You reunite with your former classmates Stanford and Fiddleford in Gravity Falls, Oregon. When you see Stanford again, you realize how much he's changed since you last saw him at Backupsmore.
Chapter 1

You crossed paths with Stanford Pines when the two of you shared an Advanced Anthropology class back in Backupsmore, paired up by your professor for an assignment. Ford then introduced you to his roommate, Fiddleford McGucket, and the three of you became friends until you graduated. You lost contact with each other until you received a letter from Ford asking you to check some artifacts he had discovered in a place called Gravity Falls, Oregon. When you saw his detailed sketches of the artifacts, you called the number in the letter and accepted his offer, requested for a semester-long leave from the college you worked at, packed your bags and headed out north.

It was like a college reunion, what with Fiddleford being there as well. You were delighted to see your old friends. And then you couldn’t help but blush when Ford hugged you in greeting.

You felt like a Backupsmore student again instead of a researcher. In truth, you developed a crush on Stanford Pines a few weeks into that semester you met, but you never had the guts to tell him how you felt. Plus, you suspected that Ford was one of those cerebral types who pushed everything out but the pursuit of knowledge. You thought you managed to bury those feelings until Ford dug it out with a hug.

You’ve been staying at Ford’s cabin for a week now, and you still couldn’t believe how much he’s changed since the last time you saw him. Six years ago, Ford was a fit and slim fellow, who somehow managed to find time to work out despite his heavy coursework at Backupsmore. Now, it looks like he gained at least 10 pounds of muscle. The combination of his living conditions and the physical exertions his research required did done wonders for his physique.

And it seemed that his physique wasn’t the only thing that changed. Your first morning in the cabin, you walked into the kitchen and spotted Ford sipping coffee in a wife-beater and boxer shorts.

“Good mo–OH–rning!” you spluttered. You immediately averted your eyes, but the image of his exposed broad shoulders and arms was already branded into your brain. You felt your cheeks flush.

“Good morning, (Y/N)” Ford called out.

“Morning,” you reply, trying to look anywhere without being outright rude.

Ford looked at you in concern, then looked down at himself. “Oh, I’m so sorry! Got up like this. Fiddleford and I have been living like a couple of bachelors out here.”

Just then, Fiddleford entered the kitchen. At least he was decent, wearing a pair of gray pants and a green flowery shirt. He looked at Ford and said, “Speak for yourself. I’m married.”

Ford just looked between the two of you and stood up. “I’ll go get dressed,” he said.

Then there was that time a few days later, when the two men returned from their expedition in the woods with some strange-looking parts. Ford walked in lugging a large metal piece over his back. You looked up from the floor where you were documenting the symbols on the artifacts as he walked by. He wore blue jeans and a black body-hugging shirt, the latter drenched in sweat and sticking to him, accentuating the torso it was covering. Fiddleford followed him holding a somewhat smaller piece in his arms. He was rolling his eyes.

Fiddleford called out: “Stanford, it would be faster if we could get the hand truck from the basement and–”
“This is fine!” Ford cut in from the doorway leading to the elevator. “Hurry up, Fiddleford!”

“You guys need any help?” you offer, putting down the terracotta pot and preparing to rise from the floor.

“No need, (Y/N)!” Ford called out. “Fiddleford and I will take care of this!”

“Stanford, I did not sign up for this much manual labor!” you heard Fiddleford grouch in response.

Those were the things that stood out in your mind. You decide to ask Fiddleford about this in private, since he’s been here with Stanford before you.

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“Is it just me or is Stanford acting odd?” you ask Fiddleford later that afternoon on the front porch. It was a good thing you caught him; he was about to leave for town. His wife and son were visiting from California and were waiting for him there.

The lanky man looked at you, an eyebrow rising above his spectacles. “Stanford’s always odd. You have to be a bit more specific, darlin’.”

You shake your head at him. “I mean odd for him, smart guy. Look, it’s been six years, but I can’t believe Stanford would be the type to sleep in anything less than flannel pajamas,” you say, remembering the time you went to their dorm room to borrow a textbook and Ford answered the door wearing the aforementioned sleepwear.

Fiddleford crossed his arms; he looked like he was fighting to keep from smiling. “Mmhmmm… anything else?”

“Yeah: why didn’t he listen to you the other day and grab the dolly to haul those things down into the basement?” you ask him. “That would have been faster than lugging in those things one-by-one. And since when did Ford start wearing tight shirts?”

Fiddleford looked down; his shoulders started shaking.

“What?” you demanded, looking at him. “What is so funny, Fidds?”

He raised his head, looking at you with crinkled eyes. “Oh, I have an idea, (Y/N), but this is something you need to figure out for yourself,” he said, chuckling as he stepped off the porch towards his car.

“Figure what out?” you ask him.

Fiddleford reached his car and turned around to say, “I’m not telling. You can do it; you’re a smart cookie! Do the math!”

As Fiddleford drove away from the cabin, you walked down the steps and sat down, mulling it over. You start to mentally tick off the odd things you noticed about Ford after six years:

Walking around in a wife-beater and shorts…
Wearing tight shirts and lifting heavy objects…
Stretching out behind you to help you retrieve some things from a high shelf, his chest touching your back…
Helping you tilt a particularly heavy artifact from the floor in order to copy the symbols at the bottom properly, though you wondered why he reached out from beside you instead of…

You raise your head.

Oh…
Chapter 2

You walk into the kitchen and find Ford had already set up the table for a late lunch. Ford ladled the meat sauce over the noodles. He was wearing a black t-shirt (another one? How many did he have?) that seem to hug his form so well. You swallowed, realizing that Fiddleford had left the two of you alone in the cabin. That sneaky little cowboy…

You clear your throat and say, “This looks great! Smells delicious, too.”

Ford looked up, smiling. “My only specialty,” he said sheepishly. “Provided I follow the instructions from the packaging.”

You laugh and went to the fridge to retrieve a couple of bottles of beer, bringing them to the table. The two of you sat down to eat, talking a bit about your findings from the artifacts and what he and Fiddleford were working on in the basement. After lunch, you helped him clear up; you washed the dishes while he dried them with a towel. When you passed a plate over to him, your fingers touched; you thought you would drop the plate from nervousness.

Then Ford suggested having some beer out on the porch. You agreed, and followed him out with a newly-opened bottle of beer. You sat down next to each other, taking sips of your beer and looking out at the trees. You nearly finished off your beer while thinking of a way to broach the subject. Probably should have had that whiskey for more liquid courage…

“I’m glad you’re here (Y/N),” said Ford. You turn to look at him; he’s leaning forward with his elbows on his knees, looking at you with a smile.

You smile back. “I’m glad you invited me out here. Those artifacts you unearthed are fascinating,” you say. You pull back a lock of hair behind your ear. Here we go… “But more than that, it’s great seeing you again—and Fiddleford too! And I know I didn’t mention it too much when I got here days ago, but…you’ve really changed a lot since college. I guess living in the woods alone for 6 years will do that…”

You saw Ford’s smile slip. Oh crap; you start to stutter, “Wh-what I meant to say is, you look good!” You felt like you’ve made a hash of it. “Crap, I’m sorry…” you mutter.

Ford’s response confused you; he took your beer from your hands and set the bottles to the side. Then he made you nervous (and excited) when he closed the space between you and wrapped an arm around your waist.

“Thank goodness,” he whispered. “I was worried you didn’t notice.”

You swallowed, nearly forgetting your power of speech as you felt his large, warm, six-fingered hand on your thigh. “I’d—I’d have to be dead not to notice,” you whisper back, looking up at his face. He was close enough that you could see the stubble growing on his strong jawline.

Ford smiles. He leans in closer until you could feel his breath tickling your ear. “Let’s find out how much we’ve changed.”

The next thing you know, he kissed you full on the lips. You gave a muffled yelp of surprise, making Ford break off the kiss. He looked shocked by what he did, and opened his mouth to say something (probably apologize) but you cut him off by leaning forward and kissing him back. You move your hands up and into his hair, drawing circles on his scalp. One of his hands moved to support your back and the other went to rub your thigh. Such warm, large hands. You love his
Ford broke off the kiss, breathing deeply before he started peppering you with kisses from your jaw to your neck, making you gasp and your skin tingle. “I’ve been dreaming of this since we were at Backupsmore,” he murmured in-between kisses.


He broke off his ravishment to look at you. “I–I had a crush on you eight years ago, (Y/N),” he said hoarsely. “Still do, as a matter of fact. Since we graduated, I’ve been kicking myself for not asking you out. I was afraid you’d say no if I…”

“Oh Stanford,” you whisper, kissing the tip of his nose. “I would have said yes. I had a crush on you, too, but I thought you were in too deep with your studies to notice me.” You grin at him. “Still do, as a matter of fact.”

He stared at you in surprise, then kissed you again. You let out a shriek when Ford suddenly picked you up, bridal style, and carried you inside the cabin. You held onto his neck, laughing all the way to his room. He gently deposited you on the bed, running his hands down your sides until he reached your shoes. He took off your shoes and socks, then took off his own boots and socks before crawling back up over you, kissing your clothed legs on the way.

_My God he’s hot_, you thought, squirming under him. _When did he become this hot_?!

When he reached the hem of your shirt, Ford hooked two thumbs under it, and paused.

He looked up at you and groaned, “(Y/N), I don’t have any protection…”


You sat up so that he could take your shirt off. You offered to take his shirt off, and then both of you lost your pants. Before you could take off your bra, Ford pounced on you and kissed you thoroughly again.

You wrap your arms around him, relishing the feel of his warm skin and the tickling sensation of his chest hair against your exposed skin. He broke off the kiss to nuzzle and lick your jaw, neck, and collar bone, leaving some hickies along the way. His hands went to your back to unhook your bra. When he got your bra off you, he threw it somewhere in the room and turned to look at your breasts. You felt a jolt in your nethers when he started to lick his lips, then let out a squeal when he bent over one of your breasts and began licking and sucking on it. With his other hand, he massaged your other breast, teasing the nipple between his fingers and pinching it. You moan and run your hands through his hair.

When he switches his attention to the other breast, his hand went south, brushing over your stomach and palming you between your legs. You gasp, arching your back in response. Then you feel him move the material aside so that he could swipe the slit with his finger, coating it with your juices. You groaned when his finger entered you.

“So wet,” Ford murmured, putting his finger in and out of you and watching you writhe and moan in pleasure. You gave a whimper when he added a second finger into you. You start bucking your hips, craving for more. You whined when he removed his fingers, you were so close. He grinned at you, looking at your flushed face while he sucked the cum from his fingers, one by one. You held his gaze while he pulled your wet panties off you, then looked away when he went to pull down his boxers.
“So that’s what you’re packing, Stanford Pines,” you murmur appreciatively, sitting up. He was a little longer than average and he had girth. “Who knew you were so intimidating under flannel pajamas?”

Ford snorted. Then his breath hitched when you reached out and touched him, pumping him slowly. When you use your thumb to wipe the pre-cum from his tip, he pulled away from your touch and pushed you on the bed. He spread your legs wide and positioned himself at your entrance, teasing your folds with his tip before he pushed it in, excruciatingly slow until he was completely sheathed.

He leans over and starts to move, slowly at first, then faster and more urgently. You close your eyes and instinctively wrap your arms around his neck, moaning his name, begging him to go faster. You scream when you came, followed by his groan and the hot sensation of his release a moment later.

The two of you didn’t move for a while, recovering from your endeavors. Finally, Ford pulled out of you and carefully settled himself next to you, pulling you into an embrace and kissing your forehead.

“If I’d have known this would happen eight years ago,” you manage to say. “I would have said something.”

Ford let out a breathless laugh and kissed you.

“Just tell me one thing: how many black shirts do you own, exactly?”

End Notes

This fanfic was inspired from midnitedirectives's Beefy Ford art. As I’ve mentioned to midnitedirectives, I like Fiddauthor, but I'm not that confident in writing them going all the way (this might change in the near future).

And here's the image of Ford in boxer shorts!

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