

## [Business as \(un\)usual](#)

Published by: [Lilly Teal](#) on 31st Aug 2013 | View all blogs by [Lilly Teal](#)

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(OOC: Reserved for Negaduck, Malicia, and Matthew. And THEFT.)

Matthew stood at the door of his storeroom, not very sure he wanted to walk in any further. It wasn't that he doubted Malicia's measures to keep Negaduck away... well, perhaps he did doubt them a little, but he had this nagging feeling that the drake would be a very persistent pest.

With a sigh, he stepped right inside and risked a peek. So far everything seemed...

Oh no.

Oh *NO*.

"Damn and blast! He's made off with everything!"

Not the best of the best, he had had more sense than to show the drake where he stored that, and the less than best had been left alone, but as far as what mattered went (and to Matthew, all his goods mattered), EVERYTHING was gone.

It appeared he would have to seek advice from the resident Negaduck expert. Musing on how she would react to know her precautions had been entirely useless, he first dialed a familiar number.

"Yes?"

"Luke? Is Mark with you?"

"Unfortunately."

"I require your help in hurting someone very badly."

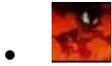
"Well well, this IS our lucky day. An hour, say?"

"An hour."

And now, for the expert.

# Comments

## 25 Comments



by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

No wonder none of the Malicia measures had slowed the culprit down. In his escape with the goods, anyway. He hadn't simply come in through the wall, collected a few key parcels and made off like a typical burglar, oh no. This was clearly the work of a supervillain.

The floor was gone. Well the floor under the shelves was still there, but the walkways in between had been drilled down into nothing. It was like there had been an attack of mutant termites.

Looking into the fissure, it appeared the goods had been hovered into a wide tunnel running under the warehouse, and transported somehow out of a nearby opening. Negaduck wasn't stupid enough to have brought the passage straight into his own hideout - instead the opening was out into a deserted street - but he was not particularly concerned with covering his tracks either.

Why would he be worried? Who would be foolish enough to come after him normally, much less when he held all the (laser firing, death inducing) cards?

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by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

The expert in question was back at the slaughterhouse, downing her fifth Martguerita while dancing to some rather loud, lascivious hip hop music.

Pausing only to admire herself in a mirror, she blew a kiss to herself before continuing to circle the room.

Certainly *nothing* could ruin this particularly merry moment for Malicia.

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by [Lilly Teal](#) 1 year ago

A ringing bell certainly could, depending on how well one reacted to their cell-phone ringing in the middle of having a very nice time. Unfortunately Matthew wasn't to know, and probably wasn't in the mood to care if he had. There were things far more important than little politenesses, though they were few and far between.

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by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

Initially she had planned to ignore the rumbling in her cleavage. But then it might be the receptionist calling to confirm her spa appointment. And she *needed* her weekly shiatsu.

"Not the best time." She snapped impatiently at the caller on the other end.

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by [Lilly Teal](#) 1 year ago

"Is it not?" Matthew said drily. "I have managed to be robbed despite the precautions, so I would consider this a good time to call you for assistance. I should like to grind this thief into a fine paste, I do hope you have time for that."

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by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

"Figures." She sighed. "Well, what is it you'd like to know? He isn't here, if that's what you're asking. He probably doesn't want me anywhere near those weapons."

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by [Lilly Teal](#) 1 year ago

Interesting. Matthew's brain filed that away for later. "Well you seem to know his methods, his haunts. No doubt you could see something in this mess that I do not, that could give me some indication as to where he might have taken my stock." The word 'stock' said in much the same tones as 'my sole child and heir'.

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by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

"He does have numerous hideouts all over the city." She said thoughtfully.

"I'm sure I don't know *all* of them." Because sometimes they were used to hide from HER wrath.

"That being said, I know where to find some of his contacts who might be able to give us some leads. If that fails, I can see if Pringles might be able to sniff him out."

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by [Lilly Teal](#) 1 year ago

"Much appreciated. In which case I shall join you in... let's say ten minutes? Enough time to contact a pair of my old associates, if you don't object to their involvement."

And even if she did, it hardly mattered, because there had long been an unspoken rule among the three that there would be no exacting revenge and reducing people to bloody chunks on a personal level without them all being together. Just one of those silly things that started up amongst friends.

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by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

A short time later Malicia had reconvened with Mathew, having expressed no issue with a few additional party members. Of course, that all depended on *who* they were.

"I suggest we start at the Old Haunt." She advised him. "There are plenty of money-hungry snitches there who are drunk and stupid enough to sell him out."

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by [Lilly Teal](#) 1 year ago

"Sounds like a party," grinned one of the additional party members in question, having only just arrived. Catching sight of Malicia, The Komodo dragon's grin only grew wider. "Matthew, you HAVE been very busy."

"Mark..." Sighing a little, Matthew waved his hand. "My associates. Mark and Luke. I... apologise for Mark in advance."

"No need, no need. This is serious business, I know when to behave myself."

Luke snorted at that, preferring to stick to his usual habit of standing with his arms folded and not really deigning to speak to anyone. He was a very handsome leopard, tall and well-built, if it wasn't for the general air of... well... general chilliness he exuded. Mark, on the other hand, more than made up for it with his genial manner, which was just as well. Still smiling, as if the leopard wasn't even present, he cracked his knuckles.

"Shall we get started?"

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by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

"Charmed." Said in such a way that indicated she was anything but charmed by these filthy miscreants.

"I hope you've brought some extra firepower for yourselves. If he has your wares, he's more than looking forward to testing them out."

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by [Lilly Teal](#) 1 year ago

Luke let out a soft growl, just under the edge of hearing. He did not like this woman's tone, and by extension this woman herself. Unfortunately Matthew kept insisting on dealing with people he would rather not help.

"We are never without," Matthew assured her, and Mark smiled much wider than usual. His genial, grandfatherly look was, in the right mood, occasionally supplemented by more painful implements than either of his companions would have thought possible to fit inside his coat. This appeared to be one of those moods.

"And if he doesn't know how to use them, some of them backfire -spectacularly-," the komodo dragon added. It sounded as if he was more keen to see that happen than actually getting the things back. "We can save time by waiting to see which places explode."

"-No-, Mark."

"Oh Matthew, no fun at all..."

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by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

Malicia nodded. "Good, then we're ready then?" She took a step forward. Not possessing any weapons of her own, it became clear to the two newcomers by the glow of the fireball in her hands, that Malicia had a different brand of warfare for her personal use.

"Let's show him what happens when you break the trust of an arms dealer."

Yet the tone, and expression on her face, spoke of a trust far more personal for her.

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by [Lilly Teal](#) 1 year ago

Mark noticed everything because he was always watching, no matter how much people didn't want him to, and he shot his companions a quizzical look behind Mal's back.

-So, this guy and this woman. They're... Right?-

Matthew responded with something that was between a nod and shrug, and they said no more about it, content to ready themselves and follow Malicia. The Old Haunt was about to host a crowd of very, very sorry and suddenly extremely helpful drunks if they had anything to say about it.

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by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

((Figured if you were going to quiz anyone on where I am, it may as well be me :D))

Any good bar fight scene begins with the newcomers bursting through the doors and a tense, silent stand-off with the locals.

Not in this joint.

Frequented by gangsters, gunmen and goons, the clientele were all too used to the toughest of the toughs making an appearance. Not to mention they were all drunk off their worthless hides.

With no pause at all to mark the merry little gang's arrival, the brawls and bedlam continued with the same level of intensity. There may have been one cat call directed at Malicia but it was hard to make out over the lively sounds of bar stools shattering over one poor fellow's head and a keg being used as a bowling ball.

If they had not already been ducking and dodging, they may needed to have considered doing so as a broken table was accidentally pitched in their general direction.

Oh yes. Very helpful.

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by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

Malicia wasn't phased by the chaos and mayhem, as the atmosphere was all business as usual to her. Sauntering up to the bar (and casually dodging a few haphazardly thrown daggers along the way) she leaned over the table to regard the bartender who was busy wiping down a dirty glass.

"Excuse me~" She called out rather sweetly. "I'd like my special: The Demon Queen Ceasar. If you don't mind."

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by [Lilly Teal](#) 1 year ago

"Why hello!" came Mark's cheerful voice from somewhere in the din. Somehow he had managed to convince two people to give them his wallets and had bought several drinks. "For you, Luke. And Matthew. And you three, you don't look nearly drunk enough yet."

Sighing, Matthew pushed a passed-out drunk out of a convenient seat and took his place, bending his head to avoid a passing stool. "I've never been a fan of rowdy places. But I suppose we must."

"Speak for yourself, Matthew. I've had six very friendly and barely concious people entrust me with their valuable belongings already."

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by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

That friendly and helpful streak came to a very expected end with a gruff voice that barked out behind them.

"YOU."

Rather than the sort of threat that usually followed such an opening, what stood before them was.. a relatively tall but utterly scruffy, boney runt of a canine. Although he wasn't so much standing as leaning precariously towards Mark.

"Youu.. fink you're sooo good. With yer red-sequined face an' lil top hat!"

Rallying his coordination enough to manage to drunkenly chest-poke the reptile, it was becoming rapidly apparent that not only had this lowlife likely never seen Mark before, he was barely seeing him at all even then.

"If you weren't wif such a goooorgeouss ladee I'd give 'er a piece-" Hic! "Of ma mind.."

Leaning away from Mark, he then targeted... Luke. Eyebrows a-waggling, eyes unfocused.

"HeeEeeEeellloooo..."

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by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

Malicia scoffed loudly and sucked back her delivered drink in aggravation. Slamming the empty glass down on the table she advanced on the mutt.

"I know you." She leered over the furry mess. "You've done some footwork for Negaduck. Tell me, has he come by here recently? Possibly running his oversized bill off about some newly acquired firepower?"

This casual question accompanied by a pair of claws getting awfully close to his retinas.

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by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

The underling continued to grin his groggy grin. Wobbling controlled to the point where he was not at imminent risk of toppling over onto anyone... or any talons. Just.

"I dun know no Nega-" Hic! "Duck."

It was a lazy, automatic sort of denial, one which didn't see him looking any less pleased with himself. Honour among thieves, and all that. Nah, it was more that crooks knew better than to get involved in the business of other crooks.

Especially when that business was Negaduck's.

As if to emphasise this, he added thoughtlessly, "An' I know nuthin' about dis new *Blood Battle Bowl* thing neithers."

Blood Battle. Really, what were the chances Negaduck was connected to such a grotesquely violent concept...?

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by [Lilly Teal](#) 1 year ago

"Is this anything you've heard about?" Matthew asked Malicia curiously. It sounded like something that was, or could very soon be, extremely public.

"What a lot of things you don't know," Mark said cheerfully, waving another drink in the underling's face. "I'm sure you don't know more than anyone else here, don't you?"

There was a certain logic to that sentence, viewed through the bottom of enough bottles.

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• by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

"No, but it sounds horribly violent, illegal, and unspeakably garish. So it *must* be one of his half-baked ideas." Rolling her eyes. "Typical."

Turning to the trio she nodded. "I think this calls for a change in plan. If he's running some sort of underground event, we need to find a way in. Of course he'll recognize Mathew and I, but..." She motioned to Mark and Luke.

"You two would surely pass as *enthusiastic* candidates."

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• by [Lilly Teal](#) 1 year ago

Mark grinned, always up for some excitement. He LIKED illegal and garish. Violent could be dealt with. Given how old he looked it was a miracle his heart hadn't stopped from all the enthusiasm. Turning, he prodded the drunk goon. "Do you not know where the thing you don't know about is going to be held?"

Luke, on the other hand, looked as if he had never been enthusiastic about anything in his life, and would rip out the throat of anyone who implied otherwise.

"Is that what he's using my weaponry for, I wonder," Matthew mused. It seemed as likely as anything else.

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• by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

The goon wobbled good-naturedly.

"Naaaah like if there wus gonna be some huge secret bum fight, what do youse expect? Adbertising hung up all about the place on shlick shiny posters?"

Reaching up groggily to snuff at his nose...

... their blotto buddy did not know he didn't know that exactly such a poster was stuck to his sleeve.

Huh. Would you check that out. From the looks of the electrified bludgeon one contestant was welding, while getting his cheeks torn apart with a repeat-strike halibut, Matthew's question had been answered.