Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary  
Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org) at [http://archiveofourown.org/works/12648615](http://archiveofourown.org/works/12648615).

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Rating:</th>
<th>Not Rated</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Archive Warning:</td>
<td>Choose Not To Use Archive Warnings, Graphic Depictions Of Violence</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Category:</td>
<td>F/F, F/M, Gen, M/M, Other</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fandom:</td>
<td>Gravity Falls</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Relationship:</td>
<td>Bill Cipher/Reader, Dipper Pines/Reader, Pacifica Northwest/Mabel Pines, Stanford Pines &amp; Stanley Pines, Bill Cipher/Original Male Character(s)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Additional Tags:</td>
<td>Slow Build, Eventual Romance, Mystery, Action/Adventure, Friendship, Angst, Mild Gore, Verbal Abuse, Eventual Smut, Angst and Fluff and Smut, Older Dipper Pines, Older Mabel Pines, Human Bill Cipher, One-Sided Attraction, dipper is my son protect him, more tags incoming soon i suck at these, Reader-Insert, very VERY messy plot im sorry</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stats:</td>
<td>Published: 2017-11-20 Chapters: 1/? Words: 3338</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary**  
by [x_olotl](http://archiveofourown.org)

**Summary**

Upon Ford's exploration and discovery of a being with answers, he had missed another written artifact in the cave. One that many of the creatures know well and recognize, and it speaks of another interdimensional being whose gentle hands had built the confines of the town as an attempt to save the rest of the world from a foreboding chaos. But with great power comes a great price, and the instant show of weakness, his enemy had struck him down and cast him into an eternal sleep unless someone finds him, hidden in the deepest part of the woods.

(Y/n) (L/n), a mysterious boy found in the woods by the Pines Twins one summer five years ago, bleeding and having no recollection of his past, was taken upon their Grunkle's wings and now a permanent resident in the Mystery Shack. After Soos and Melody had moved out after their marriage, Stanley decided to leave the Mystery Shack to Dipper and Mabel one year after his and his brother's retirement.

Upon returning to Gravity Falls after a long time, the twins were met with more mystery, now more than ever.
There he was, standing in the middle of the forest, in a small clearing in an unknown part of the woods. Green vegetation crawled on the trunks of the trees, ready for the oncoming summer sun. Though the man was stuck - rather, frozen - on his spot, eyes never leaving his subject. Should he be worried? He should be worried. Should he tell them? Nearby, the gentle flow of the small stream against smooth rock filled his ears, nose wafting in the scent of the fresh morning dew on the lush, green grass, and the smell of pine and oak lingering on his cloth and skin. The sun was now peeking over the tall trees, signaling its sign of arrival. And if it were any other day, if it were any other day, the man would definitely have enjoyed the last moments of dawn.

But then again, it wasn't.

A few feet away from him, a cobble statue was half-buried, all covered in moss and vines as if it were long forgotten. Of course, it was. The statue was of an odd shape, a triangle with a pair of skinny arms, and a top hat on top of its 'head'. A single, stone eye stares back at him and the man could've read its expression as joy, but that was just a speculation. *Curiosity killed the cat. Well, here goes nothing,* he thought to himself and took a step forward. A hesitant hand raised to touch the outstretched, skinny hand of the statue and gently brushed his fingers against its surface. For a second, nothing happened, only the shuddering of the man's shoulders from the ice cold surface. He recoiled at that. With his heart now beating ever faster, he moved to touch again and as soon as his fingers touched the surface of its 'body', a shock coursed throughout his body and he saw nothing but white for a full second and a half. The man forcefully pulled his hand away, gasping hoarsely from the pain that now filtered his joints and limbs - especially, his head. Should he be meddling with this thing? *Should this thing even be here?*

But in the distance, he could hear light footsteps approaching. He kept his eyes locked on the unknown statue and quickly, he stepped away, back to the trail nearby.

"(Y/n)! (Y/n)!" Dipper called past the trees, a hand cupped by his hand as he followed the trail he presumed his friend went to. Always had the guy been waking up early, nearly five hours before they do, just to enjoy a *short* stroll through the woods by himself. Dipper always warned him of what might happen if he keeps it up. (Y/n) returned one time, wounded and claimed he tripped and fell on a shallow cliff. *Well, thankfully it's shallow,* Dipper mused. But on other days, he would just return from his stroll, dirt clinging to his skin and twigs sometimes stuck in his hair. And he would quickly clean himself up, only to finish in time for breakfast. And it has always been the same for the seven years (Y/n) has been living in the shack. And now that the Mystery Shack is theirs, the twins get to see more of it every day.
But today, he's *late* for breakfast. Nearly an hour late. And upon Mabel's insistence, Dipper was now looking for him. To say they were worried was an understatement.

"(Y/n)!" He shouted again, much louder than before.

"Sheesh, Dip, calm down," a bright voice chirped behind him and in surprise he turned around, wielding the pine branch he came upon earlier. Accusingly, he pointed its tip at the face of a bewildered, young man, whose one hand was up. And the man then broke into a cheeky grin, chuckling at Dipper's horrified face. And soon, his chuckles turned into short laughter and the 20-year-old guy was left in a flustered mess.

"Ah, classic Dipper," (Y/n) said as soon as his laughter died down. Dipper huffed and let his eyes wander down into where his friend's other hand had disappeared into. And he found it holding the hem of his sweater - one of the many Mabel has given him - and a weight seemed to be resting on the soft wool. Dipper's eyebrows furrowed in curiosity as he approached closer and took a peek at what seems to be weighing down the top.

"I found it in the woods. It's alive, but barely. You think it'll make it to the shack?" (Y/n) asked as Dipper looked up at him. If only he has his backpack with him, he would've written down 'American Kestrel' on the long, long list of the wounded animals his friend had taken home. He made a mental note to do it later.

"Yeah, it'll make it. We just have to hurry, not only the Kestrel's waiting," Dipper replied and (Y/n) nodded. And in serene silence, the two friends power-walked down the trail and found their way back to the shack. Still, Dipper couldn't help but notice a heavier air hanging between the two of them, and Dipper wondered if he should be worried or whatnot. His friend seemed fine, the kestrel on his friend's sweater seemed to be, well, not-so-fine-but-fine, and everything seemed fine. Was he getting paranoid again? Probably. So, he dismissively ignored the thought and looked up at his friend.

"You took your time out here today, huh?" The guy obviously tensed and returned his eyes to Dipper, where (e/c) met brown. His eyes then let out a small, genuine grin and turned back to the trail.

"Back to being paranoid, something's definitely not right.

"Yep," (Y/n) replied, dragging the vowel of the single word as he gently cradled the bird in his hands and sweater. "I took an involuntary nap and fell behind schedule," he added again and the Pines noticed the grim expression was now gone from the other's eyes. In fact, all color was gone. He noticed his surroundings slowly turn grey, and everything seemed to stop. What the hell is going on.

"Dipper," he firmly called, patting the younger man's cheek gently and it worked. It caught the author's attention and he looked up at his friend, the emotions in his eyes ever present. His skin was deathly pale as if he had just seen a ghost. (Y/n) could not find in himself the proper words his friend needed and all he could muster was a quiet sigh and a pat on his back. "We're almost there, buddy,"
(Y/n) murmured, although more to himself. *What happened?*

Mabel looked up upon spotting two figures from her peripheral vision. And when she did, she found Dipper and (Y/n) entering the clearing and approaching the shack. Her cheeks flushed pink and a smile *almost* formed on his lips, if it weren't for Dipper heading straight into the shack and his hurried footsteps could be heard climbing upstairs from outside. Mabel blinked in confusion and turned to (Y/n). Their friend only sighed and shrugged as a response to Mabel's confused, questioning stare.

"I'll bring him his- oh! What's that?" Mabel peeked in the sweater hammock (Y/n) supported by both hands and a bright smile now lit Mabel's face.

"A bird!"

"Dipdop, there you are!" Mabel beamed brightly as she saw her brother finally descend from their room upstairs. The brunet curiously peeked inside the gift shop and was thankful to find it empty; except her sister who sat by the counter, patiently waiting for a customer. Dipper returned the grin and looked around the silent space again. He stepped inside as his sister returned to fill in the log. "Where have you been, by the way? You didn't come out for a good three hours!" She exclaimed and looked up at him again.

"Nothing, I just panicked, I- " no, he can't. He can't lie, especially not to his sister. *But still, should he worry her? But then again, it would be better to prepare beforehand, right?* Dipper kissed his teeth in anticipation, tongue quickly skimming over his dry lips. The horror that struck him earlier in the forest had never left his mind. It was always there, lingering and taunting. Even now, he could feel the fear he felt then, except he was able to contain it. *If- If it really is possible- If. If it really is what I think it is, I... I don't know what I'd do. We were able to stop him then because we were truly desperate. *Truly* desperate. And Grunkle Stan and Ford were also there. But they're not here now. If it happens again, I... I wouldn't know what to do, I-

"Dipdop?!!" Mabel exclaimed as the fifth attempt of snapping her brother out of the train thoughts that suddenly ran him over. When he blinked and turned to her, Mabel immediately recoiled her fingers from pinching his nose. Hesitantly, Mabel moved back to her seat on the stool while her brown eyes were fixed on the pale face of her brother, and his terrified eyes. Something has got to be wrong.

"Bro-bro, you've been acting weird since this morning. What's up?" She asked quietly and the log book was now closed, with the pen firmly gripper by Mabel. Dipper had to tell her, he *has* to, or god forbid he might get his sister in danger again.

"I'm worried, Mabel," Dipper replied quietly. "Earlier on our way back from the forest..." Mabel pursed her lips. She *hates* it everytime her brother pauses and leaves her with an edging anticipation. *Ever impatient, Mabel. Ever impatient,* she mused to herself. And finally, he let out the breath he's been holding and continued. "I entered the Mindscape. O-or I was dragged or-or I don't know! It happened so quick-"

"It's that monotone world, right? When we went to save Grunkle Stan from..." And Dipper looked at Mabel, heart thumping in his ears and throat and brain. He recognized the fear in her eyes and *oh,* how he now regrets ever speaking his mind out. Neither of them wanted to speak the name.
that lingers on the tip of their tongue. No, no more. Not this time.

"I thought he's destroyed..." Mabel interrupted the heavy silence and slumped on the surface of the counter. Dipper just felt as dejected as she was. After everything they had gone through, after everything they've sacrificed just to get rid of that- that- Dipper took a deep breath and held both Mabel's hands in his.

"Don't worry, sis. He's not coming back."

"Are you sure?"

"I will make sure," he replied and gave his twin's head a few pats and she responded with a bright giggle. He then moved away and returned upstairs. (Y/n) entered the gift shop, removing his gardening gloves, as soon as Dipper left, his (e/c) eyes following the silhouette of Dipper's retreating figure on the stairs. He quietly stepped inside and turned to Mabel.

"Is he alright?" he asked and Mabel looked up at him with a huge grin and gave him a double thumbs up. (Y/n) smiled and approached the storage room and opened the door, taking out a bucket and a brush and a rag. He gently closed the door again and moved to the kitchen.

"How'd the weeding come along, (n/n)?" Dipper asked loudly as he rushed down the stairs with his backpack slung behind him. It was a lot fuller than it was seven years ago as, over the years, the kid had acquired necessary and interesting tools to help him and his investigations. But no matter how much (Y/n) wanted to revel at Dipper's newfound determination and confidence, (Y/n) simply graved as he took a step back from the young man now approaching him. He knew what this meant.

"It was fine, already finished and only one more thing to-"

"No time for that, we have to go," Dipper said as he grabbed the bucket from (Y/n)'s hand and placed it back in the storage room. Mabel let out a loud chortle and the (h/c) only turned to her with an exasperated look on his face as he was being dragged by the resolved man. Dipper would've asked Mabel to come along as well if he didn't remember the many times she had already denied him. Over the years, Mabel had been less and less eager on coming out with his adventures. He even went as far as to comment she's 'turning like Grunkle Stan' as a joke. Dipper then made a mental note to himself to force Mabel out of the shack the next time he comes out to the woods. At least he was glad to have this young man he was dragging - from the hand - to accompany him now. And when the realization struck him, he almost tumbled forward and released (Y/n)'s hand. He was so preoccupied with his thoughts he didn't even notice they were already in the forest, being only several feet away from the clearing. He turned to (Y/n) and found him standing behind him, looking down at him with an expectant look.

"So, Dipping-Sauce, what's on the list?" The older man asked and Dipper couldn't help but grunt in disapproval with his nickname. He turned back to the trail and walked forward, with the older man following closely beside him. And now that he had to think about his intentions, his heart suddenly felt heavy. I hope to fucking god I'm just going nuts. He sighed heavily and missed the frown that now appeared on his friend's face.

"I'm just going to see if this crazy theory of mine is real or not, nothing big." Liar. Dipper mentally fought his mind and held back a groan in his throat. *Man, I am very vocal today.* He heard (Y/n) let out a hum and Dipper couldn't make out what that sound meant. His friend was very calm and collected, genuine and fun to be with and Mabel had a struggle trying to make him laugh. The guy was amused, at least. And even though he was very conservative, (Y/n) was easily flustered and surprised. Simply the gentle and simple 18-year old he had met five years ago, and Dipper found it hard to *not simply fall in love with this man.* Sure, it's been five years since his small crush turned
into infatuation to what it is now. Mabel was absolutely thrilled when she found out in the third year of his infatuation and was devastated knowing for how long it had been going on. A small smile made its way to his lips but immediately faltered when he remembered his purpose. Dipper cleared his mind and focused on the trail. They were already in the deep part of the forest and was nearing their destination now more than ever. When realizing this, Dipper's heart began to race.

"Isn't this the way we came from this morning?" (Y/n) finally asked and Dipper looked up at him. True, and now he's more worried. Dipper murmured a 'yeah' in response, his silent voice laced with dread and worry. That caught the man off-guard and furrowed his brows at his friend. Ever since the incident this morning, Dipper has done nothing but act weird. If Dipper was willing to pursue the answer to all that had happened earlier, then...

"Hey, Dip, what exactly are we doing here?" (Y/n) asked and Dipper suddenly stopped. The (h/c) almost thought he was mad if it weren't for the pale skin and cold sweat dripping on the side of the brunette's face. His hazel eyes were focused on the trail forward, petrified and unbelieving. (Y/n) immediately followed his gaze and found the small, mossy clearing from this morning where he had found the bird. The only difference was that the statue he had so boldly touched was now gone. (Y/n) felt his stomach sink. He knew something was off with that odd, abandoned statue. And now that he realized Dipper was staring at its previous spot, he knew his suspicions were confirmed.

"Hoho! Look at what we have here!" A shrill voice from behind them exclaimed and (Y/n) could've sworn he had jumped from his spot. Dipper and (Y/n) turned around at the same time to look at the new presence standing before them. It was a tall man, taller than (Y/n), with sunkissed skin and dressed in a bright, fancy yellow long coat whose collars were pulled up. He wore a black vest underneath it, adorned with brick patterns outlined gold. Underneath the vest and coat, is a white dress shirt, with a black bow tie around its collar. The man wore black pants cut short by his knee-length boots and on top of his golden head is a top hat. Who the hell wears a top hat around these parts? Dipper's incoherent gasp snapped (Y/n) from his observation. He turned to his friend in worry. He looked like he was going to pass out right at the very spot. Yep, this man was no good. Yet... something seemed familiar about the man. Something very familiar from the very back of his head, that he couldn't quite place yet. Aside from having a strong resemblance to the statue this morning.

"Woah-hoah, Pine Tree! Good to see you too!" The man said again and leaned on his cane. His golden eyes found delight in Dipper's horrified ones. "Dude, fuck off. Who are you anyway?" (Y/n) asked as he stepped in front of Dipper. The younger man seemed to have found relief once he felt the blond's eyes shift to his friend. The man's thin lips crept up into a wide grin and took a step forward, eyes now carefully assessing (Y/n). There was a glint of recognition in his golden eyes that (Y/n) didn't like, not one bit.

"I didn't expect I'd find you here, Crescent," the man eerily murmured as he tapped the curve of his cane on (Y/n)'s forehead. He quickly stepped back, careful to not step on Dipper. There was then a pain pulsing through the (h/c)'s head but it was only there for a second. There was definitely something familiar about this man, he just knew it. "Stuck in a meat sack, I see." And swiftly, the man grabbed one of (Y/n)'s wrists and pulled back the sleeve hiding it from the world. On his wrist was a lilac crescent moon carved and inked. His gloved fingers felt so cold, even through the material, but (Y/n) couldn't find it in himself to pull away. Neither can Dipper move from his spot.

The man then met his troubled (e/c) eyes and his grin widened more. "Thanks for freeing me. I owe you one, Crescent." And within a moment, the man burst into blue flames and (Y/n) jumped away in surprise.
“Who the fuck was that?”

End Notes

As noted in the summary, the storyline began seven years after Weirdmageddon. If this causes confusion, I'm sorry; I suck at summaries. Anyways, enjoy as it is my first GF fanfic!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!