



I'm Scary (Not Really)

Beetlejuice - All Media Types · Beetlejuice (Cartoon 1989) · Not Rated · 940 words

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Fandom: Beetlejuice - All Media Types, Beetlejuice (Cartoon 1989) Rating: Not Rated Category: Gen
Warnings: Creator chose not to add warnings, No content warnings apply
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Characters: Charles Deetz, Delia Deetz, Beetlejuice (Beetlejuice), Lydia Deetz, Percy (Beetlejuice)
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Lydia's having a nightmare, and BJ isn't entirely sure what to do.

Platonic/familial, NO pedophilia

Just to be clear, no Beetlebabes. They're friends/family, not dating, nor pre-relationship. Beetlejuice feels fiercely protective over Lydia, but it's not romantic love. Because pedophilia is wrong.

Unnecessary backstory:

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Lydia's a Witch, which is how she first met/summoned BJ. There's a Neitherworld law or something preventing her from telling anyone, which is the ONLY reason her parents don't know.

Beetlejuice doesn't know if he's a Demon, a Spirit, a Ghost, or something else -- he can't remember anything about his past. He uses his fierce reputation as ALL of them to his advantage.

Though I know I should be wary...

Still I summon/venture someone/place scary.

Ghostly hauntings I turn loose...

Beetlejuice, Beetlejuice...

BEETLEJUICE!

Beetlejuice...

A certain spectre startled awake, falling out of bed. What time was it? Too late for-

...Beetlejuice...

Oh, that sounded urgent. BJ jumped up, readying himself. If someone was trying to hurt her...

...Beetlejuice!

"What's up, babes..?" He had appeared in Lydia's bedroom, but it was dark, and he couldn't actually see his favorite human. "Babes? Lyds? Wher-"

"Ahh!" A scream came from the bed, where Lydia was apparently fighting with the blankets. "Beetl- no! Don't, please!"

A nightmare. It was just a nightmare. About him, but he could hardly blame her for that -- he was scary! He was the Ghost With The Most, an undead terror that haunted the hearts of even the bravest of humans and monsters alike! That's what everyone said.

In truth, at that moment, he was a panicking Spirit who was entirely out of his depth. Should he wake her up? If he's the object of her nightmare, maybe she wouldn't want to see him just after waking. He could disguise himself, but aren't you not supposed to wake someone who's having a nightmare? Or is that sleepwalking?

"Don't hurt him!" Lydia was actually starting to cry now, so that settled it. If BJ didn't know what to do, he'd just have to find someone that did.

He floated down the hall, towards the bedroom Charles and Delia shared.

"Oh, Charlie boy!" BJ sing-songed, floating horizontal above the sleeping man. "Time to get up! Your daughter needs you."

Charles mumbled something, rolling over, his eyes still firmly shut.

BJ frowned. Oh well, guess he'd just get have to do things the hard way! He summoned a giant wooden mallet, lifting it up into the air.

"Time ta' knock **some sense** into ya!" BJ grinned, just about to swing, when an insistent meowing cut him off. He looked towards the black cat at the foot of the bed -- Percy, Lydia's coward of a Familiar. "What do you want, fleabag? Can't ya see I'm tryin' ta' help Lydia?"

Percy lifted a paw, pointing at the bedside alarm clock. BJ sighed loudly, letting the mallet disappear. "Fine, if ya wanna be borin' about it!"

He took a moment to stare at Lydia's parents, who were still both quietly snoring. Normally, he was grateful for their heavy sleeping, it made things easier when he and Lydia wanted to cause trouble at night. Right then, it was incredibly annoying, infuriating even; how many times had Lydia suffered nightmares without anybody even knowing?

BJ possessed the alarm clock, hissing quietly as his mind changed. Hyper-awareness of time, a desire to be noisy early in the morning, and an irrational fear of being thrown against the wall. Nothing too bad, all expected actually.

He took a big breath, putting as much force as possible behind his voice as he screeched. "WAKE UP!! GOOOD MORNIN'! RISE AN' SHINE! RUNNIN' OUT OF TIME! GET UP AN' YOU'LL BE FINE! YA NEED TA' HELP A FRIEND O' MINE!"

Beetleclock kept singing, his bells ringing, until Charles jumped (catapulted) out of bed, shutting off the alarm as quickly as possible. Delia, with her extra-strength earplugs, remained sleeping.

"Stupid alarm, isn't even four yet..." Charles muttered, rubbing his eyes, about to go back to bed. BJ forced himself to hold still and not recoil from the man's horrifying sleep face. Lydia screamed, causing Charles to rush out of the room. "Lydia, sweetie, what's wrong?!"

BJ spent about five seconds thinking before he muttered. "How I'd love ta' be **a fly on the wall** for that conversation."

Sitting on the wall by the ceiling, Beetlefly watched Charles comfort Lydia, making nonsense sounds that seemed soothing. The man was a moron, but he was a loving moron.

BJ wondered if someone had ever done that for *him*...

"Do you want to talk about it, sweetie?" Charles asked, once Lydia had calmed down somewhat.

Lydia shook her head, leaning into her father's embrace, but spoke anyways. "I- I had a friend that no one knew about, but then everyone met him and... They *hurt* him, they wouldn't stop hurting him, and I couldn't do anything to help him! Then they, they fed him to a sandwo- a monster. But I could still hear his screams..."

Wait, he wasn't the villain of her dream? He was the victim?! BJ would've burst into tears if he wasn't an insect at that moment. He couldn't remember anyone ever being concerned for him like that before...

"Oh, kiddo..." Charles hugged her closer. "It was just a dream, alright? No one's going to hurt any of your friends, I won't let them."

I won't either, Lyds. BJ silently promised. If him getting hurt scared her that much, he'd just have to try harder to stay out of trouble. Or, well, try harder to not get caught.

He watched as Lydia drifted back off to sleep, her father carefully moving back to the other room. He'd keep vigil over her tonight, make sure she didn't have another nightmare. BJ would just have to sleep somewhere where he could hear her until he figure something else out.

Being **sly as a fox**, BJ quietly turned into said canid, curling up protectively under Lydia's bed. Beetlefox didn't get much sleep that night, magicking the dark space to be a little more comfortable. Humans had myths about this sort of thing, right?

Maybe he'd sleep in the closet next...

— end of "I'm Scary (Not Really)" —