Fall From Gravity

by The_Writer_Downstairs

Summary

Since the end of Weirdmageddon, Gravity Falls has become rather normal. Besides the occasional episodes of vampire bats and wolpertingers, Dipper finds his ninth summer in the town rather uneventful, yet plagued with paranoia and traumatic memories. Near the end of Dipper's last year in the town, a certain one-eyed demon crawls his way back into his life. The only difference is, Bill is weak, and nearly harmless. Even though this monster almost killed him and everyone he knew and loved, something draws him in. Whether it is because
of his need for something interesting in the last few weeks of summer, seeing it as some sort of makeshift therapy, or because there might be something wrong with him after all, he allows the demon back into his life in an attempt to pacify or befriend him. Bill, however, has other plans, namely bringing back Weirdmageddon.

However, soon Bill begins to see another side of Dipper. A side he likes. A side he helped create. Now the demon is determined to not just cause global mayhem, but to have Dipper by his side to do it with him.

[First Fanfic, please give creative criticism when able, I'd like to improve my story skills]

**Notes**

Hello everyone who happened to stumble upon this story! I am The Writer Downstairs! This is my first story if you couldn't tell, so please don't hesitate to give me feedback on how well or poorly I did each chapter! I'd like to improve. ^^ This chapter is fairly short, since I just wanted to focus on one point at a time as to avoid overly long chapters and have them become overly complicated.
To say the summer nights were peaceful would be an understatement. Nary a form lingered in the darkening expanses of the woods besides the fireflies, lazily drifting as wandering stars in canopies of green skies. The air was balmy, and the moon began its nightly trek across the starry ocean. Residing in the cradle of the forest was a small, rickety establishment entitled the Mystery Shack.

The inhabitants of the rustic tourist attraction were enthralled in slumber, however the sleep of one member was interrupted by a sudden vision. Perceiving this revelation as a mere dream would be insulting to the force it held. The man who was bestowed this vision, known to family and friends as Stanley Pines, peered into the television screen after haven fallen asleep in its comforts yet again. The vision was hazy, but it beheld bursts of crimson skies and blurred, misshapen beasts lumbering about the landscape. At the center of it all, a breach of yellow.

Yellow, a yellow something. It could speak, he recalled that. Though when he strained to decipher the voice, all that came back to him was unintelligible tongue. The vision grew more vivid, sending pulses of pain about Stanley’s skull. A triangle, a solitary piercing eye, came fluttering about his forgotten memories. He remembered. The demon, Bill Cipher, had returned to his thoughts. After nine years, the fragments of his encounters with the interdimensional being had solidified back into a single idea.

Once this recollection was revived, he was seized by a tremor, sparks of pain and electricity surged through his mind as a presence resurfaced. “ILQDOOB!” the familiar voice boomed as spasms of code colours, and shapes recollected themselves into a thin glitched form of the infamous Bill Cipher. The being opened the door of Stanley's memories to trek into the white plain of his Mindscape.

“What? Wait- No-!” Before the man could utter more, a wisp of yellow energy purged itself from his eyes and mouth, stifling his screams and stripping him of energy as he slumped back into the recliner. Stanley fell unconscious soon after, unable to see the phantasmic state of the dream demon, appearing more as a ghost now, glowing weakly and being much smaller.

“L jrwed kdqg lw wr brx wkhuh, Vwdqohb, You and Sixer almost managed to kill me off for good!” The demon tried to laugh, though the sound came hoarse and weak. “Now then, time to get my physical body back and bring some life back into this party!” the phantom of a demon rasped with a tip of his blurred hat as he wavered out of the aging establishment and off into trees.

“Now, where could it be…?” the demon asked no one in particular, scouring the forest floor for some time until he eventually happens upon a stone arm jutting from the moss and vegetation. “Aha!” he cackled before hovering down to the stone cast of himself. “Long time no see, handsome,” Bill patted the imperfect, crumbled surface of the petrified statue's eye. Given his current state, the statue was now about twice his size. Then, without further ceremony, he entered the statue. With a burst of light, the stone slowly melted away into glowing brick and the demon erupted the rest of his lodged body from the earth, startling many of the forest inhabitants from slumber.

Bill floated up, looking around and began to laugh as he ignited a blue flame in his hand. “All right! Now it’s time to-” the demon started, only to watch the flame go out without his instruction, “What?” he shouted, only to cause his radiant glow to flicker and dim as he dropped unceremoniously to the forest floor now unable to stay afloat. “What’s happening to me?” the demon observed his hands, concentrating on trying to summon a fire, conjure his cane, do something. Instead, his form began faltering evidently failing to maintain its stability, “No! I can’t lose my
tangible form! There’s no way I’m going back to rotting in the Nightmare Realm for another trillion years!” he blazed, his anger causing his form to break apart even more.

“I need to change into something that takes less power to stabilize,” the ruler of dreams theorized as he struggled to stand. Though he was reluctant, Bill summoned the last ounce of his usable magic to transfigure himself. Another burst of light came, and the demon energy was spent. Bill did not know what form he had taken on, but all he knew was he felt rather… tired. The world began to spin before him and he felt much heavier. It did not take long for Bill, the being of pure energy with no weaknesses, to collapse onto the mossy dirt incapable of supporting even himself.

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Hemera

Chapter Summary

Bill awakens from his fatigue-induced slumber to find what his new form is. Afterwards, he makes his way back to the Mystery Shack in the pursuit to gain his powers back.

Chapter Notes

The form I gave Bill in this, while humanoid, yes, is intended to look somewhat monstrous, as you will see. Envision the details however you will, though Dipper will be more involved in the next chapter, along with everyone else. And something things should be cleared up about that time as well as to avoid too many plot holes. Also, I don't personally think that a being whose clothes are essentially a part of them should have normal clothes when put into another form. It doesn't make much sense to me.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

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The crippled form of Bill Cipher laid heaped in the woods, covered in dirt, twigs, and pine needles. Late morning had set in, casting the forest in beams of gold and shadows of emerald. Tilted cries of birds echoed somewhere in the hair of the redwoods and pine trees. Bill felt his conscious resurface, and he emitted a pained sigh upon finding that it hurt to move. While Bill enjoyed pain, he was more invested in the quick, sharp stings than prolonged disability and aching. That is, when it occurred to him directly.

“Ugh…” Bill blinked, his vision blurred as he stared up at the few patches of sky that could be seen past tree branches. Despite the odd inclination to simply rest against the cool earth, he forced himself to sit up. Upon doing so, he was finally competent to see what form his weakening state had bestowed upon him. He had skin now, and was naked, that much he could tell. It was far too pink for his liking. That indicated he had blood now, and where there was blood, there was- he shuddered- mortality. At least temporary. “Oh great…” Bill spat, but he took note to details on his new body that indicated he was not a complete human.

Various sections of his body, like along his shoulders, rib cage, and where a normal left eye would reside, were covered not with skin, but rather with his familiar yellow brick exterior. His arms below the elbow and legs below the calf faded into black the farther they extended to fingers and toes respectively. Bill withdrew a hand to rub his head. His hat was gone, though Bill could feel he now had a head of hair, just as golden as the brick that remained on his form. The golden blonde hair was matted with twigs and pine needles thus rendering it messy and in need of a comb. If it had it been orderly, it would reach just past the his new ears. His fingers ended in lithe claws, that would be more than capable of dealing damage if he retained the strength to do it.

The only other details Bill could find at the moment without a mirror included a tattooed imprint
of his bowtie between his pseudo-collar bones. Along with this was that the teeth he was given were abnormally sharp in the front, and very flat in the back. The demon soon made the effort to stand, which sent dull pulses of pain through his nervous system. The demon had to latch onto a nearby redwood trunk to keep his buckling knees from giving out completely on him.

“Yeesh, this hunk of meat is going to need some getting used to,” he groaned as he looked down once more at his form. He found he was somewhat short, having to tilt his head almost completely up to gaze at the tip of trees that were only eight or nine feet tall. His was overall rather average in stature, not too thin or wide, though Bill had a much… softer complexion than he wanted. Other than his claws, fangs and bricked skin, he was rather average it seemed and not very intimidating.

“I gotta find a way to get my powers back quick…” Bill frowned, staggering in the direction of the Mystery Shack, “I just gotta hope that ol’ Sixer put down that field keeping me out. Ha, knowing him he probably didn’t,” Bill theorized, holding on tightly to get another tree trunk as he recollected his strength. “Jeez, and I thought this was bad with Pinetree running. I can barely walk like this…”

Bill’s trek back to the worn-down attraction took longer than he desired, as he constantly had to stop and gather himself, or otherwise risk falling down. After what felt like an eternity of trudging through the forest terrain, he could recognize the peak of the shack in the distance. By this time, it was around afternoon, as the sun had descended low enough to cascade warmth upon his exposed back. He only really felt nude without his hat, and that was technically a part of him.

As he approached the clearing of the Mystery Shack, the trees began dissipating, urging him to rely on his shaky legs even more. “Come on, Bill, you can’t let this fleshy can of meat get the better of you!” Bill huffed to himself, hobbling as he reached the front yard. “Wait a sec…” Bill took a few more risky steps, and was actually able to touch the shack. He first patted it, eye aglow with shock, then he grinned brightly. He smacked the wall and laughed as he clenched his fist and punched the splintering wood hard, which ended in his knuckles becoming battered and bleeding heavily.

“Agh! Bad idea! Bad idea!” Bill bit his lower lip as he fell ungracefully and started rolling around in the grass and dirt, writhing in pain and gripping his wrist. He managed to roll toward the other side of the establishment, just as the door creaked open to reveal an older Dipper Pines, peeking out.

“Mabel, I know I heard something. It sounded like a dying owl,” the young adult addressed his twin sister, “Or… maybe a rabid raccoon eating someone’s discarded stash of Smile Dip?” he offered. Dipper then closed the door once more, unaware of Bill’s presence just on the other side of the house. The said demon was currently leaving a small puddle of tears and blood as he quietly cursed between his teeth.

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Chapter End Notes

Thank you to everyone who’s read this chapter! I wanted to give the ending a bit of a comedic aspect of sorts, though I don’t know for certain how well I played that off. Please let me know what you think if you are willing to do so! Also, I will strive to keep
the chapters relatively simple and to the point as I can to avoid diverging off the intended path.
Apollo and Admetus

Chapter Summary

Dipper discovers Bill trying to sneak into the Mystery Shack, and after a less than pleasant encounter, the two come to a mutual agreement.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

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“Well, at least whatever it was stopped now,” Dipper shrugged and resumed his lingering about the gift shop. Dipper Pines had grown since the fall of Weirdmageddon. He was twenty-one now, and over the passage of time had a few centimeters taller than his sister. Nevertheless, this evidently did not stop her from trying to tease him. Dipper had exchanged his navy hooded vest for a maroon flannel short sleeve. Over that he donned a thin cerulean jacket with full-length black jean. He had since received his old hat back from Wendy before she went off college a few years back. Of course she still visited every now and then to see how the place held up without her.

Mabel ambled into the gift shop soon after though the open door, letting her hand run through her long hair. Over the years, she made an effort to keep now no longer than to her mid-back. She still fancied her extravagantly coloured sweaters, though today she sported a simple lavender ribbed sweater with a sole cyan star in the center. Along with this she wore azure earrings and denim shorts. She had since had her braces removed, though needed to wear a retainer. Dipper glanced her way and spoke, “Hey, Mabel, how’s Grunkle Stan doing?”

“He’s doing better. He stills pale, though and keeps saying he had some night terror about—” Mabel paused, her calm smile faltering as she almost uttered the name. Dipper stood, silent, thankfully not comprehending the idea just yet, “… about, erm, well, he didn’t specify, but it must have been pretty bad if he’s still really weak,” she quickly conjured. Her brother nodded, a gleam in his eye that told he did not seem to care one way or another, just as long as his great uncle was all right.

“Anywho, Grunkle Ford’s up checking on him one more time before going back to his boring ol’ studies. I’m gonna head into town to meet up with Pacifica! She and I have a lunch date! ” Mabel beamed, jabbing a thumb in her direction as she paraded towards the door, “Try not to burn the place down while I’m gone!” Dipper portrayed something of a knowing smile with a slight roll of his eyes.

“No promises,” he joked back as he listened to her open the creaking door and exit. As Mabel went off, Bill was finally securing his bleeding hand under control. His eye caught sight of Mabel just as she disappeared from view. Bill stood, peering through the window to find the only one in the immediate room was Dipper, who could not glimpse him as he was too investing peering at the jar of miscellaneous eyeballs.

“Doesn’t look like either of the Stans are in there….” Bill monologued. He summoned a slight smirk as he trained his eye on Dipper, “If I could get inside and into those studies Sixer has I might
just find something in there that’ll restore my power…” The nude demon arose, holding onto the window rim to keep himself up. He glanced at the closed doors to the underground sector of the shack and tried to pull them open. His diluted form struggled to bend over and pull at the handles.

“Locked,” he huffed, straightening himself out again. Bill looked about the shack for another way in, “Hm, can’t risk Dipper seeing me…” he then looked up towards the roof.

Dipper finished browsing about the gift shop, honestly having nothing else to do, which was unfortunate for him really. Lately, he had to constantly find some means of personal distraction to shelter him away from his own thoughts. They frequented a place he refused to dwell on for too long, since they all led back to one horrible place. He frowned, furrowing his brow as he decided to head upstairs to the room he and Mabel had shared. Even though the two of them were adults, they still decided to sleep up in the attic versus in a motel of sorts. For one thing, it was reminiscent of their past adventures, and secondly, it was free! Well, almost free. Even though Soos was technically the owner for quite a while, their great uncle insisted they pitch in even more in maintaining the Museum and Gift Shop. Dipper did not personally mind that as, once again, it distracted his thoughts.

As he lumbered up the stairs, looking to the walls, the ceiling and anything to keep himself from curling up in a corner again and unable to breath from stress or paranoia, he heard the walls of the tourist attraction creak. “Hm, the boards probably need reinforcing again…” he hummed, training his ears on the unrhythmic bends and moans of the establishment. When he finally reached the attic, he readjusted his trucker hat and sat down on the bed. Said mattress was rather small on him now that he was more developed, but he did not want to complain.

He glanced at his window reluctantly, wincing at the triangle shape as it brought back sharp memories of the malignant Bill Cipher. Dipper was not sure what he would do if he ever saw that monster face to face again. He fastened his eyes and rubbed his face. Through his eyelids, he noted how the light in the room suddenly vanished and heard a soft, “Oh,” just beyond the wall. Curious, he looked up, and what he perceived froze him in place.

Barely hanging on to the walls of the building and the window frame was an unclad man, staring at Dipper with an unreadable expression. The man’s sclera was a vibrant maize, while his iris and pupil were elongated, cat-esk and piercing. The two simply stared at one another for some time, giving Dipper the chance to consider the blackened limbs, the bricked sections of skin, and just to make things worse, the man’s voice.

“How’s it hanging, Pinetree?” he strained, clearly unable to talk and hold on at the same time. Dipper gawked back on him, his heart beginning to race, adrenaline pulsing through his veins. The young adult tried to calm himself down, though ended up failing miserably as he suddenly let loose a shrill scream. This caught the weakened demon off-guard as he jolted back, letting go of the roof window frame in the process and plummeting. “Damn it, Pinetr-!” the demon started before getting the wind knocked out of him from the fall.

A few seconds after, Stanford rushed into the room as he was alerted by Dipper’s screams, “Dipper! What happened?! ” the elder shouted over, grabbing hold of his great nephew by the shoulders in an effort to calm him down. Dipper’s screams were persistent and his body was stiff, yet shivering. His eyes flashed wild in all directions, looking but not really seeing. Ford furrowed his brow, eyes strained with concern as he resorted to holding Dipper’s head still, forcing the terrified young adult to survey him dead-on.

“Dipper, get a grip. Can you hear me? Blink once for no, twice for yes,” Ford lowered his tone. Dipper in turn took a moment, but blinked tried blinking twice, though ended with one blink too
many. “Um, I’m just going to assume that’s a yes,” the grayed man proposed, letting go of his great nephew’s head. “What happened in here?” he asked.

The younger man took a moment to respond, taking deep breaths to soothe himself, “I… I don’t know,” he lied. The last thing he needed was Ford freaking out about possibility of Bill’s return when he had his brother to worry about. “It… uh… it must have just been one of my episodes, eeh,” he shrugged, praying that Stanford would buy it.

A few tense seconds passed and Ford nodded, his frown deepening, “Your episodes do seem to be getting worse. We might have to get that checked out before you leave. You really worry me sometimes, Dipper,” he crooned, patting his great nephew’s head before making his way back to the door. Just as he exited he informed, “Stanley should be fine again by morning. Whatever struck him drained him of almost all of his energy. I’ll be in my studies if you need me. ’” He made the notion to say more, but held his tongue, then closed the door behind him.

Dipper stared at the door for a good few seconds before gradually turning his attention back to the window the nude demon had lingered over just minutes prior. He approached the pane and slowly opened it, looking over to see Bill’s heaped form still lying at the body, his face visible and contorted in obvious pain. He briefly closed the window again and huddled onto his bed, rocking, “Oh no, oh no, oh no, oh no…” he moaned. “That’s Bill down there, it has to be… but how?!” Why?!” he heaved. He needed to make his way down there to be sure Bill was subdued. Perhaps he could take care of this himself.

Dipper quickly rushed downstairs once he was certain Ford attended to his studies, then outside. He looked around before quickly arming himself with a fallen branch. From what he saw, it seemed the form Bill took on was capable of feeling pain. Along with this, since he tried entering the establishment through Dipper’s window instead of simply teleporting told him Bill could not execute that for some reason. He rounded the abode, finding Bill straining to hoist himself up again, and failing. Bill’s eye caught sight of Dipper with the branch and scoffed.

“Oh, great, let me guess; you’re here to finish me off. I mean, the branch really is something to laugh at, but when I’m like this it might as well be a gun to you meat-sacks,” Bill growled, trying to glare at Dipper, though instead passing off a meek, weary expression.

Dipper swallowed thickly, using every shred of willpower he bestowed to keep himself from turning heel and heading back up to the attic to hide, cry, or both. “W-What happened to you? How are you-?”

“Alive?” Bill finished bitterly, “Kid, if there’s one thing you need to know about memories, is that you can’t really take them away. Only suppress them. All memories just consist of neuron pulses and patterns formulated to make sense, scientifically speaking. It was that Stanley’s memories of me were triggered by some rebel pulse pattern and boom, I waltzed right out of his barren Mindscape. As for my form, well, I guess being stuck in that old geezer’s Mindscape for so long and only being resurrected by a memory took most of my energy away from me. But don’t worry, I’ll get my strength back…” the frail demon made the effort to smile maliciously, though he could not get the pseudo-muscles in his face to cooperate.

“So basically… You’re weak…” Dipper simplified. This took him by surprised and helped to diminish the fear of the demon that tore at his mind and body. Conceivably he could finish him off after all. But, upon seeing Bill this weak and unable to even stand, despite it all, he could not persuade himself to strike him. Seeing this monster with a face, a real body, and flesh, brought some twisted humility to his being. “I’m- I’m not going to kill you,” he uttered.
This caught Bill’s attention as he looked up, stoic besides the pain, “You’re not? Why? I would,” he shrugged, being honest with himself. If he, the powerful demon he was supposed to be, saw this husk of a form he currently possessed, he would probably off himself too.

“I have my reasons, Bill,” Dipper furrowed his brow, frowning deeply. “You… You need help. I… I can bring you back to health,” he reluctantly said and winced when he heard the demon’s hoarse laughter.

“Kid, did you hit your head? Because I’m pretty sure only someone who’s delirious would help the one who almost slaughtered them,” he remarked, feigning aloofness. In reality this shocked Bill. A part of him was amused by the man’s offer. Another was compelled to agree, just to see where this went.

“That’s why I’ll help you on one condition,” Dipper quickly added and gained voice, though still trembled, “You have to not hurt any of my friends or family before and after you’re better,” he frowned. He then had thought and quickly added, “or me!”

“So, a deal?” Bill huffed, clenching his teeth as he managed to push himself into a sitting position. “You help me, and I follow around like a lost dog and don’t smear your family's guts all over this forsaken place. I can do that,” Bill nodded weakly, then held out his hand. Bill strained to summon a fire, only to kindle a steady stream of blue-grey smoke. “Deal?”

Dipper froze. His breath hitching again as he looked to the smoking hand. A cold crawl entered his skin as he recalled loosing possession of his own body to this shell of a demon. Nevertheless, he knew that Bill was going to regain power either way, and when he did he recognized that unless he accepted, his loved ones would be killed. He sighed dryly, and held out his own hand, “Deal,” before briefly clasping the demon’s uninjured claws and shaking quickly before ripping his hand free, even though Bill did not make an effort to maintain his hold.

“Great! I gotta say Pinetree, you’re certainly going to make this interesting for me. I’m curious about your motives,” the demon admitted, and Dipper gave a brisk nod, setting down the branch before turning back to the Gift Shop entrance after ushering the monster-made-man. He stopped when he found that Bill was not pursuing him right away. He turned back to observe the demon struggling to stand. Bill looked at Dipper, his face downcast as he sighed, “I can’t make it up there… ” he sneered, feeling weak and useless.

Dipper sighed, “Do you… need help?” he inquired. He personally did not want to touch the demon, for many reasons, but on top of this he was nude, and he refused to consider any part of Bill’s body touching him. Regardless, he could not leave him out here. He would scare away customers.

Bill merely nodded, and Dipper strolled over. The two exchanged very little in terms of conversation and eye-contact. Well, at least the brown-haired male did. Bill gazed at him the whole time. Had he not been so meek and feeble right now, he would be laughing at the human’s embarrassment. Dipper held his breath and hoisted the demon up, bridal-style and lugger him through the gift shop and up into the attic.

A million thoughts blazed through Dipper’s mind all at once, most of them concerning the demon lying still in his arms. He was confident he had lost his mind this time. He let the one thing, the only thing, that almost killed everyone he knew and loved into the very place he was never meant to enter. He was thankful that Bill was much too weak to even walk and that they made the deal,
otherwise he would most likely be dead right now.

As soon as they entered the attic, Dipper sighed and came to stand in the middle of the room. Taking deep breathes, he struggled to keep his cool. He did not want to dwell on the fact that his great uncle’s most powerful adversary was now in the arms of his great nephew. “Y’know, Pinetree,” Bill began, tapping his clawed fingers together, “This is actually kinda comfortable. Maybe you could just keep ho-” his request was interrupted as Dipper dropped the demon unceremoniously onto the wooden floor.

“Nope,” Dipper answered bluntly.

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Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed this chapter! I aimed to make it longer this time around, as well as establish some characters. I hope nothing came off as forced or unnecessary to any of you. If you feel any details need to be taken out, please inform me of what and I will revise as I see fit! Thank you! Also, the title of this chapter implies Bill as "Apollo" and Dipper as "Admetus". They are not meant to be exact parallels by any means, though, and is meant to be more subtle.
**Chapter Summary**

Dipper assists Bill in getting dressed and looking somewhat normal. In the meantime, they come up with a story regarding Bill's presence.

**Chapter Notes**

**EDIT:** Some of you may have noticed that I changed the titles of the chapters. I did this so they all followed the theme of Greek gods, goddesses, and other such entities.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

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“All right, let’s just take this step by step. We first need to get you some clothes, and then cover up all the weird stuff that remains,” Dipper began, digging through the closet for clothes. Bill, meanwhile, had not moved from the spot Dipper discarded him at.

“Got anything yellow?” Bill groaned, no longer bothering to try moving anymore.

“No. We need to keep you from looking as much like… well, you, as possible. Just in case if you’re discovered no one immediately jumps at your throat finding out you’re alive,” Dipper explained as he tossed two articles of clothing Bill’s way. Bill simply peered at them for a moment. He found that Dipper decided to give him a black sweatshirt with a vibrant blue collar, cuffs, and rim. The pants were also black, stretchy, and would go a bit past the ankles because of his height.

“Hmph,” Bill huffed before a pair of grey boxers landed over his face. Dipper came back out from the closet holding a pair of white winter gloves and a bandage roll. “We still need to come up with some kind of story. Y’know, as to why I’m here in case I am found,” Bill droned and grimaced as his vision was obscured by the unmentionables.

“Yeah. Hmm, maybe we can just say you got lost and ended up here? ” Dipper offered as he sat across from the demon, setting his own things down to remove the boxers from Bill’s face.

“Nah, then that would just send them on some search mission trying to find out where I came from,” Bill began. He then winced as he forced himself into a sitting position. “Here’s a better idea. How about we say I’m one of your friends you met over the summer? And maybe say I had issues back at home and needed a place to stay until things cooled down? ” he offered.

“That actually sounds a bit better than my idea,” Dipper admitted, eyebrows furrowed and cheeks flushed from having not thought of that himself.

“See, Pinetree? I’m pretty skilled when it comes to thinking,” the demon smirked, closing his
eye. Not long after that being said, the roll of bandages smacked his face, provoking him to falter and wince in pain. He rubbed his cheek meekly and glared at Dipper, who returned the stare. “All right, all right, let’s just get some clothes on me before I’m hit with anything else and keel over,” he hissed.

And so Dipper assisted Bill in putting the clothes on. The brunette grimaced all the way through, not enjoying one second of being in contact with Bill, especially when the man was au naturel. Eventually, the tedious process was done, and the demon was clothed, which made it easier for Dipper to look at him without feeling uncomfortable. Dipper then looked to Bill’s injured hand. By that point the blood had dried and the wound itself beginning to scab over. “What did you do?” Dipper asked, more curious than concerned.

“I punched the wall of the Shack,” Bill replied, grimacing at the hand. Dipper gave a blank stare, and drew in softly, as though trying to fully comprehend that.

“What was it you said a second ago? About thinking? Well, I wasn’t planning on using the bandages for you hand, but…” Dipper trailed off as he stood again and walked over to the mahogany dresser, finding a pair of scissors. He gazed at them for a moment, silent, before turning back to Bill and handling the roll. He cut a fair strip off and took Bill’s hand, haphazardly wrapping the gauze around the other’s knuckles. “There, at least then it won’t get infected as easily... Or stain my mittens,” he nodded, satisfied with the work. “Okay, now put on these,” he ordered, tossing the gloves Bill’s way.

“Touchy,” Bill teased at the command, but slipped them on regardless. “All right, now what are the bandages actually for?” he asked, curious of their original purpose.

“Well, the eye mainly. Erm, well, lack thereof,” Dipper replied, gesturing to the yellow bricked section making up where Bill’s left eye would have been. “We’ll have to come up with a story regarding the eye as well. Maybe we can say the dispute between you and your ‘parents’ got so bad that you were hit in the eye or something?” Dipper offered, getting a bit closer to Bill to brush the leaves and twigs from his hair, then proceed wrapping the gauze over the bricked skin. After a bit of trial and error getting it to stay, he pinned it together once he was sure it could keep its hold.

“Okay, besides your eye you look pretty normal,” Dipper hummed, thinking of what to accomplish regarding the eye. He knew that Mabel would be able to spot the inhuman eyes, haven seen them twice in the past. Dipper also knew that Ford would question them as well. “I don’t own any color contacts, really. I’m sure we can give you a pair of sunglasses, or…” he looked around, brown furrowed.

“Let’s stick with the sunglasses for today. Later on when I’m better we can go into town and get the contacts,” Bill planned before flopping back onto his side. “Your floor is surprisingly comfortable,” he realized, before yawning, and he jolted, “Ugh, that felt horrible!”

“Yawning?” Dipper eyed, yawning back in reflex. “Then you’re gonna hate everything else about a human body,” he shook his head.

“I already do! You meatbags are all so weak and flabby like this! It’s amazing your own world hasn’t wiped you all out yet!” Bill rolled his eye.

“Y’know, too be honest with you I kinda feel the same,” Dipper admitted, casually which drew in Bill’s attention. The brunette did not seem to notice the newfound attention and went on. “I
mean, who better to know the limitations and weaknesses of a human than a powerful entity who can do almost anything? It must feel really restraining, but I think you deserve it after everything you did,” he frowned.

“Well, I’m going to rise back up to my former glory, just you wait! Meanwhile, you’ll still be the same pudgy skinpuppet with the same pudgy face,” Bill retorted, pouting.

“. . I’m not pudgy. In fact I think I’m a little underweight,” Dipper murmured, feeling self-conscious at that point. He had not weighed himself very recently, but he could tell that as time went on his clothes had begun to feel looser on him. He still ate, but found he only did so when he was compelled to. If no one went up to him and dragged him out to eat at the table with everyone or usher him out to a restaurant, he probably would have stopped eating altogether. Dipper was surprised that even his sister, the one he devoted the most time around for personal comfort and mental reassurance, failed to notice his weight loss. Then again, why would she when she was off with Pacifica all the time now? Granted he knew she supported him in spirit, but her actions spoke little in his eyes.

Dipper was jolted back to reality with the sound of Bill whistling, “Pinetree, are you still with me? You went really quiet, and your eyes glazed a bit. I thought you died sitting up.”

“Oh, y-yeah, yeah I’m fine,” Dipper reassured, though Bill did not need it as he genuinely did not care. Nevertheless, the bit of attention that Bill provided him regarding his silence and vacant look at least showed that the demon actually considered his existence.

***

Chapter End Notes

Sorry if this chapter was rather uninteresting or provided less detail than normal, I wanted some more interaction between Bill and Dipper. The next chapter will pick up a bit more, and the story really begins in Chapter 6. I was going to try and put chapter 4 and 5 together, but I thought they had much too different tones to go together smoothly.
Morpheus

Chapter Summary

Mabel begins to overhear Dipper seemingly speaking to himself. Bill and Dipper share an awkward exchange in the bathroom, and later on Bill provides more details about his plan.

Chapter Notes

I tried to add more "meat" to this chapter. Did I fail or succeed? ¯\_(ツ)_/¯

See the end of the chapter for more notes

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Some time had passed before Mabel returned to the Mystery Shack. By this point, Dipper had arranged the closet so Bill would be able to reside in it until some other area had been sorted out for him. As Mabel approached the entrance to the attic, she paused when she overheard Dipper's voice speaking softly.

“Look, I know… Yes! I know that!... Just give it some time okay? She’s coming! ” the muffled voice resonated from just beyond the wood. Mabel blinked, curious. She knew her brother to occasionally talk to himself, though that usually came from when he was deciphering codes, and had trouble figuring them out. This was different. It was as though he was having a genuine conversation with someone. Mabel furrowed her brow as she strained to hear if there was a second participant to this secluded discussion. After her endeavours yielded fruitless, she entered the room.

From what she saw, everything was normal. Dipper was lying back on the bed, seemingly undisturbed as he rummaged through his dresser drawer. She gave a light smile his way, and when he noticed her, returned the gesture. “Oh, hey Mabel! How was your lunch date? You were gone a lot longer than I thought you’d be,” he laughed, feigning aloofness.

“Oh, yeah, well, Pacifica and I lost track of time. I didn’t realize how long I had been out until I checked! That, or the fact I kept bumping into things we went on a walk and I couldn’t see anything,” Mabel quickly added that last part. This did not surprise Dipper in the slightest. “But anywho, what have you been up to, Bro-bro?” she asked, her mind tracing back to hearing her brother seemingly speak to himself.

“Oh, you know, the usual. Sat up here, nothing special,” Dipper lied, though his face betrayed no deceit. “Um, hey Mabel, can I… talk to you about something? ” he suddenly asked, his tone
serious now.

“Oh, uh, sure! Anything!” Mabel returned, sitting down on her own worn mattress as she directed her attention onto him. This, for whatever reason, made Dipper relax somewhat.

“Do you think I’m crazy?” he outright spoke. This surprised Mabel. She never assumed her brother to question his own sanity. She smiled warmly, then spoke.

“Of course not, Dippin’ Sauce. You’re just a big nerd who thinks too much about everything,” she replied honestly. This seemed to reassure Dipper by the faint smile he returned.

“That’s good coming from you. I just… I dunno. Today’s been… off,” Dipper phrased, “and I just needed some reassurance from you. Sometimes I’m not so sure myself, especially after today.” he sighed.

“What happened?” Mabel asked, curious as she rested her chin within the palms of her hand, her elbows fixed onto her knees.

Dipper glanced off toward the closet, though made sure Mabel could not track where his eyes wandered to, “Let’s just say I had to face one of my demons.”

- --

Meanwhile from within the closet Bill carefully listened in on their conversation. Despite his boredom and discomfort, he found himself smirking. Bill found it amusing that Dipper thought he was losing his mind. The human had not even begun to scratch past the surface of madness. The weakened demon figured that once he had enough power back, he would show Dipper the most grotesque, vile, and outright disturbed corners of the universe. Perhaps then Dipper would know true insanity firsthand.

Bill removed his ear from the door, now deep in thought. He wondered how long this situation would last. He wanted his power back as quickly as possible. This form made him miserable with how vulnerable and needy it was. Bill’s body was sore from the fall, and his hand ached from the punch he delivered to the rusty shack. On top of this, a strange gnawing clawed at his abdomen, his eyelids felt heavy, and he had trouble maintaining what he believed was a bladder in check. Perhaps he should have asked Dipper to assist him to the bathroom before shoving him into the closet.

Bill listened again as he heard footsteps patter past the closet door. He strained, but managed to get onto his hands and knees as he peeked beneath the door. He caught a glimpse of brown fur boots, followed by Mabel’s voice. “I’m gonna fix something to eat, ’kay Dip? I can bring you something up too if you want!” she offered.

“No tha-” Bill heard Dipper began, then continue, “Actually, yeah. That would be good. Thanks. Uh, could you just bring up a sandwich or something? I’m not that hungry,” he asked.
“Sure! No problem! I’m just gonna check up on Grunkle Stan and Ford to see if they want anything too,” and with that, Mabel departed from the room.

Bill remained in his position of looking under the door, mainly because it hurt to move more than necessary. A few minutes passed, and Dipper opened the closet door to look down and find Bill practically lying down on the wooden floor. “Uh,” he started.

“Not a word, Pinetree. Anywho, since you’re here now, help me to the bathroom,” the demon demanded. Dipper rolled his eyes, but Bill could tell he was struggling to retain his stoic look.

“All right, all right, come on,” Dipper ordered back, kneeling down and assisting the demon up. “We gotta be quick though. Mabel’s making your sandwich, and she’s kinda quick at that.”

Bill blinked, then looked up at Dipper, “My sandwich?” he echoed.

Dipper did not respond until they descended from the attic and ventured to the bathroom door. “Yeah, I figured that even though you’re a sociopathic dream demon hellbent on bringing mankind to its knees, you still have a human body. Which means you probably get the need to eat, pee, sleep—”

“Ugh, why are human bodies so… primitive? You’d think that millions of years of evolution would have at least made it so you wouldn’t need to eat so much, but no… ” he grumbled as the two entered the bathroom.

“Welp, get used to it,” Dipper commented, feeling no sympathy for the meek demon. Once they reached the bathroom, Bill used the counter top for support as he eyed the toilet resentfully. Dipper turned to leave Bill to do the deed in peace, until Bill spoke up.

“I could use some help,” the dream demon implied, straining as his pseudo-muscles whined in protest of his vain efforts to remove his pants. Dipper froze, and glanced back at Bill.

“No,” he said, shaking his head, “No way, you can do that! I’m not going anywhere near your pants,” he refused. Granted he had already seen Bill in all his naked glory, but to voluntarily depants the demon was an entirely diverse world of its own. The thought of it made him feel rightfully uncomfortable. Bill blinked at him, clearly unamused. The demon’s minor pout soon curled into a smile as he spoke.

“Oh, all right then. I suppose I can take my time then. Your sister will wonder where you went off to and go get Sixer to help look, oh, and wouldn’t he be just thrilled to find his great nephew conspiring with his worst enemy—,” the humanoid beast cooed. Dipper glared at the demon, face red from anger and embarrassment, “You wouldn’t… You’d get caught too!” he retorted.
“True, but if you try telling them who I really am, then they’d want to try and stop me, and that would go against our little deal, Pinetree. So unless you want your family to be hurt all because of your refusal, you better-” Bill did not get to complete his statement as the Pines boy grabbed hold of the dream demon’s pants and swiftly wrenched them down. “Oh,” Bill hummed.

“Just pee!” Dipper ordered, his face crimson from anger at both himself and the demon. Dipper promptly exited the bathroom before Bill could have had the chance to ask Dipper to help him aim. A few tense seconds had passed before he heard the toilet flush. Dipper reentered and before Bill could say anything pulled his pants up for him.

“Wow, Pinetree, it’s like you read my-” the blonde was once again interrupted as Dipper hoisted him up bridal style and rushed him back upstairs to the attic. “But I didn’t even get to wash my-” Bill tried yet again before he was unceremoniously shoved back into the closet with the door swiftly shut on his face.

“Just stop talking,” Dipper huffed as he heard Mabel approach the door. She opened it, bestowing a rather peculiar sandwich.

“Okay, sorry it took so long! I tried finding the gravy, but the only jar we had expired three months ago, so I tried making my own. It needed broth, which we didn’t have so I just used some grease from the chicken I’m making. But here!” Mabel breathed as she handed the plate over to Dipper. “All right, now I gotta head back out to check on the chicken. I think taking all the grease out of it might make it stick to the pan.” And with that, the Pines girl departed from the room, leaving Dipper alone with Bill once more.

“Gravy?...” Dipper questioned as he eyeballed the sandwich. It seemed to indeed have gravy, along with sliced turkey, ham, and whatever else was lying in the lunch meat drawer. “Hmph. Welp, eat up Bill,” Dipper called as he opened the closet again and slid the paper plate over to a disgruntled Bill. “I’m going to head to bed now. I’ve had too much of today,” he informed as he trudged on to the mattress and lied down, turning off the light.

Dipper fell asleep almost instantly, as his consciousness was swept away by the promise of dreams.

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Dipper opened his eyes to perceive himself sitting on the floor of the Gift Shop. He blinked and rubbed his eyes. “What the-?”

“Oh, Hey Pinetree! Glad you could finally join the party!” Bill piped, now back in his triangular form. Dipper looked over to him, noticing how small and dim Bill was, even in his dreams. In fact, the demon appeared no more prominent than his fist.

“Bill? You’re a triangle again? Oh, this must be a dream, huh?” Dipper pointed out, looking
around, “Does that mean you’re asleep too?”

“Unfortunately. I’m just glad I still have some control over this place,” Bill commented, adjusting his hat. “But while we’re here, we might as well talk about a couple things,” Bill acknowledged as he snapped his fingers and a small albeit comfortable loveseat materialized for the triangle to sit in. “I think you might be interested in knowing.”

“Like what?” the man asked timidly, looking around to find it was pitch black outside. As he gazed about an ordinary lawn chair spawned beneath him, serving as his own seat.

“Well, one, that sandwich Shooting Star made… It was actually kinda good, and she needs to make more. Two, we need to discuss means of transportation. I have a few ideas of how we can regenerate my power faster, but most of them involve driving,”

“Well, yeah, I have a driver’s license. I could always ask to use Grunkle Stan’s car but what about we take care of what’s within walking distance for right now?” Dipper inquired, unsure of how to execute the idea of just randomly asking for Stanley’s car, since he never needed it prior to now.

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“Whatever floats your metaphorical warship, kid. That being said, three, we’ll have to find the remains of the Interdimensional Rift, and possible harvest Stanford’s organs—”

“What?!” Dipper shouted, “Why?!”

Bill rolled his single, prominent eye as Dipper’s reaction. “Sheesh, Pinetree, we won’t need all his organs. We can leave the unimportant ones, like his gallbladder and tonsils!” the demon tried to reason from his own twisted mind.

“No Bill! It’s bad enough I’m helping a psychotic nacho take over the world behind my family’s back. There’s no way in Hell I’m going to let my great uncle have his organs removed! Why do you need them anyway?!” Dipper demanded, jabbing a finger in Bill’s direction.

Bill seemed to be smiling given his tone and a saucy glint in his eye, “Well, really it’s anything that could potentially connect me to the Nightmare Realm or the Mindscape, the realities I created. As we speak, just being here helps recover me a bit. But the thing is, the process is really slow. Like, you would be an old man like Fordsie by the time I’m fully regenerated. And that’s with only the Mindscape as my main source of power-regeneration,” Bill conjured a blue wispy image of an old withered Dipper residing in a rocker, before crushing the phantasm in his fist.

Dipper took a moment to consider, “But, I don’t think Grunkle Ford has even been to the Nightmare Realm or whatever that is. Why him?!” the brunette lamented.

“Well, when he went through the Universe Portal, he was exposed to nearly all other
dimensions. Most of which prior to now I’ve been able to transverse freely to when summoned or just simply conquering them. Because of this, Sixer’s body has taken quite a beating. Being vulnerable to those pulses of interdimensional energy basically turned him into a sponge. It’s like radiation, minus the skin peeling and hilarious death. If I get a hold of his organs, I can seep that energy from them and recover much faster. The Interdimensional Rift would do the same thing, but that would be less fun. And you wanna know the best part, Pinetree? ” Bill asked, his tone now oddly warm.

Dipper did not respond right away, but his eyes betrayed his morbid curiosity for what Bill had to say next.

“Because of that brilliant deal you made with me so that I couldn’t hurt your good-for-nothing family, getting Stanford’s organs will be your job. Aren’t you a winner? ” The demon chirped, summoning a confetti popper and bursting its contents all over the horror-stricken Dipper Pines.

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Chapter End Notes

Why do I feel like I write Bill more canonically when he's just a triangle? ⊙‿☉
Cratus

Chapter Summary

Dipper and Bill venture into the woods to locate the remains of the Rift, and Ford begins to have suspicions of what is going on.

Chapter Notes

Sorry I haven't uploaded in a while, guys! I've been caught up with school work (╯°□°)╯︵┻━┻ But that shall not hinder me from continuing my story!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

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Dipper awoke early the next morning. Consistent chills radiated down his spine and he looked to his hands, which crumpled the sheets tightly as his heart raced. He glanced out the window, observing the mysterious azure sea of early morning hovering behind black trees. His eyes wandered to the bed across the splintering wooden floor. Mabel’s form slept soundly from beneath the covers, her back turned to him. For a moment he simply peered at her, thinking. Dipper eventually found it in himself to sit up, which made the bed creak slightly.

“What am I going to do, Mabel?” Dipper asked rhetorically, receiving peaceful snores in response. He stood, looking to the closet reluctantly as his mind trailed back to what Bill had assured him. “What’s even the point in trying to prevent you all from getting hurt if you'll get hurt anyway?” he sighed.

The brunette stood, hobbling to the closet as his legs were still somewhat asleep. He quietly opened the door to find Bill sitting up, awake and smiling, “Mornin’ Pinetree,” the blonde cheered quietly. Dipper grimaced, though it was more toward himself than at the demon before him.

“Are you able to get up on your own?” Dipper asked, hoping he was. Bill pondered for a second before standing up, causing his semi-tangible bones to crack, perking the demon up.

“Oh man, that’s the best I’ve felt since getting this meat husk!” Bill nearly shouted before Dipper slapped his hand over his mouth. The two stood, frozen in pace as they listened to Mabel grumble and shift in her bed, before snoring once more. The human kept his hand over the other’s mouth,
gazing at his sister fearfully. Bill, annoyed by this treatment, opened his mouth and licked his palm, causing the baffled Dipper to recoil in disgust.

“Sick!” Dipper scowled, wiping his hand on Bill’s sleeve before getting himself a pair of shoes and tossing another pair Bill’s way.

“So, we gonna go harvest Ford’s organs now, or what?” Bill asked, smirking as he put them on.

“No!” Dipper whispered sharply, putting on his hat and grabbing Bill’s arm and dragging him out and downstairs. “No. Right now, we’re just going to focus on getting what we can that doesn’t result in hurting anyone. We’re also going to go into town while we’re out and get you some contacts,” he explained as towed the demon along into the Gift Shop. After finding a pair of sunglasses on display, he coerced them over Bill’s face and governed him quietly outside.

“So you said you needed the remains of the Interdimensional Rift? Where would that be?” Dipper asked as he continued to drag Bill along in the twilight.

Bill retracted his arm and explained, “How about I show the way? If I’m right, and I always am, the rift should have been infused with the soil or all clumped together in a concentrated spot.”

“Yeah? And how are we supposed to know where in the soil it ended up?” Dipper frowned.

“The surrounding vegetation would either be dead or warped,” Bill replied matter-of-factly. “For some reason your dimension has the reputation to not be able to handle other dimensional presences very well,” he shook his head as skipped in front of Dipper as he began leading the way. “All we need to do after is dig up the petrified soil, and extract the rift. It shouldn’t be too hard since stuff like that won’t mix into your feeble dimension’s dirt,” Bill jabbed, which made Dipper only roll his eyes.

Little more was exchanged between the two men as Bill guided Dipper into the woods. As they descended deeper, Dipper observed the tall redwoods that surrounded them become more warped the closer they journeyed to the epicenter. The small temperate ferns that flourished below grew vine-esque and gnarled, yet strangely graceful in the way the twisted leaves corrupted the ground below. The trees bended over the pair, as though stoic wooden spectators aware of their plans. The soil was blackened and loose, almost like sand with a rather pearly, iridescent gleam.

Despite the evident corruption of the flora here, Dipper found the sight rather breathtaking. It endorsed him with the simultaneous feeling of fear and awe. The sensation was addictive. “This is...
actually kinda, I dunno, pretty?” he started, not exactly sure how to specify the area. Bill glanced back at him, curious.

“You think so, huh? That’s funny coming from you,” Bill began, “I would have though Shooting Star would be the one to boggle over all this. You, well, I just see you freaking out about it trying to keep her from touching anything,” the demon pondered as he patted one of the crooked tree trunks thoughtfully. Dipper, without thinking, mimicked his actions and considered the unnaturally smooth surface of the bark. To him, it almost felt like glass.

“I never thought this could come from the Interdimensional Rift being broken…” Dipper admitted as Bill suddenly stopped walking, staring down at a particular spot on the ground.

“Here,” Bill chimed. Dipper looked over to see the demon point a gloved finger at a patch of dirt that was blacker than the rest. Embedded within the ground were shards of old shattered glass. “Now, we just dig it up.” Bill began.

“But… if that stuff affects the trees, then who knows what it could do to us if we touch it…” Dipper warned, brow furrowed.

“Well, I’ll take care of that then. I mean, This stuff’s gonna end up in my system anyway,” Bill rolled his eye as he began taking off the gloves. His hand was still sore from yesterday, though not as much as it had been. Dipper grew closer, considering the demon at work. “Now then, watch and learn Pine tree,” Bill chuckled.

And with that being said, Bill proceeded to dig up the corrupted soil. Dipper observed as the soil gave way to the familiar galactic sheen of the rift’s residue, speckled with the warped soil. “All right! Now we need a bucket! You brought one, right?” Bill asked, the question innocent, yet the smirk on his face betraying the complacence he felt as he knew Dipper did not possess one.

Bill noticed this realization hit Dipper as said human’s face became crestfallen. “Damn it!” Dipper began, placing a palm to his forehead, “Well, I think I can just run back over to the shack an-

“That’s fine! We’ll just use your hat!” Bill interrupted, snatching the trucker’s cap off his head just before the brunette could protest.

“Bill, wait no! That hat is dry-clean only! Who knows if that stuff stains!” Dipper objected as Bill
proceeded to scoop up the mounds of infected dirt and debris coated in the goo of the Interdimensional Rift. As he did so, The hat became petrified with the substance, turning the vulnerable material black and warping it as it had with everything else. Dipper was distraught upon seeing his hat warped in such a way. Bill’s black claws shimmered with the rift’s substance as he stood back up, holding the hat.

“There! Perfect makeshift bucket there, Pinetree!” Bill nodded, “I’ll clean it for you afterwards if you want,” he offered.

Dipper frowned as he sighed in defeat, “Fine, fine, but I swear, if my hat ends up making me a cyclops or something, you’re paying for it!” he threatened.

“I’d say that’d be an improvement there, Pines. After all,” Bill lifted up the sunglasses to reveal his yellowed eye, “I hear one eyes are all the rage lately,” he cooed.

“Yeah, maybe in your messed-up dimension,” Dipper shook his head.

“Which your dimension’s gonna look like soon, too!” Bill reassured as he approached Dipper with the hat in tow, causing said brunette to skid back, ogling the hat wearily.

“Hey! Don’t get that stuff near me! I’d rather not be mutated today,” Dipper ordered, before looking to the path behind him, “Anyway, what are we going to do now, rinse it with water?” he asked.

“Actually, yeah, See, the Rift works kinda like oil so that it won’t mix with the stuff, since, eh, your dimension’s water sucks,” Bill smiled. Dipper rolled his eyes. At least he was frank.

With that being said, the two males ventured back to the shack, where they quietly lurked to the side of the establishment where the hose was. Dipper turned it on, whilst Bill rinsed the interdimensional goop. The filthy water drained through the hat with ease after a few minutes, and once the water ran clear, knew the Rift was clean.

Dipper turned off the hose and folded his arms, asking, “Are you gonna lather yourself in that now? ‘Cause if you are, you might want a room for that,” Dipper rose an eyebrow.

“Nope! I’m gonna drink it!” Bill corrected before he held the brim of the hat to his lips and
consumed the slimey concoction swiftly. After said demon had done so, his smile contorted to that of genuine perplexion. A strange distorted warbling radiated from the confused blonde before he suddenly began to convulse. He let out a shrill demonic shriek that ushered all the nearby resting birds into a frenzy of feathers and flying.

Dipper, worried the scream would wake up his sister, or worse, Ford- if he even slept- he rushed over and covered his mouth. Bill’s eye flashed an electric blue and his form shuddered between his triangle state and his weaker human one. This was accompanied by his skin projecting a plethora of discombobulated images and symbols. The surrounding grass was alit with vibrant azure fire, whirling around the two in a circle of chaos. Bill, paralyzed in his screaming, began clawing at Dipper’s flannel shirt, incidentally ripping holes in them as he clutched onto the human desperately.

After a solid minute of this, the flames vanished, and Bill recovered, his eyes regaining their soft maize hue. He was shaking stared right at Dipper, who was staring back fearfully as he practically cradled the monster. The two men stared at each other for a brief moment, simply holding one another, before Dipper scrambled away.

“What the Hell, Bill?!” Dipper shouted, making sure not to be too loud.

Bill, however, started laughing, his pupils dilated in a trance, and his mouth wide, “P-Pinetree! You gotta, you gotta try this!” the demon demanded, beginning to crawl closer to him.

“Bill no!” Dipper began before the two of them heard the front door open and footsteps began to draw louder towards them. The brunette gasped, and quickly took hold of Bill once more as he hoisted the intoxicated demon up and run off with him back into the woods.

Just as the two of them disappeared, Ford rounded the side of the house where they had just been. “Hmm…” he hummed as his eye trained on the used hose and the odd glittered soil close by. He recognized the soil to be from within the forest where the Rift was originally broken. He had discovered the areas altered conditions soon after returning to Gravity Falls with Stanley about two years prior.

He kneeled down, also spotting the burning circles of grass around the area, and frowned deeply. “This can’t mean anything good…” Ford monologued as he stood up again, and looked into the woods, unable to see what evils were being conspired by enemy and family alike.

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I hope you enjoyed this chapter! The next chapter will feature the first inkling of Dark Dipper 🌞 ☾
Eris

Chapter Summary

Dipper carries Bill out deeper into the woods are away from curious eyes, though begins his slow descent into amorality.

Chapter Notes

Sorry this took so long guys! School was getting a bit hectic these last couple of weeks, but I have far from given up on this story! I plan to see it to the end, so even if it takes ten years (which I hope it won't) it will be done for all of you to witness

See the end of the chapter for more notes

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Dipper continued hastening through the dense wood for quite some time before he could taste the stinging bite of copper within his throat and his lungs burned with outrage. Bill, all the while, continued to gaze absentmindedly between the blurred green trees above and the tense face of Dipper. Bill’s gaping smile and dilated pupil remained unwavering as he began speaking, “W-Where we goin’, Pines?” he began, rearing an uncovered claw to pet Dipper’s cheek inquisitively. Said action resulted in the brunette stammering as the sharp ebony nails sunk somewhat into his tenderer flesh. This falter led to him tripping over an unforeseen tree root and sending the both of them clambering to the mossy ground. Dipper turned over onto his back, staring up at the leaves as he reflected on how stupid his decision had been.

He should have never agreed to help Bill regain power. It was only the second day Bill was resurrected and already he caused some degree of physical and mental damage to the human. Dipper swallowed for breath, choking down the saliva that built up in his mouth from running. He glanced to his left, where he stared at a dazed Bill, gaping at the bits of sky that were visible amidst the crowd of trees. The demon was laughing softly, clearly not in the right mental state. The blonde beast flung Dipper’s hat around like a trophy, making incomprehensible comments about its “hatness” according to him.

Dipper sighed, brushing a hand through his twig-infested hair as he pondered where to go from here. His growing anxiety and frustrations involving his situation would soon get the better of him if he did not obtain a way to calm himself down. Dipper was convinced something was wrong with him if he exchanged his own mental wellbeing and the stability of his own dimension just to defend a few people. He contemplated, staring at the dazed Bill, whether it was even worth it. Maybe he could just let whatever Bill had planned come. At least that way, Dipper thought, he would be unseen as a traitor in the eyes of his family.

The male resorted to taking slow, focused breathes in time with Bill’s soft laughter. “One, two, three…” he began. He felt incredulously foolish for resorting to counting to soothe him, but he found that the mantra worked. “Okay,” he spoke at last, looking back to Bill to observe the demon gaping
at him now. “What?” Dipper asked, finding the gaze unsettling to say the least.

“Your hair… it’s really… naked…” said demon struggled, staring at Dipper’s tousled hair, “oh, wait, I got it!” Bill began, housting himself with his elbows as he crawled towards the perplexed human.

“Bill, what are you doing, Bill- BILL!” Dipper objected as Bill clambered onto him, only able to overcome to young man through his weight rather than strength. Dipper tried shoving him off, though his efforts proved futile as Bill eventually slipped the corrupted cap onto his vulnerable head. As soon as the fluid residue upon the cap made contact with his forehead, a burning sensation overcame him. Wherever the concoction touched, his forehead was being pricked by dozens of needles and fire ants. Vibrant flashes of toxic colours and crude swirls invaded his vision and flooded his senses. The brunette felt as though he was drowning, with phantasmic waves of sickening heat seemingly pouring over his eyes and mouth.

Bill absentmindedly reflected the human twitching beneath him as he was not yet in his right sense of mind, if he ever had one to begin with. From his obscured point of view, Dipper resembled something of a dying roach, writhing in futility amongst the puddle of the vile chemicals that only sought his demise. The display was amusing to the demon, and he began to laugh at Dipper’s display of agony.

Dipper gripped the soil, trying desperately to gather air into his distressed lungs. His thoughts blurred into a single primal instinct to survive. His eyes darted every which way, and everywhere he looked Dipper considered the mocking haze of colours followed his gaze. Dipper was growing uncertain of his surroundings, and much less his own emotions. He uttered a scream that, had he been sensible, would have frightened even himself.

All at once, the torture stopped. His body became painfully numb as he panted heavily. Dipper watched as the ebbing of psychedelic colours and shapes retreated to the corners of his eyes; where they lingered as crude reminders of the agony he had just undergone. He could just barely register Bill’s disoriented laughter when he recalled the demon lying atop of him. With a pair of shaky hands, he gripped the demon’s shoulders and hoisted him up.

“Those are some dance moves, Pinetree, I bet I could do you one bett-” Bill could not complete his statement as Dipper practically launched him back onto the ground, seething.

Dipper was not so much enraged by Bill, as he was by himself and his own foolish stupidity. If Bill wasn’t alive, he would not have to deal with this. Maybe, he thought silently as he scrambled upward and stared at Bill’s stunned form, maybe he could just… kill him. Bill was still weak. He was unable to do a great deal to Dipper as of right now. It would be more than the ideal opportunity to seize a massive stone and bash the brute in the skull a few dozen times until the bloodied mess stopped twitching-

... Dipper took a step back from Bill. He ingested a shallow breath. No. He could not. He would not. He did not have the heart to. So why did he bear the thought? He shook his head, blaming the mess of the chemicals still swarming though his poisoned brain. As much as Dipper resented Bill, he could not bear to see him be killed. All because of that human body of his. Deep down, though, Bill was nevertheless a maniacal brute that was out for universal conquest, and Dipper...

Well, Dipper was the idiot who would have to defend him and assist him do it, or risk getting blood on his hands. Then again, he might have to either way. “Come on Bill. Please, just get up. I… We need to get you some contacts.”
Chapter End Notes

If you guys have any ideas concerning future chapters, please let me know! Also, the first little inklings of Bilddip ensue in the next chapter ^^ Also, sorry this chapter is pretty short, I felt like I needed to get something out here before you all started to give up hope on me.
As Dipper gradually ushers Bill into town, they encounter Gideon who is the first to greet the so-called "new-comer".

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

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After a few tedious moments of hoisting Bill upward again, the two continued. Dipper kept his eyes virtually shut, mostly to avoid constantly spectating the deformed floaters raving at the corners of his vision. He knew these things were not going to abandon him anytime soon, he just hoped the rift substance didn't give him any physical deformities. With his free hand, Dipper absentmindedly felt the contours of his face searching for abnormalities. He felt nothing grotesque or gritty about his skin, in fact, it seemed to feel much smoother like when he was considerably younger. Though admittedly pleasant, Dipper found the softness disturbing and ceased petting his own face.

Bill, meanwhile, was still in the grips of his high as the radiant colours and licks of fire filming over the landscape before him began to twist and strangle his surroundings. “Some party goin’ on, huh, Pinecone?...” he slurred, blinking slowly as his gaze resided to the disgruntled man encouraging him to walk. At the peak of Bill’s psychedelic enthrallment, Dipper appeared as a wrathful rainbow of tentacles and spirals all seeming to crawl over his skin and try to dominate his form. Bill found the mirage enticing to say the least, and reached over to feel the "tentacles".

Dipper sputtered as Bill’s clawed hands once again returned to his face, coddling him in an almost genteel manner. The idea of Bill being anywhere near this gentle made it to the forefront of the man’s cluttered thoughts. The thought entertained him as he initially imagined Bill frolicking through a field of pink flowers with one of those flower crowns, feeding rabbits and playing with puppies or something like that. This made him utter a breathy chuckle as he thought of this almighty demon being a pansy.

This laugh caught the yellow demon off guard. “That’s not supposed to tickle,” he slurred, puffed up by mild irritation.

“Wh- No, Bill. I was just thinking of something else,” Dipper corrected as he gazed back over to the path ahead, which yielded to the sidewalk close to downtown. The brunette produced something of a relieved smile as civilization reared its maw their way once more. He began to think the forest would go on endlessly. Before they were clear out of the trees, Dipper ushered the discombobulated demon to put on the gloves given to him before, and to rear his head low.

“Why though…?” Bill slurred, unconsciously propping his head against the brunette’s shoulder for support as they ventured to the sidewalk. “Then nobody can see my amazing eye…”

“Wow, you’re really out of it aren’t you?” Dipper mused, shaking his head as he guided the
blonde down the concrete path. As the two walked, Dipper made sure to avoid eye contact with anyone he might have known, as well as keep his now-black hat tilted down. This, however, did not fool a certain ivory-haired man from spotting him.

“Well, well, if it isn’t Dipper Pines,” he began. The voice belonged to Gideon Gleeful, who had still lived in Gravity Falls to try and re-establish himself as an entertainer of crowds. While his demeanor remained nearly unchanged, his appearance was something of a different story. He had since lost the infamous pompadour he sported when he was younger, in exchange for a more natural mixture of a quiff and an undercut. He remained fairly short and stocky, at least to Dipper he was short. His usual attire was still rather formal, donning suits and his unchangeable American flag pin, though at the moment seemed more casual, with a white short-sleeve, light blue sweater vest, and black tie. Gideon appeared to be posting up flyers for support of his working attempt as TV fame, and of his next performance in town judging by the bundles of papers, scotch tape, nails, and hammers he struggled to carry under his arm.

The relations between Dipper and Gideon had improved marginally in the events following Weirdmaggedon, as they managed to work themselves up to “mild acquaintances”, after he stopped pursuing Mabel. “Who’s your friend?” the white-haired male asked as he maneuvered working with his hammer and nail, not paying much mind to Bill himself. Upon hearing this question, Dipper stuttered. They had forgotten coming up with a fake name for Bill. Granted there were dozens of Bills in the world, but he knew he had to create as much distance between Bill and “Bill” as much as possible.

“His name is Phil,” Dipper spewed at the whim of the moment. A brief second of silence fell upon the trio as Bill and Dipper glanced at one another, though Bill was only looking back for some clue as to what was even going on. All he could tell was that the tentacled blob that was Dipper Pines warped into a mess of crawling insects and slime, and that Gideon appeared a jiggling mass of demonic octopeds with tiny red and blue worms wriggling in their flesh.

“Woah…” Bill blinked, directly staring at Gideon as the silence was broken.

“Uh, Is Phil all right there? What’s with that bandage over his eye? ” the man asked a bit concerned as he now examined the demon closer in the midst of juggling his materials.

“Oh! Uh, he’s fine! Um, he had issues back at home, so I’m just, uh, helping him get out and about while everything cools down at his house. He uh, hurt his eye on the way to the Shack, so I patched it up for him… ” Dipper explained, looking to Bill who continued to gawk at the invisible worms and blobs that invaded his vision.

Gideon staggered grudgingly a moment before nodding. “Ah, boy I know how that feels sometimes! Well, don’t let me hold you two then! Unless of course you fellers wanna help me ou—” before Gideon could finish his offer, Dipper had already grabbed Bill’s arm and lugged him across the street. He did not intend coming off as rude, but the less time Bill spent with anyone who might recognize him, the better.

Gideon stood staring off at the two with a quirked eyebrow, “If you didn’t want to all you had to do was say so,” he chided under his breath as he stepped down on a fallen poster and slipped, causing the remaining posters and nails to go flying and assaulting the shouting passersby with paper cuts and raining nails.

“Didn’t mean to!” the stunned man piped.
Once Dipper and Bill has escaped the scene, the two quickly- or well as quickly as a young adult dragging a walking pile of bricks could, to the small corner store to purchase the contacts.

Dipper had to be quick, as he did not want too much attention brought to them. Luckily the store was not that busy this time of day and the two were able to make it out without any scuffles. Bill leaned up against Dipper for support as he could not quite recall what they were doing downtown. Before he knew it, the world eclipsed on him as the brunette human shoved one of the contacts over his only eye quite roughly. The demon's vision soon cleared afterwards as he blinked away the dull pain from the insertion.

“Hey, Pinetree, did your sun explode for a minute? I thought that wasn’t gonna happen for five million more years! Hey, speaking of years, you wanna know how many years your mom has left to live? ” Bill asked genuinely. "Because it's only-

“Shut it,” Dipper chided, dragging Bill down the sidewalk yet again. As Dipper marched on to return to the Mystery Shack, he became keenly aware that he had not eaten since yesterday morning. He grimaced, holding onto his stomach. While recently he had not found it in himself to eat all that much, he knew that he still needed food in order to live. Defeatedly, the brunette looked up and found a small humble diner. Stopping in front of the window, he found they were in business, and that there was no one inside other than the employees.

Confidently, he pushed his way in and waited to be seated, meanwhile keeping Bill from saying anything too stupid. Eventually, the waitress took them to a table, and they were allowed a few minutes silence to determine what they wanted. Dipper could not help but to stare wearily at Bill, for fear that this high of his would last all day. Luckily for him, Bill’s hybridized body was beginning to cope with the inter-dimensional fluids in his system, and his sense of judgement was restoring.

Bill glanced to Dipper, who now appeared less like a mobile mass of wriggling tongues and more of an actual human being. He blinked slowly and looked down at his own menu. Upon opening it, he found most of the items to be breakfast and lunch related with a few dinner selections, although there was a limited section of alcoholic drinks on the back.

“If I must get something from here, I’ll just get one of those corn beers….:” he slurred.

Dipper had to muster all his willpower to not crack a smile, even if it was a cynical one. “One, that’s Corona. Two, there is no way in Hell I’m letting you drink after that episode you had back in the forest. Three, even if I did let you, you need an I.D., which you obviously don’t have. ”

“Pfft, so? I pass as twenty-one in your pathetic years, don’t I? ” Bill argued, rolling his only eye behind the sunglasses.

“You pass for a seventeen-year-old, at the most. There is no way you could get a drink,” Dipper admitted, absentmindedly looking Bill up and down. Bill scowled, staring at his menu as if he were trying to evaporate it with his eye, which he presumably would be doing if he could still do that.

“Don’t hurt yourself now,” Dipper chirped, unable to keep his lips from curling up from amusement.
“Just you wait, Pines, when I’m back in power the first thing I’m gonna do is cram that sass of yours down you meaty throat.” Bill threatened as he stared at the only burger option on the menu.

“... Meaty?” Dipper echoed. “That sounds really gross. Please don’t do that.”

“Can’t tell me what to do, shortstack,” Bill retorted.

“Bill, I’m at least three inches taller than… Y’know what, nevermind. Just pick your food.” Dipper sighed, though in the back of his mind he could not help but think of how amusing it was to talk to Bill. At least when he was sobering up.

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Chapter End Notes

Oh jeez! I forgot about this story! I was browsing through my Google Drive when I found this sitting there. I'm really sorry about that. I know what it's like to be invested into a story only for the author to be, "Lol, nope." I won't abandon this story! Also, feel free to give predictions as to what will happen to Dipper later on... (¬\^¬)/
Chapter Summary

As Dipper and Bill venture back to the shack, they learn that Ford has set up a radar meant to track strange activity close to the shack. Along with this, come Dipper's darkening thoughts.

Chapter Notes

WARNING: I know this already says it in the description, but things get a bit graphic here. Just a bit. So if you're a small kitten child, you might want to skip the part where the mouse is mentioned. Thank you UwU

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

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By the time the two had consumed their respective meals, it was high noon. Dipper, along with the mildly competent Bill, briskly left the modest diner. “All right, everyone’s probably up by now. I mean, except Grunkle Stan. Even if he was feeling better, he’d still sleep in,” Dipper whispered to Bill, “so we might have to sneak in.”

“Pfft, why don't we scale the side of the shack like I did before?” Bill brushed off with a slur, prompting the brunette to roll his eyes.

“Uh, no Bill. You're still too stoned to try something like that, and if you fell, they’d notice you right away. I really don’t feel like answering a million questions, especially from Grunkle Ford…” Dipper explained to the unsteady demon. He remained silent for a moment as he could scarcely imagine what Ford would do if he discovered Bill here. He wondered if Ford would be able to recognize Bill right away, given their past together. Dipper could not risk Bill being seen by anyone too close to him.

Dipper decided to go a slightly different path back to the Mystery Shack, not wanting to confront Gideon again and entertain more questions placed on him. As the human directed Bill through the forestry about 300 feet from the shack, the demon suddenly hindered him. “Hold on, hold on,” he began.

Dipper shifted his gaze back to the sobering demon, who currently clutch his extended arm to keep hold of him. “What now?” he asked, confused.

“You feel that?” the demon asked, being as vague as humanly as possible.

“I feel you restricting the blood flow to my arm if that’s what you mean,” Dipper grumbled.
Bill jerked his head, irritated, “No, no… Well, yes, but no. It’s a pulse. A radar coming from the shack. It's pretty easy to feel its frequency.” Dipper’s eyes widened a bit as the repressed feeling of paranoia began bubbling up within him. He harboured his suspicions, but he needed to make sure.

“I’m going to go on ahead a bit to see what’s happening. You need to stay here, and whatever you do, don’t move.” Dipper instructed, twisting his arm free from the demon’s grasp and moving on without him before Bill had time to speak up about it.

If it really was some kind of radar from the shack, he would have a feeling that Ford was responsible for it, and he also had the feeling that Ford was onto them. As he maneuvered past the last gathering of trees into the more spacious area, he spotted Ford programming some device he implanted into the roof, supported only by a ladder. “Almost done,” Ford muttered to himself before glancing behind himself and spotting Dipper staring at him from below. “Oh, it’s just you, Dipper,” he nodded, before looking back to the device to make sure it ran correctly.

Dipper offered nothing, instead continuing to stare at the compact device that strongly resembled a smoke detector with a radar projector installed into it. The light on the device blinked between yellow and green. “Grunkle Ford… w-what is that?” he asked, nervous.

“Oh this? It’s a radar I installed into the shack’s mainframe. I noticed some activity behind the shack this morning, and I have my suspicions. Just to be on the safe side, if something is here, this will alert me to it.” Ford explained, patting the radar as if to show off.

Dipper frowned deeply, though concealed most of his true panic. ‘If that thing detects Bill, we’re both dead.’ A thought flickered in his mind as his eyes turned to the ladder. He could… push it. Ford would fall, and maybe even become too injured to properly hook up the radar. Ford was still an elderly man, after all. Even if he managed to go through literal Hell and back, his body was far from indestructible, and he was older now than he was then. The fall would not kill him… right?

The brunette placed his hand on the ladder, neither pushing it, nor supporting it. All he had to do was push it just a little off course, and the whole thing could look like an accident. The more Dipper thought about this, the more prominent the black tendrils invaded his vision, and the more it seemed tempting. Don’t kill him, just keep him from finding out about-

“There! It’s all hooked up now,” Ford declared, jogging Dipper from his thoughts as he flashed his eyes up at Ford and recoiled. He stepped aside as Ford slid down the ladder and staggering a bit as he dusted himself off. “I’ll check the finding logs tomorrow. You haven’t seen anything weirder than usual around the shack have you?” Ford asked.

Dipper blinked, jerking his head quickly, “N-No! No! Of course not! Eh heh…” he lied, his heart racing. Ford rose an eyebrow at Dipper’s abnormal behaviour, but did not question the younger man about it.

“Well, you know that if anything happens you can come tell me about it, right?” Ford assured, and Dipper nodded again, giving a fake smile. “Good. Oh, and I see you changed your hat. Interesting, I didn’t think they came in black.”

That, at least for the moment, seemed to be enough for Ford as he ventured back into the shack. Dipper’s smile dropped as he looked back up at the radar, observing it flicker. “I need to get rid of that thing… But first, I need to worry about Bill…” he frowned before quickly disappearing back into the forest to find the dream demon.
“Bill? Bill!” Dipper harshly whispered into the forest as he searched for him. “Damn it, Bill, where are yo-” the brunette had little time to react as a squirrel was thrown at his face. The rodent panicked and skittered down his shirt. “Wh- What?! Ah!” Dipper shouted, falling backwards and squirming to get the squirrel out. Once he managed to grab the tail, he rid himself of the scared tree-dweller and watched it scamper back up the tree. “What the Hell?!” Dipper panted before a twisted dead bird was tossed in his direction as well. He managed to evade it, and found Bill sitting down whilst suspending a mouse in midair through an aura of flickering blue haze.

Dipper watched as Bill stared at the confused mouse. The demon’s filmy eye focused on Dipper for a moment before he smiled, “Oh hey!” he piped, his voice regaining its structure, “Look what I can do again,” he directed before snapping his gloved fingers.

The mouse gave one squeak of retaliation before its body convulsed and a splash of blood jetted from its mouth. The mouse’s skin peeled away and it’s bloody form twisted and cracked to become a gruesome mess of internal organs and bone. A single eye grew from the destroyed face of the mouse, blinking rapidly before mangled spider limbs burst from the sides, writhing in agony. The creature emitted a choking scream as it scrambled for freedom. “I’ll call it… Vxihulqj. You like it?” he asked.

The brunette stared at the mess of a mouse before he recoiled, face turning white as he held back from vomiting, “Bill, why?!” he wheezed, covering his mouth. Bill shrugged. “You took to long. I got bored. Need I say more?” he grinned.

“Look, there’s something we…” Dipper began before watching Bill babied the deformed creature and make faces at it. “Bill… Bill… P-Put that somewhere else. This is kinda important.”

Bill rolled his eye, setting the little monstrosity down to watch it crawl away into the underbrush. “Did you find that pulse?” he asked.

“I did. It’s a radar scanner Grunkle Ford put up. I think he’s onto us…” Dipper alerted, looking back behind himself in case someone was listening in.

“Ah, I knew Sixer wouldn’t let his guard down. Well, Pinetree, there’s still always the option to kill him. Just let me know when and where so I can get my camera~” Bill cooed.

“No, no. No one is killing anybody. There’s gotta be a different way…” Dipper assured. “All I know is you can’t come back to the shack without that radar thing detecting you right away. You’ll have to stay out here or somewhere hidden until I can get rid of it… We cannot afford to let him find you.”

Bill huffed, “You drain the fun out of everything. Great, now I’m actually tired,” he grumbled, lying on the soil.

“Oh, poor you. Well, you’re gonna have to deal with it until I have an opportunity to destroy that thing,” Dipper said, sitting close to Bill.

“Then why don’t you go wait for one over there?” Bill asked, his eyelid low.

"No way. I'm not going to risk you making more of those... things and have someone getting mauled by it,” Dipper assured, tucking his arms as he stared at Bill, who simply grumbled in response before turning over. “Or worse, have Grunkle Ford find one of them.”

“Bill, you’re not… Uhm, okay, fine. Whatever. Just keep your word about it, and make sure no one sees you,” Dipper ordered as he stood again and walked back in the direction of the shack.

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Chapter End Notes

So, let me know what you all think of this chapter! Mabel's gonna be prominent in the next one, so lemme know what you think will happen then. (⊂‿⊂)
Dipper ventured back to the shack with a lot on his mind. He knew he would have to disable that radar, or else jeopardize everything. He could not make it look intentional, however. Ford would instantly suspect something was up with him. ‘Grunkle Ford,’ Dipper thought as he made his way through door to the gift shop. ‘He hasn’t suspected Bill has returned so far, at least, he hasn’t made that obvious. If he does know or have any fraction of certainty that he knows, he isn’t making that obvious…”

Dipper passed by the trinkets of cheaply produced merchandise on his way into the living area, still deep in his thoughts, ‘What if he’s just testing me? What if… he already knows?... ’ he thought as minute tendrils of paranoia wrapped around his subconscious, before he shook them loose, ‘No, no, if he knew, he would have been already on the hunt for Bill. He would search through the whole state if he knew Bill was still alive out there. He wouldn’t risk letting him free and tangible even for a moment,’ he rationalized as he gave a smile and a slight chuckle, which to him sounded much louder and shaky than he intended. He stood in front of the television, which currently was tuned onto some kind of horror movie.

The brunette sat down, staring at the television in near perfect silence as he focused on the film. A man, appearing only a bit older than Dipper himself, was in the process of carving a considerably older man’s stomach open. Dipper gave a faint breath, but kept his eyes on the screen. A woman then entered the room, found the ghastly scene and screamed. The young man let the scream linger about his ears for a moment whilst the man targeted her next. Dipper did not devote much attention to dialogue after that point. All he fully registered were the footsteps, screams, shrill violins and desperate pants for breath. He did not comprehend why the man wanted to kill this woman. He did not know if this woman indeed knew that man, or vice versa, but as she was cornered at the end of a corridor, shaking with fear and rage, she opened her mouth. Just as the woman’s lips moved, came the name “Dipper!”

Dipper jumped, jerking his head around and nearly cracking his neck in the process to see Mabel standing close by in the hallway. She appeared both relieved and confused” There you are! I was looking for you all morning, silly! I started worrying about you for a bit there,” she said, smiling and shaking her head as she approached him. The male swallowed dryly and grinned warily her way.

“O-Oh, hey Mabel! Y-Yeah, sorry. I woke up pretty early this morning and, well, uh, I decided
to get some fresh air, y’know?” he lied, massaging the back of his neck.

“Oh, that’s good! Looks like you finally decided to step out of that dusty ol’ attic for a change! Where’d you go?” she asked as he slowly stood back up. As he stood in the dingy room, his silhouette emphasized by only the television, Mabel felt an odd chill prick down her spine. She promptly disregarded it, figuring it was only a draft that ran in.

“To the diner downtown. I was feeling a bit hungry, and I wasn’t really in the mood to fix anything here,” he said, fiddling with his thumbs.

That seemed satisfactory for Mabel, as she flashed him a beaming toothy grin before continuing to speak, “Grunkle Stan’s feeling better today,” she began, “He can actually sit up in bed this time!”

This allowed Dipper the chance to smile, “That’s good to hear…” then he paused, and asked slowly, “Uh, has Grunkle Ford talked with you today? Said anything?”

Mabel tilted her head, curious, “Well, he told me he was going to install something on the roof. I saw him walk in with a little container of sparkly dirt, saying he needed to analyze it or something. Why?”

“Ah, nothing really. I just… thought he’d talk to you about… uh…” Dipper glanced around the room, looking for anything to assist him in this lie, “about the, uh, party we’re planning for him and Grunkle Stan!” Dipper nodded, “Since, y’know, this is our last year in Gravity Falls for probably a while, uh, I started planning a party for the both of them and I was getting worried that they were starting to catch on… Heh, heh…” the male twin lied, his smile faltering as a pungent taste entered his mouth. ‘More like a funeral,’ Dipper thought, awaiting Mabel’s response.

“Dipper!” Mabel piped, appearing hurt. The said male’s face paled, his heart racing as he thought she saw right through his lie.

“Y-Yeah, Mabel?…” Dipper started, maintaining his cool as best he could.

“If you wanted to plan them a party, you should have come to me first! I am the party professional, after all!” she chirped, regaining her smile as she shook her head at him.

Dipper blinked, and nodded eagerly, “Yeah, heh, my bad. Sorry, Mabel. I was worried that if I told you, they’d overhear… ” he lied on top, the unpleasant taste growing stronger.

“That’s okay! Did you get any decorations? Oh! We have to get them a cake! I’m thinking, red velvet… I gotta tell Pacifica! Don’t worry, I won’t let her tell!” Mabel grinned brightly before bounding away into the kitchen to gossip with her girlfriend on the phone.

Dipper waited until he was sure she was gone before grasping his chest, gasping, ‘That was so close… So close… I really have to watch what I say…’ He bobbed his head. ‘But at least she’s distracted… Now…’ the brunette ventured quickly upstairs, briskly greeted the weak Stanley Pines, and went into the attic. He sat onto the bed, alone with his thoughts on what he was doing.

‘No turning back. There’s no way I’m risking making Bill think about breaking his end of the deal. I need to keep them safe. I gotta remember that. Maybe… Maybe I can warm up to him or something, make him reconsider? I’d get him anything. Anything…’ his hands clasped his scalp and he began shaking a bit, ‘Anything but blood… I won’t. I can’t!’
Dipper looked out the window, breathing gently to calm himself down. ‘I can do this… I can do this… I need to just… detach myself from this. Right now, I just need to get rid of that radar. I need to make it look like an accident. But how?... ’ Dipper thought. An idea sprung in his head as he spied a large bird fly past his window, and frowned. He knew what he had to do.

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The remainder of the day was spent uneventfully on Bill’s part, and troubled on Dipper’s. As the quarter moon rose, illuminating the redwood canopies only slightly, Dipper left the shack when everyone was sound asleep. In his arms, he held a blanket and a pillow, as well as a flashlight.

His footsteps crunched against the decaying pine needles on the forest floor as he retraced his steps back to where Bill was. Much to his surprise and relief, the demon was still there, asleep on the forest floor and appearing distinctly uncomfortable doing so.

Dipper observed him for a moment, his heaving heart strangely lightening, ‘He kept his word… ’ he sighed, actually managing a smile. He kneeled down and turned off the flashlight. Taking the pillow in hand, he carefully raised Bill’s head and exchanged the cold mossy floor with the soft dry pillow. After that, Dipper threw the blanket over him, making sure it wouldn’t fall off in the middle of the night. Bill’s face relaxed into the pillow, and remained quiet.

‘Wow, he must be a deep sleeper…’ Dipper thought, giving a slight snort in amusement, petting his head. The brunette recoiled a second later, chiding himself for getting attached to this monster. ‘I need some sleep…’ Dipper shook his head, collected his flashlight, and headed back to the Mystery Shack.

Along the way, he collected a round stone, not quite heavy enough to do severe damage to the radar, but more than sturdy enough for what he was going to do in the morning. He started to whistle, lowly, mimicking a bird as he ventured past the trees toward his sheet-less bed.

***

Chapter End Notes

There you go, more BillDip for you all, and some interactions with Mabel! Dipper has quite the party to plan for in the near future >u< Also, I’m sure as many of you noticed that every chapter is named after a figure in Greek mythology for a certain reason. I bet you can guess why I chose Harpocrates. ^^
Iphigenia

Chapter Summary

Bill receives an insight to what is going on inside Dipper's head, and decides to encourage it, afterwards, Dipper executes his plan to destroy the radar without making it look like he had done it.

Chapter Notes

This chapter contains a tiny bit of gore, so if you don't want that, skip the part with the birds. It's not too bad though. (／◔ω◔)／*:°

See the end of the chapter for more notes

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As Dipper entered a somewhat troubled sleep, he woke in a grayscale version of the living room. After a few moments, he realized he was sitting in the same lawn chair as before, with Bill in the more comfortable loveseat. Bill appeared rather amused, given by the softer glint in his eye. His thin black legs crossed over one another as he lightly tapped his foot to some nonexistent metronome.

Dipper, confused by the look, was compelled to ask, “What’s with the face?” Bill rolled his single large eye in response.

“The blanket and pillow. You think I couldn’t feel you jerking my head around while you were over there trying to be all ‘nice’...” Bill shuddered, before relaxing. “You’re really something else kid. I’m beginning to think you’ve got a few loose screws in there.” Bill demonstrated by extending his arm and grabbing Dipper’s head, brandishing it from side to side as bolts and screws fell from his ears.

“Hey!” Dipper retorted, pushing Bill’s hands away as he cupped a hand over his left ear. His face turned red, whether from embarrassment or anger, he was unsure. Bill laughed.

“Ha ha! Relax, Pinetree I’m just teasing you. I just find it hilarious how contradictory you are!” Bill explained.

Dipper furrowed his brow, his eyes wandering off course before returning to meet Bill’s single one, “What do you mean?” he asked.

“Well, being here in your mind gave me the time to wander around for a bit, and I stumbled across some particular thoughts of interest~” Bill’s eye glowed, his gaze piercing. “It’s funny how you go ahead and say you don’t want to hurt Fordsy, then you turn around and wanna push him off the ladder! And this plan of yours to disable the alarm. Overly
complicated, but a bit to my liking... What’s up with all that?” Bill asked.

“Bill, I don’t want to talk about that. Especially not to the likes of you,” Dipper assured as the lawn chair he sat upon sprung into a black chaise longue, and Bill migrated next to him in the loveseat with a clipboard and pencil. “What the-??” Dipper began.

“Come on, Pinetree, better to tell me now before I find out later. I’m going to know either way.” Bill urged, staring Dipper down.

Dipper stared back for a moment before allowing his shoulders to slump and he uttered a defeated sigh before lying back on the couch. “Fine. Listen, I don’t know, okay? I-I panicked and I thought that if I just pushed the ladder he’d fall, maybe get a bit stunned or at worse have a broken rib or two. I didn’t want to kill him… And on top of that, I think I’m beginning to get a bot paranoid. I’m worried he already knows… Oh God, what if he actually does know? What if he’s not looking for you because he already knows where you are? What if he’s just waiting for me to slip up? Playing mind games with me? Using some kind of… reverse psychology to make me feel guilty? But I can’t get rid of you! I’ve already put so much on the line!” Dipper bit his nails, dread clawing at his mind.

“No, no, he wouldn’t do that… right? Not to me, not to his own great nephew! He’d just tell me if he knew!... or maybe he isn’t because then Mabel could overhear and she’d get involved, or maybe he’s building some kind of weapon to use against you and doesn’t want me to know about! What if he isn’t telling me because he knows I could try and sabotage it? The radar could be a warning… a test! It could be a trap, and I’d fall right for it! But no, no, no, I’m not going to let him get the better of me! My plan will make everything look like an accident! No, no, wait. He’s not. I can’t. He can’t be. What would he have to gain from toying with me? I don’t know. I don’t know….” Dipper quivered, his bitten nails raking down his chin as he tried to reason with himself.

Concurrently, Bill was struggling to hold back his laughter. This was priceless! Regarding the cocky young man unravel before him was better than anything in the world! Well, other than the world itself. “Wow, you’re really obsessed with this, aren’t you?” Bill said casually, deciding to fuel this. “Well, between you and me, Pines, I’ve known Sixer for a long time, and I can tell you that he is definitely capable of manipulating people. He’s a bit too smart, if you catch my drift.” Bill hummed.

Dipper shook his head, such a thought reverberating in his vulnerable mind, “Bill, I don’t know. He could... He might... I... I think I’m overthinking all of this. I need to keep my cool... I need... to breathe...”

Bill’s eye crinkled in mild contentment, “If you say so, kid. If you say so...” he chuckled, ‘Yond Pinetree has a lean and hungry look. He thinks too much. Such men are dangerous,’ he mentally quoted, jotting down notes onto the clipboard. ‘Hah, and I think I like that…’

Bill thought that he might as well stoke the fire.
Dipper did not come to from his slumber until noon. He seemed to have had a bit of trouble staying comfortable, both mentally and physically. His blurry eyes flickered over to Mabel’s empty bed, on which she left him a note. Sitting up, he rubbed his eyes, yawned, and stood to retrieve it. On the small sticky note read,’ *Dear, Dipping Sauce: Went out with Pacifica to get party decorations! Breakfast is in the microwave! See you at six! - Love, Mabel.*’

The male twin sighed, glad to know there was little chance of her catching sight of him in the act. He soon abandoned the attic and ventured into Stanley’s room, ignoring the “No Minors Allowed” sign as technically he was not a minor anymore, but mostly because he never particularly cared about the sign in the first place. The door was cracked only slightly, so if anyone had been on the other side, they would find only Dipper’s right eye peering at them through the dark hallway. Stan was currently on his side, his back to him. His deep snores told Dipper the elderly man was sleeping deeply. The brunet watched a moment more in silence, before moving on.

His footsteps conducted him into about the shack, from the gift shop to the second floor, and everywhere else he could easily get to, all without signs of Ford. This steered him to the conclusion that Ford was below surface, most likely to have already checked the radar by now. He hurried back up to the attic and dug through the nightstand drawers before he acquired a wheel of scotch tape, the pair of scissors and the stone. Dipper then ran back down to collect a few pieces of bread.

Hurrying outside, Dipper escaped onto the balcony. He looked around at the trees as he panted from the running about. He took the bread and crumbled it up before scattering several pieces along the mossy forest floor, but accumulating them piled in one large area. After five minutes had passed, several small birds began appearing, pecking at the small morsels and unaware to Dipper’s presence right above. Dipper tracked the birds for a moment, rock in hand as he noted how fragile they were. All he had to do was land the rock on one or two of them, and they would be stunned long enough for him to snatch up. He had one shot, so he needed to make this count. He aimed carefully at the flock of fifteen or so birds and chucked it as hard as he could.

The stone quickly gained speed as it plummeted toward earth. Dipper quickly looked away, wincing, and unsure what the outcome would be once he looked back again. He heard the birds screech and fly off, chirping to one another in alarm. The man finally revealed his eyes again and looked out onto the ground, and an uncontrolled smile lit his face as he had been successful. On the ground, close to where the stone was, were two birds lingering. One was beak-down in the soil, stunned and twitching, while the other was limping with a broken wing and sprained leg, warbling. Dipper’s smile fell once he realized he felt way too happy about causing this.

He re-entered the shack, directly descending to the back porch where the birds were. He snatched up the two birds and quickly taped their beaks shut so no one would hear their shrieks. Dipper moved back into the shack and back onto the balcony, and spotted the radar just out of his reach. He took the scissors and snipped both birds’ wings so neither of them would attempt to fly away and get very far if they did somehow escape. He then resorted to cutting off the wing of one of the birds, drenching the blades and his hands in blood. Dipper tossed the wing aside with a grimace and smeared the blood onto the radar to confuse birds of prey. He then taped the two birds together and, after jumping and clinging to the roof tightly, bound them to the radar itself.

Dipper lost his grip soon after and tumbled, though caught himself on the rim of the roof, consigning him to dangle somewhat. He allowed himself to drop the rest of the way and he hobbled back inside, rubbing his scratched stomach and arms. The brunet male journeyed to the second floor and the window closest to the radar itself before opening it. By this time, the blood on his hands was smeared off, but left a red clumpy residue to cake on the outside of his hands.
He began mimicking bird chirps, albeit cracked ones, through whistling. After two minutes of producing this, Dipper spotted a large hawk land on a branch close by, as it spotted the smaller feathered flyers. The man crossed his fingered, hoping the hawk would take the bait. The bird cawed, spread its wings and soared toward the prey. In the process, the hawk tore away at the radar trying to pry it and the birds from the roof. With a few violent tugs, the wires gave way and the hawk screeched as it carried off the birds as well as a majority of the radar itself.

His plan worked, and all it took was a couple feathered sacrifices for the sake of some god-complexed triangle. Because of this, Dipper felt both relieved, and disgusted.

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Chapter End Notes

Let me know what you guys think of this one! For some reason I'm not too fond of how it came out. I think it came out a bit clumsier than I intended, but I'll let you all be the judge of that. Also, I made a Julius Caesar reference. I think it fits a little. What about you?
Artemis

Chapter Summary

Dipper goes to retrieve Bill from the forest and is soon reassured by him that what he did to the birds was all right. Vxiihulqj makes a reappearance, and Dipper is soon told that he has to run the register in the Mystery Shack Gift Shop.

Chapter Notes

The next chapter will include more of Bill's thoughts, as well as interactions Dipper has with some of the other characters. I realize that this story progressing way slower than I intended, but I believe that will make future chapters like "Dionysus", "The Keres", and "The Maniae" that much sweeter! (I can't wait to get to those chapters) (▏﹏�)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

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Dipper abandoned the shack for the woods. He forced his mind to focus on anything else but the act he just committed. He knew that if he allowed his mind to dwell too long on the terrified look in those birds’ eyes and the blood on his hands he would vomit. “Bill? Bill!” Dipper called into the trees, making sure that he was alone before calling out the demon’s infamous name.

It did not take him very long before he found the humanized monster, still wrapped in the blanket. Bill was sitting up now, his single unbandaged eye peering at the underbrush just to the left side of him. “Bill, there you-”

“Shh-” Bill interrupted, continuing to look into the large forest ferns for a minute. Dipper furrowed his brow, confused, before out of the brush came Vxiihulqj with a plate of food on its deformed eyeball head. “Finally, you’re back!” Bill grinned at the tiny monstrosity as it set the plate down in front of him. On the plate were two eggs over easy, three sausage links, and a side of hashbrowns. The plate was also covered in leaves and a bit of blood.

Dipper hopped back, surprised as he was greeted by the small monster again. “Aah! I forgot you made that thing, Bill... What's its name again? Vizhilk?” Dipper grimaced.

“Vxiihulqj,” Bill corrected as he picked through the leaves and grime to get to the edibles. “He’s starting to grow on me, I thought I might as well put him to work. You know what they say, give it a name and you get attached.”

“Uuh, yeah…” the human frowned. “Uh, did it attack anyone? Where did it even go?” he asked, worried that someone was mauled by the former-mouse.

Bill rolled his eye, “Relax, kid. I told him not to attack. He probably just snuck the plate away.
And the blood is his. He hasn’t adapted to this form yet so he’ll still be bleeding for a little while,” the demon explained.

Dipper looked to Vxiihulqj, which eyed back at him shaking. Its single eye stared at him tensely, unable to discern whether the Pines boy was friend or foe. After it looked to Bill, who gave a silent nod in return, the small beast inched its way toward Dipper, who in turn stepped back. “Um, good… uh, whatever you are…Stay-” he urged before Vxiihulqj sprang at him, landing on his chest and perching on his shoulder, making incoherent wheezing and gurgling sounds as it rubbed its bloody face against Dipper’s cheek.

“Look at that, he likes you!” Bill grinned. Dipper grimaced, his stomach churning violently with the feeling of mouse organs and blood being squished all over his face, and taking hold of Vxiihulqj, before setting it down as it scampered off. At least the repulsion he felt managed to keep his mind off of the birds for a moment.

“B- Bill, I, uh, got rid of the radar...” Dipper began, watching as Bill began eating the food as a glint of interest shimmered in his yellow eye.

“Oh? Mind spoiling the details?” Bill grinned as he shoved mouthful of egg in his mouth, the yoke splattering along the plate to his face.

“I’d rather not…” Dipper frowned, his stomach still upset.

Bill rolled his eye, “You can’t even talk about something you did? Aw, come on, Pines! I’ll give you some unborn chickens if you tell me~!” Bill chirped, holding up the mangled eggs up to tempt the Pines boy.

“Bill, I literally feel like I’m going to throw up. I don’t think eggs will help,” Dipper shook his head, “especially not when half of them are still on your face.”

The demon frowned, wiping his face with his black sleeve before offering a strip of bacon with his clean hand, “You’re gonna throw up because you haven’t eaten since yesterday morning. If there’s one thing I know about your flimsy race, is that you need food to not die. Eat.” Bill ordered. Dipper opened his mouth to object, but after a moment bit his tongue once he saw the set expression in Bill’s eyes. He had made up his mind.

“Ugh, fine.” Dipper huffed, sitting down to take the bacon. Bill noticed the blood stains on Dipper’s hand and snatched it, eye wide, “Bill?! What the Hell?!"

“Pinetree, where’d this come from? When I found that plan of yours in your Dreamscape it didn’t involve blood. Did you cut your hands?” Bill chuckled, examining the hand for cut marks. “Were those little-feathered screamers too much for you?” he teased.

“N-No!” Dipper flushed, bothered by Bill examining his hand. “I-I had to cut one of the bird’s wings off… I knew that the hawk wouldn’t try to take the radar and probably just leave it scuffed up. I needed to make sure it was gone, and that Ford couldn’t just fix it up again. Oh God, Bill, I feel horrible about it…” Dipper frowned, wheezing a bit as he shook his head, “Their eyes, Bill… They looked so confused and scared… scared of me. Of me, Bill!” Dipper quivered, pounding a hand on his chest as guilt ate him away.

“And why is that so bad?” Bill said, grinning from ear to ear as he continued to stare at Dipper’s hand. “There’s tons of those things still in the trees! Nobody’s gonna miss them! Besides, dozens more will take their place. No one will notice a thing… But good news for you, Pinetree, you might just be smarter than I gave you credit for. Honestly, before this plan of yours, I thought you’d just cut
the wires yourself! Fordsy’s smart, so he would have suspected sabotage right away! This way, it has to look like an accident! It’ll be like it didn’t even happen! All you gotta do, Pines, is play the part and look innocent.”

Dipper still felt horrible about what he had done, but he had to admit that Bill had a point, and that reassured them. They were just two birds, after all. It was not like he had them killed for his amusement, right? He was not like that. Bill was like that. Not him. Bill was the monster here, he could not forget that. His stomach still felt queasy, but he thought could handle it now. He gave Bill a slightly sceptical look but did not say anything else about it. “O-Okay Bill… I just… can I… Can I have the bacon now?” he asked quietly, the faint smell of the fried meat triggering his conflicted hunger.

Bill let go of Dipper’s hand and held out the bacon. Dipper took the piece and allowed himself to nibble on it. “This tastes like grass.”

“Be grateful I even offered, skin puppet,” Bill smirked, finishing off the eggs.

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It did not take very long afterwards for the two to finish what remained on the plate. “All right, Bill. I think it’s time we get you back to the Shack while we’re still in the clear…” Dipper thought, glancing behind himself. “We’ll also need to make a quick trip to the balcony so I can get those scissors… I can’t risk Mabel finding those. They’re her scissors anyway…” Dipper admitted, his guilt and worry ebbbing in his mind at the idea of Mabel finding the bloody scissors and alerting everyone to them, or worse… suspecting Dipper was responsible.

“If it helps you sleep at night. After that, we need to continue finding more sources to help regain my power. I’ve had the idea of rebuilding the Portal,” Bill began, gathering the blankets and sunglasses whilst hovering as he stood. He could not levitate very high, however, for he was only suspended two inches above the forest floor. The small twisted form that was Vxiihulqj clambered close behind, warbling as it followed the two.

“Problem is, Bill, after Weirdmageddon the Portal was completely destroyed. I don’t think we can fix that. A-And even if we could, there’s still that force field around Gravity Falls that keeps you in. Ford’s the only one who knows how to break it. Otherwise, we’ll… I mean, you’ll just be stuck in here again… And I’m not as smart as Ford is. I can’t reconstruct that thing.” Dipper corrected.

Bill’s eye widened. He almost forgot about the force field. This was when he laughed, mostly at himself. For once he was glad Pinetree did not kill Stanford already, “I almost forgot about that force field! Hah! Hah! And I think you forgot something, too, Pines. You’re dealing with the very being who knows how to build that thing! Fordsy was simply the hands to make it since I was still stuck in the Mindscape! Leave it to me.”

Dipper thought for a while in silence, before an old thought wormed its way into his mind, “Well, there is one place I can think of that might just have enough pieces to rebuild the portal. We’ll have to sneak off in the night though to take care of that. Luckily it’s far enough away so no one can see us,” the human offered, hesitant.

Bill smirked widely, his glee getting the better of him as he laughed, “Hah! I knew you’d be good for something after all, Pinetree!” the demon congratulated.
Dipper rubbed the back of his neck, giving a nervous laugh, “Let… Let’s just focus on getting back to the Shack for right now before someone spots us…” he said.

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Once the two entered the cleared lot, Bill looked around for any sign of Stanford or anyone else. Dipper spotted a few cars in the dirt lot facing the museum, “We might have to sneak in through the Gift Shop. Soos is probably in the museum right now… I forgot the Shack was open today.” Dipper said.

Bill placed on the sunglasses, deciding that now would be an appropriate time to have them on. The two quickly made their way across the lot and through the door of the Gift Shop. Luckily, Soos was too occupied showing the tourists around in the other room to notice Dipper and his uninvited guest. Just as they began to make their way toward the attic, Dipper was alerted to the chirps and warbles of Vxihulqj following close behind, “No, no, no… Bill, call off your pet!” Dipper harshly whispered to the demon.

Bill rolled his yellow eye and looked down at the confused Vxihulqj. He picked him up and carried him briskly outside where he told it to “go play”, to which the abomination happily obeyed.

Dipper quickly ushered Bill back into the closet, of course with a few objections from the demon himself. “You know I can’t sit in here forever, Pinetree. You’re gonna have to figure something out before Shootingstar stumbles in here looking for one of her glitter sweaters or whatever,” Bill warned as he threw a shirt drowned in cyan glitter Dipper’s way.

“I know, I know, I’m just worried that they’ll recognize you right away. Even you speaking might make them suspicious if they aren’t already…”

“After nine years? With the exception of you and Sixer, I don’t think they’ll catch on too quickly. As far as I know, Stanley’s only heard my voice once or twice, and Shootingstar maybe three times. But, if you’re really worried about me that much, I’ll make up a fake voice for you, dear,” Bill quoted, batting his eyelashes with his hands cupped and under his chin.

Dipper flushed, defending himself, “I’m not worried about you! I’m worried about getting caught! Don’t twist my words around, you tortilla chip!” he declared before slamming the door in Bill’s face, instantly regretting it as Stan soon stumbled into the room two minutes later, a blanket halfway draped around him. He lacked his glasses, making it so he could not make out the blood that was on Dipper’s face and clothes very well.

“Hey, kid, mind keeping it down? I’m not sure if you noticed, but this place ain’t exactly the Northwest Manor. Aren’t you supposed to be helpin’ Soos with customers?” the older man asked creakily, raising an eyebrow. Dipper paled.

“I-I wasn’t told it was my day… I thought it was Mabel’s…” Dipper responded meekly.

“I could have sworn Mabel told you it was your day. She said she left it on a sticky note or something?” Stan thought, though whenever he tried to focus on anything but what was happening right now, a painful headache set in his mind as if it refused to let him fully recall.

Dipper blinked, ‘Sticky note?’ he looked around the room before spotting the sticky note still sitting on the dresser, “Uh, hold on…” the brunet told his great-uncle before walking back to the
post-it note, staring at it with furrowed eyebrows. He turned it over onto the sticky side, where he found the rest of the message, ‘P.S. Today is your day to run the Gift Shop since I’m out. Told Stan I was getting groceries!’

Dipper’s eyelid twitched before he sighed in defeat and looked back at Stan, “Oh, uh, all right Grunkle Stan. I’ll get right on it!” he smiled, whilst the older man simply grunted in response as he returned to bed.

Dipper ran his hand through his tangled hair, quickly raking through it to make it appear well-kempt. He switched his flannel and jeans for a red long sleeve and navy blue sweatpants. After rubbing his face free from Vxiihulqj’s blood and discarding the bloody evidence under his small bed, he headed to the door once he placed his blackened cap over his head.

Tap! Tap!

Dipper turned around, confused at what could be at the window. He opened it, looking out to see Vxiihulqj with the pair of scissors in one of its spidery sinew legs, squeaking at him. Dipper’s eyes widened, surprised, but looked around quickly and took the scissors from him, weakly smiling as he patted the creature on its head.

“Good… uh, Vxiihulqj. Good boy…” Dipper nodded before closing the window once more and placing the blood-stained scissors in his back pocket, hearing a cheeky snicker from behind the closet door as he left.

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Chapter End Notes

Yes, Vxiihulqj is back. I plan to keep him around since I have a plan for him, and also I’ve kinda grown attached to the weird mouse thing. By the way, for all of you curious, it's pronounced "Vix-ee-hulk" and is the coded [Caesar +3] version of the actual word I used for it. Let me know what you guys think of this chapter! I'm planning Bill's discovery, and actually, have a plan for how to go about it and take care of another obstacle in their way, but that won't be disclosed until the chapter titled: "Athena" (ノ◕ヮ◕)ﾉ*:・:*"✧
Bill discovers that Dipper's exposure to the Rift may have done much more than meets the eye, and wonders what he could do with this.

I'm so sorry for the super long hiatus, guys! (≥O≤) My computer broke a couple months ago when I was writing this chapter, and typing everything on my phone or tablet got super grating and drained me of motivation. I hope you can all forgive me! I plan to continue this story, and next time, I'll make sure you all know before I take another break... I don't know how to feel about this chapter, since I had to rewrite it after my computer broke down, but I hope it won't disappoint!

Bill laid his back against the furthest wall from the closet door. He stared at the wooden structure before him, sneering. He, quite understandably, hated being cooped up in such a small place. Especially one that reeked of old shirts and discarded magazine pages. He tossed the sunglasses off to the side, allowing his vision to be slightly restored in the darkness. Regardless, Bill could not make out very much in the closet. The light was off and the only source that told him it was still daylight was coming from beneath the door.

He sighed, pulling the dirty, egg-matted gloves off his hands. He looked to his bandaged right hand, almost forgetting that it was injured before. His thoughts reflected back to Dipper. The Pines boy was always a bit different from the rest. Bill closed his eye, in deep thought to distract himself from the growing boredom he felt in the recesses of his mind.

He recalled all of what he knew about the man up until his humiliating defeat. While his sister was more attached to the fantastical, Dipper was grounded in reality. He was a pessimist. He could see the world burn before him more than even Stanford could after learning of Bill's true intentions. Unlike Stanford, however, he knew Dipper did not hate him. No, hate would not quite fit their relations. He feared Bill. He knew what the demon could do once he gained power, and wanted to ensure the odds were in his favour when the time came..

Dipper did not make the deal with Bill only because he wanted to protect his family. Sure, that was an added bonus to the human’s consciousness, but it was not the lone reason. It was out of the ridiculous organic need to survive that he was unfortunately birthed with.

Bill smirked. He knew his obedient puppet would do anything for him if it meant saving his own skin, and the worthless hides of his family. He was at least smart enough to know that even if he killed the demon off again, he would just come back later even more ruthless towards him and his family. Bill’s smile fell. His family. That was the only true obstacle that prevented Dipper from
becoming his willing living footstool. The blonde wondered how the Pines boy would have turned out if his family had withered before him like his own, especially if through his own, albeit unwilling, hands. Perhaps he would have given up on his humanity long ago, unable to cope with his petty human emotions. Or maybe… Just maybe…

He could have turned out something like Bill. This made the weakened demon curious. Very curious. Unfortunately, such an experiment would never come to be from the very beginning. At least, not by his hands directly. Bill, though, trusted in himself that he could convince Dipper to do away with his greatest adversary, and the rest would soon follow.

Yeah, Bill liked that thought. Granted, he was crestfallen as he would not be the one to tear Stanford quark by quark, but he grinned widely at the delicious resolve of Ford’s own family, his trusted blood, being the one to end his miserable excuse of a life. And Bill would happily watch every second of it. There would be balloons, confetti, streamers made from the disemboweled remains of whatever fleshy blood sack he could get his claws on. Oh, yes, it would be beautiful.

Bill’s train of thought from the gory dismay of Ford’s death led him towards Weirdmageddon. The demon grew curious as to what he could do with the potential remaining Pines after he destroyed that force field and effectively taken over. He ***could*** simply turn them all to stone and add them as part of the legs to his throne, but that would be much too easy. Besides, they would pose little threat without hiding behind their precious meat shield named Stanford. He could let his Henchmaniacs do away with them, maybe let them be devoured by 8-ball or Teeth. After all, the deal was that *Bill* could not hurt them. Dipper never said anything about the Henchmaniacs.

Of course, Bill would be there to watch every precious second of it, and perhaps for giggles he would make Dipper watch, or even make him partake in the slaughter if he was still alive for it. That, however, was left up to if Dipper managed to actually complete his end of the deal.

Bill glanced up upon the hung clothes that loomed before him, examining each one as he refused to let his growing impatience get the better of him. If he could wait over one trillion years for Weirdmageddon to arrive, he could wait a few hours for a meatsack to do the same. Still, it was boring.

The blonde demon rose, looking to the hung clothes along the hanging rack and took one down. It was a sweater made from thick, pale yellow wool. On the front was a winking blue cat face. The neck of the sweater was the same shade of mellow blue, and was excessively puffy. Bill glanced from this sweater, to the one he currently wore.

It had only been one day, and the black sweater with blue rims was already matted in egg yolks, leaves, mud, and Vxiihulqj’s blood. He made up his mind, discarding the old sweater in exchange for the new one. Upon pulling the sweater over his head, he realized that the sweater was longer on him than he anticipated. His black clawed hands were completely engulfed by the fuzzy sleeves, and the puffy collar accompanied most of his lower face.

“. . .” Bill blinked, simply contemplating how he felt about the sweater reminding him of his short stature before he sat back down. “. . . Comfy,” he admitted, deciding the sweater was now his, even though he presumed that it was originally Mabel’s. He decided to test whether or not he could still see beyond his limited human vision. The yellow demon furrowed his brow as he concentrated. His vision grew blurred as the concealed bricks scattered about his body flickered from pale yellow to static. Bill’s vision, too, deteriorated to a pixelated snow wonderland before clearing up to reveal he was now looking into the gift shop. He had to survey his surroundings a bit before he was able to spot Dipper at the register.

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Dipper was in the midst of reading a worn magazine. His eyes were glazed and lidded, lost in the words on the page. His legs were propped up on the counter, lightly tapping against the jar of presumably fake eyeballs. The brunet felt a tremble down his spine, as though something were watching him. The man's vision blurred for a second, a hand over his eyes as a minor pain reverberated through them. He could have sworn he saw the tendrils residing in his peripherals worm closer toward the center of his vision along with the haze of static.

Dipper rubbed his eyes fervently, muttering all the while. Bill watched Dipper do this, his curiosity for the human's sudden bout of discomfort piqued. The human had to blink rapidly in order to get his sight to clear up again, but by then he was already more than a bit concerned. He was beginning to worry that whatever made up the Rift was starting to melt his brain, or worse, teleport him to some twisted dimension of eye-bleeding colours and noises starting with his eyes. “Damn it, Bill… If I live through all this I’ll…” His voice carried off into incoherent mutters and curses at the demon, who could not help himself but to laugh at the other’s expense.

Dipper’s ears rang loudly as he could distinctly hear the high frequency pings of laughter, without actually hearing the laugh itself. This gave the dumbfounded man quite the headache as he covered his ears and winced as his eyes shut tightly. Bill observed his stressed state, ceasing his laughter as now he wondered. Was Pinetree actually able to ‘hear’ him then? He clapped his hands, and the man jumped.

Oh, of course. The incident with the Rift’s contents must have created a minor tear in reality. Well, more specifically, Dipper’s reality. This would allow him to involuntarily pick up on minor wavelengths of forces that would otherwise break this dimension’s brittle physics. The only reason why it would affect Dipper like this would be because his intense and immediate exposure created a minute link between his squishy physical form and that of the Rift. Unlike Standford, who acted more as a sponge that over time picked up miniscule particles of radiation, Dipper had that radiation slapped right on him with no real time to adjust. Bill proposed that he could use this little affliction to his advantage. He, of course, just had to figure out how.

Bill continued to watch the Pines boy shake his head, most likely trying to clear his thoughts. He watched as a young ginger boy, about nine, marched up to the register and set a crumpled t-shirt next to the register, “Uh, ‘scuse me? You okay?” he asked Dipper. The man in question finally opened his eyes, and looked up to see the boy.

“Y-Yeah, just, uh, got a headache… You want this?” he asked, picking up the shirt that displayed a map of Oregon.

“Yeah, my mom and I are going around the country and I’m getting a shirt from every state I go to. This is my thirty-seventh one,” the boy nodded, adjusting his glasses.

“Thirty-seven? You’re, uh, real dedicated to that aren’t you?” Dipper inquires, a bit amused.

“Oh yeah! I’ve been to California, Arizona, Utah, Nevada, Louisiana, Texas…” The boy went on, listing every state he could think of going to, and even some he repeated twice.

Dipper remained stoic, his lingering headache keeping him from really focusing, despite wanting to at least entertain the boy. Who knows? Just listening to him could make his day.

Bill, on the other hand, was falling asleep at the scene, his eyes drifting shut as he could only spectate the boy’s voice droning on and on about the states. The demon made a mental note to himself that when his power returned, he would wipe the United States off the face of the planet, all because of this kid.
The demon snapped up, realizing that he was losing connection and re-established it, focusing more intently on Dipper. Said Pines boy winced in response. It was as though someone had just turned up the volume on an amp with feedback, “Gah!” he covered his ears, but he could still hear the ringing.

“Did I already say Minnesota? i don’t think I did. Minnesota, Texas, Florida… Hey, you alright mister?” the boy asked. Dipper’s vision fizzled out, and he was rendered blind. All that he could make out was the darkness, and a film of static over them.

“Aah! I can’t see!” Dipper declared, dropping the shirt and flailing his arms before falling backwards with a thud. “My eyes!” His screaming caught the attention of some passing patrons on their way out of the museum, and ultimately Soos, who had miraculously overheard.

Trotting in, the larger male looked around, flipping up the eyepatch he adorned as a part of the gimmick of his attire, and looked to Dipper. “Oh, dude! What’s wrong?” he asked, “Did you find Stan’s stash of Fully-Clothed Women again?”

Dipper shook his head, blinking, but unable to fix his own eyes. Bill watched the spectacle, laughing hysterically, “Oh, man! Someone should make a reality TV show outta this! Haha!” he snickered, watching Dipper writhe a bit more before deciding to break the connection, since he felt the man had had enough of his snooping. He considered this small act of mercy a reward for getting rid of the radar.

Dipper’s vision restored, and he was left staring at a small crowd of people, Soos included, that all stared back at him worriedly. The boy at the counter quietly picked up the shirt, left a ten dollar bill, and backed out of the Gift Shop back into the Museum where his mother most likely was, officially perturbed. “Uh… heheh…” Dipper laughed nervously, a light red blush coming to his face from the embarrassment.

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Later on in the day, Stanford decided to make a quick check on the radar to see if anything was picked up. Upon viewing the recorded data, he was alerted to discover that the device had gone offline since that morning. This bothered him. “How could that have happened?” he frowned, and departed from the basement to the outside via the double wooden door leading down that way. He backed up and looked to the side of the house where the radar was, and saw nothing but a chunk of the sparking panel, and a collection of feathers and blood.

“Hmm…” he furrowed his brow, and looked at the roof itself to see part of it was damaged from something sliding down and falling off. In the corner of his eye, he saw in the balcony a small, spidery eye-creature, that upon seeing him sputtered and scuttled off from view. “Wait. What was that?” he narrowed his eyes, running back into the basement to retrieve the ladder and a set of gloves to investigate.

Vxiihulqj squeaked as the ladder wobbled onto the roof, and heard Ford beginning to climb up. The small deformed beast looked around frantically. Ford climbed up onto the balcony, making eye-contact with Vxiihulqj. “Ah-hah! Wait…” Ford had never seen this creature in Gravity Falls before. He would have known it if he had. He proposed that this monster, regardless of its size, was the one to have destroyed the radar somehow. Afterall, he knew what the gnomes could do despite their stature. But the radar would have detected the eyeball way before then, wouldn’t it? Regardless, he knew this was a creature that had yet to be studied, and, slipping on a protective glove, dove to grab it.

Vxiihulqj shrieked and hopped off the ledge. It crawled down one of the shack’s support beams
before running off into the forest again to avoid capture. “Damn! Almost had it!” Ford swore, and made a note to himself to catch that… well… whatever it was, before it could damage anything else of his.

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Chapter End Notes

That ginger boy will show up again by the way, bit he's not the random guy no one cares about. That'll come up later. >uO Please forgive me, friends OTL
Hello, eheh.... I wanna apologize to everyone that was waiting for another chapter update. Unfortunately, the chapter I was working on months before was completely deleted, and it was pretty lengthy this time. It caused my motivation to plummet really, so I took a long break. This, combined with the fact I had fallen out of the Gravity Falls fandom around this time meant I most likely wouldn't be able to make a very good chapter outta that.

Fortunately, I'm getting back into the fandom again, which means this story will continue! :D I have some fresher ideas on where I'd like to take this plot. I'm still very much into BillDip (who knows why) so that will still be in the story... eventually...

Anyhow, this update post will be deleted once I have the next chapter done, so I hope those of you still dedicated to the story can forgive me for taking such a long time. Hopefully I'll be able to make it up to you soon!

~ Much love, The_Writer_Downstairs

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