A World of Possibilities

by Ked

Summary

She was a girl, he was a psychic (Can I make it any more obvious?)

Series of one shots featuring reverse!dipper, reverse!Pacifica, and maybe some other stuff.

Notes

Okay so this chapter is awful but I had to post something for the first chapter and this is it. In my take of the Reverse Falls AU, the characters keep their last names and some of their personality traits, but switch their protagonist/antagonist roles. I'm not good at writing, but I'm giving it a shot, so buckle in kiddos because this is gonna be a bumpy ride. Leave me some prompts and maybe I'll do them. Also the formatting is probably weird because I wrote this on the notes app on my phone but screw it.
Fairy Jerks vs Psychic Jerks

Pacifica's relationship with the pine twins had always been, especially with the cocky male one, strained. She could still remember the first time she saw the two, during one of their famed performances at the Tent of Telepathy. She remembered her initial wariness of fake and cheap tricks being replaced by the awe of their undoubtedly genuine magic. They had both seemed so wonderful, until she and her cousin got on their bad side.

Gideon had always been an easy going kid, not really making enemies with anyone. He was more of a lover than a fighter. The same went for Pacifica, as she had many friends back home in Piedmont. But the moment the Pines twins had an inkling of suspicion that Pacifica and Gideon had the third journal in their possession, it didn't take long for the sets of relatives to become rivals. The twins' constant pursuit of the book had lead to some seriously terrifying situations over the summer, most having to do with their psychic abilities.

Whenever they would face off against each other, it always seemed like Mabel was pitted against Gideon, and Pacifica against Dipper. And how Pacifica loathed Dipper. Pacifica had always been an amicable girl, if not a little feisty, and was generally slow to anger. But Dipper, oh Dipper knew how to press every single button and get on every single nerve in Pacifica's body. It was arrogant, egotistical boys like him that made Pacifica all but chuck her normal easy going attitude into the trash. Everything about him screamed "creep" and seeing him even for a moment was a moment too long.

Maybe she hated him because that single moment was all it took for her to lose her composure.

Maybe it was because he still managed to sweet talk her after all the harm he had caused her and Gideon. Specifically Gideon, because anyone out to harm her well meaning cousin was someone she would personally beat to the ground. And she would do almost anything for Gideon.

Which is what lead Pacifica to her current situation: Scavenging the forest with her cousin to try to discover some sort of fairy-like creature that was written about in the journal. Trudging through the wide expanse of forest hadn't been her ideal plan for a hot summer's evening, but who was she to deny her cousin/best friend?

"It says these creatures can be found near rivers deep in the forest since they're water sprites, so I say we follow the sound of running water." Gideon said, clumsily rummaging through tall grass and twigs with his chubby face and nose tucked into the worn pages of the journal.

Pacifica nodded slowly, the faint sound of a busy stream reaching her ears.

"Sounds like there might be a river that way." She said, pointing in a direction where the trees appeared to be growing more sparse.

Gideon hardly looked up from the book as they wandered in that direction, letting the sounds of water and the excitement of finding pixies guide them. Pacifica was happy to pluck some flowers on the way there, twisting the stems into what would become a crown of petals.

Pacifica flinched as she pricked her finger on a thorn on one of the flower's stems. Wiping her wounded appendage on her pant leg she asked, "So what's so great about these fairies? Will they grant us wishes or something?"

Gideon finally closed the journal, tucking it away into his vest and addressing Pacifica with a look of
"No, but I still think they'll be really cool to observe. In the journal it says that these pixies are amazing to look at in the twilight on account of how they glow. Probably shouldn't interact with them, though, they're known for being quite mischievous."

Pacifica nodded with a content sound and peered at the setting sun through the clusters of trees. "So that's why we're out here so late," She then added with a slight chuckle, "I thought you just didn't wanna burn your baby skin."

Gideon sent her a half-hearted glare. Half hearted because it was true, Gideon really did take immaculate care of his pale skin. Pacifica was a bit more lax with her tanning, and had a much more healthy looking skin tone. This wasn't the only physical difference between the two. With the difference between their body types, hair shades, and accents, it was easy to see how some people might not assume they were related at all. Pacifica knew that even if they weren't, they'd still be good pals. Their music friendship had grown that strong over the years.

Pacifica was broken out of her thoughts as Gideon made a "shh" noise and put an arm in front of her to halt her path. Pacifica gazed up through the trees into the clearing ahead. There lied a lazy moving river with the beginning of dusk happening just over the horizon. Plants like cattails, tulips, and tall grasses grew in the muddy river bed, which was somewhat odd to Pacifica because she didn't think tulips usually grew so close to the water. But she wasn't exactly a botanist or gardener, so who knew?

The pair hid behind a group of shrubs, peering through the gaps in the limbs towards the stream.

"So what now?" Pacifica asked, trying to be as quiet as she could. Gideon had mentioned that these fairies could easily be frightened or enraged if they felt the presence of a human.

"We gotta wait a little longer. These pixies don't come out until the moon is well into the sky."

Gideon stated, seemingly relieved with staying still for a while after all the walking they had done. Which was funny considering all the running they had done over the summer. Who would've thought he'd still be in bad shape?

Pacifica made herself comfortable as they sat there, waiting. She thought they must have at least sat their for an hour, simply waiting for something, anything, to happen. At some point Pacifica's feet fell asleep, and about a half an hour later she thought she would soon follow. The whole trip seemed pointless.

Then, right before she was going to call it all off, a tulip began to give off a soft glow. One by one each flower began to gain iridescence in the darkness, and the river sparkled like liquid diamond under their gentle light. One by one the petals seemed to open up in a way peculiar for tulips, and little fairies began to float out. They were extraordinary to look at. Pale almost white skin, hair all different shades of blue, and fluttering wings that glinted in the moonlight. The pair of teens could only sit in shocked silence as they witnessed a whole community of fairies bloom with life as they sang and flew and danced. It was one of the most beautiful sights they had seen all summer.

Then Gideon had to ruin it.

The boy, who was slowly being drawn closer to the scene before him, leaned to heavily on a twig of the bush in front of him and it snapped under the pressure. This might not have been a big deal, the fairies surely wouldn't have heard it over the festivities, except Gideon kept leaning until he had fallen through the bush and made himself visible to the fair folk. Every tiny being stopped an stared at him, going completely still like it was some sort of defense mechanism. The enchanting music had
even stopped, leaving an uncomfortable silence in its wake. Pacifica decided they had nothing to lose at those point and peered over the top of her bush.

"Um... hi" She spoke nervously, sheepishly rubbing the back of her neck.

When an angry buzzing started and the fairies began to grin with razor sharp teeth and hungry eyes, the two knew they had screwed up. Turning to each other they yelled simultaneously "Run!" And set off back in the direction they came, being chased by a pack of once-cute-now-terrifying creatures. The two ran through the dark forest with the grace of newborn deer, constantly tripping and stumbling to get up when they felt the nip of sharp teeth against their ankles. As they fled, Pacifica knew she had to strategize a plan if they wanted to make it out of this mostly unscathed.

"Gideon, lets split up. Hopefully that will confuse them, or at least distract them long enough for us to meet back up at the shack. The place is warded against magic so it should keep them out." Pacifica said, pausing every so often to take a labored breath.

The only confirmation of Gideon's assent she got was a huffed agreeing noise and him veering off into the dark, talking some of the frenzied fairies with them. Pacifica kept running in the same direction, running even faster now that she didn't have to worry about leaving behind her less than physically inclined cousin. She managed to take some sharp turns that threw the fairies off and gave some more space between them. Her plan was to somehow lose them, and she saw her opportunity coming up. As she went to make another sharp turn, she clung to the back of the tree she had just veered around, praying they would see her in the dark against its trunk. She was in luck, because they sped by as one angry mob, off into the direction she would've gone if she hadn't stopped. Breathing a sigh of relief, Pacifica stood still and waited for their glow to fade into the distance.

After they had vanished, Pacifica took a confident step forward, only to find the soil shifting underneath her. With dread pooling in her stomach, Pacifica found her feet thrown out from beneath her as she tumbled down what she assumed to be a deep slope. Rocks dug into her flesh and sharp grass slashes her face as she fell. She finally began to slow as the ground leveled out, her rolling body finally halting as she lay dizzily on the ground. Everything hurt, and the full moon in the distance seemed to be shining down at her mockingly.

After a moment of being totally still, Pacifica slowly helped herself up, deciding that getting home was more of a priority than lying in the woods after a nasty fall. She reached for her bag, where she kept her flashlight that she had been too panicked to think of using until now, to only encounter nothing but empty space.

"Oh great," she mumbles,"It must've fell off when I was falling. If I'm lucky it might've landed somewhere nearby"

Ever the optimist, Pacifica began to feel around blindly in the ground, searching for the canvas texture of her backpack. After a good 5 minutes of searching and about to give up, she finally felt the material of what was most likely her bag. But before she could snatch it, a blue glow began to surround the item. Pacifica watched with dread as her bag began to levitate, surrounded by an eerily familiar cyan illumination.

"I assume this ugly sack is yours, Pacifica" She heard his voice say and he stepped out of the darkness.

And there was Dipper, in all his creepy glory.

Pacifica grumbled as she stood up, brushing herself off and trying not to blush at the thought of Dipper seeing her look so disheveled.
"Yea, that would be happen to be mine. Now if you wouldn't mind handing it back..." Pacifica said, trying to grab the bag as it floated just out of her reach. The jerk was taunting her.

"Now just wait a moment." He said with a smug chuckle, "What is someone like yourself doing in these woods so late at night? You know there's all sorts of dangerous things lurking here."

Pacifica rolled her eyes. Clearly Dipper was referencing himself and trying to intimidate her. Too bad she could see past all his mind tricks to the arrogant, journal-obsessed boy that he was. She would have to play her cards right if she wanted to get out of this without some sort of threat to her life.

"It's none of your business why I'm here Dipper. Just give me my bag and I'll be on my way." Pacifica said, trying to choose the route that would cause the least amount of turmoil between the two. Talking to Dipper was like poking a viper; it never ended well.

The bag levitated in a lazy circle around Dipper's head as he appeared to inspect it, a look that was close to morbid curiosity appearing on his pale face. He really did have a perfect face.

'Stop thinking about his flawless face, he's a jerk.' Pacifica mentally slapped herself for the thought that has automatically popped in her head.

"Well I wonder what could be in this bag that's so important to you. What secrets are you hiding?" He asked, giving her the most infuriating yet suave look Pacifica had ever seen.

Her face flushed red, partly due to frustration and another emotion she didn't care to acknowledge.

"The journal isn't in there so you can give up right now. If you must know, my flashlight is in there and I need that to navigate back home" Pacifica explained to him, her frustration growing ever more at her caped enemy.

Dipper grew silent then, and Pacifica could only guess what he was thinking. Dipper really only had two settings for his face, and those were cold and calculating, or apathetic. There was the occasional occasion where Pacifica had seen him full of rage, but those were rare times that she didn't want to relive anytime soon. So, excluding when he was obviously angry, Pacifica could never tell what the psychic boy was feeling, or if he even felt anything at all. Which was unfair because the boy always seemed to know how she was feeling due to his abilities. No matter how hard she tried to fake a calm composure, he could always reach into her mind and feel her true thoughts, which he usually pointed out in attempts to throw her off guard. So for all Pacifica knew as she stood there waiting, Dipper could be lost in his own thoughts, or he could be lost in hers.

Finally the floating bag plopped down into the ground and Dipper gave her one of the most unsettling yet enticing smiles she had ever seen. It would've been fully enticing if she hadn't known that a smile on his face like that meant trouble for anyone who it was directed at.

"Who needs a flashlight? I'll escort you home. Consider it an apology for my rude behavior" The psychics twin said, completely aware to the discomfort building up inside her.

'Okay, what is his game here?' Pacifica thought as she quickly picked up her bag, took out the flashlight, and slung in around the shoulder.

"That's really not necessary, I can make it back fine on my own" She said as she brushed past him into the direction she assumed was home.

This didn't deter Dipper, as he walked after her with a predatory gaze and a smirk to match. Just as predicted, she didn't trust or want to be near him, which just made it so much more fun.
"Well I'll still walk with you, for safety. Who knows what might happen to a girl like you in the dark." He stated as he ran a finger through his slicked back hair.

Pacifica scoffed,"Since when have you ever cared about my safety? Last time I checked, you and your sister are hell bent on destroying me!"

Dipper pretended to be affronted by the accusation, placing a gloved hand over his heart in mock offense as he walked beside her.

"I don't want to destroy you Pacifica. In fact, I find you quite charming actually. Kind of like a dog taught to stand on its hind legs. It's not my fault you and your hick cousin meddle with things you shouldn't."

Pacifica halted and started into Dipper's now glowing blue eyes. They shone differently than the fairies, with much for ferocity and icy fire.

"Meddling with things we shouldn't?! You mean threatening your power. Face it, Dipper, we scare you because you know we can beat you." Pacifica said, full of new found confidence and ready to go head to head with Dipper.

Dipper could feel him calm composure breaking as he stared at Pacifica. What was it about this girl that got his blood to boil more than anything else did. It was infuriating and invigorating all at the same time. His amulet was now glowing in a clear display of his power as he stalked towards Pacifica.

"You understand nothing, girl. You think you can beat Mabel and I? Give it your best shot because I guarantee you'll fail." Dipper said as Pacifica slowly backed away, the feeling of fear and wavering courage being clearly projected from her mind.

"The truth is, my dear Pacifica, that I don't truly need to play these silly games with you. I can take what I need from your mind, and you're defenseless to stop me."

As Pacifica's back hit a tree and Dipper caged her in, she fought to regain some semblance of bravery that would still her beating heart. He was to close she could see the different colored flecks in his eyes and smell his cool breath. They were toe to toe and Dipper pressed his forehead to hers, pushing her head back against the rough tree bark. Pacifica grit her teeth as she could feel him running through her mind, the energy of his powers feeling like a grabby hand searching for anything to snatch. Dipper cupped her face with his hands to keep her from struggling, and all Pacifica could do was mentally struggle against him and the whole event transpired. Looking back on it, she would say it was one of the most otherworldly experiences of her life.

While Pacifica struggled to regain control, Dipper stared at her face with intensity. Who was this girl that lit a fire in him that was stronger than when he used magic? Who was this girl that put up an impressive struggle against his mind probing? He thought back to the Pacifica who had foiled his and Mabel's countless schemes over the summer. She was the same girl who now, despite knowing what he was capable of, stood up to him and wasn't willing to take his crap. After a life time of adoring fans and easily charming everyone in his life, it was refreshing to find someone he could play with without breaking them down to his will so easily. Yes, it was clear to him that she was worth keeping around for a while longer, to sate his curiosity at least.

Changing from intense to calm in a heart beat, he halted his assault on Pacifica's mind and took a step back, allowing her to slump over onto the ground on both hands and knees. She was heaving and shaking, and it almost made Dipper feel regret over what he'd done. Almost.
"You'll see it my way soon enough, Pacifica." He said, brushing himself off as she rose shakily, glaring at him.

"Never, you psycho." She sneered at him.

Dipper simply chuckled and crossed his arms, ready to depart for the night, but not without parting words.

"I'll see you again soon Pacifica, and I think you might have a change of mind by then. As for now, be careful. Anything can happen in these woods"

With a final smirk he vanished, simply flashing out of existence to who knows where.

Pacifica crossed her arms and gave out a sigh, too tired from everything that had happened to really process more than the need to get back home. After all, she did need her rest, so she could kick the smile of that handsome jerk's face. And how she would enjoy it.
Dipper groaned in annoyance as his sister dragged him towards a tent with faded carnival stripes. It was the annual Summer festival in Gravity Falls, full of all sorts of suspiciously defective looking rides and cheap attractions. Not usually Dipper's cup of tea, but Mabel just had to drag him along. Whether it was because she genuinely wanted his company or because she loved basking in his irritation, he didn't know.

(Dipper had a strong suspicion it was the latter)

Dipper, who was well acquainted with real magic and magical beings (himself being one), wasn't impressed by the garish signs for "Madame Celest the Oracle" promising to read his future. But Mabel couldn't stop talking about how "quaint" it would be and how she was excited to get a look into her future. Dipper informed her that if they were looking for true insight into their future, there was surely some magic in Gravity Falls that could actually do the trick, but Mabel wasn't having it. And so here they were, one filled with wonder and one filled with doubt, as they walked into the dim tent. A sign just inside the entrance read "tips only" and Dipper knew he wouldn't be coughing up any money to this woman.

Considering how much the citizens of the town ate up the twins' magic show, it was somewhat surprising that they weren't attracted by this sketchy oracle act. Maybe they were smarter than Dipper gave them credit for.

As the two entered the dark tinted tent, the wrinkly old woman sitting at a small wooden table began to chuckle mirthlessly. She was wearing a deep purple robe and shimmery earrings. Dipper couldn't recognize the lady from around town, but he didn't exactly get out a lot, and she definitely looked like the reclusive type.

The old woman looked at them with milky blue eyes that were almost swallowed by wrinkles and gave them a crooked smile. Any normal kid might be perturbed, but Dipper couldn't sense any malevolence out of the woman before him, only a hint of mischievousness.

"Welcome children to my tent of magic! I knew you two would come. Here to see into your future?"

Dipper and Mabel gave each other equally unimpressed glances and sat down in the creaking old chairs that were positioned across the table from the woman. Mabel was the first to speak.

"We're really excited to get our futures read!" She exclaimed with a mixture of amusement and quiet distain for the uncomfortable chair she sat in.
"Don't you fake psychics usually have a crystal ball? What, was it too much for you to afford?"
Dipper asked, crossing his arms and leaning back in the worn chair.

Madame Celest only shook her head with a mild look of annoyance.

"I don't need a crystal ball to see into your future, Dipper Pines. I think you'll find that soon enough"
Dipper rolled his eyes. So the lady knew his name, big deal. He was a local celebrity so of course the woman knew him.

Madame Celest reached out her wrinkly palms towards Mabel, palms facing up. After a moment of hesitation that was probably due to the distain of touching such an uncanny stranger, Mabel placed her perfectly manicured hands in her, their palms touching. Madame Celest closed her eyes and took a deep breath inward, an enchanted feeling spreading through the air. It seemed to wash over Dipper like a wave of calm and nausea at the same time.

'Maybe she's not as fake as I thought.' He thought as the sounds of shouting and laughter from the carnival faded outside.

"Yes, I can see your future Mabel. I see power in your future, but it will come at a price. You have a choice to make Mabel, and the choice approaches soon."
Mabel quickly seemed to disregard what the old woman said, clearly only here to hear one specific aspect of her future.

"Okay that's great and all, but what about love? Is Gideon ever going to finally realize he loves me?"
Mabel asked angrily, her hands tightening around the woman's, desperate for answers.

Madame Celest flinched a little and pried her hands away from Mabel.

"That aspect of your future is unclear to me. However, I can see someone about love related to this one." She said as her head inclined towards Dipper.

Dipper was about to voice how uninterested he was in figuring out his love life, but before he knew it Mabel was squealing with delight and the oracle was grabbing his hands. The magical feeling from before returned ten fold as Dipper felt every muscle in his body tense and then relax.

Madame Celest's voice echoed outside as he closed his eyes. "You are an ice cold boy. You think you are in control and you love the power you possess. But you have already met the person who will one day become more important to you than your power. She burns brighter than your magic, and consumes you more than it."

In Dipper's mind's eye he saw dancing blue flames, the color of his magic. There was her sultry silhouette, gracefully moving between flames. Her full blonde hair dancing in the heat, her tan skin illuminated by the glowing embers. Dipper felt sweat pooling in various places as his heart beat escalated. He couldn't tell if these thoughts were being projected into his mind or if they had originated there, but the warmth was oh so familiar.

It was there when they walked side by side in the woods, once enemies now something in between that and the opposite, sides occasionally touching and hidden blushes. It was there when she refused to leave him alone and dragged him along to some inane activity. It was there when, despite all the evil he was capable of, despite how much he didn't deserve it, Pacifica looked at Dipper like he was everything. That was were he had felt this feeling before.

"But you have already met the person who will one day become more important to you than your
"power." Echoed in his mind.

"No." Dipper growled, snatching his hands away from the woman and standing up.

"Nothing matters more than my power. Everything else is inconsequential. You're a fool you old hag."

Dipper whipped around and stormed out of the tent, his sister long forgotten. The sun had set sometime while he was in the tent, and the neon lights shining from the fare were harsh on Dipper's eyes, which had been adjusted to the darkness inside the tent. He stalked off to a darker place in between two carnival games to do what Mabel usually called "mysteriously brooding". In reality, it was just Dipper being deep in thought.

He absentmindedly clutched the magical amulet around his neck as he breathed heavily. What that old crazy lady had said could not be true. Dipper had worked too hard his whole life to get to where he was, and no one could distract him from it. Not even Pacifica.

Yes Pacifica, with her dazzling eyes and personality that shone even brighter. It had taken forever for Dipper to warm up to her ever positive attitude, and even longer to begrudgingly admit that some of her warmth had seeped into him. Pacifica was infectious-like smallpox-Dipper thought. Always ruining his plans, always getting in his way, always on his mind. If he didn't know any better, Dipper would believe that she had cast some spell on him. But the irrevocable truth, one that Dipper had only come to terms with recently, was that he was undeniably attracted to Pacifica.

So why could he not have Pacifica and the power he craved? She may not be an advocate of his power, but Dipper could easily bind her to him in a way that would leave her ignorant or apathetic about that side of him. It would be easy, really. He had stopped using his telepathic powers on her a while ago, only because he didn't think she was worth the effort. But Pacifica was truly defenseless to him, and could easily be overtaken.

The fire started in Dipper again, as his eyes and amulet began to glow. This was no gentle warmth like before, the was a painful inferno inside him. Dipper was never denied anything, and if he was then he took it immediately. Pacifica would be no different.

Ready to go home and search up some sort of spell that would allow him to have equilibrium between the two passions of his life, Dipper's rampage was abruptly halted when he heard a sound.

He spied Pacifica through the space between the games he hid between, her face relaxed in laughter as Gideon seemed to be telling a joke.

And then the warmth was back.

Instant guilt flooded Dipper. How could he even think of doing something like that to Pacifica? Maybe a year ago he would've, without hesitation, but he now knew that even if he had found a spell, he wouldn't have been able to go through with it. Any spell he found would've erased Pacifica's personality. What would be the point of getting rid of her spitfire personality? She would've given him what he wanted, but he didn't deserve it. No, that wasn't the way Dipper wanted to earn her love. He wanted the moment where Pacifica finally looked back at him with the same adoration he held for her to be a sweet victory, not one filled with deceit.

Pacifica and Gideon seemed to part ways, Gideon running off toward the cotton candy stand and Pacifica heading towards the vacant Ferris wheel line. This was his chance. Maybe talking to Pacifica would help calm the conflict inside.
Taking a deep breath, Dipper approached Pacifica with his usual calm and collected front, but a raging storm of nervousness inside. He was sweating so hard, a tick he had been experiencing ever since he was young and had to talk to girls. He really didn’t want Pacifica to see him like this, but like a moth to a flame he couldn’t stop moving towards her, even if he knew if would burn him.

Just as Pacifica was about to climb into a carriage, he put a firm hand on her shoulder. No going back now

Pacifica glanced over her shoulder at him, and instantly gave him a warm smile. A smile all for him. There was that damn warmth again.

"Oh hey Dipper! Wanna ride the Ferris wheel with me? Gid bailed on me for some cotton candy."

Dipper didn't open his mouth because he knew he would choke on his words. He nodded and they climbed into the carriage on opposite sides. Then the carriage slowly ascended, and Dipper thanked whatever entity responsible that Pacifica loved to talk.

"Isn't that carnival just so fun, Dipper? Gideon and I have already won so many prizes (Dipper eyed the stuffed animal at her feet that looked like a cross between a duck and a panda). "How's it been for you and Mabel?"

Dipper shrugged apathetically, taking a deep breath. "These type of things are more Mabel's style. I'm pretty sure she's been to the karaoke booth at least 5 times."

Pacifica gave a chuckle, which made Dipper sweat even more. She was so beautiful and she didn't even know it. She had him wrapped around her finger and she didn't use it. Pacifica was either truly oblivious, or a saint. Or maybe an angel. She continued to laugh. Definitely an angel.

There was silence for a moment, before they reached the top. There was a moment when all that was heard between the two was the sounds of the people below. Then, like the worst scenario either could think of, the whole ride gave a shudder, which made Pacifica flinch in fear and Dipper tense up.

"Riders do not panic, we are experiencing some technical difficulties on the Ferris wheel, so the ride will be halted until we can sort this out." Some bored teen said on an announcer.

Dipper looked down at him with an irritated face, but Pacifica was still struggling to contain her fear. She sounded nervously optimistic.

"Hey, at least it broke down while we're at the top." Pacifica paused and squinted, seemingly looking at something in the distance. "Oh wow! I can see the Tent of Telepathy from here!" The fear seemed to flee her body as she gazed upon the familiar sight.

Dipper gave her a look of disbelief. "That's impossible, it's too dark."

"No really, come look!" Pacifica said, her eyes still looking off in the distance as she patted the space next to her.

Dipper steeled himself as he made his way over to her, the carriage rocking lightly under his controlled steps. He sat down next to her in the cramped space, their shoulders and thighs pressed against each other. Just as Pacifica has pointed out, the Tent of Telepathy was visible in the distance. But the real wonder was that he hadn't spontaneously combusted from the amount of heat coursing through him. Dipper glanced at Pacifica's face, and even though her eyes were anywhere but him, there was pink lightly dusted on her cheeks.
Desperate to stop the silence, Pacifica began her chattering again. "Yea, Gideon and I have had a really good time today. Heck, we even got to go see that oracle lady. I think she's giving you and Mabel a run for your money."

Dipper icy eyes immediately grew wide, the joking jab at his career ignored. Pacifica had seen the same lady he had? What had she said to Pacifica? Was it similar to what he had been told? There was only one way to find out.

"You okay Dipper?" Pacifica asked, concerned about his lack of witty retort. She put a small hand on his shoulder.

Damn hormones. Dipper thought as he shifted a little.

"What did she tell you?" He asked, an intense and commanding look in his eyes.

Pacifica shrugged and laughed a little. "Mostly just stuff about how I'll be successful and live a long life, the stuff that fakes usually say." She paused for a moment, "...Although, she did say a weird bit at the end."

Dipper sat perfectly still, even though he felt anything but calm. Why did only Pacifica have the power to do this to him?

"She said," Pacifica blushed a little, "She said that I don't need to go looking for love, because I've already found it. She said I'd know when the time came. No idea what that means..."

Pacifica blushed, a look that Dipper adored on her. She blushed like that for him. Only for him, because Dipper knew he was the only one who made her feel this way. He felt so warm. It was a completely different feeling than the surge of adrenaline that filled him when he used magic. It was the feeling of light dancing across his skin, even though he spent so much time in the dark. Maybe he would never give up his powers, but he wouldn't give up this either. The two feelings were like yin and yang, they counteracted each other and left him breathless. Kind of like now, with the heat of the Summer night and their bodies being almost overwhelming. Yet somehow, he didn't mind.

Pacifica laughed sheepishly. "Kind of stupid right? She's obviously just trying to make some cheap money. Though, she didn't really charge anything now that I think of it..."

Pacifica's voice wavered off and Dipper realized that at some point during their conversation, he had placed his hand on the soft space just above her knee, causing a tingling sensation to travel up her leg and his fingers to twitch slightly. They were so close. Too close. Not close enough. Dipper wanted so much more than this.

Leaning in a little, Dipper abandoned the collected mask he wore and whispered in a low voice that betrayed everything he was feeling, "She told me something very similar actually"

His eyes were hooded, but Pacifica's were fully closed and her face was full of anticipation. Dipper reached out to push a lock of soft hair behind her ear, cupping her face gently in the process.

"Is that so..." she trailed off, the two of them simultaneously leaning in, the hand right above her knee clenching slightly.

Just as the tension was about to snap, the atmosphere was jolted. Literally.

The carriage wobbled as the Ferris wheel began to move again, the view before them disappearing as they approached the ground. Pacifica's face was the reddest he'd ever seen it as they traveled downward. They scooted away from each other like they had been scalded, and their eyes looked
anywhere but at each other
The ride operator opened the carriage door, muttering apologies.

Dipper stepped out first and then, like the courteous gentlemen he was, helped Pacifica down by gently by taking her hand. Even after they walked a few feet away from the ride, their fingers still interlocked.

"...Well, it was nice talking to you Dipper. We should go on another monster hunt sometime. We haven't done one since last Summer" Pacifica said, casually removing her hand from his to place it on her hip.

Dipper rolled his eyes, their usually witty conversation vibe returning.

"I don't know, you might just hold me back. You never were good at keeping up." Dipper scoffed, pretending to hate Pacifica as much as he had when they first met.

Pacifica laughed and punched Dipper in the arm playfully, and he tried to pretend that he didn't wish it was placed on his shoulder like it had been a few moments ago.

"You jerk. But seriously, if you ever decide to go after that invisible wizard creature, text me because I'm totally down for that."

Dipper paused. He had a phone, but he barely used it. Girls had given him their number countless times, but he never bothered to use it to actually call them. Wasn't getting a girls number supposed to be a big deal? He fought back a sigh of indecision.

"I don't have your number Pacifica." He said, trying not to sound like a total loser.

"Oh, silly me, I'll give it to you!"

As Pacifica recited the numbers and Dipper committed them to memory, all he could truly think about was how close they had been, and how he wanted to be so much closer. As they parted ways, both unaware of the other looking back, Dipper wondered if Madame Celest was right. Would he really ever give up his power for this girl? Would he ever value her over the thrill and rush of magic?

As he lay in bed that night, his face illuminated by the synthesized light of a phone he rarely used, he knew that she might be right. As he and Pacifica simply chatted about their mutual love of the unknown, he knew.

Maybe that old hag was onto something.
Wow, so it's been forever since I updated this, so sorry to everyone who's been waiting! Unfortunately, that's mostly due to not really having any inspiration for this pairing. Luckily, I do have some stories written out already, so I might still post a few more oneshots here. Thank you to everyone who's left kudos/commented on this. It's really awesome to see that people enjoy this! Feel free to comment any prompts or suggestions you have and maybe I'll write something! Also, if anyone reading watches Gotham, feel free to read the new story I'm writing called "Symbiosis". Thanks for all the support, and I hope you enjoy!

Pacifica had never felt this terrible before. Every muscle in her body ached, and her clothes stuck to her perspiring skin in the most awkward places. Her head felt like it was thousands of feet underwater, the pressure in the depths of the ocean threatening to implode her skull and muffling all sound. One of the muffled sounds being the fearful voice of whoever was leaning over her limp body, her head cradled in their hands. The voice's tone seemed panicked, no angry, wait... panicked again?

Pacifica struggled to remember who this person was, but her clouded memory was only supplying thick fog and her blurry vision could make out were the colors turquoise and red. With her last bit of energy, Pacifica lifted up a trembling hand, the tiniest twitches reminding her of the pain she was in, to try to soothe whoever the person was. Unfortunately, Pacifica lost consciousness before she could reach them. The last thing she felt was her hand thudding against the damp soil as her eyes fluttered shut.

The next time Pacifica awoke, it was to a much softer and more forgiving surface beneath her back. She would've relished this if her eyes hadn't been blinded as soon as she dared to crack them open. Her senses were being assaulted all at once, the scent of sterilization, the touch of scratchy sheets, the sounds harsh hushed whispers nearby. And of course, the insanely bright light. Pacifica lifted up her hand weakly to shield her eyes, slowly noticing the cuts that littered her skin. The whispers stopped all at once and Pacifica finally looked over to the three figures standing at the end of her hospital bed. Bud, Gideon, and Robbie all stared back at her with expressions of shock and relief. By the look of Gideon's reddened swollen eyes, it was clear he had been crying profusely. Pacifica felt a pang of guilt shoot through her.

"Oh Paz I'm so glad you're-" Gideon rushed towards her, arms wide open for a hug, but abruptly
stopped about a foot away from her. He backed away sheepishly, afraid to touch Pacifica because of the fragile condition she was in.

Pacifica shifted into an upward sitting position, her sore back pressed the pillow she propped up. "Gideon? W-what happened, what's going on?"

Gideon looked like he was ready to give her a lengthy explanation, but Bud beat him to it. "Well ya see, your little boyfriend brought you to the hospital, said you two got into trouble in the woods, and ya both looked real beat up, but you especially." Bud paused to place a large hand in the now shaking Gideon's shoulder. "The doctor's fixed you up, said you gotta stay here overnight for observation though. Some type a blunt force head trauma they wanna make sure doesn't develop into anything worse than the concussion you have."

Pacifica held back the urge to groan. The day had started out so promising, yet it had all gone downhill the minute she encountered The Beast.

Pacifica and Dipper, hesitant friends after the Weirdmaggedon events of last summer, had set out on a quest to find one of the more dangerous and archaic magical inhabitants of Gravity Falls. The Beast (the journal literally only referred to it as "The Beast") was said to have magical tusks that could be ground into some type of magic potion used for enhancing power. Dipper had wanted it for some reason or another, and Pacifica had agreed to come along for the adventure opportunity.

Evidently, The Beast was a lot more than the two had bargained for. The events of the battle were blurry to Pacifica, but it was clear that she had taken a beating. Dipper had tried to defend her, but his magic didn't seem to have its intended effect on the monster. He was hurt as well, albeit probably not as intensely as Pacifica.

'Oh my gosh I hope he's okay.' Pacifica thought, the cocktail of hurt and anxiousness swelling throughout her body.

Gideon's quivering voice interrupted her train of thought. He was on the verge of crying again. "P-Paz we were so worried. If anything happened to you I-I'd..."

Robbie nodded silently in the corner, clearly uncomfortable seeing Gideon cry. "Seriously Paz, we've all been worried for you." Bud nodded wordlessly.

Pacifica reached her hand out and gently grabbed Gideon's.

"I'm okay guys, really. Nothing can take me down." She gave Gideon a warm smile that betrayed every other sense she was feeling.

"You said Dipper brought me here. Is he hurt? Where is he?"

Gideon's look of relief quickly morphed into one of quiet anger. The mood shift was so sudden and unexpected, Pacifica almost dropped his hand. Before she could, however, he was squeezing hers tighter. It was rare to ever see Gideon truly angry, but it certainly was unsettling when it happened.

"He looked like he just had a few scratches, nothing too serious." He threw out the last part with venomous distaste. "Said he wanted to come in and see you but I wouldn't let him."

Gideon's voice dropped to a whisper as he stared into Pacifica's eyes the way an interrogator would a frightened assault victim. "Did he do this to you Paz?"

Pacifica wasn't shocked by Gideon's belief that Dipper was responsible for her current state. While Pacifica was begrudgingly learning to forgive and forget, Gideon was a whole different story. He
still believed the Pines were out to get him and the journal. Pacifica was trying to at least find common ground with the Pines (mostly Dipper), but Gideon wouldn't even think about it. Then again, Gideon hadn't had his life saved by Dipper during Weirdmaggedon like Pacifica had.

"No! Dipper is not responsible for this. He tried to help me." She exclaimed, trying to defend the boy she just now was trying to timidly befriend.

"So what happened then? No one could get anything out of Dipper. He seemed pretty messed up" Robbie piped up from his spot in the corner.

Pacifica gulped. She could just tell the truth, but risk being lectured by Gideon, and getting a disbelieving look from Bud. No, it was better to just tell a lie and keep the real story a secret. Clearly that's what Dipper wanted to do.

"I-I can't really recall. We were just walking through the woods and I think I fell and hit my head, I..." Fortunately for the credibility of her fake story (and unfortunately for her health) Pacifica's head began to pound and she let out a painful groan.

All other occupants of the room frantically asked her if she was okay, but Pacifica just waved them away.

"I'm fine, I just really need some rest. You guys can head home, I'll be alright here."

Gideon seemed like he was going to protest, but Bud placed his large hand on his shoulder, and the three exited the room quietly, Robbie giving her a pat on the arm that Pacifica would've relished if she hadn't been so out of it. The door shut slowly, and Pacifica let herself relax as much as she could.

The digital clock read 4 PM, and about 10 minutes later a nurse came in to check up on her and dim the lights. There were no windows in the white walled room, so Pacifica's tired body accepted the lighting change as night time and she slowly drifted off to sleep.

She rested fitfully for a few hours, constantly rolling in and out of consciousness. It wasn't until much later that she was awoken by a sound. The room was dark (a nurse had probably turned off the lights) and her face was illuminated mostly by a TV hanging in the corner that she hadn't noticed before. But there was something else lighting up the room.

An imposing figure loomed quietly in the corner. Dipper's amulet glowed softly in the darkness and Pacifica saw more than imagined that his eyes did too.

His hair was disheveled and far more wild than its usual slicked back state. Pacifica could see cuts and bruises all over his body, some bandaged and some too minor to treat. Gone were the usual preppy clothes he wore, and in their place was a casual black T-shirt and jeans. He looked younger somehow, scruffier, and kind of cute if Pacifica was being generous (which she wasn't because she would never find someone as narcissistic as Dipper Pines hot, never mind that she could see the vague definition of lithe muscles on his arms and through his shirt).

His face was twisted in an expression that Pacifica couldn't remember ever truly seeing on him before. It was worry, mixed with a little guilt. Dipper was worried? About her? Maybe they really were making progress.

"Dipper? Is that you?" Pacifica asked as she sat up slowly, trying and failing not to flinch as her muscles begged her not to move.

Dipper didn't say anything at first, his eyes full of icy fire scanning her up and down. His gaze was so intense, and Pacifica suddenly felt extra self conscious with the revelation that she was wearing a hospital gown and nothing else. Pacifica knew Dipper would never admit it out loud, but he was
clearly having some sort of turmoil over her condition. One of Pacifica's gifts was reading people, and she could tell that this usually cool and calculating Dipper was far out of his comfort zone when it came to caring about someone. So she supposed she'd have to guide him along.

"I'm okay Dipper, really. How are you holding up? I can tell that beast really got us both good." Pacifica punctuated her sentence with a chuckle, but it trailed off awkwardly after Dipper still gave no response. He still stared at her intently, and looked like he had no idea what to say. Finally, he seemed to settle on something.

"They wouldn't let me visit you. They said visitation hours were over, so I used a spell to sneak in."

Pacifica raised her eyebrow at this. Was he trying to sound dumb? They both go through a traumatic experience and he's clearly worried about her, and the first thing Dipper tells her is about how he's breaking and entering? Her concern has almost been totally replaced with annoyance. Deep breath Paz, she told herself, baby steps.

"Oh, uh wow. You really didn't need to do that, but I appreciate the gesture. Anyways, let's just look at this as a learning experience so that next time we can actually beat that thing and get the-"

Dipper sent her a cold glare as he interrupted. "There won't be a next time. If you go against that thing you'll just get yourself hurt again."

Pacifica was completely affronted. "Why are you making it sound like it's my fault?! How is it on me that we were overpowered by that thing Dipper? How?!!"

"That's not what I was implying, I just-"

"Well what were you implying then, huh Dipper? Are you saying that I'm too weak? That I can't handle myself? Because you got a lot of nerve waltzing into and injured girl’s room and saying that-"

"I'm saying that I can't protect you Pacifica! I-I tried to, and you got hurt because of me. He was tossing you around like you were nothing and I panicked and my magic wouldn't work. That's never happened before.” Dippers eyes finally strayed from hers, a feeble attempt to hide the guilt swelling in them. "You're in pain and it's because of my incompetence."

Pacifica sat in silence. Dipper had never sounded like this before. His voice was full of so many tumultuous emotions, and it was like a dam releasing its waters. He sounded like a completely different person. And all this because he was concerned for her?

Dipper continued after a moment of silence. "I'm worthless without my powers. I couldn't even save you, and you were right there in front of me. What's wrong with me?"

The light ball of hope blooming in Pacifica crumbled to dust. She was wrong, Dipper didn't care that she was hurt, he only cared that he lost control of himself. Why had she thought he suddenly have a crap about her? Their new "friendship" had clearly just been her imagination. Nothing but figments if hope created by a girl with foolish hopes. Yet instead of the usual melancholic feelings that would well up in Pacifica when Dipper rejected her friendship, there were feelings of rage.

"So that's it huh? You're just upset because you were weak? News flash Dipper: Not everything has to do with your magic."

Dipper sent her a glare, curling his hands into fists. "It has everything to do with my magic! How am I supposed to be powerful when you do things like this to me?"
Pacifica’s head shot back in angry confusion. “Me?” She shook her head slowly. “I don’t know why you keep trying to blame me for what happened, but it was you that messed up. You’re the one that couldn’t handle the situation.”

Dipper attempted to make a rebuttal, but Pacifica wasn’t done.

“I don’t know what’s wrong with you, but if that’s the way you’re going to treat me, then there’s the door.” She stretched out a tired finger towards the door, but Dipper just stood still and scowled. Their gazes locked heatedly, and it reminded Pacifica of the old days when Dipper would go out of his way to antagonize her to get his hands on the journal. The conflict in his eyes was the same as it had been every single time he’d cornered her in a fight, only this time Pacifica didn’t have the willpower to win. If Dipper wanted to leave, she’d let him. Heck, she’d even shown him the door. If his friendship was only going to contain veiled insults and conflict, it was nothing she wanted to be a part of.

Slowly, Dipper’s face seemed to soften slightly, and he broke eye contact to stare at the floor.

“Pacifica…” He paused for a moment, rubbing his arm in what looked like an insecure stance. “I’m sorry for what I said, I know you’re not responsible for this.”

Pacifica’s stone expression fell a fraction, still waiting for him to continue.

“It’s just, I’ve never dealt with this before. Ever since last summer, things have… changed.”

“What do you mean, ‘changed’?” Pacifica asked softly.

It was almost funny to see Dipper looking so uncomfortable. Opening up like this was clearly uncomfortable for him.

He gave an annoyed huff. “I mean things changed when we became friends. I never used to worry about other people like this. Mabel can take care of herself, and anyone beyond that meant nothing. But everytime you’re in danger, I feel helpless. It’s like I’m not in control.”

Pacifica gave him a slight smile. “Are you saying that you’re actually concerned for me Dipper? Is that what I’m hearing?”

He gave her a half hearted frown as he moved a little closer. Pacifica now had to angle her head up to see his face.

“Of course not, I-” He almost went to touch his arm again, but clenched his fists instead.

He took a deep breath to steady himself. “I don’t know what I feel, but you make me lose control Pacifica. And I don’t enjoy it.”

Pacifica slowly grabbed Dippers hand, slowly prying his fingers apart. His eyes widened fractionally, but his hand remained limp in hers. A few minutes ago, Pacifica might’ve been frustrated with Dipper’s inability to communicate his feelings, but she was reminded now of just how much this was for him. She felt lucky to be getting anything.

“I understand Dipper. I feel the same way when I see you get hurt.”

Dipper’s eyes shot up to hers, a brief expression of disbelief before he schooled his features again. Pacifica could tell he didn’t know what to say, so she continued.
“Dipper, that’s a normal part of being friends. You feel compassion for one another, and you feel helpless when your friend is in trouble. The important thing is that we get through it, and come back stronger than ever.” She squeezed his hand in reassurance, but Dipper still looked unsure.

“Pacifica, I’m not sure if this is going to work. I’ve never had to care for someone before. It feels too strange.”

Pacifica could hear the unsaid words trailing after his voice. Dipper was much too proud to admit it, but he was afraid. Afraid of the newfound feelings he was experiencing, and afraid to lose her. It was then that Pacifica remembered why she had wanted to befriend the Pines in the first place. She had hated them so much at first, but slowly recognized that they were good on the inside. They deserved to experience friendship as well. Pacifica, ever the optimist, wanted to thaw Dipper’s cold heart in any way she could. It would be tough, but there was no way she was giving up.

Pacifica squeezed Dipper’s hand again. “That’s what friends are for Dipper. They make you feel strange sometimes, but they help you through it too. I’m not giving up on you Dipper, and neither should you. You may have been weak without your magic, but we’re stronger combined than you are with it.”

Dipper looked back into Pacifica’s eyes, and gave her what could almost be considered a smile. A surge of joy rushed through her, and without a second thought, she wrapped him in a tight hug. Dipper tensed for a moment, but eventually relaxed and even wrapped one arm around her shoulders after a few moments.

Pacifica giggled, releasing him slowly. “We’re still gonna need to ease you into the hug Dipper.”

Dipper rolled his eyes and muttered, “In your dreams.” If it hadn’t been so dark in the room, Pacifica would’ve seen his face turn slightly red.

After a minute of two of silence Dipper coughed. “Well, I guess I should leave then.”

“Really?” Pacifica said. “Because the night’s still young and there’s some board games on that shelf over there. You owe me some fun since our adventure didn’t go so well” She sent him a not so subtle eyebrow wag.

Dipper gave a playful sigh and went to get a board game. Despite his no nonsense personality, he would always bend to Pacifica’s light hearted whims. Pacifica was supposed to be getting rest, her family would kill her for not getting to sleep, but neither of them would mention their long night in the morning. They’d also refuse to talk about how they awoke the next day, Pacifica snuggled into Dipper’s side and his arm woven tightly around her shoulders. No, neither of them would mention it, but it would continue to stick in their minds for a long time after. Their friendship would go in strength, and so would other feelings as well.

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