

[Double, double, toil and trouble.](#)

Published by: [Darryl](#) on 21st Aug 2013 | View all blogs by [Darryl](#)

(OOC: Well looky here I finally remembered to make this blog. XD; Reserved currently for Darryl, Malicia, and possibly that lovely fellow who tries to murder Darryl all the time, if he happens to drop in.)

It was, on the whole, not the oddest day, as days in St. Canard went. And it wasn't the first time Darryl had followed one of his dimensional double through the city. It wasn't even the first time he'd done it with Mal aiding the search. It was, possibly, the first time he'd had to *really* ask her to help, in case she said no.

She wasn't going to let this go any time soon, was she? She was very strange about favours. Mostly because she felt like she was doing favours for everyone all the time.

What made this particular day unusual, however, was that nobody had tried to kill him yet. That was, all in all, very optimistic.

"Mal, where would you go, if you were... her? You. That you. I mean if you were sight-seeing, where would you end up?"

Comments

44 Comments



by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

"Hmm?" She mumbled distractedly, her attention on a large store window which boasted a rather colourful shoe display (ooh... baby sealskin leather...)

"Well that all depends." She murmured thoughtfully. "On whether or not she's still into the business of illegal trade. I never did get a chance to ask them about that part. I would have thought it might get in the way of their relationship but, then again..." She looked Darryl up and down.

"Perhaps you wouldn't mind playing with a bad girl, hmm?"



by [Darryl](#) 1 year ago

A hot flush raced up Darryl's face out of habit, but he paused to give it some thought instead of telling her to stop being ridiculous.

"Well... no...", he said slowly, considering. "Don't think it would cause much more trouble than what I do anyway." And to a Darryl mind it wouldn't have been a problem, that much he knew. His morality had always been a little elastic when it came to science, he was just blessed with moral people around him that kept that in check. Although counting Frankie as a moral force was a bit much, considering her morality AND her sanity was fairly elastic when she was excited enough.

He scratched the back of his neck with a slightly sheepish smile. There was just something about women around heavy machinery and/or heavy armaments...

"And not if she let me take some toys home."

Well there you are, Mal. All you had to do all this time was have something dangerous or needlessly complicated with you and he'd probably have followed you home.



by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

She quirked a brow.

"I didn't realize you were the kind of guy who likes to supplement with toys."

Evidently, Darryl had to be a liiiittle more specific.

"I sometimes wonder if Negaduck gets some of his 'toys' made through Quackerjack. They certainly have the bite". Literally. Those wind-up teeth were something truly terrifying in the wrong hands.

"In any case." She continued on conversationally. "If I can maintain some semblance of congeniality with Lilly, then surely there is no reason why the same could not be said for you. I certainly *hope* so anyway. Because I would question my sanity if I EVER abandoned my lifestyle over something as foolish as a relationship."

"No offense." She added with a shrug.



by [Darryl](#) 1 year ago

"What? No, come on. I mean the machines. And the weapons." And, I suppose, if NegaDarryl was to be believed, restraints. But believing NegaDarryl was the start of a dark and creepy rabbit-hole he'd rather not think about.

He'd ask why everything was always sex with her, but he suspected her knew the answer. Shaking his head, he cast about for another part of the conversation to latch onto.

"I couldn't imagine abandoning my lifestyle for a relationship either. That was a large part of the problem with my first girl, heh. Oh, you've got a semblance of congeniality still going on? Not what I heard."

Oh Darryl, really? When you need her to help and everything? Why not just stick to happier topics, like how much you suck at healthy relationships that don't require workbenches.



by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

"There's nothing more pathetic than a woman who abandons her career to appease the morality of her pathetic love interest." *Cough.* Morgana.

"Anyway, why don't we start by looking for you? What sort of nerd-magnet hangouts do you enjoy? The comic book shop? The museum of science and technology? The roller rink?"

Evidently, Malicia had a very interesting definition of 'nerdy'.



by [Darryl](#) 1 year ago

His mouth moved slowly to form the words 'roller rink' in some disbelief before snapping out of it and shaking his head.

"Nah, not the museum. Won't even let me TOUCH anything. If I was in a new place... or any place... about this time..."

A lightbulb flicked on in the recesses of his mind and he snapped his fingers. "I'd go get something to eat and a strong drink! There's this great place that does the best stuff, and the guy at the counter used to be a bar-man, he knows what he's doing. Haven't been thrown out of there yet."

There were some things that didn't change across universes.



by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

"...Drinks? *Really?*" Taken aback by this realization that she really didn't know Darryl that well at all.

But who could pass up any reason for a good, strong drink?

"Alright, we'll start there first." She nodded in agreement. "It's been a whole 4 hours since I've had something anyway. I'm starting to get the shakes."



by [Darryl](#) 1 year ago

For once Darryl had no smart remarks, and only nodded in sympathetic understanding. Four hours without food was a horrifying prospect kept only at bay by the fact that Lilly and Frankie were compulsive feeders. He felt a small pang at the thought that Maliaic probably couldn't even boil water, at least not on purpose.

She seemed like the time, but who could tell?

"So," he said by way of conversation as he led the way. "Do you know how to cook? At all?"



by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

She seemed taken aback by his question.

"Of *course* I know how to cook! In fact, I have an entire recipe book of fantastic meals that would blow your mind."

Possibly literally. Because she was rather oblivious to the fact her cooking had been the cause of at least one mass blight of food poisoning.

"My cousin and I used to cook together all the time, in fact. We'd cook lavish meals for all the family events."



by [Darryl](#) 1 year ago

"Really? How many survived?" he asked in what sounded like entirely genuine fascination. Maybe it was. And she had a cousin? He had always assumed, as he did with most people, that Malicia had existed in a sort of vacuum as far as family went. He really didn't know her at all, did he? Interesting.

"I suppose it's all of your... non-Normal food though, right? Oh look, that's where we're headed."



• by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

"Well, technically some of them were already dead beforehand so it doesn't mat-- just what are you implying?!" She huffed indignantly.

"I cook both Normal and non-Normal cuisine. It's pretty easy to do when you can barbecue anything with your hands. Plus I can do it *faster*."



• by [Darryl](#) 1 year ago

"Yeeeeees," he said slowly, not entirely convinced. "But the TRICK it to be able to stop the barbecueing."

You know, before it burns to a crisp.

"Well other-Darryl's perfectly upright, so he only eats out or you really can cook," he grinned, pushing open the door and waving to the barman, who nodded and started setting up a plate and pint-glass before pausing. "Either way, he's alive, which can only be good for me."

"... Finnegan?"

"Yes Seamus?"

"... why are you here, when you're already at that table?"

"Ah."



• by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

"Well there's one other-universe double located." Said Mal. "Should we capture him in a net and drag him back, kicking and screaming?"

Until the sparkly, shiny cocktails caught her eye. And just like that, Mal was heading in the direction opposite of Other-Darryl.

Well... maybe just a *few* drinks first.



by [Darryl](#) 1 year ago

"I'll just tie a steak to a bit of string and he'll follow us," said Darryl entirely seriously, especially since this was him they were talking about. "Maybe we just- HEY. MAL."

"Eh?" OtherDarryl looked up and grinned. "Oh hi. Mal's looking for shoes. I think. Probably."

"No, I'm talking to my Mal. I mean my universe's Mal. We came to get you and she's just wandered off to have a drink..."

"That's a great idea, what about a beer?"

"This isn't the time."

"You don't think you can take me?"

That was what did it. Narrowing his eyes, Darryl followed his double to the bar. "You aren't going to out-drink me. Even if you ARE me."



by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

And so, as the night wore on, the waiter kept bringing over the drinks. While the two Darryls faced off, Mal consumed her regular ridiculously high quantity of sweetened spirits.

Meanwhile, OtherMal was poking around the slaughterhouse -- the current refuge of Negs and Mal.

"Where is my warehouse?!" Utterly horrified, she circled the building.

"I thought it would still be here in this universe... what reason could there be for its non-existence?"



by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

As it happened, that reason was thundering down an alleyway to stop beside her.

"Where in Hades have you been?!"

There on the Troublemaker sat Negaduck, the beast of a garish machine rumbling angrily under him like a thousand unfed Malicia stomachs. Making no move to switch it off, he was obviously preoccupied with other matters, given he was bypassing an opportunity to scold her once again for not delving into her mountainous cleavage to answer her cell phone.

"Get on. I have a little job downtown that could do with a demon's touch."



by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

Blank stare.

"Darkwing...?" She furrowed her brow. "An interesting colour palette you've chosen. But what makes you think I would do a job for YOU?"

Evidently, this answered the question of whether OtherMal was still playing the villain game.



by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

"**Darkwing'?!'**" Initial outrage shifted quickly into eye rolling as the devious drake 'cottoned on' to her little scheme. "Oh, you think you're funny, do you?"

Without even getting off the bike, he reached down to carelessly scoop up a stray dog that had been sniffing around the factory, strapped a bomb to it, and fling it by the ears over the horizon, where it disappeared with a yelp. Followed shortly by a distant 'poof' of an explosion.

"How's that for 'Darkwing'?"

Content he had made short work of what was likely a fickle female-minded attempt to rile him up, he gunned the throttle. "Come on, we don't have time for this."

In a screech of rubber, the Troublemaker was swung 180 degrees... and then driven straight into her. If fate dared to repeat itself, she would end up on the back, like OriginalMal had all those years ago. If not, he didn't really care, as long as she was being dragged along somehow. Wherever she had landed, she would need to hold on, for they were about to go very fast through some very windy side streets.

Here's hoping OtherMal dealt better with motion sickness than she did with heights.



by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

"Are you crazy?!" She screeched as the bike collided, sending her through the air where she spun and landed in the seat behind Negaduck -- facing backwards.

Dazed and confused, she had little time to react when the bike sped off and she clung to the sides for dear life.

"Who the hell are you?!"



by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

The question wasn't heard over the roar of the engine or the screeches of startled citizens as they threw themselves out of the way, but it would be answered soon enough.

For it wasn't long after they careened through traffic in the main streets did they attract quite a police following.

"Negaduck and Malicia Macawber!" bellowed an officer from the lead squad car as others fell into all sirens blazing pursuit. *"Pull over and surrender immediately or we will be forced to open fire!"*

Unfazed, the masked maniac quipped merrily, "Time to give these knobs the slip..."

A flick of a switch later and thick black goop spilled out of the back of the bike. The cops in chase had no option but to drive straight through it and lose control spectacularly, partly because they were going too fast to avoid it, and partly because of the dramatic car chase clause built into their contracts.

Negaduck barely glanced back. Writing off a bunch of police and causing a massive environmental catastrophe in the central city *was* satisfying, but it was nothing compared to where they were headed.



• by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

"Negaduck?! You're... wow." *Really*, Mal? You picked THIS guy?

Truth be told, OtherMal couldn't deny she felt a slight pull toward this masked menace. He was certainly handsome, despite his short stature. His deep, gravelly voice sent a forbidden chill down her spine.

But Darryl had gotten to her first, and the demonness was cemented enough in her relationship with the mad genius. Negs wouldn't win this round.

OtherMal resided herself to going along with the whole ordeal -- she came to this universe to explore, after all. And she DID enjoy a good police chase.

"Where are we heading?" She called over the roar of the motorcycle and the orchestra of ambulances that were speeding in the opposite direction to deal with the catastrophe left behind Negaduck's trail.



• by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

That he heard.

"St Canard General Hospital," came the reply, as they snaked back through the alleyways, covering their tracks.

"Looks like they're expecting us." From a rooftop across the street, Negaduck took in the heavy police presence around the hospital through a pair of binoculars. "As they should have. They're protecting a snitch."

Over his shoulder, he treated Malicia to an actual explanation. "Remember O'Bleary? Huge guy, eyes like billiard balls, seemed like a complete buffoon? Turns out he was an undercover operative."

Scowling, binoculars raised again. "I don't know what he has but I'm not going to wait around to find out. The place is crawling with agents though; they've locked it down

tight."

Not worth barrelling in there in any stretch of the imagination. Even if he would make a mighty fine lookin' nurse.

His mood lifted into self-satisfied slyness as it always did when revealing a Cunning Plan (tm). "Fortunately, I've already arranged for that wing to experience a sudden leak of ethylene oxide, commonly used as a medical disinfectant." Grin widening into something quite cruel. "The stuff is pretty damn toxic though, so we don't have long before they start cottoning on."

Catching her by the waist, he directed the demoness's line of sight to a northerly corner. "All you have got to do is lob a fireball through that third storey window, and we're golden."

It was quite a distance, not something easily achieved with an ordinary weapon... but Malicia was no ordinary weapon.

His gaze was so locked on target, however, the fiend did not notice for a moment that she was not, in fact, ordinary Malicia.

"The children's trauma ward should be toasty golden too." Malicious chuckle. "Just a nice little bonus."



by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

"Oh, I know O'Bleary." Eyes narrowed. Some things were a constant in the other universe, and that sleeze was one of them.

She hesitated momentarily however. "Children's ward... hm."

Turning to Negaduck she frowned. "Look, I made a deal with my boyfriend when we hooked up that I'd reduce my death count on innocents, particularly children. I'll take out O'Bleary no problem, but the rest are a no-go."



by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

This, predictably, snapped him out of his wicked reverie.

"Boyfriend? Innocents?" Hard to know which to be more outraged about. "What are you talking about?"

A moment of confused processing of the most rational explanation, and he ran a suspicious look over 'his' partner.

"You been huffing shoe polish again? You know when the chaise longue starts talking to you, it's time to stop."



by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

"The chaise longue *does* talk! It was imported from a cursed castle in France!" She insisted.

"My boyfriend, Darryl." She continued conversationally. "He's never had much problem with my villainous lifestyle but he's not really a bad guy either. It's complicated."

Really can't blame her for being so open. She had no idea who she was contending with.



by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

The reaction was similar to when she had first mentioned Darkwing Duck. A flash of monumental rage.. which was then controlled as he twigged.

Irritated eye roll. "You still trying to get me fired up over that dorktacular dweeb?" Didn't she get they were on a tight timeline? But if she needed convincing, he could get that done, in the fastest way possible..

By catching her hand and dropping her into a very low, and *veryintimate* dip.

"How about you drop the game and light it up like I know you want to..." rumbled wantonly by her ear as his hands reacquainted themselves with her curves. "... and I've give you a reminder as to why you are with a really bad, bad guy..."

Full charm offensive *and* the promise of wanton destruction. Couldn't fail.



by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

Instinctively her body heated up a couple hundred degrees. Within seconds, Negaduck's hands would be searing with red hot pain, burnt and blistering.

"Let's get one thing clear." She prodded in his direction.

"I am NOT the Malicia from your universe. I am from a similar, parallel universe. Where I come from, you do not exist. I have never met you before. There is only a 'Darkwing Duck' who continues to be an infinite thorn in my side." Shifting her weight to one side, she placed a hand on her hip.

"Now, maybe the Malicia in this universe is able to light her torch with your... wanton charisma." Ouch. "But in *my* world I'm in a committed relationship with Darryl Finnegan. And well... yes, I suppose he is dorky. But I rather like that about him. There's something... charming, about his personality."

And then it only became worse. Because as she spoke of Darryl, the light dreamy gaze and red flush in her cheeks made it perfectly clear: Malicia Macawber was not only with Darryl, she was *in love* with him.

It was an expression that Negaduck would never see on his own Malicia.

Not when he was looking, anyway.



• by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

Oh, *burn*.

Literally. There was some yelping and some frantic cooling of fingers.

Once they were down to less than nuclear temperature, Negaduck stared up at her, frazzled.

Parallel universe doppelgangers? Nothing new to him. But that look...

"You're kidding me," he barely managed to choke out. "But you're a smokin' hot Demon Queen! He's a eccentric loser! Plus he's a sub..."

Caught up in his own bewilderment about how that could ever work, it took him a second to realise how that sounded. "Do not-" Holding up a scorched finger. "-ask me how I know that."

The fact that this universe's Darryl's girlfriend had come to him long ago for help on a particularly touchy subject was too complicated to go into. Particularly when there was still a hospital that needed torching ASAP.



by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

"Mmm, he has quite the *large* appreciation for my claws." A mischievous smile.

"And he can do this *amazing* thing with his tongue. Not to mention his height is just perfect for certain positions."

Was it getting hot outside or was it just her?

"And the queening. *So* much queening." She let out a whimper of happiness. "You have no idea."



by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

To say Negaduck spluttered in revulsion would be an understatement.

"Oh come on! That isn't right!" Taking one of her hands in his - miraculously recovered - own. "We're meant to be together! Your unmitigated beauty and my unmitigated evil. Think of the conquests, the spoils, the destruction!"

Not that he would ever say as much to *his* Malicia. But the prospect of losing out to Finnegan of all drakes had sent him into a bit of a panic. Time to pull out all the stops.

"You just don't know what you're missing." Much lower, adding suggestively, "I'd be happy to fix that..."

Starting with the destruction of the hospital. Come on, woman!



by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

"I think your Malicia is the one missing out." She dismissed him airily. "I can see now what she meant when she said you were more trouble than you were worth."

Really. She went there.

"Speaking of which, I really should go find her, and my Darryl. This universe is starting to bore me."



by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

"With your taste in men, you should be used to that!" he roared back, insulted and indignant.

Once she left, however, he fell back against the railing. It was like his brain.. broke. Darryl? Chosen over him? How was that even possible?

The woman was insane, clearly. There was no way she could overlook his deadly brilliance - not to mention their obvious chemistry - and still be right in the head. What female could resist a supervillain who not only was capable of handling an Ultra Violent Death Ray but also looking damn good while doing it? Yet.. the way she looked when she spoke about him...

... 'certain positions'?

Twitch.

It was long after she was gone when he snapped out of it. Just in time, for the authorities had caught on to what was happening behind him, and the sirens were blazing. What a disappointing end to a nefarious plan. No matter, he would make up for it soon.

There would be pain. So much pain.



by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

Back at yee olde pub, the bartender was looking quite panicked. Between the two Darryls and Malicia, the entire place was going to run dry if the threesome kept this up.

And there was nothing quite as chaotic as a bar without booze, full of many many thirsty patrons.

Mal slammed down her empty glass and let out a boisterous laugh. "Oh, you are both too much! I never thought your scrawny body could hold this much liquor. Consider me impressed!"

"Hey! Are you implying that our high tolerance is due to having a body on the opposite scale of scrawny?" OtherMal was standing in the doorway, having just entered.

"Oh, you know what I mean!" Mal swung her empty glass in her dimensional counterpart's direction.

Soon thereafter OtherMal pulled up a seat at the table to join in on the festivities. By

which point the patrons were rubbing their eyes and wondering if it was the alcohol or a need for glasses that was causing them to see double.



by [Darryl](#) 1 year ago

"We're Irish."

"And Finnengans!"

"You're competing with generations of seasoned drinking, woman," OtherDarryl grinned at Mal, before nudging his own girlfriend. "You still have it easy, it's just us. My Mal's been out with all four of my brothers and me. Even tried to out-drink Mam once!"

Darryl looked surprised. "Nobody's ever out-drunk Mam."

"And nobody did. Mam was pretty impressed all the same, wasn't sheMal?"



by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

"That woman is not of this world." OtherMal nodded sagely. "She sure knows how to mix a good drink too."

"Meeting the *family*?" Mal raised a brow. "Well, look at you two."

"What, you haven't met Negaduck's family?"

Mal answered with a loud, extremely amused, guffaw.



by [Darryl](#) 1 year ago

"I don't think that's how their relationship works," Darryl pointed out. "They don't do the touchy-feely meet the family and not try to murder each-other thing. Not in public anyway. But-" this was a question that intrigued him, and a large measure of teasing crept into his tone as he grinned at OtherMal. "You've met all my brothers and you STILL preferred the Darryl?"

"Oy! What, hasn't your Mal seen your brothers yet?"

"I'm keeping them away from her, for their own safety."



by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

"You have brothers?" Normal Mal's curiosity was piqued. "And what makes you think they'd be of danger in my presence?!"

Gee, I don't know... could it be the fact that Darryl is pretty much maimed on every occasion he comes in contact with you?

OtherMal could only snicker.



by [Darryl](#) 1 year ago

"I don't know, Mal, could it be that most men aren't safe from you even in the best of times, much less four big lads in uniform?" Darryl asked, keeping the sarcasm down below critical levels only with great effort. Danger aside, his brothers were far too good-natured to be subjected to Mal.

"... besides, Sean would try to drink you under the table and he's really heavy when he's passed out..."



by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

((OOC: GAH. I'm losing track of all my RPs. Sorry, school is kicking my ass right now))

"I am a perfectly safe person to be around!" Said with absolutely no sarcasm whatsoever.

A pause and then.

"Wait... did you say *uniforms*" Droooool.

"You shouldn't have mentioned that." Other-Mal smirked. "Now you're REALLY in trouble."



by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

Wasn't that the truth. But not for reasons to do with Malicia's appetite for well-dressed men.

... well, it had a little to do with that.

The first they would know of it, though, was increasingly loud stomps vibrating ripples in the remaining glasses of booze.

BOOOM

BOOOOOM

Then...

SSSSHHHLLLLLLLLIIIIIIINNNNKKKKKKK

That being the sound of a chainsaw the size of a bus slicing down through the roof and longways straight through their table.

It did not return to finish them off, however. Chopping haphazardly back through the collapsing roof, terrifying the other patrons on its way, it continued with whatever giant killer chainsaws do with their day.

Which, in this case, was to continue rampaging down the street as the left limb of a much bigger robot. Made entirely of chainsaws.

Understated.

Much like the understated fellow at the controls.

"Charming personality!" Unfocused and unhinged - far more than usual - up in the controls, Negaduck was careening the machine wildly into whatever crossed his path. "I'll stick that charming personality right up her..."

CRACK! SMASH! SLICE!

Yes, that would help.



by [Darryl](#) 1 year ago

(OOC: Eep, same here! *still wins the blog-neglecting stakes, though*)

Both Darryl nearly jumped away from the table, as was the proper reaction when your table got torn in two, and then stared at the centre of it as around them people either

started to panic and scream or groaned and ordered a much stronger drink.

There was a long pause.

"Uh... Mal," said Darryl to OtherMal slowly. "Did you... meet anyone, while you were out shopping?"

Someone with a short temper and a tendency to try to solve everything by throwing sharp objects at the problem, mayhaps?



by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

"Well, yes." OtherMal was trying to save the last bit of drink that had hit the floor. "I ran into Negaduck earlier. When I tried to explain to him who I was he started rambling about how we were meant to be together, how Darryl was a sub, and so forth... I think I may have upset him just a smidge."

Said as bits of the building collapsed around her and people were fleeing in terror. The machine still lumbering past, slicing and dicing.

Malicia, who had yet to flinch -- not even at the massive chainsaw that had just missed her bill by mere centimeters as it came crashing down through the table. Steadily, she sipped her drink and nodded.

"He can be *such* a drama queen when he doesn't get his way."



by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

WHEEEEROOOOWHEEEEROOOOOOO--CRUUUNCH

A police car interrupted that thought by interrupting through the wall, then interrupting the table into a thousand interrupted pieces.

Two baffled - and rather dizzy - officers stuck their heads out, confused.

"Duh.. wha.. what happened?"

Drama queen? Just a bit.



by [Darryl](#) 1 year ago

"He said I'm a WHAT?!"

"Wait," said the other Darryl in interest. "Did he say that because you're-"

"Shut up," Darryl snapped, before turning back to other-Mal. "What... exactly did you say to him? Did you... er... mention Darryl by name?"

"Must have, if it got him all hyped up over subs and things..."

"... we're dead."