Tag, You're It

by Nulla_Aeternum, ReaThompson, zero_kun

Summary

Rick and Morty find themselves trapped in a dimension similar to their world. Unable to escape, they go to the nearest shelter, only to find themselves face to face with the entire Pines family. They are allowed to stay until the portal gun is fixed, but the question remains:

How will they fare with the Pines?

Notes

Want to join the writing group that created this work? It is full of sinful writers called Sin Corps Army Reborn! It is open to everyone! So if you want to pop in and talk to our members and maybe write with us you can! Even if you want to just try it out and you realize the group is not for you that is alright! The link is this https://discord.gg/cAXwN9D
See the end of the work for more notes.
"M-Morty, p-pass me the screwdriver."

Morty passed him the tool sleepily. He got dragged out in the middle of the night again, just so Rick could harvest some crystals to sell to assassins. Well, at least he made some "friends" who, like Krombopulous Michael, offered to kill his enemies for free. Luckily, he could still fall asleep on the ride home from the warehouse. He'd been through worse things, after all. Handing blood-soaked assassins explosive crystals was no big deal. Morty yawned and looked over Rick's shoulder. His eyes widened as confusion settled deep inside him.

"A metal detector?"

This was the first time in his whole life that he'd seen Rick create such a normal object. The scientist preferred to modify human inventions, not make one.

"Don't be d-dumb, Morty. This isn't just s-s-some stupid metal detector. Do I—do I look like a-a fucking—urrp!—idiot to you?"

Morty shook his head.

"Grab the toolbox, Morty. W-we're going to another dimension."

"But, Rick, we just came back from—"

Rick slapped him. "Shut the fuck up, Morty. Did I ask for your—your fucking—urrp—opinion? Get the—get the f-fucking toolbox and let's go."

Morty rubbed his cheek and nodded. Rick stank of alcohol more than usual today. In the past, there was only a hint or two, but ever since he got out of jail, he hadn't been the same. He got angry easily, yelling at Morty for even the slightest mistake. He became violent too. Of course, his family didn't know this. They didn't have to.

Morty found himself standing in the middle of a dense forest when he stepped through the portal. He stood where he was, confused. Rick normally liked to venture to alien continents, but this time, the place looked like earth, judging by the familiar flora and fauna. A smile broke out on his face when he heard the birds above him singing. Pine trees surrounded him, and the air was so fresh that he couldn't help but close his eyes. He breathed deeply, feeling the crisp, clean air fill him completely.

"Open your eyes, Morty. We're looking for a sp-spaceship. Th-there's special m—urrp—etals in there, Morty. I need—I need those metals. There's also alien technology and glue that I want."

"Glue?" Morty looked at him, incredulous. This was the man who created dark matter. Why would he want some random glue? Alien glue?

"It—it's stronger than any ad—adhesive in the world, Morty. It's so powerful, it can—it can seal up anything. I-I need that, Morty. So pay a-attention."

After trekking through the forest for an hour, they found it. It didn't take long for them to find the
hatch to the large spaceship.

The two entered the dark interior, Rick pulling out two flashlights and tossing one to Morty to illuminate their way as well as the metal detector. They walked, navigating the old, metallic hallways. Morty took a brief moment to look at the foreign language on the wall. He had come across many alien languages, but this one was a first. Unable to identify which alien race it belonged to, he turned his head back to look at Rick. The old man wasn't there.

"Rick?" Morty called out, started by Rick's sudden disappearance. "Where'd you go?" he said, beginning to sweat. His eyes darted back and forth nervously.

Peeking his head down corridor after corridor, he tried to ascertain which way Rick ad gone, but he just wandered the cold, empty space ship.

Back at the deeper confinements of the spaceship, Rick found the adhesive. He started scooping globs of the highly valued material into a jar. After he obtained one material, he turned around and began to say, "Okay, Morty. Now the met—" He paused mid-sentence, realizing that Morty was nowhere to be found. "Damn it, Morty. I need that metal," Rick muttered under his breath, shoving the jar of precious adhesive into his lab coat's pocket.

Morty aimlessly walked through the dark, cold halls of the spaceship, when he heard a low beeping tone coming from his waist. The sound echoed in the silence, alongside his footsteps. The pace of the beeps quickened when he entered a room with markings all over it. He waved his flashlight around the room, when the reflection of something shiny caught his attention. Morty walked over to it. Square, bismuth-like metallic crystals decorated the sides of a crate at the corner of the room. Its silvery mirror was like luster, glowing from the light from his flashlight. Having been left to grow for millennia inside an undisturbed alien craft, the once tiny crystals had grown into softball-sized chunks of metal. Morty took out his gloves and, without thinking, started filling his container with it. He knew he might get a beating from wasting a container like this, but he didn't care. The crystals were too beautiful to leave behind. When the container was full, he took out the mini-shrink ray Rick gave him and shrunk it to the size of his thumb. He slid it into a small compartment in his pocket so that it'd always be safe with him.

When Rick found him, he was shrinking crushed metals. The old man yelled at him for being slow, even threatening to abandon him. Morty quickly scooped them up then placed them inside the rest of the containers.

"Let's go, dimwit."

Rick grabbed Morty by the collar before pressing the activation button on the portal gun. When a portal didn't appear, Rick frowned. He took apart the gun, and when he found nothing wrong with it, he slammed his hand onto the metal pillar nearby.

"Fuck me. This town, I should have known there was something wrong with it. Extremely high frequencies despite low density, continuous 'accidental' alien crash landings..." Rick kicked the metal piece next to him, "Fuck this. I should have seen it coming."

"Rick, what's going on?" Morty stared at the old man. "Why can't we go home?"

Rick rubbed his temples. He pointed at the top of the portal gun, "See this? The signal transmitter? It's blocked." He looked up at the cold metal ceiling of the spacecraft. "This place...this town. It has its own gravitational pull or something. A barrier. Things can go in, but they can't go out."

Morty didn't know how to respond. This wasn't the first time they got stuck in a dimension, but it
was always temporary. There was always a promise of returning home. Even so, he knew the drill: blend in, find a way, get out. All they needed to do was find a way to retrieve a signal.

"Until I find a way to fix this...we're stuck here, Morty. W-we're stuck."

After a long trek, the two finally came across a small shop in the middle of nowhere.

Morty stood in front of the door, brushing dirt off his pants while Rick straightened his lab coat. Depending on who was inside, they would either be killed or befriended. Morty crossed his fingers, hoping that it'd be the latter. The last time the portal gun broke, Rick ended up killing a family just to get money. He butchered them before his eyes, even the sleeping toddler.

"You ready?"

Morty nodded, shoving his hands deep into his pocket. Rick pushed open the door, his face emotionless as the two stepped into the shop. The place felt homely, and though it had weird decorations hanging on the walls, it gave a welcoming vibe. Morty couldn't help but relax at the scent that wafted through the air. It was like he were standing in the middle of a forest of pine trees.

"Hi there! How may I help you?"

A high-pitched voice greeted them from the counter. Morty turned, only to see a long, brown-haired girl standing before him. Unlike the shop's scent, she smelt of sugar and spice. She was wearing a pink sweater with a shooting star on it. The girl's eyes darted from Rick to Morty, when her eyes lit up.

"Oh, my god, Dipper! It's an Omega! And he's so pretty!"

The girl squealed. As if realizing what she'd just said, she clamped her mouth shut with her own hands.

"Oh, I, uh... thank you?" Morty smiled. It was the first time someone praised him for his looks. People always said he looked average, while some told him he was ugly. It was nice to be called good looking once in a while.

"My name's Mabel. What's yours?" The girl held out her hand, excitement bubbling in her voice.

"I'm Morty, and this is Rick." It would be a pity if Rick decided to kill the owners of this shop. The girl seemed nice, and the prospect of losing them saddened him. Rick rolled his eyes at the young girl, muttering a bored "hi." Morty turned to look at him, not surprised that Rick has started scanning the shop for valuables. If the girl fought back, she may end up getting shot. Trying to postpone her imminent death, Morty decided to strike up conversation with her. If he stalled long enough, maybe Rick would change his mind about the place.

Dipper walked into the store from the back on his new cell phone in the midst of a conversation. "Look, Bill. I don't care how many times you say you want me or how tanned your abs are or how angelic your blonde hair is—" Dipper paused, anger coloring his face, as the other voice on the line mocked him.
"Ha! You think I'm sexy. So you do still like m—" came the tinny voice.

"Good bye, Bill." Dipper hung up on him and slid his phone into his pocket. "You called, Mabel? I was b— Oh, ah... Hello." Dipper greeted the two, his voice cracking when he looked into Morty's eyes, earning a giggle out of Mabel. He glared at her. "So..." He looked at the two. He'd met everyone in the town, and he could spot a tourist a mile away. These two, however, were not only clearly not tourists, they didn't even feel like they belonged here. They looked...out of place. Different.

"You're not tourists."

Dipper slowly moved towards the counter. He pressed the button beneath it—an emergency button that led straight to Ford and Stan. They'll be up any minute now. He could see Ford taking up his gamma ray gun and Stan wielding his rifle. He didn't know what these two were doing here, but if they were here for trouble... Well, the Pine family wasn't just going to stand here and watch.

Morty scratched the back of his neck. "Yeah. Me and Rick are—we're from dimension C-137. And uh...we can't go home."

Dipper narrowed his eyes. "What do you mean you 'can't go home'?" Images of Bill burning the town and torturing his friends flashed before his eyes. Could this sweet-smelling Omega in front of him be another Bill Cipher? Staring at the fidgeting teenager before him, Dipper tried to calm himself down. The Omega was cute with a shy demeanor and friendliness about him. He seemed sincere and looked like a boy in need of help. Or maybe it's just a trick. Another Bill Cipher. Dipper suppressed the snarl that was trying to force its way out of him.

"Our portal gun broke." Fumbling over his words, Morty pressed on, "I know it's probably asking too much, but um, could we s-stay here, just a couple of nights? W-we've been wandering the woods all day."

"Duh! Of course!" Mabel quickly answered without hesitation.

Dipper stared at his sister, mortified.

Noting his reaction, she whispered to him, "Dipper. Look, I know you don't trust random strangers, but look at them! Their clothes are dirty, and their scent reeks of exhaustion! I mean, what's the big deal, bro-bro? It's not that bad helping people in need, right? Even if they're not from our world."

Dipper sighed. The two did look tired and hungry. Knowing that Ford was a wanderer for 30 years, being stranded in a strange environment and not being able to go home was a terrible feeling.

"All right. I'm sure Grunkle Ford and Stan won't mind."

Besides, if they try something, Ford and Stan can always take care of them.

A loud voice suddenly yelled from the back of the shop. Stan walked into the room, newspaper in hand. "Not if they don't have any money. We're not a homeless shelter." Stan folded his arms as he looked at Rick with a calculating gaze. "So, do you have money to pay for your stay?"

Rick squinted his eyes at the man and reached into his lab coat. Morty saw him grip onto his laser pistol. His heart sank at the thought of such nice people dying. He didn't even get to know the good-looking boy in front of him. It was a shame that Rick was going to kill them just for a place to sleep.

"Now, Stanley, is that any way to treat an old acquaintance of mine?" Ford stepped into the room.
He placed his hand on his brother's shoulder. "Be mindful of who actually owns this place," he reminded him with a firm voice. Ford knew he had smelt a familiar scent all the way from the kitchen.

"Sixer! What's up, my man?" Rick's eyes widened as he locked eyes with the man who just walked in. "Long time, no see! So you're living in this dimension now!" Rick exclaimed, surprised as he approached Ford. He placed both his hand on Ford's shoulders as if he couldn't believe what he was seeing.

"Actually, this is my home dimension," Ford stated, pushing up his glasses.

"Really? Sucks to be you! Ah, I'll never forget that night or that sexy six-fingered handjob." Rick nudged him as he laughed, reminiscing a past unknown to everyone but them.

"Rick! There are kids here!"

Morty's face scrunched up, "Yeah. Ew, Rick. W-we didn't need to know that!"

Mabel cooed over the two, "Aww, past love."

"We're technically teenagers," Dipper pointed out.

Mabel laughed. "That's not the main point, Dipper! Look at Grunkle Ford! Past lovers reunited after years of being split apart. Lovers of different worlds. Isn't that just so romantic?"

Dipper rolled his eyes at her. He turned to look at the young Omega. He was standing there behind the couple, looking confused. Looking...lost, relieved. He started to feel bad for him. Being lost in a foreign land was scary enough, let alone being stuck in a completely different universe. The Omega must be very afraid. He scratched the back of his neck, not knowing what to do. He felt bad that he assumed they were troublemakers. He shouldn't have discriminated against them just because they were different. Because of Bill. Dipper shook his head, trying to get the thoughts of the coldhearted demon out of his mind. He took in a deep breath and walked towards him. Before he could open his lips to address the Omega, though, Mabel beat him to it.

"Morty! C'mon, I'll show you around the place. Let me tell you, you'll love the shack. Sure, we have a lot of bogus stuff, but it's pretty funny!"

Holding his hand, she pulled Morty out of the shack, "This is Waddles. Waddles, this is Morty. Say hi, Waddles."

Morty laughed, a sweet, lighthearted sound. He bent down, a soft smile on his face as he shook Waddle's hoof. "Hello. How are you? I'm Morty."

Waddles made a funny sound, and it made the two laugh. Dipper looked out the window, watching as Mabel had fun with Morty. It could have been him, if he had acted a bit faster. He watched as Soos got introduced to the Omega. The curator joined them, building a small house made of twigs and glitter. They were having so much fun. Sure, he and Mabel were teenagers now, but this was the first time he'd seen his sister revert back to who she was a year ago. Now that they were 13, they were expected to act more mature. Dipper didn't have any trouble with it, but Mabel did. Teachers and adults lectured her for being who she was—a happy, energetic girl who loved having fun.

"Coming back to Gravity Falls was a good idea, after all."

"Hey, Dipper. Go clean up your room."
Dipper turned his head to look at Stan, curious. "Huh? Why?"

"The boy's sleeping with you."

"What?! No fair!"

Dipper turned, shocked to see Mabel pressing her face against the window. Before he could react, she had crawled into the room. "No way! Omegas should stick together! Don't you see how well I get along with Morty? Grunkle Stan, are you trying to ruin this newfound friendship of ours?!" She stood before him, crossing her arms. "Besides, Dipper is an Alpha. Why would you want to put an Alpha and an Omega together?"

"Look, kid. No matter what, you're a girl. He's a boy. It's as simple as that."

Mabel pouted. "No way. Morty's sleeping over with me. Candy's not back from her family trip, and Grenda is in Austria with her boyfriend. They're only coming home in like a week! Can't you let me have Morty?" She flashed her cute puppy-dog eyes at him. "Pleeease, Grunkle Stan? Pretty pleeease?"

"A no is a no, Mabel. You do understand that Morty isn't an average kid, right?" Stan pointed towards the door. "Anyone involved with Ford has a history. You have to understand that that kid isn't from our dimension. I'm trying to keep you safe, Mabel. Dipper is in charge of monitoring Morty while Ford helps Rick to figure out a way home. Understood?"

Mabel looked away, upset at what he said. "Understood."

Looking at Mabel one last time, Dipper turned away. If he could, he'd ask Stan to let Morty stay in her room, but what his grunkle said made sense. Mabel may know how to fight, but she wasn't as adept in it as he was. Dipper was the more cautious, observant twin, which was the reason why Stan had chosen him. Ford may have claimed that Rick was harmless, but they didn't know for sure.

When he reached his room, he started picking up pieces of trash off the floor. He was almost done cleaning the room when he heard the door open. A sweet scent drifted into his nose, making him turn his head.

"Hi, Dipper. So I, uh...see we're sleeping in the same room?"

Dipper nodded. He continued cleaning up his room.

"Hey." Morty walked over to him. In a soft tone, he said, "I just...wanna say thank you."

Dipper felt that he didn't deserve the thank-you he received but nodded nonetheless. Morty sat on his bed, reading the notes hanging on the walls.

"Hey, if you ever need anything, you can come to me, all right? I mean, I know it's pretty traumatizing to be stuck in a new dimension."

Morty's face twisted into a mirthful expression. "I-it's not my first time being stuck in a dimension." Pain in his eyes, he muttered, "I've been through worse things."

The scent Morty was releasing was stinging his eyes. It was filled with guilt, anger, sadness, and pain. A rare combination that was rumored that only war veterans have.

*Anyone involved with Ford has a history.*
When he'd first laid eyes on Morty, he felt that the teenager was harmless. Even though it was just a few seconds, he had let his guard down for a total stranger, a stranger who was well versed in the world of the paranormal.

*Maybe Stan was right. This Omega isn't as simple as he looks like.*

Chapter End Notes

This work has been authorized by S.C.A.R. All works from this group contain trigger warnings such as rape, incest, violence, and gore. Viewer discretion is advised.

Open positions are available. Contact if interested.
Bargain

Chapter Summary

A deal is struck.

Chapter Notes

We are back bitches and ready to finish this!

Down in the basement of the shack, more so Ford's laboratory, Rick and Ford reminisce. Thoughts long since forgotten flood back to Ford's mind, to a time when he let loose, not knowing if he'd live or die or ever see his family again, hopping from alien bar to bar.

Ford remembers coming across a band called the Flesh Curtains. His eyes were immediately drawn towards their bass guitarist, never in all his days in his home dimension did Ford think he'd ever go for a guy like Rick, but when you've been thrust into a completely foreign dimension, it changes you. Not to mention Rick's smell- his odor was not the scent of cigarette, booze, and other drugs, but Rick's actual scent was intoxicating to Ford, so alluring.

Ford surmised at the time, that it must be the familiar scent of being human being so rare in this dimension. After seeing Rick perform few times, Ford decided to become his groupie- in a sense Rick was the only thing of his home dimension he had left. Unable to let it go, he followed the band, but more importantly the man.

Ford begins to sweat as his thoughts become more sexual. "You know your son smells just like you when you were young," he says, passing Rick a tool. "Just like you."

Rick grab the tool, further disassembling the portal gun. "He's actually my grandson," when Ford's needy smell enter Rick's nostrils, he smirks. "You want to go at it like old times or is my grandson more up your alley now?"

Ford stammers, "I...I...I." Ford was never good at hiding his needs. Collecting himself, Ford remembers how blunt Rick is. "I can't say the thought didn't cross my mind."

"You reek of the need to get laid," Rick comments, leaning back in his chair. "I had a hot alien orgy couple nights ago and my recovery time isn't what it used to be, when was your last time?"

A slight but noticeable blush falls on Ford's cheeks. "Is that really important?"

"When, Sixer?" Rick persists.

"W-when we did it... Ok." Ford admits, stuttering in embarrassment.

"Deal."

Morty, Dipper, and Mabel are watching a rerun of Ducktective when a loud intrusive belch comes from the doorway. "Morty, I need you in the basement."

"Okay Rick, one second." Morty says.

"Now." Rick asserts.

"Fine." Morty gets up, following Rick to the vending machine's secret entrance.

Walking down the stairs, Rick elaborates on Morty's needed presence. "Morty, you know who Ford is, right?"

"Yeah, he's a... someone you dated?"

"Well, not really. We fucked that's all. One night -urrp- stand. You'll understand when you get olde —"

Morty tuned Rick out as he rolled his eyes. He could smell the alcohol coating Rick's scent. "So what is it, Rick?"

Rick placed his hand on Morty's shoulder. "Ford's an amazing scientist. He can- he can help us go home, Morty."

"Oh geez, that's great, Rick. I'm so relieved to hear that. I-I really am." Morty sighed in relief. "I'm so glad we bumped into him here. It's a-a miracle."

Rick leaned onto the wall, "Yeah, except that this universe is crawling with monsters."

"Wait, what?" Morty stared at him, stunned.

Rick said, "There's-there's a lot of monsters out there, Morty. You know how we only -urrp- meet those aliens in different dimensions? This dimension is different, Morty. They have monsters who live here. They live here, Morty." Rick took out his flash, staring at it with disinterest. "The worse part? We can't leave this place. My portal gun won't work no matter how hard I tried. We're stuck, Morty. We're stuck in this dimension."

Morty's face paled. His legs gave out, making him fall onto the floor. He shouldn't have let his guard down. Just because the people were kind, and the environment beautiful, it doesn't mean that it's a safe world. He should have known better than this. Morty started to feel ashamed of himself. A seasoned dimensional traveler like him had simply let himself go just because he was fooled by its beauty. "What do we do, Rick? Oh my gosh, I shouldn't have- I shouldn't have thought this place was safe. What do we do, what do we d—" Images of his family flashed before his eyes. He'll never see them again. Morty shut his eyes, grabbing onto the side of his head. The scent of pure panic and sadness filled the small space between them.

"Stop that." Rick grabbed onto his hand. "Listen. I-I got a plan."
Morty slowly opened his eyes and gave Rick a hopeful look. "W-what pl-plan is it, Rick? I thought you said we-we can't go home. You said we were stuck."

"Yes, I -urrrp- did. But I have a plan, Morty. You gonna help me or what?"

"Y-yes, of course! I'll do anything to go home!" Morty clenched onto Rick's shirt. "What's the plan, Rick? Do we have to go back to the spaceship?"

"No. It's much easier than that." Rick grabbed onto his arm. "I need you to -urrrp- have sex with Ford, Morty."

"W-what?" Morty stared at Rick, stunned. His eyes widened at what Rick said. He backpedaled. "Rick, w-what the fuck is wrong with you? How is that gonna-how is that going to help us go home?!"

"Morty. We need him on our side. I'm smart, but I need that guy over there. He-he knows this place, Morty. I need to use him, and until then, you need to keep him distracted. Remember what I taught you, Morty? Do you remember?"

"Do whatever it takes to survive." Morty muttered. He lowered his head, unable to look at Rick. "I... I have to... Rick, i-isn't there anything else I can do?"

"Look, Morty. He has all the data on this place. All you have to do is have sex with him every once in awhile."

Morty shook his head. Ford is a handsome Alpha, but he couldn't. He can't have sex with someone he doesn't love. He always thought that he'd maybe lose his virginity to Jessica. He grit his teeth, "N-no, I-I'm sure we can find another way to go home! I'm not going to sleep with him!"

"Oh really? Cause I heard him say he wants us out by tomorrow."

Morty stared wide eyed at Rick. They have nowhere else to go. For a dimension as dangerous as this, was it worth it?

"Morty. He's our-our only hope to go home." Rick said, "D-Don't you want to go home, Morty? Do you wanna-do you wanna get stuck in this, in this stupid dimension filled with monsters? We-we need him, Morty. We can't go home without him, Morty. We need him."

Rick slid his arm around Morty's shoulders. "Morty. I know how you feel. It's just... Don't you miss your mom? Your sister? We can't stay here, Morty. This isn't-this isn't where we belong, Morty." He pointed towards the door at the far end of the hall, "That man, he's our only ticket to get the hell out of here." A thin, unnoticeable smile spread across the cunning man's face, "Just a few times, Morty. You don't have to have sex with him all the time. We'll be able to stay here for free. We'll be p-protected, and safe." He cupped lifted Morty's chin. "So what do you say, Morty? Don't you want to go home?"

Morty stared at him, fear in his eyes as he thought about the suggestion. There wasn't any way out of this. Either they face the wilderness or they stay here, safe and protected.

"Okay." Morty gulped nervously, "I-I'll d-d-do it. I'll d-do it."

Gathering what little confidence he had Morty walks down the hall, his hand reaches for the door knob, anticipation and worry lodged in his throat.

Opening the door he squeaks a 'hello'. 
"Ah come in, come in." Ford invites.

"Can we—can we cut the foreplay," Morty looks at him, not wanting to make this anymore than it has to be. "How do you want to do this?" He asks, getting straight to the point.

Ford was taken aback by Morty's demeanor. "Very well," Ford was already getting hot and horny. "Take off your clothes," Ford commands, stripping off his lab coat. "Bend over the table." Ford can smell the nervous sweat pouring from Morty's supple skin, it makes him hunger for his flesh even more.

Morty tosses his clothes to the side, a cold draft runs along his bare skin causing him to shiver. The cold stainless steel table was even worse, the pale skin of his chest and belly meet the freezing metal as he silently bent over and onto the table presenting his ass to Ford.

Ford, now naked as well, licks his lips at the sight before him. The scent of his first lover makes him so unbearably horny. Wanting to take his time, Ford places his hard thick member in Morty's butt crack. Hunching over Morty, Ford's breath tickles the back of Morty's neck. Rutting against the boy, his breathing becomes labored. Just breathing in the Omega's sweet scent was intoxicating, not to mention the little almost inaudible moans escaping from Morty's lips.

Ford stands up from his humping position. He places his bulbous head against Morty's entrance. As his thick member sinks into the horny omega, he shudders in unrivaled pleasure.

A needy whine is all Morty can muster in response as Ford begins to thrust into him.

It's been so long for Ford that he doesn't last long, Morty's tight young hole is too good. Having climaxed, Ford thanks Morty breathlessly.

Sensing the fun is over, Rick barrages in. "Ya done plowing my grandson?"

Stretching his arm through his lab coat, "God, Rick! Why do you have to put it like that," Ford says ashamed. "And yes."

Rick, having fulfilled their end of the bargain, goes back to work on the portal gun. He gestured at Morty, waving his hand. "Good job Morty. Go upstairs and do whatever -urrrp- I-I don't care."

Morty just turns of way with a sneer, walking up the stairs rubbing his sore rear. It has been a long day and a very tiring adventure for Morty. Going back to the living room, he finds the twins had just popped in a movie. Mabel is laying on her stomach on the floor while Dipper is on the left side of the couch with a bowl of popcorn next to him.

Sitting down on the couch Morty tries his best to relax. The movie wasn't exactly the kind he was into but it was still enjoyable, Morty begins to absent-mindedly reach into the bowl of popcorn, eating handfuls of the snack. It has been probably 12 hours since he last ate.

Reaching in for another handful of popcorn his hand grabs something that isn't popcorn. His hand was holding Dipper's, what was strange is neither one of them immediately jerked away their hands until Morty slowly relinquished his hand. “A-ah, I-I'm sorry.” Morty whispers, in the dark room.

“Don't worry about it.”

What Morty didn't know was that Dipper had his hand in there the entire time waiting for it to happen, it was all part of the plan he concocted. Judging by Morty's slow response, Dipper got the answer he was looking for.
With the credits rolling and the crickets chirping in the dead of night, it was time for them to go to bed.
He didn’t really mind sharing a room with another male. He really didn’t.

But really though, the way Stan looked at him was as if he was a criminal. True, he is an intergalactic one, but this really is his first time being in this dimension. He hasn’t done anything... yet. Of all the crimes that he committed, he wanted none of them. It’s always about Rick—how he wants a new crystal, data, alien, and so on. He wonders if he has to live his life this way forever. Sure, he was lucky enough to get a place to stay in this dimension, but what about the other ones? Morty rolled his eyes at himself. Maybe it was the new dimension that’s making him think too much. As long as Rick is alive, he knows his life is stuck this way. Frustrated, he lifted the covers on his bed.

“Hey um… Morty?”

Morty turned his head, only to find the younger teenager staring at him, hiding something behind his back.

“Here’s some clothes for you. You know, if you want to change or shower?”

He took the clothes from him, smiling graciously as he did. As a person who travelled to different dimensions and almost died in all of them, he learnt that comfort is not something that can be easily attained, something that should be appreciated. They began to chat idly, and his fondness for the young man grew.

Dipper asked, “So, how was your day?”

Morty froze. The flashbacks of what he did with Ford came rushing back to him. A sick feeling came bubbling up his chest. Stanford is an attractive, intelligent man. A man that requested that he had sex with him, so that he and his grandpa could stay. Oddly, he did enjoy the sex, but the fact that he was forced to do it didn’t make it any better. The thing is, it wasn’t the first time he’d slept with someone for favours. Favours that Rick wanted. Favours to keep them alive.

“It was… okay.” Morty smiled at him.

Dipper creased his brow at the weird smile the Omega was flashing him. He could tell that he was trying to reassure him, but frankly speaking, the smile was so fake it gave him shivers up his spine. A bad one. It’s not that the smile was fake that made him uncomfortable, it’s the feeling that came with it. It felt forced, sad, angry, and filled with a sense of humiliation and disappointment. A fury of emotions that came with subtle scents that the young Omega must have not realized.

“So, wanna go watch the stars?”

Morty raised his eyebrows at that question. He had panicked, thinking that the boy may have figured out what he did with his granduncle. When he asked that question however, he relaxed. Rick’s voice rang through his mind: *Nobody should be ashamed for doing what’s best to survive, Morty.*

He shrugged. “Sure. Why not?”

He expected the Alpha to take the lead out the door, not open the window. And crawl out of it. He
followed him, and they wound up on the roof. He was amazed when he was greeted by bright stars shining above him.

It reminded him of home.

It became a thing that the two would sneak up every night to watch the stars.

“Is it me, or are the two of you like… starting to get… closer?”

Mabel narrowed her eyes at the two of them. It just wasn’t fair. It could have been her if only if their grunkle hadn’t teared her and Morty apart. She swore they could get along even better than the two boys in front of her.

“Duh, Mabel. People get closer when they’re roommates.”

Mabel rolled her eyes.

Grinning, Dipper said, “I’m thinking of bring Morty to town. Wanna come?”

It’s been weeks, and the Omega had never left their compound. It’s pretty sad, really. He works in the shop during the day. He also works at night for Ford at the lab. Dipper offered to help too, but of course, was turned down. Normally he would be happy that he wasn’t asked to do work, but he didn’t like that tired, sluggish look that Morty has every time he comes back in the middle of the night.

“Oh my gosh. Of course you dummy! Why wouldn’t I!?”

A sharp, excited squeal was released from her as she ran over to Morty’s side. She circled her arm around his, and tugged him towards the entrance of the house.

Dipper watched fondly as his sister started to strike up conversation with Morty. It’s nice, watching the two people you care about share a nice talk. What Dipper didn’t understand though, was why there was a tinge of jealousy that came up as he watched them. How he felt uncomfortable when Mabel slipped her arm around Morty’s waist, and how Morty’s eyes shined whenever Mabel told him a joke.

It made him feel… angry?

Dipper became confused. Morty isn’t his. Why is he feeling this way?

“Do you like him?” Mabel whispered into his ear.

Dipper felt like he had jumped out of his skin when his sister suddenly whispered into his ear. “Are you seriously asking me that question, Mabel?”

“Yes,” Mabel narrowed her eyes at him, “That’s why you asked me to come along right? To play pretend-my-sister-left-now-let’s-go-on-a-date?”

“What!” Dipper’s eyes widened, “No!”

“Oh okay. Fine.”
Dipper became puzzled at his sister’s sudden definitive answer. She was not one to backdown that easily. He tried to ask her about it, but she ignored him, deciding to cling onto Morty instead. As the day went on, they continued having fun, until they reached a small ice-cream shop.

“Three large milkshakes please!”

Dipper stared at his sister, confused. Three milkshakes aren’t enough. His sister could drink all of it by herself in the span of one hour. They need at least two milkshakes for his sister, so in total: four milkshakes.

“I’m going to the ladies, if you’ll excuse me.”

He swore he saw her wink at him before she left.

True enough, she never did come back for her drink.

“Oh geez. I-I don’t know where she is. Did I-did I do something wrong?!”

Dipper saw the panic rise in Morty’s eyes when they realized she wasn’t coming back. He placed a hand on his shoulder. “Nope. Just Mabel. Justt Mabel.”

Dipper’s hands twitched when he felt his handphone vibrate in his pocket. The message is definitely from Mabel, and the contents would most likely be along the lines of:

GOOD LUCK! ❤ Don’t gt him pregO? OXOXOX I’m rooting 4 u! ❤ ❤

Or

Hve fun u 2 ; ) Good luck baby brother ❤ ❤ Dipper & Morty sitting on a tree, KISSING! ❤

I will fucking end you, Mabel.

“So what do we do now?”

Dipper looked up at Morty, only realizing that he had his head down the whole time he thought of killing his sister. Sheepish, he replied, “I uh… I think we should just continue with our day. No point going home, you know what I mean?” And I wouldn’t hear the end of it if we did go home. He rolled his eyes.

Morty nodded. The two stared at each other awkwardly.

“So… Do we takeaway for Mabel?” Morty pointed at the extra milkshake.

Dipper rubbed his temples. “Nope. Let’s just drink it.”

The awkward silence became deafening.

“You can drink it all, if you want.” Dipper said, weakly. “I mean, you deserve it. You worked really hard.”

Morty shook his head. “Nah, it’s okay Doug. I don’t really mind. Besides, I’m not a huge fan of milkshakes. You can take it.”

After a few minutes of silence, Dipper coughed into his fist. “Ok. Um. Let’s… drink this together? If you know, you’re ok with it.” His innerself cringed so hard at his offer. *Dude, the Omega hardly knows you. He is definitely going to think you’re some desperate Alpha.* He took a deep breath,
bracing himself for rejection.

“Oh okay. Sure.”

Dipper’s jaw dropped. *What?* Before he could stop himself, he said, “Yeah, afterwards we can go watch a movie or to the arcades.” He mentally smacked himself when he realized he made it sound more like a date than anything else. Not that he minds. Despite his grunkle’s warning, Morty has proven himself to be a decent, kind man. Since he already dug his grave earlier, why not?

“Oh okay,” Morty replied nonchalantly, already starting to drink the milkshake through his straw.

He cannot believe this is happening. Did Morty just agree to go on a date with him?

He could feel himself hyperventilating. His chest rose up and down as he tried to force himself to calm down. He can’t believe he wasn’t turned down. Morty is such a wonderful person; it’s just weird for him to actually agree to go on a date with him.

He hasn’t felt this worked up since Wendy.

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When they got home that night, Dipper realized that the attraction he felt for Morty might grow in the future. He panicked; Morty is from a different dimension. If the portal gun gets fixed, he would have to go home, leaving Dipper with a broken heart. The worse part is: Morty is his roommate. There is no way in hell that he can avoid the man.

“You see that star over there? Do you know what it is?”

Dipper shook his head. Somehow, they’ve ended up on the roof again, looking at the dark night sky.

“It’s the planet Venus.”

Dipper nodded as he listened to Morty talk about stars and constellations, about myths and of dimensions beyond this one. His eyes softened as how enthusiastic Morty was, how intelligent he was. Dipper looked into his eyes, and he realized that it was too late.

He was falling in love.
Deep down in Ford’s subterranean workshop he and Rick have been working tirelessly to find a solution to send Rick home. Progress is slow but steady, neither one of them leaving the lab for days on end, going down the rabbit hole with arguably your intellectual equal is quite the experience, something that Rick isn’t used to he’s used to being the smartest man in the universe without a rival at least with an exception of other versions of himself so being stuck in a lab with the second most intelligent person on the Earth debatably in this dimension is very refreshing in a sense, especially in comparison to Morty.

“Pass me the-the quantum destabilizer hic.” Ford asks, holding out his hand, his intense focus unbroken.

Taking a sip from his flask, then shaking it upside down Rick responds. “Nah, let’s take a break, you look like shit and I’m out of booze”, being oddly responsible.

“What do you mean I look like shit, you look like shit.” Ford counters, slurring his words, snapping from the task at hand.

“God, I let you have like three sips, you’re such a fucking lightweight,” grabbing him by the lab coat. “Come on, you need a shower and I can’t stand this facial hair.” Rick complains, rubbing his chin.

Dragging a sulking Ford up the stairs he continues to drag the semi incoherent man into the living room where Stan’s reaction is suspicious at best.

Jumping up from his recliner. “What’s going on here?!?” Stan questions, with much scrutiny and suspicion.

Rick simply replied. “Booze.” In a way of saying he needs some and that Ford is in this condition as a result of.

Stan sits back down grabbing his newspaper, muttering. “Oh ok carry on.”

Continuing to drag Ford’s inebriated ass up the stairs going into the bathroom grunting as he heaves the heavy man into the bathtub.

Rick quickly shaves and cleans himself up done with what he wanted to do he callously turns on the shower spraying water on the fully clothed sobering up man leaving to the sound of getting cursed out.
Morty was sweeping the shop’s floor when he heard the door opening. He quickly pinched his nose when he noticed the strong alcoholic scent coming from it. Somehow, it’s harder to withstand the scent now that he can’t take it anymore. The fact that he can smell alcohol on Rick in a foreign dimension in broad daylight spells disaster for him. Rick stared at his grandson, annoyed.

“Morty, Ford’s having some trouble cleaning himself up. Go help him.”

Morty grit his teeth, “But we— Ford and me did it last night! I—”

“Pathetic.” Rick rolled his eyes. “Haven’t you heard of the term ‘earn your keep’? You know they’re feeding us and sheltering us against who knows what, right?”

Morty nodded. He’s worked all day without rest, so he’s too tired to argue with him. He lowered his head, admitting defeat.

“Good. Now go to his bedroom.”

Morty sighed, then put down the broom he was holding. He watched as Rick started stealing some souvenirs off the shelves. Morty opened his mouth, wanting to stop him.

What does it matter anyway?

Why am I still alive?

Morty walked into the living room, sighing. He wondered if he should use the lube he hid under his pillow. He looked at the television screen absent mindedly. Apparently it was a drama about a woman who sought happiness after a car crash that ruined her life. Morty sat on the floor, engrossed as he became inspired by her strong will.

“I will never give up. I lost my family because of that drunk driver. I lost my legs. I lost my job. But I will make sure I will not lose myself.”

Morty’s eyes reddened as the screen showed Melody’s happy memories with her family before the accident. He stood up, not wanting to cry. He misses his mother. He misses his sister. He misses his family.

He misses his world.

Morty couldn’t help but feel the anguish and sadness thriving inside of him. His father told him to stay away from Rick, but he didn’t listen. Rick is a bad role model, Morty. He’s selfish and arrogant; he’s not someone you can trust. Morty admired his grandfather’s intelligence. He couldn’t help but ignore his own father’s advice, lying to himself that Jerry was saying it out of spite and jealousy, which he knew wasn’t true. I should have listened. Morty couldn’t help the tears that fell from his brown eyes.

“Hey, you okay there?”

Morty snapped up his head, only to see Stan looking at him with worried eyes.

“I uh, yeah. I’m fine. I’m great, so don’t worry about it. I’ll uh—I’ll go check on Ford now.”
He walked past Stan, but as if on cue, his stomach rumbled on his first step on the stairs. Morty froze, embarrassed. Stan leaned on the doorframe, his face crinkling up as he looked at the boy with a look resembling understanding.

“Y’know, I make good pancakes,” The elderly man said, “I feel like making dozens of them now. Want some?”

Morty’s stomach rumbled again. He forgot to eat lunch. The tourists that came to the shop didn’t give him time to.


Morty couldn’t help but blurt out, “You have frankwurst sausages?!”

“Of course I do,” Stan said, “I just don’t share it with the others because damn they’re expensive.”

Morty stood on the stairs, not knowing if he should accept his invitation. He’s hungry and tired, but what if Rick catches him? Morty isn’t supposed to be eating; he was supposed to be up there, taking care of Ford. He only ate a small bowl of cereal before he left for his work in the shop, so he’s been dying accept it. He looked away, not knowing what to do.

Stan left him at the stairs, whistling as he made his way to the kitchen. Morty fought with himself, not knowing what to do.

“Stop standing around, boy. Come to the kitchen. I could use a pair of hands.”

Stan has good cooking skills. He’s sure that the meal the Alpha makes will be delicious and filling. Morty wiped the drool off the side of his mouth. He couldn’t risk getting gastric could he? He couldn’t let Ford fuck him if he was sick, right? He needed to be well if he needed to ‘serve’ the man, didn’t he? He sprinted into the kitchen the moment he smelt scrambled eggs.

“There you are. I’m also going to be making some instant mushroom soup. There’s a plate of—”

Before he could continue, Morty shoved a spoonful of the freshly made eggs into his mouth. He twitched in pain when it burnt his tongue.

“Morty. Why don’t you eat a few slices of bread instead? You need the food to cool down first y’know.”

Morty nibbled on bread as he watched Stan cook. He listened as the man told him about his day. They exchanged theories on the real identity of the driver who destroyed Melody’s life. He laughed as he listened to Stan cracking jokes about the weather, and how it sucks being an old man.

*Why couldn’t it be you instead?*

“Be what?”

Morty’s face flushed red. “I um- I mean they look delicious, and why couldn’t I eat your food more often instead of always going to Susan’s diner?”

Stan blushed, embarrassed at the sudden compliment. He scratched the back of his head, not knowing what to say. It has been ages since he’d received it from someone other than his family,
that he doesn’t really know how to react to it.

Stan coughed into his fist, “You know, if you really like it, I don’t mind cooking for you whenever you want.”

Morty smiled as he set the plates full of food on the table. “Yeah that’d be nice,” he replied, flattered.

Morty sat down with Stan as the two talked about a variety of topics, ranging from aliens to piracy. He realized that though Stan is a conman just like Rick, he has a higher moral standing than him. Actually, Rick’s more of a terrorist than a conman. The man blows up planets if he doesn’t like the look of them or whenever he’s drunk. Morty decided to push Rick out of his mind, opting to focus on the pile of food in front of him.

“C’mon, dig in!” Stan said, already shoving his face full of food.

The two ate side by side, basking in each other’s company as they enjoyed their food.

Chapter End Notes

Want to collaborate with the lovely people who helped make this fiction what it is? Then join S.C.A.R.’s discord server at https://discord.gg/dYQ5zVa

Please be sure to leave a kudos and check out our other sinful fictions and collaborations in our collection here on Ao3.

End Notes

Want to join the writing group that created this work? It is full of sinful writers called Sin Corps Army Reborn! It is open to everyone! So if you want to pop in and talk to our members and maybe write with us you can! Even if you want to just try it out and you realize the group is not for you that is alright! The link is this https://discord.gg/cAXwN9D

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!