Pacifica's trying to unwind after the events of Northwest Mansion Mystery, when a latecomer to the party wants to get things started again. But when Wendy learns what Pacifica had been getting up to with Dipper, her reaction definitely takes Miss Northwest by surprise!

Notes

This story is actually a follow-up to 'Bell of the Ball,' an excellent story written by my friend and editor, Fairy Slayer. If you'd like to read it (and I highly encourage you to do so!) you can find it here: http://cartoon.adult-fanfiction.org/story.php?no=600094642

It was 3:30 AM, and Pacifica Northwest was creeping back downstairs from her bedroom to survey the detritus of one of the greatest parties Gravity Falls had ever seen. The shock of waking up to find it so late, and then the thrill of smuggling Dipper out of the house had given her a bit of a fresh adrenaline surge, so she was feeling sort of wired again.

Of course, first she’d had to go change. All the evening’s excitement…particularly the very, very wonderful excitement she and Dipper had shared, had left her new dress a wrinkled mess, probably ruined. She wasn’t too worried about that, though. It was definitely a one party outfit and there was like zero chance her parents would ever expect to see it again.
So she’d pushed it back into the corner of her biggest walk-in closet and grabbed some black tights and a nice little dark blue dress, along with her favorite pair of calfskin boots. A few seconds later she’d returned to the closet to grab a trendy belt and a smoky gray vest to pull over the dress. All of that took about ten minutes, but then she’d had to spend another fifteen brushing out her luscious blonde hair, which had started to look pretty disheveled.

And now Pacifica was threading her way across the utterly trashed ballroom, picking her way around the last few passed out partygoers. As she snuck another bottle of hard cider off the table, she smirked at the sight of some eurotrash aristo, a professional basketball player and Gravity Falls’ incompetent sheriff and deputy all passed out around the chocolate and fondue fountains. So much for the fancy people not wanting to hang out with the riff-raff.

Pacifica still couldn’t work the cork free with her fingers, so she used a corkscrew sitting on the table. Drink in hand, she wandered outside to the peacock garden, taking ginger little sips and enjoying the cool air and the warm, happy sensation glowing inside her…and not just the one from the alcohol. It was a feeling Pacifica really wasn’t used to. She felt like a good person. She felt…brave. And strong. She had put right one of the many, many crummy things her family had done, and faced down a crazy lumberjack ghost and her parents to do it. That had felt good, no matter how much trouble she got into for it. And it was definitely going to happen again.

And it was all thanks to Dipper. She took a longer swig from her bottle and turned a little spin, her arms outstretched as she looked up at the stars. “Dipper!” she said, making the name a long sigh. He was so brave when they’d faced down the ghost. And he’d forced her to see how terrible her family’s history really was. Because of him, she’d been able to find the courage to do…everything she’d done tonight.

Including Dipper himself. Pacifica felt her face growing hot as she remembered how Dipper’s young body had felt…smelled…tasted. He was just so cute. And the look on his face as she’d taken him into her mouth…and then into her pussy…she ran her hand across her stomach and pressed her thighs together as she remembered how it had felt. Her very first time, and it was nothing like she’d imagined. But it was better...

Pacifica’s reverie was shattered by the loud, angry squawk of a peacock, and a sudden burst of raucous, female laughter from the other end of the garden. Curious, Pacifica made her way down the path to investigate.

“Tambry, check it out, this thing totally hates it when I shake it in front of him!” There was another squawk, and more laughter. “I’m gonna moon him.” There was a tiny pause, and then the bird started hissing in anger. “Yeah, you like that!” Pacifica rounded a bend in the path and on the other side saw an…odd sight.

There was a peacock furiously chittering at a teen girl with long red hair in a green flannel shirt, bent over as she shook her lily-white, freckled rear at it …and directly at Pacifica herself, in fact. “Oh, dang!” the girl said, blushing as she quickly straightened up and pulled up her pants. “Jeez, sorry about that! You could have warned me someone was coming, Tambry!” she said over her shoulder at a dusky-skinned teen with dyed purple hair who was sitting on a nearby bench, her face buried in her phone. Tambry rolled her eyes and shrugged, saying nothing.

“What um…what’s going on?” Pacifica asked, quite nonplussed.

“Oh, um…I started dancing, and that peacock totally hated it,” the redhead said, pointing at the affronted bird making its way into the undergrowth. “I dunno what his deal was, but it was kinda funny,” she snickered. Pacifica couldn’t help but notice that she was slurring her words a bit, and swaying where she stood.
“They’re kind of dumb,” Pacifica offered with a cautious smile. “And they’re usually pretty calm, but sometimes they get cranky. Maybe you woke him up.”

The teenager peered at Pacifica for a moment, then her eyes widened. “Whoa, you’re the little Northwest girl! Hey, awesome party. I’m just bummed I had to miss most of it, but I had to do inventory at the Shack until Stan said he’d finish the rest and sent me home.”

And now Pacifica knew why this girl looked so familiar. She was the girl who worked at the Mystery Shack that Dipper’s uncle owned. “I’m not a little girl,” Pacifica said quickly, feeling inexplicably cautious. Maybe it was because she knew this teenager had spent way more time with Dipper than Pacifica had…and she was so pretty…and seemed so cool and confident…

“You’re right, sorry about that,” the redhead was saying with an easy smile. “Just a habit…the town’s been talking about ‘the little Northwest girl’ since you were born. But you’re definitely growing up,” she added, eyeing Pacifica’s curves through her sheer dress in a way that made the blonde blush. “I’m Wendy,” she said, holding out her hand.

“Pacifica,” she replied, taking it. To her surprise, Wendy gave it a firm clasp and a little shake…not at all like the weak little ‘polite’ hand touches Pacifica was used to.

“What’s got there?” Wendy asked knowingly, looking at the bottle in Pacifica’s hand before the younger girl could whip it behind her back. “Snitching a grown-up drink?” Wendy chuckled and lifted her eyebrows. “Don’t worry, I won’t narc. In fact…” She slipped a small metal flask out of her shirt and gave it a little shake. “You wanna try something a little more…advanced?”

Pacifica placed her bottle on the ground and took the flask uncertainly. She unscrewed the top and took a little sniff, gasping as it made her eyes water. “I…don’t know…” she said.

“Ah, give it a shot!” Wendy grabbed it back and took a quick pull, letting out a little breath afterwards. “C’mon…you might end up liking it.” She handed the flask back with a wink.

Pacifica took a couple of deep breaths and held the last one as she put the flask to her lips, gulping down a mouthful before she could think better of it. To her surprise, it did still taste like apples…if apples were made of fire. She coughed and gasped, her eyes tearing up from the harsh liquor. Wendy and even Tambry had a nice long laugh at her reaction, but it didn’t really seem mean-spirited.

“Dude, not bad,” Wendy said, grabbing Tambry’s water bottle and handing it to Pacifica. “First time I tried this stuff, I seriously almost threw up.” Wendy closed the flask and slipped it back in her shirt.

“What is that?” Pacifica asked after rinsing out her mouth.

“Applejack. My dad and the other lumberjacks make it during the winter.” Wendy smirked. “Hits a little harder than the regular cider, huh?”

“Yeah it…whoa…” Pacifica bent over to retrieve her cider bottle, but to her surprise found herself tottering forward a few steps, her head suddenly spinning. Wendy caught her and led her over to the bench. “What…oh, wow…” Pacifica slumped into her seat.

“Told ya it hits harder,” Wendy chuckled. “Move over Tambry.” As the other teen shifted to the end of the bench, Wendy sat in the middle. “So…are the big fancy Northwest parties usually this fun?” she asked, idly twirling a lock of Pacifica’s blonde hair around her finger.

“No way!” Pacifica scoffed, ignoring Wendy’s close contact for the moment. “These are usually
just awful, and boring. I gotta spend the whole night just standing around looking pretty and I never get to have any fun.”

Ah c’mon, you know you like standing around looking pretty,” Wendy teased. “I mean, you’re so good at it!”

Pacifica felt herself blush again, and from more than just the heat of the alcohol. “I guess I did. I mean, I still do. I do. I like being pretty.” She shrugged. “But after how much fun tonight was, I guess I just didn’t notice how not-fun the other parties always were.”

“Yeah, I can see that,” Wendy said, slipping an arm around the younger girls waist. Pacifica felt herself tensing, but the touch made her even more light-headed, and her skin was tingling under her dress. “Fun can be kind of addictive. And you know what? It’s a gateway drug.”

“Wha…what do you mean?” Pacifica asked uncertainly, trying to keep her thoughts in order. The night air had been so cool, but it was feeling so much hotter now…

“Once you’ve had fun one way…” Wendy’s arm slipped up until it was around Pacifica’s shoulders, and her hand brushed the younger girl’s cheek, gently pushing her face towards Wendy’s. “…you keep trying to find new ways to…get it…”

Wendy’s face was almost touching Pacifica’s. Pacifica could smell the apple-flavored alcohol on the other girl’s breath, and the warm fragrance of her hair and skin as well. The young girl’s blood was pounding in her ears again, and she couldn’t quite catch her breath…without thinking, she closed her eyes, tilted her head up and offered her slightly parted lips.

Wendy took the invitation in an instant. Her warm, soft lips pressed against Pacifica’s for a moment, then began to suck gently on the young girl’s lower lip. They both opened their mouths wider, and when Wendy slipped her hot, hungry tongue into Pacifica’s mouth, Pacifica’s eyes popped open briefly before rolling back and closing blissfully once again.

“Tcha, really? Again?” the exasperated, muttered scoff came from Tambry. Wendy let out a little throaty chuckle and broke the kiss briefly.

“Ah lighten up Tambry, I’m just having a little fun.”

“A-again?” Pacifica panted, dazed and drunk on the liquor and on the kiss.

“Yeah, I guess I got kind of a thing for little-” Wendy stopped and corrected herself. “Younger girls. I think it’s from when me and Tambry used to fool around when we were little kids. Remember Tambry?” With a teasing grin she glanced back at her quiet friend, who was staring at her phone with a little more concentration than before. “Remember when I used to tie you up and you’d beg me to take your panties and…”

“Yes, god, I remember!” Tambry exclaimed, rolling her eyes as a little reddish flush appeared on her cheeks. “Just shut up and do it already!”

Wendy was laughing softly as she turned back to Pacifica. “Well, you heard Tambry,” she whispered. She leaned in close with a smoky smile, and Pacifica felt herself tremble. Wendy laid her hand on Pacifica’s thigh and gave it a gentle caress through the sheer black fabric, and the little blonde unconsciously parted her legs wider in response. “I only even think about doing something like this when I’m super drunk. Like now…” Wendy breathed softly, leaning in to lay a trail of kisses down Pacifica’s cheek and up to her earlobe so that she could suck and nibble on it. At the tingly little shock, Pacifica gasped sharply and arched her back, her hands coming up on Wendy’s
shoulders.

“What. Do. We. Have. Here?” Wendy whispered into Pacifica’s ear, her fingers tiptoeing their way up the inside of Pacifica’s thigh with each word. The little girl’s developing chest was heaving as she felt Wendy’s fingers get closer and closer…but then when they finally made contact, the fingertips lightly prodding her juicy little mound through her tights and her panties, Pacifica’s mind flashed a picture of a brown-haired boy in a pine tree cap and a shy, awkward, adorable smile.

“No!” Pacifica grabbed Wendy’s wrist with a ragged gasp. “Dipper!”

Wendy stopped and pulled back, disentangling herself from Pacifica’s grip. “Dipper?” She sounded quite confused. “What about Dipper?”

Pacifica closed her small hands tightly and looked down at them in her lap as she stammered, “I… tonight me and Dipper…we…I can’t…”

Wendy’s hand found Pacifica’s shoulder and squeezed. Hard. “What did you do to Dipper?” The redhead’s voice had changed in an instant, suddenly becoming harsh and angry. Pacifica, startled, tried to twist away, but Wendy just squeezed harder and gave the much smaller girl a violent shake. “Answer me!”

“I didn’t do anything!” The lie tumbled out of Pacifica’s mouth before she could stop it, but her heart was in her throat and Wendy’s abrupt change in mood had left her in a panicked confusion. Wendy’s face, already angry and suspicious, instantly twisted into something hard and dangerous.

Without warning Pacifica found herself pushed off the bench and onto her stomach. Wendy was on top of her, pinning her right arm behind her back and holding another hand across her mouth to stifle her screams. And Pacifica did scream, trying desperately yet futilely to twist away. “Wendy, what the fuck are you doing?!” Tambry demanded from behind and above Pacifica.

“Tambry, just shut up and go see if there’s anyone awake inside!” Wendy snapped back. After a moment, Pacifica heard the other teen sigh, and then saw her feet as she headed down the path towards the mansion. “Now you just listen to me, you stuck-up little bitch,” Wendy hissed into Pacifica’s ear. “Dipper’s already had his heart broken once this summer, and there’s no way I’m gonna let a spoiled little girl like you do it again by making him your boytoy and then throwing him away when you get bored!”

It’s not like that! Pacifica desperately wanted to protest, but Wendy’s hand across her mouth wasn’t allowing for any of that. But most of her conscious thought was erased when Wendy let go of her arm and instead reached a hand up her skirt and began yanking down both tights and panties. The relative freedom made Pacifica try to squirm away, but Wendy put a stop to that by slamming an elbow into the small of her back, a move that made stars of pain blossom behind Pacifica’s eyes while driving the breath out of her. So she went limp, crying weakly as Wendy stripped her of everything below the waist.

“Oh my god, these are soaking wet!” Wendy cried in disgust as she extricated Pacifica’s panties from her tights. Pacifica found herself spun onto her back, Wendy straddling her stomach, making it so hard to breathe. “Look at these, you slut!” Wendy snapped, rubbing the very damp undergarment against Pacifica’s face, filling her nose with the smell of her own pussy. “What did you do? What did you do?!” Wendy let go of Pacifica’s mouth finally, and the little blonde girl opened her mouth wide, sucking in a huge breath to let out a shriek.

But in mid-inhale Wendy forced the panties into her mouth, pushing them back with her fingers until Pacifica’s eyes bulged out and she gagged slightly. Then Wendy wrapped the black tights
over the smaller girl’s mouth and around her head several times before tying them tight, making a very effective gag.

At that point Tambry came back around the bend in the garden path. “Everyone’s passed out in…whoa. Whoa! Wendy!”

“Tambry, give me your keys,” Wendy held out her hand towards her friend, her blazing eyes never leaving Pacifica’s face.

“Are you fucking kidding me? You don’t have your fucking license yet. It was bad enough when you were just ‘making out with 8-year-olds’ drunk. Again. But you are bugfuck crazy if you think I’m letting you use my car to…to…Wendy, what the fuck?”

Wendy whipped her head around, her long red hair lashing Pacifica’s cheeks. “November 3rd, 2010,” she said shortly.

“Oh, for real? For this? Fine, whatever, but you’re never allowed to talk about that ever again. And I’m driving.”

Tambry was sent back inside for a tablecloth. In the meantime, Wendy took the $150 belt from around Pacifica’s waist and used it to bind her hands behind her back. Wiggling like a particularly angry worm, Pacifica was wrapped tightly in the cloth to disguise her from any partygoer who might happen to crack their eyes open and see Tambry and Wendy making their way outside. Pacifica was kept tightly slung over Wendy’s shoulder, who carried her quite effortlessly. She was stronger than she looked.

Pacifica was tossed into the backseat of Tambry’s car, and after a quick, hushed conversation between the two teenagers, Wendy climbed in beside her as Tambry got into the drivers seat and pulled out of the parking lot. “Okay. Okay. You nasty, nasty little spoiled…” A frustrated, growling cry escaped Wendy’s throat as she picked at the tablecloth, removing it from Pacifica’s body but leaving it bunched around her head.

Wendy grabbed Pacifica’s arms just below the shoulders and pushed her back violently against the car seat. It hurt, but Pacifica was by this time too shell-shocked to do anything but whimper. “You fucked him, didn’t you?” Wendy’s whispers were thick with tears, and Pacifica could feel the older girl’s head pressed against her chest. “You tricked him into fucking you so you could put a leash on him and just use him up until you were done! God!”

“Unnhh! Unh UNH!” Noo! No NO! the gag kept Pacifica from denying Wendy’s accusations. Tears of fear and anger were flowing down her own cheeks, but with her bonds, and Wendy lying across her bare legs, she was utterly helpless.

Then she felt Wendy’s hand between her legs again, but it wasn’t a gentle, teasing, probing touch. No, now Wendy’s fingers were forcing their way between Pacifica’s thighs, no matter how tight she tried to hold them. And then she felt Wendy’s index and middle finger force their way inside her nearly-virgin sex with a single, painful thrust.

“Did it feel like this?” Wendy spat against Pacifica’s ear, their cheeks pressed together as Wendy held the young girl tightly against her with her free hand. “Did it feel like this when Dipper put his cock inside your slutty little cunt?”

Pacifica began to sob as Wendy thrust her fingers in and out of her body. But she couldn’t stop herself from feeling the pleasure as Wendy’s skilled fingers probed her most private place, and despite her best efforts her hips began to twitch as Wendy’s fingers continued their violation.
“I knew it,” Wendy breathed hatefully. “I knew you were just another trashy little rich bitch. Go on, come. Come all over my fingers like the selfish little tramp you are!”

Some dark, shameful little corner of Pacifica’s mind began to respond to Wendy’s words. Some black corner of her mind that had been there her whole life, hiding from her parents and their horrible bell, and all the punishments that went with it. A part that hated her family…hated everything they had forced Pacifica to become, to act like. It welcomed Wendy’s accusations, her rape, as just punishment for everything that Pacifica had done for the sake of playing her role. She wasn’t guilty of this exact crime…but in another time, another place…she might have been.

She let that blackness open her legs and start to thrust her hips back at Wendy’s fingers, let it accept the feelings that they were forcing on her young, helpless body, let it flood her tender, pubescent sex and send her juices flowing over Wendy’s hand. And in the end…she let it make her come.

Pacifica shuddered and wept like a baby as her tight little canal clamped down around Wendy’s invading fingers and spasms of pleasure racked her body. As she twitched and bucked, she felt Wendy sit up straight and wipe her hand on Pacifica’s dress. “I knew it. Just like a whore,” Wendy half-snarled the words.

It took some time to get to where they were going, and Pacifica cried the rest of the way. She only stopped when she felt Wendy pull her out of the car and drop her naked ass on what was clearly the forest floor. “We’re here,” Wendy said wearily, and she began unwrapping the tablecloth from around Pacifica’s head.

When it finally pulled free, Pacifica was momentarily blinded by a flashlight shining right in her eyes. There was a scraping sound, then the sound of something heavy hitting the ground. As her eyesight returned she saw that the car was parked in a small clearing by a dirt road. The only light came from the headlights and Wendy’s flashlight. Tambry was in the driver’s seat, resolutely looking at her phone in a posture that said she was determined to ignore everything.

Nearby, there was a low circle of rough stone and mortar, with pitch blackness inside. There was a heavy wooden lid on the dirt next to it. Wendy grabbed Pacifica by the hair and forced the small girl to crawl on her knees towards the hole. “Check it out,” Wendy said, dropping a rock. After a short pause, there was a light thump as it hit the bottom. “Far as we know, Tambry and I are the only ones who know this old dry well is out here. We found it when we were little kids. There’s nothing and no one around for miles. And I’m gonna lower you down there and put the lid back on. If you’re lucky, we’ll remember to come back for you before it gets dark tomorrow.”

Pacifica shook her head violently and twisted, tears of pure fear rolling down her face. The idea of spending hours and hours, down in that deep, black hole, all alone out in the woods, filled her with a primal terror that was even worse than facing down the ghost, because it left her feeling so utterly defenseless.

Wendy smiled in satisfaction. “Of course…” She held up a phone, and from the graphics on the front, Pacifica recognized it as her own. “If you just wanted to go back home right now, I could give Dipper a call, and you could tell him that you can never, ever see or talk to him ever again. What do you say?”

Dipper… Pacifica remembered his sweet face, his kind of dorky smile. The way he faced the ghost, her parents…the way she felt when his hands slipped around her body and held her tight as they both discovered something so incredible…The little blonde girl closed her eyes and nodded. She knew what she had to do.
Wendy unwrapped the tights from around Pacifica’s face, and the little blonde spat her sodden panties out onto the ground, coughing a few times and licking her lips. Without giving her a break, Wendy held the phone to the bound girl’s ear. It was already ringing.

“Hza…mna…wha?” Even sleep-fogged and confused, Dipper’s voice made Pacifica’s heart skip a beat. “Paci…fica…” she could picture him blearily squinting at his phone. “Pacifica, is that you?” His voice became more alert, sharp with concern. “Is anything wrong? Is it your parents? Did the ghost come back?”

“No! No no no…everything’s fine. Everything’s…perfect.” Pacifica closed her eyes, took a deep breath and continued. “Dipper, now that I’ve had some time to think about everything that happened tonight…” A little smile crossed Wendy’s face, and Pacifica smiled right back. Wendy’s smile faltered.

“Dipper. Tonight was one of the best times of my entire life. Everything was…was wonderful. Everything, I wouldn’t change even one second of any of it.” Pacifica was studying Wendy’s expression intently as she talked, but the teenager’s freckled face was unreadable. But she was still holding the phone to Pacifica’s face, so the younger girl continued, “Thank you Dipper…thank you for everything. I want to see you again, just as soon as we can.”

Dipper was silent for a moment. “Wow, Pacifica. I…um…wow. I feel the same way. I really do. I just…I can’t believe it. I want to see you again too. Um…tomorrow, maybe?”

“Tomorrow?” Pacifica lifted an eyebrow at Wendy. “I might be tied up tomorrow. But soon, Dipper. Very soon. Nothing is going to keep me away from you. Not my parents, not…not anything. I promise. I…don’t know what’s happening, or where we’re going, but I don’t want to stop until we get there.”

There was another long pause, and Pacifica actually started to worry more about having said too much than anything Wendy was going to do to her. “I know how you feel, Pacifica,” Dipper finally said, making her let out a tiny sigh of relief. “I…I’m not good at…um…uh…words, right now, but uh…uh…”

Pacifica could picture him clearly, looking awkward and trying to fish for something to say. It made her smile, and she stepped in to rescue him. “Good night, Dipper. I’ll see you soon.”

“Yeah! Yeah…goodnight, Pacifica. The sooner the better!” The last was said in a rushed blurt, and then he hung up.

Wendy set the phone down beside Pacifica and sat on the ground a few feet away, flicking her light on and off at the yawning mouth of the well. Pacifica just stared at her, not saying anything. Finally, the older girl stood up and approached her again, and Pacifica cringed back. “S’okay,” Wendy said, her voice very subdued. “I’m gonna let you go. Just don’t go running off into the woods or anything dumb like that. I’m gonna take you back home.”

Pacifica stayed quiet as Wendy freed her of the belt binding her hands. The little blonde stood, rubbing her sore wrists as she looked askance at Wendy.

Wendy rubbed her temples and then looked up at the sky with a frustrated sound. “Ah damnit…I’m too drunk for this!” She turned away, holding a hand to her forehead. “Look…I’m…I’m just…really really sorry. For, you know…I guess…kind of…raping you back there. I get crazy sometimes…mostly times like this. I…just don’t know what I’m supposed to do about it now.”
Pacifica knelt down to pick up her phone, taking the opportunity to save Dipper’s number. She glanced over to where Tambry was still sitting at the wheel, tapping at her phone, then down at the well, then down at her wrinkled, ruined panties, tights and belt. An idea came to her, and a little smile came with it. “You know what…it’s okay. I know how to make us even.”

Wendy glanced back at her warily. “It is? You…do?”

Pacifica ran her hands through her hair, noting idly that she was going to have to brush it out again before she finally went to bed. “Mmm-hmm!” She gave Wendy the most confident, snotty little smirk she had. “And it’ll make the perfect surprise present for Dipper.”

“Oh, jeez…” Wendy’s eyes widened, and her shoulders slumped in defeat. “I’m gonna need way more booze.”

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