

## Always the Lady In My Life

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/19244902) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/19244902>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Mature</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings</a>
Category:	<a href="#">F/M</a>
Fandoms:	<a href="#">DuckTales (Cartoon 2017)</a> , <a href="#">Disney Duck Universe</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Scrooge McDuck/"Glittering" Goldie O'Gilt</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Scrooge McDuck</a> , <a href="#">"Glittering" Goldie O'Gilt</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Scroldie Week 2019</a> , <a href="#">One Shot Collection</a> , <a href="#">Scroldie</a> , <a href="#">klondike - Freeform</a> , <a href="#">Episode: s01e15 The Golden Lagoon of White Agony Plains!</a> , <a href="#">Adventure &amp; Romance</a> , <a href="#">Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence</a> , <a href="#">Inspired by Star Trek: The Next Generation</a> , <a href="#">(for the first chapter)</a> , <a href="#">Betrayal</a> , <a href="#">Fluff and Angst</a> , <a href="#">Fluff and Romance</a> , <a href="#">Diamonds</a> , <a href="#">F.O.W.L.</a> , <a href="#">Criminal Masterminds</a> , <a href="#">Implied Sexual Content</a> , <a href="#">(for the second chapter)</a> , <a href="#">Married Couple</a> , <a href="#">Marriage Proposal</a> , <a href="#">Christmas Eve</a> , <a href="#">Stargazing</a> , <a href="#">Scheme Team</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2019-06-16 Updated: 2020-06-21 Words: 10,010 Chapters: 5/7

# Always the Lady In My Life

by [AstroGold](#)

## Summary

"And baby, through the years, even when we're old and gray, I will love you more each day, 'cause you will always be the lady in my life."

For Scroldie Week 2019.

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For those looking for the Diamond Thieves AU, the relevant chapters in this work are chapters 2 and 3.

## Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

# A Night We Won't Forget

## Chapter Summary

### Day 1 - Klondike

## Chapter Notes

This first chapter is kinda an AU/canon-divergent scene insert for "Golden Lagoon." The path to the lagoon is much longer in this and therefore takes more time to travel, and for story's sake, Glomgold is just...way behind our lovebirds (he probably got tangled in the ropes of the one-man elevator XD).

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Goldie was the first to spot them. Beautiful, ethereal pools of color that offered enchantment in the darkness. They were no gold, but even after a hundred-plus years, the falls were still a sight to behold on their own and drew smiles from the two sourdoughs.

"The Rainbow Caves!" she gasped, turning to Scrooge as he reached her side. "We're over halfway to the Golden Lagoon!"

The pair pulled out their respective halves of the map to the lagoon and held them together. Indeed, the caves had them around the center of the map. After another day of hiking and navigating the glaciers, they would surely find the motherlode. This time.

As Scrooge calculated the obstacles of their remaining journey, a flash blindsided his peripheral vision. Scowling, he turned to see his partner holding her phone over his shoulder and stepped away from her.

"What? Just giving you a little reading light is all," Goldie offered as an excuse.

Scrooge snatched her phone away, and when she attempted to feign a look of innocence, he rolled his eyes. "We should probably set up camp here for the night," he explained, returning his thoughts to their itinerary. "Despite *someone* making me do all the work on the elevator, we're ahead of schedule."

Goldie waved off his accusation as she began to climb down the rocks they were on. "It's okay, Scrooge. No one else is around. You can just admit you need to rest your old bones."

"I donnae-" An audible *crack* of the knee as he followed her tore down his defense. She smirked, and he mumbled after her, "At least I know I'm not the only one."

"For your sake I'm gonna pretend I didn't hear that."

After they reached level ground, they fell into the task of setting up camp amid the light of the falls. Scrooge, being the frugal man that he was, had insisted on buying only one large bedroll for them to share, with the added excuse of wanting to keep an eye on her in that should she try to steal his half of the map while he slept, he would instantly know. Goldie pretended not to notice the frustrated blush that had crept up on his beak as he explained as much, and instead took delight in making him squirm by insisting, "Don't worry, hon. There'll be plenty of better opportunities to steal your map before we sleep. But we can trust each other, *right?*"

With their makeshift bed all made and a roaring fire going, the two settled next to each other around the flames, their shoulders nearly touching, and managed to have a peaceful dinner together. Or dinner for Goldie, at least. She shook her head in amusement as Scrooge scavenged through his backpack and pulled out the hors d'oeuvres he'd swiped from the buffet at Glomgold's gala.

"A hundred years ago, it was a can of beans," Goldie pointed out, gathering a spoonful of soup from the bowl in her hand before deadpanning, "Nice to see you've upgraded."

Scrooge munched happily on a teriyaki skewer before answering, "Hey, when it's free, it's free. And this is the good stuff. Flinty wants people to know he has the money for it, and who am I to stop him?" He unabashedly plucked the last bit of meat off the skewer with his teeth, then turned to offer her some tiny treats from another bag. "Cupcake, Cupcake?"

Goldie nearly spilled her soup as she choked over her laughter. "I'll take 'terms of endearment I'd never thought I'd hear Scrooge McDuck say' for five hundred, Alex." Still, she took a sweet from the bag all the same, setting it to the side to eat after her soup. "What's got you in a good mood all of the sudden?"

"Mostly the free food," he reiterated. "But also, look around ye! These falls are gorgeous! We didn't stop to enjoy them the last time, remember?"

Their eyes trailed around the cave: pools of pink, purple, and blue lit up their view, with a particularly large pool of light-blue gurgling across the fire from them. Goldie smiled at the tranquility of it all, but as she returned her gaze to Scrooge, who seemed to have truly gotten lost in the moment, a new thought crossed her mind.

"I'm surprised by you, Scrooge. Old legs or no, I was sure you would've kept us going all night to find the lagoon."

He shrugged. "Like I said, we're ahead of schedule." With a raise of her eyebrow, she knocked down his bluff by dragging a sigh from his chest, and he leaned back on his hands. "It's been over a hundred years. What's another day, hm? I'll be the first to tell ya that time is money, but adventure, this-" He gestured towards the falls, and she turned to look. "-is life. I want to savor the journey more now. Appreciate the finer things."

Goldie had been ready to call him a sentimental fool at the end of his soliloquy. It'd been on the tip of her tongue, that there must've been something in the water making him talk like

that, but the way he was staring back at her when she looked at him again evaporated the words, leaving her feeling light-headed. Whatever energy he was sending her way in the short space between them, she wanted it. She wanted to latch onto it with a kiss that would leave them both dizzy. It'd been over a decade since their last, after all.

But she couldn't. Not when she still had a heist to carry out, and there was betrayal on the horizon. Not when she had to keep the upper hand.

"We...should get some sleep," she deflected, easily slipping on her pokerface again and doing her best to ignore the way Scrooge's spirit fell. She finished off the remainder of her soup and popped the mini-cupcake into her mouth with a satisfactory chew, then stood up and dusted off her hands. "Thanks for the cupcake...Cupcake," she echoed, leaning back down to plant a small kiss on his cheek. The way he leaned into her hold under his beak for a few seconds helped to assuage the guilt taking root in her heart, if only by a bit.

The two ducks fell into meandering chit-chat as they cleaned up after their meal against a waning fire. By the time they got under the single blanket they were to share for the night, another blanket between them and the ground, the conversation had returned to the gold they were determined to find tomorrow, any mammoths or elephants in the room be damned.

"You know you didn't have to hide it," Goldie remarked as she rested her hands behind her head so she could watch the nearest waterfall.

"Hide what?"

"Your map. Don't think I didn't see you moving it around like twelve times after dinner."

Scrooge stammered. "I-I...you weren't supposed to see that."

Even though he couldn't see it from the way he was laying away from her, she rolled her eyes. "Relax, Scroogie. I lost track of it after you put your kiddie meal back in your backpack."

That got a reaction out of him. "Ye are outrageous!" he declared, turning over to face her. Were it not for the amused sparkle in his eye, she would've considered him furious.

"Thank you. I'll take that as a compliment." Goldie leaned up on her elbow to face him in turn, a bewitching grin spreading across her beak.

His ensuing laugh was almost bitter. "I swear, you're actually going to be the death of me, O'Gilt. If you're not aggravating me, you're stealing from me, and if you're not doing that you're-"

A finger to his beak silenced him, and she leaned in close enough to tease him with the uncertainty of her next move. Just when the fire in his eyes started to plead with her, she finally murmured, "Get some sleep, Moneybags. We have a long day tomorrow."

Goldie wasn't sure if her whisper had reached Scrooge with how stunned he looked, but as she flipped over and pretended to go to sleep, she couldn't shake the feeling that she had

made the wrong move.

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It took about two hours of sleep for Scrooge to realize he'd even closed his eyes at all. The second he did, he jolted up and twisted about to try to find what had woken him up in the first place. Because he'd definitely heard something or, judging by the empty spot next to him, *someone*.

*There*, only a stone's toss away, continuing down the path of the map. Target spotted.

"You thieving temptress!" Scrooge shouted to stop Goldie, who turned back to face him with that telltale victory smirk, one half of the map in each hand. A quick glance at his ransacked backpack and dusty hat and—*were his spats on backwards?*—told him she had been ruthlessly thorough in her search. He tangled himself free from their blanket and jumped up to square off with her.

"Morning, Sleepyhead. How's that queen-sized investment in 'instantly knowing' my every move treatin' you?"

He'd known this was coming. If it wasn't Goldie's inherently untrustworthy nature, it'd been her distance all evening. Every previous encounter they'd shared in their history together should've been enough of a clue that she was going to backstab him again, but like the fool he was, he kept falling for it. For her. Confident that *this* time, she wouldn't trick him. That maybe they could figure things out.

Curling his fingers into fists, Scrooge growled, low and betrayed. "So that's it? Bring me all the way back to White Agony just so you can take off and steal the gold for yourself?"

"You know it's more than that, Scroogie."

"Oh? Right, yes, I almost forgot. Can't have a McDuck-O'Gilt adventure without you breaking my heart. You, lass, are nothing but trouble! Then and now, you always have been and you always will be!"

The echoes of his outburst rippled across the caves, and for the split-second he saw her face twist into genuine hurt, a deeper part of him wished he kept his beak shut. But it was out there now, and he had to live with whatever happened next.

To her credit, Goldie managed to steady herself with a deep breath off to the side, but her broken tone spoke volumes as she wavered, "Because that's all I *can* be. We-I can't...be anything more. I love gold, and I...I love you, but..."

"You love gold, more than you love me," he finished.

"And that's *why* you love me. And why I'm not worth the trouble."

With the worst of his anger burned off, Scrooge closed his eyes for a count and took some deep breaths himself. When he opened them, Goldie's retreating figure was on the move,

almost to the end of the pool their camp was next to. "Wha- Are you *serious*?!" he yelled after her, his feet already in pursuit.

"Yes, but I was also serious about what I was saying before, if that helps!" she tossed back.

"Not when you're running off with *my* map!"

It didn't take long for Scrooge to catch her. With livid, moonstruck adrenaline motivating him, he managed to tackle her into the next clearing between the pools. They rolled across the ground, each pinning the other down several times, and Scrooge somehow reclaimed one of the map halves. When Goldie realized this, she sprung up in an attempt to get away and keep the other half safe from him. But just as soon as she had her balance back, she stepped and fell into one of the purple pools, unaware they had rolled that close to them.

"Goldie!"

The fall had shocked them both, but Goldie relaxed when she realized the pool wasn't that deep, only coming to her collarbone. She was pleasantly surprised to find that the water smelled faintly of blackberries and was warm enough to swim in, and even more so that she had managed to keep her hands, and thus the map, out of the water.

Scrooge scrambled onto his feet and over to the side of the pool, raising a hand to his chest when he saw that things were under control. "Bless me bagpipes, you're both okay."

"*Both*?!"

Realizing the error of his words, he tried to backpedal. "I- uh...I meant you mainly. *You*, Goldie, are okay. Good. Very good." He peered closer and adjusted his spectacles. "And, ah yes, the map also seems to be intact."

Goldie had to bite back a devilish grin as a new plan hatched in her mind. "Oh, you mean *this* map?" she taunted, waving the folded paper closer to the water's surface.

"You wouldn't..."

"Oh, wouldn't I?"

Scrooge held his breath as she dared to lower the map, just until the very tip of its corner dipped into the water. A violet hue fanned out from it.

A dangerous *wak!* tore its way from Scrooge's throat as he finally reached the last straw for her antics, both from the present evening and from over a hundred years ago. "*Give me back my map!*" he demanded, throwing his own half off to the side away from the water before jumping in the pool himself.

For a few long seconds, only the sound of thrashing water and the rush of the falls filled the air as they wrestled for Goldie's half. It was madness, pure aquatic, multicolored madness, in an attempt from both parties to simultaneously get the map and keep it dry.

It ended when Scrooge finally got his thumb and finger around the map, tugged it out of Goldie's hand, and tossed it over her shoulder to safety, trying not to wallow in the likelihood that it was dotted in purple now. He kept a hand on her other wrist to keep her from going after it, accompanied by a sharp "don't," before taking stock of just where their tussle had landed them.

Goldie was now pinned between him and the side of the pool, her free arm outstretched over the edge in a futile attempt to reach for their prize. Their clothes were soaked purple and clung to their feathers, casting them in a mystical glow, and their lungs begged for air after having to fight against the drag of the water against their garments. Drops of violet trailed down their necks in rivulets. Scrooge lowered her wrist into the water as she turned to face him and he backed off just enough to let her sink onto her feet again.

And just like that, she left him breathless.

The air was charged with electricity again, and Scrooge failed to swallow past it. At this proximity, all that he could focus on were Goldie's eyes and the way that the water's glow highlighted each individual shade of green in them with a glint of dazzling amethyst. How they watched him as her breath tickled his nerves, waiting for his next move. *Daring* him to make it.

Whether his free hand cupped her face or his beak crashed into hers first, Scrooge couldn't say. His grip on her wrist loosened and transferred to her hip, and both her hands ran up his chest to play with his shoulders, neck, whiskers. He leaned back and pulled her with him further into the pool and closer to the falls, letting momentum carry them both the rest of the way. Anything to prolong the feeling that they were soaring in the clouds above their own secret world.

When they parted to catch their breaths, an unspoken revelation rose up between them. The hesitation that had haunted them around the fire was gone now. Goldie no longer had the upper hand, but neither did Scrooge. Their guards were down, and whatever chapter waited for them next in their lives, they wanted it. Together.

Goldie smirked, even as carefree desire danced in her eyes. "So, still think I'm trouble?" she challenged.

After taking the time to brush back a few stray strands of hair that had fallen into her face, Scrooge replied, "I'm sure of it." He caught her beak for a few more swift, successive kisses, before leveling her with a dreamy, honest gaze. "But you're worth every second."

## Chapter End Notes

Note to self: no more 2,700 word chapters during event weeks ahaha.

So for this chapter, other than some various in-universe references, the main inspiration for this was the *Star Trek: The Next Generation* episode, "Captain's Holiday." I swear,



you could swap in Scrooge for Picard and Goldie for Vash (and Glomgold for the Ferengi), and it's basically "Golden Lagoon" in space, no joke. You all should watch it, and then come fan with me over it, because I've been screaming about it to myself and wanting to combine the two since late last summer.

Also, please consider the following unseen headcanon from this chapter: Alex Trebeak. XD

Thank you for reading!

# A Treasure Time Won't Steal Away

## Chapter Summary

Day 2 - Ice

## Chapter Notes

**Warning:** While there's nothing explicit, do note that I've upped the rating to Mature for this chapter for implied sexual activities. Avert your eyes, kids!

AU where, instead of being partners with Beakley and an agent of S.H.U.S.H., Scrooge is partners with Goldie and they're both thieves/agents of F.O.W.L.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

If someone had told Scrooge sixty years ago that he would've grown to become one of the most notorious criminal masterminds of the century, with Goldie O'Gilt as his partner no less, he would've scoffed in their face and returned to mining away at his pay dirt. Scrooge McDuck? A thief? *Bah!*

Yet here he was, hidden away from the world on one of F.O.W.L.'s yachts out on the edge of the Pacific Ocean as he and Goldie sailed away from the victims of their latest heist, who would be none the wiser for at least another forty-eight hours. Enough time for the Ice Queen of Dawson and the King of the Klondike to make it to their next port of call in Macaw and blend into the tourist scene as they smuggled their loot into unsuspecting vans for their trip back to F.O.W.L. headquarters.

Said loot, however, was currently serving as the backdrop to Scrooge and Goldie's amorous afternoon in the captain's quarters of their ship. As the navigation's autopilot cruised along, the opened mahogany shutters of reinforced windows allowed for ample sunlight and crystal-clear ocean views to stream in. A bottle of champagne sat half-empty in a bucket of ice alongside two completely-empty flutes on a small table on the side of the room, along with a platter of various fruits splashed in chocolate sauce. The loot itself was everywhere: bags of gold piled into corners, suitcases of cash lining the far wall, and jewels of various sorts sprawled across the king-sized bed the two thieves had spent all day in.

It was just them, the treasure, and the euphoric feeling that they ruled the world out on the open water.

As they both came down from their most recent bout of lovemaking, their limbs tangled in rose-colored silk sheets, Scrooge found himself unable to resist trailing tender kisses down Goldie's bare feathers to her stomach, where he decidedly crossed his arms and rested his beak on them so he could stare back up at her with a dreamy grin.

"I still cannae believe you brought that one guard down with your grappling hook," he muttered after a while, reminiscing on the previous night's operation.

Goldie finally caught her breath and shook herself back into reality. Whatever Scrooge called that little maneuver he had just done to her, they were definitely going to have to do that again later. With her senses returned for now though, she took to leaning against the plentiful pillows that surrounded her and began threading her fingers through Scrooge's whiskers, earning a happy little sigh from him. "Hey, just be grateful it worked," she laughed. "If it wasn't for me, that whole place would've been on us faster than you can say F.O.W.L.'s full name."

"Aye, that they would."

"Smooth moves with the vault's lock, by the way. Keep at it and you might actually be as good as me one day."

Scrooge rolled his eyes lovingly. While they both knew one of his particular specialties was cracking open security locks, Goldie was never one to miss an opportunity to remind him that she'd been a master thief long before he'd even started considering the potential benefits of such a career path.

After a few minutes of silent bliss, the ocean undulating beneath them as they reveled in the warmth of the sun and each other, Scrooge piped up again. "Ye know, a certain anniversary is coming up in a few weeks..."

This caught Goldie off-guard, and her eyes popped open as she tried to pinpoint which one he was referring to. They both knew their (off-the-record) wedding anniversary wasn't for another three months, but with a lifetime of heists and adventures between them, some of which whose dates overlapped, there were too many to pick from.

"Is it for the day we started working for F.O.W.L.?" she tried.

"Nope."

"Hmm...the Klondike?"

"No. Well, yes, but that's not the one I'm thinking of."

Goldie's brow furrowed as she thought deeper, which Scrooge noted in the way her hold tightened on his feathers. As he took one of her hands in his own and kissed her palm and wrist, satisfied with the way in which it eased her tension, the answer finally hit her.

"Oh! The day we stole the gold back from Rockerduck!"

She looked down at him, waiting for confirmation, and he nodded with an, "Mmhm."

"Wow. Sixty years, isn't it? Can you believe it?" Goldie asked incredulously. The memory of a young Scrooge McDuck rallying a ragtag team of rebels into a somewhat-competent gang of outlaws played back in her mind, and while the thrill of that day had proven to be the turning point for both his moral compass and their professional partnership, his brash, young eagerness still amused her to no end.

"Diamond jubilee," Scrooge purred, reaching to the side to scoop up a handful of small loose diamonds. He held them a few inches above her and began to drizzle them down her body, fascinated by how they pooled just below her heart and dripped down her sides in rivulets back to the mattress. As he repeated the process, watching her through half-lidded eyes as she curved into the sensation of the brilliant gems, he murmured, "Ravishing..."

Between his displays of affection, Goldie let out a fluttering giggle. "For such a failure that day, I'd say we did pretty well in the end."

"That we did, my paragon." As she started drumming her fingers up and down his shoulders, he added, "I think this calls for an early celebration, what do ye say to that?"

"I'd say: happy almost-anniversary, dear. Now get up here and kiss me." She cupped his beak, urging him to return to her eye level.

Laughing, Scrooge dropped the remainder of his current handful of ice onto Goldie's chest and crawled back up to her, the diamonds getting lost in the sheets between them, before finally obliging her wishes with a lustful kiss that stole her breath away.

After all, it was his other specialty.

## Chapter End Notes

They really are a diamond cufflink pair...

So I'm already a day behind now, but in my defense there were way too many options for this prompt (some of which I wrote down for future use). But diamonds seemed to be the prevalent theme in my ideas, and I kept thinking about this one James Bond scene and the Outlaw episode, and so...a fun new AU idea that I kinda grew to love was born.

They've got Ice Queen of Dawson and King of the Klondike as their codenames. They secretly got married at some point (whether that secrecy includes F.O.W.L. or not is up in the air - main thing is that they don't want S.H.U.S.H. agents or tax collectors getting that info and using it against them). Beakley/Agent 22 is probably their main threat. And Scrooge most definitely wears a fedora and suit + tie in this (and probably has some souped-up cane from F.O.W.L.), you can take that to the bank.

Thanks for reading and the love on Day 1's chapter!! It made my week! :D

# Our Love Will Shine

## Chapter Summary

### Day 3 - Holidays

## Chapter Notes

HAPPY ANNIVERSARY TO "GOLDEN LAGOON!" And happy birthday to thehousethatfloats!! I hope your day has been awesome!

So, people really seemed to like my thieves!AU (it still needs a name) from the last chapter, and so did I, and well...we all got our wish. HAVE SOME MORE!

(This takes place about 40-ish years before the last chapter. And apologies in advance for using ice = diamonds imagery again - this evolved from an alternate idea for Day 2.)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Goldie, have ye seen my tie?" Scrooge calls, peeping his head out from the doorway of the bathroom connected to their bedroom. She doesn't know why he seems rushed; they literally only need to walk downstairs and *presto!* They'll be at F.O.W.L.'s annual Christmas Eve soirée.

Perhaps it's the size of the massive chateau they're in, Goldie wonders as she wordlessly passes off the accessory-in-question from her vanity's surface to her beau's waiting hand, before she returns to adjusting her gold earrings. One would think that for someone so enraptured with money and riches, he would make it a point to get used to the lifestyle. Maybe in his own mansion, he'd finally embrace it.

She shrugs it off, applies a little bit more mascara to her eyelashes, and then gets up to go examine herself in the floor-length mirror next to the dresser. After a precursory glance, she fiddles with the straps of her red dress for a second before putting on a jadeite-encrusted gold necklace, the latest addition to the "Liberated by O'Gilt" collection. If only its clasp was more cooperative...

"Bless me bagpipes! You, my dear, look marvelous."

Goldie catches sight of Scrooge leaning on one arm against the doorway over the shoulder of her reflection, his gaze catching hers. He finally got his white bowtie on, it seems, and now

just needs to slip into his tailcoat. "You're looking pretty spiffy yourself, handsome," she remarks, then asks, "Mind helping me with this?"

"Of course." Scrooge crosses the room and connects the two ends of the necklace Goldie's been wrangling with, then sets it down against her feathers, letting his fingers shamelessly travel further down her shoulders and arms to land on her hips. When she shivers from his touch, he presses himself ever closer to her and kisses her cheek, then wraps his arms around her. "I love you, Goldie, ye know that?" he whispers excitedly in her ear, peppering more kisses to her neck.

And she does. Goldie knows it like she knows the sun will rise tomorrow on a white Christmas morning for them, their arms and legs tangled around each other's after a night of champagne and mistletoe and caroling, trying to keep each other toasty for as long as possible before they surface for air.

"I love you, too, Scrooge," she answers, cupping his cheek over her shoulder to return a smooch or two.

They watch themselves in the mirror for a few seconds then, happy and at peace, and the image seems too perfect to let go of until time urges them to continue getting ready, after one more kiss, of course.

While Goldie makes final adjustments to her jewelry and hair, Scrooge leaves her side to go put on his coat. Just as she deems her appearance satisfactory with a final smoothing of her dress, he speaks up from behind her again—only this time, out of view of the mirror—noting, "You're gonna need some ice to go with that gold."

The sentence baffles Goldie, and she turns to let him know just as much. "What do you mea-oh!"

What she finds awaiting her is the last thing she expected to see tonight...or for quite awhile, if she's being honest with herself (they'd mentioned it a couple of times, but perhaps it's that suddenness that makes it that much sweeter). There on one knee, dressed to the nines in his tuxedo, is Scrooge holding a diamond ring in a little box out towards her, his eyes full of hope and his smile brimming with honest love from his heart.

"Goldie O'Gilt, when we first met, I knew ye were gonna be trouble," Scrooge starts, earning an involuntary smirk from Goldie beneath her stunned expression. He's nervous and sentimental with every word, and it's incredibly endearing on him. "But now, we cause trouble together, and...I want that 'together' to be for forever. So...will ye marry me?"

It takes Goldie a full three seconds to process everything before she's nodding like her life depends on it while trying to find her voice. She's not one to cry very often, and always thought that if and when this moment came she'd be more composed, but damn if her eyes aren't misting up. At least they're in the privacy of their own bedroom.

She finally manages a quivering, "Yes," and Scrooge looks like she's given him the world, because in his mind, she really has. As he pulls the ring out of the box and slides it onto her finger, he laughs to cover up his own sniffing, and once the ring's in place, he kisses the back

of her hand and then pulls himself up to fully embrace her, their beaks brushing together in a tender moment of commitment.

Even after pulling apart, they remain close to each other, Scrooge's arms wrapped around Goldie's back, and her hands resting on his lapels, thumbs running over the satin. She can feel his heart racing, and finds it reassuring to know that hers is not alone.

They stay like that, foreheads nuzzling one another, until the initial wave of adrenaline settles and their betrothal begins to weave itself into reality as the new status quo. Not that any of this is going to stop feeling like a dream anytime soon.

Goldie leans back, and Scrooge immediately brushes a thumb near the corner of her eye, noticing that they're still glistening. "You alright?" he asks, bringing another smile to her beak.

"Yeah," she nods, then jokes, "Hard to not be when this just became the best Christmas of my life."

They laugh over that, and after a moment, Goldie finally takes full stock of the ring on her finger. It's a 24-karat gold band that wraps around an Asscher-cut brilliant in a split shank setting, with a smattering of tiny emeralds hugging the center stone and pavé diamonds glittering down the sides. She moves her hand side-to-side, and the sparkle of it takes her breath away. It's like nothing she's ever seen before, except for...

"Wait!" Goldie halts the moment, peering closer to inspect the main diamond. "Is that...?" she trails off, glancing up at Scrooge, who's wearing a particularly sneaky grin.

"A Cullinan diamond?" he finishes, nodding only after Goldie's eyes seem to bug out of her head. "Remember when we bagged some of the Queen's jewels last year for High Command? Well...a few minor stones *may* have gotten 'lost' during the transfer."

"Scrooge, you *didn't*." Goldie's mouth hangs agape, equal parts shocked and impressed. She remembers that heist quite well. It was and remains their biggest, trickiest one to date, and for him to just *take* some of the loot from F.O.W.L. on a special assignment...well, he was playing with fire.

Scrooge just shrugs a smug shoulder, like she *isn't* wearing a piece of the largest diamond ever found on her finger, and covers her hand with his. "Nothing but the best for you, my queen."

As warm as the gesture makes her feel, she can't help but ask, "But what about High Command? I mean, if they find out, they'll-"

He silences her with a reassuring kiss then, one that melts any lingering doubts. "Well then," he begins as they part, holding her gaze with a gentle grip under her beak. There's something playful dancing in his eyes that makes her heart thump in double-time. "When we go downstairs now, and I get to announce to everyone that you've agreed to make me the richest man in the world-" He leans in close to whisper now. "-we'll just have our own little secret to keep, eh?"

Keeping a secret from their higher-ups is enticingly dangerous in its own right, but the level to which Scrooge's voice drops has Goldie all but swooning. If this is going to bring out his "rebellious take-charge outlaw" side, then by all means, she is for it.

"I think we can manage that," she agrees at last.

"Good. Let's go then—I cannae wait to spend my first Christmas Eve with you as my fiancée." Scrooge turns and offers the crook of his arm to her. "Shall we, m'lady?"

Goldie still can't believe she's now engaged, and with a Cullinan diamond to boot. But as she takes his arm and he squeezes her hand with his free one, reminding her that they're in this together, she realizes that that's the reality of her life, of loving Scrooge McDuck—he makes the impossible seem possible.

It's a life worth more than gold, and for that, she'll gladly give him her heart.

## Chapter End Notes

Man, I got so many feels writing this - I think this is the first time I've explicitly had Scrooge tell Goldie he loves her in one of my stories? I should...do that more :3

So! More AU notes!

The whole thing is basically, the thief version of James Bond. :D

Still deciding on a name for it. Right now I'm really feeling that "diamond cufflink pair" line from Goldie's song, so maybe Diamond Cufflink AU? Diamond Thieves AU? Maybe that one, yeah, though if you have suggestions, feel free to shout them out to me!

Timeline: like I said at the beginning, this chapter takes place about 40 years before the last one, so like, somewhere in the 1920s. I have the last chapter somewhere c. 1965, putting the events in "Outlaw Scrooge McDuck" somewhere c. 1905 (just as long as those 2 things are 60 years apart).

I put so much research into Goldie's ring and the Cullinan diamond (I *earned* that detailed description shh). I actually have a reference pic that I based it off of with some minor changes, if you're curious. But yeah. Scrooge went and really stole some diamonds from both the Queen AND then F.O.W.L. for Goldie, huh? (And while F.O.W.L. is pretty cool about splitting loot/letting agents go on their own heists and keeping everything from those, when they send you on a "hands-off" mission, you do NOT want to go against that. So, they're all happy that Scrooge and Goldie are engaged (which they keep within their circle), but if they ever find out where Goldie's diamond came from...Scrooge is gonna be a roast duck.)

(^The diamond is the secret against F.O.W.L. btw that I was debating in last chapter's notes regarding their marriage. Wanted to have something there, and this seemed like a



good fit.)

EDIT regarding the ring (just in case, and for future ref): it was just the diamond he stole from that heist (one of the 96 minor diamonds that came from the Cullinan). The emeralds and gold came from other sources, but he had all the materials sent to a jewelry maker, and they made the ring for him. (He knows a guy :P)

Speaking of reference pics! I stumbled across this one post of different suit fashions the other day, and just...they're a part of Scrooge's wardrobe in this AU. \*heart eyes\*

And bonus headcanon for their wedding rings: they're both engraved with "diamond cufflink pair, you and I," because again, I just love it so much and it's THEM in this AU. So yeah. Sorrynotsorry in advance for overusing that line. XD

Anyway! I hope you enjoyed this! Not planning on doing any more fics for this AU for Scroldie Week (which I'm seriously behind on), but I definitely want to do more with it in the future. I should make a masterpost.

Thanks for reading, and leaving kudos and comments! Gonna make it through this week!

# Reach Out to A Fantasy

## Chapter Summary

Day 4 - Gold

## Chapter Notes

All I'll say is that this is set within a day or two before "Golden Spear."

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"I thought I'd find you here."

Scrooge smirked, but didn't turn towards the newcomer to his evening. Instead he swirled the wine in his glass and kept his stare on the descending sun, kicking his legs back and forth. He'd been hanging out on the edge of the Money Bin's roof for the better part of an hour, various thoughts drifting out over the open water.

Goldie sighed as she pulled the rest of herself out from the roof's hatch door and closed it, then took a seat to the left of Scrooge a calculated distance away. He was irritated, that much she knew, but if he was out here, it meant he was open to putting the day's events behind him. She hoped.

As she settled in her spot, Scrooge reached to his right and turned back to her with another glass of red. "Wine?" When she took it with a questioning raise of her eyebrow, he echoed, "I thought you'd find me here, too."

Chuckling, Goldie took a sip and leaned back on her other hand, some of her own stress melting away.

Scrooge was the first to broach the subject. "So...you and Louie..."

"He asked me to help him, and I did." She didn't really see what the big deal was—Louie had called for her advice, and while she did enjoy ruffling Scrooge's feathers, it wasn't like they were out setting the town on fire.

"Ye could've said no."

Goldie looked his way with a cheeky grin. "What? And miss the opportunity to pass on my wisdom?"

That earned a deep grumbling and a sip from his own glass. "Shifty shortcuts are not wisdom."

"Oh, but Scrooge's 'Patented Tried-and-True Path of Hard Work' is?" Goldie laughed bitterly. "Face it, Scrooge. Just because there's other quicker ways to success, doesn't mean they're bad."

"You were teaching him how to pickpocket! From me!" Scrooge shouted, tossing a hand in the air.

"It was a test of skill," she placated with one on his shoulder.

Something in him seemed to calm at her touch, but he still shrugged her off. "Look...Louie is *my* nephew and that's *my* money, and..."

"And you should be encouraging his own strengths, not forcing him to be just like you." There, she said it.

Scrooge whipped his neck toward her, bug-eyed, as if she'd just cursed the very existence of gold, but it was a snap reaction. Whatever fire he might've held in his gaze cooled as he realized she was right.

"He's got a gift, Scrooge."

"I know..."

"And I'm just the person to help him refine it."

"I...that's debatable."

Goldie let out a victorious *hmph!* as she shimmied her shoulders with a little grin and drank some more wine. She'd take that. By no means would this be their last conversation on the matter, but for now, she'd managed to get their dynamic back to the status quo, with Scrooge returning to his usual miserly self. That was a win in her book.

"Besides, he's already catching on quick," she poked after a few moments.

"Aye, that's what worries me. Now there's gonna be two of ya." Scrooge refilled his glass, then held out the bottle towards her in silent question.

Even though hers was still half-full, Goldie let him fill it to the brim, and in doing so, scooted just a bit closer to him. "What can I say? The kid takes after his Aunt Goldie."

Time seemed to freeze in that moment as she caught herself and they both gaped at her slip.

Scrooge recovered first and as he set the bottle down behind them, he settled on asking, "I-I thought you hated being called 'aunt?'" Indeed, just this morning when she had arrived at the mansion, she shot down Huey, Dewey, and Webby's attempts to use the term. Louie had been very careful to call her "Miss O'Gilt" last Scrooge was aware of.

Goldie giggled inwardly. "Yeah, well. It's kinda amazing what a day of teaming up with someone can do."

She wasn't wrong. Personal experience with the kids had taught him as much.

Scrooge eyed her carefully, then smirked. "You're bonding, aren't ye?"

That made her blush a deep red and stammer in indignation of such an accusation. "I never said that," she insisted.

"Maybe not in as many words."

"...Just don't say anything to him, alright?" She peeked out from the corner of her eye, hoping for mercy.

Backing off, he held up a hand in mock surrender. "Whatever ye want, lass. But don't expect the kids to be as tight-lipped if Louie tells 'em anything."

Goldie groaned to the sky.

Almost an hour later, the duo were chatting and flirting while basking in the final remnants of a gorgeous red-and-golden sunset. Rays broke through the clouds and shimmered across the water, and if the two ducks ended up brushing shoulders, it was only because Scrooge couldn't get enough of the way Goldie's hair glittered in the light. That, and because they each had a couple glasses of Cabernet in them now.

"Y'know, sometimes I think you put the Bin here just for the view," Goldie slurred lightly, gesturing with her wine towards the horizon.

Scrooge shook his head. "Nah. If I had done that, the big window would be on *this* side." He patted the concrete of the ledge they were on. "Can see you thieves on the other side."

She didn't miss the implication and held a hand up to her chest. "*Me?!!*"

"Yes, *you*." He wiggled his beak towards her for emphasis.

"Name *one* time!"

"Summer of '69."

Goldie narrowed her eyes. "That was fifty years ago."

"Alright then, how about tonight?" Despite her protests, Scrooge reached around her side and fished a couple of gold coins from her pocket, keeping eye contact with her at all times and trying to ignore the way his heart fluttered while doing so. When he waved the gold in front of her, she quieted down.

"...That was another test," she lied.

Scrooge rolled his eyes and pocketed the treasure, returning his attention to his drink. After finishing it off, he set the glass to the side and laid back on the roof of the Bin, resting his hands behind his head. "Half-moon tonight," he mused, then held out his arm to her. "Care to join me?"

Looking back at him, Goldie hesitated, before downing the rest of her wine and nestling into his side. As he pulled her closer to him and they settled, she caught sight of the moon above them in the early evening sky. It was indeed in a waxing half-phase, and it took center stage among a crowd of stars.

From this angle, looking up, the universe felt like a celestial dome, and the moon, a spotlight on their growing desire.

The two kept each other warm as they stargazed for a while, even as Goldie's fingers not-so-subtly unbuttoned Scrooge's collar and tucked into his jacket to play with his feathers, and he casually moved his hand from her arm to caress her hip. While pointing out one of the planets, he leaned in close to help her locate it, only to steal a kiss on the cheek. Goldie allowed this to happen once more, before finally giving in on the third attempt and turning to surprise him with a proper kiss on the beak.

Several minutes of lazily making out in each other's arms later, Scrooge pulled back, breath heavy and hot, and suggested, "I'm up for a dive in the Bin, if you wanna...?"

Goldie nodded, not needing any further prompting. They got up and grabbed the evidence of their earlier drinking, but as Scrooge stood up from getting the wine bottle, his eye caught sight of something in the night.

"Whoa, did you see that?"

She tugged at his sleeve. "You don't need the trick anymore. We're already going to—"

"No," he cut her off, gaze never leaving the sky. "I saw something flash."

"Make a wish, Moneybags."

He shook her off, earning a disgruntled scoff. "I'm serious. It was like a golden spark, and it was moving in front of the moon..."

"That's the wine talking, hon." When he gave her a desperate look in response, she humored him by glancing at the moon for a full second. "Great. I don't see anything. Now let's *go*."

"There it is again!"

Despite herself, Goldie immediately turned towards the sky once more and to her surprise, a flickering orange dot did appear to be traveling down the face of the moon. This time it held steady.

"Huh, guess you were right," she conceded, shifting her weight to her hip as she crossed her arms.

"Course I was," came his mumbled response. Given that he was still transfixed on the object, she let that one slide.

Together, they watched the dot move further along until it passed the edge of the moon from their point of view. Now with its glow accented by the velvet abyss of space, it seemed bigger.

After a few more seconds of watching, Goldie lost interest in the monotony and gently touched his shoulder. "Come on, Sourdough. I think we can safely say it's just a satellite."

Scrooge remained rigid for a moment more, until a squeeze from her broke the spell and he did a double-take between her and the sky. "Yeah...a satellite..." he murmured.

He let her take his hand and lead him towards the entrance back inside the Money Bin, back to the heat they'd built up before. The instant their feet landed on the top floor, his mouth found hers again and she made him forget everything but the stars.

But before all that, just for a brief moment up on the roof, Scrooge could've sworn he'd seen that little dot before.

## Chapter End Notes

\*distant author cackling\* Man, I love writing stargazing stories.

And honestly, I don't know what I'm building towards for the last day's prompt, but...see me writing with antici...pation. ;)

Over halfway done!

# I Need You By My Side

## Chapter Summary

Scroldie Week 2019: Day 6 - Family

Scroldie Weekend 2020: Day 2 - Family

## Chapter Notes

Hello! I'm still sticking with finishing last year's Scroldie Week, but I'm switching up the order of Days 5 and 6 for it, as Day 5's story will be a much better lead in to Day 7's story (so they'll now be chapters 6 and 7). Also, this year's Scroldie Weekend's second theme is "Family" as well, so I'm doubling up on this chapter for that. :)

Just roll with it. ;)

**\*\*Warnings for very mild suggestive content\*\***

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Bentina could hear them before she even reached the steps of the mansion, two voices yelling from within, faint but unmistakable in their source. She pushed open the front door with a sigh; after having to pick up the children at Funzo's—all seven of them, including Launchpad—she really didn't want to have to deal with two more.

As the kids scrambled through the door, chattering and pushing each other around, Louie made a beeline for the TV room, which unfortunately was where the yelling was coming from.

Bentina stopped him in his tracks. "Halt, mister!"

Louie, and everyone else, immediately froze and the room fell silent as the yelling became clearer and everyone listened.

"How DARE you!"

"What's the matter, lass? Did I do something wrong?"

Goldie and Scrooge. Bentina pinched the bridge of her beak, swore under her breath, and marched to the TV room's door, hoping against hope that the teasing lilt in Scrooge's voice was due to a reason entirely different than what she was conjuring up. She knew it was date

night for them, and she also knew that *Scrooge* knew better than to bring their dates to the family areas of the house. Or home at all, for that matter, if she had anything to say about it.

Last she heard, Scrooge had left to meet Goldie at the Peacock Plaza for dinner, and wouldn't be back until late, when all the kids had gone to bed and Bentina could rest well knowing that any of their "date night activities" would be confined to Scrooge's bedroom and out of reach of juvenile ears.

So she hoped to anyone listening for Scrooge's sake that he had a good excuse for them being home early, and that the yelling was for a totally innocent reason, as with them, one could never be sure.

"I'm the Ice Queen of Dawson, Scrooge McDuck, and moreover, I'm *your* queen."

With a quick glance over her shoulder to make sure the children were still glued to their spots and wouldn't be subjected to anything that would scar them for life, Bentina cracked open the door inch by inch and peeked inside, ready to chew both sourdoughs out for bringing their date night home and, if she was lucky enough, throw Goldie out on the street.

Yet instead of getting to do any of that, she simply rolled her eyes at what she found.

"You can't just *buy* Dawson!"

Goldie was looming over Scrooge, who had shrunk back into the couch but was still trying to maintain an air of casual indifference as he inspected a property card. His tie was undone and her shawl was draped across the back of her seat, and between them on the coffee table laid two drinks and an in-progress game of Scroogeopoly.

Bentina should've guessed.

Scrooge attempted a smirk, failing when he met Goldie's eyes. It seemed he had met his match for game night. "N-no sour grapes, Goldie girl. I landed on it fair an' square, and you know the rules: now ye have to—oh, oh, Beakley!" Scrooge eyed his housekeeper over Goldie's shoulder, apparently nonplussed by her spying, but all the more grateful. What with his prowess at a game named after him, she imagined that Goldie had been doing plenty of yelling before the rest of them got home. "Beakley, please do come in!"

Tempted to shut the door and lock it behind her to let Scrooge suffer the wrath of his girlfriend in exchange for bringing her home early, Bentina instead pulled the door all the way open and called to the kids, "You can all come in now." Scrooge and Goldie's equal and sudden tense-up didn't escape her peripheral vision, but she let it go for now.

"Hey Uncle Scrooge, *Aunt* Goldie," Louie greeted as he and the rest poured into the room, taking up spots around the coffee table on the floor.

Goldie narrowed her eyes at him, but softened after a second and ruffled his hair with a gentle, "Hey, Sharpie." If anyone noticed the way that she allowed him to sit against the edge of the couch near her feet without a second thought, they didn't say anything.



“Oh, are you guys having a game night?” Dewey asked from the far corner of the table.

Webby sat between him and Lena and chimed in with, “Can we join?”

As the others settled in, Bentina leaned in between the couple to grab their drinks from the table. “No more of these tonight for you two.”

Before she could fully stand back up, Goldie snatched her glass from her grasp and finished her wine off, smacking in satisfaction as she handed it back to her.

Bentina glared for a split second, raising Scrooge’s glass out of reach as he also tried to reach for his scotch, before putting on a poker face. “Fine then, I hoped you enjoyed that,” she told Goldie, turning to give the glasses to Duckworth, who had come to see what all the new ruckus was about. She whispered to him, “Take these or I’ll make you stay for game night.” He took them without another word.

Returning to the conversation, she rounded the corner of the couch and sat snugly next to Goldie, who immediately scooted closer to Scrooge, who had no objections at all. “Just know that I’m going to be keeping an eye on you for the rest of the evening,” she finished, casting an all-too-happy smile towards her.

Goldie answered her with a hand to her chest and a too-sweet, “Moi? Why, 22, we’re just having some fun.”

Bentina bristled at the use of her code name, the uneasiness of too many betrayals from the thief coming to mind. She shook them off, and leaned forward to speak to someone with a hopefully clearer mind. “Mr. McDuck?”

“Hmm?” Scrooge whipped his head around too fast from talking to Launchpad to his right and steadied himself by wrapping an arm around Goldie’s shoulder, clearly not as clear-minded as Bentina had hoped for, but still sharper than his date.

She had just one question for him. “Why are you back so early?”

“The Peacock Plaza had some sort of event going on tonight. Apparently not even having a permanently-reserved table can get you into a private wedding reception.”

Bentina rolled her eyes, pretending not to notice the way that Goldie scooted half a hair back towards her at the mention of a wedding. At least being Scrooge McDuck had once again proven that it wasn’t an infallible quality to her boss. “So, why didn’t you go somewhere else then?” she asked, and his voice suddenly became suspicious to her, his eyes darting between the two main ladies in his life.

“Oh, uh, no real reason. We did go for a short walk after meeting up, but then I, uh...”

Goldie swooped in to save him, not much more convincing than he was. “Somehow we started talking about games and *this one*-“ She patted Scrooge’s knee, and he let out a nervous laugh. “-roped me into coming back here for a, ah, a game night.”

Scrooge turned fully to Goldie, adding, “Yeah, but *you* were the one who upped the ante.”

“That’s because I *thought* we were going to be playing with cards, not a board game based on your life, you double-crosser.”

Scrooge took on a wicked grin. “Just because you’re losing, darling, doesn’t mean you have to take it out on the game.”

Both of them now clearly lost in the growing argument between them, Goldie’s voice rose a few decibels, but some hidden smirk still played at her beak as she caught a fistful of his shirt in her grasp. Scrooge seemed all too welcoming as she pulled him closer to her. “You’re right. I should be taking it out on you—“

“*Okaaaay!*” Bentina interjected, having seen enough. As tempted as she was to kick both out of the room right then, if not the house itself, she knew better. She was a spy after all; stealth and subtlety were her strengths, and she had innocent minds to protect. Kicking them out now would only raise questions that she’d rather not have to answer or make up lies for.

Her call managed to drive the lovebirds apart, and garner the rest of the family’s attention. She moved on gracefully.

“We’ll all stick around for game night, but since it’s as late as it already is, we’ll simply join the game in progress and split into-“ She did a headcount of the room, herself included. “-teams of five, with Scrooge and Goldie being team leaders, since it’s their game. But then, I expect *all* of you to go to bed.” She sent a pointed look towards the two ducks sitting next to her.

“I’m on Scrooge’s team!” Louie announced from her feet, and Goldie immediately scoffed.

“Sharpie! What are you doing? We could sweep the floor with the rest of them with our skills combined.”

Louie stood up and looked between his aunt and uncle, then shrugged. “Sorry, but one, you’re already losing. Two, this is Uncle Scrooge’s game—do you really think I’m gonna bet against the house? And three, consider it a little bit of payback.”

An unspoken bit of history passed between them and Goldie gaped at him as he rounded the table to Scrooge’s side, who leaned over and shook his shoulder with a proud, “That’s my boy!”

As the rest of the kids rearranged their spots on the floor for their teams, Bentina caught sight of Scrooge nudging Goldie’s shoulder with his own and whispering something into her ear, making her smile at first, then blush. She didn’t know what he said, but she was all too ready to play chaperone for the evening.

The teams naturally split into boys versus girls, or at Webby’s insistence, “Team Magic” versus “Team Adventure.” However, this left the young girl feeling torn, as the prospects of both magic and adventure called to her; a loyalty to her friends and grandmother, mixed with suspicion of her former captor.

Yet as she settled decidedly between Lena and Violet on Team Magic's side, Bentina felt a small wave of relief wash over her. Sure, this may have been Goldie's team, which meant that Webby would be subjected to Goldie's personal brand of trickery and deception against the opponent, but it also meant that she would be getting a first-hand lesson in S.H.U.S.H. Protocol #62: get to know your enemy. And Goldie, whenever she was around, was definitely the enemy.

Also, as she, too, was on Team Magic, Bentina would be able to keep a better eye on her granddaughter this way.

With everyone now ready and it being her turn, Goldie snatched up the dice and shook them in her palms, smiling at her team. "Okay ladies, ready to show these fellas what real magic is?"

With a roll of the dice, the game continued.

An hour later found everyone fully invested in the game, and then some.

Team Magic had made a significant comeback, and no less than seven prop bets had been made between various players. What's more, Goldie had deployed a trick to get under Louie's skin and distract him (and perhaps, to get a little payback in return for him choosing Scrooge's team). She'd noticed Violet's financial and strategic smarts early on in the game, and took to calling her "Smartie," clearly enough so the whole party could hear. While he did take the bait at first (that initial sting of betrayal landed Team Adventure in jail), Louie eventually rose to the challenge, using his brothers and even Launchpad to lay in on the "Aunt Goldie" teasing.

Scrooge would send a playful smile towards Goldie or lay his hand over hers whenever this happened, and she'd take it in stride. Thankfully, much to Bentina's relief, this was the extent of their amorous displays during the game.

Or so she thought.

She noticed it after one of Team Magic's turns.

Lena rolled a four, and Webby eagerly moved their top hat forward the appropriate amount, landing on an unclaimed property: White Agony Creek.

A series of gasps and a hush fell over the room as all eyes turned to center stage to watch the scene unfold. Everyone in the room knew the significance of the property, the foundation of the sourdoughs' history together, even if some only knew part of the story.

Goldie stood up slowly, taking her time to smooth out her dress, and did little to contain her smirk when she noticed how dangerously quiet Scrooge had become, his eyes tracking her every move. "What's the matter, Scroogie? Did I do something wrong?" she teased, much like he had done to her earlier.

If this had been a cartoon, steam would've been whistling out of Scrooge's ears. Bentina remained alert, ready to hold back her boss and partner if need be.

Goldie reached down to the table and grabbed the stack of unclaimed property cards, shuffling through them until she found her newest acquisition. “Let this night go down in history, folks,” she said, flapping the card about. “Tonight, I, Goldie O’Gilt, finally got ahold of Scrooge McDuck’s claim!” Losing herself for a moment, she raised her arms in cheerful victory.

Huey piped up. “Technically, you didn’t take his claim, as no one had landed yet—ow!” He stopped and rubbed the spot in his side that Louie had elbowed to silence him.

To his credit, Scrooge didn’t outright fight Goldie for what was his. He simply sat there, fuming, never losing sight of her. Bentina knew that if it wasn’t for the rest of the family being there, then things would be going very differently right now.

Goldie fell back into the couch cushions, then leaned towards her lover, bopping his beak with the edge of the card, which seemed to shake him out of the stare-down. “Have fun keeping that stage warm in Dawson, Sourdough,” she whispered, her voice low and sultry. Leaning back into the couch, she tucked the card into the top of her dress, close to her heart, smug in how Scrooge was now gazing at her with a completely different look in his eyes, as the children finally broke into a rowdy chorus of “Ooooooh!”

The noise from the kids finally brought Scrooge back to his senses, which, it seemed, was to grumble in concession. He did, after all, still have Dawson, and fortunately for him (and much to the appeal of Goldie), it was the most valuable property on the board.

Thus, for this night, their kingdoms had switched: they were now the Ice Queen of the Klondike and the King of Dawson.

As the game returned to normal and Dewey took up the dice to roll, Goldie appeased Scrooge with a kiss on the cheek and something muttered into his ear, making it his turn to blush. Bentina was content to roll her eyes and let this one slide, but that’s when she saw it.

Scrooge laughed and his knees jumped up a bit, as if he’d been surprised, and when they landed back on the floor, Bentina noticed that Goldie was playing footsies with him. She was about to clear her throat to make them stop, but then something else caught her eye: a glint of gold between the coffee table and the couch.

Leaning forward ever so casually, she found the gold to be Scrooge’s watch, but even more baffling, it was on top of some other items: a necklace, one of Scrooge’s spats, a pair of heels, and a leg stocking. And it seemed Goldie wasn’t playing footsies, but was trying to coax the other spat off Scrooge’s foot with her own bare foot. To confirm her growing suspicion, she looked over the rest of the two lovebirds: Scrooge’s tie, jacket, and cummerbund (how he ever managed to sneak that one off during the game with no one noticing would remain a mystery) were now resting over the back of couch, and Goldie, well...with only one actual garment, it seemed she had taken to removing her bracelets and other jewelry, now that there were others present.

“Oh my god,” Bentina gawked to herself, the truth of what had been going on right under their beaks all night coming to light. She glanced at Scrooge, willing herself to maintain her

subtlety. Loud enough just for them to hear through the noise of the game, she politely asked, “Will you two please join me outside for a moment?”

Scrooge looked around Goldie to answer for them, his smile fully back. “Can’t it wait, Beakley?”

She stood up. “No, it cannot.”

Her word final, she marched out towards the foyer, leaving Scrooge to tell the kids, “Keep the game going,” as he and Goldie trailed her. Somehow they had enough decency and stealth of their own to gather the items they’d left on the floor, likely with the thought of hiding them somewhere else for now.

But Bentina was having none of that. Instead, she wordlessly grabbed them each by the arm and spun around to push them upstairs.

“Beakley, what are ye doing?” Scrooge demanded, stopping on the first landing and twisting about to see what was going on.

“I will NOT have you playing strip-Scroogeopoly-“ Her mind shuddered at that combination of words. “-or strip-anything in this house! Especially not with the children present.”

A wash of guilt and embarrassment crept over Scrooge, but Goldie easily waved off any such feelings and tried to turn the tables. “If you didn’t want the kids to see anything, then you shouldn’t have let them in.”

Bentina sighed in exasperation. “Not the point, O’Gilt. Both of you, just...go upstairs and finish your date night.”

Goldie didn’t need to be told twice, and took Scrooge’s free hand to lead him up to his room. “Come on, Sourdough. You heard the lady.”

Scrooge glanced between her and the TV room. “But what about the game?” he asked, and this time both Goldie and Bentina rolled their eyes at his competitiveness, the latter quick to answer and give them a final shove upstairs.

“I’ll serve you news of the winner with your morning tea.”

The hint of sarcasm in her voice was enough to finally get Scrooge to follow after Goldie, who was able to get his mind off the game with another whisper into his ear.

Satisfied with getting them upstairs, Bentina turned on her heel to return to the game herself, only to spot seven pairs of very curious eyes peeking out from the door of the TV room, stacked one above the other.

With a groan, she threw her hands up in the air and promised to the heavens, “That’s it. New house rule: date night and game night officially cannot mix.”

## Chapter End Notes

Beakley must've added so many new house rules in the boys' first year at the mansion.  
XD

Super excited for the next two chapters, which I suppose in a way will go together, but extra excited in particular for the next.

Hope you enjoyed this chapter! Thank you for reading and commenting, if you so wish to do so. :D

## End Notes

### HAPPY SCROLDIE WEEK!

Overall inspiration for these stories is gonna be the song, "The Lady In My Life" by Michael Jackson, because hoT DAMN is it Scroldie. (There's another MJ song I might use for the last day, but we shall see...)

Thank you for reading, leaving kudos, and commenting! 🎩💖💛

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