

Legality

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Legality

by [Maggotbubb](#)

Summary

Beetlejuices wedding scheme didn't work, he is stuck in the waiting room until his number is called and there's nothing he can do about it.

But when he is summoned to the sight of Lydia deetz herself halfway through cutting her wrists open he finds that can't be further from the truth.

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Beetlejuice and Lydias marriage was legitimate, even though the last word was cut off, and now Beetlejuice is legally obliged (forced) to stop Lydia from killing herself or loose his newfound freedom.

Notes

Just so you know I recently googled the actor for Lydias dad charles and now I am physically unable to write him as anything other then a scumbag. Sorry if that seems unsympathetic to the situation, I didn't mean it to come across that way.

(Basically the non-con isn't between Beetlejuice and lydia)

Chapter 1

Lydia is in her room, once again utterly alone. Midlands are spending more and more time away from her house and in the neitherworld, leaving Lydia to feel even more lonely for weeks on end. she felt even worse then she felt before the Midlands showed up, Back then she knew she had no friends because she just didn't try, but now her only friends have left, her only thought of solace being that she can join them in the neitherworld one day.

Maybe even sooner then they think.

The pack of razer blades sat unopened at the bottom of her underwear drawer, almost excited for the day they'll be submerged into her skin and bathed in blood.

In the 2 months since she almost married a corpse she had developed a childish fear of snakes of each and every kind, thoughts of marriage and future commitments have been tinted green by the ghost, making her feel ill and, as much as she tries, she can't get over her fear and distrust of older men.

Beetlejuice tried to marry her, which could have lead to anything.

Adam left her in this hell of a household, fully knowing her fears and instability.

And her dad...

She was only 13 the first time...

And it never quite stopped...

He gave her breaks sure. If she was sore enough or cried loud enough, he would fake empathy enough for her to hope, pray, that her dad would love her the way she always wished for. He always just did it again and again though. The bright red lines that litter her upper arms didn't stop him, but made her feel better every now again.

As she ran through her life in her head she traced the plastic that served as a barrier between her choosing an afterlife of civil service over carrying on in her personal hell of deceit, abandonment and abuse.

It was easier to open then she thought it would be.

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Beetlejuice never left the waiting room. He got his head back to normal size but had to give the guy his number back...but what's a millennium with nothing to do? He could make it through it.

He was re-reading the dusty magazine for the 2000th time when he blinked to find himself out of waiting room. someone must have summoned him... he was going to be in so much trouble with Juno.

"Mother fucker! I only had to wait 8,000,000,000,000 more!" He turns to the poor sap who summoned him, ready to rip them a new one. "How the fuck do you know my name you-"

When he discovered he was nose to nose with none other than Lydia Deetz, his whole demeanour shifted from ready to kill to smug and curious. When he took a good look at his old pal his curiosity doubled.

"Call me to watch you slit your wrists? Jeeze kid, didn't know you had the balls."

~~~~~

Blood was still slowly dripping onto the floor from where she traced a wobbly line as she stared into the pale eyes of the main attraction of her nightmares each night.

Face blank, she jerked the blade from her wrist and shakily took an unsure step back from the cold man. She was never 100% sure about the symptoms of blood loss but hallucinations seemed pretty likely. Had she lost that much already?

Instead of screaming, running and crying until she dies of dehydration like she wants to (and is painfully close to doing) she burrows her eyebrows together, takes a quick deep breath and says "I didn't summon you." Making sure fit as much disgust as possible.

He closes that gap she made between them and pulls in a smile that is not unlike the face of a snarling dog.

"No? Then how am I here kid?"

It's silent for a minute while Lydia focuses on not passing out, let alone answering the man's question.

"Babe?" Beetlejuice snaps his fingers and Lydia flinches ever so slightly too hard to be normal. "As much as I like watching you loose brain cells in front of me, I have more important things to do, so unless you wanna get re-married-"

A hand is closing around her arm and suddenly she was transported to two months ago, the cold body was too close. She couldn't breath. she couldn't think. she could only feel the crushing weight of a man on top of her, doing as he pleases.

Jerking away from Beetlejuice, Lydia struggles to clear her mind from the flashback she is currently moments away from having.

"D-dont even try it old man." Act strong, she thinks to herself, he will move on once he notices she was useless to him. Her fake courage crumbles as quickly as the ghost invaded her much needed space by leaning down so their noses are almost touching

"Are you... Scared?" He rasps out, before straightening "Well then. I guess you didn't call me."

She lets out a soft "duh." under her breath, making Beetlejuice give her a look, but not mention it.

"That still leaves the question of how I got here kiddo." He glares down at her and bends over to her again, this time to stage whisper to her. " Also, unless you want to join miss argentina,

I would get something on that slit of yours."

That made her jump back into motion from being frozen in place, dazily pressing a spare shirt from her bed to the wound, barely stopping herself from yelling "Of course I want to join miss Argentina, that's why I did it in the first place!"

Lydia looks away from her wound and sniffs the air, chasing an unfamiliar scent. "do you smell that?" She half whispers

Beetlejuice, the charmer, raises his arm to smell under it and snorts. "Sorry, being dead doesn't leave much time for self grooming."

Her nose scrunches up at him. "No, its not you, it smells less like sewage and more like..."

A cloud of smoke floats into the corner eye and she spins herself around faster then she thought possible and came face to face to Juno, taking a slow drag from her cigarette while eyeing the couple up and down.

As more smoke trails out from her neck she begins to speak. "So this is the young girl who bailed you out of the waiting room. I've heard a lot about you."

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

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

Lydia mentally finches when she faces the stranger in her room, surprisingly unused to people showing up out of nowhere. Beetlejuice only glares at Juno and rolls his eyes lazily. "Here to take me back? You know what, i promise to behave and come easily if let me run loose for a few minutes, heh, i'd most likely only maim a couple hundred breathers-" Juno interrupts "I regret to inform you I am unable to do such a thing." She glances at Lydia pitifully "Lydia here has made you as free as a bird."

Beetlejuices eyes widen and dart between Lydia and Juno.

"Free as in free free?" A chaotic grin breaks across his face "As in the wedding worked?"

Lydias eyes widen in realisation and she backs away from the ghost fearfully, knees hitting her bed, making her fall into it in her want to get away "F-free?" she cant seem to comprehend the fact in its entirety, her only thought is the simple 'Oh god, Im fucked. He's going to *hurt* me. Either in a way same as Charles or a new way that will hurt almost as bad. Oh fuck, *shit!*'

Beej is as happy as can be, Everything is going to be perfect for him from now on! He can easily overpower anything this world can throw at him, everything will soon be subject to his raw power, everybody, dead or alive will cower in fear at his-

"Until the girl dies, that is."

His grin drops and he glances at the girl who stands between him and the freedom he rightfully deserves

"I only get 1 lifetime?"

"Looks like it might be less then that to me." Juno gestures to her cut "if you think you'd get a moment of freedom with that girl knowing shes married to you then I don't know what to tell you."

"Oh right." He looks down at the cut, disgust in his eyes "well, she'll live and *I'm sure she won't try it again.*"

She says nothing, only glares tellingly.

He frowns "how about this, you try this whole thing again I'll make your afterlife a literal hell." He smiles condescendingly "Sound good?"

Her only response is a strangely thoughtful look, as if she's considering taking her chances with eternal torture over life. He decides to ignore that mess for the time being.

Their borderline squabbling is interrupted by junos "I might as well tell you two, anytime the living spouse of a ghost is in the process of taking their own life the ghost is trapped with

them until their life signs are once again stable. And if the living spouse dies of their own hand..." She glanced between them "the ghost is sent to the lost souls room."

This new information makes Beetlejuice almost look distressed "so what, you expect me to babysit this child or else i'm double dead?"

Juno nods tiredly, as if this was the 50th time he asked and the ghost borderline growls in return.

"Fuck. At least that whole summoning shit is over."

"Not quite Lawrence." Lydia, still sitting in dazed silence narrows her eyes slightly at the unfitting name. If she wasn't on the cusp of keeling over from blood loss she would have laughed. "I'm afraid your-ugh... wife still has the power to summon you."

"Ah, shit. well what if i just..." he grasps boths sides of his head, spinning it while making an unpleasant ,what Lydia assumes is a dying noise.

"You are unable to kill the girl. Even if you cut off her head, the will of the laws of the netherworld would put her back together, seriously injured and close to passing over, but will be unable to as long as you're the one that caused the injury." He gets ready to throw another question at her but she interrupts. "And yes, that means indirectly and directly."

He places the room, heaving heavily out of decomposed and mangled lungs that whistle and squelch his every breath. "Theres seriously nothing i can do to ditch this kid without loosing my freedom?"

Juno sighs, takes a long drag of her cigarette, and disappears from Lydias room in a cloud of smoke, leaving the girl as the centre of Beetlejuices attention once more.

"God, i hate it when she does that." He turns to the teen sharply, angrily. reminding Lydia oh so much of her replacement mom before the insults came. " Welp, you don't seem the most 'stable' as that bitch put it so i guess i'm stuck here... "

He jumped in next to her, close to her as possible on the bed. "...for a loooong time~." She flinches, coming to her senses and jumping off of the bed before she fell into a panic attack.

Grabbing her razor off the floor she turns to Beetlejuice, who puts his hands up and steps away from her. She presses it to her wrist threateningly and takes a second to catch her breath that was quickly becoming controllable.

"If you dont want my carpet to become bright red this very second you're going to listen to me." She pauses, confused while he nods his head, sarcastically and cruelly.

"Uh huh. Yeah, yeah, sure Babe." He snorts before holding up his open palm, allowing the razor to pull out of Lydia's grip and falls sideways across the room into it. "nice try an all, but if you keep tryna pretend you're the one in charge here, were gonna have a little problem, got it?"

The teen scowls and tries to make her fearful shiver look like one of rage, struggling to speak clearly she grinds out a rough "Of course." A slimy grin overtakes the ghost's face as he revels in the submission.

"Good. now, let's get a look at that wrist of yours."

Chapter End Notes

Just so you know, this story is going to get way more fluffy. He's going to fall hard and fast for that girl, her not so much but whatever :)

Getting along

Chapter Notes

Start of the bonding baby ;) sorry for the wait!

She offers her wrist reluctantly, knowing he can't kill her sort of made her more confident but theres a lot that can happen to a person that doesn't kill them.

He pokes at the wound, snapping her out of her thoughts and making it weep a couple of drops of blood, she winces but stays put, she's dealt with worse.

Way worse.

Her thoughts are interrupted by a snort as the ghost smirks at the lopsided red line.

"This is barely scratch lady. You manage to stop the bleeding and i'll be outta your hair... if you want me to leave that is." The hand around her wrist tightens some and she tenses but keeps her gaze steady, glaring at the man who is daring her to do something.

Harshly yanking her arm out of his grip she stalks away to start the wasteful task of tending to her wounds. Maybe next time she'd choose a more sudden death. Maybe choose a tall building to throw herself off of. Maybe find a big truck going fast enough.

He's still in her room an hour later. An hour and apparently Lydia's still too close to death for Beetlejuice to fuck off to kill a dozen orphans or whatever it is he does in his free time. The bleedings stopped. She has haphazardly bandaged it. She's not very dizzy anymore. For gods sake, she's even disinfected the damn thing. She's two seconds from kissing it better when Beetlejuice throws the romantic novel he plucked at random from her bookcase across the room.

A moment of silence passes and she cant help but glare at him. That book costed too much to be treated like that. It wasn't even a hardback!

"What? It was shit anyway. And I know you can afford another one Miss Mansion... sorry, Mrs Mansion." A sleazy smile spreads and while Lydia wouldn't say she was used to it it's certainly lost its edge.

She thinks about her tiny allowance given by her dad to discourage becoming a runaway, she barely gets enough for the necessities its meant for.

"I sure as fuck can't." She couldn't help but croak out of her dry throat.

Water. liquids. Drinking something could get the corpse that was stinking up her room to leave if the mystical forces wanted to be so precise about it.

She shouldn't be proud when she stands without stumbling but in the moment it seems like an achievement. She makes her way to the door, already thinking of which building to throw herself off of once the bastards gone. She's cut off by arm around her waist, tugging her close to Beetlejuice. No longer on the edge of death she manages to shake off her fear.

She can deal with this.

"Come on now babes, you know the rules. No wondering too far, not without supervision." He pauses and his grip drags slowly down her body. "...Close supervision."

She cant deal with this.

She yanks herself away, slightly glad that he yielded so easy. she really hopes that means he's just messing with her. She straightens, refusing to bend this easy.

"I'm sure i can leave the room, dickhead. if you're bored enough to watch me make tea then just go pick back up the book."

"Oh wow. Sharp claws you got there, kitten. I'm terrified." He straightens from his slump as well, letting her head fall back below his shoulders and she cant help but wince at his height.

"I'm making tea."

She storms out. He glances at the book for a moment before following her.

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