."

"Your funeral." Negaduck shrugged. The kids were beginning to get skittish. The two cloaked men they were talking to had an unsettling air. Plus there had not been enough destruction. Aside from breaking through the outside of the laboratory, their way into its depths had been largely unhindered. Like someone wanted them there.

They would likely require restraining soon. Fortunately, the masked menace was more than experienced in that too.

"If you're happy then, I'll be taking payment..."

Hurry up, I've got actual looting to do.

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



by **Malicia** 5 months ago

"Hold on." The second piped up.

"You said there were six demonlings. I'm seeing five.... and that." A motion to the ebony female.

"That just looks like a run-of-the-mill baby to me." He clicked his tongue disapprovingly.

"We'll pay you for the five daemons. Not that one."

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 5 months ago

Damnit.

"Nonono, she IS half demon!" Scooping the disappointment in question out of the sling. "The lack of wings and overall floppiness.. is a cunning ploy! She's as indestructible as the rest

of them. Watch!"

Drop. Onto the hard, tiled flooring. Good plan.

What? She might have bounced! She did come out of Malicia after all!

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



by **Malicia** 5 months ago

Instinctively, her ebony brother swooped down and caught her just soon enough for the fall to cause little damage. But the baby reacted by wailing loudly, still surprised and scared by the sudden fall.

Another disapproving tongue-click from behind the hood.

"We could use a control subject. But we'll only pay one-third what the others are worth. Take it or leave it."

From his spot on the floor, the winged brother let out a fierce snarl and sunk his teeth into Negaduck's leg.

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 5 months ago

"Don---YARRGHH!"

Instinctively out came the spiked club. But his hand was stayed by that of the taller cloaked men.

"We won't pay you at all if you dismember them. Here..."

Stepping aside to reveal a small cage, similar for transporting dogs but far more high tech, the buyer produced a small white bunny from behind his back (back, that was, not hat). Reaching up, he snapped its neck, and threw it uncaringly into the cage.

The demonlings were on it like a pack of winged wolves.

Which left Negaduck with the baby by the scruff in one hand and her defender in the other, whom he had been about to throttle. No point damaging the merchandise though.

Lifting the wriggly one up to eye height, he cooed, "Don't worry, little one. I'll be seeing you again."

And with an unkindness not even stray cats received, both were thrown into the cage with their siblings.

"In hell!"

Ah, the irony. Laughing wickedly, he scooped up the briefcases of cash, and left the two customers to their goods.

Pleasure doing business...

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



by **Malicia** 5 months ago

Back at home, Malicia was still waiting on the news report. So far, it'd been talk of the weather, a few stocks, a couple businesses fighting about hot-tempered villains ruining their property and how the city should pay the clean-up fees, etc...

Then.

"We interrupt to bring you this report, live from downtown St. Canard..."

"Yes!" Mal leaned forward. Time for some father-demonling action!

"Where Professor Moliarty has taken all the city's tanning beds hostage, in an attempt to..."

"Moliarty? **MOLIARTY?! Who gives a flying #\$\$%^\$ about that half-baked excuse for a villain! WHERE'S MY RAMPAGING BABIES?!"**

Where indeed...

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 5 months ago

"MALICIA!"

The door toppled under his weight as a panic-stricken and apparently quite pained Negaduck fell at her feet.

"Enforcers! Those cloaked clusterff... a whole mob of them appeared out of nowhere!"

They had been cloaked, that much was true. But magical?

"They took the brats!"

No better way to lead a chase than in the opposite direction.

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



by **Malicia** 5 months ago

"....what."

Rounding on him, eyes glowing menacingly.

"And you didn't stop them?!"

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 5 months ago

"No, Mal. I have a RIPPED CAPE and multiple internal injuries—" Note which of those he prioritised. "-from an out of control poetry jam on the way home."

Flail. Sarcasm. Take that!

"What do you want from me?!"

Do I look like a HERO to you?!

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



by **Malicia** 5 months ago

She narrowed her eyes. There was a little voice in the back of her head screaming his story was fishier than their recent fish-slap fight.

But there was an even greater voice in her head. And it sounded

like Harou, Lilly, Trevor, Piper... all smug, all waiting with a big fat 'I told you so'.

Screw that. She was right. They were wrong. And she was going to MAKE herself right by finding her kids.

She whistled for Pringles, who galloped into the room -- making sure to 'accidentally' step on Negaduck in the process.

"Pringles, sweetie. I need you to sniff out the babies and lead me to them." She spoke soothingly to the beast. "It's very important that we find them."

So much for being led in the opposite direction, eh Negs?

[Delete](#)



by [Negaduck](#) 5 months ago

Oh Pringles. It had been far too long. He had nearly forgotten about you and all the spine-crushing happy fun time you bring.

Not any more.

"I thought there was a fire hydrant that needed your attention," wheezed the Negacrater flatly. Because, you know. He was flat.

Picking himself up, and reflatting awfully quickly for someone with 'multiple internal injuries', it was time to cut him off at the pass. If he couldn't cut him into bits first, that was.

"You airhead, we're taking about airborne demonnappers! This mutt has about as much chance of tracking them as he does of performing Beethoven's 5th." Snarling, with a whirl of tattered cape Negaduck went for the door. "I'll check the neighbourhood, see if anyone's had any sight of our.. friends."

Funny what people could imagine they had seen if given the right 'motivation'.

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



by [Malicia](#) 5 months ago

Fffff. As if she was going to listen to him.

"Come along, Pringles. And don't listen to him... I thought your piano performance was very well done."

\*\*\*

Pringles led Mal on quite the trail. First, through downtown St. Canard, then into a shady bar, followed by a strip club (much to the surprise and horror of a few patrons... the rest were totally used to this level of St. Canard shenaniganry), and then out into the back alley behind the building.

Finally, they headed up at one of St. Canard's smaller satellite laboratories. Mal's stomach twisted. She remembered Harou's warning of the unknown researchers capturing Negaduck offspring. What if they were somehow involved?

To her relief, however, Pringles bypassed the lab and made a beeline for the dumpster outside of it.

Wait. Dumpster. That... that's not a good sign at all.

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 5 months ago

Inside, when she dared to open the lid, horror would await.

A huge, bloody, rotting STEAK.

How convenient.

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



by **Malicia** 5 months ago

"Dammit!" She slammed the dumpster shut in frustration, causing the lid to fly right off the hinges. Pringles went for the steak, and all three heads began bickering and fighting over it.

"So, they're cutting off my lead, eh?" She stroked her chin thoughtfully. "It's gonna take more than that to fool Malicia Macawber!"

"COME PRINGLES! We need to regroup and plan accordingly. Let's

get to plotting." She led the still-quarreling heads back down the street to re-trace their steps.

Evidently 'regroup and plan accordingly' involved a few drinks at the bar. Though Mal always swore her best laid plans were conceived on that third martini -- better known as the 'plot-tini'.

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 5 months ago

The bar was not the place for quiet contemplation. Not that it ever was, but there was a rather unmissable congregation of crooks at the other side of the establishment, all thronged excitedly around.. something.

"Wowee! It's so HUGE!"

"Where are you going ram it?!"

"Can I touch? Ohpleaseohplease."

Then, the unmistakable voice of the very king of crooks she had not left not a few hours before. "Paws off, zitface! You have any idea what a long monster like this is worth?!"

Maybe not the sort of friends he was meant to be searching for.

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



by **Malicia** 5 months ago

Recognizing Negaduck immediately, she jointed the titillated crowd faster than one could say 'double entendre'.

What was he doing here? Aside from the obvious, that was.

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 5 months ago

In the centre of the throng, she would see her oh-so-reliable companion stroking the massive length of glistening awe with both hands. Knowing how to work it, as always.

"This, you pack of illiterate scum, is HEMP."

"Awwwwman, that's like the biggest canister of ganja I've ever seen," drooled a random stoner in the audience.

"Not hemp as in cannabis, moron, HEMP as in High-altitude Electro Magnetic Pulse. Fired above the city, this 'canister' will knock out all electronics from here to Duckburg. Think about it. No security alarms. No video cameras. No electronic safes..."

Gasp, from a huge canine thug in blue. "No interwebs?!"

"That's right. All those latte-sipping fedora-wearing idiots will have no cute cat videos to occupy their tiny minds. St Canard will descend into chaos. Ripe for the plundering." Vicious grin. "Who's up for it?"

Rallying the troops, it appeared.

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



by [Malicia](#) 5 months ago

"WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING!"

Mal barrelled through the crowd, sending a couple canines straight through the wall.

"I... I can't believe you! You're **here** plotting this... plot, at the most **crucial** time in our lives!"

A beat. "Tomorrow they're releasing the ENTIRE Billmore Girls series on WetFlix, and you're going to take that from me?!"

Well, what else could be more crucial?!

[Delete](#)



by [Negaduck](#) 5 months ago

Reflexively swooshing his red rocket out of grabbing range. Because that would work, hiding it behind his back when it was twice his height.

Wait, THAT's what she was upset about?

"Yeah, I figured if you got off that toosh maybe it could also throw the planet's gravity out of alignment!"

In this week's episode of (Un)Married with Demons...

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



by **Malicia** 5 months ago

Leering over him, she shooed away the crowd of neer-doers for a little partner-to-partner time.

"I'll be performing a location spell to find the kids." She informed him. "If Enforcers took them, it won't be too hard to track them down, considering their headquarters is in one location."

A pause. "You are certain it was Enforcers, yes?"

Because Harou's warning about those lab scientists going after Nega-spawn was hanging over her head...

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 5 months ago

So much for an ASSinine distraction.

"Enforcers, Jedi Knights, who cares?" Waving it off. "They're long gone."

With any luck anyway. The most crucially important thing was that he had what he wanted.

MAN that felt good.

Recognising at the outskirts of his mind that convincing Malicia to Let It Go, Let it Goooo might take some extra work, he added mid-enamoured stroke, "No big deal though, we can always make more. That's what you enjoy doing, right...?"

Then maybe I can get TWO rockets. Come on, lookit the shiny. OMG such boom.

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



by **Malicia** 5 months ago

Cue the hand around neck aaaand squeeze! Gosh, it'd been awhile since she'd done that! It felt good, like revisiting an old familiar friend. Named Mr. Windpipe.

"Your sudden nonchalance, after months of uncharacteristic support is causing me to call into question your involvement in their disappearance." Still holding her partner by the neck, she brought him eye-to-glowing-furious-eye.

"You surely wouldn't be so stupid as to actually harm my children, would you? Knowing full well just what I'm capable of doing to you when I'm truly angry?"

Do I need to bring out a jar with twigs and leaves to remind you.

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 5 months ago

Disconcertingly loud CLANK of the warhead falling out of his hands, warhead first.

That was nothing compared to the imminent doom that was publicly belittling Negaduck. In front of all his burglarising buddies at that.

"Gnn-nckk. Put. Me. Down."

Red hot glare to match her own.

"They are demons, Mal. They have your blood and mine." Double doses, really, thanks to those sharp little fangs. "Nothing is going to harm them. Or don't you have faith in your own offspring?"

Your own day-old-or-so offspring.

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



by **Malicia** 5 months ago

"It's not about that!" She shrieked. "It's about Harou, and Lilly, and everyone else being right about you. I won't have it, you hear

me? I won't listen to their smug voices saying 'I told you so' because I chose to leave my babies under your dumb-ass supervision!"

There may have been an audible crunch or two from his neck, until finally she released him.

"I know there is a lab that has taken interest in your genetics. And if my kids ended up there..."

She slammed her foot, which came very very close to crushing said nuclear warhead. Which might be the second biggest disaster that could befall everyone within a 100-mile radius.

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 5 months ago

His face fell. Suddenly it all made sense. Malicia might have been a self-absorbed rageaholic with an appetite as big as her temper, but she needed reassurance as much as any other mother. It wasn't about him.

" ... You mean, all those people think I'm a terrible father?"

Face popped right back up into its usual evil arrogance.

"Good!"

Who was she kidding? It was ALL about him.

"Bahahahaaaa!"

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



by **Malicia** 4 months ago

"Ugh. Your mother must not have hugged you enough as a child, I swear." She rolled her eyes and batted at him in annoyance.

"Well, if you're not going to help me find them, I'll just have to do it myself. I hope you blow your damn testicles off with that warhead." She grumbled.

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 4 months ago

That would solve a whole lot of problems to be sure.

Having not heard much beyond 'I hope to blow you later' though as he waltzed away, all she got was an irritatingly confident finger gun and he was back in the throng of willing minions.

Launch a baby rescue? Like hell. Particularly not when Malicia's detective skills were so poor she would probably track down the Pope before she got anywhere close to finding out who was truly responsible!

Launching a missile though. That was right up his slime covered alley.

And so a few nights later, everything was in place for his second favourite activity. Pushing a big red button!

"Say hello to the darkness, St Canard!"

BOOM!

And then pop pop fizzle fizzle fwoop. The motor had barely burnt enough to light a children's birthday cake, before spluttering embarrassing to a stop.

Leaving them in the unexpected sort of darkness. Save for a pair of shocked and then very furious eyes.

"WHAT."

Failure to launch?! That had never happened before!

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



by **Malicia** 4 months ago

Not too far off from his location, Detective Malicia was on the case. Currently investigating... the dingy male strip club located along the bay.

What?? There was probably a lead here!... in this muscle-bound drake's skin-tight banana hammock.

Suddenly, the lights flickered and fizzled, but not enough to stop the show on stage. Musta been the overdue electricity bill, Mal thought.

Not that she minded. Then she could play a little game of 'Marco pole-o.'