Beetle My Juice

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Beetle My Juice

by Susanoos_Wife

Summary

A little accident leads to a much bigger accident.

Notes

This is the very first Susanoo/Reader fic I've ever written, I wrote this less than 72 hours after Susanoo was introduced in the manga (October 2023) and there wasn't much information about his actual personality yet (besides his general lack of fucks given about Anubis and his feelings.) The original version of this fic can be found on AO3 but I tweaked this a bit since then.
This is absolutely deranged though so remember, the back button exists if you need it. For the purposes of this story, assume the reader is old enough to be an official NFL cheerleader.

See the end of the work for more notes

It all started when you got on that damn bus.

Okay, maybe not the exact moment you got on the bus. But needless to say, getting on the bus did not lead you to your desired and intended location: The football game your state's team was playing in the next state over. There was fire, smoke, a loud explosion, and lots of blood, sweat, and tears-though for how long, you had no idea, because you died instantly the moment the bus crashed.

Ugh, my head-Strangely, when you found yourself aware of your surroundings again, you weren't in any pain, your body free of any blood, bruises, cuts, scrapes, or any other signs of damage or injury. Still-you looked around-this definitely wasn't the dinky ass two-lane highway your bus had been sliding down in inappropriately icy conditions, trying but ultimately failing to carry your state's football team and the cheerleaders for the football team (of which you were one yourself,) to some town 20 miles down the road in cold, damp weather with poor visibility due to lots of fog. Here, (wherever "here" was,) there was no fog, no icy roads, no cold, damp, gross weather. As far as the eye could see, everything looked totally and completely unfamiliar, though, for reasons beyond the comprehension of any living beings in the universe, you were still in your cheer-leading uniform, the uniform as clean and pristine as the moment you put it on. All you knew for sure was that you were as lost as you had ever been in your life and though you looked fine on the outside, you most certainly did not feel fine on the inside and what's more, the last thing you remembered hearing before you wound up here was one of the football players on the bus with you asking your coach where the men's room was, his question going unanswered as you faded into some state of unconsciousness.

Having nothing better to do, you walked around aimlessly, trying to look like you had some kind of purpose even though all you wanted to know was where the hell you were, what happened to everyone else on the bus with you, and why you felt like crying even though you couldn't make any tears come out. Yet despite how strange and uncomfortable you felt, your gut instinct telling you something had gone very, very wrong despite your conscious mind being none the wiser about what actually happened, you kept on walking for quite a long distance, walking for hours and hours on end without even feeling the slightest bit tired, not fully understanding just how wrong it was until the sky began to darken, the sun soon approaching the point in the sky where it would sink under the horizon. Along the way, you saw some things that looked somewhat normal-people who seemed to have a normal amount of eyes and ears and limbs, people who walked on two legs and spoke with words that came out of their mouths, but many more things that were far more unusual. It wasn't until you saw the faintest hints of pink and orange color the sky and heard something that sounded like a dog howling or barking, the noise striking you both as too human to be a dog and too much like a dog to be human far off in the distance, the sound a pathetic, keening whine that almost sounded sad-you dared not ask what it meant, and not just because you dropped something on the ground-your cell phone, you realized, not sure how or why it was the only item that remained with you other than the clothes on your back after the bus crashed and you fell into unconsciousness after receiving life-threatening injuries.

Oh-you picked up your phone without even thinking about it, not wondering at all why it was dead even though you had made sure to charge it right before you left for the game, though, to be fair, you were rather distracted by something else the moment you looked up-or someone, rather.

"What are you doing here?"

Way up. Oh-he's tall. He wasn't the largest person you had seen in this place, but he was much taller than you were, taller than anyone you had ever known, without a doubt. He had long dark hair-it looked black sometimes but also looked blue sometimes-with thick eyebrows and just the right amount of lines and wrinkles in his face to suggest that he was-if he was, in fact, anything like a human being-close to middle age-you guessed maybe a man in his 50's or even early 60's. Aside from the basic things, like having two eyes, two ears, two arms, two legs, those sorts of standard human looking features, nothing about this man suggested that he was an ordinary person at all. For one thing, even though it wasn't cold here, you suddenly felt cold when he looked at you and even though the sky wasn't yet dark, you couldn't see anything else when you looked at him.

"Uh-" A bright flash of light shocked you for a moment, and you suddenly found yourself back in some cramped, poorly lit room with filing cabinets, papers flying around, and a bunch of people in varying states of...existence...staggering around, as lost and confused as you were.

"Coach?" The voice was familiar-it was one of the guys on your football team, you forgot his name but you recognized him because you remembered the number on his jersey was 11, but you were too out of it to say or do anything, lying on the floor and unable to get up. "Coach, where's the men's room?"

You remembered a short, stern-looking woman with short hair give him a withering look-you had no idea where she even came from but you felt too tired and weak to react, so you did nothing, wondering what the hell happened and why everything looked like it was bathed in sickly green light and why there a bunch of weird, incongruous things around, like piles of papers and stacks of glowing skeletons-that made no sense at all.

"I'm not your coach!-" The woman, whoever she was, sounded royally pissed. "He survived!"

Oh. Oh, wait a minute-being suddenly sucked back into the present, all the pieces suddenly fit together.

Yeah. You were fucked.

The tall, intimidating man in front of you was not impressed. "I'm over here." Apparently you had begun to stare off into space upon remembering what happened to you. He grabbed your chin in his hand, looking you over like someone studying an insect under a microscope. You tried to focus on something else besides the look in his cold, icy eyes because it made you feel very weird, very uncomfortable things pulling lower in your body even though you were scared and more than a little concerned that you weren't going to make it out of this encounter alive (or, well-) Was it possible to die twice? You swallowed hard. Fuck if I know-"I doubt you're aware of as much, but this isn't a great place for humans to be."

Try as you might, though, it was no use, because the only other thing you heard was that same weird, not quite human and not quite canine howling sound in the distance. Fuck, that's creepy. Whether it was more or less creepy than the weird squirmy feeling gathering below your stomach in that place that made your heart jump and your chest feel all tight and hot you had no idea. In fact, as far as you were concerned, everything about your day had been so creepy, trying to pick out just one thing as the most fucked up part of the whole equation was like a shitty pop quiz from hell:

What's the creepiest thing about all of...this? It was a question with nothing but terrible answers.

A: The sudden bus crash causing you to wind up somewhere you had never seen before in your life?

B: The fact that, despite walking for possibly more hours than there were in a single day, you hadn't seen a single person you knew and you also had no idea where any of them were and what happened to them? (Further complicated by the fact that the moment you wound up here, your phone had, for all intents and purposes, turned into a brick despite it working perfectly well before?)

C: The weird inhuman howling noise in the distance?

D: The fact that a strange, serious-looking man who had eyes that displayed no positive emotion and, in fact, suggested that he rarely experienced any such emotions, was holding your face in his hand and looking at you like you were some kind of specimen caused your body and brain to start behaving in rather...interesting ways?

or

E: All of the above.

Gulp.

"Ah, well, yeah-I have no idea where I am right now-it's-uh-it's been-a very long day." You could hardly gulp down a full breath of air
but somehow words tumbled out of your mouth. You didn't even think to give him your name-you doubted he would care anyways.

Oh. He wasn't the sort of man who was easily impressed. Not by humans, not by other gods. He wasn't the sort to waste time or to suffer fools, and when things like that troubled him- "I suspected as much." His hand was, oddly, not as cold as you were expecting it to be. You were cold, though, everywhere except for that one area deep below your stomach, like- "Humans don't live very long. A regrettable waste, if you ask me."

I-uh-You were about to give a retort, but that icy look in his eyes reminded you to think better of it. "I guess not." You found yourself rather concerned that he talked as if he weren't a human being, you had no
idea who or what he was, not even a name, and to be honest you were disturbed that despite all of these things, and despite his personality being one that left you with an odd taste in

your
mouth, there were certain parts of your body that didn't care about that.

"But there's no point in complaining about that, it's not like there's anything I can do about it." You wondered if he was going to complain more, or perhaps do something worse, but a loud, keening whine pierced the air, and he took something out of his pocket-it looked disturbingly organic in nature-and tossed it in the distance where the whining, howling noise was coming from.

"Uh-" He turned to look back at you, and to your horror, you felt heat burn your cheeks.

"Well, I guess even the dead ones can be good for something." Dead-and good for what? You weren't sure whether to ask or not, but it didn't matter because he didn't give you the chance. "I suppose as long as I'm stuck on dog-watching duty I might as well find something to pass the time with."

His bizarre, cryptic comment was made even more uncomfortable by the bitter, acerbic tone laced throughout his voice, as if he was disgusted with himself for suddenly desiring to indulge in a shameful, guilty pleasure, the way someone might feel about watching porn that they didn't actually like but felt a twisted compulsion to watch because it was the only thing that would do it for them anymore. "Oh-" You looked around, not sure what you were hoping to find (or not find.) "Uh, good luck with that-" You were no longer able to sweat, but you felt a strange sort of cold, not the kind you felt when exposed to cold weather but something more gross and unnatural and emotional in nature, and you just wanted to do whatever it took to make that strange, nasty cold feeling go away.

"A human should know better than to be wandering around this part of Valhalla by themselves, but of course, it seems like nobody told you as much yet." He grabbed your arm, giving you that same look as before, like someone examining a specimen. "Don't give me that look, I don't eat humans and I certainly don't need to prove anything by tormenting them for amusement." He sounded exasperated now, as if he were tired of repeating himself though he hadn't told you all that much of, well, anything. "And I'm that much of an idiot that I didn't notice how you've been looking at me all this time either."

Shit. Fuck. Damn. Crap. You wondered sometimes, if there was something wrong with you. Now, you thought, there was no denying it. But, then, if you were well and truly dead, which it seemed like you were, what harm could truly come of doing something about it? Just because you never had the chance or the inclination to do anything but repress it before didn't mean that you couldn't decide to change course now. "I-uh-" Still, you felt an urgent need to apologize. Whoever this man was, he seemed...well, not friendly. Not an immediate threat, as you assumed he could have (and would have,) killed you where you stood if he truly felt so inclined, but...

When his face was decorated with a more neutral expression, he reminded you of an aloof, stoic samurai, handsome in a noble, refined way, but with a hint of roguish appeal that reminded you of someone's favorite uncle or grandfather-once you had been able to get a closer look at his face without freaking out-he definitely looked as if he were around that age, though he was still fit and strong enough to be on par with someone in the prime of adulthood. "You can believe me or not, but gods are more perceptive than humans. Hiding it

from me won't do you any good." It was getting dark and frankly, he was tired of dithering around like an idiot. "I don't care what you do or don't do but I'll warn you that I don't take kindly to those who waste my time." His voice was as calm and even as could be and yet you knew there was nothing normal about it-or about him. "So do go ahead
and make up your mind before it gets dark." The sun was moments away from slipping under the horizon and you were struggling to hold onto the last bare thread of sanity left in your weak and failing grasp. Fuck it-the howling sound, which stopped momentarily when the strange man who found you threw "something" in its direction-had started up again-and you'd be damned if you were spending another cursed moment out here. And yes-he was handsome. Far too much so for comfort-if you turned him down, you'd be clawing at nothing and ripping your hair out with unsatisfied curiosity gnawing at your brain for however long it was possible for you to exist in this place, wherever and whatever it was.

"If you'll have me-I'll, uh, come with you." You cursed yourself for your awkward sounding choice of words-though, everything that you said from the moment you got here had been like that-but if he cared, he didn't show it.

It beats dog-watching. He picked you up as if you weighed nothing and before long, you found yourself inside a little place that was a few steps above a dilapidated hut but not quite nice enough to be called a house. The room you found yourself in was plain but functional, though it looked curiously unused, for lack of a better term. You wondered if a man like him slept at all, but then, considering you had been here for who knows how long and never felt tired, you were leaning against that hypothesis.

Gods-the expression on his face was nigh unreadable, scanning your body with a cool, impassive gaze hiding other emotions. Humans-they had their uses, but they could also be a rather clueless bunch. He figured he'd have to do everything, though, if the prospect bothered him that much, he would have just left you out there to your own devices. "How about you take off your clothes?" He figured he'd see everything soon enough anyways, but he also figured that if he didn't get the ball rolling, you were unlikely to step in and take care of it and he did like to avoid wasting time, especially when such an opportunity fell right into his lap.

You just sort of slid out of everything, pushing it off to the side a little more quickly than necessary, which, like a ping-pong reaction, prompted him to follow suit, and soon you found yourself dumbstruck yet again, your cheeks way too hot and your mouth way too dry. I want to go home, but I also don't want to leave. He was a weird man, leaving you with the impression that either nobody taught him how to act, well, human, or that he just simply didn't care enough to bother. If you hadn't already been dead, you very well might have felt creeped out enough to leave, but well, once you were dead, you figured, what do I have to lose? He was better than some people you had met and he was-well, the more you looked at him, the less any of the other thoughts swimming around your head mattered.

"Hmm." He sounded...reasonably pleased? As much as a man like him could. "Not bad-not bad at all." He
really had no sense of personal space, grabbing you under both arms, his eyes glued on every inch of you they could roam over. "Certainly an improvement over what else is around here." You didn't dare ask what he meant by that. You felt him grab the back of your head, his fingers tangling in whatever hair they managed to dig into, taking a moment to admire what

he saw before getting on with it. If he wanted to do something, you couldn't find any reason to try to stop him-you knew you wouldn't be in control here and you also knew that you had no desire to be. You could be assertive when it was truly necessary, but right now, you weren't in the mood-something about him had that kind of effect on you, leaving you curious as to what would happen next and content to let him answer all your questions for you. "I suppose you know how to use your mouth, don't you?" Humans could be kind of stupid sometimes, but some of them could learn faster than one might expect. Huh. It was...big seemed
like an inadequate word. But even so, it wasn't large enough to put you off-truth be told, you forgot how to swallow when you saw it, in fact, but you thought you might remember how to swallow again with the proper motivation. And well, sometimes the universe did, in fact, drop off a perfect gift right in your lap for the taking. You opened your mouth but he cut you off before you could answer. "It's not that hard, just don't use teeth-it'll help if you get it nice and wet first-" you didn't need to be told anything else to go for it. "Hmm-" You didn't consider yourself an expert, but you could tell by the unmistakable change in the way he was breathing that you had done something right-"Humans are rather fragile, after all. Very unfortunate indeed."

He said nothing else, holding onto a fistful of your hair with a tight, strong grip, though he made no move to pull you towards him or shove his entire cock in your mouth. He always did hate breaking things, after all, it was such a pain to replace them. You hollowed out your mouth, working up and down the length of him as best as you could manage-you received no compliments and no criticism for your-work-and before you could get him all the way there, he pushed you away, looking every bit as stern and composed as he had been before, though you noticed a faint hint of color in his cheeks now. "Very good-" It went better than he expected, after all, and though he had quite a bit more stamina-and could have lasted much longer-he also considered it wise to play it safe rather than be sorry later. Humans were such frail, delicate creatures after all. "Now up you go." It was a bit unorthodox, to simply haul you in his lap, but you didn't question it out loud, considering the fact that, with you being on top (in the most literal sense of the word,) it would allow you the chance to control the pace and thus avoid pushing yourself farther than you could handle. "I'm going to assume you know what to do, otherwise I'd suggest you speak up now." He could just as easily push you down on the bed and plow you like any common whore but something about you made you seem oddly innocent and impressionable so he did no such thing. Being as old as he was, he knew he'd always have plenty of time later to do other things if he wanted to.

"I think so-" You didn't remember being this wet before-or how you even got this wet before-you
weren't sure if it was normal for sucking a man's cock to get you this worked up (some men were rather...subpar, after all,) but at any rate, you weren't in a very patient mood and you were more than able to tell he wasn't either. "Ah-" You felt the air get knocked out of your lungs when you seated yourself on his cock-it was definitely bigger than average, but nothing that appeared to be outside the bounds of normal human anatomy despite him being anything but human. It stung a little, and for a moment you were afraid there was going to be blood but when you looked down, you breathed a sigh of relief when you found nothing of the sort, almost collapsing into his arms by accident.

"There's no need to rush-" He held you firmly in place-you thought it strange for a man as cold and aloof as him to seek out direct eye contact (and so intensely, too, the way he looked at you made you feel like he had X-ray vision,) and though his face was far from expressive, you could only assume he liked what he saw because his eyes never left you-either your body or your face, they were glued onto one or the other, his voice calm and smooth and lacking any cruelty or malice even if it lacked the natural variation in tone and tempo you would expect someone more...normal to have. "It'll feel much better if you take your time, after all."

You couldn't find any reason to argue with him-or to look away, even if he was-he was handsome, incredibly so, but he was hard to look at for reasons that eluded your grasp like a melting popsicle sliding off a stick on a hot summer day, his eyes had a weird light in them, something neither warm and wholesome or cruel and sinister. You had never met anyone so unusual and enigmatic in your life and, you supposed, you had no reason to assume you ever would. "Good." His praise was short, simple, and to the point, not at all effusive but it conveyed the point more than adequately all the same. "You're not bad at this-some humans are quite useful, after all." He was an incredibly strange man. Just so, so, incredibly strange. None of that stopped you, however, he was somehow bigger than you expected but also not big enough to hurt after the first few thrusts, and you had never felt anything so intense and perfect and satisfying, your body overwhelmed by a level of pleasure that left your mind blown and the rest of you in a state that words were useless to describe. "It's always nice to find an amusing little surprise like this-" You were so caught up in chasing the high that promised you pleasure beyond your wildest dreams that for a moment, you almost didn't notice the sound of something rattling in the not so far away distance, but when it was punctuated with a more-animalistic-sound-you were shocked enough to take some notice of your surroundings again.

"Don't worry your little head, just keep doing what you're doing-I'm not going anywhere." His voice was-well, nobody would accuse him of having a comforting voice, but you weren't scared enough to want to stop or to try to get away. He whistled in a short, clear voice, looking somewhere off to the side while you kept on bouncing up and down on his cock like it was your job, whimpering and whining all the while, and the rattling noise stopped, with you none the wiser of where it came from or what caused it. "Ah, look at you-" Humans had their flaws, but the useful and talented ones were always a joy and a treat. "Getting tired out already?" He clucked his tongue with some measure of amusement, like some aloof nobleman who took mirth in being able to command lesser men to do his bidding. "Ah, well, I suppose there's no helping it-such a fragile little thing but so adorable too." You yelped in shock, your head fuzzy and your brain swimming in arousal as he helped you out by thrusting his hips up in time with your thrusts, the steady, repetitive motion of his cock slamming inside you while you were struggling to keep on moving scrambling your brain like a poorly made omelette, and though you tried, it was an enormous struggle to even so much as wrap your arms around him, your vision clouding, your line of sight blurry and everything around you hazy and un-focused as sweat dripped into your eyes, clinging onto your eyelashes, your hair a disheveled mess, your skin damp and fever-hot, like you were going to explode. "Come on, you can do it, just a little more-" He could go on for days, but he didn't bother telling you that. Whatever helped you was good enough for now. "See, now there you go." You felt something clench inside you, your whole body spasm-ing while your cunt throbbed, a familiar sensation, though one that also felt totally alien and unnatural in its sheer intensity flooding every inch of your body without any more warning, your voice breaking up into a

strangled cry as he pulled you down on his lap one more time, your legs numb and all feeling in the rest of your body fading away as your vision was replaced with bright light like exploding stars. "Now, that wasn't bad at all, was it, little one?" He didn't bother waiting for a response, as he knew he'd never get one. With a long, exhaled groan, the world went blank for a moment and some time later (how long he couldn't say,) he opened his eyes again, noticing that you were as limp and listless as a rag doll.

Hmm. He ignored the strained, mournful howling that started up again, peeling apart one of your eyelids with two fingers. You'd live, you just got a little too worn out. "I suppose I'll have to keep this one." He then pulled out of you like it was nothing, laying you on the bed and tossing a blanket over you before pulling out some kind of blunt object shaped like a stick, heading off to somewhere else after he put on his clothes again and checked the pockets for a certain something he always kept in them.

End Notes

TL:DR Reader was on the bus with the football players that crashed in Beetlejuice. Don't ask, I don't know either, it just happened (as things do when I write.)

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