

Touch Starved Beast

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/21649042) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/21649042>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Multi
Fandom:	Beetlejuice - All Media Types
Relationship:	Beetlejuice/Adam Maitland/Barbara Maitland
Characters:	Beetlejuice (Beetlejuice) , Adam Maitland , Barbara Maitland , Lydia Deetz , Charles Deetz , Delia Deetz
Additional Tags:	Slow Burn , Slow Build , Touch-Starved , Touching , Found Family , Other Additional Tags to Be Added , Pining , Feels , Rating May Change , Praise Kink , Family Feels , Friendship , Unresolved Emotional Tension , Masturbation , Awkward Flirting , goldenrat , Hand Jobs , Kissing , Unhealthy Coping Mechanisms , Self-Doubt , Blow Jobs
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2019-12-02 Updated: 2024-03-17 Words: 35,855 Chapters: 13/?

Touch Starved Beast

by [DatFreud](#)

Summary

Getting allowed back into the Deetz' household was the easy part. Dealing with the everyday life living with two goths, a goth, a crystal freak, and a stuck-up breather was the hard part. Especially with all the stupid rules, Barbara had instead they implemented. No more killing or maiming or harming. Where was the fun in that? Things got a lot more complicated when Beetlejuice discovered that rules weren't the only new thing he had to get used to. There was the casual touching too. It was strange and breathtaking and so goddamn overwhelming.

Chapter One

Despite being a demon straight from hell, Beetlejuice had experienced his fair share of pain, and not in the fun and sexy kind of way. No, he'd experienced real pain, like soul-crushing—if he had one—heart-breaking—if he had one—pain. And one would think, that being pierced through the chest while being alive had to be the worst, but it wasn't. It really wasn't.

The worst kind of pain was hearing everybody around you say they love you, have them touch you and care about, only to figure out it was all some grand scheme. It had hurt. A lot. Even more than being stabbed to death. That kind of shit left scars. That was the reason by even after saving them, he took off. They didn't want him around. Except for maybe Delia. She had done some stuff. She was clearly into him, he could tell. But as for the rest of them. They didn't want him there. Therefore, the second round of pain, shouldn't have come as a surprise for him. But it still did. They all stood there, looking relieved that he decided to leave, probably glad that they didn't have to go figure out a grand plan to get rid of him again. He looked at them one last time, before he turned around, ready to walk through the portal and leave in search of his dad, that would probably end in a disaster. He missed the way Lydia mouthed something to her father before she nudged first Adam, then Barbara.

“Beetlejuice.”

Beetlejuice stopped at the sound of his name. He closed his eyes and took a deep breath, that he didn't need. Being alive had really fucked him up. Beetlejuice could feel his stomach tie itself into tight knots. Having someone say his name, still felt amazing and overwhelming in a way, that had him bite his lower lip in anticipation.

“Yes,” he dragged out the sound, just like the time on the roof. He turned around, slowly, hiking his shoulders towards his ears. Lydia slowly walked towards him, the red dress sawing around her feet, made it seem like she was floating. Her eyes were hard and stern, but the corner of her lips was lifted into a wicked smirk.

“Beetlejuice.”

Beetlejuice snapped his head to the side when it was Adam, who called his name a second time. Unlike Lydia, Adam was actually smiling, and his gaze was soft and Jesus, Beetlejuice did not know how to react to that.

“Yes?” he filled with his hand in front of his chest, briefly looking around just to make sure no one was sneaking up on him to stab him.

Adam walked up beside Lydia, who briefly looked up at him. Her smirk transformed into a smile, that would have tugged at Beetlejuice's none-exciting heartstrings if it hadn't been for that fact that he had absolutely no idea what was going on. He glanced at Charles out of the corner of his eyes. He looked like something had crawled up his ass and died, but beside him, Delia was beaming, softly clapping her hands together.

“Beetlejuice,” it was Barbara who said the third time. She walked up to Lydia’s other side and put a hand on her shoulder, looking at the young girl with a warm smile, before she turned her attention to Beetlejuice.

All eyes were on him like he was one some big stage. His gaze flickered between the three of them, before finally settling on Lydia, who looked very proud of herself. She crossed her arms over her chest, and lifted her chin, grinning at Beetlejuice.

“You don’t have to have to look so smug. You can’t split it up like that. It has to be the same person that says it three times. You bunch of losers,” he huffed and shifted his weight from one foot to the other, gazing flickering.

Ignoring his remark, Lydia just smile and patted him on his arm, “It got your attention didn’t it?” she asked with a smile, hand not leaving Beetlejuice’s arm. It made him tense up, suddenly very aware of the pressure against his skin, of the warmth seeping through his clothes. It made his head spin, and the urge to seek out more washed over him. But since he’d just forced Lydia to be his underaged bride and then got stabbed for it, even he could tell, that it would probably be a very bad idea to pull her closer.

“Well, you got it. So what?” Beetlejuice asked through gritted teeth, forcing his attention away from the warm hand to Lydia’s face.

“So, we want to make you an offer,” Lydia said.

“An offer?” Beetlejuice repeated, “that’s sound exciting,” he drawled, but any lewd comments that would have been a great follow-up, was cut off by Lydia pressing her two fingers to his lips.

“Don’t,” she warned him and pulled back when Beetlejuice nodded, “we’ve decided, that you don’t have to leave. You can stay with us if you want to.”

Blinking several times in confusion, Beetlejuice stared at Lydia with wide eyes, unable to believe what he’d just heard.

“Me. Staying with you?” His smile grew when Lydia nodded, and his whole body buzzed with barely contained energy. “Yes!” he punched the air, making Adam flinch and Lydia roll her eyes.

“You’re not going to regret it. We’ll be the best BF-F-F-F’s forever,” he promised, already excited to the core. But it quickly ran cold.

“Wait. Where’s the catch?” He asked, clearly remembering the last time he’d thought things were going his way. Spoiler alert: it hadn’t.

“There’s no catch. Just a couple of rules,” Barbara pitched in, making Beetlejuice groan and roll his eyes. It would probably be enough to make the old Barbara shriek and jump back like she’d been burned. Barbara 2.0 frowned and continued speaking in a stern voice, that demanded to be heard.

“That’s right. There are rules. And you’re going to listen carefully, or else the offer’s off the table.” Beetlejuice swallowed around his throat and slowly looked up at Barbara. She smiled kindly when they made eye-contact, and Jesus if that made Beetlejuice’s usually cold and clotted blood run hot in his veins.

“That’s better,” Barbara praised. The sweet sound made his chest flutter. It was probably just the bugs he’d eaten earlier. At least that was what he told himself.

“Now, there’s will be a few rules, if this is going to work. No more killing, or maiming or harming,” Barbara added before Beetlejuice even had the chance to ask about the technicalities, “no wrecking the house, respect people’s privacy and boundaries, like don’t just kiss and grope us. And don’t even think about Lydia as your bride,”

“It was a green-card thing” Beetlejuice whined, but Barbara’s stern look told him she wasn’t in the mood for games.

“And no extortion, torturing, and lies,” she finished, japing Beetlejuice in the chest for each word, making Beetlejuice take a step back and put his hand up in defense.

“It doesn’t really sound like you want me there,” he pointed out. Barbara smiled at him again and instead of japing him in the chest, he patted her on his shoulder. The gentle gesture had him shiver and Barbara pulled her hand back.

“We do want you here, Beetlejuice. But we have all broken each other’s trust, that needs to be restored, and to do that probably we need some ground rules,” Adam explained, and it did actually made a lot of sense. He had been an ass with all the lying, the anger tantrums and the forcing someone to marry him, and nearly killing Barbara, and... yeah, he’d broken their trust. But they had too.

“So, if I stay with you, do I get to make rules too?” Beetlejuice asked tentatively, biting his lower lip when Lydia, Adam, and Barbara started whispering amongst themselves.

“Only if they make sense,” Lydia demanded and crossed her arms.

“I get to see Adam naked,” Beetlejuice blurted out with a grin.

“No,” the three of them rejected the purposely immediately, while Adam and Barbara cross their arms to. Fucking deadbeats.

“Then Barb?” Beetlejuice and winked at her.

“No,” all answered at once, making Beetlejuice snort and roll his eyes.

“I get one hug a day. Without any stabbing or stealing my shit,” he then demanded, pushing out his chest a bit as he did so.

Lydia paused and wrinkled her nose, looking Beetlejuice up and down, “that’s a weird rule.”

“Take it or leave it, kid,” Beetlejuice crossed his arms, trying to give off his best I-don’t-give-a-shit vibe. It would probably have worked better if it wasn’t for the strains purple, that

chased away the vivid green at the roots of his hair. The color only spread Lydia, Adam and Barbara once again whispered amongst themselves. He opened his mouth to tell them to hurry up, but before he could get any rude comments past his lips, Lydia spoke.

“We decided to agree to your rule,” Lydia announced, making Beetlejuice stare at her with wide eyes. He couldn’t believe what he was hearing.

“You do realize I just almost got you all killed?” He pointed out glancing between then three of them.

“Yes,” Lydia said in a tone, that made it sound like, it was the most obvious thing in the world. It had Beetlejuice swallow hard and shift his weight, while the purple color deepened.

“And you still want me to stay?”

“Yes,” the same tone, this time accompanied by a wicked smile.

“Yes, we do,” Adam joined in, and Beetlejuice’s gaze flickered between them, searching their features for any traces of lies. Some of the tension slowly left his shoulders, when he found none.

“You’re crazy,” he snorted and shook his head, still debating with himself whatever they could be trusted or not.

“I prefer strange and unusual,” Lydia took a step closer, and linked her arm with Beetlejuice’s, looking up at him from under her black lashes. ”What do you say?”

“I say,” Beetlejuice dragged out the word, and looked down at the young goth girl, “yes. And you can’t take your offer back now,” Beetlejuice pointed out, voice dropping a few octaves, “or else’s I kill you,” he said it as a joke, but part of him meant it. The same part that had been thrilled when they all admitted wanting him, the part that had been devastated when it all turned out to be a lie. He wouldn’t be able to go through that again, not without hunting down and killing every last one of them, if they even dared to give him this and then take it away.

Adam’s smiled dropped and his gaze softened, “don’t worry. We won’t,” he said in a soft voice, that would have Beetlejuice’s heart melt if he had one.

Holding his breath, Beetlejuice waited for the stab in the chest, the punchline to the whole damn thing. But it didn’t come. His lips stretched into a wide smile, flashing his sharp teeth and reaching all the way to his eyes.

“Great!” Throwing his arms around Barbara and Adam—Lydia was too quick for him to catch in the embrace—he tugged them both close to his body, fulling enjoying the way they felt against him, “you won’t regret this! We’re going to have so much fun together!”

Chapter Two

Chapter Notes

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

For the next couple of days, Beetlejuice kept expecting someone to drop the act, and announce it was all a trick and then stab him through the chest. He kept watching for little signs, like people whispering amongst each other and exchanging glances, frowns and gritted teeth. He saw plenty of the last two from Charles, and honestly, Beetlejuice was impressed the breather hadn't snapped yet and kicked him out. He couldn't help but test the waters, testing just how far he could push Charles, before the man snapped and they went back on their word, kicking Beetlejuice out. But even after some good jump scares, misplaced things and half-eaten rat in his bed, Charles still hadn't kicked him out. The rat-thing had earned Beetlejuice a lot of curse words and foul gazes, but that was it. But it had made Lydia laugh, so he'd probably do it again, even if Barbara had told him not to. And speaking of Barbara.

"Come again?" Beetlejuice asked stuck his little finger in his ear, wiggling it around, "I must have some gunk stuck in my ears, I thought you said, you wanted me to take a shower," he said and looked up at Barba with a bored expression, trying not to grin at her obvious frustration. He was sprawled on the couch in the attic, which had been declared his sleeping area, even though he'd tried to tell them, he was just fine floating around, he didn't place of his own, no matter how mushy the thought made him feel inside.

Barbara was standing at the edge of the couch looking down at Beetlejuice with a patient face, but Beetlejuice had noticed the small twitch at the corner of her eye. She looked ready to snap, maybe this was the moment, it would all turn around and go to hell, or the Netherworld.

"You heard correct," she said in a sweet voice, but there was just enough edge to her tone, to keep Beetlejuice focused, "you smell terrible, and—"

"I know that."

"and if we all are going to live together, something has to be done about it," Barbara continued like she hadn't been interrupted, "knowing about isn't enough," she explained like she was talking to a child and not a demon from hell.

"You stink, no one wants to sit near you, and you make people gag if you hug them," Lydia cut in, going straight to the point.

"Lydia," Barbara said, but the twitch had vanished, and her lips lifted into a smile. Behind them at the table, Adam nodded and looked up from the model town he was working out.

"She's right."

Beetlejuice gasped dramatically and pressed his hand against his chest, "so rude," he said, trying his best to sound devastated.

Adam shrugged and put down the tiny tree he'd been working on. He wiped his hands with a rag and sat down on the couch next to Beetlejuice.

"Listen, if we want to uphold the rules, you rule too, you need to take a bath. Otherwise, it will be hard giving you your one hug a day"

"Well, when you put it like that," Beetlejuice grumbled before tipping his head back, "fine I'll do it." He sighed even louder, when he heard, just how happy it made the others. Jesus, one would think ghosts didn't give a shift about body odor.

"Jesus," he snorted and rolled off the couch, "I'm going, I'm going, okay." He whined even though nobody said anything. Expect for Adam, who yelped, but it could be because Beetlejuice pinched his ass as he walked by. Who knew?

Passing through the door Beetlejuice scowled at bathtub like it had personally offended him. Turning on the water, Beetlejuice looked at it with despair, hating the thought of getting in. It was pointless, and a waste of time, and he felt comfortable in his dirt. It was like a second skin. A barrier. Something he could hide behind, when things got uncomfortable, not that they ever did for the ghost with the most... but still. It was a nice back-up plan.

"Jesus fucking Christ," he grumbled and shrugged off his jacket. Dirt and mold and god knew what crusted off in big flakes when he placed it on the toilet seat. He unbuttoned his shirt and tugged it out of his trousers, revealing his stomach and the beginning of a dark treasure trail.

He grimaced when he dipped his hands in the water and quickly splashed it under his pits, rubbing it in a bit, before he did the same to his face, getting rid of the mold at his nose.

"That's got to be enough," he decided and dusted his hands together, and got his clothes back on.

When he walked through the door, Adam was waiting for him right on the other side. Adam opened his mouth to say something but stopped before the first word passed his lips. His gaze flickered up and down Beetlejuice.

"That won't do," he said, and reached behind Beetlejuice and opened the door, before walking forward, forcing Beetlejuice to take a step back into the bathroom.

"Hey, A-Dog," Beetlejuice flashed his most charming smile, "are you here to join me?" he drawled and looked up and down with hooded eyes, "that's mighty naughty, isn't it."

Adam couched into his hand and a bright red spread across his cheeks, "No. I'm. I'm just making sure you don't cheat," Adam cleared his throat again and crossed his arms across his chest.

"Huh, you really mean that getting clean stuff, don't you?" Beetlejuice snorted and leaned against the sink.

"We do. But honestly, it's not that much to ask," Adam pointed out, "so let's just get it over with."

“I still can’t convince you to join me?” Once again Beetlejuice looked Adam up and down.

Adam sighed and shook his head, “no. But if you get in and get yourself cleaned up, I’ll wash your hair.”

“I don’t see that as a win. Like at all.”

“I’ll give your hug afterward,” Adam then offered, and honestly it started to sound a bit like extortion, but what the hell. It worked.

“Okay,” Beetlejuice agreed and started undressing immediately, grinning when it made the blush spread on Adam’s cheeks and the ghost quickly turned around. Beetlejuice smirked when he saw, that even the tip of his ears, had turned crimson.

“Come on, don’t be like that. A sexy piece of ass like you must have seen a naked man a few times,” Beetlejuice practically purred in his rough voice, “all though, I can’t blame you, I’m am truly blessed with the ideal male body.” Stretching his arms above his head, Beetlejuice grinned at Adam, still trying to catch the man’s gaze, but the ghost was busy preparing the bath, apparently hot wasn’t enough, there needed to soap in it ass well.

“You’re so boring. What happened to Adam 2.0?” he asked as he slipped into the water. Adam glanced at him over his shoulder, and only when Beetlejuice’s lower body was completely covered by the thick layer of bubbles did he turn around.

“Well, he only comes forth when needed,” Adam answered, and Beetlejuice didn’t miss the way he glanced at the neatly folded cloth with mild disgust, “and I don’t think he is needed in this situation.”

“Then what is?” Beetlejuice leaned back against the tub, resting his arms along the edge, he tilted his head back to get a better look at Adam. It was the first time the two of them were alone, usually, either Barbara or Lydia was there to fill in the silence with chatter or activities. Being one on one, there was no place to hide and no back-up. He had Adam’s undivided attention. Under the bubbles Beetlejuice’s leg began bouncing up and down, creating soft waves in the foam.

“I think a little bit of patience,” Adam said with a smile and tapped Beetlejuice’s arm with a sponge.

“Good luck with that,” Beetlejuice snorted and took the offered sponge, dipping it in the water and soaking it in the soap bubbles.

“With that attitude, it sounds like it’s just what you need,” Adam pointed out, “now, get cleaned. ”

“So demanding. Does Babs enjoy that in the bedroom?” Beetlejuice drawled and tipped his head back to look at Adam, flashing him a wide grin, while he rubbed the sponge over his chest and down his arms, dragging a trail through the layer of filth on his skin. He laughed to himself when it made the ghost roll his eyes.

“She does,” concluded in a high teasing voice, laughing again when it made Adam blush.

“It’s not like that,” he mumbled, and Beetlejuice nearly missed it due to his own laughing. But he did catch it, and it made him bite his lower lip and wriggle his brows, intrigued by the bit of information.

“Then how is it? Is she the one bossing you around?” He asked. He knew he was being direct and crude and a pervert, but he couldn’t help it, not when Adam was leaving himself so open for teasing.

Adam shrugged and got to his knees behind Beetlejuice, which was a strange thing to do. Beetlejuice froze when he felt Adam’s hand on the back of his head. He swallowed hard and followed when Adam guide his head a bit forward.

“You make it sound so... perverted,” Adam said behind him and fished around for something.

Beetlejuice opened his mouth to tell him just how perverted it could be and tried to look at Adam over his shoulder, but a firm hand on the nape of his neck stopped him.

“Close your eyes,” Adam instructed and dipped a plastic cup in the bathwater.

“What are you doing?” Beetlejuice glared at the filled cup, leg bouncing up and down under the water.

“I promised I would wash your hair if you cleaned yourself up,” Adam reminded him with a cheerful voice.

“Again, that’s not a win.”

“Just close your eyes.”

Even though he wasn’t completely convinced, Beetlejuice slowly closed his eyes. His breath hitched when he felt Adam’s hand on his forehead, guiding him into position.

“That’s good,” Adam praised and poured the water while pressing his hand across Beetlejuice’s forehead to keep the water away from his eyes. The pressure and the warmth had him take in a shaky breath, squeezing his eyes together.

“Don’t worry. I won’t get soap in your eyes,” Adam promised and poured more water. The warm feeling started from the top of his head, traveled down his scalp and over his naked shoulder until it melted together with heat from the water in the tub.

“I’m going to put in the shampoo now,” Adam warned, and all Beetlejuice could do was nod.

He bit his lower lip hard when Adam started massaging the shampoo into his hair and rubbed his scalp in small, soothing circles. Every place Adam touched felt like it was on fire, and Beetlejuice couldn’t decide whatever it was too much or not enough at all. Letting go of a shaky breath, Beetlejuice dropped his shoulders and leaned into the touch. His eyes drifted shut. All senses zoomed in on the feeling of Adam’s fingers running through his hair.

He tilted his head back when Adam started rinsing his hair before applying another round of shampoo. Beetlejuice didn't protest. He just enjoyed the calming feeling. All thoughts about being stab, kicked out or abandon slowly slipped from his mind. Behind him, Adam hummed softly and rinsed again while spilling praises from his lips. Even though he wouldn't admit it, the soft words had a flush spread across his pale skin. Luckily Adam was kind enough not to mention it.

The last of the shampoo was rinsed out and mixed with the dirty bathwater, but Adam continued running his fingers through Beetlejuice's hair and gently massaging his scalp. He continued long after the bubbles had disappeared, revealing the dark murky bathwater lurking underneath. Beetlejuice swallowed a lump in his throat and his gaze shifted about. Adam wasn't washing his hair anymore, so why did he continue touching him? And when would he stop? What would happen when he stopped? The many thoughts swelled up inside Beetlejuice make his leg bounce, as he shifted about. He bit his lower lip hard when Adam pulled back. The sensation from the touch lingered. Instead of dwelling on it, Beetlejuice moved forward in the tub, away from Adam.

"Well, I got other things to do," he declared and stood up in the tub, splashing water all over the edges and onto the floor. He smiled to himself when he heard Adam sigh.

Stepping out of the tub, Beetlejuice managed to splash even more water on the ground much to his delight and Adam's despair.

"Oh, and Adam," Beetlejuice called in a sing-song voice and glanced at Adam over his shoulder, batting his eyelashes at the man.

Adam took a deep breath and looked at Beetlejuice, obviously trying very hard not to glance at anything below the waist.

"Yes?"

Beetlejuice flashed him a dirty grin before he turned around and wrapped his arms around Adam, soaking him through the bone. The man yelped and tensed, whatever it was from the touch or the water, Beetlejuice didn't know. He didn't care either, not when he got Adam to make such a face.

"You promised, loser" he reminded Adam, earning him a loud sigh before the ghost returned the hug, which Beetlejuice hadn't expected. And he expected the warm, sickening feeling that started spreading in his gut... fuck.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed! Please drop comments and kudos if so <3

Chapter Three

Chapter Notes

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

”And then I hugged him, getting water all over the place,” Beetlejuice retold the bathtub story to Lydia, grinning like a maniac when he remembered the choked look on Adam’s face because of the naked, wet embrace. He was floating a couple of inches above Lydia’s bed, With his hands behind his head, and one foot across the other.

Underneath him, Lydia was looking at something on her computer screen. She had been doing that whole lot lately. She didn’t even look up when he told the punchline or laughed at Adam’s misery.

“Hey, that was a great story, and you didn’t even chuckle. What’s up,” Beetlejuice asked and floated closer, turning over onto his stomach while looking over Lydia’s shoulder. She was looking at a webpage for some kind of school.

“What’s this?” He flopped down on the bed next to Lydia, making her computer jump dangerously close to the edge. She quickly caught it before it fell off.

“Beej!” she groaned and nudged him hard in the side with her elbow. Then she made room for him on the bed.

“Sorry,” Beetlejuice grumbled and nodded towards the screen, “what are you looking at?”

“Nothing,” Lydia quickly snapped the laptop shut, “nothing,” she repeated in a high-pitched voice that reminded Beetlejuice an awful lot about Delia. He didn’t point it out though since he was sure it would result in another elbow in the side.

“Don’t look like nothing,” Beetlejuice reached for the laptop, but yelped in pain when Lydia slapped his hand away.

“It’s dumb,” Lydia mumbled and pulled the laptop towards her chest, squeezing it tight. She looked sad... well, sadder than usual, and Beetlejuice couldn’t figure out why? Wasn’t she supposed to be happy after returning from the Netherworld and killing him/taking him in? apparently not. Jesus, human emotions were really complicated. Beetlejuice was almost glad Lydia had killed him before he managed to experience too high of a dose.

“Maybe be, but humans are pretty dumb, so it's not a surprise,” he bit his lower lip and grinned when it made Lydia’s lips stretch into a faint smile, “come on, kid. Tell me what’s wrong,” this time it was his turn to gently nudge Lydia, as he sat up beside her, “need me to kill someone for you?” All she had to do was say the word, and then he would hunt down whatever bastard that had hurt her and make them wish they were already dead. Unlike the Maitlands, Lydia didn’t look totally offended or choked by the offer. She just snorted and shook her head.

“Nah, it’s not like that,” she sighed and leaned against Beetlejuice.

Glancing down at her, Beetlejuice praised Satan he didn’t need to breathe, which meant he could keep perfectly still while Lydia stared at the opposite wall.

“Then what is it like?” he hesitantly asked, when Lydia kept quiet. The teen shrugged and opened the laptop, sitting it in front of them so Beetlejuice could see when she scrolled through the pictures of the school.

“I’m starting soon,” she said in a voice barely above a whisper and stopped scrolling at a picture showing off some of the students walking down the halls, looking all happy and cheerful. It was probably fake, no one should look that happy about being trapped with teachers and homework and bullies.

“What if I don’t fit in?”

Her voice shook slightly, and each word felt like a stab through the chest. But so did the thought of Lydia leaving for school each day. Day time was their time, with no (alive) adult, where they could do whatever they wanted, like scaring the postman or turning the entire living-room floor into a giant trampoline. They had fun doing the daytime, but all that would disappear if Lydia went to school.

“Fuck fitting in,” Beetlejuice threw his arm around Lydia’s shoulder and gave her a squeeze and his most charming smile, “you don’t need school anyway,” he tried cheering her up, but it didn’t seem to help. She tensed all over her body and glared at Beetlejuice, had she been a demon, her hair would be blazing red.

Beetlejuice changed tacit, “okay, so maybe school’s not that useless. But still, you don’t have to worry about fitting in. If anyone gives you any trouble, I’ll deal with them. Just say the word, and I’ll make sure they’ll wet their bed for the rest of the school year. Or if you’re into it, I can possess one of your class-mates, then you won’t be alone,” he suggested enthusiastically, already picturing how much fun they would be able to have, “I’ll be like last time, except for a haunted house, we’ll be running a haunted school”

“You just don’t get it, do you?”

“What’s to get? School sucks, and the people there suck. It won’t take much to make you the queen of the entire thing,” Beetlejuice didn’t get it. He was offering to help, and he really meant it, there was no hidden agenda or plans including child marriage. It would just be the two of them, transforming school time into fun time.

Lydia’s scowl deepened and she pulled away, “you really don’t get it,” she stated in a cold voice and got out of the bed, “get out,” she demanded and pointed at the door.

“What? Why?” Now Beetlejuice was really confused, he was helping, and Lydia threw him out because of it, that was not how these things were supposed to go.

“Just get out!”

“Fine!” Beetlejuice snapped and floated off the bed. He flipped her the bird before he phased through the door, he was pretty sure he heard an object smash against it, moments after.

Shaking with something—was it anger? No, it felt different, more overwhelming—Beetlejuice floated upward, heading for the roof. He found his usual spot near the edge and got comfortable, fishing out his big Zagnut bar, grumbling about stupid, moody teens to himself. Maybe he was better off without Lydia there, he had to be if she was going to be mean even though he was trying to help.

“Beetlejuice?” He jumped in his seat, Beetlejuice quickly snapped the bar away, when Barbara floated through the roof. She looked at him with a soft smile and a gentle gaze.

“What?” he couldn’t help but snap, was she going to snap at him as well. He felt bad as soon as the word had left his mouth, but it didn’t seem to affect Barbara.

“Can I sit with you?”

Beetlejuice hesitated before he slowly nodded and made room for her. She said down close beside him, not close enough to touch, but all Beetlejuice would have to do was spread his legs and their knees would bump together.

“You look at little... taken back,” Barbara said and looked Beetlejuice up and down. The attentive gaze had Beetlejuice tug at his own hair, not knowing what color had seeped into the treacherous strands.

“I’m not taken back, I’m pissed,” he grumbled and looked away from Barbara.

“Okay. Why are you pissed then?” she asked in a steady, soft tone, that made Beetlejuice want to lean against her and just tell her what happened.

“I was hanging out with Lydia, and she was being sad about starting school, and I tried to help. I told her I could go with her or maybe possess some of her classmates, and then she just got angry at me for no reason,” he complained, throwing his hands up in the air, “like what’s her problem. If she doesn’t want my help, why ask for it?”

“Did she ask?” Barbara asked, and placed a hand on Beetlejuice’s knee, making him look at her.

“What?” he asked and raised a brow.

“Did she specifically say, Beetlejuice I have something that’s bugging me, I need your help?” she smiled when Beetlejuice just stared at her, seemingly taking his silence as an answer, “I’m guessing, Lydia didn’t tell you about school because she wanted you to come up with a solution. She probably just wants some to listen to her and someone to acknowledge that starting school is indeed scary. ”

“I was doing that!”

“No, you went straight to offering her a solution, and--” Barbara said holding up a hand to cut off Beetlejuice’s protest, “while it was really sweet of you to offer her help, I don’t think

that's what she needs." She patted him gently on the knee and offered him a warm smile, that made His chest tighten and something—he didn't dare name—awaken in the bit of his stomach.

"So she just needs me to be her verbal trashcan, so she can throw in all of her frustration and fears?" Beetlejuice asked, trying his best to make sense of the whole situation. Breathers were complicated. It was putting together Ikea furniture without a manual; it made no sense and it always felt like some part was missing.

"Pretty much yes. So," she dragged out the sound and she leaned forward to look at Beetlejuice, who shifted in his seat.

"So?" He repeated, gaze flickering around.

"So, are you going to talk to her?"

Beetlejuice snorted and shook his head, "I think she'll exorcise me if I come near her."

"I don't think she would. Try giving her chance," Barbara pressed on and gave Beetlejuice's knee a small squeeze, and Jesus if that didn't feel amazing. It had him melt and sag against the wall behind him, as the anger and confusion slowly left his body and his hair returned to its normal color. Barbara smiled in satisfaction.

"Go talk to her," she advised and patted his knee before she stood up. Beetlejuice where he was.

"Just so know," he mumbled and looked up at her, "if I do die, it'll be on you."

Barbara smiled and ran his fingers through his hair, ruffling it up, "you won't."

And with her fingers tugging at his hair, with just enough force to make it comfortable without the sensation turning into pain, there was nothing Beetlejuice could do but believe her.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed it! Please drop comments and kudos if so <3

Chapter Four

Chapter Notes

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

Beetlejuice glared at the closed door to Lydia's room. He could easily phase through it and force Lydia to talk with him. It was the most logical step. He wanted to talk to Lydia. But to do that, he needed to be in the same room as her, he couldn't do that because a door separated them. The solution should be obvious; phase through the door. Was it the simplest solution? Yes. Was it the right one? Sadly no, as the nagging voice in the back of his mind, reminded him. Funny enough the voice sounded an awful lot like Barbara.

Therefore, Beetlejuice knocked and waited, like he was a fucking breather and not The Ghost with the Most. His whole body tensed when he heard movement on the other side of the door. His stomach tied itself into a tight knot, and he tapped his foot repeatedly against the floor.

The door opened, just enough for Lydia to peek her head out. "What?" she snapped in a harsh voice and glared. It was almost enough to get Beetlejuice to say fuck it and just leave. She didn't want to talk to him obviously. But he'd promised Barbara.

"I'm sorry," he gritted out through clenched teeth.

Lydia raised a chin and brow and opened the door a little. She crossed her arms over her chest and leaned against the doorframe. Beetlejuice waited for her to accept the apology or at least say something. He groaned out loud when Lydia kept quiet.

"Look, I'm sorry, I made a mistake. I didn't realize you wanted to talk, I thought you just wanted a solution," he explained, voice a little too high-pitched and hair a tad too purple for his taste. Despite that, it seemed to work just fine for Lydia.

"If you want, we can try again. Just talking this time, I promise. there'll be no possession talk. I swear on my grave," he added with a tentative smirk.

A small smile played at the corner of her lips and she kicked the door opened before she went inside, "fine. But I'll kick you out if you annoy me," she added and dropped down on her bed.

"You and I both know that won't happen. I'm too adorable," Beetlejuice joked as he followed her inside the room, closing the door behind him. He was flashing her his usual charming smile, but in reality, the comment had hit something inside him, something hurtful. He buried the unwanted emotion deep in his mind before the feeling had the chance to spread like a virus.

"So," he started, dragging out the sound as he flopped down on her bed, "give me the tea, Lyds."

Lydia snorted and pushed his shoulder with her foot before she got comfortable, leaning against the wall with the pillow in her lap, “you’re unbelievable,” she mumbled and picked at a loose thread on the pillowcase. She swallowed hard and licked her lips like she was struggling to get the right words out.

“Starting school is...” she trailed off and tilted her head back against the wall, “it’s so permeant. It means this is really it. There’s no going back. Not to our old life or the old house. I feel like I’m giving up on her,” she bit her lip hard, teeth denting the skin as her eyes glassed over.

“You’re not,” Beetlejuice said, tentatively trying his best to read the situation. He didn’t want to mess it up like last time by jumping directly to problem-solving, “you don’t have to feel bad about the whole being alive thing. Especially not the living part. She died, it sucked and that’s okay. It’s okay to feel sad or angry or whatever crazy feelings you breathers have. Grieving is normal. I see it all the time. But just because she can’t live anymore, it doesn’t mean you have to stop. She wouldn’t want that. Besides Living doesn’t equal forgetting,” he added and reached for Lydia, gently placing a hand on her shoulder.

She was shaking and tears ran down her pale cheeks. He’d fucked up! Again! Beetlejuice opened his mouth to apologize, but all that came out was a punched-out sound as Lydia threw herself at him, wrapping her arms around his neck.

“I just miss her so much,” she choked out, digging her nails into Beetlejuice’s back and holding on for dear life. Not knowing what to do, Beetlejuice gently patted her back, hoping that Adam, Barbara or even Delia suddenly dropped by.

“I know kid,” he could see that, but he didn’t know what it felt like to miss a mom. His mom had been a demon, and he didn’t miss her one bit. Despite being unable to recognize the feeling, he held her close, wrapping his arms tightly around her. Squeezing her close felt good, like it reassured him, that they were both really there, that it was actually real. He closed his eyes and focused on the pressure against his skin, on Lydia’s frame shaking against him, on her chest heaving up and down. He started rocking them slowly from side to side.

He held her through the worst of it. A wet path formed on his should, and he was pretty sure Lydia wiped her nose on him a few times, but as long as she stopped shaking with sobs, he could deal with it.

“Before she died. She was like me; strange and unusual. It made me feel like I was never alone or an outcast, even if nobody was like me at school,” Lydia muttered against Beetlejuice’s chest. Her voice was barely above a whisper.

Beetlejuice sighed and rested his chin on top of Lydia’s head, “you weren’t invisible with her there,” he said, translating Lydia’s words into something he could relate too. He’d also been alone and invisible before Barbara and Adam died, before Lydia saw him on the roof. He wouldn’t know what to do if he lost them and went back to being alone. Swallowing around a lump in his throat, Beetlejuice leaned back to look at Lydia. Her dark make-up was smudged around her red-rimmed eyes. Rubbing away what was left of her tears on her cheek with his thumb, Beetlejuice offered her a warm smile.

“You’re not going to be invisible again. Me, Barb, Adam, Charles, and even Delia, we see you,” he earned himself a protest and soft hit to the shoulder when he flicked her on the nose, “you’re not getting rid of us, kid. We got your back,” he promised, “and if your new school needs a little strange and unusual, you know who you’re gonna call.”

Lydia snorted and wipe her nose on her sleeve, “first you’re a bio-exorcist and now you’re a human buster?”

“I’m a ghost of many talents, Babes” he flashed her a charming smirk, that quickly melted into a soft smile when Lydia hugged him close.

“Thank you,” she muttered against him, and Beetlejuice hugged her back, enjoying every second of it.

“You don’t smell so bad anymore,” Lydia suddenly said and breathed in through her nose.

“You can thank Adam and Barb for that,” Beetlejuice chuckled and lifted his arm sniff his own pit, “apparently they weren’t too fond of my graveyard musk.”

“You’re so gross,” Lydia crinkled her nose and pulled back.

“I take that as a compliment.”

Lydia rolled her eyes and shook her head, a small smile playing at the corner of her lips. It turned into a full smirk when she once again looked at Beetlejuice.

“You’re spending a lot of time with them, considered the fact that you think they’re dull and lame,” she said, dragging out the words in a teasing manner. Beetlejuice huffed and crossed his arms over his chest.

“They are,” he pointed out, without pouting at all.

“And yet you took a shower because they told you to,” Lydia pushed on with a twinkle in her eye that Beetlejuice hadn’t seen since they made all those people scream.

“Because they’re so lame, they wouldn’t have stopped complaining if I didn’t,” he argued, ignoring the way his heartbeat sped up and pink slowly seeped into his hair.

“You like them,” Lydia teased with a smile that stretched from ear to ear.

“Yeah, they’re hot. I wouldn’t mind tapping that or get tapped. I’m not picky,” Beetlejuice counted it as a win when Lydia grimaced like she’d pictured the whole thing.

“Ew, that’s not what I meant,” she shook her head like she was trying to shake away the mental image. When she refocused on Beetlejuice, he could see mischief glisten in her eyes. He would have been proud of that wicked look, if it wasn’t directed at him.

“You ‘like’ like them.”

“No!”

“You totally do,” Lydia nudged his shoulder and Beetlejuice threw the nearest pillow at her.

“No.”

“Yes,” Lydia threw the pillow right back along with a second one that hit Beetlejuice directly in the stomach.

“I do not!” Beetlejuice retaliated but unfortunately, Lydia caught the pillow.

“Then why is your hair changing?” Lydia pointed out, and that was when Beetlejuice realized he was fighting a lost battle. So, he did what any mature ghost would do: he flipped her the bird as he jumped off the bed.

“Bye Lydia,” he said in a sing-song voice, as he slowly pashed through the door.

Lydia just smirked and gestured the rude gesture, “bye Beej. Say hello to Adam and Barbara for me”

“Fuck you,” making sure to get the last word, Beetlejuice quickly phased the rest of the way through the door. He could feel the color spread in his hair when he heard Lydia laugh on the other side. At least she wasn’t crying anymore.

He briefly considered going to the roof instead of the Maitland’s room, not because he was avoiding having to face the fact that Lydia was right; he had been hanging around Barbara and Adam a whole lot lately. No, it was just because he could use the fresh air... that was totally the reason. But he didn’t want Lydia to give Lydia the satisfaction of getting to him, so he went straight to Adam and Barbara’s room.

When he phased through the floor, both of them were there. Adam was working on a silly model of the town and Barbara was sitting in an old-fashioned armchair. Both of them smiled at him when they saw him. And that was very strange when you were used to people screaming when they see you. He waved awkwardly, suddenly unsure why he hadn’t just gone to the roof.

Barbara smiled and put away the book she had been reading, “I heard laughter. So, I supposed it went well?”

“I supposed it did,” Beetlejuice shrugged and shifted his weight from one foot to the other, “I think you were right about the no solution part. We ended up talking, and I think it helped,” he told, smiling sheepishly when Barbara practically beamed at him.

“That’s so good to hear Beetlejuice! I’m sure you really helped Lydia,” she got out her chair and without any warning, she hugged Beetlejuice.

He tensed for a moment before he sagged against her. He didn’t know what to do with his hands or where to put them, so he ended up awkwardly patting her back. Barbara just chuckled and hugged him closer.

“You did so well,” she praised, giving Beetlejuice enough confidence to wrap his arms around her, making sure he kept them high enough to stay clear of her butt. All though it was

tempting to reach lower and grab a feel. He hadn't been lying to Lydia earlier. The Maitlands were hot and sexy, and he would mind getting naked and dirty with them. But the hug wasn't about sex. It felt more... intimate than just bumping uglies, which was very weird and strange, and probably not something he should think too hard about.

"Adam, get in here, it feels like this should be a threesome moment," he joked instead, waving his hand in Adam's general direction without opening his eyes. He could have screamed when he heard movement just before he felt another set of arms wrap around him as Adam joined the hug, with just the right amount of enthusiasm to make Beetlejuice's knees go weak. He leaned into the hug and pressed his eyes tightly together. It felt like his whole body was on fire and his head spun like he was drunk. Even if he didn't need to breathe, he found himself gasping for his breath. A hand touched his lower back, where a thumb rubbed his skin through the suit in soothing circles. And damn it felt so good, Beetlejuice never wanted it to end... and why was that exactly? That was a strange and dangerous thought to have. Attachment meant the possibility of loss and losing meant hurting.

Snapping his eyes open, Beetlejuice wrestled himself free from the hug, ignoring the confused look on their faces, "sorry. Got to go!" he flashed them a forced cocky smile, before he winked and vanished, only to rematerialize on the roof.

"Fuck," he cursed under his breath and dug the heel of his hands into his eyes, "what the hell am I doing."

Chapter End Notes

Thank you so much for all of the comments and kudos! It really warms my heart! You guys are the best!

Chapter Five

It wasn't that Beetlejuice had been avoiding the Deetz' household. Not at all, that would be childish. He just had a lot to do at the abandon old house at the edge of the city, like staring off into the distance, chasing crows, eating worms and scare the pants off of young teens who dared each other to walk into the house at midnight. There was a lot to do, in fact, he was so busy, he hadn't set foot in the Deetz' house for three whole days. He was pretty sure it was for the best though. He needed time to think, which was really hard with Lydia poking fun at him and the Maitlands walking around looking dead sexy. The house felt empty compared to the Deetz's household. It was scary how fast he'd gotten use to the company. He missed them all, even old Chuck, despite the fact that he still looked at Beetlejuice like he'd just crawled out of a tomb. He had showered since so Beetlejuice didn't know what Charles' problem was.

He missed them. Fuck he missed them, and didn't that just make him pathetic! Beetlejuice threw himself onto the old couch in the living room, sending dust and dirt flying. The entire house hadn't been touched in years, which meant the entire thing was covered in a thick layer of dust, and cobweb decorated every corner. Most of the furniture had been tumbled over or broken through the years, leaving the house looking like a mess. The scratch marks on the walls and the tattered wallpaper, was his doing though. It was pretty lame compared to what the Deetz' house had looked like when it had been his haunting ground. But without his juice, it wasn't possible for him to change anything. The only thing he could do was make good use of the creaking floorboards and things that could tumble the stairs, making loud noises when someone ventured inside.

But that could be about to change.

Beetlejuice's eyes snapped open when he felt a tell-tale pull at his very core. A pull that had him shudder, as his power grew inside him, so close to the surface. Someone was calling his name. Strange. Only a few people knew his name and what to do with it. Taking a deep breath, Beetlejuice focused his attention on the pull and the way the sound of his name resonated within him when it was called out one more time. He let the power loose and followed it towards the source.

It was Lydia, sitting cross-legged on her floor in front of a whole bunch of lit candles.

"What up, Lyds," he greeted as he materialized on the floor beside her, "you know the candles are unnecessary, right? And besides, I thought we had been through this whole ordeal already?"

"I know," she said, breaking the chain that had been formed and extinguishing the awoken power inside Beetlejuice. It made chills run up and down his back, "but I couldn't think of any other way to find you, since you've been hiding for the past few days," she turned to look at him, and boy, she didn't look amused.

"Where the hell have you been Beetlejuice? We've been worried. Adam was sure it was his fault because he made you take a bath and everything."

Beetlejuice considered himself a conman. He had been when he'd lived in the Netherworld. He fooled people for a living, with no care about how other people felt about it. He'd grown some tough skin through the years, but hearing Adam taking the blame for something that was Beetlejuice's decision, that pierced right through. And it fucking hurt.

"He did?" He asked instead of answering Lydia's question. He hiked his shoulders towards his ears, when Lydia nodded, "why does he have to be both sexy and considered? Besides, I didn't go far. I was just at the old house across town" Beetlejuice mumbled to himself and pressed the heel of his hand against his forehead. He opened one eye when he felt Lydia move closer to him.

"Beej," she started, and while the nickname didn't have the ability to pull at his power or demand his presence, Beetlejuice still felt drawn to her, "what happened? Why did you leave?"

And those were the big questions, weren't they? Big and scary. Beetlejuice wrinkled his nose and leaned back against the bed, chin tilted towards his chest. Lydia moved even closer until their knees were touching. He looked down at her knee, gently pressed against his dirty suit. His breath hitched when she placed a hand on his leg.

"Beej? Are you okay?"

"Yes," lying came natural to him. He'd been doing it for years, to everybody around him including himself.

"Bullshit," apparently Lydia wasn't as easily fooled. She squeezed his leg and when he looked at her, he was met with a concerned gaze, that had Beetlejuice's breath hitch. He'd never been looked at like that before like someone actually cared.

"You remember what you said about being invisible?" He started tentatively, having trouble translating his messy thoughts into something verbal. Beside him, Lydia nodded.

"Well, I've always been invisible. And suddenly having people able to see me and be near me and touch me... It's weird. It fucks with my brain," he tried to explain, having a lot of trouble with putting everything into words.

"How?" Lydia wanted to know, she tilted her head and offered him an encouraging smile, when he didn't answer right away.

"It's hard to explain," he muttered and ran a hand through his hair, ignoring the way the tips had turned blue. Lydia was kind enough not to mention it either.

"Try," she said instead and nudged him with her shoulder.

That was what he liked about Lydia. She was straight to the point, and she didn't tiptoe around him like she was afraid he was going to snap.

"It feels like it's both good and bad. It's so good, that I want more, but what if it stops all of a sudden, and you guys decide I'm not worth having around. That thought is really bad,"

putting the dark feeling that had been lurking in the back of his mind into words, was not comfortable. It made his chest tighten and throbbing pain was building behind his eyes.

“That sounds reasonable,” Lydia said like all of Beetlejuice’s babbling made perfect sense.

“What?” It didn’t even make sense to him.

“Think about it, Beej. The last time someone came close and said they cared, we stabbed you in the back, literally. And sorry about that,” she quickly added when Beetlejuice flinched at the mention of the betrayal. It still hurt like a gaping wound.

“It must have been hard. Stuff like that hurt and I know it was a dick move, but even after that you didn’t leave, and we didn’t either. Because once the whole getting married and using each other thing was over, we could go back to being friends. And friends stick together,” she said and nudged him again.

Beetlejuice didn’t react. He was too busy piercing her words together. His eyes widened when her sentence finally made sense.

“Friends?” he asked and turned his head to look at her with a raised brow. He could feel hope flare up inside him, along with an overwhelming fear.

Like she had sensed the battle going on inside him, Lydia squeezed his knee again, grounding him with the single touch.

“BF-F-F-F's forever!” she confirmed, and her bright smile and the way she said it... it was all too much, and before Beetlejuice could stop himself, he was hugging the goth-y teen tightly.

Lydia laughed warmly and wrapped her arms around him, keeping him close, like she didn’t mind. Beetlejuice liked to believe that was the case, but the dark voice in the back of his mind told him otherwise. But it was easily ignored when Lydia ran her fingers through his hair, ruffling it up playfully.

“Huh, that’s weird,” Beetlejuice mumbled to himself when the touch didn’t make his stomach do flips or make his knees turn to jelly.

“What’s weird?” Lydia asked and pulled away, looking him up and down.

He was tempted to brush it off, like it was nothing, pretend that nothing was wrong to avoid talking about it. He’d never been good with feelings, never learned how to talk about it, he wasn’t even sure he had the right words for it. Therefore, he usually stayed far away from feeling talks, but there was something about Lydia, that made him want to try. He had a feeling she would be able to understand him.

“What you just did,” he started and gestured towards his hair, which had gone back to its usual green, “it felt different when Adam and Barbara did it.”

He regretted telling Lydia about it because as soon as the words had left his lips, hers lifted into a wicked smile,

“Oh,” she said innocently, but he wasn’t fooled, “how so?”

“Well,” he started, but trailed off, once again having trouble with finding the right words, “it’s just different. It feels really good when all three of you hug me, almost too good. But Adam and Barbara do it, it feels a bit different. There’s an edge to it,” he tried his best to explain, “like it hits harder, you know.”

He swallowed hard, when Lydia moved closer to twirl a strand of his hair between her fingers, “I think I know what you’re talking about,” she said as she looked at the hair trapped between her fingers. Her smirk faded a bit as she leaned back. Beetlejuice narrowed his eyes at her, preparing himself for a rough teasing. His whole body tensed up and he hiked his shoulders towards his ears.

“Before you start with the whole like like them again, I just want to point out that I have kissed both of them before, and that did not feel like that at all,” Beetlejuice pointed out and crossed his arms over his chest.

“But Beetlejuice, you can’t compare the two scenarios. “

“Why not?” he wanted to know.

Lydia sighed and ran a hand through her hair, “because when you kissed them, you probably just did it because you found them hot and wanted to sleep with them,” she guessed and all Beetlejuice could do was nod, because he had found them both incredibly hot when he first saw them. And he’d wanted to fuck them—or get fucked—and the first, and most logical step towards that goal was kissing them. Lydia grimaced briefly before she continued.

“When they hug you, it’s about something more than sex, it’s about caring about each other, like deeply caring,” she pushed on, and looked at him like she was waiting for him to catch her drift.

“You’re talking about like liking again, aren’t you?” he asked suspiciously, and groaned when Lydia nodded.

“I am, and I think the reason why it felt different, is because the kissing was just about meaningless sex, whereas the hugs are not. I’m even willing to bet, that sharing a kiss with them now, would hit even harder, than the hugging,” she explained, and while Beetlejuice hated to admit it, she did have a point.

“So, what if I like like them? What’s the big deal,” he grumbled in defense and looked away, not liking the way the conversation was going. Talking about feelings was hard enough, admitting to having them was even worse. It made them so real, and what was real, could be broken or taken away.

“Besides,” he continued, unsure whatever he was talking to himself or to Lydia, “they’ve already made it clear, that they do not like like me. in fact, I doubt they even single like me.”

“What they made clear, was that they didn’t like you randomly kissing them or when you made rude comments,” Lydia pointed out, “and they wouldn’t spend so much time with you,

if they didn't like having you around. ”

“You sure?” Beetlejuice asked, and leaned back against the bed. He did feel like things were going great with the Maitlands, but having someone else confirm it, really made the notion sink in.

Lydia nodded with a bright smile, “I do. And who knows, maybe they even like like you too, when—you know—you're not forcing yourself on them,” the way she said it with her nose crinkled in disgust, really made it clear, why Adam and Barbara had reacted so strongly to him kissing them the first few times.

“And how would I find out if they like like me as well?” He asked, genuinely wanting to know. He'd never really put much thought into liking other people. He'd slept with a few ghosts and ghouls here and there, and all had been results of a very direct approach, one that clearly didn't work on Adam and Barbara.

“Take it slow. Spend some time with them, maybe flirt a little, in a none creepy way,” she quickly added, making Beetlejuice snort and roll his eyes.

“And how does that work?” he asked and crossed his arms.

“I don't know. Ask them about themselves, do stuff they like, give them a nice compliment or do something nice for them, stuff like that,” she explained, counting each suggestion on her fingers.

Beetlejuice slowly nodded along, picturing the different scenarios involving Lydia's suggestions. It made his stomach flutter, and his heart ache.

“What if they don't want me,” he blurted out, finally giving voice to the worry inside him. The mere act of saying it out loud made his pulse rise in a not-fun way, that had his throat tighten and his mouth turn dry.

“Then you guys can still stay friends. Not like liking someone, doesn't mean you can't hang around each other,” Lydia reassured him, “it's like us. I don't want to be your wife, but I still want to be your friend.”

“Wow, that actually makes sense.”

Lydia just smiled, and patted him on his leg, “I know. But before you start figuring out if they like like you or not, you should go apologize to them, at least to Adam. He has really been feeling bad about you disappearing.”

Beetlejuice grimaced and nodded before he stood up, “I better do that.”

“Go get them,” Lydia gave him a big smile and a thumbs-up, which he returned just as he phased through the ceiling.

Chapter Six

Chapter Notes

Thank you so much for all of the love and support for this story! Every comment and kudo mean the world to me.
(and PS, I wasn't kidding when I tagged this as slow build ;))

Beetlejuice held his breath as he stood in front of the door, which led to the Maitland's room. Knocking had worked great with Lydia, so he hoped it would be just as great a success with Adam and Barbara. Lydia's advice still echoed in his head. Asking about themselves seemed doable, although he was expecting boring and dull answers. But on the other hand, he could easily imagine the excitement on Adam's face when he told about his model town. He was such a dork, but a sexy one. And maybe listening to every boring detail wouldn't be so bad, after all, as long as Adam beamed while he told him. And as for Barbara. He didn't know what made her tick yet, and maybe that was reason enough to ask her. Okay, so asking was doable, and it would give him a pretty good idea about what they could do together—the hard part was getting them to agree to do anything with him without the use of extorsions and threats. It was going to be hard. And then there was the whole compliment thing. How did people even do that in a balanced way? Where was the line between creepy and considered? He had no idea. But as the Ghost with the Most, he was sure he would be able to figure it out. Probably, or else he would have to ask Lydia for advice, even if it meant enduring her teasing.

Deciding that his first step would be asking the Maitlands about themselves, Beetlejuice knocked on the door. He slowly opened it when he heard a cheerful come in. Licking his lips, he stepped into Adam and Barbara's room. Unlike the rest of the house, which had suffered under Delia's make-over, the Maitland's room, looked old-school and comfy with numerous flower-prints here and there.

"Beetlejuice," Barbara gasped when she saw him, she put down the spray she'd been watering her plants with, and rushed to him, "I thought it was Delia for a second, and not you. You never knock. Oh, where have you been?" She rambled as she looked him up and down. Beetlejuice had no idea what she was looking for, but the intense gaze had him hiking his shoulders towards his ears, and his leg bounce back and forth as nervous energy filled him. Behind him, he could see Adam approach hesitantly towards them.

"I..." Beetlejuice trailed off, "I left, because..." because I'm not used to people being nice to me, and I freaked... He couldn't say that. But he didn't want to lie either. Gosh, he was pathetic.

"Am I making you uncomfortable? I can go if you want?" Adam quickly said, probably reading Beetlejuice's discomfort as something cause by him and not the chaos within. He

stepped back immediately like he was trying to give Beetlejuice some space.

“No,” Beetlejuice snapped before he could stop himself. He squeezed his eyes shut, and forced his brain to come up with the right words. What would Lydia say if she was in his shoes?

“None of you did anything wrong. I shouldn’t have disappeared like that,” he apologized without saying the exact words, creeping around them like a sandworm.

Barbara didn’t seem to mind. She smiled at him and cupped his cheek. Beetlejuice leaned into the touch without thinking. The edge was there again, it made his skin feel like it was on fire, like there was actually warm blood running just underneath the surface.

“We’re glad your home,” Barbara said, and boy did she know how to pick her words.

“Home?” Beetlejuice asked, just to be sure. He was a con-man, he was used to aiming high, while keeping his expectations low, just in case things went wrong. He would never have dared to hope for gaining both a friend and a home on the same day.

“Yes, a home. You belong here just as much as we and the Deetz do,” Adam said, and Beetlejuice felt it itch in his fingers, to just grab him and crush their lips together. He was happy and glad and flattered, and he had no idea how to show it.

Barbara chuckled and with the hand on his cheek, she guided him closer, “come here you silly ghost.” She hugged him, on her own free will. Beetlejuice held her close, whole body tense as he tried his best to control himself and keeping himself from hugging her too tight. He didn’t want to hurt her.

Adam didn’t join, which almost disappointed Beetlejuice, but taking into account what Lydia had told him, he wasn’t surprised. Adam was a thoughtful and careful guy, if he had spent the last few days thinking he was the cause of Beetlejuice leaving, he wouldn’t throw himself back in there.

Releasing Barbara, Beetlejuice turned towards Adam and opened his arms, “can I?” he felt silly for asking, but the warm smile on Adam’s face made it bearable.

“Of course, you can,” Adam said and moved in for the hug. He wrapped his arms around Beetlejuice and tilted his head, so it leaned against Beetlejuice's cheek.

“You give good hugs,” Beetlejuice mumbled, figuring it counted as a non-creepy compliment. He bit his lower lip hard when he opened his eyes to find Barbara looking at them with a thoughtful expression. He flashed her a shy smile when their eyes met. She smiled back at him, a genuine smile, that would be able to light up any dark room.

“So,” Beetlejuice said in a hoarse voice, pulling away before things got too much again, “what have my two favorite deadbeats been up to while I was gone?” He asked and readjusted his tie, looking anywhere but at the two ghosts.

“Not much,” Adam started, Beetlejuice could feel his gaze on him, but he didn’t dare to look, “I’ve been working on my miniature model of the city. I just started building the old bridge,” he told, and even without looking at him, Beetlejuice could tell he was smiling. The happiness seeped into his words and gave them a nice ring.

“Can I see?” Beetlejuice’s breath hitched when he finally looked up just in time to see how Adam’s lips moved into a wide smile.

“Of course,” With a bounce in his step, Adam led Beetlejuice to the attic, where he kept the miniature models. Different tools were scattered along with some paint and a bag of what appeared to be colored sawdust. The tiny models weren’t really Beetlejuice’s thing, but the way Adam beamed with happiness and pride, made Beetlejuice keep asking questions, just to hear Adam’s enthusiastic and exhaustive answers. Barbara sat down in one of the armchairs, tugging her legs underneath her body as she watched them move around the model, while Adam told Beetlejuice about the different pieces. She rested her chin in the palm of her hand, and Beetlejuice smiled at her sheepishly. In the end, Adam offered to teach Beetlejuice how to make the sawdust look like grass on a field. It took a steady hand and lots of patience. Beetlejuice lagged the former, and it ended with glue and sawdust everywhere.

“Jesus, this is a lot harder than it looks,” Beetlejuice mumbled and forced his thumb and index finger apart, both covered in glue and green sawdust.

Barbara chuckled and slid out of the chair, “it does take a lot of practice,” she said and took Beetlejuice’s hand to study the damage before she looked at Adam. He wasn’t hit as badly but still had a few green patches here and there on his fingers, after he tried helping Beetlejuice.

“You two better go get cleaned up,” she chuckled and let go of Beetlejuice’s hand. It took a lot of restraints not to reach out for her and keep holding her hand, “I don’t want that dust everywhere at the movie night.”

“Movie night?” Beetlejuice echoed, handholding temporally forgotten.

“Yes. Lydia is starting school tomorrow, and to help her relax a bit, we figured it would be a good idea to watch a movie together,” Adam explained while he started cleaning up the mess Beetlejuice had created.

“She picked something with a creepy clown scaring children,” Barbara pitched in, “she was sure you would like it too, so you should join us.”

“Really?” Beetlejuice asked, gaze flickering between the two Maitlands. Both nodded at him.

“But get yourself cleaned up first,” Barbara reminded him, and she didn’t need to tell him a third time.

With a loud and clear “Yes, ma’am,” Beetlejuice headed towards the nearest bathroom, to scrub away the dried glue and sawdust. He couldn’t wait for a movie night, especially when there were scary movies and screams involved. He and Lydia really had a similar taste after all. A sudden dark thought crossed his mind. He had just been with Lydia, and she hadn’t

mentioned anything about starting school or movie night. Was it because she didn't want him there, didn't she trust him with the information? Or maybe she'd been too worried about him, to share her own problems. Beetlejuice felt like such a douche.

"Why the long face?"

Beetlejuice froze where he stood with his hands under the running tap. Slowly he turned his head to look at Barbara, who stood in the door opening, one hand on her hip.

"Is this about before? About why you left the house for days?" She asked and moved in closer like she was approaching a wounded animal.

"No, not at all," he tried forcing on a smile, Barbara didn't look convinced, "I just..." he started, trying his best to find the right words, "I talked to Lyds, earlier. And I didn't even ask when school was starting or if she felt ready. Some BF-F-F-F I am," he didn't mean to pout, it sort of just happened, and he couldn't stop himself when it made Barbara smile.

"I'm sure Lydia thinks you're a great BF. While I was a little worried at first, I can see why she likes hanging around with you so much," she trailed off and gave Beetlejuice a look he didn't really know what meant, "she's lucky she has a friend that really gets her," Barbara then said, and the praise had Beetlejuice close his eyes and bite his lip. He smiled sheepishly and shifted his weight from one foot to the other.

He leaned into the touch when Barbara cupped his chin. When he opened his eyes the ghost was looking straight at him. He was glad he didn't need air, otherwise, he would have been gasping for his breath. Barbara was beautiful.

"Go get her, while I get things ready in the living room," she patted him on the cheek and left, leaving Beetlejuice staring after her. He touched the tip of his fingers to the place where her palm had been pressed against his skin. It still tingled from the sensation. Lydia had been right. If such a simple touch could make his head spin and his heart pound, then he didn't dare think about what kind of power a kiss would hold.

Not daring to go down that path, Beetlejuice focused on getting himself to Lydia's room as quickly as possible to invite the girl to her own movie night.

"Really? They want to watch IT with me?" She asked, just after Beetlejuice had told her to hurry up and get downstairs.

"Of course, anything for you, Lyds."

Lydia jumped off the bed and without any warning, hugged Beetlejuice close. Now that he was on the receiving end of it, Beetlejuice couldn't help but notice that there was a lot of casual touching going on in the Deetz' household, not that he complained.

"You are going to love the movie, Beej. Lots of screaming," she promised.

"You know just what to say," Beetlejuice chuckled as he floated just inches over Lydia's bed.

Grabbing her blanket from underneath him, Lydia hurried down the stairs with Beetlejuice just at her heels. He couldn't help but feel his chest tighten at how happy and eager she looked. Down in the living room, Delia and Barbara had filled the coffee table with different kinds of snacks and pulled two extra armchairs in front of the big TV. Charles sat in one, and he looked like someone who didn't really know why he was there. Delia greeted them both when they came down and signaled them to take a seat in on the couch. Adam was already sitting on one side, and Lydia sat on the other.

"Come, take a seat and let's get started," Barbara gently squeezed his shoulder, while she passed him and took a seat next to Lydia, leaving the only free room on the couch right between her and Adam.

Chapter Seven

Beetlejuice's whole body tensed as he sat down between Adam and Barbara on the small couch. There was barely room for all four of them, which meant Beetlejuice was squeezed tight between the two ghosts. The upper part of his legs was pressed against Barbara on one side and Adam on the other. He could feel it whenever they moved. They were both a lot warmer than him, and Beetlejuice could feel how the heat seeped into his own skin and warmed him from the outside and in. It spread from his legs, up and over his soft stomach, up to his chest until it reached his cheeks. Taking a shaky breath, Beetlejuice squeezed his eyes shut, hoping the pink stripes in his hair wouldn't be visible in the barely lit room. The sound had Adam turn his head and tilt it slightly as he looked at Beetlejuice.

"I'm just excited for the movie," he whispered as an excuse. It was torture when Adam smiled at him and patted his leg lightly.

"Lydia said you would like it," Adam whispered, leaning a bit closer as not to disturb the others. His breath was hot against his ear, and Beetlejuice wanted to scream.

"I already do," he managed to say, without his voice shaking or rising. He was doomed, there was no way he would be able to focus on the movie with the two of them right next to him.

It all got a whole lot worse because Lydia had kept her promise; there was a lot of screaming involved. Not only from the children in the movie. But from Barbara and Adam as well. As it turned out, the two Maitlands did not enjoy scary movies as much as Beetlejuice or Lydia did. Barbara wailed in fright the clown popped on the screen in a perfectly timed jump scare. She threw herself at Beetlejuice, hiding her face in his chest while gripping his suit jacket tightly. Beetlejuice gasped at the sudden sound and the pressure across his stomach. He loved screams, and he'd heard his fair share. But they were all nothing compared to the sound Barbara had just released from her throat. It made him shiver and shift in his seat. She was so close, practically draped across him. On his other side, Adam reacted by pressing himself closer and closer to Beetlejuice. He didn't scream, but his facial expression spoke louder than any sounds could. Beetlejuice squeezed his eyes shut, to cut off some of the many sensory perceptions, but it only intensified his sense of touch. And fuck, they were both touching him, willingly, seeking comfort in his presence. Tentatively, Beetlejuice moved his arm and placed it around Barbara's shoulder and gave it an encouraging squeeze. Immediately she took hold of his arm. Beetlejuice froze, fearing he'd crossed some invisible line he knew nothing about. She tugged his arm closer, so it was wrapped around her, and held his hand in hers, pressing it to her chest. Or more precisely; between her breasts, but that was a thought he shouldn't dwell on unless he wanted to ruin the entire evening. It didn't help when Adam reached for her, and she took his hand as well. Their hands rested on his thigh.

They were holding hands, and he was a part of it. Biting his lower lip, Beetlejuice couldn't help but squeeze Barbara closer, the movement went unnoticed when another jump scare, made Barbara flinch hard and press herself closer. Beetlejuice didn't even know what had made her scared, he'd stopped watching the first time the Maitlands had screamed. He basked

in the coincidental attention, praising himself lucky Lydia hadn't taken the spot between the two ghosts. Then it had been her, they sought comfort from.

Slowly getting used to the sensation of having them both against him, Beetlejuice's body untightened, and he slowly relaxed against the couch. Barbara stayed where she was even during the peaceful and boring scenes, where the kids just dealt with the usual human problems. Beetlejuice had figured that once the danger had passed, she would pull away and pretend nothing had happened. She stayed where she was. It wasn't only her screams that sounded like music to his ears, but her laughter too, Adam's as well. It was sweet and oh so fucking breathtaking it made his heart ache and his chest flutter. When she laughed, she shook her head from side to side, rubbing her cheek against Beetlejuice's chest. When Adam laughed, he knocked his and Barbara's hands against Beetlejuice's thigh, making the dual sensation of sound and touch reverberate through Beetlejuice's body and mind.

It all went into overload, when the movie progressed, showing what Beetlejuice assumed was a touching scene between all the children, where they fooled around and laughed together, sharing secrets. He didn't catch what they were saying, how could he, when Barbara mumbled a quiet "that's so sweet" against Beetlejuice's hand, which she had pressed against her lips.

He could feel every movement of the soft skin. His attention zoomed in on the sensation, and everything else became lost to the world. Her hot breath ghosted across the tip of his fingers, and traveled down to the palm of his hand, warming his cold skin. Her lips were even softer than he remembered from the brief kiss the first time they met. They dragged across his skin when they stretched into a soft smile, that had Beetlejuice's stomach tie itself into a tight knot, and his chest felt like it was about to explode. His left leg started bouncing up and down rapidly, and the words from the screen sounded like they came from under water.

He didn't know if he should praise himself lucky or protest when Barbara lifted her head from his stomach and sat up beside him instead. He could feel her gaze on him, but he didn't dare look at her. It was already way too much. Adam let go of Barbara and pulled away too. Barbara loosened her grip on Beetlejuice's, but he didn't pull away. Even though he didn't need to, he forced himself to take a few deep breaths, finding the effect soothing.

On the screen, the kids had invaded the clown's home, and Beetlejuice was certain he'd missed something important because he found himself rooting for the clown. After all, the kids were the ones trespassing. Focusing on the movie was a whole lot easier when he didn't have Barbara draped across his chest and her soft lips so close to his skin. He could still feel the faint tingle, though. But it was more of a gentle wave of sensations instead of a tsunami. The nervous energy ebbed away, but just barely. All it took for it to regain its strength was a gentle brush against him. But after Barbara had sat up, it didn't happen often, only once or twice, and it was when one of them moved. They both jumped and screamed from time to time, but none of them reached for him. He didn't know what he'd done wrong or what had changed. Where they mad at him? Had he been creepy again? Countless questions and what-if scenarios flooded his mind and raced within. He didn't even notice the movie was over before Charles turned off the TV and turned on the lights.

“Well,” Lydia asked and leaned over Barbara, so she could look at Beetlejuice with a bright smile on her face, “What do you think?”

If he was being honest, Beetlejuice hadn’t registered much of what had happened on the screen. And the few things he’d caught wasn’t enough to string the plot together. But luckily for him, lying was something he was very good at.

“I have to hand it to you, Lyds. You know how to pick them. It was amazing, lots of screaming like you promised,” he said without batting an eye, which wasn’t a lie.

“I knew you would like it,” Lydia said with a smile so bright, it almost lit up the living room. It would have been nice if the sight didn’t leave a bad taste in Beetlejuice’s mouth. He would have to watch the movie on his own at some point, otherwise, Lydia would be disappointed and sad because he hadn’t paid it any attention.

“I think we all did,” Delia said, even though she did look a bit shaken, and she kept glancing at the dark corners of the room, “but now, it’s time for bed. We don’t want you exhausted on your first day, will we?” Lydia looked like she was about to say something witty or snappy—old habits died hard, Beetlejuice supposed—but whatever had been on her tongue was swallowed down, and replaced with a single nod.

“You’re right,” Lydia said instead and crawled off the couch, the words had only just left her lips, before she yawned, making Beetlejuice chuckle.

“Why don’t you guys go to bed, we can take care of the cleanup,” Barbara offered, already off the couch and busy stacking bowls and plates from the coffee table.

“Really? Only if it isn’t too much trouble.”

“None at all,” Adam joined in, “you guys need sleep, we don’t,” he pointed out.

“Thank you,” Delia said, as she headed up the stairs with Charles and Lydia.

“See you guys tomorrow!” Lydia called.

It was all so domesticated and peaceful in a strange and unusual way, and it shocked Beetlejuice how well it all fitted together, and how he was a part of it, maybe. Just maybe. He would have been sure if it wasn’t for the conflicting information being thrown at him. First, he was invited to the couch, then he was the one both Adam and Barbara sought out when things got scary, and then they ignored him completely.

“You’re thinking an awful lot again,” Barbara said, following Beetlejuice’s line of sight to the empty set of stairs.

“Just thinking,” he mumbled and shifted his weight from one foot to the other, suddenly nervous.

“Why did you stop?” he blurted out all of a sudden, brain to mouth filter momentarily out of order.

“Stop what?” Barbara blinked a few times in confusion and wrinkled her nose like she was thinking really hard. Why did she have to look so cute?

“The... you know,” he trailed off when he couldn’t find the right words and tried gesturing between them instead. Barbara studied each gesture carefully like they were playing a game of charades.

“Oh, you mean, why I moved?” She finally guessed after Beetlejuice had gestured to the space across his chest.

“Yes!”

“I thought you didn’t like it,” she said, “you started tapping your leg all of a sudden,” she explained.

“It wasn’t because I didn’t like it,” Beetlejuice grumbled and looked away, feeling his cheeks heat up. The color had probably already seeped into his hair.

“It wasn’t?”

Beetlejuice shook his head, still searching his brain for the right words and an understandable explanation, but that shit was hard when he was only just learning about these things himself.

“It—the touching—it gets too much sometimes. It’s like I’m being overcharged and I’m ready to explode,” he tugged at his hair while he stumbled his way through his explanation, eyes squeezed shut to better focus.

“That makes a lot of sense,” Barbara said, forcing Beetlejuice to crack open an eye.

“It does?” he asked, he hadn’t thought Barbara would understand his attempt at explaining.

“It does,” she confirmed and nudged her shoulder against him, “thanks for telling me Beej. If things get too much again, and you need us to do something else or stop touching you completely, all you have to do is say so.”

“Really? It’s that easy?” He couldn’t believe what he was hearing. He kept waiting for the terms or a set of rules, but none came.

“It is. So,” she dragged the word out, and looked Beetlejuice up and down, making him tense all over in a very fun way. In a way that had heat pool in the bit of his stomach, and spread to the rest of his body like a virus, “would it be alright, if I touched you right now?”

Beetlejuice was lost for words. The way Barbara purred the words, gave him a feeling that she was talking about something completely different than a hug. But that couldn’t be, not sweet, boring Barbara. Not trusting his own voice, Beetlejuice simply nodded, and watched her carefully, as she moved closer.

He was still on edge after the movie, still too charged up. Therefore, the simple slide of her hands over his arms and around his back, had him groan low in his throat. It didn’t help when she pressed herself against his front, hugging him tightly. He knew he’d joked about Barbara

giving him a boner before, but this time, it was for real. All she would have to do was move a tiny bit to the left, and then she would feel it. She would probably freak and call him a creep, and then all chances of her like liking him would be thrown out of the window. Panic swirled inside him along with the growing arousal. He had to think, and fast.

“Overcharged,” he managed to grit out and tapped the arm wrapped around him twice. Just like promised, Barbara quickly let go, and Beetlejuice breathed a sigh of relief.

“See, that wasn’t so hard,” she said, and Jesus, she was just begging for a dirty innuendo. Had it been just a week ago, he would have told her, that he had something else, that was hard if she was into that, but not now. He supposed the Maitlands weren’t the only ones who had been upgraded to 2.0.

Chapter Eight

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the long wait! I had to deal with some mental health issues over Christmas, but I'm back on track again! And I have finished outlining the entire story, now all there's left to do is write it :D

Barbara's words and her touches lingered in Beetlejuice's mind for the rest of the night, making it impossible for him to sit still. He tried watching the stars from the roof, but the nervous energy running wild in his veins, had him up and about in less than a minute. He floated through the house, but with the whole household asleep—the Maitlands didn't need it but found it cozy enough to keep doing it even if the afterlife—there wasn't much to do.

Being the Ghost with the Most, came with a few perks, like an unlimited haunting ground, which meant no sudden trips to Saturn, because he overstepped boundaries. Floating through town, Beetlejuice spent the night scaring cats and other critters, there was unfortunate enough to be able to sense his presence. It wasn't as fun as scaring people, but it kept his mind busy and cleared his head, so when the sun rose from the horizon, he felt like he was back to normal. Well as normal as it could get.

When he returned back to the house, the Deetzes were already up and getting ready. Phasing through the door, Beetlejuice stopped at the entrance and looked at the little family. Charles was helping Lydia with her tie on her school uniform, while Delia was busy checking Lydia's schoolbag, probably to make sure, she hadn't forgotten anything.

"Want me to pop a spider in there for good luck," he asked, making Delia and Charles jump in surprise. Lydia only laughed and looked at him with a bright smile on her face.

"It would make the first few classes more interesting," she said and winked at him.

"Nope, no spiders," Delia quickly closed the bag. Like that was going to stop him, if he really did want to fill it with spiders. He let her live in the fantasy, though.

"I'm sure you'll do great, with or without the spiders," Beetlejuice ruffled her hair, making Delia groan. She'd probably spend the entire morning convincing Lydia to go with a more neutral hairstyle, than her usual messy and spikey choice.

"Like you did great yesterday," Lydia said with a gleam in her eye, making Beetlejuice blink several times as a pink blush spreading across his cheeks.

"Don't you have school, kid?" he grumbled, making Lydia laugh.

Charles finished with Lydia's tie and Delia handed her the schoolbag. It was all so sickening normal, so far from the afterlife, Beetlejuice had been used to before the Maitlands died.

"I'll see you guys later," Lydia called as she rushed out the door.

The sight made heat spread inside him, making him feel all fussy and tingling. Not wanting the Breathers to think the Ghost with the Most had gone soft, Beetlejuice cleared his throat and floated towards the ceiling.

"See ya, losers," he called, grinning to himself when he heard Charles groan and curse at him. Teasing the good old Chuck never got boring, and if it wasn't for the fact that both Lydia and Barbara would scold him, Beetlejuice would have haunted the man for real, making him scream instead of groan.

When he reached the first floor, he was greeted by a bright smile from Barbara, who was busy choosing wallpaper for the hallway on the first floor. Delia had decided she needed another redecoration after she found out the Otho guy had been a fraud.

"Hey, Beej," she greeted while holding different patterns against the wall.

"Hey, Babs. Looking good," he said ambiguously, not even glancing at the wallpaper. Barbara smiled and shook her head while putting down the wallpaper and wiping her hands on her apron.

"I wanted to thank you for yesterday," she then said, and took a step closer," sharing that movie with you really meant the world to Lydia, and it helped her relax for today. So, thank you," leaning closer, Barbara pressed her lips against Beetlejuice's skin, kissing him. Actually, kissing him.

Beetlejuice had to bite his lower lip hard to stop himself from whimpering at the contact. She was warm and soft and so fucking close, that Beetlejuice could smell her. Even without blood in his veins, Beetlejuice's heart raced like it was trying to beat the devil. Everything on his inside felt like it was vibrating. The energy pooled in the pit of his stomach and ignited the smoldering embers hiding there. He like liked Barbara. So, fucking much, it almost hurt. He stared at her with wide eyes, when she pulled away slightly to look at him. Her unnecessary breath ghosted across his lips. Beetlejuice licked them unconsciously, trapped by Barbara's gaze. Her full lips moved into a warm smile, that had Beetlejuice gasp and shiver.

"You need another shower," Barbara whispered and picked at the mole by the side of his nose.

Beetlejuice blinked in surprise, that wasn't what he'd expected her to say. Well, if he was being honest, he didn't know what he'd expected... but showering wasn't it.

Before he had a chance to give voice to his confusion or protest, Barbara cupped his cheeks, dragging her thumbs over the bags under his eyes.

"You're filthy," she whispered, and fuck it sounded like she was saying something else.

“I...” Beetlejuice started, but Barbara cut him off by placing a finger on his lips.

“I know, I know. You don’t like it. But how about we do like last time, and have Adam do your hair?” She offered, and looked at him with hooded eyes, making it impossible to say no.

Therefore, Beetlejuice slowly nodded, completely lost for words. Barbara’s lips stretched into a smile, and she tilted her head towards the staircase.

“Adam,” she called in a light voice, that didn’t fit the fire in her gaze.

“Yes, dear,” Adam called back and hurried down the stairs. He stopped in the middle of a step when he saw them, still standing so close that their noses were almost touching. Beetlejuice opened his mouth, ready to defend himself and prove to Adam, that this time, it wasn’t him who was being creepy and ignoring personal boundaries. But the words got stuck in his throat when something flashed across Adam’s features. Jesus, had Beetlejuice known he would need to be able to tell different emotional expressions apart, he would have paid more attention to the feelings when he’d been alive.

“Beetlejuice needs another shower, and I told him you would wash his hair again. Would that be alright with you?” The Maitlands shared a look, and even when trying his best, Beetlejuice had no idea what it meant. The only thing he was sure of, was that it stroked the fire growing within him. And depending on the circumstances, that could be both a good and an extremely bad thing.

“Of course,” Adam said and stretched out his hand towards Beetlejuice, “come on. Better to eat the frog as soon as possible.”

“I prefer roaches,” he mumbled as he walked halfway up the stairs and tentatively reached for Adam’s hand.

“Of course, you do,” Adam squeezed his hand gently, making Beetlejuice shift his weight from one foot to the other, “It’s just a saying that means, if you have something hard or unpleasant you need to do, then do it as soon as possible. And I know you don’t like baths,” Adam explained and tugged Beetlejuice along.

“Have fun,” Barbara waved at them and picked up her wallpaper again.

“It’s true. I don’t like baths, or getting wet in general,” Beetlejuice said, not mentioning the fact, that bathing had become a whole lot more pleasant with the addition of Adam washing his hair and massaging his scalp. But he had a feeling the Maitlands already knew that, and that was why Barbara offered it so quickly, in order to get him to do as they wanted. Typical Barbara 2.0. He was so proud of her.

“We know. That’s why we really appreciate you doing it for us,” Adam said and opened the door to the bathroom, “you have really changed a lot since we first met you. Come to think of it, we all have,” Adam sighed and smiled. It was a soft, almost fragile looking smile, that reached all the way to his eyes. He looked happy.

“Especially, Lydia,” he added as he prepared the tub, glancing up at Beetlejuice.

“That kid deserves to be happy. Deserves a real family that doesn’t run away or chooses her over booze,” Beetlejuice gritted out, thinking about his demon mom. Thank fuck she was taken care of. He wasn’t even remotely sorry for what he’d done. After she fooled him with love, he’d realized that a woman like her, never would be able to love. Not like the Maitlands and the Deetzes did. They loved each other, no matter what, and was prepared to grow for each other. And he was grateful to be a part of it.

A hand on his shoulder tore him out of his train of thoughts and pulled him back to the present. Adam patted his shoulder and gestured towards the tub. It looked disgusting with its hot water and countless fluffy white bubbles covering the surface, making Beetlejuice grimace. At least he got something nice out of it.

“Okay, you know the routine,” Adam said, with a hint of teasing in his voice, “get naked.”

Beetlejuice stopped dead in his track and stared at Adam with wide eyes. Had he just said, what Beetlejuice thought he said? Either Adam hadn’t noticed what he said, or else he pretended like it hadn’t happened because he hummed to himself while he rolled up his sleeves. Jesus, they were going to be the death of him. His and Barbara’s sheer sexiness and their unintentional—or was it?—dirty talk were enough to exorcise any spirit.

Beetlejuice wasn’t a very modest guy. Usually He had no trouble with a little nudity, but with Adam standing right in front of him, with his sleeves rolled up and a smile on his face, after having just said the words ‘get naked’, Beetlejuice found himself frozen to the spot, still processing the whole thing in his mind.

Still unable to get a clear answer on what was happening, Beetlejuice forced his body back into action, taking off his clothes bit by bit before quickly getting into the water.

“See, that wasn’t so bad, was it?” Adam chuckled and took his place behind Beetlejuice.

“Easy for you to say. You’re not the one having your own natural musk replaced by this flower smelling crap,” Beetlejuice complained and splashed his hand through the sweet-smelling bubbles.

“Sometimes your ‘musk’ can get a bit strong,” Adam pointed out, making Beetlejuice snort and roll his eyes with a fond smile on his face.

“Not my fault you deadbeats aren’t strong enough to handle me,” he leered at Adam over his naked shoulder, laughing when it made the ghost sigh and shake his head.

Beetlejuice’s laughter died down, when Adam looked at him again, and the spark was back in his gaze.

“Oh, I think we can handle you alright,” he said—or teased? It did feel an awful lot like he was being teased—and patted Beetlejuice’s naked shoulder, making him squirm in the tub at the sudden skin on skin contact, “you are, after all, agreeing to take a bath,”

“Point taken,” Beetlejuice cleared his throat and ignored the warm sensation spreading from where Adam was touching him, “but don’t let it go to your heads,” he warned Adam, but

there was no heat in his voice.

“Can’t make any promises. Now, come here,” Adam guided Beetlejuice closer and dropped a sponge in front of him.

“Scrub your face and body, while I get your hair wet.” It wasn’t an order, at least Beetlejuice was sure Adam hadn’t meant for it to be an order, but there was something in his voice, something firm and sure, that made it sound like it was undebatable. But Beetlejuice being Beetlejuice, he had to try anyway.

“That wasn’t part of the deal,” he tried negotiating, but Adam didn’t take the bait.

“No arguing,” Adam said in that stern voice, that had Beetlejuice’s chest flutter and heat pool in his stomach.

“Worth a try,” grumbling to himself Beetlejuice picked up the sponge, and grimaced at it, but there was no way around it.

Soaking the sponge in the soapy water, Beetlejuice dragged the thing up and down one arm a few times, without really applying any pressure.

“Good,” Adam praised from right behind him, his breath ghosted the shell of Beetlejuice’s ear.

The sudden praise had Beetlejuice stop dead in his track, blush spreading across his cheeks and down his chest. He’d always known Adam was sexy as hell and had the potential to be quite the daddy if he followed through with the whole Maitlands 2.0 thing. Hearing him praise him in that low, husky voice, only confirmed it. Wanting to hear it again, Beetlejuice started scrubbing his other arm and applied enough pressure to get rid of the layers of filth and dirt, turning the water a nasty shade of brown, that dripped down and corrupted the white bubbles underneath.

“Like this?” Beetlejuice asked and tilted his head a bit so Adam could see his handy work.

Adam hummed deep in his throat, and his fingers threaded through Beetlejuice’s hair, forcing him to bite his lower lip hard to keep himself from making any embarrassing noises.

“Just like that, Beej. You’re doing so good,” Adam continued to praise, “now tilt your head back, so I can get your hair nice and wet.”

Doing as Adam said, Beetlejuice tilted his head back and closed his eyes, when Adam placed a hand on his forehead and poured water over his hair with the other. Still not a fan of water, Beetlejuice squeezed his eyes tightly shut. Adam chuckled and poured more water.

“Easy, I got you,” he said and dug out the bottle of shampoo, squeezing some into his hand, “I’m not going to let anything get into your eyes,” he promised, and then his fingers were back in his hair, working in the shampoo and massaging his scalp.

“Just like that, Beej. You’re doing so good, just like I knew you would,” Adam’s husky voice, was like music to his ears and it didn’t take much to imagine Adam saying such things to him

under different circumstances, preferably one where they were both naked.

Despite his best effort, Beetlejuice couldn't stop the pleasant groan leaving him when Adam's soapy hands dipped down to the nape of his neck and worked on the tight knots just underneath the skin.

"You like that?"

"Y-yes," Beetlejuice gasped when Adam dug his thumb into the skin and rubbed it in soothing circles, that was driving him nuts. Taken together with the praises that seemed to be spilling from Adam's lips constantly, Beetlejuice found himself with a growing problem.

It didn't help when Adam shifted between running his fingers through Beetlejuice's hair and dipping them down his neck and shoulders. His touch sent electricity down his spine, sparking behind his eyes and in his core. It charged him up, demanding release. His cock filled underwater, throbbing at the way Adam caressed his skin. The foam covering the water surface was thick enough to cover Beetlejuice up and spare him a very embarrassing conversation. It was tempting to test just how good the cover was. Would he be able to touch himself and lazily jerk off while Adam had his hands all over him? The mere thought had his cock throb with interest, while his mind provided him with an even better image: Adam touching him, lower and lower until his fingers brushed his pubic hair. He would tease him in that wonderful husky tone, then he would start to jerk him off. Slowly, of course. Maybe he would start to get a bit nervous, and Beetlejuice would have to wrap his hand around Adam's and guide him, showing him how he liked it. The idea sent waves of excitement through him and his balls draw up to his body. He was already so close, so overcharged. He whined in the back of his throat weakly as his spine arched just slightly.

Behind him Adam chuckled and washed out the shampoo, tugging at the pink strands of hair in the process, making Beetlejuice tip his head further backward, "sounds like you like it."

Beetlejuice snapped his eyes open suddenly painfully aware of where he was, and who was with him. Adam, sweet Adam, that had not asked to be a part of his potential jerk-off session. Being reasonable sucked.

"Don't sound so proud of yourself," Beetlejuice snorted and moved his hand away from his lap, "bathing still sucks, so can we get it over with?" He didn't have to fake the impatience. The sooner the finished with the bath, the sooner he could seek some quiet nook far away from the others where he could finish, what his imagination had started.

"Really?" Adam didn't sound convinced, but luckily for Beetlejuice, he didn't have to defend himself.

"I'm home!" Lydia's voice sounded from downstairs. She sounded happy and excited, and Beetlejuice knew Adam was just as eager to hear about her day as he was.

Beetlejuice turned a bit in the tub—moving slowly, so he didn't ruin his bubble cover—and smiled at Adam, noticing how his gaze was fixed on the door.

“Just go. I’ll finish up here. And don’t worry, any mess I make, I’ll clean up,” he added, just to sweeten the deal. He even offered Adam his most charming smile, which earned him a soft chuckle. It went straight to Beetlejuice’s cock.

“I’m trusting you here. Delia will have my head if her bathroom is covered in water and soap,” Adam reminded Beetlejuice, and Jesus, that hit harder than it should have. Adam trusted him. Really trusted him.

“Don’t worry. I’ll leave it as good as new.”

“Thank you. I’ll see you downstairs,” Adam got up from his place behind Beetlejuice, and smiled at him over his shoulder before he walked out the door.

As soon as it closed behind him, Beetlejuice had a hand on his cock. He used his other hand to squeeze, stroke and tug ever so lightly at his balls. He stroked the building heat in his stomach until it flared up like a solar storm. He was already on edge because of Barbara’s kiss and Adam’s husky tone along with his demand for Beetlejuice to get naked, hadn’t helped at all. He wondered if they were like that in bed as well? Would Adam order him to get naked, while Barbara draped herself across his back, and called him a filthy boy? Would they praise him when he dropped his suit for them?

Holding himself in a loose cup, Beetlejuice slid back and forth, fucking his own hand, slow and steady. Sweet, like he imagined Adam would do. The throb of want pierced through him, so intense that he moaned. He tightened his grip when he felt himself getting closer to the edge, rocking his hips back and forth, uncaring for the water splashing over the sides of the tub. They would fuck him sweet; Beetlejuice was sure of it. But he also had a feeling, they could get frisky. Oh, all the wonderful filthy shit he could teach them. Beetlejuice’s eyes rolled back and his mouth fell open with a moan, toes curling when he came in the dirty bathwater.

“Shit,” with a heavy sigh Beetlejuice leaned back against the tub. Tipping his head back, he stared at the ceiling. He knew he was a very sexual being, and a terrible flirt. It was in his nature. But it wasn’t like that with Barbara and Adam, was it? But the things Barbara and Adam had said to him, the way they had said it. That wasn’t just him reading into things, seeing things that weren’t there?

He needed to talk to Lydia.

Chapter Nine

Chapter Notes

Thank you all so much for all the positivity, kudos, and wonderful comments!!! You guys are the best!

Beetlejuice waited until all the fuss about Lydia's first day had quieted down. Chuck, Delia, and the Maitlands had spent most of the afternoon asking questions and listening to the tales of Lydia's first day, which meant that the sun had set by the time, Beetlejuice appeared in Lydia's room. She was sitting on her bed, with some kind of schoolbook in her lap. He didn't know what kind of book was or what class it was used for, since the title made no sense to him, but judging by the cover, it had something to do with science.

"Hey kid," he said and floated towards her, with his hands deep in his pockets, "how was your first day?"

Lydia looked up from her book and smiled, "why I thought you'd never ask," she said and raised a brow at him.

"Yeah," Beetlejuice cleared his throat and rubbed the back of his neck, while he looked away, "I figured I better wait, since all the others jumped you as soon as you walked in, and I've never been that good at sharing attention."

Lydia chuckled at that and put her book away before padding the space beside her on the bed. Beetlejuice didn't hesitate at all before taking her up on the offer, pushing the book further away.

"It's an all girl's school, which I feared a bit, but most of them are really nice," she started out with a bright voice.

Beetlejuice knew he should be happy for her, but he couldn't shake off the ugly feeling that was growing in the pit of his stomach. He hadn't heard Lydia so happy since they haunted the house together. It hurt knowing that something other than his brilliant pranks could make her so happy. However, he squashed the feeling down and buried it in the back of his mind.

"There are these two girls in my class, Bertha and Prudence, they are really nice and showed me around."

Beetlejuice couldn't help but snort and muttered under his breath "Burp and Prune," which earned him a smack on the shoulder and a mean look from Lydia, "Sorry, sorry. Please continue," he said and flashed her a charming smile.

Lydia rolled her eyes and sighed, "They're really nice Beej. Plus they were all onboard when I suggested we did a character analysis of Frankenstein's monster for a literature group project," she pointed out, and the way she said it with a bit of surprise in her voice, made Beetlejuice realize that apparently not all Breathers were as interesting as Lyds or as open-minded--although boring--as the Maitlands.

"Sounds like friend material," he said, which earned him another chuckle.

"Maybe. There's also this other girl, she's not in my class, but I've seen her in the hallways. She seems... strange and unusual too." The way she said it, almost dragging out the words, had Beetlejuice raise a bushy brow and a wicked smile spread across his lips. He felt like a shark in the water, and he'd just discovered a blood trail.

"Sounds interesting. Tell me more, Babes," he laid down flat on his stomach, which his feet kicking back and forth behind him and his head resting in the palms of his hands.

"There's not much to say," Lydia snorted and pressed a hand against Beetlejuice's face, but it was impossible to wipe his grin off, not when his words had a faint red color dance across Lydia's cheeks, "I haven't talked to her or anything. I just saw her in the hallway between two of the classes," she muttered, and Jesus wasn't she just the cutest.

Smiling like a Cheshire cat, Beetlejuice tsked at her and shook his head, "Oh Lyds. You better be glad you have me by your side. Then you'll be talking to that girl in no time," he bragged with great confidence.

"Is that right?" Lydia asked and poked him on his nose, making Beetlejuice grimace, "Because the way I remember it, I have been the one giving you advice on how to talk to people."

"Ghosts, not people, Babes. There's a huge difference," Beetlejuice felt the need to correct.

This time it was Lydia who tsked and she poked him on the nose again, "speaking of which. How is it going with the three of you?" she asked.

The honesty in her voice, took Beetlejuice by surprise. She really wanted to know. She cared about him.

Beetlejuice swallowed around a lump in his throat and sat up, suddenly feeling lost for words, and embarrassed on top of that. Here he was, the Ghost with the Most, taking relationship advice from a mortal kid. His mom would have laughed her head off--or exorcised him--if she saw it. Good thing she was dead-dead then.

"Well," Lydia pressed on and shook his arm, "come on Beej. I saw you guys last night. They didn't look like they minded you being there," she encouraged, making Beetlejuice smile sheepishly as he scratched the spot beside his nose, where the mold used to grow.

"No they didn't. Something else happened today, while you were at school," he said, feeling a hot blush creep from his cheeks to the tip of his ears and all the way up into his hair.

Lydia's eyes widened and her lips stretched into a huge smile, "what happened?" Beetlejuice told her about the kiss, the way they talked and the bath. He left the part out about him getting hard and jerking off, she was still a kid, after all. And if she wanted to know about sex and all that, Beetlejuice didn't feel like he should be her frame of reference.

"Wow," Lydia uttered when Beetlejuice was done with his child-friendly tale.

"Is that a good wow or a bad wow?" he wanted to know. He had a feeling he knew what was going on between him and the Maitlands. But then again, the last time he thought someone wanted him, he'd ended up dead. So, excuse him, for not trusting his own judgment.

"A good wow, definitely a good wow," Lydia cleared up, and Beetlejuice felt like a weight had been lifted from his shoulders.

He shifted on the bed, and moved a tad closer to Lydia, "so," he said, unable to keep the excitement out of his voice, and the smile off his face, "care to elaborate on that?" A good wow, was a good thing. But it was also ambiguous, he needed something more precise, something he could work with.

"Dude," Lydia looked at him like he was being a fool, "they're flirting with you."

Beetlejuice blinked once, then twice as his brain processed Lydia's words, "flirting?" he asked, just to be sure.

Lydia nodded, a sly smirk playing at the corners of her lips. Beetlejuice frowned and mumbled the word to himself once more. Flirting. Were they really flirting with him? Now that Lydia had put that idea into his head, he couldn't stop thinking about it. He thought back to Barbara kissing him and touching him, and to the way, Adam had talked to him in such a husky voice. Labeling that as flirting changed everything.

"Babes, are you sure? You're not pulling my leg on this one?"

Lydia smiled and shook her head, "I mean it, Beej. It really sounds like they're flirting with you."

Beetlejuice licked his lips and ran a hand through his hair. Flirting. Lydia sounded so sure, and Jesus Beetlejuice hoped she was right. But if he was being honest, even if she was right, he didn't know what to do with that information. The only thing he knew for sure, was that he felt all tingly inside like his stomach was filled to the brim with butterflies. He couldn't stop himself from smiling sheepishly as he fidgeted with his fingers, unsure what to do with himself.

"So," Lydia dragged out the word and wriggled her brows at him, "what are you going to do, Beej?"

Beetlejuice's smile fell, "I don't know, Babes," he answered honestly.

Lydia looked him up and down with a wicked gleam in her eye, "you should flirt back. It's time to bring out the big guns," she cheered and slapped him enthusiastically on the shoulder

with both hands, "I got it; presents! Everybody loves getting presents. Delia is always going head over heels when Dad buys her something."

"Head over heels?" Beetlejuice echoed skeptically, picturing the scenario in his mind. The Maitlands hadn't been very fond of his severed head idea, so he doubted the whole head over heels would be their kind of thing.

"It's an expression. It means to be in love," Lydia explained and jumped off the bed, "you need to find the perfect present for them, it's like the ultimate flirting," Lydia sounded so convinced, Beetlejuice couldn't help but feel himself buzz with excitement.

"I already know exactly what to give them! Adam loves working on his model, so I'll give him something for that. And as for Barbara, a nice plant would be perfect, maybe even herbs. She loves that stuff," Beetlejuice said, already picturing what to give each of them.

"Someone has been paying attention," Lydia elbowed him in the side teasingly, "nice job., Beej."

Blushing at the compliment, Beetlejuice elbowed her back, enjoying their carefree playfulness. It wasn't as exciting or thrilling as their haunting together, but it was nice in an "everyday cozy without being boring"-kind of way. It made him feel good, and at ease. And the best part was, that there were no adults and fake- exorcists on their way to ruin it.

"We can meet up after school, and go get your presents," Lydia suggested, making Beetlejuice grin at her, eyetooth denting his lower lip. He leaned closer, making Lydia lean back with both her brows raised.

"Well, if we're going shopping, Babes, you better say those three magic words," he baited in a sing-song voice

"Nice try, Beetlejuice. Nice try," Lydia added and broke the streak before it even started, making Beetlejuice roll his eyes.

"Spoilsport," he grumbled, but there wasn't any heat in his voice. Far from it. The truth was, he was excited to go shopping for gifts with Lydia, even if he had to be invisible to everybody else. Invisibility didn't really matter. As long as Lydia saw him, he was happy. Jesus, Adam was right, he really had changed. Clearing his throat and guiding his train of thoughts away from such a sentimental path, Beetlejuice wrapped his arm around Lydia's shoulder.

"Well, if you're going to be all boring, I guess there's no way around it," he faked complained, making Lydia chuckle and swat his hand away.

"I'm sure it'll be best for the whole town," she defended her decision, to which Beetlejuice's only answer was to blow raspberries at her.

The next day, Beetlejuice waited for Lydia at the spooky tree down the road, since Lydia had forbidden him to go to her school, even though he'd promised to behave. She'd said he wouldn't be able to help himself, and that at some point he would juice somebody. Her lack of faith in him didn't bother him much. After all, she was probably right. If he met Burp and Prune he would have to tease them. He just had to. But he needed to be on Lydia's good side today, so he stayed away to keep clear of temptation. Floating an inch above one of the thick, barren branches, Beetlejuice kept a close eye on the road, humming to himself. Despite being a con-man, Beetlejuice had avoided Barbara and Adam all day, because he feared he would somehow spoil the surprise. All it would take, was Barbara looking at him with her big, round eyes and ask, what had him smile so stupidly. Just thinking about it, made him flush. He snorted to himself and dragged a hand through his greasy hair, that had turned pink at the tips. He tapped both feet against the tree trunk and kept glancing towards the road. If only Lydia would hurry up. The faster they got into town, the faster he would be able to get back home and deliver the surprises. He wondered what they would do when he gave them the presents. They would have to realize that he was flirting right back at them.

And then what would happen? What if they got cold feet? What if they went back on their words and kicked him out? What if they wanted to send him off to the Netherworld. He gasped at the thought, even more breathless than usual. His chest hurt and it felt like his stomach was in the middle of tying itself into a big knot. The catastrophic thoughts and dreadful what-ifs swirled in his mind, making his head spin and bile rise in his throat.

What if he ended up alone? Again. He didn't think he would be able to go back to being invisible. It would be worse than death. Panic spread like a virus inside him, taking over his mind and poisoning his thoughts. Beetlejuice squeezed his eyes shut and pressed both hands against his forehead in an attempt to block out the intrusive thoughts and memories, that welled up inside him. Lydia leaving him, to go look for her mother. The Maitlands calling him a dangerously unstable individual. All of them scheming together, killing him. His throat tightened and his frame shook with sobs he didn't dare let loose.

"Beetlejuice?"

Beetlejuice's eyes snapped open at the familiar sound of Lydia calling his name. Even though she had only said it once, Beetlejuice felt the pull at his very core, felt the power awakening within him. It was enough to ground him. She stood in front of the tree, bike abandoned on the side of the road. She looked at him with worry evident in her dark eyes. She licked her lips and stretched her hand slowly towards him.

"Beetlejuice," she repeated his name, making him shiver and gasp, as another wave of his power rushed through him, "are you alright?"

The spell broke and the electric feeling of his juice left, flushing out the last of the worry along with it.

"Sorry, Babes. I was lost in thought there for a moment. I had a little bit of a hard time finding my way back," he said and floated down to her. She eyed him up and down, making Beetlejuice shift his weight back and forth as he buried both hands in the pockets of his pants. Her features softened and she nudged her shoulder against his side.

"Good to know you're back, otherwise the house would be awfully boring," she said and smiled at him, before hugging. Beetlejuice felt like screaming. He knew he'd called Lydia his best friend that night on the roof, but with her looking at him like that, he knew she had to feel the same way about him.

Clearing his throat, Beetlejuice looked away with a flustered look on his face, "I..." he trailed off when he tried--but failed--to find the right words to express what he felt. Fuck he sucked at feelings. "The house would be boring without you too. It's really great having you there," he finally said, talking fast and loudly, getting the words out before he lost track of them. Lydia rolled her eyes and patted him on his back. She didn't even make a face when a bit of mold and dirt stuck to her fingertips.

"Thanks, Beej, that's a really nice thing of you to say," she said in a teasing tone and tried to catch his gaze, but Beetlejuice looked anywhere but at her.

"Whatever. Don't we have some shopping to do," he grumbled and wriggled himself free, making Lydia laugh as she picked up her bike.

"We do," getting back on her bike, she rode the rest of the way into town with Beetlejuice floating right behind her.

It had been ages since he'd been into the town at daylight. Everything looked so different and more alive. The Breathers, of course, didn't notice him at all. As far as they knew, the girl from the crazy house on top of the hill had come into town after school by herself.

"Let's go get Adam's present first. There's this little hobby shop just down the road," Lydia told him as she raced down the street.

The shop in question looked shabby on the outside and just plain weird once they stepped in. There were tiny models and figures everywhere along with different tools--some which Beetlejuice recognized from Adam's workspace in the attic--and all kinds of paint and old looking books and toys. It looked just like the place a nerd like Adam would enjoy.

"Wow," Lydia mumbled skeptically as she looked around with both brows raised, "are you sure you want to find your romantic, flirty gift here?" she whispered, so that only Beetlejuice would hear her.

"Trust me, Babes. Adam and Babs, well. They're not cool like you and me. While I would love to give them dead roses and chocolate-covered beetles, this would be more up their alley. Believe it or not, this will get Adam's engines roaring," he added while he held up a tiny model train.

Lydia pressed her hand over her mouth and strangled an ugly snort, that had Beetlejuice's lips split into a wide smile. He loved making her laugh.

"Put that down, before someone sees it."

While it would be fun, to scare a few Breathers, Beetlejuice had a more important goal in mind, so he put the train back where he found it. Besides, he knew Adam already had one of those... Damn, he really had been paying attention. That like like thing had to be serious. He'd never paid attention to anyone like that in his entire afterlife before. He had to admit, caring

like that for someone felt nice. Not only did he felt seen, he also felt like he really saw them too. Like, they got him, and he got them. They understood each other. And for someone who'd been yelled at constantly by his demonic mother, being seen and understood--even though they didn't always agree with him--that was a strange and unusual concept, but nice never the less.

"So, what are you looking for?"

Beetlejuice yelped when Lydia's hush whisper sounded right next to his ear. For once, he was glad that the rest of the Breathers in town didn't see or hear him, because that wasn't one of his proudest moments.

"Jesus, Lyds. You nearly scared me to life," he joked, trying to distract her from his high-pitched shriek by nudging her in the side. Lydia glanced at him, with a look that told him, that she had heard him, and that she would definitely be teasing him about it later.

"Riight," she dragged out the sound and looked at him with a smug smile, that had Beetlejuice snort.

"Cut it out," he grumbled and directed his attention back to the tiny models, "try to act a little professional."

Beetlejuice put great effort into not glancing at Lydia while he searched the aisle for the perfect gift for Adam. He could feel her eyes on him, and she just knew he would be grinning at him, the moment he turned around. In order to deny her that pleasure, Beetlejuice kept his attention fixed on the tiny models. There were so many to choose from, Beetlejuice didn't have any idea where to even start. What would Adam like, what would fit his model in the attic? Gaze flickering at random between different things, Beetlejuice came to an abrupt hold, when he found it. The perfect gift. He knew it, as soon as he laid his eyes on it. It was the one thing Adam had been missing, the one thing he had been talking about wanting to add to his model; A tiny model of the Winter River Bridge. It was perfect!

"Is that the one?" Lydia asked, and too Beetlejuice delight there was no trace of mockery in her tone. He looked at her and nodded, grinning from ear to ear.

"That's the one, Babes."

Like the treasure that she was, Lydia picked up the model bridge and paid for it with her own hard-earned money, and Beetlejuice swore to himself, that he would pay her back. She made the shop-owner wrap it up as a gift. When he handed Lydia it, Beetlejuice nearly cut her off to hold the present himself. But one sharp look from Lydia, made him stop. That was right. The Breather wasn't able to see him, but he would be able to see the gift seemingly floating in the empty air.

"Oh boy, Adam is going to be so happy when he sees it!" Beetlejuice said as soon as they were out of the shop. He floated around Lydia in small circles, too hyped to stand still, "Let's go get Barbara's gift," uncaring for the lady across the street looking at them with wide eyes, he took Lydia's hand and dragged her forward, "come on. Stop being so slow!" he complained when she didn't move fast enough.

"Easy, easy," Lydia tried to calm him down, but luckily--for her and probably the entire city because Beetlejuice didn't know what he would do if she didn't get a move on--she started walking faster.

"I want a herb garden for Barbara. She loves growing things, but her plants don't get enough light in the attic, so I want to give her stuff for a small garden on the roof," he told Lydia, words ringing with excitement.

When they arrived at the local farmers' market, Beetlejuice wasted no time pointing out the herbs and small decorated pots he needed. His whole being buzzed with energy, almost enough to make him feel alive all over again. He zapped around the market, brushing his fingers through the different plants and herbs while debating with himself which ones Barbara would like the most. Lydia kept back, watching him float around with a smile on her face. He didn't know anything about herbs and stuff, but he'd heard her mention how good oregano was, therefore when he found it, he quickly mentioned for Lydia to pick it up.

"This one, Babes."

Already with her arms filled with two pots, mint and basil plants, Lydia came over, with a smile on her face, "great, I'll get that and another pot, and that's it," she pointed out, making Beetlejuice smile sheepishly as he rubbed the back of his head.

"Sorry, Babes. I got a little carried away. Thank you for all of this by the way," he added sincerely, even though it made his stomach twist and turn, "means a lot."

"I know," Lydia said and looked at him over her shoulder, "that's why I do it." Picking up the Oregano and another pot, Lydia made her way to the cashier.

Acting before he had a chance to second guess himself, he pressed himself against Lydia's back and wrapped his arms around her, mindful of the plants and pots. He swallowed hard, working around the lump in his throat, otherwise staying completely still. Lydia had stopped moving too. Her unresponsiveness had Beetlejuice bite his lower lip hard, but before he could jerk back and attempt to save the situation, he felt Lydia lean back, making Beetlejuice hold most of her weight. She stayed like that, ignoring the weird looks she got from the other customers.

"Deep down, under all that filth, you're a good guy," Lydia whispered to him, glancing briefly at him over her shoulder before she stepped towards the register to pay for their items.

Beetlejuice stayed where he was, cheeks flushing baby pink and a sheepish smile on his face. For the first time in as long as he could remember, he actually felt like there was at least a little good inside him. Who would have thought?

Chapter Ten

Chapter Notes

Once again I just want to say thank you so much for all the love and support! I saw that someone had recommended my fic on the Beetlejuice discord server, and that just made me so happy! So again, thank you so much, you guys are amazing!!

The way back home simultaneously felt like it was taking forever while also happening in a matter of seconds. Lydia refused to hand over the gifts to Beetlejuice, leaving him trailing after her all the way home. He kept a close eye on the gifts in the basket, worrying they would fall out whenever Lydia ran over a bump in the road. He was especially anxious when they crossed the bridge because neither the model nor the plants would survive a dip into the cold water.

"So," Lydia said, sounding a bit out of breath as she pedaled up the hill, "are you excited?"

"You bet," he answered honestly with a laugh, "I can't wait to see the look on their stupid faces."

"I'm sure it'll be amazing," Lydia encouraged and stood up on her bike, pedaling faster to get up the hill to the house. For each passing second, Beetlejuice felt himself get more and more excited to the point of it all most being intolerable. He felt like he was about to explode from the pressure. Without meaning to Beetlejuice's gaze sought out the window to the attic hoping to catch a glimpse of Adam or Barbara. He smiled from ear to ear and bounced on the heel of his feet.

"Wow, you really do like like them," Lydia said as she parked her bike and followed Beetlejuice's line of sight.

"Shut up," he grumbled without any heat in his voice.

Lydia only chuckled and handed him the presents, "why? I think it's cute. The Ghost with the Most, falling head over heels for the boring Maitlands, who would have thought," Lydia teased with a bright smile, "let me know how it goes. But keep out the gross details," she added, which made Beetlejuice bark with laughter.

"It's me you're talking to, babes. Every detail is going to be gross," he promised and wriggled one brow at her, making Lydia roll her eyes.

"I'm a child," she reminded him, in a sing-song voice, before placing a hand on his grimy suit and pushed him forward, "now, go get them you doofus. Turn on that undead charm."

"I will," he said, sounding way more confident than he felt. If he was being honest with himself--which was a very rare thing, after all, the truth could hurt--Beetlejuice was nervous. Normally he could joke or cheat his way out of situations if they got tricky, but he didn't want to do that with the Maitlands. He really liked them, and he wanted to do better by them, wanted to be better for them. And that urge scared him. Because what if they didn't want the same? What if he and Lydia had read the situation wrong? What if they looked at him with loathing in their eyes? What if they turned their backs to him... and what if they didn't? Then what came next? Beetlejuice had no idea, and it killed him, figuratively speaking of course.

As if she had read his mind--or maybe his hair was betraying him again? —Lydia offered him an encouraging smile and a pat on the back, "it'll be fine, Beej."

Not trusting his own voice, Beetlejuice settled for forcing on a big grin, as he nodded at Lydia in reply. He turned towards the entrance and took a deep breath, just to calm himself down, before he stepped inside.

"I'm home," Lydia called as she stepped inside behind Beetlejuice.

"Welcome home," Barbara's light voice sounded somewhere on the floor above them.

Lydia made a silent come on gesture and then pointed towards Beetlejuice and then the stairs. Beetlejuice responded by sticking out his tongue at Lydia, all though he still moved towards the stairs. His feet felt heavy when he climbed them and he clutched the gifts to his chest, afraid he might drop them and ruin the surprise. He walked towards the room, the Maitlands had claimed as their own. If he had a heartbeat, it would have been beating rapidly, as he opened the door to their room. Both of them were there, doing something as domesticated as sitting on the couch, reading old books. They were such nerds. God, Beetlejuice hoped they would be his nerds.

"Welcome home, Beej," Adam greeted and placed a bookmark in the middle of the open book. Why he would need that, when he could just make a dog-ear in the book was beyond Beetlejuice.

"We were beginning to wonder where you had floated off too."

"I was with Lyds. We met up after she was done with school," Beetlejuice explained and shifted his weight and the gifts in his arms. The movement made Adam's gaze dropped to the wrapped items.

"What have you got there?" Barbara asked, putting down her book as well as she craned her neck to see. To Beetlejuice's delight, the unwrapped plants seemed to have caught her attention.

It was now or never. Swallowing past a lump in his throat, Beetlejuice opened his mouth to answer, but his usually in-effective brain-to-mouth-filter had stopped working completely, meaning nothing came through. Nothing. He was blank, he had no idea how to begin answering the question. He knew the general idea of what he wanted to say, but finding the specific words seemed impossible.

"It's alright. Take your time, hon." Barbara slowly got off the couch and walked towards him. Beetlejuice tensed. He didn't mean to, but he couldn't help it. He felt so fucking vulnerable, and he hated it, absolutely hated it.

"Have you been shopping with Lydia?" Barbara asked and Beetlejuice nodded, "I can see, that some of the things are wrapped up so nicely. Are some of them gifts?"

"All of them," Beetlejuice managed to say after Barbara had broken down the question into more manageable bits. Barbara smiled and moved closer, placing a gentle hand on Beetlejuice's arm. The small pressure had Beetlejuice sigh with relief, feeling more grounded because of the small touch.

"All of it," Barbara repeated and Beetlejuice nodded, "do you want to tell us, who they are for?"

Beetlejuice snorted and looked away in an attempt to hide the pinkish blush creeping across his cheeks, "like you don't already know," he grumbled.

Barbara only chuckled and leaned in closer trying to get Beetlejuice to look at her, "do I?" she asked, fake surprise evident in her voice. It made Beetlejuice chuckle as well, tension slowly leaving his shoulders.

"Tell me," Barbara said in a soft whisper, and fuck Beetlejuice felt the tell-tale tingle in his scalp, which meant the color had infected his hair as well. Shit.

"It's for you and your stupid husband!" he shouted the words, fast and loud, like a cork popping from a champagne bottle when the pressure got too high. He shoved the gifts into Barbara arms, hiking his shoulders towards his ears when he heard her soft laughter.

"Beej," she said and looked from the gifts to him, "that's so nice of you. Thank you."

"Just open them," Beetlejuice shifted his weight and stuck his hands in the pant pockets, trying to pretend he wasn't waiting anxiously for them to open their presents.

Adam stood up as well and moved closer. When he was within range, Beetlejuice snatched the present from the hobby store and handed it to him, "this one's for you." He didn't look at Adam, he was already burning up as it was, and he was sure he would be ready to explode if he looked at the recently deceased man. Worrying his lower lip with his sharp teeth, Beetlejuice watched as they both opened their presents from him. Adam gasped when he removed the paper and revealed the tiny bridge.

"How did you know?" He asked and looked at Beetlejuice with a dumbfounded look on his face. It was cute. Pausing her own unwrapping Barbara leaned closer to look at Adam's gift.

"I've... I've been listening. You talk about that stupid model so much, it would be hard not to figure it out," he managed to say while fidgeting with a loose thread on his suit jacket.

"You really have been listening. Thank you, Beej," his voice was soft like velvet, and it made Beetlejuice hike his shoulders towards his ears, which burnt with embarrassment. Adam

chuckled kindly, and Beetlejuice couldn't help but smile. So far so good. There was no anger or resentment yet. He decided to count that as a win.

"Now, open yours, honey," Adam encouraged Barbara, and Beetlejuice dared to lift his gaze just in time to see Barbara's face lit up as she unwrapped the painted pots. She immediately placed the plants in them, running her fingers through the leaves as she admired them.

"Beej, this is..." she stopped and shook her head, with a bright smile on her face like she couldn't believe what she was seeing.

"It's for a herb garden on the roof," he explained, clearing his throat when his voice pitched.

"It's amazing," she finished and before Beetlejuice had a chance to react, she pulled him into a tight hug. Hesitantly, Beetlejuice wrapped his arms around her frame and squeezed her closer.

"Thank you so much, Beej," she kissed him on the cheek like before, but this time her lips lingered, making Beetlejuice shiver, fighting back the pleased moan that threatened to fall from his lips. Her mouth was so soft and so close. All he had to do was turn his head, and then he would be kissing her. The idea was tempting, so fucking tempting. But the Maitlands had made it clear how they felt about him suddenly kissing them on the lips. To keep himself in check, he clenched his fists hard, digging his nails into the skin.

"This is so nice and thoughtful of you," she whispered, her lips moved against Beetlejuice's cheek, making him able to feel each word just as much as he heard them.

His breath hitched and the skin in the palm of his hand broke, leaving blood tickling forward from the small crescent-moon shaped cuts.

"Thank you," she said again.

"Anything for the two of you," the words slipped out before he had a chance to stop himself. Fuck his brain-to-mouth filter, it was completely useless. Beetlejuice's eyes widened. His face heated up and a bright pink blush spread from his cheeks and all the way into his hair and down his chest. He'd said too much. He'd messed up by saying the wrong thing in the wrong situation. Fuck. His chest felt tight all of a sudden, and even though his lungs hadn't needed air in decades, he felt like he was suffocating. Not knowing what to do with himself, Beetlejuice restored to the safest solution: fleeing.

"Well, bye" turning on his heels Beetlejuice marched for the door, determined to get out of there and away from the sensations welling up inside him. He felt like he was filled to the brim and ready to explode.

He gasped without meaning to when slender fingers closed around his wrist.

"Beej, wait," Barbara said and held him in a loose grip. He could break out if he wanted to... but did he want to? He didn't know. He didn't know anything at all.

"Don't just run away," Adam said in a gentle tone like he was speaking to a scared animal, which was dumb because Beetlejuice was far more powerful than them. It still helped though.

"Can we get you to sit on the couch with us?" Adam asked and when Beetlejuice slowly nodded Barbara guided him to the small couch, placing him in the middle just like movie night.

Beetlejuice could feel their weight against him, against both his legs like they were caging him in, containing him. They didn't say anything, just looked at him, probably waiting for him to say something. But good luck with that. Licking his lips nervously Beetlejuice looked between the Maitlands, both legs bouncing up and down rapidly. Adam smiled at him and placed his hand on Beetlejuice's knee. Whimpering at the contact, Beetlejuice froze. The way his fingers applied just the tiniest bit of pressure across his skin felt amazing, calming but at the same time breath-taking.

"Beej, why did you bring us gifts?" Barbara asked, pulling out the big guns, right from the get-go.

He could feel her eyes on him, so intensely he feared he could melt on the spot if she kept it up. If he'd known they would want to play twenty questions, he would never have gotten them anything.

"I just wanted to," he answered, tugging his chin towards his chest while focusing an awful lot on not looking at any of them.

"Why" Adam wanted to know.

Swallowing around a lump in his throat, Beetlejuice shifted in his seat. He immediately regretted it, when it caused him to rub up and down their thighs. It sent sparks shooting straight through him, making him shiver and squeeze his eyes shut.

"I wanted to be nice," he finally managed to say after a few deep breaths.

"There's a lot of ways to be nice. Why gifts?"

"Because," Beetlejuice mumbled and sank further into his seat, briefly wondering if he should just phase through and go back to fleeing. But then Barbara's hand was on his other knee, keeping him where he was.

"Why?" she whispered, and Beetlejuice made the mistake of looking at her.

There was something in her eyes, something he had never seen before. It made his chest flutter and his head spin.

"Because I like you. Both of you" he whispered back like he was sharing a well-kept secret. Sharing secrets had never led to anything good, it only exposed one to the possibility of being hurt, of being let down and betrayed.

Barbara didn't look like she was about to hurt him, but Beetlejuice still flinched when she reached out and ran her fingers through his pink strained hair. She tugged at it slightly, and fuck if that didn't feel good.

"You have been really good," she said and looked at him before her gaze settled on Adam.

"And you have made such a huge effort," Adam said and pressed himself closer, practically draping himself against Beetlejuice's side.

"And you're so sweet when you're like this," Barbara purred and tugged at his hair again, demanding Beetlejuice's attention. He snapped his head towards her. Barbara looked at him straight in the eyes with a heated gaze, that had Beetlejuice gasp and his pants grew tight.

"To be honest, we had a hunch that you felt this way," she added, looking away and tilting her head, making her loose hair fall over her shoulder. Why was she looking away? She had just looked at him. Wasn't it normal to look at people doing these kinds of conversations? Maybe it was because she couldn't stand the sight of him, now that it had been confirmed that a nasty, emotionally unpredictable demon had the hots for them.

"Really?" Beetlejuice managed to choke out of his contracted throat. Dread grew inside him, spreading like cancer, making him feel sick to his stomach. He tried jerking away, to remove himself from the situation, to spare himself. The first time he'd cared about someone--despite how shitty they were--they had chosen booze over him. The second time he'd cared, he'd been tricked and killed. Before he could get away, Adam shifted closer and placed a gentle hand on Beetlejuice's arm. He didn't force him to stay or held him down, but the small gesture was enough to get Beetlejuice to sit very still. His nerve-endings fired like crazy under the touch, feeding the sensation directly into his brain where it mixed with the troubling thoughts.

"Yes, we have, Beej. And that's a good thing," Adam quickly added and ran his hand up and down Beetlejuice's quivering arm. Shit, when had he started shaking?

"We've decided to give it a try."

"What?" Beetlejuice snapped his head towards Adam, eyes wide. He couldn't have heard him right. Sometimes words could mean different things, or you heard what you wanted to hear. And Beetlejuice couldn't afford to mishear something like that. He just couldn't get his hopes up if it was all for nothing.

Barbara chuckled and with a light hold on Beetlejuice's scruffy chin, she guided his attention back to her, "we decided to give this a try," she repeated, and Beetlejuice heard her, loud and clear. But the words still didn't register completely, like she was talking in codes, and Beetlejuice only knew how to decipher half of it.

"What we're trying to say is, that we want to try to have a relationship with you," Adam interpreted. His words were enough to have Beetlejuice's heart stop if it had been beating in the first place. He blinked several times, waiting for the stabbing or the elaborate musical number that would lead to said stabbing, but nothing as extravagant happened. It was just the three of them, sitting on the couch.

"Are you sure?" Beetlejuice asked hesitantly, looking back and forth between the Maitlands. Both nodded.

It felt like a dam broke inside him, washing away all fears and worries, making room for the pure happiness and excitement. It washed over him in big, all-consuming waves. Unable to sit still any longer, Beetlejuice jumped off the couch and punched the air. "Yes! I'm going to have a girlfriend AND a boyfriend!" He cheered, practically jumping up and down, before he went completely still and sat back down between them.

"Wait," he said and looked between them with narrowed eyes, "define relationship. Is there kissing and touching and having sex involved? Like with all three of us? At the same time? Aren't you too vanilla for that?" he asked when they both nodded. After all, he was talking to the very same ghosts, that thought plants and model bridges were sexy gifts. There was no way in hell, they would agree to get down and dirty with him. That was too good to be true. "Hey," Barbara protested, "you're talking to the Maitlands 2.0. There's no telling what we're up to," she said with a teasing smile and nudged Beetlejuice with her shoulder.

"Really?" Beetlejuice drawled and looked at her with a hooded gaze before he closed his eyes and leaned towards her.

Gently he brushed his lips against hers, just to test the waters. Her soft mouth felt amazing, so when he felt her lips moved against his, kissing him back, Beetlejuice felt like his heart was about to explode. He gripped her arms tight, scared he might otherwise float away, and continued to kiss her. He moaned when Barbara ran her tongue across his lower lip, before sliding it inside. She kissed him forcefully, cupping the back of his head and guiding him where she wanted him to be. Beetlejuice felt like pudding in her hands. He was glad they were already sitting down since his legs probably would have given out by this point.

Barbara was kissing him. Really kissing him with tongue and everything. She liked him, and judging by the way Adam kept running his hands up and down Beetlejuice's meaty sides in gentle caresses, he liked him as well. They both liked him.

"Holy shit. Lydia was right," he mumbled with his eyes still closed.

"Lydia?" Barbara repeated and leaned back to look at him.

"Never mind," he kissed her again, allowing himself to get lost in the sensation. Everywhere she touched felt like it was on fire, and he was burning up. His chest fluttered and his head spun, in the most wonderful and intoxicating way.

Pulling back, Beetlejuice opened his eyes and looked at Barbara. Her cheeks were flushed, her chest heaved up and down and her eyes were hooded. She looked ready to devour him. He turned to Adam, partly because the sexy nerd had been missing out on the action, and partly--all though Beetlejuice wasn't so keen on admitting that-- because he'd never had anyone look at him the way Barbara just did, and he had no idea how to react to it. He wanted to scream from joy, he wanted to cry from happiness, and he wanted to break free from their embrace and deny everything before he ended up hurt. He pushed the confusing emotions away and focused on Adam.

Licking his lips, Beetlejuice reached for him, sighing in relief when the ghost moved forward and guided Beetlejuice's hand to his cheek, while his eyes fluttered close. Adam sagged against him when Beetlejuice brought their lips together. The kiss was different than the one he'd shared with Barbara. Gentler and less demanding. Barbara dominated the kiss, whereas Adam followed Beetlejuice's lead. Beetlejuice had never been that fond of kissing. He'd always viewed it as a means to get something else; it was just a step towards having. He'd never considered it a pleasant activity in itself, but boy, had he been missing out. He fucking loved kissing the Maitlands. His whole body felt like it was on fire. Every nerve ending buzzed and fired, overloading his entire system. He was drunk on the feeling, but he wanted more.

Beetlejuice took Adam's lower lip between his sharp teeth and tugged lightly, making the man gasp into his mouth. Beetlejuice made good use of the opportunity to deepen the kiss. Adam writhed and moaned against him, and fuck if that wasn't the sexiest sound Beetlejuice had ever heard. He pressed the heel of his hand against his tented pants, desperate for release. And all that was just from a little kissing, they hadn't even touched him probably... yet, he added in the privacy of his own mind.

Pulling back slowly, Beetlejuice looked at Adam's flushed face, gaze dropping to his kiss-swollen lips. The way he looked at Beetlejuice with hooded eyes and mouth slightly open, it made Beetlejuice want to dive back in and kiss him senseless, until he was reduced to a moaning mess. But he had other plans at the moment.

He leered at Barbara over his shoulder and shifted in his seat, in order to cradle both of them at the back of their necks. He guided them towards each other and groaned in the back of his throat when they caught his drift. They kissed in front of him. Slowly and sweet, and oh so fucking perfect. Adam cupped Barbara's cheek, and she fisted her hands in his hair, making him moan into the kiss. Beetlejuice echoed the sound and cupped himself through his jeans. Barbara cracked open one eye and looked him up and down, gaze lingering at the tent in his pants. She smiled into the kiss; it was a wicked smile that had Beetlejuice shift in his seat.

"God/Satan you guys are beautiful," he moaned, making Adam open his eyes and pull away. The man took one look at him and blushed, probably because of the state Beetlejuice was in: face flushed, hair tinted pink and hard as a rock.

Adam smiled sheepishly as he ran his hand up Beetlejuice's leg. Beetlejuice took a shaky breath when Barbara mirrored the action on his other leg. Their touches sent electricity zapping through him and filled him to the brim with barely contained energy.

"G-guys?" he stuttered, legs bouncing up and down when they reached his inner thighs. His breath hitched when Adam tentatively lifted a finger and dragged it across his trapped cock.

"Just relax," Barbara whispered and leaned closer to mouth as his ear, "if you want to, we're going to touch you now," she whispered, her hot breath ghosting along the shell of his ears.

Adam's hand stilled just below Beetlejuice's cock, and he was sure that if he bucked his hips the right way, he would be able to grind himself against Adam and get some much-needed friction.

"Fuck," he gritted out between clenched teeth and squeezed his eyes shut, to block out some of the sensations.

"Such a potty mouth," Adam chuckled, and shit that was Adam's fingers tracing along Beetlejuice's lower lip, "we need a few more words than that, Beej. Do you want us to touch you?"

He nodded immediately and bucked against them. Fuck, he felt like he was ready to explode already. Adam chuckled again and cupped his chin, "I need words, Beej."

"I want you guys to touch me, " Beetlejuice said loud and fast, cracking open an eye, just in time to see Barbara's crooked smile.

"Where?" Barbara whispered in a husky voice right next to his ear, making Beetlejuice's cock throb with want.

"Barbara!" Adam jerked his head towards her and stared at her with a shocked look on his face

"What? I just want to make sure we're talking about the same thing," she said innocently, but Beetlejuice wasn't buying it. She just wanted to hear him say it. But if she wanted to hear him talk dirty, Beetlejuice would talk dirty.

"I want you both to touch my cock, Barbara," he said and looked her straight in the eye, "I want you both to slowly jerk me off until I feel like I'm about to explode. I want to take turns kissing you, and I want to watch you kiss each other, while you both jerk me off, " he said, without batting an eye. His cheeks were already burning, and his hair was already as pink as it could get, so there was really nothing to lose, "I want to cum, with your hands still on me, so I can cover you both." Sure enough, the Maitlands had been upgraded, but he was a demon straight from hell. If there was one thing, he was good at, it was talking dirty. It left Adam gasping like a fish on land, but all Beetlejuice had to do was direct his gaze to the man's lap, and then it became perfectly clear, that Adam--or at least his body--was totally on board with Beetlejuice's suggestion. Barbara's pupils blew wide and her lips stretched into a predatory grin. Beetlejuice yelped and gripped the couch tightly as she cupped his hard cock through the fabric.

"That can be arranged, " she purred and groped his cock, making Beetlejuice throw his head back and curse under his breath. His frame trembled from the simple touch. The sound of the zipper being pulled down was deafening. His whole body tensed as he waited for something to happen, for one of them to finally give him the skin on skin action he so desperately craved. Despite wanting it to happen so desperately, he was far from ready for it, when Barbara snuck her hand inside his open pants and wrapped her fingers around his hard cock.

"Fuck," he whimpered, breathing hard as he tried to hold himself back from coming too soon, but it was like trying to shout back the tide.

Adam hummed in the back of his throat and nuzzled up against Beetlejuice's side, kissing his chin and the side of his mouth. On instinct, Beetlejuice threw his hands around him and kept

him close.

"Overcharged?" Adam asked and when Beetlejuice shook his head, he ran his fingers through Beetlejuice's greasy hair with one hand, while the other snuck under his shirt and caressed his chubby stomach.

"Just overwhelmed. But in a good way," Beetlejuice added, knowing how much the Maitlands valued that open communication bullshit.

"Good," Adam purred, and fuck, he was no better than Barbara.

He ran his fingers down Beetlejuice's treasure trail, reaching all the way down to his cock. Beetlejuice's unnecessary breathing picked up, his chest ached, and his thighs trembled. And then Adam was touching his cock too, grip a bit softer than Barbara's, but still so fucking amazing. Beetlejuice clawed at the couch and arched his back. His brain fizzled to near nothingness, not a thought being able to complete itself before it was drowned out by the sensation of pleasure and the overwhelming need for more.

Someone--Beetlejuice had lost the ability to tell them apart--cupped his balls, while the other's thumb caught at his slit and worried it, smearing precum down the underside of his cock before going back to jerking him off. He whined and gasped, too far gone to be embarrassed. He bucked against them and held Adam tighter than any Breather would have been able to handle. Adam held him even closer and whispered sweet nothing against his ear, coaxing Beetlejuice closer and closer to his peek.

"You're doing so good," Barbara praised and leaned closer to kiss him on his cheek, while never stopping the steady rhythm she'd established.

Beetlejuice jerked against them again. His balls drew tight and his body shook violently. They were both right there, touching him and watching him. It was all so much, and he could barely do more than writhe as they both kept him close and touched him.

He couldn't hold back his choked sob as he came hard and fast. Faster than he'd ever done before, and quite frankly, the whole thing had been far more vanilla than the scenario Beetlejuice had painted. But it had still left Beetlejuice shaking from pleasure between them, sobbing for breath. The tears stung in the corner of his eyes, so Beetlejuice squeezed them shut.

Both pressed against him and showered his face in kisses, uncaring about the tears that painted streaks down his cheeks. Fuck, when had he started crying for real?

"It's okay, Beej," Adam muttered in a soft voice and kept him close, petting up and down his back, "you're okay," he reassured him, and shit Beetlejuice shouldn't need reassuring. It was just sex. He'd done it before, so what was the problem?

Barbara kissed him on the cheek and rubbed soothing circles down his arms with the light touch of her fingertips. Beetlejuice's frantic breathing slowed down bit by bit, but he was still shaking, and he couldn't quit.

"I'm not sad about this," he felt the need to point out, choking the words out between hiccupping breaths.

"We know," Barbara said and ran a hand through his hair, "sex can be really intense sometimes. There's nothing to worry about. We got you."

"Fuck," Beetlejuice grumbled under his breath. He waited for them to pull away from him, but the Maitlands stayed where they were. They just kept stroking and patting and cooing nonsense to him. It was sickeningly sweet, and Beetlejuice kind of loved them for it. Eventually, the shaking stopped as well, leaving Beetlejuice feeling exhausted to the bone.

"There you go. You should stay here for the night," Adam offered and despite the need to point out, that Beetlejuice didn't do the whole sleeping thing, he just nodded and snuggled closer to the both of them. At some point they would probably have to move, but for the moment, Beetlejuice enjoyed the closeness as long as he could get away.

Chapter Eleven

Chapter Notes

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

By morning, Beetlejuice still hadn't fully processed what had happened to him the night before. It all seemed too good to be true, but the memories were far too vivid to be a dream. And the fact that he had both Maitlands snuggled up close to him, one on each side, was also a pretty good indication, that he hadn't made it all up in his head. The Maitlands did want him, and they had jerked him off last night. The memory alone was enough to make Beetlejuice's cock throb with want and his skin itch. He hadn't lied when he said he was a very sexual being. He'd gone without sex for so long, he'd almost forgotten what it felt like, what it really felt like. Not just the porny, in and out version. He'd forgotten how intense it was and how absolutely amazing it could be. The Maitlands had reminded him of that, and by reminding him, they'd opened Pandora's box, unleashing the touch starved beast within. He longed to touch, and kiss, and hold them close, just to feel their skin against his. He wanted it so badly, it almost hurt. But there had to be rules, or conditions, right? Just like when he was invited back into the house. There had to be some guidelines, the only problem was, that Beetlejuice had no idea what they were, so he wouldn't know if he overstepped or messed up.

The thought was enough to put a damper on the arousal burning underneath his skin. He shifted in the small bed and glanced at Adam, who was snuggled up against him, head resting on Beetlejuice's shoulder and his arm was draped over his stomach. His eyes were closed, and his chest was slowly rising and falling, like the body had forgotten it didn't really need to breathe anymore. Beetlejuice supposed it ran on muscle memory, he would give it a few decades before the old habits of life died. Slowly, as to not wake Adam from the unnecessary slumber Beetlejuice tugged him closer. He froze when Adam shifted in his sleep. Biting his lower lip hard, Beetlejuice suppressed a moan, when Adam pressed himself against Beetlejuice, his long, slender legs tangling with Beetlejuice's stocky ones. Everywhere he touched felt like it was on fire, and Beetlejuice wanted nothing more than to tug the man even closer, to get as much contact as possible. He wanted his clothes off, and it wasn't even a sexy thing, it was a touch thing, and it drove him mad.

"The day hasn't even started yet, and your hair is already bright pink," Barbara's soft voice sounded from his other side, and then there were fingers in his hair, tugging and pulling with just enough force to make Beetlejuice groan from the slight sting.

"Shut up," he said, without any heat in his voice, and tilted his head back to smirk at Barbara.

She chuckled and kept running her fingers through his hair in a soothing rhythm, that had Beetlejuice wish they never had to leave the bed. His eyes fluttered shut when Barbara massaged his scalp, while she hummed to herself and Adam snored lightly. The way she tugged at his hair from time to time had Beetlejuice's sensory system overload. It made him clench and unclench his fists, as he writhed on the bed. The embers in the pit of his stomach, flared up and turned the tingle sensation into full-blown arousal.

"You look good with your hair pink," she said and pressed herself closer, her lips moved against Beetlejuice's throat as she spoke.

"Stop teasing, Babs," he warned her, voice strained from equal embarrassment and want.

"I'm not. I'm giving you a compliment," she pointed out, making Beetlejuice flush, even more, the pink color traveled all the way down his neck and down to his chest, even effecting the hair there.

"You mean it?" he asked, just to hear her say it one more time since he had a bit of a hard time believing it.

"You look good with your hair pink," she repeated in a whisper, she cupped Beetlejuice's cheek and turned him to look at her, "you look very good."

She was so close, looking at him like he was the only thing that mattered. Beetlejuice felt like he was about to float away if it wasn't for Barbara's hands on him. His breath hitched when Barbara leaned closer and kissed him on the lips.

Turning in the bed Beetlejuice wrapped his arms around her and pulled her flushed against him, while he kissed her like he was starving for it. Being so close, it was impossible for Beetlejuice to hide the obvious effect the Maitlands had on him. He whimpered when Barbara pulled away and tried to follow her, but a hand on his chest stopped him.

"Easy," she purred and nodded towards Adam, "we shouldn't start anything without all of us. Besides, the others are going to wake up soon."

Beetlejuice cursed under his breath and hid his face in the crook of Barbara's neck, "fine," he grumbled, but because he refused to go down without a fight he snapped his hips forward, grinding his semi-hard cock against Barbara's thigh, just so she could feel how hard for him it was to stop.

"Behave, Beej," she laughed and swatted him on the shoulder.

Beetlejuice grumbled his protests again, but he let go of her this time, since he knew he would have a hard time calming down with her soft thighs so close to his cock. And he needed to calm down because sending Lydia off to school, while he had a raging hard-on was not one of his top priorities. Even as a demon, he had standards and boundaries.

And speaking of Lydia and the others, how would they react to Beetlejuice being in the middle of the Maitlands sandwich? How would Adam and Barbara react to that reaction? Fuck, Beetlejuice hadn't thought that far. What if the Maitlands didn't want the others to know? Were they ashamed of him? He had that effect on people, but he'd thought things would be different.

The exciting buzz within him turned sour and sharp under his skin, like needles of worry, piercing through the comfort and corrupting it. He sat up. He felt like he was suffocating under the covers. He looked around, unsure whatever he was looking for an escape route or if

it was just to keep his mind occupied with something. Hands clenching and unclenching in his lap, his long nails dug into his skin.

"Beej?"

Beetlejuice shivered when he heard Barbara call his nickname. He tensed when she placed a hand on his thigh.

"Overcharged?" She asked and sat up as well, making sure there was some room between them.

Beetlejuice's shook his head and bit his lower lip, fangs denting the skin.

"We need words, Beej," Adam's sleepy voice sounded, and Beetlejuice turned to look at him.

His hair was standing out in weird directions, and his eyes were only half-opened. But he was smiling in a way, that had Beetlejuice's non-existing heart melt. Fuck, even half-asleep Adam looked good enough to eat.

Beetlejuice snorted at the demand and cross his arms over his chest. The way Barbara's gaze dropped to the crescent-moon shaped cuts across the skin, had the hair on the back of Beetlejuice's neck stand on end, but he ignored the sensation.

"Sorry, Adam," he drawled mockingly, suddenly feeling the need to defend himself, "I don't have any."

Adam sighed and pulled himself up into a sitting position. He took Beetlejuice's hand in his own and turned it over, revealing the cuts. He dragged his thumb across cut from long ago, that had faded into thin scar.

"It's alright if you don't have the words to perfectly describe what's going on. We don't expect that from you, but I do want you to try as best as you can, just so we know what's going on. It's the only way we can try to help," he explained, and fuck him for making sense.

Pulling his hand back, Beetlejuice hid both palms, by tugging them away in his armpits, shielding the cuts from their judgmental gazes. He stared at the opposite wall, keeping quiet as long as he could bear the silence. He'd hoped that one of them would give in and say something, but apparently the Maitlands were just as stubborn as him.

"Fine," he spat when it became apparent, that they weren't going to be the mature ones, "what happens when we go downstairs to the others?" he asked, instead of finding words to describe what was happening within him. Adam had wanted him to talk, but he never specified that he wanted him to explain rather than asking questions. Loophole!

Adam and Barbara looked taken back by the question. Adam blinked several times in confusion while Barbara knitted her brows together like she hadn't understood his question. Well, that sucked for her, because he wasn't repeating it.

"We spent a quiet morning with them and help everyone get ready?" Barbara answered, sounding a bit like she wasn't sure herself.

"What about this?" Beetlejuice vaguely gestured between all three of them before he tugged his hand back to safety in his armpit.

"Oh," Adam said when he finally caught Beetlejuice's drift, "that depends on what you're comfortable with?" he turned the question back to Beetlejuice which made him growl and hike his shoulders towards his ears.

"Are you scared we'll act like nothing has happened when we're around them?" Barbara followed up the question, when Beetlejuice didn't answer, cutting right through all his bullshit defenses by asking the real question.

Beetlejuice glared at her, even though his hair had turned a dark purple, making him look a lot less intimidating than he would have liked. Holding eye contact, he nodded. Barbara's features softened and she traced a finger up his arm. Adam mirrored the action on his other side. Their synced caresses made Beetlejuice shiver, and some of the tension left his body. "None of us had planned to do that, Beej. We said we wanted a relationship with you, and we do. It's not something we're going to hide from Charles, Delia and Lydia," Barbara reassured him.

"I knew that," he lied, and looked away with a pout.

"Of course, you did," she said with a tone, that told Beetlejuice she saw right through him. Sometimes being seen actually sucked, because it ripped away all lies and other self-destructive coping mechanisms. Barbara, however, did make up for it, when she tilted Beetlejuice's head upwards with two fingers under his chin and kissed him deeply, her tongue slipping past his lips, making him moan on the bed. When she pulled back, all Beetlejuice could do was stare at her, brain momentarily shut down.

"You look cute when you're flustered. We should have realized that sooner," Adam chuckled, but before Beetlejuice could protest by pointing out that he was a literal demon straight from hell, Adam had taken Barbara's place and kissed Beetlejuice. Beetlejuice moaned into the kiss and leaned back until Barbara was supporting most of his weight. The way Adam kissed him was gentle like he was actually something worth protecting. He cupped Beetlejuice's cheeks in both hands and held him close. Warmth spread in the pit of Beetlejuice's stomach, making his chest flutter and his head spin. His cock throbbed between his legs and if he could just get one of them to touch him, everything would be perfect. But the Maitlands had other ideas.

"Now let's go downstairs. The others should be up by now," Adam pulled back and grinned at Beetlejuice, with a wicked gleam in his eye.

"You guys are going to be the second death of me," he groaned and fell back onto the bed, dragging one arm over his eyes. He snorted loudly when both Adam and Barbara laughed at his pain.

"Come on, Beej. Lydia will be sad, if we're not there to see her off," Barbara told him as she got out of the bed and started getting ready for the day.

"She's a tough kid, she'll be fine," Beetlejuice tried to argue and lifted his arm to look at Barbara.

"She is tough in many ways but starting at a new school is hard for her. She needs her family," Adam interjected and patted Beetlejuice on his leg. Beetlejuice nudged him with his foot half-heartedly, but Adam ignored.

"All of it," Adam added and gave Beetlejuice a meaningful.

His words made Beetlejuice snap both eyes open. Lydia needed him. Not just for fun and terror. She needed his support, as a friend and part of her family. The thought made him smile to himself. If he'd known being part of a supporting family could result in such pleasant feelings... well, he probably wouldn't have found one sooner, but it sure as hell made him appreciate the fact that he'd been able to find one in the first place.

Pretending like Adam's words hadn't gotten to him—they didn't need to know that the big bad demon had gone soft—Beetlejuice sighed loudly and rolled out of the bed. Snapping his fingers, he was dressed in his usual moldy suit. He readjusted his thighs and ran a hand through his hair to make sure everything was on point. On his way to the door, he made sure to pinch both Adam and Barbara on their butts, making Adam yelp in surprise and Barbara laugh. He loved those sounds.

"So, are you guys coming or what?" he looked at the Maitlands over his shoulder, "we can't keep Lydia waiting you know," he reminded them before he flashed them both a cocky grin and phased through the door, heading for the kitchen.

He stopped inside the kitchen wall, just to buy himself a few moments before he had to go interact with the others. Part of him was eager to tell Lydia, that he was now officially in a relationship with the Maitlands. The other—the one that sounded an awful lot like his mom's voice—still doubted the official part. What if he told Lydia, and the Maitlands went back on their words? What if they didn't? How the hell was he supposed to act then? Were there rules about such things, and why didn't Beetlejuice know them? Chuck and Delia would know. They were in a relationship, they were fucking, and it was quite possible Delia was as deviant as Beetlejuice himself. They would know the rules and follow them too. All he had to do watch how they were acting around each other and learn from it... That should be easy.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed it! Please drop comments and kudos if so <3 And big thank you for all the support and love!

Chapter Twelve

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the long wait guys! I hope this chapter makes up for it!

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

When Beetlejuice finally entered the kitchen, the rest of their little found family was already there, having breakfast. Delia was eating toast and sipping tea. A used plate stood in front of Chuck on the table. He was sitting laid back in his chair, reading the newspaper. Lydia lit up when she saw him, and she patted the empty seat next to her.

"Morning, Beej," she greeted with a crooked smile, "so how was your night?" she asked, probably doing her best trying to sound innocent, but Beetlejuice could see the mischief gleaming in her eyes.

"You want all the details?" he shot back with a drawl, and flashed a filthy smile, while he took the offered seat. Lydia grimaced and shook her head.

"Nope," she snorted and stuffed a spoonful of breakfast cereal into her mouth, "don't want to lose my appetite," she spoke with her mouth full, making Beetlejuice laugh, while Chuck sighed.

"Honey," he reminded her and flipped the top of his paper to look at her. Lydia finished chewing before she muttered a quick sorry.

"What was so interesting about last night? Were the two of you up to something exciting?" Delia asked and looked at them. Unlike Chuck, she didn't glare at him or looked at him in a way, that just screamed she wanted to murder Beetlejuice all over again. He appreciated that. She wasn't as boring and usual as people thought she was. Beetlejuice was sure that if he looked beneath the surface, Delia was just as much of a freak as Lydia and himself. He didn't know if Delia would take that as a compliment or insult.

He cleared his throat when he realized Delia was looking at him, waiting for an answer, "oh, us? no, nothing. There wasn't anything going on. No, we... I," he stuttered, unsure what to say and how to answer the question because a lot had happened last night. He didn't even know where to start.

"Morning," Barbara called as she and Adam walked down the stairs. Delia's heavy gaze left Beetlejuice as the woman looked at the two ghosts instead and greeted them a good morning.

Saved by the Maitlands. Beetlejuice sighed in relief, but it was only short-lived, because as Adam passed him on his way to his usual spot beside Charles, he dragged his fingers across Beetlejuice's shoulder blades, making him tense with the sudden sensation. Beside him Lydia

rose a brow and tilted her head, gaze flickering between Adam and Beetlejuice. The small smirk spread across her lips, and Beetlejuice felt himself blush. Fuck. After having had their hands on his cock, Beetlejuice couldn't get enough for their touches. They made his insides buzz with excitement and anticipation. He wanted Adam to touch him again and run his hands all over his body. But that wasn't something that should be done in the middle of the kitchen.

"So," Barbara said as she took place beside Beetlejuice, she looked at Lydia and smiled, "are you doing anything interesting at school today?" she asked and leaned back in the chair.

She was within reach. So close, he could almost feel her dress brush against him. Beetlejuice glanced at Delia and Charles, noticing how close they were sitting. Their shoulders were almost touching, and Delia put her hand on Charles' arm when she reached for another cup of tea.

"No. Not at all. We're forced to do a school play," Lydia complained.

Beetlejuice nodded along, to show his pity, while he tentatively reached to the side and dragged his fingers over Barbara's arm briefly before he pulled his hand back to safety.

If he had a working heart, it would be racing in his chest. He waited for Barbara to pull away or groan in disgust, but nothing happened. Other than the fact, that Barbara shifted in her seat, so her body was turned towards Beetlejuice and Lydia. She had a thoughtful look on her face, but she wasn't looking at Beetlejuice. She looked at Lydia and tilted her head to the side.

"You don't like school plays?" she continued the conversation, and Beetlejuice took that as a pretty clear rejection.

But that was when Beetlejuice felt it; her foot. She dragged it up and down Beetlejuice's calf, making him grip his seat and dig his nails into the wood. He hadn't seen Delia do that to old Chuck. Barbara glanced at him and smiled briefly before she turned her attention back to Lydia.

"It's not the play, that's annoying. It's this girl who's in it. She's the worst," Lydia sighed, "she such a snob."

Charles flipped his paper down again and looked at the young girl, "do try to get along, dear. Maybe this girl isn't so bad once you get to know her" he tried reasoning, but Beetlejuice suspected Lydia had already made up her mind.

Beetlejuice cleared his throat, then repeated the action when Barbara didn't stop her torturous teasing, "you know, Babes. The spider offer is still on the table," he offered and even managed to sound somewhat normal, well as normal as it could be when he was involved.

Lydia shook her head and dropped her spoon in the bowl, "no thanks, Beej. I'm going to get her in an artistic and non-personal way. I'm the costume designer. And I'll make sure nobody cares about her acting once they see my costumes" she said, and her smile brightened.

"Oh honey, congrats. I knew you would be just as artistic as me. Let me know if you need any help," Delia offered.

Beetlejuice couldn't help but snicker. Like Lyds was ever going to ask her for help with costume designs. He bit his lower lip hard to make himself stop, when Adam looked at him with a raised brow.

Lydia smiled nevertheless, "Thank you, I will. Well, I better go get ready. I want to run a few ideas by Bertha and Prudence before school starts," she stood up and reached for her plate when Barbara waved her off.

"Don't worry, dear. We got this" she encouraged her. Lydia smiled and said a quick thank you before she dashed out of the kitchen and made her way to the bathroom.

"I better get ready too," Delia said and finished the last of her toast. She took her plate and kissed Charles on the top of his head as she passed him on the way to the sink. Charles reached for her on as she passed by him again and ran his fingers across her lower back.

Beetlejuice hadn't noticed that there was so much touching going on between the two of them. And it wasn't even sexy touching, it was just boring, casual touches. And fuck, Beetlejuice wanted that as well.

"Let us help," Adam offered and got out of his chair to help clear the table after breakfast.

After a light nudge from Barbara, Beetlejuice got out of his chair to help too. As they moved back and forth from the table to the cupboards and the sink, Beetlejuice felt Adam's hand briefly touch his shoulder as he passed, and Barbara brushed against his side. A gentle brush soon became a tight squeeze as Adam gently moved him out of the way, so he could fill the dishwasher. All the little caresses and touches added up, making Beetlejuice flush and buzz from the anticipation of being touched again. He had been so caught up on the question about how much he was allowed to touch them, he hadn't even stopped to consider the possibility that they could and would touch him too. He felt stupid for not thinking about it sooner.

He played along, brushing his hand across their lower backs as he passed them. He pressed himself against Adam when he put an unused cup back. He ran his fingers over Barbara's hand when they accidentally reached for the same carton of milk. The small exchanges went unnoticed by Delia and Charles, but it was all Beetlejuice was able to focus on. The smile that spread across Adam's lips, the way Barbara looked at him with a hooded gaze, had Beetlejuice sizzle with barely contained energy. It was a dangerous game to play in front of the others, one he would have to call an end to if the two ghosts kept teasing him, otherwise things could quickly turn awkward between him and old Chuck.

He yelped in surprise when someone pinched his butt and turned around just in time to see Barbara pull her hand back. She had a wicked look in her eye, and fuck Beetlejuice loved her for it.

"Careful," he drawled, voice husky from desire. He kept his voice low, to make sure the Breathers didn't hear them. Strains of pink tainted his hair, but Beetlejuice was too worked up

to be self-conscious, "I'm a very sexual being, remember," he reminded her and eyed her up and down.

"Sorry," Barbara said, but the smile on her face told Beetlejuice that she was far from sorry. He was completely positive that she wasn't sorry at all, when he saw her and Adam fist bump as Barbara passed by him. She was probably enjoying it. Who knew being flirted with in public could feel so nice?

Beetlejuice kept close to both of them as they finished cleaning up the kitchen. Each touch and gentle brush had him bite his lip to keep himself from moaning at the pleasant tingle seeping through him.

It took everything he got to prevent himself from dipping either Barbara or Adam and fuck their mouths with his tongue. But he behaved.

Barely.

And it only lasted long enough for the lock to click shut after Charles had closed the front door behind him. Beetlejuice dashed forward and reached for the nearest Maitland. Barbara laughed warmly when he wrapped his arms around her and gripped her ass, groping the cheeks while he kissed and nibbled at her slender neck.

"What's the matter, Beej?" she purred and combed her fingers through his hair, making him groan at the pleasant sting, "overcharged?"

Beetlejuice growled against Barbara's skin and shook his head, "not charged enough," he complained and squeezed her ass again, briefly wondering what she would say if he offered to eat her ass out. He doubted either of them had tried it, and he would be delighted to show them just how good it could be.

"We better do something about that," Adam draped himself against Beetlejuice's back and whispered the words into his ear before he took the lope between his teeth and tugged gently.

Beetlejuice's cock throbbed and he bucked against Barbara, wanting nothing more than for them to touch him more. He wished they knew how to make extra limbs or clone themselves, then he would be able to feel their hands everywhere. Beetlejuice groaned in the back of his throat and craned his neck so he could kiss Adam.

He moaned into his mouth when Adam pressed forward, and Beetlejuice could feel his hard cock press against his lower back. Adam took the opportunity to thrust his tongue inside, dominating the kiss and making Beetlejuice's knees weak.

"Fuck, Adam. I didn't know you could move your tongue like that," he moaned when they pulled apart. The way Adam blushed fueled Beetlejuice's confidence.

"Wanna know what I can do with mine?" He purred and looked between them before he slowly sank to his knees. Adam's eyes widened and his pupils blew, almost covering the entire iris. Beetlejuice took that as a yes.

"R-right here?" Adam stuttered and looked around the kitchen. His gaze kept returning to the doorway that led to the hallway like he was expecting the others to come bursting in. Beetlejuice followed his gaze briefly before he redirected his attention to the bugle in Adam's pants.

"No one is coming back for hours," Barbara said before Beetlejuice had a chance to come up with his own reply.

He snapped his attention towards her, lips stretching into a wide grin, "Do you want to see me suck him off?" he asked bluntly and licked his lips.

Barbara blushed with embarrassment, she looked almost taken by surprise by his question. The look only lasted for a second, then it was replaced with a playful smile, that had Beetlejuice's cock strain against his pants.

"I want to see you suck him off," Barbara repeated, her voice deep and sexy. She would be able to make him do anything as long as she used that voice. So much for thinking he had the upper hand.

Beetlejuice licked his lips and turned his head towards Adam, "you heard the lady," he said and started unbuckling his belt, eager to get his hands and mouth on him.

Adam swallowed hard and shifted his weight from one foot to the other, gaze flickering between Beetlejuice and Barbara, "are you guys sure? Shouldn't we all," he trailed off and gestured between the three of them instead.

"Relax, honey," Barbara said and pressed herself closer, caging Beetlejuice in between their bodies, and he loved every second of it, "Beej and I just want to make you feel good," she snuck her hand down between their bodies, and Beetlejuice watched in amazement as she tugged Adam's cock out of his pants for him.

Beetlejuice wasted no time. He opened his mouth and leaned forward. Adam gasped and a shiver wrecked through him when Beetlejuice stuck out his tongue and lapped at the tip of his cock.

"Holy moly," he moaned and reached out for Barbara. His other hand found its way to Beetlejuice's hair. He leaned into it, encouraging Adam to grip it.

He kissed and licked his way down the side of Adam's hard cock until he could nuzzle his nose in Adam's dark, well-kept pubes. He glanced up at Adam with a cheeky grin on his face and opened his mouth wide, tongue lolling out, cock resting on it. Adam looked him right in the eye, frozen in place. Beetlejuice kept still. He waited.

"Such a good demon," Barbara praised and placed her hand on top of Adam's, intertwining their fingers in Beetlejuice's hair. She guided him in place and tipped his head back so Adam's cock could slip effortlessly between his lips. Adam and Beetlejuice moaned together. Adam's fingers flexed in his hair, but Barbara kept them in place.

Beetlejuice's eyes fluttered shut as he swirled his tongue around the head of Adam's cock, lapping up pre-cum. He moaned at the salty taste and bucked against the empty air. His hard cock tented in his pants, that only provided minimum friction. He cracked open an eye and looked at Barbara, hoping she would do something about it. Her gaze was glued to his mouth and the way he worked it up and down Adam's cock, covering it in shiny spit.

She smiled when she noticed him looking at her. He whined deep in his throat and tried giving her the best possible doggy-eyes he could manage while also keeping Adam satisfied. She chuckled and shook her head, making beautiful curls wave around her shoulders.

"Not now, Beej. Right now, it's all about Adam," she drawled and with a firm grip on his hair, she guided Beetlejuice further down Adam's cock, until the head poked at the back of his throat. Adam jerked, bucking forward with a surprised gasp. Beetlejuice whined and he braised his hands on Adam's thighs on instinct, pushing back to stop himself from gagging. As soon as the initial shock had passed, Adam pulled back until his cock popped free from Beetlejuice's mouth.

"Are you alright?" he asked, tone high-pitched and filled with worry.

Barbara's hand lost its grip in his hair, and Beetlejuice nearly growled at the loss of contact. Taking the hint, Barbara quickly took a proper hold once more, much to Beetlejuice's delight. He licked his lips and wiped away spit from his chin with the back of his hand.

"Do it again," he rasped and looked at Adam with fire in his eyes, "fuck my face," he demanded.

"A-are you sure?" Adam gasped and looked at Beetlejuice with wide eyes like he couldn't believe what he was hearing. He'd better believe it because Beetlejuice had already decided that he wanted Adam to hold him still and fuck his face until he was reduced to a moaning mess. And once Beetlejuice had made up his mind about something, there was no turning back. Barbara seemed to realize that. She hummed in the back of her throat and ran her fingers through Beetlejuice's hair, tugging his head back a little. Beetlejuice opened his mouth on instinct and stuck out his tongue, while he looked at Adam with hooded eyes. Adam's cock throbbed and Beetlejuice's mouth watered at the sight.

"He looks so sure of himself. Don't you think, Adam?" Barbara cupped Beetlejuice's cheek, making him moan at the way she forced his mouth further open.

Adam licked his lips and nodded, making his glasses tilt slightly askew. Hesitantly, Adam reached out for Beetlejuice, who leaned into the touch. Barbara moved to make room for him, but she still stayed close enough for Beetlejuice to catch a whiff of the tangy scent rolling off of her in thick waves. Fuck, she was just as turned on as he was. He turned his head a little in Adam's gentle hold to look at her, as he reached out for her dress, trying to sneak a hand under it. Barbara swatted it away, making Beetlejuice pout.

"I've already told you, honey. It's all about Adam right now. So be a good demon and make it good for him."

The pet name had Beetlejuice's heart jolt and his pulse pound. He felt like he was alive all over again, without the wide range of crazy emotions fucking with his mind. Beetlejuice's preferred it like that, especially when he had someone else about to fuck with him.

"You heard the lady," he drawled and looked up at Adam as he leaned into his gentle hold, "get to it, and I'm gonna make it so good for you," he bragged in an attempt to entice Adam to get a move on. Beetlejuice needed his cock in his mouth five minutes ago, and for every second that passed, he felt himself grow more and more impatient. But who could blame him? He held the undivided attention of the two most beautiful ghost in the entire Netherworld, and one of them even had their cock out.

Adam took a deep but unnecessary breath, and slowly guided his cock back between Beetlejuice's lips. Beetlejuice moaned loudly as soon as he felt the heavy weight on his tongue and made a show out of adjusting himself in his pants. Just to boost Adam's confidence of course, not because he was already so on edge, that the faintest touch would be enough to send him over.

A whole-body shudder rattled through Adam's frame, forcing him to hold on tighter to Beetlejuice, who took the opportunity, to relax his jaw and get Adam's cock as deep as possible.

"Holy s... That's... That's intense," he breathed out and tilted his head back. His eyes were squeezed shut.

"It will feel even better once you start moving," Barbara promised him and with a hand on the small of his back, she urged him forward.

Being a demon straight from hell, Beetlejuice couldn't resist pushing forward when Adam moved ever so slowly, gagging himself on the ghost's cock. Adam gasped in equal surprise and pleasure. Barbara moaned.

"Just like that, boys," she encouraged as she dipped her hand under the dress and between her legs.

Probably gaining more confidence from the constant encouragement spilling from Barbara's lips along with an occasional moan, Adam soon found a rhythm. It was slow and shallow. But Beetlejuice could work with it. He moaned and jerked, fucking the empty air, like a whore at Dante's inferno. He kept his eyes open so he could watch Adam's flushed face, and then his sheepish smile when he opened his eyes and realized Beetlejuice was looking. Then he guided his attention to Barbara and the way she held his gaze, almost in an unspoken challenge while she touched herself.

"That's it, Beej. You're doing so good," she praised, making Beetlejuice moan, the sound vibrated in his throat and made Adam groan out. He picked up speed, it wasn't the brutal face fuck Beetlejuice had imagined, but the sound of Adam's voice, and the way his whole frame shook when he dared to push his cock down Beetlejuice's throat more than made up for it.

Fire spread inside Beetlejuice and spit trickled down his chin. He gripped Adam's legs and held on for the ride, whining and moaning, when Adam cupped his face and wiped away the

tears from his eyes with his thumb.

"Overcharged," he asked and tried to pull back to allow Beetlejuice to answer, but he had other plans.

Gripping Adam's pants tightly, Beetlejuice looked up at the ghost with a wicked gleam in his eyes, before he took matters into his own hands. He took Adam down his throat, that spasmed around his cock. He pulled back to suck and slurp at the head, making a mess of himself. He loved using his mouth on Adam.

"Beetlejuice, slow down," Adam begged, but the sound of his name only spurred him on. He opened his eyes and looked up and Adam through his thick lashes, watching the blush spread all the way down Adam's chest.

His eyes widened when he heard the sound of a zipper being opened. His attention snapped to Barbara, who leaned forward and kissed his cheek, as she freed his cock.

"You're getting a little ahead of yourself," she scolded in a sweet voice as she stroked his cock, matching the rhythm of Adam sliding in and out of his mouth. He wanted to groan in protest, to warn her that he was already too close, but his mouth was preoccupied. Barbara leaned closer and kissed the side of his face before she nibbled on his earlobe.

"Beetlejuice," she whispered in a husky voice right into his ear. The sound of his name tipped him over, and Beetlejuice came into her hand. The orgasm shook his entire frame and made his sight turn white for all of a second before he came down from his high. All the tension and buzzing had left his body, leaving him feeling nothing but warm and loved. His brain felt fuzzy and all he could focus on was the two ghosts in front of him. He looked up at Adam, taking in the sight of him.

His rhythm fluttered as Adam clung to Beetlejuice. He came in his mouth, with a broken moan. Beetlejuice swallowed as much as he could, and the rest made it way down his chin and into his already dirty lap. He hummed at the salty taste and pulled back to lick his lips.

"That was... That was amazing, Beej" Adam sounded out of breath, his voice soft and warm. Beetlejuice bit his lower lip at the frankness of Adam's words.

"You did so good," Barbara said, making Beetlejuice tilt his head towards her, a love-sick grin on his face. Barbara hummed and kissed him on his nose. Before she could pull back, Beetlejuice pressed forward and kissed her on the lips, sharing the taste of Adam between them. She chuckled against his lips and cupped his cheeks, while Adam cradled the back of his neck. He could really get use to the whole being loved thing.

Chapter End Notes

As usual, please leave kudos or comments if you liked the chapter!

Chapter 13

Chapter Notes

Hello everyone.

I slowly started writing again, and rekindling my love for this fandom. A lot has happened since the last update in my life and in the world in general. But I'm planning on getting this story finished, since I have worked hard on it, and it deserves a proper ending.

To those still in this fandom, thank you so much for reading this, and thank you for your patience

Beetlejuice had barely just regained control over his own body by the time Lydia had come back from school. Beetlejuice could see her park her bike, from where he stood, looking out the window in the attic, where Barbara and Adam were busy making good use of their gifts. The whole day felt like it had gone by in a blur. Usually, time went by a lot faster in the land of the living than in the Netherworld, but he swore it had only been a hot minute since they all left in the morning. Just thinking about what had happened made him smile brightly like some love-struck fool.

"I like that look on your face," Adam said as he passed him, he was holding both hands up away from his body. They were covered in glue and some of that green stuff, he used to make fake grass in his model. Adam kissed him on top of the head as he passed him, making Beetlejuice even more flustered.

"I like the look on your face," he shot back, trying to make it sound like an insult rather than a compliment, judging by the smile on Adam's face he didn't succeed.

Behind them, Barbara chuckled. She was covered in dirt all the way on to her elbows. She was potting the plants Beetlejuice had picked for her, making her small make-shift garden look amazing. The bright smile on her face looked even more amazing, and it warmed Beetlejuice up from the inside and out, which he hadn't thought was possible since he was dead.

Readjusting his tie, Beetlejuice shifted his weight from one foot to the other, as he looked at the Maitlands. So much had already happened and in such a short amount of time. Yet, it was still longer than his demon of a mother ever stuck around between rounds of drinking. It was crazy. It was strange and unusual, and while he loved every second of it, it also scared him to death. There was only one thing to do really.

"I'm going downstairs to check on Lyds," he blurted out, but in his defense, it was better than his usual short bye and quick escape.

"See you later, honey," Barbara said and tilted her head, while she gave him a look, that made Beetlejuice feel like she was seeing right through him.

Not wanting to end up in another heart-filled talk about what was bothering him, Beetlejuice offered his most charming smile, before he dropped through the floor, leaving the Maitlands alone in the attic.

"Oh Lyds," he called out in a sing-song voice when he reached the first floor. He walked towards her room and pushed the door open when he heard her return his call.

"In here, Beej," she called back.

Beetlejuice leaned against the door frame and looked at her with a gleam in his eyes. Lydia sat on her bed, still dressed in her school uniform with her computer in her lap. She looked up from the screen and snorted when she laid eyes on Beetlejuice. To his delight, she closed the computer and put it away.

"Wow, someone looks happy," she teased and nodded towards Beetlejuice, who tugged on his pink hair and hiked his shoulders towards his ears, grinning like a fool, "what happened? And spare me the gross details," she quickly added, looking slightly alarmed.

"Oh, nothing much," it took every ounce of self-control to hold himself back from telling her everything immediately.

Lydia crossed her arms and raised a brow, while a smile played at the corner of her lips, "nothing much?" she repeated, "then why are you looking like a kid in a candy store," she pushed, and that was it, Beetlejuice couldn't hold back anymore.

He told her--almost--everything, from the way they had looked at him, to the way they had flirted. Lydia nodded along, with a smile on her lips, but it didn't reach her eyes. She looked sadder than unusual, which was strange because Beetlejuice thought she was over the whole being sad thing.

"Lyds, what's wrong. I thought me epic tale would have you jumping up and down right now," he admitted, choosing his words carefully. Lydia was just a kid, but she had more guts than most ghouls in the Netherworld. She was someone he did not want to piss off, especially when he was trying to help.

Lydia sighed and her smile dropped into a frown, "Sorry, Beej. It's been a rough day at school," she dragged a hand through her hair and pulled her knees up towards his chest. She looked so much smaller than usual. Beetlejuice didn't like it.

Beetlejuice swallowed around a lump in his throat and sat down on the edge of the bed, feeling out of place and unconformable in his own skin. He wasn't good with these kinds of talks, no one had ever talked to him like that, so he didn't have any clue about how to act. Well, that was not true. The Maitlands cared about him and wanted to know how he felt.

Channeling his inner Barbara, Beetlejuice placed a hand on Lydia's knee and tried to catch her gaze, "what happened?" he asked softly, softer than he'd even thought possible.

"Do you remember the girl I told you about, the one from the play?" she asked as she wrapped her arms around her knees, chin resting on top of them.

"Yeah, she was the worst. What has she done now?" Beetlejuice asked, keeping back the sudden anger, he felt blooming within him. Anger, he knew that emotion. It was a simple feeling and so predictable. It was much easier to handle than most other feelings, that made his head spin in confusion. All you had to do was find someone to direct the anger towards and that would be the end of it.

"Her name is Clarie, and she's done a lot of small things. Usually, I don't care about people like her, but..." she trailed off and bit her lower lip, like she was holding herself back.

"But?" Beetlejuice pushed a little further, dying to know what made his scarecrow frown like that, but also dying to help her. Lydia was his friend, his best friend and friends watched out for each other, just like Lydia had done it when she came face to face with Juno.

"It's like, it doesn't mean much when Clarie says I'm creepy and stuff like that. It doesn't bother me, when it's just me she's targeting, but there's this other girl, Wednesday,"

Beetlejuice hadn't heard that name before, but the way Lydia smiled when she said it, made him certain that it was a name he'd better remember.

"What about Wednesday?" He asked crawled further onto the bed, settling beside Lydia with his back against the wall. He bit his lower lip hard, when Lydia leaned her head against his shoulder.

"Clarie's being a dick to her too, and I hate it. Wednesday is so sweet and kind, and she hasn't done anything to Claire, so it's not fair," Lydia scrunched her nose in disgust and clenched her fist as she stared angrily at the wall in front of her.

"So, you have changed your mind about my offer?" Beetlejuice asked with a wicked gleam in his eyes, already planning what kind of spiders he wanted to use, and how to unleash them so they did the most damage. This Claire girl was going to regret ever messing with his family.

Lydia huffed and shook her head, "I think it'll take a lot more than spiders to rattle her, Beej, but thanks. It's nice to know you have my back," she mumbled into her knees. When she sighed her shoulders slumped.

With an arm around her shoulder, Beetlejuice tugged her closer and leaned his head against hers, "Always, Lyds. We're BFFFF's forever. I would haunt the whole town for you. Just give me the three words," he promised her, and he meant every word of it. She wasn't just his friend, they were family, a weird family of ghost, demons and Breathers, but still a family. While Beetlejuice wasn't a big fan of Chuck, the old Breather had shown him just how far people went for their family when he'd thrown himself into the Netherworld after Lydia.

"Wednesday is really sweet, and we totally get each other," Lydia answered and a small smile spread on her lips, and her usually pale cheeks flushed with just the tiniest hint of red. The frown was back, chasing away the soft features, " but Claire's ruining it with all her stupid snappy comments. She says Wednesday is crazy for wanting to hang out with me. And she keeps calling us freaks and babies for believing in ghosts, " she complained, voice rising with anger.

"She really is a dick," Beetlejuice fueled the fire and watched it grown within Lydia, watched the ambers turn to flames. "It sounds like someone needs to put her in her place."

"Oh really," the flames died down, as Lydia turned his head to look at with a raised brow, "and who is that someone? You?"

"Could be." He wasn't kidding.

"I don't think that's a good idea," Lydia looked like she considered it for all of two seconds before she shook her head,

"You haven't even heard my idea yet," Beetlejuice lips lifted into a wicked grin, and he nudged Lydia gently with his shoulder. She rolled her eyes at him and nudged back. She was trying hard not to smile but failed at the end. It wouldn't take much convincing to get her to say yes after that. Beetlejuice was sure they both knew it.

"Fine, let me hear it. But no promises," she pointed out, holding a finger in a warning in front of Beetlejuice's face. Going cross-eyed he briefly looked at it before he focused on Lydia's face again.

"Okay," he started already shifting in the bed from excitement, " I think Claire needs to be taught a lesson. A really good lesson, she won't forget. You know that old, abandoned house down the road?" Lydia nodded, making Beetlejuice clap his hands,

"Yeah?" Lydia said, and Beetlejuice couldn't help the tiny squeal that came from him. This was going to be amazing! It would be even better than when they haunted their own house.

"We can lure her in there and scare the crap out of her. She wouldn't dare say something about ghost after that," he almost yelled and got out of the bed, he turned around on his heels and gestured towards Lydia.

"What do you say, Lyds?"

"That actually sounds like something that could work," she said thoughtfully, drumming her fingers against her chin.

"Just say my name, Lyds," he whispered. He could already imagine the girl's screams and the way they would rattle his entire body.

"Is that really necessary?"

"I need all of my juice to pull it off," Beetlejuice argued and moved closer again. He flexed his fingers, already feeling the powerful energy growing inside him at the mere thought of

being let loose to teach that brat a lesson, "We need it to be big and loud, so she'll never forget it."

Lydia's gaze flickered about, as she looked anywhere but at him. She bit her lower lip and fidgeted with the edge of her pillow.

"When it's over, you can send my right back. Promise," he swore and looked at her with pleading eyes, trying to catch her gaze. When she sighed and looked at him, Beetlejuice knew he had won.

"Fine. But no killing. We just want to scare her," she demanded and held out her hand, "deal?"

"Deal," he agreed and shook her hand.

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