

Beetlejuice Squared 2: You Asked For It

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Beetlejuice Squared 2: You Asked For It

by [Hoodoo](#)

Summary

After being treated poorly by Beetlejuice, you call up the alternate version of him for some adult fun.

Notes

A sequel to [Beetlejuice Squared](#), if you'd like to refresh your memory.

Chapter 1

You wiped your eyes and nose. You were so sick of crying! At first you couldn't stop because you felt like you were in the bottom of a hole, where it was dark, and sadness crushed you. But recently, something shifted inside you. Sadness was still there, the pathetic animal that it was, but a new beast reared its head. You were so *angry* about crying this much!

You didn't need to feel sorry for yourself! It wasn't your fault! It was his. You shouldn't be crying over *him*. You weren't crying over him any more!

Besides, you didn't *need* him. He left, but you didn't need to be alone. As a matter of fact--

With a shake, you pushed yourself off your bed. You stripped the dirty sheets that you'd been crying into for so long, that still held a faint whiff of him. Earlier you hadn't wanted to change them so you could still pretend that he was still around, but now? Fuck it. You balled up the sheets tightly, took great pleasure in punching them for a second, and dropped them down the laundry chute imagining the entire time it was him.

After the bed was tidied with fresh sheets you cleaned yourself, using so much hot water you were surprised it didn't run out. Leisurely you blew dry your hair. You went through your closet and scrutinized each bit of lingerie you owned, before settling on a black bra and panty set with white lace trim, a matching garter belt, and some black and white striped stockings. Over all that, you slipped into a black dress designed for clubbing and applied some light makeup.

Finally looking presentable and feeling human again, you smiled to yourself. You didn't need *him*. With your mouth still stretched into a grin, you called,

"Bheteljuz, Bheteljuz, Bheteljuz!"

✱

With the same flash that had burnt out your retinas before, he appeared in front of you.

"Oh my god! Babydoll!" he exclaimed, excitement lilting his voice and lighting his face.

He held his arms out for a hug and you stepped into him, wrapping your arms where they were comfortable, around his waist, pressing your cheek against the tie on his chest. Beetlejuice 2.0--not that you would ever say that nickname aloud--hugged you tightly back, resting the side of his chin on your head.

"Hi Beej," you muttered into his shirt.

After standing in the embrace for an amount of time that would've been awkward if you both hadn't already been naked together, it naturally paused.

Not moving away, you looked up at him, dislodging his chin. "I'm glad you came."

“Of course I came, babydoll! You whistle and I come running! My name from your lips--it just makes me gooey on the inside and I can’t get here fast enough,” he said with a wink, then glanced up and around the room. “Where’s the short asshole version of me?”

You wiggled your arm out from under his to take his jaw so he’d look down at you again.

“He’s not here,” you said, and were pretty damn proud this time tears didn’t fill your eyes. “And he’s not coming back. His *is* an asshole, and after I found out--”

You cut yourself off before explaining more by pinching your lips together; the wound was still fresh.

“--doesn’t matter,” you finished instead, with a shrug. “I told him to fuck off and kicked him out, and decided I’d rather get to know you better.”

Beetlejuice’s eyes were bright. “Am I a rebound for you, babydoll? Is this rebound sex? Are you getting back at him? Because--”

Immediately you protested, no, no it wasn’t, you hadn’t stopped thinking about him since the last time, you really did want to get to know him better, it didn’t have anything to do with *him*, *he* wasn’t coming back--

Beetlejuice leaned down and put his mouth right next to your ear as you babbled.

“--because I’m totally cool with that,” he finished in a husky whisper. He pulled back enough that you could see the smirk on his face, and then his mouth covered yours and his tongue was between your lips.

✱✱

There was desire and glee in that kiss, all flavored with a base note of desperation. This Beetlejuice took great pleasure in keeping you held tightly against him. You didn’t fight him on it; you’d missed the taste of him, and he was taller, so it was like something new but familiar at the same time.

This time, however, not being stoned made everything sharper. You’d never noticed his teeth were just a smidge less pointed as he nipped greedily at your neck, or his hands so much larger as they roamed your body. You were steadier on your feet, too, so standing tip toe wasn’t as taxing as it’d been before. Your hands returned the favor over his body, petting from shoulders to lower back to ass to crotch, squeezing him and groaning in anticipation.

It was obvious what you’d wanted, so he didn’t hesitate to flick away your scrap of a dress. His eyes widened at what you’d chosen to wear underneath, however.

“You dressed up for me, babydoll?” he murmured, his black-nailed fingers following the edge of your garter belt, around your hip to where it hugged you at the small of your back.

“I wanted to look nice,” you agreed. “Something special.”

Beetlejuice smirked again, muttering something about how even that much clothing was going to get in the way. You grabbed him by the tie and yanked him downward, kissing his open mouth as he gasped. Then you took him by the hand and led him to the bedroom.

Once there, when you turned around again, you couldn't help but laugh in surprise: he'd shed his suit without your knowledge and was wearing only striped boxer briefs.

"Something special," he announced, gesturing theatrically to himself.

You had to agree with his earlier assessment that even that one piece of clothing was too much.

Falling onto the bed, you ravished him.

You spent an inordinate amount of time sucking and playing with his nipples. You discovered you could just barely fit the tip of your tongue under the ouroboros shields and strum them lightly. Beetlejuice mewed with each tug on them and occasionally, when you took a larger chunk of his flesh around his nipple between your teeth but still continued to flick at his piercings, he grabbed the back of your head and held you in place, crying out more loudly.

When you finally left off his chest, both nipples were deeply colored, stiff, and shiny from spit. Your chin on his sternum, you grinned up at him before continuing down his belly.

You left a wide path of wet suction marks though the hair on his abdomen, winding your way down to his groin with no set pattern. Like the time before, he seemed a little sensitive, like this attention was just shy of being overwhelming. You could feel the tension in his thighs as you settled further between his legs.

There was a damp patch on his underwear and his erection strained the fabric. You stroked him through the barrier of his underwear for a second, before looking back up at him.

Beetlejuice watched you with dark, lust-blown eyes. He'd hiked himself up on his elbows for a better view.

"What'll it be, Beej? Mouth or tits?" you asked him, although you didn't exactly give him a fair chance to answer when you mouthed his shaft through the fabric.

He jerked a little at such a minor touch, and reached down to brush some of your hair out of your face. He followed that gesture with cupping your jaw, so you couldn't drop your head to tease him again.

"If I say both is that going to make me sound too much like a slut?" he asked in return.

You laughed and replied, "Not at all. I like that you know what you want," and stripped him of his underwear before he could just snap it away. He returned the favor by making your bra disappear.

You settled back between his thighs. His cock rested stiffly against his belly. A small bead of pre-come was already re-forming at the tip, and the line of hair that led from his belly button to his groin had taken on a decidedly pink hue. After taking all that in, you glanced up at him

to find him still watching you with bated breath. His tongue touched the corner of his lip, but he was frozen besides that.

Keeping eye contact with him, you raised an eyebrow to him and smirked, then dipped your head and dragged your tongue up the underside of his cock. He gave a breathy, almost silent moan. When you reached the head, you lapped the pre-come from the slit delicately. He repeated the sound. Then, still watching him watch you, you opened your mouth, licked your lips, and swallowed him.

Because his cock was dry, you didn't make it all the way to the base, but Beetlejuice didn't restrain himself and jerked, driving it to your throat. As he was slightly lengthier than *him*, the Beetlejuice you'd kicked out of your life, it made you retch just a little before you could control the reaction.

When you had yourself under control, you glanced up at him but didn't wipe the tears that had come to your eyes away.

"Sorry not sorry, babydoll," Beetlejuice told you.

You rolled your eyes and sucked him, hard, as a response. He jerked again, involuntarily, but you were ready for it this time and chuckled around his cock.

Then you blew him in earnest, sucking and licking and occasionally keeping him so deep in your throat that your nose was crushed into his now vibrantly pink pubic hair. You liked holding him there until you had to pull off with a gasp because your lungs demanded air. You stroked him by hand too, for variety; holding the base of his cock while your mouth worked the head, twisting and pulling when you gave your jaw a break.

In short order, his entire groin was dripping with spit. The lower part of your face was too. Through it all, Beetlejuice groaned and gasped. He trembled and once, when you glanced up, you saw that he didn't know what to do with his hands: they clenched the air, then his outer thighs. With your free hand you grabbed one of his and directed it to the back of your head.

Immediately his fingers tightened in your hair, pulling it a little. You gave him an appreciative little groan to encourage him more, and he took the hint. He pulled and released, and you followed his non-verbal directions, moving up and down his cock in time with his hand, at the pace he dictated.

When his fingers became too tight and his hand immobile during another deep moment and his moans ratcheted upward, you fought against his quickly approaching, inevitable end by shaking your head minutely to dislodge his grip and dragging your mouth off him. A thin string of saliva bridged between his cock and your lower lip.

Beetlejuice cried out at the sudden lack of stimulation and opened his eyes, staring at you for a moment in a mixture of disbelief and relief.

"Shit, babydoll, your mouth is fucking *amazing*--" he started to say, but you didn't give him much time to recover. You hiked yourself up to kneel over him, pushed his cock between the valley of your tits, and rocked to fuck him that way too.

There was so much wetness on his cock it lubed your skin. He curled a little, at his core, and grabbed you over your own hands, pinching them and your skin too hard, crying out as his cock plowed between your tits. Looking up at him you saw his hair was deep magenta, his eyes screwed shut and his mouth open; his moan undulated as pleasure wracked him. You dropped your chin to swirl your tongue around the head of his cock and he stilled abruptly--

--with no warning you threw yourself backwards away from him. His moan choked into almost a sob as once again he was left hanging on the cusp of coming. This time had been closer; his cock, deeply flushed, bobbed against his lower belly ominously.

One of his hands went towards it. It was an involuntary reaction, you knew, but you grabbed his wrist and kept it away from his cock nonetheless.

Beetlejuice's eyes opened, looking slightly vacant.

"Fucking hell," he croaked.

"Are you sorry I stopped?"

His gaze dropped to yours and sharpened. "Not at fucking all, babydoll. I needed a break. I want to return the favor--"

And in the next blink, you found your positions reversed: you flat on your back and Beetlejuice between your legs. Your panties had disappeared too, leaving you with just your garter belt and stockings. He shoved his hands under your ass to lift your hips a bit, and grinned up at you, keeping eye contact while he kissed the skin above your stocking on your inner thigh. You recognized that smirk; you'd given the same to him before you'd gone down on him. It made your breath catch in your throat.

"Your pussy smells so sweet, babydoll," he murmured, and dropped his mouth onto you.

Just as he had, you gave an involuntary jerk and gasp. Beetlejuice ate you out like this was a competition and he was vying for the championship title. No dainty, perfunctory licks like was shown in some porn before the real action started. He was sloppy, using his entire mouth to engulf you while shoving his tongue deep inside your pussy. He dragged his tongue in a wide solid line through your folds. He nuzzled in and found your clit; when he sucked a bit too hard on it, you cried out more sharply in borderline pain and yanked roughly on his hair. He immediately backed off to blow gently on the sensitive nub instead. You writhed at that treatment, and, having learned your boundary, the tip of his tongue lapped at your clit instead.

Between the waves of pleasure that were threatening to drag you under, you somehow managed to pick up your head and look down at him. Although back to being tongue deep in your pussy, Beetlejuice glanced up and caught your eyes.

"You taste so fucking good," his voice said, in your ear. It was smoother, more like raw silk than the gravel you were so used to with *him*, and you shivered. His thrown voice continued. "I could eat your pussy for hours, babydoll. Would you like that? Would you like my tongue to fuck you, would you like my lips to tease your clit till you were crying? I wouldn't edge you. I'd make you come over and over until you lost your voice--"

You felt you were on the verge of that already, having moaned and gasped the entire time he'd been at your groin.

--that's be so delicious, babydoll, I'd like to lick up all your wet, I'd drink it all down if you squirted on my face--"

His wicked tongue--both physically and metaphorically--sent you over the edge. You did lose your voice for a moment, wheezing as you ran out of breath because the orgasm he drew out of you started as an explosion but stretched long and thin.

When you were finally able to focus on the real world again, Beetlejuice hadn't moved from between your legs. He still glanced up at you, and his tongue was more gentle, slipping along your pussy now, but he continued to whisper in your ear.

"That was fucking beautiful, babydoll. You taste so good. Some people think it's not fair that women can come multiple times in a row, but I like it, because I like being able to give them to you. Ready for another, babydoll? Want my fingers in you?"

He didn't wait for an answer, which was good because you wouldn't have been able to reply anyway. You felt his fingers delve through your pussy, collecting the mixture of his spit and your juices before dipping inside your cunt. You arched your back and cried out as he opened you up, and when he began finger fucking you in earnest while using the tip of his tongue to make circles around your clit, you couldn't control yourself as another orgasm rushed you.

Your legs snapped as shut as they could around his head and your hand once again tightened in his hair as you came once again. You also couldn't prevent yourself from canting your pelvis to grind down on him at the same time, and over the blood pounding in your ears you heard his disembodied voice chuckle.

This time as you gradually relaxed and drifted back to reality, your limbs shook.

Beetlejuice was still stationed between your legs, ready to dive back in, but you needed a break. Gently, you pushed his head away. Your hand came off his head with strands of pink hair caught between your fingers; you'd yanked some of it out during the force of your orgasm, and you hadn't even realized it.

"Sorry, Beej!" you apologized in horror.

"Don't worry, babydoll, it's nothing," he replied with a grin to assure you. "I fucking loved that you couldn't control yourself. Losing a bit of hair is a price I'm willing to pay for you coming on my mouth."

He grinned at you, then crawled his way back up your torso. Laying belly to belly as he supported himself on his elbows, you wrapped your arms around his neck to pull him closer. His mouth tasted like your pussy and you sucked the flavor of yourself off his tongue like you were sucking his cock. While he was distracted, you dropped your hands from his back to his front, slipping them gently between your chests to tweak his nipple shields again.

Beetlejuice gasped and jerked, then groaned. He looked down his chest to watch your fingers play. He dragged his eyes away from what you were doing to say,

“I wanna fuck you, babydoll. Is that . . . is that all right?”

He sounded so *concerned*. Like there was the possibility you were going to say no. You cupped his cheek.

“Beej,” you told him, trying to convey sheer sincerity, “I *want* you to fuck me.”

He lit up then, as if he had seriously thought you were going to banish him back to the Netherworld with blue balls. Still, he fretted,

“It’s just . . . just . . . I don’t get called on often, people call on the short asshole version of me because they want him more, and--”

You shushed him with a kiss before saying, “Haven’t you been paying attention? I called you here because I want *you*. Okay?”

He nodded quickly, like he was worried you’d get upset if he didn’t agree. He was such an odd mix of dirty and sweet. You decided you liked it.

“So then . . .” you prompted, rocking your hips as best you could under him.

The movement made his cock shift a little from where it pressed against your pubic bone. When he didn’t adjust himself quickly enough, you slipped your hand between your belly and his to give him a suggestive shove on his hip to move him lower. He lifted himself and complied, but seemed content to watch your hand do all the work positioning him correctly.

He gave a soft moan as you ran your hand down his cock, then followed your hand with his eyes as you brought it back to your mouth to coat your palm in saliva before grasping and stroking him again. His moan was louder with that and you grinned. You wanted to hear it even louder.

Taking the base of his cock and holding him steady, you urged him forward with a gentle tug. The head of his cock slipped inside you then and, once started, he continued smoothly until he was sheathed deep in your cunt.

You got your wish: Beetlejuice moaned the loudest at that.

So did you.

He hesitated for a moment. You couldn’t tell why; he didn’t need to catch his breath because he didn’t have any. Then it dawned on you he paused for you, you were panting. His length inside you felt delicious, fucking *divine*, and you told him so.

“Fuck, Beej, your *cock*--it’s so good, so good, please, please fucking fuck me--!”

Maybe it wasn’t the most poetic, articulate sentence in the world, but it got your point across.

Beetlejuice grinned and started. His smile faded almost immediately, replaced by a slack jaw and a tongue that occasionally dragged itself over his lower lip. His moans were deep, reverberating in his chest. He thrust into you with single-minded determination, like once again he was afraid you were going to send him away mid-fuck.

You'd have slowed him down, tried to make him realize there wasn't any danger being banished. You'd learned from the *other* one to curtail your natural tendency to call out his name during sex. But feeling his cock so deep inside you, the friction he created as he thrust, him burying his face in the side of your neck and taking a hunk of skin between his teeth like that was grounding him--all of that increased your pleasure.

He'd made you come twice already, which always primed you for more. You found yourself begging for his cock, pleading with him to fuck you harder, please Beej, harder, *fuck me harder--*

As little as you'd done, and even with the break he'd gotten, you'd teased and edged him too long. He accommodated your requests as best he could, but not long after he started he shoved himself as deeply as he could into your pussy. A sudden stillness came over him. You grabbed him at his waist and ass, squeezing, continuing to try and rock up onto him. He gave a small, involuntary judder of his hips, and gave the deepest moan yet as he came inside you.

He was motionless for a moment as euphoria dragged him under, then he collapsed atop you.

His weight, now fully pressing his pubic bone against your clit while his cock still throbbed the last stage of his ejaculation inside your pussy, was enough to make you tumble off the edge too. You came hard, holding him tightly as your pussy clenched around him. Beetlejuice felt it too, and gasped next to your ear.

Then you were both trembling messes, in the afterglow. You made no move to push him off you. You held him in place and combed your fingers through his hair while you tried to catch your breath. Beetlejuice kissed the spot on your neck he'd grabbed with his teeth, and sighed contentedly. When he finally did unstick himself from your chest, he groaned as he pulled out of you.

You did too. Even dripping with his come, you felt empty without his cock inside you.

Beetlejuice lay down beside you and stared at the ceiling. You groped for his hand and laced your fingers between his, happy this evening had been so good.

"So what *did* happen between you and him, babydoll?" he finally asked, breaking the silence. "I'm not complaining you called me up, but for everyone else, he's their main squeeze."

If you hadn't been in such a blissed out state, or if he hadn't hit the nail on the head, you might not have answered. But as it was . . .

"That was the problem. He's their 'main squeeze'," you spat, using finger quotes around the last two words. "I found out he was fucking around on me!"

Beetlejuice picked up his head and cocked an eyebrow at you. You continued.

“He’s been fucking all these other people! Men, women, whoever! He’d just go and fuck them however they wanted, and, and didn’t think anything of it--”

“You know that’s what I--we--do, right, babydoll?” Beetlejuice asked. “People summon me--us--and we go. It’s part of the whole ‘say my name three times’ thing. Did you think you were exclusive?”

You glared at him, a little. “Yeah. Yeah, kind of,” you admitted. “He always came back here. I assumed I was the one he wanted to stay with--”

“Assumed?” Beetlejuice interrupted quietly. “You can’t assume anything when you’re dealing with a ghost or a demon. We like things--and it’s in your best interest to *make* things--very clear.”

You sighed at his damn logic. “Well, it doesn’t matter now. I kicked him out. I don’t want to be some notch on a bedpost, just some random lay. Or worse than that, just some place holder till something better comes along.”

“Am I some random lay to you, babydoll? Am I a place holder?” he asked, his voice even more quiet.

You looked over at him. He looked a combination of resigned of his lot in life but with the faintest air of hopefully eager that maybe, just maybe, he’d gotten luckier this time. His hair was shot through with purple. He was so similar to but different than the Beetlejuice you’d told to fuck off, and you realized you really did like him, minor insecurity and all.

“I’d like to think it’s not,” you admitted to him. “I liked tonight. Would you like to stay?”

A smile broke over his face. “I’d like that a lot, babydoll! I think we’d make a great pair--”

He leaned in to kiss you sweetly on the mouth. Your hand automatically came up to his jaw, and your tongues explored each other. You were still mostly naked but felt flushed. Realizing that you couldn’t handle the other Beetlejuice’s popularity and reputation had turned out to be fortuitous. You’d enjoyed what you’d done tonight. You enjoyed summoning and having a good time with this Beetlejuice and, selfishly, you hoped he did too and would want to stick around.

You were just about to say something more, something sappy, but from the other room a familiar voice that sounded like sandpaper in your ears called out,

“Hey honey, I’m home!”

tbc . . .

Chapter 2

It felt like the air had been sucked out of your lungs.

Instantly panic hit you, flooding you with a rush of adrenaline in preparation for fight or flight. Nipping closely on its heels was rage; you'd kicked him out, and he just had the audacity to saunter back in like the two of you hadn't had a screaming match the last time he was here?! Then the thought that the Beetlejuice laying beside you was going to think this was a set up, that you'd asked him here and fucked him knowing that the original Beetlejuice was going to show up in some shitty plan to make him jealous ambushed you too, bringing up the rear of this train wreck.

You looked over at Beetlejuice on the bed with you, hoping you could convince him this was a complete surprise to you too. You needn't have worried. If his knee-jerk reaction was to think you'd organized this, the expression of abject fear on your face convinced him otherwise.

Reading your terror at the situation unfolding made a snarl curl his lip and he pushed himself up off the mattress to go confront his counterpart.

He wasn't quick enough, though. The other Beetlejuice, the one you'd told to never come back, walked through your bedroom door. Whatever he was expecting to find, it wasn't you sprawled out on the bed, your only clothing a black garter belt and stockings, looking thoroughly fucked, and a taller, naked version of himself getting to his feet.

"What in the fuck?!" he exploded.

His hair, which had been a neutral green, erupted into red. His scruff and eyebrows did too, as did his eyes. You'd never seen him so enraged.

Automatically you pushed yourself backwards, further up the mattress, away from him.

"You're fucking behind my back?!" he bellowed. "With *this* guy?!"

Beetlejuice, who'd conjured himself back into trousers while you had been focused on the demon-shaped personification of rage that had entered your bedroom, stepped forward with anger etched in his face as well and red streaks beginning to show in his hair. But your fear fled in the face of Beetlejuice throwing the exact same complaint you'd had about him back at you.

You started to get up, even as the Beetlejuice who'd just been beside you ordered,

"Back off, asshole--"

Beetlejuice bristled at that and stepped up against his taller counterpart. "Fuck you--you pathetic, second rate knockoff--"

Never mind their exchange of words; you were still fixated on the fact that the original Beetlejuice used the same argument you'd originally accused him of.

"How dare you!" you shrieked. "*You're* the one who fucked anything that looked in your general direction! You couldn't keep your dick in your pants—you never *tried* to keep your dick in your pants—"

"Shut up. Adults are talking," he replied almost casually to you, flicking his fingers in your direction.

Immediately you found yourself pinned spread-eagle on your back, held by invisible hands. You struggled against them while the animosity passing between the two demons became palatable.

"You lost a good thing, asshole—"

"You'd've done the same thing, dick! Just because you don't get called as often, don't pretend you wouldn't have grabbed at every bit of pussy or cock that you were offered! Fucking hypocrite, you'd have begged for scraps—"

"You cheated on me you fucker!" you yelled as you continued struggling against the restraints. "I never cheated on you, I told you to get the fuck out of my life! *We were done!*"

The taller of the two, the Beetlejuice you'd just laid, glanced over at you, a look of slight puzzlement on his face, and the Beetlejuice you'd tried to end things with took advantage of his distraction. He reached forward and grabbed a handful of flesh, the other's pectoral muscle, and clenched his fist. The yowl would have been enough for you to realize that fingers had punctured skin; the immediate blood that erupted from the site told you that it was nails sharpened into talons that did it.

Beetlejuice continued to cry out, but the noise was quickly becoming less surprised pain and more rage. He grabbed the arm and wrist of the one causing the injury, but went to his knees.

"You didn't say his name?!" the smooth voice of the Beetlejuice you'd spent the evening with admonished harshly in your ear. "*You told him to get out, but you didn't say his name!*"

You'd have slapped yourself in the face if you could have moved. You were so stupid! You *hadn't* banished him, you'd been so upset you didn't think of it! He'd left, and hadn't shown up for weeks, so it was out of your mind! So now all you had to do was say it! You took a breath—

—a final invisible hand slapped over your mouth, before you could get an actual word out, pinching your skin so tightly it hurt and almost covering your nose as well. You struggled now to take a full breath. Unfortunately, Beetlejuice knew the tricks of throwing a voice and wasn't risking you saying his name and banishing him for real.

"Told you to shut up, baby," he told you in a sweet tone, with a wink.

Under the heavy hand, you shrieked again, using your throat.

Distraction seemed to be a good tool to use, because while his attention was making sure you couldn't speak, Beetlejuice from the floor lashed out and knocked his counterpart backwards. It dislodged the grip on him, making blood flow more freely down his chest, but that was ignored. The two grappled for a moment, but from the floor he had a disadvantage and Beetlejuice who was standing managed to twist a hand into the other's hair, yanking his head back.

A flash of pink rippled through the shorter of the two's blood red hair, a sign of his enjoyment, and he didn't hesitate to punch Beetlejuice solidly once, twice, three times in the face. Blood spurted from the mess of a crushed nose, and Beetlejuice's head lolled a little from the punishment. His hands released the hold they'd taken on his twin and fell limp to his sides. His body followed suit, and for a moment, it looked like the only thing holding him up was the fist still in his hair.

He was released and dropped to the floor dismissively, and the Beetlejuice you'd wanted out of your life crawled up the bed, between your legs. You tried to arch away from him, but your stocking-clad thighs were grabbed. Casually he wiped his knuckles on them, leaving bloody marks.

"You look good, baby," he cooed. "Wish you'd worn something like this for me."

You strained so hard against the restraints your limbs hurt. He chuckled, still slinking up on all fours.

"I can't say I'm super fond of smelling that fucker's come in you, though—"

He never dropped his eyes from your enraged gaze, but did lower his head and snaked his tongue through your pussy. You bucked again, hating that it felt good, hating that he knew just how to lick you to make you moan and writhe in pleasure. He ducked down further and put his whole mouth on you, sucking lightly.

You couldn't help but go lax for a moment, your body betraying you under his mouth.

"Asshole," Beetlejuice snarled, his smoother voice deeper than you'd ever heard it, and much more similar to the one with his face in your pussy.

You lifted your head; he was still smeared with blood but you couldn't see the broken nose or split lips that had been so evident before. His teeth were still coated red, however, as he pulled his lips back like a predator.

The Beetlejuice between your legs took one more second to lick you again, then he was yanked harshly off you by his jacket. As he was swung around to face his counterpart, he spit the wet and come he'd sucked out of your pussy into the other's face.

That escalated it all.

The anger that both had been exhibiting before ratcheted up to a level that made the very air feel electrified. It was two forces of nature colliding, two storms of equal strength battering each other in the confines of your bedroom, while you were trapped, helpless, on a mattress.

You could only see flashes of the two of them; your mere mortal lightbulbs couldn't handle the surge of power and they flickered, dimming and growing brighter randomly. You half wondered if, while seeing the nightmare visions of the two demons clashing in front of you, your own vision would do the same.

Beetlejuice, still only clad in trousers, must have thought along the same lines.

"Close your eyes, babydoll," he said in your ear.

His voice, still smoother, was in stark contrast to the horror of shadowy tentacles that seemed to erupt around him.

"Keep your eyes open, baby!" the other ordered, in your other ear, and a new hand gripped your forehead. Instinctually you knew it'd force your eyelids open if need be. "I want you to watch me fucking *destroy* him."

Torn between the two, you continued to buck against your invisible restraints. Your throat felt raw. Tears leaked out of your eyes. Your nose started running. You hated all of this.

With the exception of those words to you, the Beetlejuices focused solely on each other. No more human words came from them; in their place were hisses and guttural sounds of some demonic language that put pressure in your ears like you were too far underwater. It was seductive, however, and part of you thought that if you strained, if you concentrated, you could learn to understand it. A more rational part of your brain, the one more concerned with survival, warned you away, it wasn't truly for human ears. The tentacles you'd first glimpsed were more solid when the light was low; when it flared it just looked like two dead guys beating the shit out of each other.

The taller of the two, the one you'd invited here tonight, had a slight advantage of less clothing to grab, but it also left his skin exposed to the other's talons. He was a mess of gouges and lacerations, bleeding freely. His wounds knitted closed freakishly quickly, a nightmare in itself, but with so many he couldn't concentrate on healing while still fighting.

Beetlejuice in his suit, who you didn't banish properly, had some protection, but it gave his doppelganger something to grip with more force and land more punishing blows: a knee to the face, making the same gush of blood as you'd witnessed before; a twist of an arm into a inhuman position against the joint. His elbow snapped and Beetlejuice shrieked.

You'd have curled into a fetal position to protect yourself in fear if you'd been capable. As it were, you continued to watch in horror.

Beetlejuice struggled back and away, breaking the grip of his twin, cradling his crooked arm. Shirtless Beetlejuice stepped between him and you, hunched and watching him warily. Because of his stance, you didn't see the repair Beetlejuice did to his arm, but heard the wet cracking and hiss of pain. You were able to see him shake his arm out to the side, no worse for wear, apparently.

He sidled to one side. Beetlejuice moved with him, keeping himself bodily between the two of you. The shorter one cocked his head enough to see over his shoulder and caught your

eyes.

“You sure are something, baby. You’ve got this prick of a duplicate snared—you sure you’re not some succubus, trapping saps by their dicks?”

You glared as best you could at him, although it was from no position of power.

“None of this had to happen, baby,” he continued, like this was a perfectly reasonable conversation during a perfectly reasonable situation. “This is all your fault. You said you were angry I was summoned by other people and I fucked them, but you refused the final step that would’ve set me free!”

Your glare became laser-sharp in intensity. Yes, you refused to fucking marry him. But he probably would’ve continued to fuck anything that moved even if you’d done that for him!

He must have read your mind, because he laughed. *Laughed*. “Yeah, you’re probably right,” he agreed amicably.

If you’d have had the strength, you’d have gotten off the mattress and probably hit him yourself. As it was, you’d at least provided enough distraction—what a tool to use!—that the taller Beetlejuice eased close enough to him to rush him, grab him by the waist, and slam him into the wall with a resounding crack that shook the house.

The infernal language returned as they screamed at each other. You winced. The lights waned, and waxed, and waned again, giving you strobe light effects of their true demonic forms, or the body horror they could twist themselves into: undulating tentacles; needle teeth in countless maws; some arms all grey and depraved, with fingernails rotting off its hand; all awash in the blood from injuries too horrific for any non-dead being to survive.

They were so evenly matched it seemed like this was going to be an eternal war. Each attack was countered, and both were wounded and bloody. Whatever they were saying to each other occasionally devolved into wordless growls and spits. You couldn’t stop sobbing, which made you feel like you were drowning. Although your anger was still burning, your strength against the spectral restraints was ebbing. You sagged and closed your eyes, unable to watch the carnage any longer.

Then, out of nowhere, there was a beat of silence. It’d been so loud in your bedroom the hush made you wonder if you’d suddenly gone deaf. You picked your head up as best you could to see what was happening.

Beetlejuice had his counterpart in a hold that was inhumanly possible and inhumanely done: the umbral tentacles had solidified and impaled the other through his chest, then wrapped snugly around his torso, arms and legs so that he had no leverage to fight it. Two hands held his head in a crushing grip, while a third was on his throat, clutching so tightly the sharpened nails on the fingertips were buried in the meat of his neck.

Trussed and beaten, he was no longer pale; Beetlejuice had been painted in red ink with a heavy brush. He wasn’t pinned to the floor, either, the tentacles kept him suspended above it but his own weight pulled him downward against them, causing more grievous wounds.

Thick, dark blood had splattered your floor, and continued to drip from him. You had no idea if a ghost or a demon could die from exsanguination, but he looked close to unconsciousness.

The Beetlejuice holding him didn't let that happen, however. He leaned down and whispered something you couldn't hear into his twin's ear, then kissed his slack mouth. It was the final show of dominance; the loser didn't have the strength or fortitude to pull away or even bite. As he pulled away again, you saw the victor's tongue lap along the inside of the other's hard palate before he stood up completely.

Still holding his victim, Beetlejuice turned his gaze on you.

"Say his name," he ordered.

tbc ...

Chapter 3

The next two chapters are the multiple choice endings, so read at your own risk.

In one, the reader gets Beetlejuice; in the other, Beetlejuice gets the reader.

Flip a coin, roll a die, just hold your breath and guess.

Enjoy!

See You Around (ending choice 1)

Your eyes wide with fright, you shook your head as best you could under the invisible hands holding you.

“Say his name,” the Beetlejuice you’d wanted out of your life ordered again, his voice dropping to a dangerous level as he glared at you.

You shook your head again. Tears continued to flood your face as snot ran from your nose. You wouldn’t do it, you wouldn’t do it--

The spectral hand over your mouth released you. You sucked in a needy, gasping breath, filling your lungs with air. The rest of the hands on you stayed in place, but lifted you into a more upright position, so you could truly see the horrific victory he’d won over his twin.

“Say his fucking name!” Beetlejuice shrieked, his gravel-heavy voice echoing around the small confines of the room to bounce directly into your ear, making you wince.

“I won’t!” you contradicted. Your throat felt like it was full of gravel too.

The hand that had disappeared off your mouth fastened itself to your neck. Instantly you tensed; you hated the feeling of anything there, and Beetlejuice knew it. Ghostly fingers tightened.

Desperately, you did the only thing you could think of: you started to say his name.

“Beetle--”

“Don’t you fucking dare!” he roared.

The hand at your throat instantly clenched so hard, so tight up under your jaw, that your breath was cut off. You tried to finish the word, your mouth moving uselessly; not even a wheeze came from you. Panic rose as your lungs burned for air.

“You’ll lose your tongue and while you’re choking on your own blood I’ll make you watch me tear this fucking imposter apart!” Beetlejuice threatened in a hiss. “Say his name, and he’s just exiled.”

In your panic for a breath, you struggled against everything again. That made the situation even worse; your dwindling supply of oxygen was being used at a faster rate. You could feel your heartbeat in your head, your face was too hot but your limbs were getting cold. Blackness began closing in from the outer part of your vision.

Suddenly, your throat was released. You gagged and sobbed as sweet air returned to your lungs. The hand didn’t leave the front of your neck completely; it still rested there, threatening to repeat what you’d just gone through again if you didn’t obey.

“Say his name,” Beetlejuice demanded again, in a low voice.

“It’s okay, babydoll,” the broken Beetlejuice, the one you’d spent such a sweet evening with, rasped. In contrast to your wheezing for a breath, his voice was phlegmy as blood oozed out of his mouth with his words. “It’s okay.”

You wanted to touch him. You wanted to hold him again. You didn’t want to see him in such pain.

He repeated it again. “It’s okay.”

It *wasn’t* okay. But for the moment, you could get through it. You could send him away, and then call him back. That would be simple.

You hoped he understood that you did want him here, and this was all under duress. If he didn’t, you could explain it when you saw him again.

You swallowed. Your throat was raw. When you spoke, it was barely above a whisper. “B-Bheteljuz . . .”

Beetlejuice, the one on his feet, grinned. The one impaled and weak pushed a clot out of his mouth and managed a small smile too.

“I liked being with you tonight, babydoll,” he whispered.

“ . . . Bheteljuz . . .”

Beetlejuice cackled. The invisible hand at your throat squeezed just a tad, to remind you there would be consequences if you went off script.

“Thank you, babydoll . . .”

Fresh tears blurred your vision. He shouldn’t be thanking you; it was your fault this entire mess had occurred.

After a final, wavering intake of breath, you whispered, “ . . . Bheteljuz.”

He was gone in a wink, without fanfare or dramatics. The blood that had been spilled and smeared on your floor, however, remained. You felt weak. Everything, your arms and legs, your throat, your eyes, and your heart hurt.

The shorter Beetlejuice, the one you hadn’t wanted to see ever again, clapped his hands in gleeful victory. His appearance returned to normal, all evidence of tentacles and shadowy mass gone. The hand at your throat loosened, but didn’t go away completely. He crawled up the bed to your side. You watched him dully, tears still streaming down your face.

“Oh, don’t look sad, baby,” he soothed, patting your hair.

He swooped in and pressed a kiss to the side of your mouth. You didn’t respond to it, but he smiled as if you did and put his forehead on yours in a parody of affection.

“I’m sure you’re thinking you can just call him back again, aren’t you sweetheart?” he asked softly, still stroking your hair, like he was a good friend helping you with relationship problems. “Right? You were going to give it a little time, then one night, when I’m not here, you’d be lying in bed in the dark and you’d whisper his name. If you wait long enough, he’d show up all physically healed, like nothing ever happened! That’d be nice, wouldn’t it?”

Despite yourself, you nodded a little, sniffing.

Beetlejuice pressed another kiss to your temple. “It sure would be,” he agreed.

Then he pulled back just a little, so he could drop his chin look you directly in the eyes from under his brows. You watched his expression change from soft and understanding to twisted and ugly.

“Fuck that,” he snarled. “You don’t get any of that.”

He put three fingers on your forehead. He tapped you there, hard, and it felt like they’d punctured your skull. If you hadn’t still been restrained you’d have collapsed backward from the pain. You could feel his ragged fingernails digging through your head, through your mind, tugging at things and snapping connections and making a general mess.

Immobile, you watched him concentrate on whatever he was doing, then a quick smile flashed across his face. He opened his eyes to yours, and his smile widened enough to reach them.

“Got it, baby!”

He yanked his hand away from your head. You recoiled a little from the movement.

He held up something small and glimmering between his fingers and thumb. “Know what this is, baby?”

You shook your head slowly. Why was he back? You’d told him to leave because you were upset with him. Why were you only wearing a garter belt and stockings? Did you fuck him? Why was your bedroom such a mess? Was that blood? Why was the plaster on the wall cracked?

“This is your memory of him,” Beetlejuice explained, rocking his hand so whatever he was holding caught and fractured the light.

Of who?

“I’m just going to take it with me, okay, babydoll?”

Babydoll? Your forehead wrinkled. Since when did he call you that?

Beetlejuice saw the puzzled expression on your face and laughed. Then he kissed you on the mouth and said, “Get some sleep. You look exhausted.”

You had to agree. You were exhausted. You could deal with the state of the room and the fact that you were sore tomorrow. Whatever was holding you upright disappeared, and you lay back down onto the mattress.

Beetlejuice raked his eyes down your body, but didn't touch you as he got off the bed. "I'll see you around, baby."

Somehow you found the sheets and blankets that had been pushed off the top of the mattress. You settled in and sighed.

"Turn off the light, Beej?" you asked sleepily.

He didn't reply, but the room was suddenly dark. You couldn't see him any longer, so you let yourself drift to sleep.

fin

Kiss Me Again (ending choice 2)

You swallowed and took deep breaths through your nose, trying to calm yourself down.

“Say his name!” Beetlejuice demanded of you, still shirtless and smeared with blood and ichor that was both his own and the twin’s he was holding. His voice was deep and harsh, and unlike anything you’d heard from him before.

Monstrously, his teeth were longer and sharpened, barely fitting in his mouth, and his eyes flashed silver like an animal’s caught at night with a flashlight. His hair was deep red, blood red, and you didn’t know if it was from his roots or if it’d been coated in blood too. All that, plus the tentacles with their random mouths that hissed and laughed and snapped and muttered a softer version of that infernal language . . . with him standing victoriously like a predator over its prey he looked truly demonic.

Tears welled in your eyes again.

Although he didn’t relax his hold on the shorter Beetlejuice he’d beaten into submission, he saw your tears and the hard lines etched into his face softened a little.

“Do you still want him around, babydoll?” he asked quietly.

Now, instead of the dominating rage, there was an underlying note of resigned despair in his voice. Like he understood it was his lot in life to be second best, to be everything derogatory that he’d been called: pathetic, knock off, second rate, never anyone’s first choice for summoning. He asked his question like he already knew the answer, and it would be: yes.

Your eyes widened at the look of defeat in his eyes and you shook your head as best as you were able, trying to respond but unable to form words.

He watched you struggle for a moment, still looking downcast, before you saw the dawning realization in his eyes.

“Oh shit, babydoll--!” he exclaimed. He released one side of Beetlejuice’s head that he was still holding and he swiped the air in front of you.

Instantly every spectral restraint on you disappeared.

You were able to take in an easy breath, finally. Your wrists and ankles ached from where they’d been squeezed, the pressure on your forehead evaporated like it’d been a headache, and you wouldn’t be surprised to find bruises around your mouth later. Carefully, you sat up. You didn’t want a better look at everything that was happening, but you didn’t feel you could just turn around and face the wall either.

“I’m sorry! Should’ve gotten those off you sooner!” Beetlejuice apologized.

You waved him off, still mostly concentrating on breathing. Your throat was raw and felt swollen, but you managed to croak out,

“Beetlejuice, Beetlejuice, Beetlejuice.”

With no fanfare or dramatics, the mostly unconscious, beaten specter blinked out of existence. The smears and drips of blood still marked where he’d been.

Beetlejuice took a step forward and reached for you. He was still enveloped with shadowy, wildly writhing tentacles. Many reached out for you, mimicking his hand. You trembled because you weren’t exactly fearless in the face of what was before you; nevertheless you reached out to take his hand. Many of the umbral appendages found you. They were cold, so cold they left the places they touched feeling like you’d been burned, which added to your shiver, but as they wrapped more firmly around you they seemed to warm to your body temperature.

You’d just seen what he was capable of, what these tentacles could do, but they were gentle and nosed you like they were curious. You even dared to stroke one with your free hand, and it curled around your wrist and squeezed gently in return.

The sour fear in the back of your throat disappeared when you swallowed, and you tugged Beetlejuice off balance to get him close enough to hug. You were immediately, completely swaddled by a cloak of the tentacles, including around your head. They undulated slowly but were so thick that all light was shut out. Surprisingly, you didn’t feel smothered. They were gentle, and instead of feeling threatened, you felt protected. Beetlejuice himself was solid mass against you, and you fumbled for his jaw so you could kiss him.

He flinched a little in surprise, but quickly accepted your kiss. With your tongue you felt his teeth revert back to something more human, and when it dipped further between his lips, the distinct taste of blood filled your mouth. That did make you grimace a bit. You weren’t sure if he could see you, in this flat black void that cocooned you both, but but his eyes did flash silver and he could probably feel your nose wrinkle.

He apologized again, against your lips. “I’m sorry, babydoll--”

With no outwardly movement you could feel, everything inhuman about him vanished. Now he stood before you, shirtless, damaged, smeared in bodily fluids, and looking forlorn and a little lost. Carefully you peeled yourself off his chest; you’d forgotten about the damage he’d suffered there. The wound on his chest, the first injury he’d received, was still gaping and oozing blood. You were smudged in red on your front now too.

You couldn’t stop your fingers from reaching for it. He was lucky it hadn’t been deeper, or had a full tearing of the muscle, leaving him with a gaping hole.

You told him that.

“I’ll heal,” he told you quietly. Then, dragging his eyes away from the fingers you had on his chest, he looked you in the face. “Would you like me to go, too?”

You swallowed again. The fight and the true demonic nature of his being was etched into your brain. It scared you a little, but it'd never been displayed before in your presence. And afterward, you'd been embraced by him, by all of him, by what you could see physically and the adumbral part of him alike. He hadn't hurt you. It was just part of Beetlejuice.

Slowly you shook your head, and replied, "No."

Beetlejuice didn't miss seeing you swallow like you were nervous and your slow response, and misinterpreted it.

"I'll go," he decided, then managed a small sad smile. "I understand. We had a good time, didn't we? All the way up until the short asshole version of me arrived, that is . . ."

His voice trailed off and a pressure built in the air. Somehow you knew he was getting ready to leave you.

"No! Beej, wait!" you shouted as loud as you could, which wasn't very much due to the state of your throat and the incoherent yelling you'd done earlier. You launched yourself off the bed and grabbed blindly for him, grabbing one wrist and the opposite shoulder. "Don't go!"

He looked down at you, not entirely convinced.

"I want you to stay," you insisted. "I don't want you to go! Unless *you* want to. None of this was supposed to happen. This was all my fault! You were injured because of what I did . . . or what I didn't do . . ."

Beetlejuice shook his head, dismissively. "I wouldn't let him hurt you, babydoll."

You never would have expected to hear a sentiment like that.

"I wasn't lying when I told you I wanted to know you better, Beej. I don't want you to go," you repeated. "What can I do to convince you?"

His dark amber eyes caught yours. ". . . kiss me again?" he suggested quietly. You got the impression he wanted it to sound cocky and off the cuff, but it came out a touch expectantly hopeful.

You didn't hesitate. Blood and injuries and bruises and all, you slipped your arms around his neck and lifted your mouth to his, pressing a deep kiss onto him. His tongue met yours, and then he suddenly seemed to remember the taste in his mouth wasn't the most pleasant, so he pulled back a little.

"If you stay, Beej, I can take care of you," you offered. "I'd like to take care of you."

His face brightened and he nodded, taking your wrist with a hand that this time felt a little empty without the extra shadowy tentacles to accompany it.

"I'm sorry I messed all this up," you apologized as you took him to the bathroom. "I should have remembered to banish him permanently when I told him to get out, and then I shouldn't

have frozen up when he showed up here again. I should've just said his fucking name three times and been done with him the moment he came through the door!"

"It's okay, babydoll," Beetlejuice assured you. "Just, uh, you know? Don't say it again."

You laughed and nodded in agreement. With gentle washing and lots of persistence, you washed him of the flaking and drying blood on him. You were extra careful around the gouges and lacerations that were still knitting closed. Beetlejuice told you they were numb which meant it'd take a little longer than normal to heal completely, so you lightly bandaged them.

After shedding the remainder of your lingerie, you cleaned yourself too. Then you led him back to your bedroom and stopped at the sight of the disaster it was. You didn't have the energy to deal with scrubbing the blood off the floor right now.

"Let's sleep on the couch," you announced, brooking no argument from him.

You dodged the tacky blood spots on the floor on tiptoe, grabbed pillows and blankets, and pushed him back through to the living room. The couch was crowded and moderately uncomfortable, even with the extra pillows, and it took the two of you a little bit of time to settle in and find the best positions. The kisses you stole from each other were distracting too. Eventually, however, even though you'd have expected the events of the evening to keep you up for hours, your head hit the pillow and you drifted off, secure in Beetlejuice's arms.

fin

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