

Mon, Nov 7 2011 03:12am EST
2



[Malicia](#)

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A quick recap of events:

Morgana (who in this RP has not yet reformed) has joined forces with Negaduck to conquer the diamond market. With Negaduck's vast experience in all things sparkly, and Morgana's magical know-how, their plan is sure to yield a fortune.

Of course, when Negaduck chooses Malicia's warehouse as the prime headquarters, the demonness is none to pleased to see her partner in crime (with benefits) is getting close to her arch-nemesis. Though Malicia stubbornly agrees to help them out, she leaves to blow off some steam after Morgana humilates her in front of Negaduck.

Malicia encounters Darkwing, who is on the trail of the diamond thefts. To get back at Negaduck, she flirts with DW only to let slip the location and plans. DW refuses to believe his crush would ever spend time around the likes of Negaduck, and is off to see for himself whether Malicia is lying.

And that brings us to now...

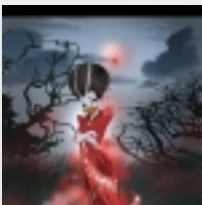


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[Quote](#)

Mon, Nov 7 2011 03:18am EST
3



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"It worked!" Morgana chirped merrily, clapping her hands. Picking up the boulder-sized diamond in both arms, she hefted it over to the conveyer belt of the machine Negaduck had set up.

Wiping sweat from her brow, she decided now was a good time to search for Negaduck -- who had vanished to some other area in the warehouse.

Maybe she should go check Malicia's bedroom, she decided to herself. Surely he might be up there. That's why she was checking. Not because it was where her cousin kept all her personal belongings, including a possible diary. Nope, that was totally not the reason she was now making her way upstairs, stopping occasionally to poke her head into various rooms.



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[Quote](#)

Fri, Nov 11 2011 12:21am EST
4



Darkwing Duck kept to the rooftops of the various warehouses in the warehouse district, keeping an eye out for the cerberus that Malicia mentioned. He wasn't exactly sure



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whether such a thing existed, but Malicia had said she was related to Morgana, and in all honesty, he wouldn't really be surprised to find out cerberi did exist. It didn't take him long to find the warehouse that the cerberus was guarding. It hadn't noticed him yet on the rooftops, and he was glad for that. Last thing he wanted was to be ripped to shreds by a giant three-headed mongrel.

He reached into his outfit and pulled out a fairly large milkbone (always ever-prepared for a guard dog situation), which the cerberus could probably chew in one bite. It would have to do. He pulled back his arm and then threw the milkbone as hard as he could. It landed a good way away from the cerberus, but it made enough noise for even Darkwing to hear, so hopefully the cerberus would get distracted by it and not wonder who is creeping around on the roof.

He gently trodded over to a skylight and opened it up. He carefully aimed his grappling hook to something on the floor below. The grappling hook plunged into the stuffing of a couch. The couch looked expensive.

'Eh, it was probably stolen, anyway,' he thought.

He swooped down, and his eyes darted around, making sure he wasn't spotted. Of course, when he found Negaduck, he would make a big entrance, but now was not the time. He needed to gather information before he acted. He crept around the warehouse, sticking to the shadows and occasionally hiding behind random objects.

Fri, Nov 11 2011 01:24am EST
5



[Negaduck](#)

38 Posts

Being a nefarious outlaw afforded one with a certain instinct when it came to sounds ... or to sultry women slinking into nearby bedrooms.

Non-existant ears pricking up down the opposite end of the corridor, Negaduck hefted the axe he had been preparing over his shoulder and wandered off to pinpoint the source. Not that it took him long. Flinging open the bedroom door, fully expecting to encounter a still raging demoness, he was taken back by the female he actually faced. The last person he would have ever thought to have found amongst the ridiculously lavish setting that was Malicia's boudoir.

Morgana.

"What are you doing here?!" It was a product of surprise, however the way he blurted it out made it sound like an accusation.



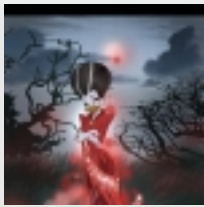
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Regardless of what she was doing, however, it couldn't possibly be any worse than what he had done in there.

Fri, Nov 11 2011 01:47am EST
6



[Morgana](#)
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"Negaduck!" Deer-caught-in-the-headlight eyes met his suspicious voice. She had been bending over something, and immediately straightened up. Unfortunately it was blatantly obvious she was hiding something behind her back.



"Well, well, well, if it ain't Mr. Congeniality himself!" Said Fran Drescher. Or... at least what <i>sounded</i> awfully similar to the fingernails-on-chalkboard voice of 'The Nanny'.

Morgana stood stock-still, eyes still as wide as dinner plates. The voice had come from behind her.

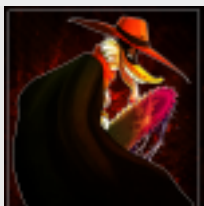
"I was just.. er... uh... looking for the bathroom." She flustered, as though the disembodied voice both of them had just heard was a figment of their imaginations.

"Yeah right, like he's gonna believe that one Morgie!" Said the voice again.

The sorceress winced.


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7



[Negaduck](#)
38 Posts

And clearly he didn't.



"Is that right?" Unfazed by an imaginary nails-on-chalkboard-like screech, Negaduck stalked up to the cornered sorceress, eyes narrowed.

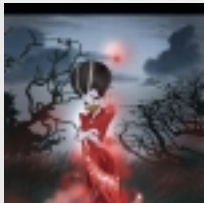
"And what do you have there?" Attempting, persistently, to peer around her shapely form to the hidden object.

A sudden thought hit him mid-peer, however, and his eyes lit up with evil delight.

"You weren't stealing from your own cousin, were you, Morgana?" Whether it was reality or just the nature of the surrounds, his voice seemed to drop to a heated rumble. "There's nothing I like better than a bad girl... now quit playing coy and let me see."

Dropping the axe to free up his movement, he ducked and weaved around her in an attempt to grab at whatever it was. Sure, she had the advantage of height... but like his heroically inclined counterpart, he could be awfully agile when he wanted to be.


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Morgana continuously swung her body left and right in an attempt to keep her back facing away from Negaduck.

"Heeeeeey now. I'm getting nauuuseous back 'erre. Aaaaahahahaha!" The voice burred from behind her.


"I wasn't stealing!" Morgana protested. "I was merely... investigating something. But it's really nothing you'd be interested in so if you'd just..." She backed away at his next initial attempt, bumping into the bed and tripping backward and tumbled onto the bed.

The object in her hand fell to the floor. It was a crimson red leather-bound book. The golden lock had been unlatched on it.


.....And then the book LOOKED at it. Through bright round mascara-covered eyes and long lashes. It flipped over so that the open pages formed a mouth. The golden lock on the side made the appearance of bright lipstick.

"Oh no mista! You're the last one who's getting anything outta me!" The book lectured Negaduck.

Morgana let out a long sigh and buried her face in her hands in frustration.



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Darkwing crept through the warehouse. He had already seen the conveyer belt and the boulder-sized diamond, which had peaked his interest. He didn't think diamonds could get THAT big. Something was going on, for sure.

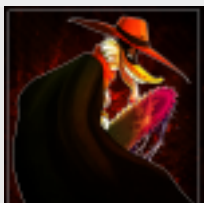
It was around that time that Darkwing picked up on some noise. He ducked behind a random object, but then, he noticed that the noises were still off a good distance. He snuck closer to the source of the sounds.



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[Negaduck](#)
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A frown, first at Morgana, then down at the unusually lively book. Unusually lively being somewhat of an understatement.

"What IS that?" Typical Normal astonishment.

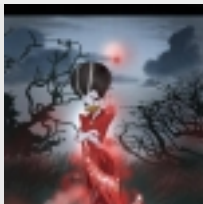





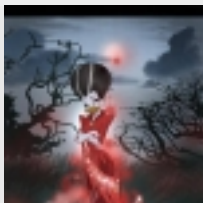


With atypical Normal speed, he darted down and snatched it up – conveniently by the 'mouth' side rather than the spine. Waving the effectively gagged book in her face, he leaned over the sprawled witch to demand through clenched teeth,



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[Quote](#)

		"And how do we shut it up?!"	
		Boy, if a noise was too grating for Negaduck, it had to be unbearable.	
Fri, Nov 11 2011 02:56am EST 11			
 Morgana 16 Posts Send Message Remove Friend Send Wave	<p>"Mmmmmrfflflfl!!!" The book struggled helplessly.</p> <p>"That would be Malicia's diary." Morgana sighed. Oh, she really hadn't meant to be caught. And by Negaduck of all people. Well, better than the owner of the diary.</p> <p>"She's had it since we were kids. I've... erm... I like to check in now and again to have a 'chat' with it."</p>		
	<div> Quote to Topic  Quote</div>		
	Fri, Nov 11 2011 03:15am EST 12		
	 Negaduck 38 Posts	<p>Not moving, his gaze flicked with slight disbelief back to the diary in hand. It was so obnoxious. So gaudy. So...</p> <p>Malicia.</p> <p>Deciding that Morgana's tale was a truthful one, that same calculating gaze slid back to the witch reclined beneath him. A diary... that could go either way. It could give him a few useful insights into his consort in crime. Or it could compromise everything he had worked to build up with her cousin.</p> <p>Finally, Negaduck drawled one dangerously loaded inquiry, "What's it in for me?"</p> <p>Given that he had not moved back, that he remained hovering over her so closely, and that they were in a bedroom for Hades sake, that should have given her a few ideas. Just a few.</p> <p>But neither of them had any idea of the visitor lurking outside those walls.</p>	
<div> Quote to Topic  Quote</div>			
Fri, Nov 11 2011 03:18am EST 13			
 Morgana 16 Posts Send Message Remove Friend Send Wave		<p>Morgana rolled her eyes. Which, unfortunately, any spying vigilante crimefighters would be unable to see, as Negaduck was blocking the field of view.</p> <p>"I think a better question to ask... what isn't in it for you?" She flashed a demure smile.</p> <p>"Face it: You've hit the jackpot, 'Red'".</p>	
	<div> Quote to Topic  Quote</div>		



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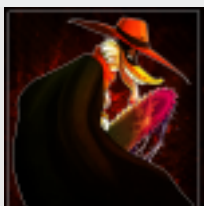
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[Negaduck](#)
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The use of the pet name triggered a stab of guilt. Or it would have, if he had even a shred of conscience.

A low, possessive growl rumbled in his chest. Rational thought had faded. Not that was surprising – he was well known for running on pure id. Nevermind the wrongness of it. Whatever force it was that drew Darkwings and Morganas together across the multiverse, he was not immune.

"You're right. I have a warehouse full of record-breaking gems, a talking book full of secrets—" Which he promptly tossed carelessly far over his shoulder. "-and you."

Always one to press an opportunity, he took it, by moving to press his beak against hers.



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Darkwing had gotten much closer to the source now and was able to make out voices. He recognized Morgana's right away. There was a stab in his heart. So, what Malicia had said was true, after all. Morgana WAS working with Negaduck. Then, he heard Negaduck respond to her. The last words, "And you" set him into a fury.

'Oh no, you don't,' he thought, throwing down a smoke bomb and bursting open the door.

"I am the terror that flaps in the night. I am the angry boyfriend whose girl you just..." The smoke started to clear, and Darkwing was struck speechless by what he saw. Maybe a part of him had been hoping that Morgana and Negaduck's relationship was strictly on a business level, but this.... They were in a bedroom. Morgana was on the bed, and she was beak-locked with his worst enemy. Darkwing gaped for a few seconds before he began to look for all the world like a puppy that had just been kicked.

"M-morgana?" He probably shouldn't have felt as betrayed as he did. It wasn't as though him and Morgana were officially boyfriend and girlfriend, but he thought... He wasn't sure what he thought, now. Maybe that there had been something there? Something special?

It was both lucky and unlucky for Negaduck that he wasn't facing Darkwing at that moment. Unlucky, because he would've considered the look on Darkwing's face priceless. Lucky, because if he had seen the



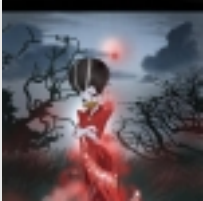
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[Quote](#)

look on Darkwing's face, he probably would've died from an overabundance of malicious glee. In any case, Darkwing recovered himself quickly. Negaduck was a very dangerous individual to be in a room with, and he would need his wits about him, or what wits he could muster while allowing himself to be fueled by blinding rage (to mask the deep hurt that he felt regarding Morgana) towards the other masked mallard.

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16



[Morgana](#)
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Her eyes widened. But slowly, they closed. A slender hand snaked its way around his neck, pulling him down to deepen the kiss.


Hmm... is this what Darkwing would feel like? NO! NO! Don't think of Darkwing. Bad Morgana! You need someone who won't judge you. Someone who understands. Negaduck understands, doesn't he?

His voice... it sounded so much like Darkwing's. Wait. If she was kissing Negaduck, he wouldn't be able to talk. Which means...

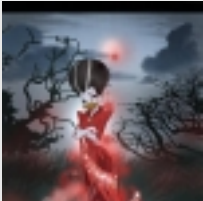
Breaking off the kiss, the shoved Negaduck back so forcefully it called into question whether she had super-powered strength in common.

"D...Dark!" She gasped. "What are you doing here?!"

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[Morgana](#)
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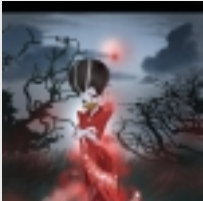
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"This... this isn't what it looks like."

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18




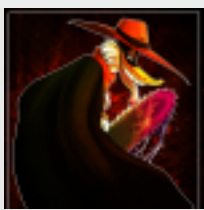
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((Whether she had super-powered strength in common with her cousin. DURRRR))

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[Negaduck](#)

38 Posts

THWACK.

He hit the side wall – not to mention some rather solid furniture on the way – hard. That was not the sort of bouncing he had been envisioning.

The hurt in Darkwing's voice though? That was exactly as envisioned. It even made up for the crime fighter's consistently horrible timing. Really, would it that hard to catch them after he had been up to something substantially naughtier?

In any case, Negaduck picked himself up, cradling his head, but the daze soon wore off. Confusion and pain melted into.. what were those words? Malicious glee? That was him all over.

"What gives you the authority to bust into people's private bedrooms anyway?" drawled, a dark smirk plastered across his bill. "Having a bit of fun with a lady friend isn't a crime, you know."

Cue deepened smugness.

"Particularly when she's so very willing."

As smooth as his words were, his body language was something else. Like a coiled serpent, he was preparing to strike. A fight would not come as a surprise, particularly since he deliberately and joyfully baiting Darkwing.

The sheer extent of the hero's resulting rage, however, may have been slightly underestimated.



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20



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"What am I doing here?!" Darkwing threw up his arms. "What do you think I'm doing here? I'm doing my job! The better question is what are you doing here with THAT maniac?" He jabbed a finger in Negaduck's direction. Then, he frowned, and the hurt came back in his voice. "Nevermind. It's pretty obvious what you were doing."

He shook his head. "Not what it looks like, eh? Oh, sure. You're in a bedroom, Morgana. On the bed. Kissing my worst enemy! And he isn't wearing any pants! What else is it supposed to look like, hm?" His anger was perhaps making him a bit irrational. Just a bit.

Then, Negaduck spoke up, and Darkwing whirled on him, practically snarling. He was the perfect image of his evil counterpart.



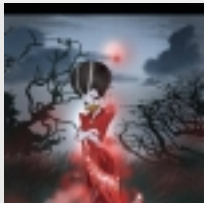
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Then, the smug snake had the gall to tell him about how willing Morgana was, and he snapped. He tackled Negaduck, sending both of them tumbling to the floor. He didn't waste anytime in attempting to wail on his doppelganger, either. He really couldn't remember the last time he was THIS mad.

Fri, Nov 11 2011 08:54pm EST
21



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Morgana couldn't bring herself to rebuke Darkwing's response. He was completely correct after all. How could she explain herself, when she was guilty of getting close to Negaduck?

"You don't understand!" She protested. "This is complicated..." But before she could continue, Darkwing had already tackled Negaduck, pulling him into a frenzied dust cloud of violence.

Morgana let out a horrified cry. "DARK!" Never had she seen him so angry or violent. Was this how he treated the other criminals regularly? Is this why the citizens of St. Canard were unsure of whether their protector was really a threat?

"Stop it! You're going to kill each other!"

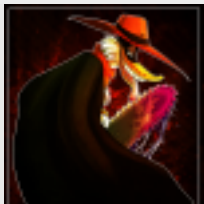


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[Negaduck](#)

38 Posts

The dust cloud paid no mind. It rolled about the room, the sounds of blows and shouts only validating Morgana's concerns. Neither of them were pulling any punches.

And so it continued for some time before, in an act of improbability, Negaduck stepped out of the cloud for a breather. How the cloud could continue without him was a mystery – if he wasn't there, who was Darkwing hitting?

As if the phenomena were an everyday occurrence, the crook held up himself up on a nearby dresser, looking decidedly worn out.

"Oh man," rumbled mostly to himself. "I've got to quit smoking."

Exhaustion quickly shifted into psychopathic delight as he spied an expensive glass vase within reach. Grabbing it, he smashed the top of it over the table edge and, brandishing it like a broken bottle, he leapt back into the dust cloud.

Trust him to cheat.



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23

Darkwing continued punching and flailing and



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even occasionally getting hit (by himself) in the dust cloud until Negaduck came back. He felt something cut into his hand, and he pulled it back with a hiss. He needed to be careful. Negaduck must have pulled a knife or something. He continued fighting until he managed to knock the broken vase out of Negaduck's hand.

For a moment, he was gaining the upperhand. Darkwing did not smoke, and he had unbridled rage feeding him the energy to battle Negaduck with all he had, but then...

He made a mistake. It didn't seem like a mistake at first since he had delivered a very stellar punch to Negaduck's beak, possibly knocking a tooth out, that sent the other masked mallard flying back. The mistake came from where Negaduck landed: right next to an axe.



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[Negaduck](#)

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Seeing stars was never a pleasant experience. Even if they came in the form of little skulls and crossbones floating merrily around one's head.

Shaking his head clear, and spitting out a disgusting combination of blood, teeth and feathers – had he been biting? – Negaduck immediately spied the same mistake Darkwing had.

Slowly and deliberately, he collected the axe as he stood, ominously testing its weight in his hands. It was nowhere near as ominous, however, as his smile. It was his 'I am going to chop you into little pieces' smile. The vigilante was more than familiar with it – Morgana might have been another story.

"I'm not sure what I'm going to enjoy more," purred sadistically as he advanced on his counterpart. "Finishing what I started with you-- or doing the same with your woman once I have your dismembered corpse for a trophy."

A spark of murderous intent in his masked eyes; the axe was raised. Looked like Darkwing was about to get his heart sliced in two again – this time literally.

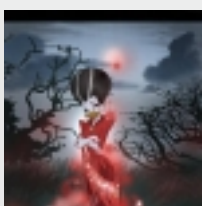


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[Quote](#)

Sat, Nov 12 2011 12:08am EST
25



[Morgana](#)

"ENOUGH!" A wind whipped around them, despite the fact that every window in the room was shut tight.

A small tornado formed in the center of the bedroom, picking up various objects in its wake -- jewelry, shoes, magazines, bras, panties, phallic toys that Morgana wished she hadn't seen.

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The sorceress' eyes were glowing a deep ominous blue as she hovered off the ground. Immediately she hurled a spell in the direction of the axe Negaduck was holding. If it connected, the villain was going to find himself in sudden possession of a large yak.

"You boys are acting like children!" She snapped irritably.

Sat, Nov 12 2011 01:03am EST

1

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Darkwing had only glared at Negaduck when he picked up the axe. Sure, he was a little intimidated, but he was still one very angry masked mallard. He was about to reach in his suit and get his gas gun when Morgana's shout suddenly attracted his attention. Then, she made with the magic. And he went from very angry to very intimidated.

"Yipes." He squeaked, ducking to the side of the bed in an attempt to take cover. "But he started iiiii...." He started to whine, but then, he remembered himself. He managed a half-hearted glare in Morgana's direction. "Heeeey. I don't have to explain myself to you. I'M the victim here!" He paused a moment and decided he didn't really like labeling himself as the victim. "I mean, I'm the HERO." He felt himself get a little braver despite the fact that hovering, glowing-eyed Morgana was quite scary. He stood and puffed out his chest. "And as the hero, I'm placing you and Negaduck under arrest for your little illegal diamond operation. Now, you two can come quietly oooooor... we can get dangerous." He narrowed his eyes. His brain was telling him he was being stupid because he was outnumbered and most likely outmatched. His ego told him he could take both of them on with one hand tied behind his back. He was, of course, mostly listening to his ego.

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2

[Negaduck](#)

38 Posts

Since at that very moment the axe had been over his head, finding himself in 'sudden possession' of a large yak meant finding himself underneath one.

"GA-MFPH!"

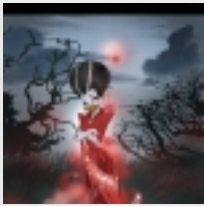
Stifled yelling could be heard from beneath the creature's thick pelt of fur. Eventually, after much struggling and cursing, Negaduck managed to pull his torso free, although his lower half remained yak-trapped. At least with his arms free he could push the beast off him, right? No, the dim-witted thing was too busy munching on a corner of Malicia's favourite bedspread to take a hint.

Letting out a huff of exasperation, his attention snapped back to the only entity in the room he could have believed was stupider.

"Listen to him, Morgana! He doesn't care about you; it's all about the 'crime fighting'." Glare locked on his nemesis, wolflike teeth bared, it was obvious that the only thought running through his mind was stab stab stab. "Let me finish him off. It's the only way to put a permanent end to his interference."

And here, slowly, the charm was fading away to show his truly deplorable colours.

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"NO!" Her booming response was directed at both of them.

"YOU." She jabbed a finger at Negaduck. "Will not lay a finger on him. We had a deal. So help me, if you break anything on his body you will find out just how much scarier than Malicia I can REALLY be."

The dreaded index finger moved on to her next target. "And you." Her voice softened slightly as she spoke to Darkwing. "I'm sorry, Dark. I really can't allow you to get in the way of our plans. I'm afraid I'll have to put you somewhere for the time being, while my cohort and I discuss this privately."

It was only then she realized just how quiet the room had gotten. No nasally voiced criticisms were thrown her way. She looked around the room for a moment. Then turned back to the two mallards, eyes widened with panic.

".....Where is Malicia's diary?"

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Darkwing looked a little puzzled.

'Deal? Does this mean... she really does care about me?' he wondered.

Then, she addressed him about how she wasn't going to allow him to interfere with her and Negaduck's plans and that they were going to discuss things privately. Darkwing's expression seemed to go sour.

"Oh. Right. Discuss things. Of course," he said, his voice dripping with sarcasm. "Funny, I thought you actually had to have your beak free to do that. But I guess I'm wrong. I'm sure making out, with my arch-enemy no less, is very conducive to conversation." Bitter? Him? Nah.

He got out his gas gun and aimed it at her. "And what makes you think I'm just going to stand here and let you put me somewhere where I won't get in the way, hm?"

He didn't seem too concerned about the missing diary. After all, it was just a diary. What harm could it do?

[Quote to Topic](#)

[Quote](#)



[Negaduck](#)
38 Posts

By this stage, Negaduck had clawed himself free from his position as yak cushion. His cape, however, was infuriatingly stuck under the mammal's huge rear end. Using both hands, he was too busy trying to pull the material loose to pay anything else much thought.

"She's your psycho cousin." Grunting with exhaustion that was in utter juxtaposition to the unheeding expression of the yak, its maw still full of linen. "How should I know where her psycho diary has gotten to?!"

Underneath it all, his annoyance was worsened by Morgana's unexpected defence of Darkwing, not to mention the threat she had backed it up with – honestly, him, scared of Malicia? Or either of them, for that matter? He could trounce both MaCawbers with his hands tied! Not that it would be a fair fight; no doubt they would be

[Quote to Topic](#)

[Quote](#)

blown away his manly prowess and succumb almost immediately.

Fuelled perhaps by this indignation, with one last yank of his cape he tugged it loose and went crashing backwards clumsily.

There. At least he was free from being crushed by a stubborn, graceless beast four times his body weight.

Mon, Nov 14 2011 02:23am EST
6



[Malicia](#)

52 Posts

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"I think I know where my psycho diary might be." Said Malicia in the doorway.

Gosh. It was almost as if Negaduck's magical invisible narrative about graceless beasts had summoned the biggest one of them all. What are the odds?

"Yer busssssted, honey!" The diary in question was nestled safely in the demon's arms, and took that opportunity to somehow blow a raspberry in Morgana's direction, despite the absence of a tongue.



[Quote to Topic](#)



[Quote](#)

Mon, Nov 14 2011 03:35am EST
7



[DW](#)

21 Posts

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Darkwing's bitterness towards Morgana seemed to take a back-seat to the disbelief he was currently feeling. He stared at the diary Malicia was holding. He wasn't sure what was worse that it could talk or that it could talk in much the same way nails-on-the-chalkboard sound.



[Quote to Topic](#)



[Quote](#)

Mon, Nov 14 2011 04:38pm EST
8



[Negaduck](#)

38 Posts

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The notorious, menacing, merciless supervillain... cringed. At not at the harsh vocal tones of the diary, either. Who knew what it had told Malicia!

Rather than doing something sensible, like slinking away silently, Negaduck had a flash of temper. Because that's what happened when there was somebody to blame. It was their fault - not his - for his being caught.

"You stupid Smyth-sewn storyteller!" Snarled, shoulders swelling. "I'm going to turn you into confetti...!"

Then, like a canine after a cat, he lunged for it madly. Nevermind it was in Malicia's arms. Getting closer to those awfully sharp claws of his main mistress had to have been a *good* idea.



[Quote to Topic](#)



[Quote](#)

Mon, Nov 14 2011 08:50pm EST
9



[Malicia](#)

52 Posts

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As it to humilate Negaduck further, Malicia held the book at arm's length in the air, high above where a vertically challenged Negaduck would have to hop up and down if he even hoped to get near it.

"Normally I'd be quite happy to find two masked mallards awaiting me in my bedroom." She continued smoothly. "Even moreso when I come home to find diamonds the size of boulders laying about my living room. Why, I would almost be inclined to believe that you boys



[Quote to Topic](#)



[Quote](#)

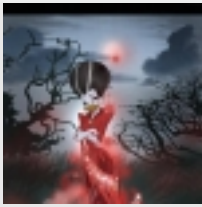
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were trying to give me the single greatest orgasm of my life."

She stepped forward and circled Morgana like a hungry wolf.

"Clearly, in your blind driven lust, you boys had a lapse in sanity and mistook this pale, twiggy creature for me. Because there's certainly no other plausible reason why either of you should be fighting over her. No plausible reason whatsoever, isn't that right?" The amount of vitriol in that final sentence was so strong that it was accompanied by a lick of flame.

Mon, Nov 14 2011 08:57pm EST
10



[Morgana](#)
16 Posts

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Morgana remained frozen in place, shoulders bunched up as Malicia made her rounds.

Malicia had leaned forward into Morgana's face at that last sentence, and she felt a stray wisp of her hair go up in a spark of flame. The feathers on her face curled lightly from the heat of her cousin's temper.

"Darkwing will be leaving soon." She responded coldly. "And Negaduck and I will be relocating, now that our base of operations has somehow been compromised." It was Morgana's turn to flash a sickly sweet smile.

"You wouldn't know how that might have happened, would you, Malicia? How Darkwing was so aptly able to find your warehouse? I don't seem to ever recall him having any previous knowledge of its whereabouts."



[Quote to Topic](#)



[Quote](#)

Mon, Nov 14 2011 09:52pm EST
11



[DW](#)
21 Posts

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Darkwing was silent as Malicia talked, trying to gather his thoughts. His first instinct was driven by the feelings he had for Morgana. Even if she had hurt him by making out with his worst enemy, he still strongly objected to her being called a pale, twiggy creature. Indeed, he wanted to say something about how beautiful Morgana was, how intelligent Morgana was, how... But there was conflicting feelings there. He was still bitter about being hurt, and so, he said nothing except some muttering under his breath about how Negaduck was right about something for once: Malicia IS psycho.

Then, Morgana began talking, and he had to protest almost immediately.

"Leaving? I'm not going ANYWHERE. And excuse me?!" It was true that Malicia had revealed the location of the warehouse to him, but he was trying to keep his word about not saying anything about it to anyone. But mostly, his ego had taken a hit from the fact that Morgana didn't seem to think him capable of finding about her and Negaduck's operation and the warehouse, and he needed to defend himself. "I happen to be one of the world's greatest detectives! A super sleuth! With my expert deductive abilities, I can sniff out ANY crime, ANYTIME, ANY PLACE! No dastardly delinquent is safe from the derring-do of Darkwing Duck!"



[Quote to Topic](#)



[Quote](#)

Thu, Nov 17 2011 07:05am EST
12

Any humiliating hopping Negaduck may or may not have been doing ceased once he caught where the conversation had veered. For some time, silently, he listened on.



[Quote to Topic](#)





[Negaduck](#)
38 Posts

"Hey, that's right!" Odd, because that initially sounded as though he agreed with Darkwing's lofty praises of himself. At least, until he added, "There's no way that bumbling blockhead could have figured it without help! I had false leads planted all over the area. He should have been stumbling in circles around empty warehouses for weeks."

Anger gathering like a building thunderstorm, he turned on Malicia.

"You. You better not have had any part in this. I don't take kindly to heavily worked plans being put into jeopardy all for the sake of some childish emotional insecurities!"

Oh the hypocrisy. It would have been hilarious – if not for the fact he looked about ready to spit venom.

[Quote](#)

Fri, Nov 18 2011 02:21am EST
13



[Malicia](#)
52 Posts

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It was fascinating just how quickly the tables could turn. Now it was Malicia who was cringing under the watchful eye of her cousin and the furious glare of Negaduck.

"Buh... wuh... I'd never...!" She stammered. Gripping her tail nervously in her hand, she wrung it back and forth, causing an abnormal amount of molting. Feathers fluttered through the air guiltily.

"Darkwing clearly followed me here!" She added, although her stance was no less confident. "Why would I want to sabotage an operation that brought such beautiful shiny stones right into my backyard?"

Naturally the entire group seemed to ignore Darkwing's egotistical outburst. They weren't buying it.



[Quote to Topic](#)



[Quote](#)

Fri, Nov 18 2011 03:11am EST
14



[DW](#)
21 Posts

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Darkwing started to protest, but then his beak snapped shut as he thought about it. Technically, tailing someone was detective sort of work, wasn't it? Then, he thought about it some more, thinking more on the crime-fighting side of things than about his ego. What he had here was a great opportunity. He could turn the crooks on each other. It'd be perfect. With them so distracted by their squabbling, they'd be easier to take on. He had to keep himself from smiling deviously, but inwardly, he patted himself on the back for being so clever. Then again, it could backfire horribly on him. Malicia probably wouldn't take too kindly to being betrayed. Perhaps he could work it in as a subtle slip-of-the-tongue? Or maybe he could just work with their suspicions and cast even more suspicion on her by agreeing with her?

"That's right!" he said, readily, trying to look as if he was lying, which wasn't hard considering that he was lying. "The very idea that she would need to actually TELL me how to get here is preposterous! I tailed her here like the expert detective I am! She didn't have to tell me ANYTHING. Not a single word. She never even suspected I was following her because I am like a shadow that blends into the darkness! I don't even think I was trying." He continued to inwardly pat himself on the back for being so clever and exaggerating as much as possible. There was no way they could possibly think he



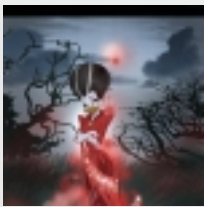
[Quote to Topic](#)



[Quote](#)

wasn't lying, and the best part was they probably wouldn't suspect his plan on trying to turn them against each other because he wasn't acting that much different than he normally would.

Fri, Nov 18 2011 06:23pm EST
15



[Morgana](#)
16 Posts

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Morgana frowned and furrowed her brow at Darkwing. She couldn't figure out if the hero was trying to defend his honor or, for some reason, trying to protect Malicia. Because if her cousin did tell him about the operation -- which Morgana was now a hundred percent certain had happened -- what type of 'talking' did Malicia do with the irresistible masked mallard?

"Malicia, your tall tales might pass with Negaduck, but I've known you my entire life." Morgana began poignantly. "And I know for a fact that you always bunch your tail into a knot when you're telling a lie."

Turning to Negaduck she nodded sagely. "And when her tail starts going bald, that is when you'll know she's hiding a whopper of a story."



[Quote to Topic](#)



[Quote](#)

Fri, Nov 18 2011 08:27pm EST
16



[Negaduck](#)
38 Posts

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Given Negaduck's already irate body posture became increasingly angry from the moment Malicia began her unconvincing denial, only confirmed by Darkwing's interjections, it was fair to say he had already figured that out.

"Thank you, Morgana," Gritted out as he stalked menacingly closer to the flustered demoness. "But however will that help me when I've plucked her bald?"

Drawing in as uncomfortably close as possible, he demanded in a low warning growl intended solely for Malicia, "I hope you have an explanation for yourself. I would hate to conclude you were attempting to disrupt one of my brilliant criminal operations for no good reason."



[Quote to Topic](#)



[Quote](#)

Fri, Nov 18 2011 11:33pm EST
17



[Malicia](#)
52 Posts

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Malicia's eyes darted back and forth between Morgana and Negaduck. Not buying it, huh?

And then Darkwing began his own phony story. Her eyes narrowed. He was up to something. The tone in his voice, the false acting... was he TRYING to make her look bad?!

Well! Two can play at that game! If Malicia Macawber had a talent in anything, it was throwing others under the bus.

"Alright, I confess!" She seemed to practically crumple. "I DID tell Darkwing but..."

She wrapped her arms around herself sensually, as if pantomining the touch of a passionate lover.

"....Only because he seduced me."

She moved backwards, pressing herself against the wall and closing her eyes. It was as though she were reliving the memory right then and there.



[Quote to Topic](#)



[Quote](#)

"He said he wanted to interrogate me... and before I knew it there we were in a dark alley. He's trailing these delicious little kisses up my neck and whispering naughty commands in my ear. And it... the information just slipped out of my mouth! Right before he slipped his tongue in, that is."

She cracked a single eye open to look at them. "I had a moment of weakness, all right?! Can you really blame me? I have a thing for mallards in masks."

Fri, Nov 18 2011 11:57pm EST
18



[DW](#)

21 Posts

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Darkwing listened as Malicia began to confess. He frowned. Wait, she wasn't supposed to confess. She was supposed to keep denying it and digging herself deeper so that a fight could break out between them, and he could swoop in and arrest the bad guys, and another day saved and all that!

Okay, fine. It's just a little set-back. Negaduck isn't the forgiving sort. My plan could still work! he thought. And then, the word "seduced" started ringing in his ears. The lower part of his beak appeared to drop to the floor. "WHAT?!"

She continued her little story; his eyes widening and... Was it just him or was it starting to get a little warm in there? He tried to keep his head clear. Morgana was in here with him! He turned to her and waved his hands a little bit, as if trying to physically deflect Malicia's story. "Don't listen to her, Morgana! We never did anything of the sort! You're the only..." He trailed off, then he wondered why he was trying to explain to Morgana in the first place. It wasn't like Morgana cared, right? She had Negaduck, after all. The sour expression seemed to return on his face, and his eyes darted back to Malicia. He had to turn this back on her somehow. "I didn't seduce you! You were the one trying to seduce me, remember?! I may be handsome, smart, irresistible, a master crime-fighter, and hopelessly modest, but YOU'RE the duckubus!"

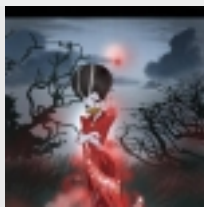


[Quote to Topic](#)



[Quote](#)

Sun, Nov 20 2011 05:39pm EST
19



[Morgana](#)

16 Posts

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Morgana felt her stomach lurch. Darkwing didn't exactly deny that anything had happened between him and Malicia.

Frowning, she looked at the hero quizzically. What did she really know about Darkwing Duck? Had his charming personality only been a facade? Was it possible that all this time, she was yet another in a long line of female villains the vigilante seduced as some sort of sick hobby?

"I think I need to sit down for a moment." She croaked, slipping back onto the bed behind her.

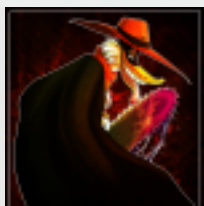


[Quote to Topic](#)



[Quote](#)

Sun, Nov 20 2011 05:55pm EST
20



[Negaduck](#)

38 Posts

Trying to explain things to Morgana? To Malicia? Perhaps the hapless hero needed to examine his priorities – because it was Negaduck who had turned into a raging bull.

That said, words would have likely been wasted on the supervillain anyway. Darkwing had admitted to seducing going on. Whether it was only one way did not matter. His territoriality was selfish, uncontrollable and, ultimately, utterly irrational.

"**She's MY duckubus!**" he roared, steam shooting out of his nostrils, and with hands outstretched, he lunged for the vigilante's throat.



[Quote to Topic](#)



[Quote](#)

Of course, Darkwing encountered attempts against his life almost constantly, but the ferocity behind this attack may have been... new.

Sun, Nov 20 2011 06:10pm EST
21



[Malicia](#)

52 Posts

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"Now now boys, there's no need to fight over lil 'ol me~" The duckubus responded in a tone that didn't even try to hide the fact she was lavishing the attention. Of course they should be fighting! Who wouldn't want to make a fuss out of someone so flawless and perfect?

"Hey, what about me?! I deserve some love over here!" Malicia's diary had long since been discarded on the ground. "I'm chock full of spicy secrets, don't you just wanna open me up and get all the dirty little details?"

"Quiet you!" The demonness gave the book a kick. "What kind of diary are you?!"

"The kind you bought at Black Lagoon Bargoons. Aaahaaahaaahaa."

((And in case you want to torture yourself further:
<http://frandrescher.ytmnd.com/>))



[Quote to Topic](#)



[Quote](#)

Sat, Dec 17 2011 01:58pm EST
22



[DW](#)

21 Posts

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Of course, the moment Darkwing heard Negaduck roar, he braced himself to be attacked. Negaduck didn't disappoint when he attempted to lunge for his throat. Darkwing managed to side-step that attack and forgot momentarily about Malicia and Morgana. "Temper, temper, Negsy." He wagged his finger at him, unable to resist taunting his counterpart. "Whatever will the doctor say about your blood pressure if you keep going on like this?" He tried to keep himself focused on the making of the fight at hand, but then, that irritating voice coming from the book reached his ears. With that voice, it would be hard even for a seasoned crime-fighter like him to concentrate.



[Quote to Topic](#)



[Quote](#)

Tue, Dec 20 2011 05:04am EST
23



[Negaduck](#)

38 Posts

That taunt was promptly answered by a flamethrower. To the FACE.

"Doctors don't recommend playing with fire either, wiseass!" Negaduck howled, having evidently recovered from colliding with the wall and reached into his limitless armoury in the time the vigilante had taken to mock him. "Particularly when that fire belongs to me."

Standing over what was likely a charred pile of duck, the criminal reached forward to snag him by the collar.

"Let's see whether your gullible girlfriend is still stupid enough to go ga-ga over you after I put your spleen through the cheese grater." Oh sure that was growled, lowly and with as much venom as he was capable of, but Morgana was standing right there. Was that really the best choice of words?



[Quote to Topic](#)

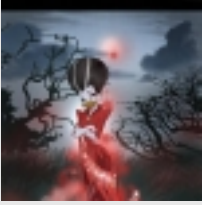


[Quote](#)

Fri, Dec 23 2011 02:56am EST
24

A grey cloud had formed above, and a bolt of lightning struck down at Negaduck.





[Morgana](#)

16 Posts

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"Who is stupid and gullible?" Morgana's tone was icy enough to freeze even Malicia solid. "I should hope you're speaking of some other woman foolish enough to date that fraudulent gentleduck. And since Malicia is, evidently, your duckubus, it mustn't be her you speak of, even if she does fall into both categories."

[Quote to Topic](#)



[Quote](#)

Sat, Dec 24 2011 10:41pm EST

25



[DW](#)

21 Posts

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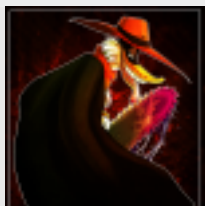
Darkwing with his feathers and clothes blackened, just laid there and let himself be picked up by the collar, in too much pain to move. He coughed up some smoke. "Did somebody order extra crispy?" He muttered dazedly to himself. He didn't even react much when Negaduck got struck by lightning other than to separate himself from his counterpart before he got electrocuted by association. But then, Morgana called him fraudulent... which not only struck a blow at his ego but also his heart. His eyes narrowed, and he seemed to burst free of the ash that covered him like an angry insect out of a cocoon. "Fraudulent? Excuuuuuuuuuse ME?" He wasn't about to take this lying down, no siree. He marched up to Morgana, thankful that she was sitting on the bed, so that he could meet her eye-to-eye.

"And just what makes YOU think you have the right to say that to ME? Hmm? Since when have I ever done anything fraudulent?" If he was being honest with himself, there were a few times he had lied or made things up, but hey... He's a parent. He can get away with it. "Since when have I ever been anything but kind and respectful to you when all logic... and Launchpad... tells me I should be treating you like the common criminal you are?! So, you think it'd be foolish to date me, hmm? You'd much rather date scum like Negaduck, hm?!" He made sure to glance over at Negaduck to make sure the mallard was still recovering from being electrocuted and not sneaking up on him with a mallet or something. "Well, maybe I wouldn't be foolish enough to date YOU, either. Why should I even want to date someone who'd rather be out committing crimes and doing who knows what else with my arch-nemesis than spending time with me? Why should I want to date someone who is probably only trying to manipulate my emotions so that she can get away with her crimes more easily?"

It probably wasn't Darkwing's smartest idea to aggravate the sorceress in such a manner, but damn it, he had to vent out his frustrations and hurt somehow.

Sun, Dec 25 2011 11:33pm EST

1



[Negaduck](#)

38 Posts

Charred but still standing, the first sound that escaped Negaduck was a strained wheeze.

As his fury rerouted into self-preservation, however, he sought to quickly distance himself from his uncontrolled outburst and make up some lost ground with Morgana.

"When I say 'mine' I mean... uh..."

On second thought, playing down his connection with Malicia wasn't the best strategy either, considering the demoness was also right there. But too late, he had talked himself into a corner. Poor game for such an experienced playa, although 30,000 amperes had blasted through his system, which was not exactly conducive to coherent thought.

Such a fitting demonstration of who the fraudulent one of the two really was, and with Negaduck, 'fraudulent' was putting it politely.



[Quote](#)

[to](#)

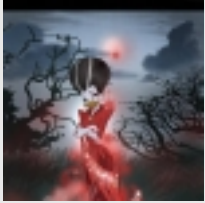
[Topic](#)



[Quote](#)

Fri, Dec 30 2011 04:38pm EST

2



[Morgana](#)
16 Posts

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-SMACK-

The sound of a scorned female hand hitting scornee's face.

Except it wasn't Negaduck who should have rightfully been on the end of Morgana's perfectly manicured wrath. It was Darkwing.

"You... you..." Morgana's hand curled itself into a fist. She was visibly shaking now, her eyes had glossed over slightly as though the sorceress were on the verge of crying.

Instead, she turned sharply and made for the exit. But not before stopping to turn and glare at the group.

"Darkwing Duck, I hope I never see you again!" She cried. And without another word she vanished in a puff of smoke and what sounded like... sobbing? It was hard to tell, Mal's warehouse WAS pretty old and creaky...


[Quote to Topic](#)

[Quote](#)

Fri, Dec 30 2011 04:41pm EST

3





[Malicia](#)
52 Posts

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"Wow." Malicia had been standing back, arms folded, watching the sweet drama unfold.

"You guys managed to screw that one up all by yourselves. You didn't even need my help." A wry grin.

"Now if you'll excuse me, I'll be downstairs counting my new diamond collection."


[Quote to Topic](#)

[Quote](#)

Fri, Dec 30 2011 05:25pm EST

4



[DW](#)
21 Posts



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Darkwing just stared with a somewhat dumb-founded look on his face when Morgana's hand smacked into his face. He could almost hear the smack echoing in his head, and he could certainly feel the sting the slap had left. He didn't even say much of anything when she left, although, there was a glimmer of a guilty expression on his face when he heard what sounded like Morgana crying before she completely vanished. He tried to justify it at first.

Well, this is HER fault. She's the one who said she didn't want to date me, first! Isn't she just getting what she wanted? Didn't I just make it easier for her? I'm better off without her, anyway! Always committing crimes and making things... difficult. Launchpad always said she would be trouble... he thought, glaring at nothing, in particular. But then, a pang in his heart told him that maybe he had made a terrible mistake. That had sounded like crying, hadn't it?

What if... maybe, she really does care about me? She wouldn't get so upset if my words... hadn't meant anything. Right? But if that's the case... what have I done? I can't just... His thoughts were interrupted when Malicia spoke up, and he remembered that he was still in the middle of a crime situation and in a room with not one but two villains. He couldn't allow his feelings to get to him right now. After all, Gosalyn would be expecting her father to come home safe and sound, and he wasn't going to disappoint her. He decided that he would have to try and find Morgana and have a talk with her after this was over. He quickly loaded up a canister of sleeping gas into one of his spare gas guns.

"About that..." And then, he just fired it at her without much warning. He wasn't sure whether the sleeping gas would affect her since she appeared to be quite different than an ordinary duck, but he figured it would at least surprise her enough that he could take on Negaduck without too much interference and, if he


[Quote to Topic](#)

[Quote](#)

Malicia turned when she heard the noise.

It was like watching a remake of 'Jack and The Beanstalk': The Big Boobed Duck Version. Malicia's eyes fluttered and she began to sway back and forth. And then, as if in slow motion, she fell backwards to the floor with a tremendous crash. The impact of her full weight shook the entire building, rattling the windows and making the floors creak. The very foundation below them seemed to sway uncertainly but miraculously the building remained intact.

[illegible]

On the other hand, he was too busy being surprised – and equal parts horrified – to realise Malicia knew him well enough to take no offence whatsoever at his attempt to 'declaim' her for his own manipulative purposes.

Or sent him crashing into an ornate dressing table.

Sprawled amongst the splinters, Negaduck soon turned his wrathful glare on the vigilante, and hurled an entire dresser draw at his face. Hopefully being hit square with the contents would distract his double, and if that happened, Darkwing would be encountering a solid Quack Fu kick in return.

The drawer collided with DW before he could even attempt to get out of its way. Its contents spilled all over him. He managed to get the drawer off of him, but upon finding pink panties hanging off his hat, one over his bill, several draped over his shoulders and on his feet, he froze. This was probably the closest he had ever been to women's underwear. He seemed hopelessly confused, lost, and ungentlemanly. What was a duck with principles supposed to do in this situation? Pick the underwear off of him? That seemed crude, even if it was cruder still to remain covered in panties.

covered in panties.

Sun, Jan 1 2012 07:01pm EST

8

[Negaduck](#)
38 Posts

Darkwing seemed to be enjoying that so much, Negaduck kindly offered him another drawer.

By winding up and swinging the flat wooden side into his face.

The force, in typical Negaduck style, was enough to send the mortified hero well across the room. If that wasn't enough to floor him, however, there was always the contents of this drawer.

Stacks of magazines. And not just any magazines. Er, ladies magazines. Designed for the sort of lady that would enjoy photographs of ridiculously muscular, barely dressed men.

The masked menace was saved an eyeful of this wonder, on the other hand, by the fact that he had immediately made a dash for the door. Not that he was scared of Darkwing, oh no. Just the guy could be exceedingly irritating, and he was all out of pest spray...

"Come on Mal, we've got to--"

Only then did the earthquake like snoring catch up to his ears.

Wince. He enjoyed torturous noise as much as the next twisted sadist, but this, this could cut through even him.

The fact that it would make escape all the more impossible was also not a bonus.

A glance at Darkwing's progress, and the crook knelt down, stuffing a couple of discarded panties against the side of his head as improvised earmuffs, and tried to rouse her.

"Hey hey hey **HEY.**" Knowing full well the difficulty of this task even when she wasn't drugged, Negaduck resorted to a few quick slaps across her face. "You can lounge around uselessly **after** we've got out of here. Wake **up** already!"

Another check on where the vigilante was at, increasingly feeling the time pressure. He couldn't hang around waiting for the gas to wear off forever.

And as for carrying her, well...

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Sun, Jan 1 2012 07:06pm EST

9

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Malicia let out a loud **SNRRRRRRRKL** and rolled over.

"Mmm... five more minutes..... bacon ice cream.....oh sweet heaven..."

This was indeed an obstacle.

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Sun, Jan 1 2012 07:19pm EST

10

Darkwing felt the force of the drawer hit him hard against the side of the face with a resounding thwack and effectively knocked him out as he was sent flying across





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the room. His flight only stopped when he hit the wall and slid down it covered in pink panties, and he had one of those aforementioned ladies' magazines draped open across his face. He was out for about five minutes or so during which time inexplicable stars circled his head. When he opened his eyes, he was greeted with a picture of a very muscular duck spread out in such a way that Darkwing saw way more than he ever wanted to see. Darkwing stared at this image with a face that tinged a pale, sickly green. He sat up and knocked the offending magazine off his face. He was still covered in pink panties, which was a dilemma. He stood carefully, his back stiff, and he seemed to be trying to make himself smaller as if he were hoping to shrink and make as little contact with the panties as possible. He came up with a solution to his problem after another couple of minutes.

He started to shake himself like a wet dog or possibly like someone who was trying to dance and clearly could not. The display of him shaking himself like that was almost as humiliating looking as being covered with the pink panties.

Sun, Jan 1 2012 08:23pm EST
11



[Negaduck](#)

38 Posts

"Arrgh!"

Snapping his own bill in frustration – avoiding getting any panties stuck on it, not that it would of bothered HIM – Negaduck cast one last glare at the superhero. He seemed to be humiliating himself nicely. Shame he didn't have time to video it.

Taking what opportunity he had, he drew in a breath, braced himself, and did something he was not known for – helping.

"Your bacon lovin' butt will owe me big time for this," murmured as he slid an arm under her legs and one under her back. Covering it up with his own selfish interests, as usual.

A grunt and he scooped the snoring beauty up. Boy was she a lot of woman – which he normally loved. But 'normally' normally involved her clawing at his shoulders and trying to rip his costume off with her teeth as he carried her. Floppy, noisy ragdoll Malicia was a whole other story.

Hefting her through the door and down the corridor, he managed not to take out too much of the plaster with her scalp... until he came to the stairs. Another obstacle. He couldn't see where he was going on flat ground, stairs would be near impossible.

Unless he placed her on her back, stood on her stomach, and held her arms back so her head was lifted up – hey presto! It was a Malicia Sled(tm)!

Lucky she was so out of it. That ride down the stairs was fun for him, but it was doubtful her body appreciated it as much.

Sun, Jan 1 2012 09:15pm EST
12



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The stairs seemed to have more of a dent in them than Malicia did. This was probably a good thing.

And miraculously, she remained unconscious the entire time except for the occasionally mumble or to lean over and unconsciously scratch her crotch.

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Eventually, he managed to shake himself free of Malicia's clean undergarments. The moment he did he set about running after Negaduck. He practically flew out of the bedroom and came to a screeching halt only when he realized that the warehouse was rather big, and he had no idea which direction Negaduck could have taken off in. At least, he didn't know which direction to go until he heard a racket that could only be described as "someone that must have been sledding down the stairs." He took off towards the stairs and saw Negaduck and a sleeping Malicia at the very bottom.

"There's no use running away, Negaduck! You might as well turn yourself in now!" He started to make his way down the stairs and inexplicably managed to fall through one of them and get stuck. Apparently, Negaduck's sledding with Malicia's body had done more damage to the stairs than anyone could have imagined.



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Frozen mid grabbing the villainness up by her armpits – he was going to drag her the short distance to the gargage, not that he totally couldn't carry her – the crook watched Darkwing give his declaration... and then snorted when it literally 'fell through'.

"Oh yeah sure, look how fast I'm 'surrendering'..." Eye roll.

That bought him some time at least. Time enough to get distracted by the big, glittering shinies shrewn across the living room.

Damn, the goods. He couldn't just leave him, could he? All that hard work... well, all that watching Morgana hard at work, but still. The sparkles, they were incredible.

Another glance at the trapped hero. From the looks of things, he would have enough time to gather up the magically manufactured diamonds and get out of there. Problem was that he couldn't possibly fit a sack of diamonds while also balancing a sack of Malicia.

Glance at the gems.

Glance at the crime figher.

Glance again at the gems.

Tough call.

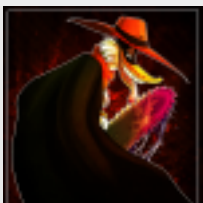
Surely Malicia would understand his dilemma, right? In fact, she would understand so much that she would want him to grab the loot. She would be fine in prison, happy in the selfless knowledge he was off somewhere much less sucky and having a blast.



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((He couldn't just leave THEM, I mean XD))



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And as perfect timing would have it, Malicia stirred and awoke moments after



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Negaduck had slammed the door behind him.

"Hunh...?" She sat up slowly, rubbing her eyes.

Then she blinked and looked around. And immediately her expression darkened.

"WHERE THE HELL ARE MY DIAMONDS?!"

.....No concern about Negaduck's whereabouts, or the fact he left her behind. Evidently, Mal had the exact same priorities as her crazed lover.


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Fri, Jan 6 2012 07:24pm EST
17



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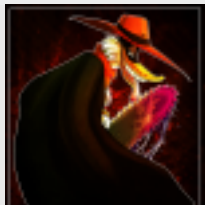
Unfortunately, Darkwing had managed to pull himself out of the stairs and left right after Negaduck, intent on chasing the masked mallard down and getting the diamonds back. In his mind, he thought that Malicia was still asleep back at the warehouse, and that it would be perfectly fine to leave her behind because he could always call the authorities to deal with her after he got the diamonds and Negaduck back.

It didn't take him too long to catch up to Negaduck once he got back onto his Ratcatcher and took off.


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Sat, Jan 7 2012 04:11am EST
18



[Negaduck](#)
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Would have been that much to ask for Malicia to have stomped on him or something?

Not that Negaduck knew she had come out of it, but it wasn't as though it was unforeseeable for the less than dainty giantess to crush things in her sleep.

"When are you going to realise I've **WON** this?!" shouted over his shoulder and over the noise of the engines. "After I post a video of what your ladylove and I got up to on VillainBook, or after I put your empty skull through four layers of cement?"

As if to demonstrate his capability in that regards – er, for the latter, anyway – he suddenly screeched the TroubleMaker through a 90 degree left turn. At the speed they were going, it was impossibly tight, but taking it wide would lead to.. well, four layers of cement.


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Sat, Jan 7 2012 05:06am EST
19



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Darkwing growled when Negaduck mentioned Morgana, causing his anger to get the best of him. Not the best thing to do when in a high-speed chase with a maniac. He wasn't able to make his turn nearly sharp enough to avoid running into the wall. Luckily, there was a ramp leading up to a construction site. Darkwing got his head back in the game in order to navigate such a treacherous driving area and sent his bike flying onto another building. He could tell that he had gotten ahead of Negaduck and parked his bike. He quickly made his way to the edge of the building and narrowed his eyes.

"Let's get dangerous." He timed his jump, then leapt off the building. Of course, Darkwing being Darkwing, he didn't manage to time his jump very well and almost ended up on the asphalt street below. Almost. At the last possible moment he managed to grab onto the end of the Troublemaker. His feet momentarily touched the street, causing them to burn up a little before he was able to hop on and situate himself on the motorcycle. He started wrestling with his counterpart for control of


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the vehicle.

"Give up, Negaduck. You know you can't win. I'm the good guy, and in the end, good ALWAYS triumphs."

Sat, Jan 7 2012 07:09am EST
20




Negaduck
38 Posts

"GAARH!" Part rage, part struggle, the enraged fugitive fought off Darkwing as best he could while maintaining control of the speeding motorcycle.

"The only thing you win is the World's Biggest Imbecile award!" Really, was he trying to kill them both? And Negaduck wasn't wearing his helmet either! "Get... off..."

Finally, he managed to elbow the hero back long enough to grab the steering with both hands again. Immediately, he swung the bike in a hard curve. With any luck, it would throw the monkey on his back off.. and with even better luck, said monkey would meet the concrete he was long overdue for.

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Sat, Jan 7 2012 07:39am EST
21



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Darkwing was still wearing his helmet, so he felt pretty confident that, should they crash, he would be perfectly fine. He was just that over-confident. He continued struggling with Negaduck until the other masked mallard elbowed him, which took the breath out of him. Then, the sharp turn came and Darkwing desperately tried to find something to hold onto so he wouldn't go diving into the street. Unfortunately (or fortunately in some ways), he managed to grab the sack of diamonds which spilled everywhere while he tumbled down the asphalt with a rapidly emptying sack. Darkwing looked dazed, as well as being bruised and scraped in every place imaginable. "Hoo boy, NOT my best move..."

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Sat, Jan 7 2012 08:13am EST
22



Negaduck
38 Posts

Negaduck watched the tumble as he drove on, sneering at his counterpart's defeat.

Until he saw the loot tumbling along as well. Boy did that swipe the gloating grin off his face fast.

"Aww, **NO--!!**" Before he could utter another word of protest, however, he happened to actually check where the bike was headed. And did a double take.

Straight through the front window of a florist.

-----SMMMMAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASSSSHHHH-----

Glass flew. Highly polished pieces of metal lodged themselves well up into the cashier's desk. And one villain was left with a mouthful of stunningly bright gerberas and a massive headache.



Holding his miraculously intact skull, Negaduck all but fell off what remained of his seat, and took a few woozy steps in a random stumbling pattern. Snapping out of it quickly though, he spat out the flowers – although one or two may have remained in his hat – and took in the scene in dismay.

Diamonds sprinkled down the street.

Motorcycle mangled.

And, oh, a couple of broken ribs and other supposedly vital organs.

A panicked glance outside to check on the progress of the annoyingly persistent

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crime fighter, and Negaduck decided to cut his losses. Taking off on foot, he broke into the outdoor area of the store, leapt over a fence, and disappeared into the night.

No, that hadn't been his best move either.

Wed, Jan 11 2012 07:48am EST
23



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Darkwing got up slowly, stumbling a bit. "Ooooooooooh... this is REALLY going to hurt in the morning." It already really hurt now. At least, nothing seemed like it was broken. The mallard seemed to have a naturally sturdy body. He had no idea where Negaduck was. Closer inspection of the florist shop showed that Negaduck had clearly crashed, but where the other masked mallard could've gotten off to was a mystery. A mystery that he didn't feel like solving at the moment. It was almost getting to be the wee hours of the morning. He was tired. His heart was still feeling like it had been smashed into a million pieces, and a guilty conscience was nagging him about Morgana. He gathered up the diamonds in the street, alerted the proper authorities about them, and even though he had a feeling he was forgetting something, he got back on top of a building and drove his motorcycle down. He went back to his hideout, then used his spinning chairs to head back home where he promptly crashed on the couch.