In Your Corner

by whitebeltwriter

Summary

Mrs Beakley finds Lena hurt on the manor's doorstep and comforting ensues.

Notes

Problem: Fandom for the thing is new and small and thus I quickly exhaust all material pertaining to my new favorite character.
Solution: Make the material myself.
And here we are!
Enjoy!

See the end of the work for more notes.
Chapter 1

**Buzz**

Mrs. Beakley looked up from her welding with a mild glare.

There she was, *finally* repairing some of the damage that resulted from four children scampering about in the vents at all hours–she really must speak to Webby and the boys about that–and someone decides that just past 8 o’ clock at night was a *fine time* to pay the manor a visit.

**Buzz**

And on a *Sunday* to boot!

**Buuzzzzz**

With a sigh, Mrs. Beakley removed her helmet and resigned herself to the fact that the vents were going to have to be put on hold for the time being.

**Buuzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz**

“Alright, alright, I’m coming!” she groused as she made her way to the nearest security panel; aware that her ‘guest’ could not hear her but feeling the need to grumble nonetheless. “No need to wear out the blasted buzzer.”

The noise continued nonstop as she finally opened the panel and accessed the video feed for the front gate. As the screen came into focus, Bentina found herself massaging the area between her eyes.

“Of *course* it’s her. Who else would think it a good idea to lean on a buzzer as if that’s what it was made for.”

Smack dab in the middle of the screen was the figure of one rebel teenager known simply as Lena, indeed fully leaning against the small post that held a speaker and the button currently drilling a hole through Mrs. Beakley’s ears with its incessant trilling.

Pressing the button for the speaker, Beakley stated, “Miss Lena, I am sorry to inform you that Webby is currently out of the house on a venture with Mr. McDuck and family. If you would kindly *stop* ringing the buzzer, I would be happy to take a message for you.”

Lena didn’t move, or even acknowledge that she had heard Mrs. Beakley.

After several moments, feeling one of her brows twitch as the buzzer droned on, Bentina tried again. “Really now Lena, I understand your fondness for pranks, but surely you can come up with something better than ‘ding-dong-ditch’ without the actual ditch?”

Again, only the buzzer answered her.

The housekeeper felt her patience coming to an end. “Young lady, cease and desist this instant or I will come down there.”
“All right; you asked for it.”

She began the trek down to the manor’s front gate, grumbling all the while. The wind blew cold and damp, a reminder of the storm that had passed through Duckburg only an hour before.

_Honestly! I’m grateful she helped me back in the subway tunnel, but that hardly qualifies as a free pass to do as she pleases!_

The gate soon came into view and with it the form of Lena, still leaning against the post and the button on it.

Opening the gate, Mrs. Beakley began her lecture, “Alright now Lena; I’ve had just about enough of your shenanigans! Haven’t you anything better to do than—“

A stiff wind whipped past, strong enough that Bentina had to grab her glasses to keep them on. The teenager was nudged by the sudden gale just enough to lose what little purchase she’d had against the post, causing her to collapse onto the ground like a string-less puppet.

“—Lena?!”

Dashing forward, Bentina rolled the girl onto her back and gasped.

The girl’s face was scratched up like she had decided to nuzzle tree bark, blood and mud caking her feathers. Her shirt was ripped, her knees were skinned, and one of her sneakers was missing.

“Oh no…”

Berating herself for not realizing sooner, Mrs. Beakley picked the child up—far too easily in her opinion, _did this girl never eat?!_—and all but ran back to the manor, careful not to jostle Lena’s unconscious form too much.

Carrying her to the nearest guest bathroom with a med kit, she set to work cleaning and cataloguing her injuries.

She was not pleased with what she found.

On top of the scratches adorning her face, arms, and legs, Lena had the beginnings of a shining black eye, a large bump on the back of her head, and a swollen left wrist that the housekeeper thought to be sprained. The removal of her trademark dark striped shirt revealed muddy footprints that had bled through onto her underlying button-up. Bentina breathed a sigh of relief as the ribs beneath said prints proved to be unbroken, though she suspected they would be severely bruised if the number of tread-marks were any indication.

More than once she had to force herself to pause and take a breath, lest she bound out of the house that instant to hunt down the ruffians (at least two, judging by the shoes sizes) who would _dare_ do this to a child. Again, she reprimanded herself for letting her lingering prejudices against the girl blind her to her peril, but there was nothing she could do about the past now.

Still, if she hadn’t have gone down to the gate to see her…

Shaking herself out of her own head and the haunting what-ifs that filled it, Bentina doubled down on tending to the girl who had never seemed so small before.

*****
Lena woke up feeling warm before the pain set in.

She laid as still as possible for several moments, instinctively trying to lessen the pain, when she realized that “warm while sleeping” was a concept she hadn’t experienced in quite some time. The same could be said for the softness of whatever it was she was currently lying on.

She concluded that she was not on her cot in the ruins of the abandoned theater, nor did she know precisely where she currently was.

Naturally, this deeply concerned her.

With a hiss she forced herself to sit up and finally took stock of her surroundings. She found herself in what looked like a hotel room. It was certainly furnished like one, with a corner tabled flanked by arm chairs, three doors, one of which was a shuttered closet door, the others identical save for light creeping out from beneath one; presumably leading to a hallway. The bed she had been resting on was nothing less than King-sized; with a night stand placed on either side, each boasting an ornate lamp.

Upon the stand to her left, situated between her and the hallway door, Lena spied her amulet and finally noticed that not only was she no longer wearing it, she wasn’t wearing any of her normal clothes. Instead she was dressed in an old-fashioned nightshirt that was slightly too big for her frame.

Shooting a hand out to grab her amulet, the girl gasped in pain as her wrist began to throb within the confines of a brace someone had wrapped it in, her ribs soon joining in with a beat of their own.

Unbidden, memories began to flood into her head: of dark alleys, and grabbing hands, and running running running.

She barely has a moment to recall where it was she was running to when the sound of approaching footsteps reached her ears, and she spied the light beneath the door flicker as a shadow came to a stop in front of it.

Fear gripping her throat, she tried to snatch her amulet but her ribs protested too much, causing her movements to grind to a halt. Her mind whirled with countless possibilities on what lied beyond the door as the knob turned and it swung open to reveal–

“–Beakley?” she rasped, not sure whether to laugh or cry at the appearance of the old woman and instead simply settling for something like shocked.

The housekeeper jumped slightly at the sound of Lena’s voice, a small shudder going through the tray she held in the hand not opening the door.

“Oh good,” Mrs. Beakley sighed, obviously relieved, “You’re awake. I was beginning to worry that knot on your head was more serious than I had thought.”

As she began to place the tray onto the night stand, Lena stammered, “Wha-how–ugh!” Her attempt to get out of bed was again halted by her pain.

“Lie still,” the housekeeper gently scolded, “You are in no shape to be gallivanting about. I’m not sure how you managed to get to the manor in your condition to begin with, honestly.”

“…Right…I headed towards the manor after–“ She shut her beak.

“…After what, Miss Lena?”
“After nothing, Tea Time,” the girl declared, turning away as nonchalantly as she could.

“A black eye, sprained wrist, and bruised ribs are not caused by ‘nothing’!” Bentina snapped before she could stop herself.

“What’s it to you anyway, grandma?” Lena sneered.

“A young girl shows up half dead on my doorstep and you expect me to show no concern to how she got hurt in the first place? Just what kind of a monster do you think I am?”

Lena’s head had dropped at the start of Beakley’s lecture, but the last part caused her to flinch.

Caused her to try and recall the last time someone had cared about how she had gotten hurt.

She found the memory to be old and hazy.

Noting the flinch she gave and attributing it to her tone, Mrs. B took a breath and changed tactics.

“I understand that our relationship has been…less than cordial, and I do think you may be a poor influence on Webby and the boys more often than not—“

Lena tensed.

“…But that does not mean I bear you any ill will; nor do I take pleasure in finding you hurt,” she sighed. “…You do not have to tell me what happened if you do not wish, but know that I would listen if you did.’”

The girl squeezed her eyes shut, and in a small voice asked, “…why…”

Bentina raised a brow. “So that I can find the miscreants willing to beat up a child and give them a sound thrashing.”

Lena snapped her head up, and scowled at the housekeeper with tears in her eyes.

“Why do you care?! I’m not one of your kids! I’m not your responsibility! I’m just some ‘bad influence’ Webby ran into at the old theater! Why the quack would you care about me?!” she exploded.

Mrs. Beakley stared at the creature sat before her and felt her heart crack, just a little, at all the hurt, distrust, and sadness displayed upon much too young of a face.

Sighing she gently lowered herself onto the edge of the bed, trying to determine which of the words bouncing around her head would best make it into Lena’s.

“I care…because I believe everyone deserves to have someone in their corner; someone who cares. And I have the feeling you don’t really have someone like that, do you.”

Lena jerked back as if struck, her beak beginning to quiver as her eyes continued to fill with tears. She looked down at her lap and sniffled.

Bentina let the silence continue for a few moments before moving on.

“At any rate I’m sure you’re hungry; you’ve been unconscious for over eight hours.” She turned to the tray she had brought and began needlessly listing all that was upon it. “I wasn’t sure when you would awaken so most of it is meant to keep at room temperature. We have saltines, ham sandwiches, a pitcher of water—“
A sound that could have been a whimper escaped from Lena’s bill before she had a chance to contain it. She clasped her good hand over it as she began to shake.

Mrs. Beakley continued as if she hadn’t heard, not wanting to push the poor girl more than she already had.

“—A glass for said pitcher, and a bowl of grapes. I also brought a couple of aspirin, which I implore you to take whether you eat something or not, though taking them on an empty stomach is not something I would recommend. If you would like something else I’d be more than happy to whip something—“

“…beagles…” Lena murmured.

“—up—bagels? Yes, I do believe we have bagels. Well, assuming Louie hasn’t already—“

“Not bagels, Beakley. Beagles,” The girl stated softly, still looking down at her lap. “I was on my way over…thought I could hang with Webby ‘til the storm passed…got ambushed by an alley…I-I wasn’t paying attention…stupid…”

Mrs. Beakley slowly turned to look at the girl, and gently inquired. “What happened?”

Lena laughed darkly.

“Apparently, when you crash a party and smash Ma Beagle’s face into a cake, her boys remember it…. Dinguses chased me half across town… ran me into a corner… I barely got away…”

Barely was right. If Lena hadn’t had a second to focus and thrown a garbage can at one of the Beagle Boys with her magic, she may never have escaped. But Beakley could never know that.

“…it’s all blurry after that…” she claimed, only partly lying.

By all rights, Bentina should have been absolutely livid at the mere notion of three full-grown adults chasing a young girl through a storm—and she was! Yet the only thing she could seem to latch onto was—

“You smashed a cake into Ma Beagle’s face?”

“They had Webby,” Lena sniffed and shrugged as if that explained everything.

The housekeeper chuckled softly.

“I say something funny, grandma?” the girl glared through her teary eyes.

“Sorry—ahem. My apologies,” Mrs. Beakley said, “It’s just that I imagined Ma Beagle’s face covered in frosting and—“ she chuckled again. Inappropriate!, the voice at the back of her head scolded. You have more important things to see to than picturing the look on Ma Beagle’s face as a bunch of candles sit awkwardly on her head.

Lena began to chuckle as well.

“Yeah—she looked a mess all covered in pink goop!”

They both laughed at the mental image until the stress of all that had happened finally got to her, and Lena’s laughs slowly turned to sobs that she struggled to contain.

Somber once again, Mrs. B asked, “Lena…wou...would it be all right if I gave you a hug?”
The young girl stared at her for a moment, cracking the housekeeper’s heart all the more, before throwing herself into her awaiting arms, the ache of moving only adding to her tears.

Cradling her, Bentina gently stroked the top of her head: murmuring comforting words and assurances that she was fine.

And, if Bentina Beakley had anything to say about it, she would remain fine for a very long time.
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

In which Lena gets cuddles and low-key adopted and the Beagle Boys get the exact opposite.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Lena jolted awake when it felt like a plane had just crashed right outside the manor's front door.

The distant angry roar of “Launchpad!” by Mrs. B confirmed her suspicions and she decided to try falling asleep again. Mrs. Beakley had been a tremendous help in taking care of her, but eventually all one could do to heal was take it easy and sleep–

“–WHAT?!”

…Or not, Lena thought as Webby’s voice rang out through the manor. The teenager was tempted to get out of bed to see her friend, but it hadn’t even been two days since her run in with the stupid Beagle Boys and she could already hear the sound of Tea Time scolding her and “insisting her tail feathers return to bed right this instant, young lady!”

Sighing, she resigned herself to just laying with her stupid bruised ribs on the stupid pile of pillows on the stupid soft bed and waiting for someone to come to her like a stupid little baby.

*Being hurt sucks*, she groused.

Distracted by her mental sulking, Lena didn’t notice the rapid pounding of steps racing all about the manor, or the voice calling for them to stop. She only became aware of them when they literally slid to a halt in front of her door, followed by the sound of someone gasping quietly.

Gingerly sitting up enough to see the doorway, the pink haired duck watched as the knob slowly turned and the door creaked open slowly. Eventually the crack widened enough for her to make out, as Lena had guessed, the face of none other than Webby Vanderquack.

Smiling softly, she rasped out, “Hey Webster. How was your trip? See any cool dead things?”

At the sound of her voice, the door paused for a moment in its movement, before Webby pushed through it and into the room. Lena expected her to launch into a play-by-play of her crazy family’s equally crazy adventure to quack knows where, as she usually did.

Instead she just…stood there. Tangling her fingers together. Subtly shifting her weight. Biting her beak. Her eyes seemed to be darting all over the place, never looking at one thing for more than an instant.

She looked almost…nervous? No…not quite. More like…apprehensive…mixed with a dash of distress?

Forcing herself to fully sit up, Lena tried to break the tension that seemed to have filled the small
“Hey, what’s the matter Webs? You finally get cursed and it caused you to lose your voice?” she joked.

Webby’s lower beak started to quiver and her eyes filled with tears.

“Whoa whoa whoa—” the teenager panicked, “I was just kidding! Please don’t cry. C’mon, everything’s fine—“

“FINE?!” the young duck yelled, startling Lena. “WHAT’S FINE?! NOTHING’S FINE! YOU’RE HURT!”

“Wha—“ **That’s what she’s upset about?** “—Well, yeah, I am, a little— but—”

“But NOTHING LENA!” Webby plowed on, the tears escaping down her cheeks now. “YOU GOT HURT! You got attacked by those DUMB BEAGLE BOYS and got hurt and I—and I…” she began to lose steam and slowly folded in on herself.

“Webs?” Lena called softly as the bow-wearing duckling held her face in her hands.

“Sniff… and I wasn’t there… I couldn’t help you…” Webby gasped as sobs began trying to break out of her tiny chest.

“…I wasn’t there… and if Granny hadn’t… if you had…“ she trailed off as her tears dropped onto the carpet.

“…Webby?”

“…”

“Webby.”

She looked up to see Lena extending her braced wing towards her.

“Come here.”

Eyes wide, Webby shook her head. ”N-No! You’re still hurt! Wh-what if I—“


Webby’s eyes darted between Lena’s face and her outstretched hand for a few seconds before softly tackling her with a cry as more tears ran down her feathers.

The teenager hissed as her ribs protested the additional weight but quickly shushed herself and Webby as she tried to pull away.

“Hey hey, it’s ok—you’re okay,” she assured the quaking duckling in her arms, gently maneuvering her off to the side of her chest.

“N-no it’s not,” Webby sniffed. “You’re hurt and I made it worse!”

“What? Psh! As if! Made it worse, my tail feathers—I was going stir-crazy ‘til you showed up, Webs.”

“I’m s-so sorry, Lena! I should’ve been there for you!”
“What, and miss out on adventuring with one of your favorite explorers of all time? Puh-lease! That sounds way cooler than spending time with my bruised butt!”

“But you got hurt!” Webby argued through the tears she was smearing onto Lena’s shirt as she burrowed gently into her chest. “You could have died!”

In her head the teen agreed, and the mere thought of how close she came to not seeing another sunrise sent her feathers standing on end, but Webby was upset enough as it was.

“Coulda, shoulda, woulda—but—in the end I decided to be lazy and die another day. Maybe at the hands of pirates,” she joked, trying to lighten the mood.

“Pft—that’s not funny,” Webby protested, though she giggled slightly all the same.

“Yeah, you’re right…Pirates are so last year. How about…” she tapped her chin, pretending to think, “—Death by aliens! Ooh! That play hockey!”

“Ha! What?! Hockey?” The younger duck laughed out loud at that. “Why in the world do aliens know how to play hockey?”

“Oh no, they don’t just play hockey,” Lena lectured, “They live hockey. Eat, sleep, work, their entire culture revolves around it! And yet, their home planet is surprisingly peaceful…”

“Wait, so if their planet is peaceful why would they want to kill you?” Webby asked, fully drawn into the discussion of fictional hockey loving aliens.

“Eh,” the teen shrugged, “I probably scratched the goalie’s mask or something like that.”

The younger duckling completely cracked up at that and Lena soon joined her, before they began bouncing thoughts on what other aspects of the hockey-loving planet would be like.

Mrs. Beakley smiled as she gently closed the door, content to leave the two children alone for the time being.

Making her way back to the manor’s foyer, she surveyed the rest of the individuals that she had at some point claimed as family.

Launchpad and Mr. McDuck were having a discussion on where LP could unload their latest bounty of treasure—and also what tools he was to get out in order to begin repairs on Scrooge’s front lawn from his latest crash.

Donald was waddling his way back into the room—presumably from his houseboat—with a large first-aid in tow, heading straight for his nephews, who were, in turn, huddled together on the bottommost steps of the stairs. Huey, Dewey, and Louie were wearing identical looks of concern and seemed conflicted about what they should be doing.

All three looked up as Bentina approached and started talking simultaneously.

“—Is Lena okay?”

“—Did Webby find her?”

“—How’d she get hurt?”

“—When did she—“
“Enough!” the housekeeper stated. “One at a time, please!”

The triplets looked at each other for an instant before saying, “Can we see her?”

“You may, in a few minutes,” Mrs. Beakley replied, wanting to give the girls a few more moments of privacy. “When your uncle has finished…” Donald was wrapping Louie’s head with an unnecessary amount of gauze, “…with whatever it is he’s doing, you can visit Lena. She’s currently resting in the first guestroom of the West Wing.”

As the boys began cajoling their uncle to stop, claiming they were fine, the housekeeper made her way over to her employer just as he sent Launchpad off to do his tasks.

“I take it everything went as well as expected,” she asked.

“Aye, the usual ruckus and rigmarole,” the old duck groused with a smile, though it didn’t quite reach his eyes. “Is Webby alright? Saw the lass take off like a bat out’a hell afta ya spoke with her?”

“Ah, yes. I informed her that one of her friends, Lena, was currently resting in one of the guestrooms.”

“Resting?” Scrooge raised an eyebrow. “We opening a home to all wayward souls now,” he spared a glance to his nephew and grandnephews. “Or has there been trouble?”

“She had a run-in with the Beagle Boys,” Mrs. Beakley answered simply.

Scrooge’s eyes darkened and his grip on his cane increased.

“Damage report,” he barked quietly.

Bentina rattled off Lena’s injuries like she was listing items off a shopping list. The only sign of her anger was the rigidity of her shoulders and the tensing of her muscles with every stated injury.

“Age.”

“Teenager. Barely.”

Scrooge muttered dark things under his breath, his hold on his cane turned completely white knuckled.

“–Sir, if I may?”

“Hm?”

“I recognize my assistance may be needed for ‘after-mission’ maintenance, but I was wondering if I may have the evening off tonight.”

The old duck blinked. Bentina Beakley almost never asked for a “day off”. It was actually one her best qualities in his opinion. The last time had been nearly a decade prior, and that had been for the family emergency that resulted in a small girl taking up residence and forever crawling underfoot at his home.

“Also, could I possibly borrow something from your personnel armory?”

“Wah–my armory?” Scrooge asked, befuddled. “What coul’ ya possibly need from my armory that ya don’t already have in yer own?”
The housekeeper’s face remained as stoic as it had been for the duration of the conversation as she clarified, “I meant your *other* armory, sir.”

With a snap, all the pieces fell together and Scrooge not only knew exactly *which* armory she was referring to, but also a feeling on exactly *what* it was she wanted to borrow.

And more importantly, what she was going to do with it.

And he wholeheartedly approved.

“Ah, *that* armory. Aye, feel free to take t’night off. Tomorrow morning as well, while yer at it. And I trust you already know how to deal with my security, so I’ll just leave it to you then to see that everything is back should be.”

“Of course, sir.”

“Right then.” With that, McDuck began to make his way over to his nephews, but not before pausing and nonchalantly calling to the ‘housekeeper’ once more.

“Oh, and Mrs. Beakley?”

She turned to face her employer. “Yes, Mr. McDuck?”

Scrooge turned one dark, stormy eye over his shoulder.

“Giv’em hell from me.”

Bentina nodded.

“Yes, sir.”

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“See yas next month, Carl!” Bouncer called back to the armored truck driver as he and his brothers drove off with their loot.

“Ahhh,” Big Time sighed contentedly. “Another day, another dishonest dollar.”

“Mhmm,” Burger agreed.

The Beagle Boys were hightailing it out of the area–the contents of the armored truck safely stashed in the back–positive they were home free when–

*Cha-chank!*

“Huh? Did you hear–“

**WHAM!**

The three crooks felt like they had barreled straight into a wall as they slammed against the dash of the truck. The vehicled pitched violently before rocking back onto all four wheels.

“Gah! What in the–*yeep!* Big Time yelped as the glass of his window shattered and he was unceremoniously hauled out, his brothers soon receiving the same treatment.

Dazed and confused, the trio laid on the pavement for several moments before popping up with a
chorus of growled curses. They spun every which way to lay eyes on whoever was dumb enough to attack Ma Beagle’s Boys—

But the side street they found themselves on was completely deserted of anyone save them.

A look at the back of their get-a-way truck revealed someone had lanced the back with a large harpoon, which was in turn connected to a series of inch-thick wires that had been fastened to buildings on either side of the street with obviously expert precision.

“Something ain’t right here,” Bouncer grumbled as he grabbed a bat from the truck.

“A Beagle Boy with some sense,” a calm, dark voice called from the shadows behind them, “Will wonders never cease.”

The dogs turned around to find a dark figure that stood just out of the light.

Combating the feeling of dread that was beginning to work its clammy fingers up his spine, Big Time did what he did best and barked.

“Who the heck do you think you are?! Messing with Ma’s boys! You got a death wish or something?!”

“I do not. But you may before the night is over.”

“Grrr–Show yourself!!” Bouncer growled.

“As you wish,” Mrs. Beakley replied as she stepped into the light cast by a nearby light pole.

“Wha–Beakley?! What the hay are you doing in our neck of the woods!” Big Time demanded.

“Yeah! We ain’t bothered you in weeks!” Bouncer gruffed, with Burger nodding in agreement.

“Oh, but you have,” the housekeeper countered, still eerily calm for having just wrenched an entire truck to a standstill. “Not two nights previously, you three laid hands on one of my charges, and that simply. Will. Not. Do.” Her calm façade cracked for a moment, but the duck reigned herself in within seconds.

“Eh? We did?” Bouncer asked his small big brother.

“Nah, ‘course we didn’t, ya lugnut. The only one we trounced recently was that pink-haired chick—“

“–Her name is Lena!” Mrs. Beakley growled, all pretense of being unruffled thrown out the window as she allowed her rage to fully show itself in her eyes, “And the mere fact that you would do such harm to a child–any child–is enough for me to see to it that it doesn’t happen again! Not in my city! Not in my house! And not! To my! CHILDREN!”

Big Time gulped and tried to retain his tough-guy persona.

“Ye-yeah?! Whatcha gonna do lady?! Beat us up and toss us to the cops? That’s a regular Tuesday for us!”

“I don’t think that’s a good argument, bro,” Bouncer mumbled.

“Oh, the authorities will deal with you alright,” the enraged duck stated, “But not until I’m done with you.”
She drew her hand from behind her back and produced a small, rather non-descript, black mask. The Beagle Boys stared at it for a few seconds before bursting out into gales of laughter.

“Oooh, look out boys! She’s got a mask!”

“I’m sooo scared!”

“Pft-hahahahaha!”

“As you should be,” Bentina said as she took off her spectacles and placed them in her pocket.

“Enough of this!” growled Big Time. “Let’s get’er!”

They rushed towards the old duck, knowing that she was going to kick their butts like she always did, but confident they could get a few swings in.

Calmness reclaimed, Mrs. Beakley put on the mask—

And all hell broke loose.

Before their eyes, the duck ruptured and transformed into a blood-eyed demon with spikes adorning every part of its body.

The boys screamed in terror at the sight of its massive jaws and tried to backpedal towards their still immobile truck but it was too late. The street had been mutated to something straight from their nightmares. There was nowhere for them to go.

And then the beast was upon them.

It nipped at their heels and jumped in front of them before slamming them from first one side then the other.

It was everywhere and nowhere at once; punching, kicking, and wailing on them like nothing else in this world gave it such joy.

The Beagle Boys flailed every which way, so terrified that they were unsure if they were trying to escape or fight.

A grip of iron latched itself around all of their ankles and they found themselves swinging upside down in the air, their arms bound to their sides and their heads spinning.

The demon stalked out of the shadows and raised a clawed hand. The crooks whimpered pathetically like puppies, before the hand went to its own face and pulled it away from its body.

And, like a rubber band, everything snapped back to how it was supposed to be; from the walls of the buildings and the flickering of the old street lights, to the duck walking towards them nonchalantly, as if she had just been meandering down the street and not leaping all about like she was possessed.

Mrs. Beakley stopped about a foot away from the hanging boys, her glasses replaced onto her beak, and said in a low voice,

“If I ever hear word of you harming children again, I’ll make what happened here tonight seem like your fondest dreams come true. Is that understood?”
Three heads streaked with tears nodded rapidly as the distant sound of police sirens began to sound.

“Good. Enjoy your time in prison, gentlemen,” Bentina said as she moved to retrieve her gear from the back of their truck.

“–It’s where you’ll be safest from me.”

She vanished from the scene long before the authorities arrived to find their quarries practically gift wrapped for them.

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Dawn was still hours away as Mrs. Beakley trudged into the manor; fatigue etched into every inch of her body.

She’d spent the better part of the night simply tracking the Beagle Boys down before devising her plan of attack in the early hours of the morning and that had been after being up all day taking care of Lena and seeing to the household’s daily slew of chores.

On top of all of that, she had used the Mask of Deimos; an artifact Mr. McDuck had picked up some years earlier in his travels. It gave its wearer the ability to strike absolutely terror into anyone who faced them, though it drained them of energy the longer it was worn.

_I really am not as young as I used to be_, Bentina thought as she returned the mask to its place in the armory Scrooge had built specifically to store his magical armaments.

Sealing it back up, the housekeeper cracked her back with a groan and decided that she would take Mr. McDuck up on his offer of having the morning off–no doubt he foresaw the consequences of her actions–and go to bed just as soon as she had checked on Lena and the other children of the house.

Going to Lena’s room first since it was the closest, Mrs. Beakley cracked the open and felt a smile spread itself upon her tired face.

There, all bundled up on Lena’s bed, were all of the children. The boys were laid about haphazardly, forming three parts of a square around Webby and Lena, who were cuddled together in the very center of the bed.

All five were awash in the glow from a TV that must have been brought in after she had left, the main menu of some second-rate horror movie or other displayed on it. Moving quietly into the room to shut it off, Bentina spotted the sleeping form of Launchpad reclined on one of the room’s armchairs with his feet on a table absolutely covered in empty pizza boxes.

Chuckling softly and shaking her head, the housekeeper shut the TV off before moving about the room ensuring everyone was as comfortable as possible.

She got to the girls last and made triple sure that their blanket was snuggly tucked all around them and that Lena wasn’t in a position that would bother her ribs too much.

Taking a moment to gently move some of the young teen’s hair out of her face, Beakley made a silent vow that she would take care of her; and not just until her injuries healed.

After all, she already had a household full of children to take care of, both young and old alike.

What was one more?
Was that a reference to Mighty Ducks the animated series you saw in there? Yes, yes it was. And to those of you who didn't know that was a thing, it was and I added it because Lena said it and I just ran with it.
Also Scottish accents are hard to write and Bentina Beakley is absolutely a semi-retired spy.

And there we have it. Not sure how I feel about the ending but couldn't really make it go any other way. Might add a sequel of Webby returning to the manor to find Lena injured and swearing all kinds of brutal vengeance.

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