

[Blind Date](#)

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At least it wasn't a bright and sunny day. The last thing Kachka needed was the carefree laughter of children around her.

The first thing Kachka needed was an assault rifle, but people usually objected to those being carried around in public parks. So she settled for the second thing she needed, which was a cigarette.

Here was hoping that sleazy nuisance would indeed be punctual...

Comments

27 Comments



by [NegaDarryl](#) 4 years ago

The sleazy nuisance was indeed perfectly punctual, stepping around from right behind her and smiling in a most friendly manner. Unfortunately, the darker expression wasn't much alleviated by the smile, and turned Darryl's normally indeed firmedly smile into something more suitable to the scene in a horror movie just before the scream and the blackout.

"Glad to see you could make it," he said, holding out his hand. "I appreciate any chance I get to get out. The little woman's been a little unmanegable."

Unmanagable as in intentionally trying to kill him more than usual.



by [Kachka](#) 4 years ago

"Yes. Poor you," Kachka said in an acidic tone, ignoring the outstretched hand. She wasn't squeamish by any means, but unless there was an emergency, certain things she wouldn't touch without rubber gloves.

"So do you want to whine about your domestic life while I do some sympathetic nodding? There are people you could pay for that, as I'm sure you know."



by [NegaDarryl](#) 4 years ago

"I don't like paying for things," NegaDarryl grinned as he took his hand back. "Undermines the whole purpose of getting what you want. I was just trying to be sociable, but there you are. People skills don't seem to be your strong suit. What is, then, if it's okay to ask. And even if it isn't."

Clearly he didn't really care if it wasn't.



by [Kachka](#) 4 years ago

"Another thing that isn't my strong suit would be patience," she replied dryly. "I thought there would be no pointless banter, eye-to-eye."

One corner of her bill rose as she gave the drake an utterly humorless half-smile. "And with a bit of luck my strong suits won't be needed here. You say you like to do things polite and civilized, after all."

Not that her tone indicated too much trust in what the fellow said.



by [NegaDarryl](#) 4 years ago

"Did I really say that?" he laughed. If he had, he either didn't recall or didn't particularly care. "And yes, I did promise that, didn't I? I can't help myself. I really do enjoy bantering with you, much more when we're face to face."

Eye to eyes, as it were.

"As I said, you're too interesting to me to ignore you. Just talking to you's like some sort of private battle. I love it."



by [Kachka](#) 4 years ago

"How happy I am, to be entertaining for you," the one-eyed duck snapped. "Maybe I should dance a little, too."

The most frustrating part was that for the moment it would be better if she remained entertaining. At least until she had figured out a way to keep him away from her life for

good.

"Ooh, I know," she said in a tone that belied the playfulness of that phrase. "You can tell me how pretty my eyes are."



by [NegaDarryl](#) 4 years ago

"Eye," he corrected, being an honest man, and utterly enjoying her hostility. "But your eyepatch is pretty attractive to. My wife has one a lot like it."

Tilting his head a bit, he grinned his favourite serial-killer grin. "Are you getting frustrated? I didn't think you were the type. Come on, fight back a little harder. Trying to put me off won't work. I don't think I'm going to be leaving you alone any time soon."

Not today, but generally. He didn't like dropping things.



by [Kachka](#) 4 years ago

"My very own stalker. Oh joy," she said with a roll of the allegedly pretty eye, woefully unimpressed by his predatory smirk. She'd seen worse.

"And I hate to tell you this, if you want me to fight back against anything you will have to do something first. Right now all you do is giving me passive aggressive droning."



by [NegaDarryl](#) 4 years ago

He gave a wounded gasp. "Droning? Is that what you think of me?" Sigh. "I did hope we could continue the sniping a little longer, but... I can't say no to such a polite request."

There was a knife in his hands, rather small, but very pertinently there because of how comfortably he was holding it. He'd clearly had a lot of practice with it. Luckily Kachka knew hoe to take care of herself. "I prefer screaming to speaking. Do you want to make the first move?"



by [Kachka](#) 4 years ago

"How unsurprising." Spoken flatly, and not entirely in keeping with the idea of a damsel faced with a drake who was wielding a knife as well as that predatory smile.

"You know what?" A knife appeared in her own hand, hooked and viciously sharp, made to cut carpets or linoleum. "You start. Let's see if you have the balls."



by [NegaDarryl](#) 4 years ago

NegaDarryl just smiled and shook his head, apparently amused with her now. "I'll start small," he offered, stepping up close surprisingly quickly and placing a cut near the side of her neck before going back to his original position, not worrying by her visiously sharp knife at all. In fact... he seemed to be worrying fascinated by it...



by [Kachka](#) 4 years ago

Never having learned the high art of dodging and blocking, Kachka didn't even bother to try. Instead of trying to evade his attack she charged right into his move, taking the cut on her shoulder with a hiss and slashed at the drake's chest in turn.

Let's see if the knife was still so fascinating, up close...



by [NegaDarryl](#) 4 years ago

Darryl turned sideways quickly enough that he could have avoided the slash entirely, but instead opted for turning just enough so that the knife dug into him in a less life-threatening manner, hissing a little, but still smiling genially.

"Good quality, I have to say. You have to tell me where you buy your knives. I can feel the point of the hook digging in beautifully."

That... that should not be said in an approving manner...



by [Kachka](#) 4 years ago

While Kachka was a rather old-fashioned duck in these things, and really preferred some nice swearing and grunting to happily delivered compliments she made herself smile

right back. Or at least she pulled the corners of her beak upwards and bared her teeth.

"Make me," she spat as she gave the knife a twist before ripping it out again to go for a second slash.



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by [NegaDarryl](#) 4 years ago

And that gasp as the knife ripped out of him should have been more painful as opposed to... um...

Let's not think about how much he was enjoying this.

By way of reply, he used the momentum of his dodging the second slash to get closer and aim for her jugular this time. Of course he thought too highly of her to expect it would hit, but wherever she managed to divert it to, at least the nasty little serrations on his knife would get some more blood on them.



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by [Kachka](#) 4 years ago

The source of that blood opened up on the duck's left arm as she used it to block his attack. Unfortunately that move was more suited for unarmed combat, but a sliced arm was still preferable to a sliced jugular.

Suppressing a groan at the pain in her arm she grabbed his wrist with her free hand - she wouldn't be able to hold on to it for too long, but long enough to expose his right side to another slice.

Blood for blood...



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by [NegaDarryl](#) 4 years ago

Taking the cut, he moved further in, rather her own fault for grabbing his wrist and making him do so, and playfully chucked her chin up like an affectionate uncle before cutting near the side of her neck at last, making sure to stay away from any dangerous arteries. It would be no fun at all if she died, after all.

"You'll get tired," he promised. "You'll make a mistake. And then I'll cut your pretty skin to my heart's content."

Oh My Lord in Heaven what was wrong with this man.



by [Kachka](#) 4 years ago

"You'll get tired," she shot back and grabbed his shirt to pull him closer to her - or was she pulling herself closer to him? Impossible to tell.

"You'll make a mistake." Pressed against him, in the obscene parody of a loving embrace, she ran the blade diagonally over his back and the slammed her forehead into his beak to get away from him again.

"And then you'll die."



by [NegaDarryl](#) 4 years ago

Unfortunately, beak slamming did nothing to loosen the grip he had on her now that she'd pulled herself far too close.

"Mistake number one. I wonder how many more there'll be before you give in," he commented, pushing the knife slowly into her shoulder and pulling in down her arm just as carefully. "Come on. Fight me some more. I'll be disappointed if this is your only and last mistake."



by [Kachka](#) 4 years ago

Grinding her teeth together to keep herself from crying out in pain she squirmed in his grip and once more took the knife to his back, this time burying it in the soft flesh just below the ribcage.

"You think you frighten me?" she growled, her good eye filled with fury as she twisted the knife. "I've spat on people more terrifying than you!"



by [NegaDarryl](#) 4 years ago

"I'm not trying to frighten you," he said honestly, though rather strained as the pain increased, not that he wasn't enjoying it awfully. "I'm just here to enjoy myself."

He didn't seem likely to let go just yet, tightening his grip painfully. "You'll have to hurt me more than that. Let me demonstrate."

There was a good spot. This was going to hurt like the blazes.



by [Kachka](#) 4 years ago

This time there was no getting around it - Kachka shrieked in pain as her world became a cloud of agony. The only coherent thought was the one running round and round in her head like a prayer.

Don't let go of that knife!

The knife in question remained buried in the drake's side and shuddered as the duck in his arms squirmed to instinctively try and get away from the pain.



by [NegaDarryl](#) 4 years ago

The drake gave a happy little sigh at the sound, his sick grin all the happier as he pushed the knife in deeper.

"Now where to drag it," he said contemplatively, not really expecting her to answer. "Maybe this way?" He tried it, but no, not what he was looking for. "The other way, then. Isn't this fun?"



by [Kachka](#) 4 years ago

The duck's scream died down - not because the pain passed but simply because there was no air left in her lungs. With a chill she realized that there was only one way out of this deadly embrace - and allowed her legs to give out under her.

As she slumped the knife that was buried in that sensitive spot where the shoulders joined the throat was drawn upwards, leaving an ugly cut on the back of her neck. In return the hooked blade in his side was pulled downwards by her weight - she could have sworn she felt it scrape over his hip bone before it was ripped out of his flesh.

Only too aware of how helpless she was, lying at his feet, she ran the knife over his left hamstring with all the strength she had left - not much, sadly - and half-scrambled, half rolled away, out of his reach.



• by [NegaDarryl](#) 4 years ago

There. A mistake for a mistake. She'd made hers by getting too close, and he'd made his by losing himself in the enjoyment too much to move away in time. His leg folding up under him, he tumbled to the ground, gritting his teeth against the pain of both that the massive gash in his side, but laughing still. He wasn't likely to do much scrambling after her, but that didn't seem to upset him.

"Are you leaving so soon? Come back. Don't you want to cut me again?"

Because the closer you are to cutting me, the closer I am to doing the same to you.



• by [Kachka](#) 4 years ago

"What I really want to do," she growled in a low voice, "is bash your face against a wall until it's nothing but a broken ruin of bone and blood and feathers."

Unfortunately she wasn't in a state to do so - especially since their scramble had made more noise than she would have liked. Empty as it was with the gloomy weather, the park was still a public place where pain-filled screams tended to attract the attention of St Canard's finest. With a leer that was little more than a pained grimace she scrambled back to her feet and let out another gut-wrenching scream, to help the boys in blue find the perpetrator.

"Have fun with them," she panted and turned to hurry away as concerned voices were coming closer. "And give my best to your wife."



• by [NegaDarryl](#) 4 years ago

"I probably shouldn't. She'd be terribly jealous to know I was having so much fun with someone else," he said calmly, if audibly in massive pain as well, as he pulled something out of his pocket. "Let's have a rematch sometime, lovely."

The police wouldn't even have taken five steps after the scream before he flipped the switch, and the device seemed to turn the grass under him into a sinkhole.

And suddenly it was like he had never been there at all...