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What a perfect evening. Her plan to tease and torture Negaduck had worked like a charm, and now the masked mallard was probably off in some dark, dank, warehouse brooding about his faltering masculinity. God, she could just taste his humiliation and indignity. As if that weren't enough, she had managed to drag an innocent bystander along for the ride.



Weeeeell... Feathers Galore was not exactly synonymous with "innocent", but she had certainly done nothing to deserve such a cold rebuff from the demonness. But when you're in the business of misery, you dominated every opportunity you were given. Feathers had fallen into Malicia's lap at the perfect time, and eagerly played along with her plan.

"That's what happens when you think with your libido." She chuckled to herself with unabashed superiority and sipped at her martini. The demonness was stretched across her velour crimson sofa in the living room and she was experiencing a high off the energy she had devoured from both Negaduck and Feathers. The combination of passion and misery was purely intoxicating.


The lights had been dimmed, candles lit, and the wine laid out. If a hapless bystander had wandered into her abode, their first thought would probably be that Malicia was currently in the middle of a romantic date. Without the date. Actually, that was probably quite accurate.

Closing her eyes, she let out a loud, contented sigh, and slipped into a euphoric coma. Nothing could ruin this night.

Yeah, right.

  
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Feathers Galore waltzed up to the warehouse and knocked, waiting to be let in. She had told Negaduck to come by the

  
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warehouse a little later and wait outside until she called him in. When the door opened, she came inside and saw Malicia laying on the couch.



[Quote](#)

"Mmm, hello, darling. I hope you don't mind my unexpected intrusion, but I have an idea you might be interested in..."

Fri, Sep 9 2011 01:41am EDT

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[Negaduck](#)

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Come past later? And risk missing out any action between two of the city's hottest villainesses? Hell, even if it dissolved into a full fist fight, he didn't care. Even the best warehouses had nothing on this.



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Standing behind a nearby warehouse, where he knew he would be out of sight of the other's surveillance systems, Negaduck shivered as the wind whipped about his cape, and impatiently checked his watch.

"Wench better not have run off with my best cuffs for no good reason..." he grumbled to himself, not in the mood to be further toyed with. "Those things cost an arm and a leg."

So what if it wasn't his arm and leg in question. The point still stood.

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The soothing fog lifted from her mind and she was wrenched back into reality by the sound of Feathers' voice.



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"I do mind." She sat up slowly and fixed the buxom visitor with an icy stare. "I do hope whatever you're hoping to entice me with is worth the interruption. For your sake."

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Feathers did not cringe when she was met with the icy stare. She simply smiled and sat on the couch next to Malicia.



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[Quote](#)

"I was thinking that we could further torture Negaduck if we were to provide pictures of some... friendly... activities together. Wouldn't it be nice to show him all the fun that he's missing out on?"

She brought out the cuffs Negaduck had given her and a camera.

"What do you think, darling?"

Fri, Sep 9 2011 02:13am EDT  
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"You don't give up very easily do you." Malicia eyed the cuffs for a moment and the wheels started turning in her head. Well someone needed to hold the camera, and if Mal slipped into something nice and cuffed herself, she could probably get in a few good photos to tempt Negaduck. If Feathers tried to 'join' her, she'd simply break the restraints and use the age-old excuse of having a headache. Never fails.

"Very well." She stood slowly and stretched. "Let's go to my bedroom, then. I'll find something extra nice for our photo session."



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Negaduck did not like missing out. Even when he knew it was only in the short term.

That was what he believed was the plan, anyway.

Groaning through his teeth, he knocked a fist against the wall in frustration, and permitted himself a risky peep around the corner to spy on Malicia's abode. Which was pointless, since there was no view of the inside. It was like the girls didn't even have to torture him; he was doing it to himself.

"What I'd give to know what's going on in there..."



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"It pays to be persistent, darling." Feathers followed Malicia into the bedroom. "I just knew you would like my idea..."

Feathers was more delighted than she looked. Once the demoness got into the cuffs, she would be in complete control. Just the way she liked it.



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She threw open the large, walk-in closet. It



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may as well have been a bedroom all of its own from the sheer size alone which seemed to vanish down a long aisle. Shoes and clothes lined the walls, piled high enough to make anyone wonder why the demoness only wore the same green dress everyday.

"I know exactly what to wear." She informed Feathers, her voice rose slightly with excitement. "For my birthday, that idiot bought me the most vile outfit, hoping I would wear it for him. I never gave him the satisfaction, of course." She stopped halfway down the aisle and pulled what looked like a leather bikini off the rack, complete with matching collar. The word "BITCH" was embedded across the collar in studded diamonds.

She shuddered and glared at the offending get-up. "He would enjoy something so tacky and over the top."

After she had gotten herself fitted, Malicia draped herself across the King-sized bed in a sultry position. "Well then, I suppose you'd like to do the honors?" She motioned to the cuffs.



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"Don't worry, darling. A body like yours looks good in anything."

Feathers admired the position Malicia was in for a moment before nodding. She cuffed Malicia's hands and ankles. Then, she took her camera and shot a few photos, given the appearance that everything was as it should be. She soon grew bored with the act, though.

"Mm, I think that's enough photos for now..." It was time for action. Feathers crawled onto the bed and on top of Malicia. She looked down at her with lust burning in her eyes. "How about we have some fun? We never did get to enjoy ourselves... and you told me that you would make good on our friendship..."

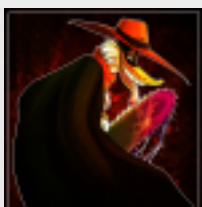


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[Negaduck](#)

That was the brilliant thing about an agency who had pioneered the hairbrush phone. They had quickly incorporated video phone technology, and that camera propped innocuously on the bedroom dresser was broadcasting those very



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pictures straight into the hands of the criminal waiting below.

The criminal who nearly died when he saw what was unfolding.

Black heart thumped out of his chest, eyes leapt out of their sockets. Literally, of course, because that was the magic of cartoons.

Fighting to calm himself, Negaduck had to lean against the brickwork for support, and let out a groan.

"Ohhh man..." And it was only the beginning too!

Another glance around the corner, greed clouding his mind. If that voluptuous FOWL player didn't let him in soon, he'd bust through the doors himself!

Teehee. Bust. There ought to be a pun there.

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"Yes, well. The flash from that camera is giving me a headache so..." She flicked her wrists gently. Under normal circumstances, the cuffs would've snapped like cheap plastic.

But they didn't.

She wriggled a little harder and frowned. Maybe she was just a little famished.

When Feathers positioned herself on top of Malicia, the demonness pulled and struggled on the cuffs so hard that the bed began to shake beneath them.

The enchanted bed. Which Malicia had specially purchased because it was resistant to her powers, allowing her and Negaduck to "play" without the frame shattering beneath them. Which also meant the head and footboard remained steady and didn't snap with the cuffs.

Slowly her eyes lifted to meet Feathers.

"Pray tell." She said ever so calmly. "Where did you get these cuffs?"



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Feathers nuzzled Malicia's neck and ran



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her fingers through her hair. "Oh, I got them from our very good friend, Negaduck..." She kissed various spots on Malicia's neck. "You can't even imagine how unhappy he was when I told him about your little plan to leave him out in the cold." She lifted her head up to look Malicia in the eyes. "You can't imagine how unhappy I was that you left me in the cold... So, we hatched a little plan of our own together."

Feathers smirked and began to feel Malicia up through her dress, reveling in her ample bosom and her curves. "There are two things you need to know about me, my darling demoness. One, I do not like being denied my smoochie-smoochie, especially when it is promised to me." She leaned in close. "And two, I am a FOWL agent. So, naturally, I specialize in double-crossing others."

Thinking with her libido, indeed. Feathers Galore was nobody's fool.

She kissed Malicia deeply and passionately. When she pulled away, she looked a little surprised. "Oh! Almost forgot. This party isn't just for two." She reached into her pocket and pulled out her cell phone. She practically purred into it. "Mmm, hello, my masked menace. Would you like to come join in the fun?"

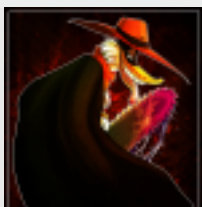


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[Negaduck](#)

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Whether thanks to Feathers somehow triggering the internal release for the doors, or the fact he would have physically thrown himself through the walls at that point, Negaduck was there in half a second.

Glowing with wickedness, two eyes full of malicious intent lit up in the dark of the room.

"Look at you two, playing so well together."

Stepping out of the shadows to crouch down beside the bed, his smirk settled on Malicia.

"How nice."



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Just as Feathers had pulled away from the





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kiss, Mal's fangs snapped at her like a pirahna plant. Snarling, her body began to heat up with anger. It took all her power not to burst into a flaming tantrum, but that risked singing her bedroom... and she had just had the place remodeled too.

"You." She seethed when Negaduck stepped into the room. "I should've known you wouldn't back down so easily."

Struggling against her restraints she glared at the horny duo. "When I get out of this, you'll both be an entree for my pups!"



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Feathers shook her head, 'tsk'ing.

"You're really not in any position to be making threats, darling." She felt how warm Malicia's skin was and grinned. "Ooo, baby... You're so hot. Let's take off that little bikini of yours, so you can get some cool air, hm?"

Gleefully, Feathers removed Malicia's bikini, leaving her exposed before them. "Mmm, beautiful. You're going to be in for a long, long night, my fiery female. You can expect no mercy from us."



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[Negaduck](#)

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Watching Feathers' work appreciatively – that descriptor being somewhat of an understatement – Negaduck traced a hand down the agent's spine, although his words were directed at Malicia.

"You really didn't think you could get away with tormenting us, did you? That you could string us along indefinitely, like mindless little minions?" Vindictive pleasure practically oozed out of every word. "Well, honey, you're about to get double what you dished out."

Straightening, deadpan serious for a moment, he crossed his arms and stared down his beleaguered partner in crime.

"And don't even think of the mutts. I've.. taken care of them."

No, he hadn't thrown them in the bay. For a start, they were much too big for that.

Somewhere across the country, an entire



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cerberus pack was running riot in Disneyland.

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"I'm not afraid of either of you!" She spat defiantly, though as she spoke her eyes were darting around the room like a trapped animal. She didn't seem particularly perturbed about being naked before her captors, perhaps because she received a sick sense of satisfaction from having her body appreciated.

And even now, the energy emanating from the two was beginning to overwhelm her.

"Go ahead and try your best. It'll take more than a couple of amateurs to make me succumb to your little attempt at revenge."



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Feathers shivered when Negaduck ran a hand down her spine. She ran a hand between the valley of Malicia's breasts and down to her stomach. "Amateur, hm? Obviously, you're underestimating me again. I can make you squeal, Malicia. I can make you beg." Feathers' eyes left Malicia's a moment to glance over at Negaduck.

"And he isn't what I would call an amateur, either."

She nuzzled Malicia's breasts before she began kissing and licking one. She took a nipple into her bill and began to suck gently, enjoying the taste of Malicia's body.

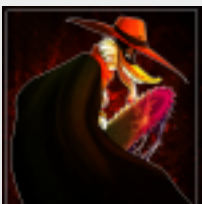


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[Negaduck](#)

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A low growl rumbled out of him. Screw Malicia's pyrokinesis. With a view that hot, it was a wonder he wasn't bursting into flame himself.

Lowering himself to the demoness's eye level, he purred sadistically, "Now, now. If you don't play along, I'll be forced to lock you up here with a non-stop viewing of 100 of the Worst Fashion Faux-Pars in History."

Dun dun duuuuun.



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((OOC: Just a heads up Celey that I'ma





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keeping the adult stuff fairly vague and suggestive, since I don't do full-out sex stuff. Hope you don't mind, lol.))

Malicia quirked a brow as she watched Feathers working away. She wasn't going to deny that the duckette knew how to put her tongue to good use, but Malicia was dead-set on not enjoying herself. Which, when you think about it, seems rather counter-productive.

What was it that people did to keep themselves in check? Think of dead puppies or something? Unless you were Negaduck, in which case thinking of dead puppies would only heat things up.

Time passed, and as Feathers continued her seductive onslaught, Mal went through a mental slideshow of things that would (hopefully) keep her from reaching a release. Dead puppies... dead kittens... a stain on her best dress (oh! the horror!)... her cousin, naked. Her cousin and Darkwing getting it on. Maybe add a clown in there...

Say. Maybe she could use this list of turn-offs to her advantage.

"**DEAD BABIES.**" She blurted out loudly.



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Feathers stopped what she was currently doing to give Malicia an odd look.

"What was that about?" She raised an eyebrow. Then, a sly smirk appeared on her bill. "Am I going to have to gag you, darling?"

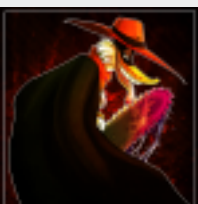


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[Negaduck](#)

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Malicia would have to be more selective with her attempts, for a visible shudder passed through the drake she was trying to deter. Only Negaduck would become more aroused at the thought of dead anything. It was wrong, so very wrong.

And she knew that, which lead him right into misinterpreting her intentions.

"No, she's realised there's no resistance,"



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he reassured Feathers with a knowing grin. "She's angling to work me up, so we'll give her what she wants. I'm happy to hear her try."

Tucking a finger under the demoness's bill, he tilted her head up so they were eye to eye. He didn't want to miss this.

Or so he thought.

"What else do you have to say?"

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"You and Darkwing engaging in a night of hot, sweaty, unadulterated passion." She looked him right in the eye with a satisfied smirk. "Rubbing your feathery bodies against one another, moaning in delight. You'd dominate him with no mercy, as he whimpers your name and cries out for more."

Wait. She was supposed to be keeping herself from getting turned on. Whoops.

Sat, Sep 10 2011 12:14am EDT  
1



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Feathers shot Malicia a glare before getting up and pulling Negaduck close to her. She rubbed against him for a little while, then stripped off all of her clothes and rubbed against him some more.

"Mmm, don't listen to her, my masked menace. Her little narrative can't spoil the fun we're having right now, can it? You have two hot, naked females in the same room with you..."

She crawled back onto the bed and on top of Malicia, kissing her and being mindful of her fangs.

"You're a very bad girl, Malicia..." Her hands ran up and down Malicia's body. She remembered a previous conversation she had with Malicia in which Malicia had told her about how she liked flustering Darkwing. It occurred to her that the thought of Negaduck and Darkwing being together in that way probably aroused the demoness. An evil smirk crossed Feathers's bill. She lowered her bill to Malicia's ear and began to whisper (so that Negaduck wouldn't hear) very dirty, very naughty things that the two masked mallards could do to each other. While she was doing that, she used her hands to play with Malicia's body.

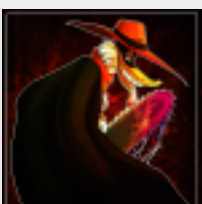


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2



[Negaduck](#)

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But the damage was done.

"No, no, **no!** Not like this!" Reeling backwards, the masked mallard clutched his mentally abused head, like Superman exposed to kryptonite. If Superman had an evil counterpart. I don't know, I don't watch Superman.



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Back to ducks doing dirty things.. the initial image was bad enough. Feathers' coaxing had eased him slightly, but then.. well it was clear to him what naughty nothings she was whispering, even if he couldn't hear him. The look on Malicia's face was enough.

Snarling, an accusatory dramatic finger point was directed at the demoness.

"You're not going to ruin this for me!" A heavy duty gag was produced out of nowhere and thrust at Feathers. "Get this on her. Now."

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Damn that Feathers! She was a smart one. At least she was able to drag Negaduck down with her.

For a split second, when Feathers rubbed herself against the mentally abused mallard, there was a flash of something in Malicia's eyes. A low growl rumbled in her throat, like a territorial dog warning off an intruder.

Shaking her head, she snapped herself out of it. No. **No.** Don't let them catch that. She'd be doomed if they figured out how to get to her. How to make her writhe and relent.

Her toes curled. "**Big-fat-women-in-bikinis-riding-mimes-in-an-Orphanage-filled-with-fuzzy-bunnies**". She hammered out the final sentence before she was gagged.



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It was lucky for Malicia that Feathers hadn't taken notice of the growl when she had been rubbing against Negaduck. She had been too absorbed in keeping the masked mallard turned on to pay attention. A look of disgust flashed on Feathers's face for a moment, but it was gone as quick as it came. It would take more than just some words to turn off Feathers while she was in the presence of a hot, naked duckubus and a sexy, evil mallard. She made sure the gag was secure then smiled at Malicia.

"There we go. Now, we can admire and touch that wonderful body of yours without hearing your beak flap ninety miles an hour. Shame that we won't be able to hear you beg, though." Feathers sighed. "Oh well..."

She glanced at Negaduck. "How are you holding up, my crooked casanova? Do you need me to come fill your head with a pleasure-filled fog?" She gave him a sultry look.

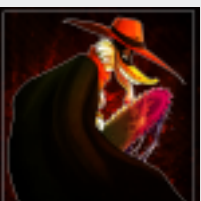


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5



[Negaduck](#)

"Please," came the gruff, disembodied plea from down one side of the bed. Malicia had literally bowled him over with that last hit to his libido. Apparently blood changing directions that fast could be dangerous.

But that was the great thing about a threesome. If one female



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was saying horrible, mind-bending things in an attempt to ruin the mood, the other could silence her. And the kinkier the method, the better.

Speaking of methods, he had not caught the flare of possessiveness in his fiery cohort. But if Feathers was set to make him 'feel better', no doubt they'd catch it eventually.

Sat, Sep 10 2011 01:47am EDT

6



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"MMMMF!" Came the muffled protests from the angry demon who began to struggle so viciously that the bed was beginning to thump up and down. The floor began to creak in a manner that reminded the trio they were, in fact, inside a rather old and dilapidated warehouse.

It would be spoken, years from now, of the mysterious incident in the warehouse district where a violent orgy took place among a group of Tourette Syndrome sufferers. Or at least, that's what it had sounded like. Nobody really bothered to find out.



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"My, something has you hot under the collar..." Feathers eyed Malicia a moment before approaching Negaduck and kissing him.

"I'll get you all worked up in no time..." And so she set to work putting her sexual expertise to good use.



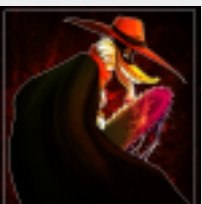
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[Negaduck](#)

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Despite struggling with the onset of a particularly perverted form of PTSD, Negaduck gave a moan through the kiss, and slowly but surely began to fall under her spell. Feathers knew how to work it, that was for sure. In no time, as promised, discarded clothes – and were those pink female undergarments? – flew about the place.

To add insult to injury – or injury to insult, whichever came first – when well and truly 'worked up', he wrapped Feathers' thighs about his waist and stood, sweeping the contents from the top of the bedside dresser to the floor with one hand so he could deposit her uncovered rear there.

The devouring would have continued with abandon... except he caught what appeared to be a scene out of an exorcism next to them. And the smirk returned. This was not simply a chance for retribution over the lies about lesbian tendencies. This was a chance to get even for all the times she had deliberately played on his illogical but compulsive territorial impulses.

"Naaaaaww, what's the matter, sweetheart?" Spoken to Malicia as he ran a tongue wantonly up the plump, white-feathered cleavage in front of him. "I thought you didn't want any part of this good time."



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And then there was an explosion.

No, not the sexy kind of explosion. Rather, it was the Malicia-has-blown-her-top variety which happened on occasion, usually when Negaduck had left the toilet seat up one too many times.

When the smoke cleared, the bed was still standing where it was, although the blankets and mattress were all but dust and feathers, floating around the room. The walls were blackened and a fresh breeze ruffled their feathers, a lovely feat brought to them by the large hole where the window once was.

And there Malicia still sat on the still slightly-flaming wreckage, body still restrained.

"Rrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr...."



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Feathers continued to push and pull against Negaduck, getting even more into it after Malicia's little explosion. There was something about explosions that really turned her on. Maybe it was the fact that explosions signaled imminent danger, and there was nothing like danger to get the juices flowing. She clawed at Negaduck's shoulders and moaned. She was completely forgetting what she was there for.



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[Negaduck](#)

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Feathers was truly something else, wasn't she? It would take a full blown natural disaster to slow her down.

Negaduck, on the other hand, was a little worse for wear. Possibly because he absorbed the majority of the blast.

Eyes narrowed at the demoness through a thick layer of soot. Obviously he had been angling for a reaction, but that... leaving the toilet seat up was one thing, but Malicia had never expressed such a strong response his fooling around with other women. Had he completely underestimated how much actually seeing it would affect her?

"Hold up," instructed as he shook the blackness from his feathers. "I think Mal's trying to tell us something..."  
 A cruel, sly smile slid across his beak.

"I think she wants to see us go at it on the top of her precious, antique bedroom chest."

Sure, it was cruel. And no good for him in the long run. But it wasn't like there was anything Malicia could do about it, was there?



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Pupils dilated and she returned the glare.

The present scene was a psychologist's wet dream. Here we had a selfish, narcissitic woman who was fully aware of her psychopathic's partner's sexual hobbies, and not once did she display severe jealousy or envy. For all intents and purposes, Malicia understood and accepted Negaduck's anti-monogamist nature, even if it was a one-way street: She was not allowed to have anyone else in her life, women being the one, sexy acception. She not only managed to work around this, she made sure Negaduck suffered in the process.

But there was a difference between knowing what your pseudo-lover was doing and seeing him doing it. Feathers Galore was not a random prostitute or an eager fangirl --two categories Negaduck occasionally dabbled in, and which Malicia lorded superiority over. No....Feathers was good at what she did. Malicia had done well to resist the beautiful agent's advances, a weaker willed female may have succumbed. Even now, the areas of her body Feathers had paid tribute to with her TLC were throbbing lightly.

How dare this woman top her in the sexy category.

As Negaduck and Feathers continued their unique brand of torture, Malicia's eyes caught something sparkly lying next to the bed. The half-demon half-magpie noticed it immediately: A key. It must have fallen from Feathers or Negaduck during the explosion.

Continuing to struggle fiercely she arched her back so that her breasts were thrust into the air -- an ample distraction in case the two looked her way. Meanwhile, her tail had snaked its way down the side of the bed and wrapped itself around the key.

Doom.



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"Mmm, whatever you say, my daring devil... Just don't stop giving me the pounding I deserve." Feathers paid no attention to Malicia, a fact which would probably be her undoing. She was just too caught up in her pleased state of being.

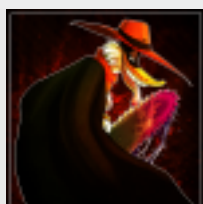


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"Now that's what I like to hear," growled with a grin as he set about re-attacking her neck lustfully. Fingers dug into the softness of agent's hips with greed. If Malicia was not willing to play, he would make very, very obvious what she was missing.

But perhaps he was missing something else.



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The glint of something moving caught his eye.

His attention flicked back to the demoness.

Too late.

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All Negaduck ever had a chance to see was the red-orangey blur that flew at his face, claws outstretched.

And there begin the massacre. It started with blood, and mayhem, and strangling. And well... no, it kept going like that. Except somewhere in that cloud of violence there was most definitely some furious love-making. Furious, in every sense of the word, because it was hard to tell if they were being brutally beaten or brutally humped. Probably a combination of the two.

Huh. Maybe Negaduck would get his threesome after all.



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Feathers didn't just let Malicia beat her; she fought back and fought back hard. Unfortunately, the demoness's strength far surpassed Feathers's own, and she was quickly overpowered. Now, in the aftermath, Feathers hurt all over.

There was distinct bruising around her neck and various cuts all over her body. She was pretty sure one of her arms was broken because she couldn't move it without being in extreme, blinding pain. And yet... there was a satisfied smile on her bill. If there was anything Feathers liked more than sexual pleasure, it was sexual pleasure mixed with pain. Malicia had dished out plenty of the pain part, but it hadn't been without some pleasure, too.

In the end, Feathers had gotten what she wanted, and she couldn't be happier.



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"OW! ARRRGH! UGGGH! ... rrrrowwwl ... DAMN-IT! OUCH! SON-OF-A...!"

When it was over, or at least half-time, a thoroughly abused Negaduck collapsed beside Feathers, panting heavily. The sight of her pleasure oddly seemed to irritate him, prompting a snitch of childish resentment,

"What're you grinning about?"

Some got their kicks from receiving pain. Others from dishing it out. Negaduck was definitely not one of the former.



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[Malicia](#)

Malicia had curled herself up like a cat next to the group and was relaxing contentedly. At some point in time the "BITCH" collar had made its way around Negaduck's neck, obviously not of his own will. She rolled over and gave him a condescending scratch under the chin.



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"That's was nice. We should do this again sometime." She purred casually to both ducks. "It was a real bonding experience, don't you think?"

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Feathers nodded slowly and carefully. It really did hurt to move.

"Oh yes, darling... It's been a while since I've had this much fun. You are like a wild animal... a sexy, wild animal..." Feathers moaned a little. "So hot... so vicious... I love it."

The smile didn't seem to leave her face, even after Negaduck expressed his irritation.

"Mmmm, I really can't believe you didn't enjoy that, my masked menace..."



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[Negaduck](#)

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"You two are bonkers. Bonkers, totally nuts." The mallard stretched, sending cracks all the way down his pitifully sore spine – that'd hurt in the morning – and scowled.

"We're never doing this again. Ever. I'm lucky to still have my limbs after that... not to mention other important appendages."

Negaduck, ruling out the possibility of further threesomes. Nobody would have believed it.



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[Malicia](#)

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"Isn't he just darling?" The demonness pulled Negaduck into an overly affectionate embrace, mushing his face into her cleavage, to the point where she was slowly suffocating him.

As soon as he was about to get to the turning-blue-and-dying point, she released him and stood abruptly.

"Well, I must return to my evening of wining and dining. Do be sweethearts and get the hell out of my home now, won't you?"

So polite.