Slices of Life and Family (crossover)

Slices of Life and Family (crossover) by bluefrosty27, Mizuuma

Summary

A crossover between two different fanfics:
Illusion IS Reality, by Mizuuma
The Life and Times of Sebastian Pines/The Demon Under the Eyepatch, by BlueFrosty27

Mostly gen with some random NSFW segments thrown in for fun
Bluefrosty: To traumatize me!
Mizuuma: ()
(There'll be warnings to protect innocent minds, if you don't want the explicit version, the censored one will be posted in Fanfiction.net)

The story follows Seb's life after Gravity Falls, it has character development thrown in with a dash of slow burn romance and more adventures for the Pines family!
Old characters will come back, new characters will make an appearance, all to accompany Seb through the rest of his journey as a human :3
And maybe having an All Powerful Demon God as a little sister can help make that journey easier.
Mizuuma: Okay, since the BlueBill Arc in Illusion IS Reality is taking longer than originally planned, Frosty and I are gonna write bits of what Seb is doing until his dimension finally synchs up with the point in time where Miz pops in.
Chapter 1: What to expect when you're expecting

Chapter Summary

A new story unfolds. What happens after a happy ending? Is it really happy?

Chapter Notes

Mizuuma: What happens after the Happily Ever After? Such a thing can't exist, a happily ever after is simply unrealistic! Life goes on. Things change, for both the better and worse. Our poor little Seb's struggles aren't over.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

CHAPTER 1: What to expect when you’re expecting

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Wanda always thought it was super cheesy and cringey when couples celebrated their months together. ‘Whole month together, love you with all my heart’ ‘A month with you is an eternity in heaven~’ But...maybe she was beginning to understand why they did it.

She counted every day she spent with Seb, every night the two of them could cuddle together and sleep, holding each other. Days after meeting his mom and formally meeting all his family, after Wanda had made sure it was safe for him (health wise) not to have anything in his eye socket, since that odd yellow eye he had was gone now, they went shopping. They also went to the hairdresser together (People gave Seb AND Wanda a few weird looks at the way Sebastian acted, but she knew they were just JEALOUS her partner was amazing and his masculinity wasn’t fragile and subjected to stereotypes) and celebrated their 24 hour time together in a fancy restaurant. It meant more for them than any other couple. They had been separated for long enough, and they refused to waste any moment they could spend together.

The two joked around before going out, Wanda pouted and tried to shield her face as Seb tried to put fake eyelashes on her. “Wanda~ You AGREED this morning!”

“Well, I changed my mind!” The natural blonde whined. “What a baby~ I swear you’ll look amazing~Just look at me~” Seb fluttered his eyelashes.

Wanda laughed and pulled him closer for a kiss. “Ok...Just because you look too handsome for me to say no…”

They stayed in the restaurant talking, laughing and staring into each other’s eyes until they were kicked out.

The two stayed in a hotel for the few free days they had before returning...They... didn’t want to bother Stan with the accommodations or cause them any trouble or noise~ Stan and Carla had a
little boy who needed sleep and all--

...and neither Seb nor Wanda were planning to 'sleep' until they collapsed in exhaustion together on the bed.

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Seb said bye to his brothers a few days later after the ‘prank’. He was a bit sad, but they were going to see each other again soon for Christmas.

He moved in with Wanda, of course, and the first thing he did was complain about how it was all dusty. “Well, in my defense, I lived here alone...I didn’t use the space very much…” It was a nice flat, quite spacious with two rooms, a nice living room connected to the dining room, a kitchen and two bathrooms (one in the hall and another connected to Wanda's bedroom). “Well, now I’m here! And we’re cleaning this place!” Seb wrinkled his nose and shook his head in disapproval.

Wanda chuckled and hugged his arm. “Yes, you’re here…”

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Wanda's parents couldn’t believe at first that the (really handsome) man Wanda was introducing them to was Sebastian, the little, awkward teen they met years ago. But after their initial shock, Linda started crying. They were thrilled to see Sebastian again. Well, thrilled was a big understatement. Her mom had given her poor boyfriend a flying tackle hug and sobbed into his shoulder. "MY SWEET BABY! YOU'RE ALIVE!!"

Sebastian wasn't sure how to react. "Ma'am..."

"Just call me Linda! Or mother." Linda Friedman wiped her eyes and smiled at the handsome man that skinny boy had grown up into. She had missed a lot feeding him. Sebastian blushed. "O-oh..." Wanda’s father, Elijah, walked up to pat Sebastian’s back before pulling him for a fast hug. “I’m glad you’re alive, son. But I would have preferred paying your hospital bill again more than worrying over your survival for over ten years.” He said solemnly.

Seb blinked up at the other man. Then he looked down at the woman in his arms. “O-oh…” His remaining eye teared up. Wanda’s parents really cared about him that much? He… he never knew...Very few people outside his family have cared for him...

“Oh gosh, sweetie, are you crying?!“ Linda gasped and her hands flew to her mouth. Seb shook his head. “No, please don’t worry, I-I’m j-j-just--“ Seb stuttered, he WAS crying, but he wasn’t trying to. He didn’t mean to. He… he was...

“It’s okay son. We’re just happy you’re safe.” Elijah smiled at the younger man and leaned in to hug him as well, the couple holding Sebastian close. Seb sniffled. Son. He… he had called him son. W-was this what it was supposed to feel like? To have a father who… who loved him? Matsuda was always like this too...but-but he had forgotten what-what it felt like… it had been so LONG. He should pay him a visit, he needed to. What an ungrateful bastard, after all he did for him and he hadn’t visited his tomb once.

“I-I’m sorry…” He hiccuped, trying, and failing, not to cry. The Friedman family didn’t criticize him for crying though, they just held him until he calmed down. Wanda had joined the hug at some point.
“I’m so glad you’re safe and sound~” Linda cooed. “Now we can finally be grandparents, Elijah!” She held her husband’s arm. “Mooommmmm!” Wanda moaned into her palms and Seb frowned, blushing slightly. What was up with old ladies and wanting to be grandmothers anyway? His mom also wanted MORE grandbabies. Aside from the embarrassment, the visit to Wanda’s parents went well.

Then her parents found out that Seb was cooking for Wanda now because she had been eating instant noodles and chicken nuggets since forever. She had to deal with her parents scolding her about that and her mom profusely thanking Sebastian for taking care of her and how he was really the best for her daughter. Her Dad laughed and said he could sleep relieved now knowing she wasn’t going to die starved. Her parents were so embarrassing!

Really!

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Wanda was surprised at how… domestic this all was. She would come home from work tired and annoyed, to find that Seb had cleaned and cooked. It was nice to have a real meal instead of living off meals she bought from the grocery store or cup noodles. It always lifted her mood, especially when Seb was all dramatic and followed her around like “Your dinner is served, madame! Follow me to your best meal until now~”

Sometime around fall, Wanda got sick. She was SURE it wasn't because of Sebastian's cooking (even though he had worried and blamed himself for it) she thought she had just caught some kind of stomach flu because of the change of seasons and the cooling temperature. Still, her nausea finally settled down and the couple settled back into their happy domestic life together once again.

First it was her period, irregular as it was...And then Wanda started gaining weight.

Her coworkers noticed but Wanda ignored their comments. She was just eating more. (She was so hungry lately.) It wasn't even that much…. Right? She was still healthy! And it was just because Sebastian cooked delicious food!

But after hearing Mabel ask her if she was pregnant back in Christmas…

Wanda shuddered. She didn't want to think about that. She wasn't ready to be a mother. She would never be ready. And she was doing so well in her career, she...she didn’t want to ruin everything with a pregnancy...

“Wands?” Seb tilted his head, watching her stare at the wall. They had returned home a few days ago, and Wanda had been distant since then. The blonde woman turned back at him. “Seb, I need to go to the hospital…” Seb frowned worriedly. “You are feeling sick again?” He grabbed her hand and Wanda squeezed it tightly.

“Well, I-I just want to make sure...Mabel-”

“If it’s what she said, don’t listen to her, Mabel is always eating sugar and she doesn’t think before speaking!” Seb assured her quickly. Wanda shook her head and awkwardly rubbed her chubby stomach. “I-it’s not about your niece, don’t worry...but, I’ll call for an appointment, um, when I have time…” She REALLY needed to make sure she wasn’t preg-pregnant…
She had no idea what she would do if she was...

Seb was really worried for Wanda. They’ve been together for four months and she had been sick for half of that time. It was obviously something he did. He had done something and now Wanda was sick. “I’m sure everything will be fine…” He didn’t want to even imagine what he’d do if Wanda was sick, or WORSE! Preg-preg-THAT. He wasn’t ready for something like that.

“I’ll be there for you.” He said solemnly. Wanda wiped the tears threatening to fall and she smiled. “And~ I’m here too. Don’t forget to get enrolled in the classes, I’ll bother you endlessly.” Seb had told her he STILL hadn’t gotten his high school diploma, while he expertly sewing a suit he was charged with fixing. Surprisingly, he had customers who didn’t live in Gravity Falls who had come from other parts of the country before and somehow learnt he was now living in Pennsylvania and had called their friends and relatives. He was a GOOD tailor after all, and back in town people travelled to get a dress or suit tailored just for them …

“I won’t forget, I want to take that stupid exam once and for all…” With all these years he had been self-teaching himself science and physics, it would be too stupid if he didn’t pass the test. And this time, he wasn’t going to miss it. Wanda would drive him there HERSELF if they needed it.

But for now, they had to get Wanda to a hospital for a check up. With her busy work schedule, it was another couple weeks before they finally had that chance. And in that time, Wanda’s stomach had grown even more. Still no sign of her period as well. “I have a tumor.” She said faintly. That was the only explanation.

“You don’t have a tumor.” Seb reassured as they waited for the doctor to call them. The year of 2013 had started and the hospital was full of people waiting for their turn as well. “It will be fine.”

“What if I die?” “We die together, no big deal.” Seb shrugged. He jumped when Wanda suddenly shouted at him. “NO! YOU CAN’T DIE!!” She screamed before she started crying. Seb awkwardly patted her back. God, he didn’t know what to do with these extreme mood swings…

They were finally called in and…

“You’re pregnant.” The doctor said plainly. He received the sobbing woman into his office and could tell she was pregnant WITHOUT the ecography. Seriously, how didn’t they even SUSPECT a pregnancy? “More than that, you’re several months along… I’m guessing five, but I wouldn’t know for sure without more tests.”

“THEN DO IT!”

They got the test. Wanda laid down as he put the gel along her stomach and the doctor showed them the images from inside her belly. There were two clearly humanoid shapes. “Ah. Three months, with twins no less. No wonder your stomach looked much bigger than normal for how far along you are.”

Seb’s eye twitched, staring in disbelief at the confusing black and white screen. His brain disconnected and he was staring blankly. Elevator music could be emptily playing in his head right now. Wanda’s eyes widened to the size of plates. “THREE!!? TWINS??! Nope, nope! It’s impossible!!” She shrieked. “T-those can’t be real!”

“They are, ma’am, I’m sorry…though…it’s kinda weird how you two didn’t notice? They’re twins,
and the baby bump is noticeable way before single pregnancies.” The doctor shrugged. That’s why he’d thought she was at least 5 months along, with how big she already was.

Seb finally came back and shakily looked at the doctor. “......We were protected...couldn’t have happened…” He said faintly. Nope. This really couldn’t be FUCKING happening...He couldn’t be a father, didn’t those fetuses know what they were signing UP TO?!

Wanda was crying loudly, much to the doctor’s short patience. “I-I have a IUD!!”

“No, ma’am, I'm sorry, but you don’t have anything…” The doctor said sympathetically. Wanda couldn’t understand.

“But I just had a new one put in--” Wait. Wanda paused and then she shrieked with rage. “That BITCH! She didn’t put it in!” She looked at Seb, her green eyes on fire. “I told her I was going to see you again and that STUPID BITCH didn’t put me on my stupid birth control so I could get pregnant!” She remember clearly how her gynecologist had told her to just get kids already, always telling Wanda that she was getting older and she should have kids now before it was too late and she wasn’t fertile anymore but FUCK what the FUCK?!

Seb stared at the screen once again, gulping a heavy lump at the small figures, he didn’t want to see anything, but there they were, mocking him and moving… “You’re pregnant…” He fell back to the chair, hands aching to burn into nervous flames. Wanda punched the bed she was laying in.

“I’m going to SUE the FUCK out of her!!!”

The poor doctor just tried not to get their attention.

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They went back home quietly, not talking to each other at all. He parked and Wanda immediately went to her laptop to start filling some papers to sue her former gynecologist. Seb didn’t know what to do.

What had he done?! He had COMPLETELY fucked up! The first thing he wanted to avoid! And it fucking happened! “I shouldn’t have children...I’m a monster…”

Seb’s eye widened a bit. He was a demon. He used to be-was, whatever the fuck it was. But he WAS something, that shouldn’t have kids. They were going to be born all weird like him, they were going to be like ‘Him’ and he didn’t wish anything like that on ANYONE, even less kids that were...his own...

“Wanda…” His eye welled up with tears and flames surrounded his arms as he held back sobs. He took a finger to his mouth to bite and draw blood. And Wanda was pregnant, because of HIM, HOLY SHIT, and she was going to leave him because she didn’t know who he was, because their kids were going to be like him.

No, no, no! Help, help, make this be a dream! Please! He didn’t want to be a dad, he couldn’t, he... didn’t deserve it...

He opened his eye, panting, and looked down at his aching wrists and his nails dug into his old wounds. Fuck, seriously? He-He didn’t mean to do that...He rubbed his wrists awkwardly and quickly went to the kitchen to clean his blood with some paper towels. He wrapped it around his wrists and lowered his sleeves (thanks Ax for long sleeved shirts), and went to search for Wanda.
Maybe...it didn’t have to be that bad…? He-He loved his niblings and-and his brothers were so happy with their kids…

But they weren’t demons before, they were normal, not him, he used to be a monster. A monster having kids…? He was horrible...he didn’t deserve little kids of his own, but, he...he would love them, even if he was a demon...Because whether they wanted it or not, the little bastards were coming.

“A-ah Wanda…” He entered to their bedroom, watching her furiously type down. “Are you ok?”

“Yes. I’m fine.” She didn’t look up. “Ah..Wha-what are we going to do…?” He tried not to sound as scared as he felt.

Wanda’s shoulders tensed up and slowly looked up at him, her eyes puffy and red. “After making this bitch lose her job? I-I don’t know…” She choked down a sob. She had a hand on her belly, rubbing it and shivering. “My career would be ruined! I don’t have the time to raise kids while working! I...I can’t… you know how important my job is to me. I won’t be able to do both!” She squeezed her eyes shut. “I love you so much Seb, but I didn’t want to get pregnant. It’ll take AGES for me to get back to my job if I have to take a maternity leave and raise the kids! Fuck! We fucked up!”

Seb held back a sob. “I-i-it’s all my fault!” He wailed. At that, Wanda looked up to scowl at him. “Yeah, sure, but it’s MY fault too. We BOTH had a hand in this.” Wanda sighed. “It’s your fault for being so handsome, and it’s my fault for being so horny…” She couldn’t help but laugh a little hysterically. “Damn your wonderful dick for feeling so good.”

As stressed as he was, Seb managed to flush and wiggle. “WAAAAANDAAAAAA!!!” He whined loud in embarrassment.

Wanda chuckled humourlessly and awkwardly rubbed her belly again. “And now look at this… the doctor said this was just 3 months!” She sniffled. “How big am I going to get?! He thought I was five months along! I’m only 3 months! Oh my god I can’t believe this…” She was already having trouble fitting into her pants. “I don’t wanna be faatt!” She burst into tears once again. This was really too much for her. It was getting overwhelming.

“No, no please don’t cry! Please, i’m sorry, I’m sorry!” The vague little excitement of having kids of his own was vanished when he saw his girlfriend cry. He didn’t meant to hurt her like this! And he was still so worried about all this! His powers! His past!

“Wanda, Wanda, I’m sorry!” He didn’t want to do something wrong, he didn’t want to hurt his kids with his powers or with his very existence! “I have to tell you something, I’m sorry, I’m sorry, I shoulda told you before, I’m sorry, I’m sorry!!!” Seb was crying even more than Wanda now. Wanda frowned and looked over at him. “W-what is it?” In her head was a mantra of ‘Please don’t say you have a disease, please don’t say you have a disease…’ while Seb sniffled and bit his finger. “If I tell you… p-please don’t leave me…”

“Seb. I’m pregnant with TWO of your kids, there’s no fucking way you’re getting rid of me.” Wanda managed to scoff. Seb didn’t seem to feel any better, still crying. “Please tell me you won’t be angry… a-and that you won’t be scare of m-me…”

“I’m not going to be scared, you’re my boyfriend, stupid.” She said solemnly. “And I love you, we are in this situation because I love you, but please TELL me, the suspense is gonna kill me.” She
REALLY needed to know now. Seb took a deep breath, wiped his tears with his sleeve, before lifting a hand and making Wanda’s laptop float towards the bed. Wanda’s green eyes widened and her mouth opened wide in shock. And then Seb snapped his fingers and some fire sprouted from his hand and along his arms, which he quickly waved away.

“Wha-What!? Sebastian, holy fuck! What!?”

The explanation was long, and Seb had to stop many times to blow his nose. Wanda listened carefully, trying to understand everything about...lines and shapes and tridimensional gods... And yellow triangles with bowties and top hats going to prison and gaining powers and angry Axolotls. She remembered the weird triangle man...thing from her dreams, that creepy demon thing, and well... the dreams that she and Seb had shared even when they were miles and miles apart... but she hadn’t expected THIS.

She sat in quiet shock, processing everything. At some point during Sebastian’s long story, they’d ordered a pizza, her cravings demanding anchovy and olives with sausages. So now Wanda took a bite of the pizza as she continued to stare forward. Finally she closed her eyes and breathed in. “Ok. So you’re some kind of... alien demon thing? Or, you were, in your past life but you are also kinda a magical creature despite being human??” She looked down at her belly. “Are the kids going to be aliens too?” She asked faintly. “Will...they come out of my stomach clawing out...?”

Seb wiped the tears that were still streaming down and frowned, slightly offended. “No-No...I—I’m human, fully human...!-I think...they will be born...like...babies...do? I’m not an alien...and I’m not him...” He drew his knees to his chest. “It’s pretty confusing for me, Wanda...I-I think I know who I am, because my name is Sebastian, because I’m human, because I have a family, but I find myself...doubting it, and thinking that, maybe, I’m still him, pretending to be someone else.” His hand lingered over his wrists, not daring to touch them with Wanda near.

“But I do know I’m human...I’m sure of that, and-and whatever I am...inside, doesn’t matter...does it?” Because he had seen how his family loved him for him, they didn’t care if he WAS a Bill, he was still loved, as crazy and damaged as he was. Because Wanda still liked him, even if he got her pregnant and possibly ruined her career...

Wanda frowned a bit and stroked his cheek softly. “No, of course not. I didn’t mean to call you that...I don’t think you’re a monster...” She sat closer to him and pulled him close for a kiss. “You are Sebastian Pines, the cute idiot whom I fell in love with...And-And my boyfriend...and the best man I’ve known...please don’t cry~” She kissed his wet cheek. Seb sniffled.

“You don’t want them, don’t you...?” Seb sniffled loudly. Wanda put her hand on her belly. It was too late to think of something like that...If she had only known she wasn’t protected AT ALL, she wouldn’t be worrying now.

“I do want them...” She placed her hand on his. “They’re our babies...” She slowly pulled out the little printed ecography the nurse offered them when they were leaving, and she grabbed it angrily. “It’s just...” She sighed, resigning herself. “This is just going to change everything, Seb but...I...I guess I’ll stay at home forever and...take care of them...and just be at home...” She thought it was admirable how some women became mothers and dedicated all their time to their kids, but she couldn’t JUST do that, she needed to work or she was going to go insane! But if she was going to have these kids... she was going to have to leave her job, stay home and care for them...

She sniffled again and sobbed, hugging her paper towel. And now she didn’t have pizza...That made her cry even more. God, she was mess.
“W-what? Stay home- but don’t you have work?” Seb asked, very confused by what Wanda was saying. His girlfriend sobbed harder. “But I can’t take care of the babies while I’m at work! I’ll have to stay here!” Sebastian growled. “No. You don’t have to leave your job! I’ll take care of the kids! I d-don’t even have a job that needs me to be out and about, I can stay home and take care of them… and still do my work! You don’t have to leave your job because of me and the kids!”

Wanda wiped her tears with her arm. “Weally? But-But...I would be giving you all the work...and-and...isn’t the-the mom supposed to take care of babies?”

“It’s not, really. I want to do it...Taking care of the twins was heart attack inducing but...fun, I like it, and you love your job, and you are so amazing at it, and I want you to continue doing it...When you get home, you’ll see them and it will be ok and you will be the best mom ever!” Seb smiled, looking at the photo she was holding. His excitement was coming back. Wanda didn’t care about her powers, she wasn’t scared of him, and whatever happened, they were going to be together to face it.

And he was having twins! Hah! In Stan’s face! He only got one! What a loser!

That seemed to make Wanda feel better. The two cuddled on the couch for the rest of the day, chatting about whether they thought the babies would be boys or girls, what names they should give them, how Wanda could open a face chat on her computer at work to check on him and the kids once they were born and she was recovered enough to go back to work…

It… didn’t seem as scary anymore, knowing that Seb was going to be taking care of the kids. Wanda was terrible with kids, but Sebastian had his niece and nephews and he was great with her cousins back when they were teenagers. Wanda leaned against Seb’s chest as one of his hands stroked her round stomach. “You’re going to be a wonderful mother Wands!” Sebastian assured her. Wanda laughed. “And you’re going to be the best father…”

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So, of course they couldn’t keep it a secret, they had to tell their parents... They visited Wanda’s parents a nice winter day where Wanda’s stepbrother and girlfriend were coincidentally visiting too, (you could guess Linda judged those girls hard, none good enough for her son, Seb had set the bar too high) and spilled the beans, straight to the point.

“Mom, Dad, I’m pregnant…”

Wanda had to facepalm when her parents cheered and immedietly turned to Seb with a “YES! Good job, son!”

“Seriously?” Wanda complained. “I’m literally the one with two babies inside me right now??” And frankly, SHE had done most of the work! Seb was still rather shy during their... bedroom activities. She ended up doing most of the work everytime, not that she didn’t LOVE doing so, but STILL!

“What?!” Elijah gasped. “TWINS?!” Wanda’s brother gaped as Linda screamed her heart out. “OH MY GOD, THANK YOU!” Linda cried to the skies before hugging Seb tightly, stroking his bicolor curly hair. Seb looked mortified and tried to bury his face in his hands when Elijah slapped him on the back and said, “Very impressive, son!”
Wanda crossed her arms, slightly annoyed, when her mom tutted. “My dear, HOW couldn’t you have realized you were pregnant?! It’s maternal instincts! Every woman has it!”

“Yeah, well, I was SUPPOSED to be on birth control…” Wanda muttered. Linda shook her head. “Well, I expect you to be at home resting from now on! You have to take care of the little babies you are having!” Wanda rolled her eyes. Staying? To go insane all cooped up? No thanks. But she nodded anyway to please her mom. She was going to continue going to work until she had to give birth, no way was she going to just sit and do nothing for months.

Telling Seb’s family was...different. They went to visit Stan and Kari to tell them the happy news. Kari totally ignored Seb to coo and pamper Wanda. “Oh my God!! Really?! My sweet daughter!! Come here! I love you!!” Seb complained he was part of it too, but his mom shushed him and asked Wanda for permission to touch her belly. The younger woman froze, but agreed. It really made her mother in law, happy.

Stan gaped for a second, looking in disbelief, before he shouted. “HAHAH!! FORD OWES ME 50 BUCKS!” He high-fived Carla. Dillon was really excited at the idea of getting a new cousin from his favorite uncle and congratulated both of them before writing Mabel and Dipper about the news. It didn’t take long before Shermie called, laughing at his older brother uproariously while Mabel was sobbing with joy at the idea of getting more cousins. She needed to start knitting NOW! Uncle Seb knew how to knit but all the knitted stuff had to come from her! Mabel! Dipper could be heard running around. “Oh my gosh! Oh my gosh! Uncle Seb’s having kids! Poor kids!”

“Hey! Pinetree, I’ll let you know you survived your summer because of ME!” Seb shouted at the phone.

Shermie wheezed. “WELCOME TO HELL! YOU’LL NEVER SLEEP AGAIN! You’ll be enslaved to two ungrateful brats for 18 years!”

“DAD!” “RUDE!” “NOW YOU HAVE TO BUY US ICE CREAM AS AN APOLOGY!” “And take us to see Uncle Seb and Aunt Wanda to meet their babies!” Shermie sighed. “You see what I mean? But I’m so happy for you two!”

Wanda and Seb looked at each other. Getting scared like that didn’t help at all with their situation.

Seb finally called Ford and Soos, who somehow didn’t get the news. Everyone in town somehow knew (Mabel. That had been definitely Mabel) Soos and Melody got pretty excited for him and Soos declared himself the babies’ coolest dude uncle (? Soos was so mysterious sometimes) and then Seb talked to his oldest brother.

Ford was actually talking from inside the center, it was his time to supervise, Fiddles would do it some other days, but right now, Fiddleford was spending some much needed time with his son, and Ford respected that. With a construction helmet on, he held his phone to his ear as he watched the tiles, windows and services like plumbing and electricity being installed. Just a few more months and and his dream was coming true~

“Sixer, guess what?!” Seb screamed excitedly. Wanda had gone back to work and he was imagining her co-workers screaming and cooing at her. Wanda had said many people had asked her when she was settling down and having kids, and were glad she was FINALLY doing what EVERY woman must do...It was pretty dumb. Seb had to wince in sympathy. No one had really urged him about getting a girlfriend, except for Mabel, of course. Wanda was mainly angry that everyone expected her to just... have kids and leave work, like that was NORMAL, but she wasn’t
going to do that. She worked HARD to earn her law degree and become a lawyer and babies or no, she was going to continue being a lawyer!

“What is it, Sebastian?” Ford asked, waving a hand to direct the builders to where the bathrooms should be built. He could hear Seb squealing on the other end of the phone. “I’m gonna be a father!!!” That made Ford nearly drop his phone. WHAT?! “You- great, now I owe Stan $50!” He complained.

Seb waited for the praise, but he could only hear noises on the other side. “Um! Eh hem!! I said I’m going to have kiiddsss!!!” He repeated louder. Ford nodded. “Yes, I heard, congratulations, I’m glad you feel prepared now.” The last time he talked to Seb about this, he was really scared of the idea (he would be too, holy shit! He liked being an uncle much better!!), it was nice to hear him happy.

“They’re twins! We don’t know their sex yet, but we don’t want stuff to be color coded, ya know? Cuz that’s just stupid. So send whatever presents you want!”

“I have to send presents?” Ford scratched his head, pretty confused. “Duuhhh!” Was his brother’s intelligent reply. “You get presents for the future babies! Mabel says she’ll plan a baby shower, if you don’t know, that’s when you get together and receive all the presents and have fun before the baby arrives! And-And then, you say thank you to everyone who came and play music and it is just…nice…” The idea of a party was very thrilling, even if it was for the babies, and with each passing day, both him and Wanda were getting excited with babies’ arrival.

He. Was. Going. To. Be a. Fucking. DAD!!!!

The scientist chuckled when he heard Seb squee again. "Alright then. I shall go see what presents I can get. Any prompts?" He asked. Seb giggled hysterically. "Baby clothes! And toys! And… and tiny baby shoes!" Seb had gotten obsessed with looking at tiny baby booties. They were too cute!

Ford's smile slowly faded. "Sebastian, will your children inherit your powers?" Was that even possible? How would such a thing happen? How did Sebastian even have his powers at all if Bill Cipher was dead? And how did he get them originally even when he was born human?

Seb hummed with a pout. “I mean, I…considered it…But, if you think about it…they-they really SHOULDN’T! Because…I wasn’t BORN with my powers…” But, on the other hand, he had a seal, if he hadn’t…he could have been born with all his powers…

“Ford, I’m scared. What if they HAVE my powers! Do you know how long it took me to learn to control them?! What if they do something?! What if they hurt Wanda or themselves??!!!” Seb was hyperventilating.

Ford sighed. "Well, if they DO have your powers, your job as a parent is to make sure they learn to control them. And…” he grimaced. Accidentally hurting themselves or those around then would always be a fear. "Well, I can make a unicorn barrier to shut off their powers? Or does that not work?"

“Dude, I could cross the barrier just fine! I’m human! One that just happen to have really dangerous abilities that will be passed on to two KIDS! WHO WILL BE LIKE ME!!!” Seb shrieked.

"I don't mean a barrier around your house, I meant like a bracelet that seals off magic. There must
be something like that? I will have to check my notes.” Ford could be heard shuffling around on his side of the phone. His blue journal from William was still intact. Ford couldn't help a small wave of fondness and warmth at the thought of the nice Bill Cipher he and Stan met. Well...second nice Bill Cipher. Sebastian was a nice one too, in a second life, sure, but he was a good person.

Ford’s blue journal had survived the 13 years behind the portal and it even survived Weirmdageddon and the evil Bill's attempts to destroy it. And the best part? The evil Bill couldn't see inside this journal. Ford flipped through the journal and tried to see if he had written anything down about sealing magic.

While Ford daydreamt, Seb was breathing heavily, trying to calm himself a bit. “O-Ok, yes, I-think bracelets could work...Please try. I don’t want them to hurt themselves...or anyone.” He had been hiding his powers for years until he knew it was safe to use them in town, but they were really far away from any source of weirdness, it was dangerous for them to show any supernatural ability.

The government might have forgotten about them, but two kids on fire were surely going to draw attention. He already fucked up their lives and they haven’t even existed for more than 4 months...

“Seb?” Ford called softly after the blond went quiet. “Y-Yeah?” “I can’t believe I’m saying this, but...don’t listen to your head...” The scientist instructed him. He bit his lip. “You’re a great uncle, and I'm sure you're going to be great father...with a demon past or not.”

Seb wasn’t sure about that...He wanted to believe everything would be fine, that he’d be happy and his family would be happy forever...But he couldn’t believe it, despite how hard he tried. He literally couldn't picture himself doing something WELL, because how could he?! He was dumb, and careless, and a freak and monster that always fucked things up...

“Thanks, Sixer…” He finally said, instead of all the messy feelings and words he really wanted to let out.

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“Waaah!” Wanda moaned as she kicked the door close. Oof! Today was a CRAZY day! She threw her things to the couch and called “Seb, we’re back!”. She just couldn’t say ‘I’ anymore, could she? Not with these little guys pushing her stomach out like a balloon.

“In the storage room!” The storage room was a room Wanda had kept full of junk and boxes. She always worked in her room or the living room so she didn’t have a real use for the extra room. When Seb moved here, he asked if he could use the room for his work, used to having an office just like it back in the Shack. His equipment had been shipped from Gravity Falls, so good for Ford! Now they had another free room in the Shack to use!

The blonde put a hand over her growing belly. “Let’s go see dad, shall we?” She whispered. It was still pretty weird to talk to...her babies. Wow. She was going to be a mom, holy shit. She never, ever would have thought she would be one. Seb was in the storage room, shaking hands with a man. “Um, hi...” The lawyer waved at the unfamiliar man.

“Wanda!” Seb smiled and walked over to her to plant a soft kiss on her lips. “This is Francis, I’m making a suit for him, he has a friend’s wedding, right?” He looked at his customer and didn’t really wait for a response. “This is Wanda! She’s my girlfriend!” The man politely smiled, shook hands with Wanda and bid his farewells. “See you next week.” The man said before leaving.
“Urgh! Finally someone asked me to make a suit! People just want dresses!” The man complained as Wanda rolled her eyes. “Who wouldn’t want a dress from you~? It’s your fault for making them so pretty!”

Seb laughed sheepishly. “Haha, yeah…” He crouched and awkwardly in front of Wanda’s belly, as if fearing to touch it, (which he was), he put his hand over his girlfriend’s swollen and growing belly. “Hii~ You went to work with moomm~ Was it boring? I bet it was boring~” Seb slowly put his ear on her stomach and with a frown, he nodded slowly. “Uh huh…ok, I get it…” He looked up at Wanda, who was staring at him, funnily. “The babies say your work is boring and should give me a kiss~”

Wanda laughed loudly. “They said that now did they~?” She leaned down to plant a kiss on Sebastian’s forehead, the couple giggling together. A kiss turned into a hug, which turned into some gentle caressing and the two ended up on the couch in the living room, kissing and feeling each other up passionately. Wanda broke away from Seb’s lips and gasped for air. “Damn, no wonder we’re having kids. We just can’t keep our hands off each other!”

Seb laughed. “W-well…” His shirt was rumpled, the first few buttons undone and his chest exposed. Wanda took this time to admire his pecs. “A-ah…” Seb blushed when Wanda began slowly walking her fingers down his chest with a mischievous look, clearly aiming to unbutton more of his shirt. As fun as that would be, Seb was a little afraid to go any farther with Wanda while she was carrying such precious life inside her (he might mess up and hurt her, hurt them! He was clumsy and stupid and so, so much of a walking disaster--) so he straightened up with a cough.

“So, how was work?” He changed the subject, taking Wanda’s hands in his own as he moved to sit beside her instead of bent over her. Wanda frowned a little at the fact that Seb wanted to stop but sighed and rubbed her belly. “Well, my friends at work showered me in gifts. And my male co-workers kept calling you a lucky bastard for actually “landing” me… I think they’re just upset that I turned all of them down multiple times and then went and started dating you out of nowhere...” She rolled her eyes at that. But maybe now that she was dating someone AND pregnant with that someone’s children, her male co-workers would stop hitting on her. She paused when she saw Seb’s expression shift. “Does it bother you that the guys at work liked me?”

“N-no that’s not it.” Sebastian assured her. He rubbed his face. “It’s nice that you have friends. If I had friends, I’m sure they’d get me some gifts too.” His brothers were family and didn’t count as ‘friends’. Soos was his friend but Soos was like a younger brother or cousin, he was FAMILY too. Did he have anyone else? Susan? Nah, she just had a crush on him. Glasses wasn’t HIS friend, he was FORD’S friend. The only “friends” he could think were the Henchmaniacs and the poor bastards were rotting back in his old Nightmare Realm… Haha….yeah…he didn’t have what one would call…a friend.

Wanda tilted her head to see more of Seb’s expression behind his hand. “I’m sure you’ve got plenty of friends, Seb.” He shook his head. “You surely do! You’re the sweetest guy I know!” She blinked as she suddenly realized. “What about Alex and Johnny?” Seb lifted his face from his hand. A-Alex and… whoa, Sebastian hadn’t thought about those two crazy maniacs in YEARS! Decades! Wanda groaned. “Oh my gosh, I should have told them you were alive! I totally forgot…”

“You, you still talk to them?” Seb asked surprised. Besides those few times Wanda visited when they were teens, Alex and Johnny hadn’t really spent much time with her. The blonde shrugged. “Well, after scaring us to death~ “I’m sorry~” “We kinda, like, got super close, you know Alex was gonna be a lawyer, and he’s a DAMN good one! Kinda crazy at court, he likes to be dramatic, many judges can’t stand him, but he’s cool. You know, remember how...uh, they were dating?”
Seb nodded. “Don’t tell me they broke up!” He exclaimed with a loud gasp. Wanda nodded. “For YEARS. Like, I’m not sure what happened actually, but they broke up, Alex met a girl, they had a son but soon broke up too, they’re cool though, and he’s a GREAT dad. He looked for Johnny once again because they’re soulmates and can’t live without each other~” Wanda squeezed his hand with a smile. ‘They’re together again and living in New York. Do you want to call them?!” She asked excitedly.

Seb nodded slowly. Wow...After all these years… Wanda mentioned that she should have called them. They were still worried about him and wanting news from him? Even after the problems he caused them? That...he didn’t expect that...even less to see his old... friends after so long… “I-I’d like that…”

Wanda smirked and pulled up her phone to call the couple. She put it on hands free mode and waited for Alex to pick up.

“WHAT?! I’M BUSY!” An annoyed voice called from the other side.

“Hey! That’s no way to treat a friend~Bad Alex!” Wanda huffed. Alex stopped mid insult and gasped. “Wanda!” He let out a surprised sound. “I haven’t heard from you in months! How’ve you been?”

“Oh, not much, doing well in my job, getting clients, got pregnant…” Wanda said nonchalantly.


Johnny came running into the room Alex was in. “What is it?! What happened?!”

“WANDA IS PREGNANT!”

“What?! That’s impossible! She would never!! That would never happen!” Johnny screamed in utter disbelief. Wanda looked at Seb and huffed. “Whatcha mean that would never happen?” She complained quietly. The two men took a deep breath to calm themselves. “Well...you’re you…”

“Though you ARE a pervert so in retrospective it’s not that unexpected…” Alex hummed in thought.

“HOLY SHIT YOU’RE PREGNANT!” Johnny screamed again, but he sounded more excited this time. “Oh my gosh! Congrats! Who’s the father?! Do we know him?!” Johnny asked. “Or you don’t? Or you DO and you need us to cut some irresponsible balls off?” Alex added. Seb smiled. Alex and Johnny really cared for Wanda, he was so glad for that.

“If you want to meet him, you’d have to visit me~” Wanda teased. “Evil woman, but fair.” Alex nodded. “We’ll be there next weekend!” The two sounded SO excited about it.

Seb leaned in and whispered to Wanda, giggling like a little kid. “Tell them I want to see them already!”

“Well, mysterious boyfriend says he is looking forward to seeing you, guys!” Wanda smiled and Alex and Johnny gasped. “Really?! Well, we want to meet him too! We must judge him and approve of him!” Alex exclaimed and Johnny scoffed. “She already got herself knocked up, so instead we will FORCE him to be good and acceptable.”
“Aaaww!! Thank you, guys! Don’t worry, he’s the best...Well, we have to eat dinner! See ya!” Wanda exclaimed. The couple on the other side said their farewells as well. Before Wanda could hang up though, they heard Alex and Johnny talking to themselves. “You know, I never thought she would get over him…” Johnny said sadly. “Yeah, me neither, but at least she found someone she loves, no? Even if it’s not Sebastian.” “I’m glad she finally let g-Alex, the phone!”

Then they hung up.

Seb blinked before looking at Wanda who was pouting. Dummies. They should know by now that she wasn’t going to give up waiting for Seb to return...And he DID! So TAKE THAT!

“Why didn’t you marry and move on with your life with someone else?” Seb asked the green eyed woman, softly. “It's not like you didn’t have options...you said many guys at work like you…”

Wanda sighed. She reached up to place her hands on Sebastian's cheeks. "Because I already had my heart set on someone." She gazed into his eye. "And I refused to believe in a world where you were gone. I love you, Sebastian Pines, and even if I had to wait 20 years, it would all have been worth it to be with you again."

Sebastian's eye went wide even as he started tearing up. "B-but what's even so great about me? Why do you love me?" He just couldn't understand. Wanda was beautiful and smart and popular and she could have any guy she wanted, but she wanted him. A broken, mess of a person. Why?

"Because I care about you. You...you've been through so much, and you have every right to be angry and bitter at the world, but you aren't. You're sweet and kind and you keep wanting to do good for people." Wanda hugged him. "You're also way too handsome for your own good." She joked before sobering. "I did try seeing other men, but it never felt right. I was never as comfortable around them as I was with you."

The couple held each other as Seb tried to process this. Somehow, Wanda just... liked him enough to wait for him. He still couldn't understand. But he was so happy she was here, that she had waited for him.

"I also tried to get with someone else, but it never felt right either." Sebastian admitted. Wanda laughed lightly. "Oh? Was she pretty?" She jokingly asked. Seb giggled. "Oh, he was pretty handsome..."

The two laughed, comfortable in each other's company and brainstorming ways to terrify their friends when they got here.

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“I really can’t believe our little Wanda is pregnant~” Johnny whispered to Alex excitedly. Alex grumbled as he paid the taxi driver. “I can’t believe she made us come all the way here!” He was just as excited as Johnny though. Wanda was like a sister, emotionally joined by worry and grief, they cared for each other, just like Seb would have wanted them to.

“Ok, remember not to threaten her boyfriend or scare him away.” Johnny scolded his boyfriend. “Like you did to Elize’s first boyfriend…” “Dude, don’t you remember how he treated my baby boy? I wasn’t going to let that bastard get away with that! And now we both have great men~” Alex wrapped an arm around Johnny and pressed the doorbell.
Wanda and Seb were watching a movie, eating some snacks (Wanda ate all of them, actually) and she gasped softly. “They’re here! Dammit!” She looked at her clothes, or lack of a certain support garment. “Seb! Open the door! Gotta change~ Go! Just bother them a bit!” She pushed the man and he stumbled towards the door. “But-but-

The blonde was gone before Seb could finish his protest so he just sighed and walked towards the door, but not before grabbing the blanket they’d been using and wrapping it around his head to partially cover his eyepatch. Didn't want to give the game away too quickly.

Seb flung the door open dramatically. “Hello! Fellow humans! Human fellows! It is I! Your female friend’s mating partner.” He made his voice a bit deeper too. Alex and Johnny stared. "Um…"

Seb did a little dance, making jazz-hand motions. "Let us all partake in human activities such as eating more food than our body has room for and complaining about stuff!" He moved aside to let them in. The two men entered, really confused. Johnny couldn’t help but notice the house was clean, for once.

“Uh...Are you Wanda’s boyfriend…?” Alex asked, really confused. Seriously? This man was...crazy, and weird. What happened to Friedmann’s standards?

“Ah yes, of course, for what other motive would I be here, living in the same household, how you say, breathing the same air and introducing myself to you, the dear friends she is presenting our offspring to!”

“Are-Are you a robot?” Alex asked faintly and Seb let out a deep voiced “Ah ha hah! You have a great sense of humor. I was told that is a good trait humans can have!” He was purposely making his voice sound as similar as Ford’s, trying to imagine the nerd saying such silly things.

“Do your bodies need to hydrate? Can I offer you a drink?” Seb asked with a big smile. “Nah, I wouldn’t want you short circuiting, mate.” Alex said. “What’s with the blanket anywhere? Hiding something?” Johnny asked. “And where’s Wanda?” The man’s creepy smile was actually making him really nervous. He hugged Alex’s arm and pursed his lips.

“She is dressing herself! Because humans get really upset by women showing skin for some reason.” Seb said cheerfully. Johnny stared. “You say that like you aren’t human…” He shuffled a little farther away from Seb in worry. Seb’s grin widened even more. “Would you like some refreshment?”

“Um...No...We...just want to see if Wanda is o-"

“Oh! Hi guys! You already met my baby!” Alex and Johnny turned to look at Wanda in relief. Saved!! “I’m so glad you are getting along~” Wanda walked towards them, slowly, because walking around carrying two kids was hard, even if they were still relatively small, and took Seb’s arm. “Isn’t he amazing~!” The two blinked slowly. “Y-yeah… he’s… nice…” Alex tried to be polite. The fact that Wanda’s boyfriend hadn’t blinked this whole time was starting to get him really uncomfortable.

Wanda glanced over at Seb and laughed. “Oh darling, I think you’ve teased them enough by now.” She pulled off the blanket and held his face in her hands. “Bless these gay dudes with your handsomeness~” Seb laughed loudly, a normal laugh this time with his normal voice. “Ok, ok, but I like making people weirded out!”
Now that he didn’t have the blanket on his face, Alex and Johnny could see that yes, he was human, he didn’t have metal on his face like suspected. He had curly brown hair, a part of it dyed blond and...he was wearing an eyepatch.

They didn’t know if it was more creepy or not.

“Hi guys...Um, I know you do remember me, at least I think so? Maybe not how much I looked like, though, but um, it’s me, Sebastian...?” Seb ran a hand through his hair sheepishly. Alex and Johnny blinked slowly. Ok...So, two things... Wanda seriously found a man also named Sebastian, also missing an eye...and got pregnant from this man who was willing to act like Seb...or he was...he was HIM. Their old roommate Sebastian was actually alive...

Alex looked this man up and down more carefully. He was smiling, so he could see his sharp teeth/fangs, which he remembered pretty well. “S-Seb...” He reached out to poke him, to make sure he was real. Seb laughed. “Yeah, hi guys. I’m alive... and stuff...”

Alex gaped as Johnny’s hands flew to his mouth. “Holy shit...” The freckled man whispered. Alex frowned and started stuttering, something really unusual for him. “B-But! Wha-How?! You-you were! But we never!! Where WERE YOU?!” He finally managed to scream. Johnny was hyperventilating in the background. How was he ALIVE! What was going on?!

Seb pursed his lips a little bit. “Truthfully, I don’t... actually remember most of it. I... only came back to my senses like... a few years after I disappeared. And... ah... I was... kinda in prison... don’t remember how I got there... kinda drank myself crazy drunk and stayed drunk for a few years straight. When I got arrested, I couldn’t get any alcohol and finally came back to myself.”

Alex shook his head, he wasn’t feeling sorry anymore! He was FURIOUS! “Are you kidding me, dude??!!! Don’t you know what kind of MASSIVE HEART ATTACK we all had when you disappeared?! You were stupid! You ARE stupid! And-And-” He turned to look at Wanda, who stopped giggling to look more serious. “And YOU! You were involved in all this!? You knew he was ok?!”

Wanda had the decency to look guilty. “Yeah? Kinda? I only found out recently myself. Since...last summer...?” She smiled sheepishly.

Alex deadpanned. “I’m outta here.” He mumbled in annoyance and walked towards the door. Wanda laughed. “Alexander~ Come on, don’t be a baby~!”

Johnny finally managed to react again and exclaimed. “You two are idiots!” Before pulling Seb into a hug. Alex watched him in disbelief. “But, Jesus, I’m so glad to see you again...” He closed his eyes. Seb froze for a second before before hugging his old friend back. “Me too...I’m sorry...”

Alex took a deep breath and stomped back to the group. He pulled Johnny away from Seb to get a hug too. “I’m still upset...but you’re my friend and I was worried for you...And now you’re giving me a niece or nephew so I’m happy.”

“It’s actually nieces or nephews...Um, they’re twins.” Seb corrected laughing. “Holy shit...Good job...” Alex whispered. He glanced down at Wanda’s belly. “Wait, so you only met up again last summer? And you’re already—” Wanda groaned. “I know! Okay! We... were making up for lost time...” Seb was blushing heavily as his guy friends snorted and elbowed him. “You two are hilarious!” Seb blushed even more. Idiots.
“Ignoring all that, can we get our hug too or…?” Wanda pouted a bit, opening her arms and staring the men down. They laughed and went to hug her too, being careful of her stomach.

The four finally settled down on the couch, now that the initial shock was over, and Johnny showed them the present they bought. “It’s a giraffe, I guess they can share it?” Seb took the stuffed toy from them. “Forget the twins, this adorable shit is mine now!” Wanda allowed their friends to touch her belly and Alex’s eyes were slightly tearing up. He remembered when his son was born too. It was amazing, he was so happy for the two of them.

“So you don’t know what sex they are?” He asked and Wanda and seb shook their heads. “Nope, the doctor said to give it another month or so.” “Do you want them to be girls or boys?” Johnny asked with a funny smile. “Well, I don’t mind either…but knowing Seb, I’d prefer if they were girls.” Wanda said teasingly as she looked at Sebastian. Seb scoffed. “Well, I always thought that…I’d have a boy and a girl, like my niblings, but the twins are identical so that can’t really happen…” He pouted a bit.

Wanda giggled. “Well, we’ll love them regardless of what they are.” She rubbed her belly fondly. It was still a little scary, knowing she was carrying life inside her belly, but… it also felt… kind of nice. Was this that ‘maternal’ instinct that she was supposed to gain? Sebastian was still cuddling the giraffe. “Should I name you Markimoo or Shamandra?” He asked the giraffe. Wanda rolled her eyes. “Speaking of names, what should we name the kids?”

Seb looked over. “Ah…No idea…” He scratched his head. “…You’re Wanda, so Wanda junior.”

“I don’t care! I do what I want!” Seb raised a fist. Wanda patted Alex’s shoulder. “He’s not naming them that, don’t worry.” Seb groaned a bit. Naming humans was hard! “I guess I should go by what Pines do to name kids? You use your middle name’s initial letter…” Wanda shook her head. “But I don’t want to give them a W name! The only good one is William or Wanda and that’s it!” Wanda complained.


“Grendinator?” Seb asked. Hey, it WAS a real name! It was Grenda’s last name!

“No! The last name…Zoelidash…Zoe, that’s a cute name, I like it.” Wanda smiled. Seb stopped to think about it. “Um…yeah…you’re right…”

“And what if the kids are boys?” Johnny asked. The couple shrugged. “Then… Zebra!” Seb declared. Wanda smacked his arm again. “You don’t get to name the kids!” She complained. Seb whined as the guys laughed. It was nice, the four of them being together again.

The four friends ordered a pizza and hung out for the rest of the day, chatting and catching up. Alex asked Sebastian a good several hundred questions about what he’d been up to and Seb gladly answered them the best he could. He made dresses and suits now? Sure! 13 years of experience! He took care of his niblings in the summer? Sure! They went fishing and played board games… but he didn’t have to go on FULL detail… Wanda knew, he had told her everything, and she was smiling knowingly.

“Well… if you’re so good now, I guess you’ll have to make us a cool suit for our wedding~” Alex poked Seb’s shoulder, making Johnny blush slightly. The blond laughed and pulled them closer for a hug. “I’d love to!”

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“I can’t believe she’s late for her own check up! Those are her babies!” Wanda’s mom complained impatiently. They were supposed to know the twins’ sex today, they had turned 5 months… and Wanda said she needed to do something at work first… She wasn’t exactly late, but her mom had wanted her to come with them. Linda groaned at the wait. She wanted to know her grandbabies’ sex NOW!

Kari, who HAD to come to see her future grandbabies, shared a look with Elijah. She sent him a pitiful look. Oh, what a brave man…

Seb patted his in law’s shoulder. Wanda was close, she just texted him that she was on her way. “Don’t worry, Linda, she’s coming already, and she wasn’t even called yet.” He smiled comfortably. Linda pinched his cheek and smiled lovingly. “You’re right, sweetheart, what would my daughter do without you?”

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Elijah rolled his eyes. Great. His son in law stole his wife. Barely five minutes later, Wanda appeared and waved at everyone, panting and heaving her huge belly around (at 5 months with twins, she looked more like an 8 month with one). “I’m here! Sorry! Work’s crazy! Unfinished papers and signing stuff…”

Elijah smiled at his daughter and Linda shook her head in disapproval. “It’s alright, swee-” Elijah was interrupted by his wife, “Finally! I thought you didn’t care enough, Wanda…” Linda scolded. Elijah winced and patted his wife’s shoulder.

Before the blond could reply, the nurse called them and said it was their turn. Wanda huffed and Seb wrapped an arm around her shoulder. “Shh, it’s ok, she’s just impatient, let’s go see the kids…” He held her arm to help her walk. The babies still had a long way to go, and Wanda’s stomach was going to get even bigger. Wanda was a little afraid, she was having trouble moving around, or bending over, or breathing sometimes...

Kari cooed at her son. It warmed her heart to see him so happy, and seeing him act like a gentleman and...paternal was something she never thought she would see.

The doctor was the same man who told them the happy news months ago. He gave them a smile and greeted the couple’s parents. It was nice to see them happier now, he still remembered Wanda’s angry screaming and Sebastian rocking back and forth. Oh, he also knew Wanda’s former gynecologist was fired and lost her license. The power of a good angry lawyer.

He motioned Wanda to lie down on the bed and repeated the known process. After long minutes of suspense, he gave them happier news one more time. “You have two healthy girls.” He smiled.

Kari screamed. “YEEEEESSSSSSS!!!!” Finally! More girls! She had four sons and only Mabel as a granddaughter, but now she was getting two more! YEEEEEEESSSSSS! “Ma!” Seb laughed as she shrieked. Linda hugged Wanda, much to her surprise. “Aaw! Baby!! I’m so happy for you two!!! I can buy them lots of cute dresses and ribbons~! Like you wore as a baby~ Remember how CUTE you dressed when you were little?”

“Well, they can dress however they want…” Wanda mumbled. She personally hated those frilly dresses growing up. She would give her daughters dresses and see how they felt about it. If they wanted pants instead, she wasn’t going to make them have to go through lacey hell just for aesthetics.

They told the news to the rest of their family. Mabel had screamed for hours, claiming how they were going to be best friends and they could wear her old clothes and sweaters when they were older, while Dipper and Dillon pouted. They didn’t want more crazy Mabels in their lives! Stan was simply super happy for Seb and Ford hummed when he was told, he REALLY had the suspicion Seb would have a boy and a girl… but if the twins were identical, they’d both be the same sex.

“I just hope they aren’t as nerdy as you~” Seb teased. “Mom says she loves me more than all of you! How do you feel about that?” He asked with a smug tone that made Ford roll his eyes. He wasn’t going to fight…He was busy with his OWN baby, the research center was almost done and he just couldn’t wait to inaugurate it!

“I’m glad mom loves you,” Ford finally said. Seb giggled excitedly. “I’m gonna make ALL the cute baby clothes for them!” He heard Wanda calling from the other room, “DON’T MAKE
DRESSES!” Sebastian scoffed. ALL the dresses!!! Just to bother Wanda!

They spent an entire month planning what to buy. They still had a lot of time until the twins came in July, but they already wanted to get some stuff and…feel the babies’ presence more. With Wanda’s parents, they chose a crib and some clothes. Linda wanted to buy EVERYTHING already, but for Wanda, getting everything in a rush was just pointless.

That led to a bit of arguing and two awkward men standing behind and watching. Linda and Wanda argued a lot since learning the babies’ sex. Especially when it came to Wanda ‘taking a break’ and leaving work to rest. Wanda refused. Whether it was stubbornness or pride, she didn’t know, but even when walking caused her to be short of breath, or how she couldn’t actually reach her keyboard with her belly pressing against her desk, Wanda refused to let that stop her. Her belly was still growing larger. Part of her was amazed she hadn’t popped yet, a little fearful of just how much her skin could stretch.

“You’re going to damage your kids!” Linda had cried. “You’re stressing yourself too much and that will affect the babies! Do you want to kill the girls!?”

“N-No!” Wanda whimpered. “Then do SOMETHING about it! Why do you need to work anyway, Wanda? You’re with Sebastian already! And you are surely going to get married after the babies are born! You need to be a good mother and take care of them!”

“I-I can do both! I’m not going to leave my job! I love my job and you can’t do anything about it!” Wanda snapped, tears in her eyes.

Linda was on the verge of crying too. She only wanted the best for her daughter, but her views were totally different from hers. “Wanda, you are too stubborn for your own good! You’re going to hurt yourself and your daughters! You’re irresponsible! God help us with keeping my grandbabies safe from your stupidity!”

“Get out of my house!! NOW!” The green-eyed woman sobbed and immediately went to hug Seb. Of course, both him and Elijah were shocked. Seb sent a slight glare at Linda before giving Elijah a pleading look. At the end, he managed to steer his crying wife to the door.

Wanda sobbed his into Seb’s chest. “I-I’m not trying to kill the babies!” “I know, please don’t cry, please.” Seb felt so useless, he would carry the babies himself if he could, he didn't want to see Wanda suffering. He was sorry, he didn’t mean to hurt her or make her be in pain...

“I’m sorry…”

Wanda rubbed her big, tender stomach with a pout. It was getting too big already. She didn’t like it and, oh god, the stretch marks from this would be awful! She groaned. And she just… felt so fat, all the time. At the very least, Sebastian still assured her that she was just as beautiful, and always worked to pamper her when she was tired or feeling unwell. Still, Wanda had to deal with some co-workers calling her a whale, even other women. She liked to believe it was jokingly, or else she had a lot of people to hate and block from her life!

Wanda commented about this to Seb one day while having dinner, just, how it sometimes hurt her
when they said that...she didn’t mean to cry, but her hormones were a mess and she ended up tearing up and softly whimpering. She didn't want to worry him, but she trusted Seb with everything.

But then she learned how she SHOULDN’T tell Seb everything. The next day she saw him about to beat the shit out of a man at work and she thanked God she got there in time to stop him.

“He deserves it!!” Seb growled, hands aching to BURN the stupid man’s face. How DARE He??!!! “Yeah, but I need you out of prison!!” Wanda held his arm and scolded. “Just let him go!” She glared at the fearful man hiding behind a wall. “Next time I won’t stop him! Stop bothering me, Jeffrey! Go cry over your ex wife!”

Seb gaped. Forget burning him. Wanda just freaking murdered him…

Ah~ He was so in love, dammit...

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The month was half way through. Wanda was eating a box of chocolates Seb brought her. Mm~ She hadn’t eaten them in ages~! She really wanted to have names for the girls to stop calling them the babies or the twins. Make it more personal so she could feel a bit more connection with them and feel less anger at her pregnancy. They had decided on Zoe for now, but the 2nd name eluded them.

“So...Stanley’s middle name is Daniel?!” Wanda snorted. What a dumb common name for someone as...unique as Stanley.

“Yup, Ma likes it though.” Seb put a potato chip in his mouth. Wanda’s appetite was making him feel anxious and eat more, but not real food, only junk food! He was a disgrace. He needed to stop before he got all fat and horrible and Wanda decided he wasn’t handsome anymore and left him.

“And my nephew is Dillon…Just like Sherman's middle name is MARCO , HAHAHA! Sorry, I just love to tease him about that, and his kids are Mabel and Mason.” Wanda hummed with a nod. That made sense, it would have been nice to give the twins names related to Seb’s middle name.

“So! I came up with THIS!” Seb pulled out a sheet where he drew a bunch of letters. “We can technically give the babies a name related to mine! But in Caesar Cipher! It’s a way to code your messages. So, a W in Ciphertext would be a Z! We can still use Zoe and choose another name with Z! Like Zomelina!”

Wanda grabbed a piece of chocolate and stuffed it in Seb’s mouth. “I love the idea, just not that name.” Seb chewed on the delicious milky substance as Wanda rubbed her belly. “You could help us a bit here, you know? I bet you don’t want your dad naming you Zomelina…”

“I bet they DO!”

Wanda rolled her eyes. Zoe...What could sound remotely similar to that? Zo...lee, Zo...lly, Zully… “What about Zully?” Zoe and Zully Pines Friedmann...It...sounded nice…

Seb looked at Wanda with a thoughtful look before smiling. “I like that! Um, you won’t let me name them so I’ll resign myself. I think those are perfect.” Wanda squealed and, careful with the babies Zoe and Zully, she hugged Seb, running a hand through his curly hair. He hadn’t cut it in a
while, and his hair grew extremely fast, head hair and body hair wise. Oh, Pines. He had been complaining about how they should go to the hairdresser and treat themselves. She knew he just wanted to get his hair trimmed to match the rest of his carefully shaved self. She caught him complaining about his roots growing out and wondering about dying his hair blond again.

It was fun...being with Seb was great. He was a great boyfriend and he did many things that people would think were more appropriate for ‘effeminate men or gay men’ even though that stereotype wasn’t accurate (she knew, Alex and Johnny were horrified at the idea of getting makeup, or nail polish, and shaving their body). If she thought about it, Seb used to be an alien demon- whatever, so things maybe didn’t work back then like they did now. Maybe that’s why he didn’t care doing “man’s stuff or woman’s stuff” and he saw the world differently than anyone else… She started to see why Seb called a body a ‘vessel’, he saw his body just like any recipient, because he’s had more bodies in the past… How crazy. Maybe he thought of human bodies...as the same? Both might feel the same for him.

“I wonder who they’ll look more like...And, if they have your cool alien powers~” Wanda wondered.

“They’ll look like you more, I feel it, and continue praying to your God because I have a feeling that they will probably be unfortunate enough to get my powers...” Ax save them all...

Wanda laughed and placed a hand on her belly. “Will you have powers, Zoe? Zully? Do you have something to say?” Wanda suddenly gasped loudly. “WHAT? What happened!” Seb was on his feet immediately. Wanda’s eyes were still wide. “I...I felt them move...” She whispered. Seb frowned a bit but Wanda grabbed his hand and placed it on her belly. “Girls, can you do it again...please?” Wanda felt like crying. This had been the weirdest but most exciting thing in her pregnancy so far. This was the first actual movement she had felt...

Seb’s eye widened when he felt them squirm, like little worms. “Oh my gosh...” He started laughing. “They ARE aliens...” He leaned over to kiss his girlfriend. “I just want to see them already!” “I just want them to get out already!” Wanda chuckled and kissed him back. Zoe and Zully...Their daughters, they wanted to meet their daughters so bad now!

There was another movement that made Wanda gasp again and brought them back to reality. “Um, jealous much?” Seb curled up next to Wanda with his head on her belly. “Don’t worry, kids, we know you’re here, you little dummies~”

Outside of the house where the cute domestic scene was occurring, someone was watching. A man with dark glasses spied from a car parked on the other side. He lowered his binoculars and pulled out his phone. “Yeah, that’s him...” he told the person on the other end before nodding to his partner behind the wheel.

His partner nodded back before he started the car and drove away.

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(Bonus)
(cute drawing of two cuties! :3)

Chapter End Notes

Mizuuma: Oooh~
CHAPTER 2: Bad, worse and worst! But then not so much

Chapter by Mizuum

Chapter Summary

Some angst, some kidnapping, a scare, some good news, some introspection and finally a lack of sleep.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

CHAPTER 2: Bad, worse and worst! But then not so much

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Sebastian kissed Wanda passionately. The two were cuddling on the sofa after another long day of work. Wanda's feet hurt so she had kicked her shoes off as soon as she got home. Seb massaged them for her earlier, and the soft, pleased moans his girlfriend let out had gotten the two of them in the mood again. So here they were, lips locked and hands roaming over every curve of the other’s body. Seb was almost hungry in his kisses, breathing in Wanda’s panting gasps and sliding his hands under her shirt to rub against her belly.

“S-Seb…” Wanda moaned into him. Sebastian kissed her harder, pressing, moaning, and losing himself to the sensations. Wanda let out a gasp, this time, in pain. “S-Seb! W-wait! Too hard!” She struggled but Sebastian didn’t hear her as he pressed his weight against her stomach, too lost in the blood pumping through him. “Seb! Ow! You’re too heavy!” Wanda cried out and Seb realized he was leaning against her belly. Seb meant to stop, he meant to pull away and apologize.

Instead, he stared in horror as his hand caught fire.

Wanda SCREAMED.

Seb tried to pull his hand away but it didn’t help. The fire engulfed Wanda, her screams rising in volume. Seb screamed as well, looking around wildly for anything he could use to put out the fire. He couldn’t find anything. He could only watch in horror as Wanda screamed and burned.

Faintly, Seb thought he could hear two other voices screaming alongside her…

“NOOOOOO!!!” Sebastian shot up in bed, shivering and crying. He gasped and looked around the dark bedroom. He turned and saw Wanda sleeping peacefully beside him. She was fine. She was safe. She wasn’t…

...wasn’t…

...she wasn’t safe. Not from HIM.

Seb got out of bed, tripping over himself as he stumbled to put himself as far away from her as he could until his back touched the wall. Wanda wasn’t safe. The babies weren’t safe. Because Sebastian was here and he was AWFUL and… dangerous and he was going to hurt them. He just
KNEW he was going to hurt them all. Because he ALWAYS hurt the people he loved most. Always. A failure. A stupid idiotic MONSTER.

He sobbed and covered his head with his arms, his body shaking hard. No, no, no, he was sorry, he was so sorry, he didn't mean to! He didn’t want to hurt them!! Please! -But he was going to hurt them, because he was stupid, useless, horrible, disgusting, he could only harm others, he could only make them suffer- He was sorry, he was sorry- He couldn’t breathe, he deserved it-He deserved to suffer, he couldn’t breathe!! , he was horrible, he was going to hurt Wanda, he was going to hurt his daughters!!

He locked himself in the bathroom and threw up, his legs trembling like jelly under him. The image of Wanda screaming because of him kept coming back, on fire, hurting, in pain, his fault, he did that to her, and the thought made him empty his stomach until he was only puking bile.

He started sobbing as quietly as he could. Wanda was sleeping, he was going to wake her up and that would make everything worse, he couldn’t even keep her sleeping peacefully, how horrible he was, why was she even with him, he should die, and hurt, like he had hurt EVERYONE!!

Wanda woke up to the noises coming from the bathroom. It took her sleepy mind a while to realize Seb wasn’t next to her and the sounds were his.

She slowly stood up from bed, groaning at the weight of her belly, and walked over to the bathroom. “Seb… what’re you…” She opened the door and stared in shock at the scene before her. Seb was sobbing to himself, digging his nails into his arm. She could see the deep scratches, the wounds were already bleeding. He was trying and failing to stifle his sobbing. A razor was discarded on the ground near him, looking like he had thought of using it but had thrown it away to begin clawing at himself instead.

“Seb! What’s wrong?! What happened?!” She screamed loudly, the sight of blood on him and the distinct smell of vomit was making her already sensitive stomach want to throw up too.

“I’m sorry…I’m sorry…I-I didn’t want to wake you up…I’m sorry…Please don’t get closer…” The man sobbed from his spot on the floor.

“Are you kidding me?!” Wanda cried, shaking her head furiously. “What, WHY?! Why WOULD YOU DO THIS TO YOURSELF?!” Wanda screamed, tears immediately welling up in her eyes. “How long have you been doing this?!?! TELL ME!” She screamed, making Seb curl up on himself even more, crying even louder. Wanda was going to leave him, he fucked up, he fucked up-

He felt Wanda shuffle over and pat his head, since she couldn’t bend down far enough to hug him. “Seb, oh my god I have to call an ambulance…” Sebastian shook his head. “N-no! I don’t need--”

“The HELL you don’t! What on earth possessed you to do this to yourself?!!” Wanda blinked away her tears. She couldn’t break down right now, not when Sebastian was clearly hurting and needed her. Her heart clenched. The last time Sebastian had broken down and did something like this was when he’d stolen his roommate’s gun and disappeared for years and years. She wasn’t going to let that happen again. Not when she finally had him BACK. “Come on, get up, I need to clean and bandage you…” He didn’t want an ambulance, the wounds weren’t THAT deep...

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Seb just sobbed and shook his head. Wanda glared. “Get up, and don’t you even THINK about disappearing on me again or I will HUNT you down!!” She nudged him the best she could until he finally, slowly, got up, after a loud “GET UP NOW!” Seb was sniffling and flinching away.

“You’re not going to run away again… are you?” Wanda asked softly once Seb was standing. She
noticed him flinch away from her, keeping his hands behind his back.

Seb didn’t reply, just kept staring down at the floor. He wasn’t wearing his eyepatch, so his empty scarred socket was visible. Wanda pushed him down on the toilet lid to sit him down and searched in a cabinet for antiseptic and gauzes. One of the twins kicked softly, as if feeling her worry. She couldn’t blame them, she bet the girls would be super worried as well.

“What happened?” Wanda asked as she placed the medical items on her belly, hey if it was gonna be there, she might as well use it as a table. She reached to tug at Seb’s arm, to try and bring it out front so she could clean it but Seb just shook his head and whimpered. “Don’t touch me!! Don’t touch me!!” Seb sobbed trying to push her away from him without the use of his arms while also remembering that he had to be careful because he didn’t want to hurt her, because he will, someday he was going to hurt her and he was just going to kill himself because he couldn’t live with the thought that he hurt the woman he loved most.

Wanda frowned and stood up. She wasn’t going to fight. Seb watched her leave the bathroom and he started crying again. “I’m sorry!! Please come back!!” He curled up and screamed, hands flickering with flames he didn’t want to see. After a while, he looked up when he saw two men entering the bathroom, dressed in a light green uniform. “Dude, you’re worrying your wife, man.” The paramedic put his stuff on the floor. “She’s pregnant. You shouldn’t stress her out like that.”

“Will you let us help you? We just want to talk.” They got cases of self harm pretty often, but cases of adults doing it, especially grown up men, were a little rarer. “Get out of my house…” Seb growled menacingly. One of the paramedics held up his hands and spoke in a calm, soothing tone. “It’s alright. We’re just here to help. You really scared your wife. She just wants to make sure you’re okay.”

“...We’re not married…” Seb mumbled, shifting to pull his legs up to his chest. “What?” One of the men blinked. He didn’t quite catch what the crying man was saying. “We’re not married, she would never marry me, I don’t deserve it, I’m just going to hurt her.”

“I’m sure that’s not the case. She clearly worries about you. She’s outside the bathroom right now, she just wants to make sure your wounds get treated.” The man continued to speak calmly. Seb looked up to see Wanda’s worried, tear stained face in the doorway behind the men. He felt like crying all over again. He made Wanda cry. He didn’t mean to… he just… couldn’t…

One of the paramedics winced when he saw Seb’s empty eye socket. At least that wound looked old. “Come on sir, please. We just want to help.”

“No! No!” He couldn’t, he would never be ok, because he was a monster and he’ll always know he was a horrible monster that hurt those he loved! He looked at the door with a blurry eye and it was slammed shut, leaving Wanda outside. He grabbed the discarded razor and passed it through his forearm with a manic grin. The men's eyes widened. “Haha, fix that…” Seb laughed bitterly. His arm was immediately bleeding hard.

Wanda growled when the door was closed. Dammit! He was using his powers! Not fair!! She heard shouting and things dropping to the floor, Seb was screaming, the paramedics were trying very hard to stay calm apparently but she winced when one shouted. “FUCK! He bit me!! Holy shit!!!”

And then...silence. None of them were shouting or cursing. Were they...ok? She was going to try to open the door once again when one of the paramedics opened it, making her jump. He was disheveled and was wrapping a bandage around his OWN arm, but otherwise he seemed ok. “We managed to clean and wrap his wounds with bandages...We had to knock him out though, he
refused treatment…” Wanda gaped in disbelief as the other man came out easily carrying a limp Seb and practically flung him onto their bed.

“Miss Wanda...Does he have any...medical conditions?” Wanda shook her head. “N-No...I-I don’t understand your question…”

The man sighed. “You see...self harm is sign of some mental problems to begin with, and his behavior, you know, it didn’t feel right either...He cut himself in front of us, he laughed. I-I was just wondering if he’s following any treatment or therapy?”

Wanda gaped before sniffling and shaking her head. She hugged her swollen stomach. “N-No…” She didn’t know this was still happening...How could she have been so blind?! Again?! At this age?! Seb never wore short sleeves, and the scars, they didn’t look exactly old… “H-He… back when we were teenagers… I think he went through a depressive state, he was under a lot of stress and he ran away and disappeared for years. I only just found him again…”

Wanda winced. “I thought he’d gotten over it…”

“Well, um, this might just be some advice, but I think your boyfriend needs some serious therapy. Especially if you’re gonna have kids.” One of the paramedics, the one with the bandaged arm, told her. Wanda nodded. “R-right. I’m so sorry that you-” The man waved her off. “Don’t worry, I’d had to deal with panicked people before. Fight or flight kinda thing.” He shrugged. “Not even the first time I’ve been bit. Though I’m gonna go and get my arm checked out anyway, his teeth are damn sharp.”

Wanda wiped a tear from her eye and managed a small smile. “Yeah, alway have been...I-I going to make him see someone...but WE are fine, he would never hurt me.”

The paramedics sighed. “We don’t doubt it...but please speak with a specialist...because he’s sure he will... Have a good night, and be careful…” The two men bid their farewells and Wanda stared at them until they left. She made her way back into bed, panting (god, these kids and their dad were going to kill her), and slowly laid down again, staring at Seb’s sleeping face. She sniffled and put her forehead against his. “I’m sorry, I’m so sorry…” She whimpered. “I promise everything will be alright…” Wanda kissed his tear streaked cheek. This was her fault, she should have noticed. A glance at his arms showed the stark white bandages.

How long had he been hurting himself? Why hadn’t she noticed? This was just like before, where she would just go about asking Seb for things while never realizing how much he was hurting inside. Because he never told her. He never wanted to bother them with his own problems. Well, not anymore. Wanda was going to find Sebastian a therapist. She cared for him and she could help now. He was going to get better. He HAD to. Wanda wouldn’t let him try to run away again. Not this time.

She wouldn’t fail him again.

--- ---

Seb refused to talk about what happened last night, and it was pissing Wanda off. He woke up earlier than her, wearing once again a long sleeved shirt and Wanda (exhausted from her pregnancy and the scare the night before) only woke up when the delicious smell of breakfast reached her.

“I’m sorry I scared you, I’m fine!” Was the only thing he said when the blonde confronted him about it. “Now eat because you’re going to be late for work!” He didn’t ask for a kiss nor tried to give her one, he was actually avoiding touching her.
“Sebas, I am not going today, we need to talk, like, now.” This was something serious. Work could wait for now. Sebastian’s mental health was in danger! She knew what would happen if she didn’t address this now.

(An empty apartment, a shaky note and a missing gun)

“Talk? About what?” She didn’t know if he was acting dumb or if he was actually that dumb. “Oh, by the way, if we’re talking, I’m going to make the girls some blankets, what colors should they be? I was thinking blue and green!” Seb said cheerfully. Wanda narrowed her eyes at him. “You’re getting a therapist.”

“W-what? I’m not crazy!” Seb protested. Wanda raised an eyebrow. Seb wilted. “Well, I’m crazy but… but… I don’t need–”


“Feel better about what?! I don’t have anything to feel better for because I’m fine!” Seb narrowed his eye as well. “Listen, I’m sorry, I just had a bad night, that’s all! I’m fine! I’m fine! I’m fine!! I was sad before because I wasn’t with you, but now we’re together!”

“We were together!” Wanda sobbed. “And then you left for 20 years! Are you seriously planning to repeat that?!”

“I won’t. I won’t. I won’t leave you, I’m not leaving you or the babies, I promise, I promise!” Seb turned off the kitchen stove. He walked towards her but stopped himself before touching her, then he hid his hands behind his back. “I swear I’m fine…” He smiled shakily. “If-If you aren’t going to work, then we can see what else we’ll need for the girls before I have classes, okay?”

And just like that, Seb had changed the topic, and went to skip around the kitchen to finish breakfast. Wanda sighed and put a hand over her belly. The words of the paramedic kept ringing in her mind. Seb needed help...and the babies were coming...What could even happen once they were born and Seb was still...She knew he would never hurt them but...It was scary, all this was really scary…

She called in sick at work that day and when Seb was gone for his classes (she was glad he was at least still determined to get his certificate. He also said he was starting a course but she couldn’t remember the name that well at the moment, she had more important things to worry about), she pulled out her phone and called. “Yes? Who’s this?” a gruff voice answered.

“Hi, Stanley, it’s Wanda...Is this a bad time?”

“Well, yeah, haha, I’m in the middle of a training, but for you dear, any time.” Wanda didn’t have the energy to roll her eyes fondly. “Stan...did you know Sebastian self-harms?” Stan sucked in a breath and groaned. “Ah... shit...” He saw some of the other guys on the team turn to look at him. “Hang on…” He left the room and found a closet to hide in, didn’t want the others overhearing this private conversation.

“Wanda, something happened, didn’t it.” It wasn’t even a question. He knew something went wrong. The blonde broke down crying once again. “Last night...He-He was in the bathroom...his arms were bleeding and I had to call the paramedics to help me treat his-his wounds…”

“Where’s my brother now?” Stan asked with a tired voice. “In-in class...He-He hasn’t really talked to me about what happened...he’s also avoiding me and he doesn’t want to touch me…” That was
something that was really hurting her. She wanted to hug him, and she needed a hug, but Seb wasn’t there to provide and receive said hug.

Stan mumbled a curse under his breath, massaging his eyes. “I...I didn’t know but...I had my suspicions...it-it is kinda obvious, to be honest...He’s always doing that...thing with his wrists, he rubs them when he’s upset or scared…” And Sebastian had been biting himself ever since they were children. Stan wanted to punch his brother, which probably wouldn’t help the situation at all.

“I don’t know what to do, Stanley, he doesn’t want help, he refuses to see a therapist!” Wanda sobbed. Stan ran a hand through his now short hair. Forced to cut it, goodbye cool adventurer look. “Sebastian is stubborn when he doesn’t want to listen…” Stan rolled his eyes. “He’s like Stanford, once they're set on something, only something really bad would make them change their minds.”

“Then what do I do?! The-the twins are almost 5 months, and-and Seb is...not well…” Wanda wasn’t afraid of him, she knew he would never hurt her. But if the kids ever saw his scars, or worse, saw him hurting himself… Wanda couldn’t let them go through that. “What should I do? How do I get him the help he NEEDS?” She asked. Stan sighed. “You know, I really want to put both Seb and Ford through therapy. They need it.” He leaned his back against the wall of the closet. “But they’re both idiots who refuse to realize they need it. Ford for whatever the heck he went through with that triangle fucker in his dreams, and Seb with...well, kinda the same thing. Except worse, since he also had our pa being a fucking asshole to him all our lives on top of being thrown out into the streets…” Damn, his triplets were fucked up. Frankly, Stan was surprised he turned out as well as he did.

Or maybe he was also fucked up but he didn’t know? Well, he didn’t matter, his brothers were depriving themselves of sleep and cutting themselves right now, dammit! “You should try insisting ‘bout therapy, Sebastian LOVES you, I’m sure he’ll listen to you more than he will ever do for me or Ford, or heck, even Shermie.” Stan told her. Wanda sniffled and thought about it. Asking Sebastian didn’t seem to help. But maybe... Wanda frowned, determined. “Alright. I think there’s something I can do…” She didn’t like it, and Sebastian certainly wouldn’t like it either. But... this was for his own good...

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Wanda had planned to threaten to leave him if Sebastian didn’t go to therapy. It was mean, manipulative and horrible, but if that was what it would take to help him... she was willing to do it. Luckily, or unluckily, that situation never came up. Wanda could never bring herself to do it. Seb was so sweet and he was extra attentive, even if he still avoided touching her, he was now pecking her lips, but avoided touching her for more than four seconds at a time. He bought her candy and every junk food she was hungry for at the moment she voiced wanting it and he never complained.

“You must eat! The babies want food! That means they’re growing up!” He declared.

Aside from that, life was getting busy, Ford’s Research Center was finally finished. Their faces were everywhere and all the news channels were reporting the event, with the two lead scientists, Sixer and Fiddleford, behind it, getting interviewed and just getting their fame skyrocketed into the stratosphere. Sebastian was so proud of his brother and he was so happy… Wanda couldn’t bring herself to do it. So she went about life as usual, going to work and coming home to Sebastian doting on her hand and foot. Wanda just didn’t know what to do.

Seb SEEMED alright now, she had been paying attention to him more closely and he hadn’t hurt himself again, he acted like he didn’t even remember what happened. He moved on, but Wanda didn’t want to move on, because ignoring this was only going to make it ten times worse. Because sooner or later, Seb was going to break once again and it was going to hit them hard. To make it
Mabel called them one day, telling them that she had knitted like, "Thousands of onesies!", and little cute mittens, hats and socks for her new cousins. “Auntie Wanda! We HAVE to make a baby shower!” Wanda couldn’t help but smile at that, Mabel was such a sweetheart. “Do we?”

“OF COURSE! It’s gonna be HUGE! With all our family! And you invite ALL your friends too, to get THOUSANDS of presents!” She squealed. “I’m already searching for a place to host it! It could be in Gravity Falls! Dipper wants to take Dad there to prove there were monsters there, but Dad still doesn’t believe us.”

“I'd appreciate if it was in Gravity falls!” Dipper’s voice was heard in the background, which made Seb and Wanda laugh. “But don’t worry, baby showers are like, done in the 8th month, so we still have lots of time to plan the BABY PARTY!” Mabel screamed into the phone. “That sounds AMAZING, SHOOTING STAR!” Seb exclaimed. “When Zoe and Zully are...7 months along, we will call you to see how the master of party planners is doing~” Mabel laughed, screaming about how excited she was.

“You know what Sixer told me? When everyone in town found out Wanda was pregnant, they all wanted to give us something! Isn’t that so cool?! And, Ford told me that Glasses wants to build a rocket powered diaper change table. With a tank cannon.” Seb giggled. “Woah, whaaaaa?” Dipper joined in the call. “Well...At least his memory is fine now? Right? It IS fine now, right?” Dipper asked sheepishly.

“Mr. McGucket is cray cray~” Mabel laughed. “And you WILL accept it! That would make the girls look SO cool!”

“Yes, Pinetree, his memory is healed now, and nooo, Shooting Star! Of course not!” Seb laughed. “Fortunately, Fordsie and the new group of scientists working at the center managed to talk him out of it...He...seems to still be very fond of building dangerous things...”

“Oh! Oh! Have you told aunt Wanda about that time when the Gobblewonker-”

Wanda was trying to listen to her niece, she really was, but she was more focused on rubbing Seb’s hand. He was finally letting her touch his hands again, after what seemed like an eternity. He was smiling brightly, and she suddenly wondered if his smiles were all fake. How long had he been hiding his pain? How long had he been fake smiling for someone else’s sake?

It wasn’t fair, and she had allowed this to happen for so long...

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But, things weren’t always that bad. Sometimes, the unexpected brought good. Wanda turned 5 months pregnant, with all the joys that came with it, while Seb was at home, pacing in front of his unstarted dress. “I can’t believe she wants this dress for a wedding as a GUEST. This. Color. Is. Not. For. A. Wedding!” He took a deep breath. “Ok, alright, whatever, I’m getting paid for this, it’s not my problem...” Seb trailed off, thinking about how his client will be stared at, people will judge her dress and then judge him for making it. “No, it’s my problem! It IS my problem!” He quickly grabbed his phone to call his client with awful taste. Sure, there was wanting to stand out (as rude as that would be to the actual bride who was supposed to be the most stand out one at the wedding), but... BLED?!

The woman picked up but before Seb could order her to come to his house right now, there was an urgent knock on the door. “Miss, hi, we need to talk about your dress!” Seb walked over to the door
to open it, and behind it, was Dillon, a very distressed Dillon.

…

“Miss, eh, I can’t talk right now? SORRY! Please call me later.” Seb hung up and stared at his oldest nephew. “Yellow, how are you her-Wow! Dillon? Are you ok?” The blond-brunette asked softly when he noticed Dillon actually crying, crouching to hug him better.

“Can I live here forever?” The young teen sobbed, wiping his tears on Seb’s vest and making him grimace slightly. “Sorry, kid, but you have your parents...What’s wrong?” He picked him up to carry him inside. Dillon let out a broken sob. “I-I heard-my-my mom...on the phone…”

“I can’t understand you if you are crying like that.”

Dillon took a deep breath. “My-My mom was...telling someone...that-that she’s pregnant…”

Seb’s brain made a short circuit. It went blank for a second as Dillon sobbed into his chest.

Carla...Carla? Carla as in Stan’s fiancée? And...She was pregnant? Pregnant like...Wanda pregnant?? WAIT.

“Your mom’s pregnant?!?” Dillon glared softly. “Didn’t you hear me sob it at you?!” The boy sniffled. Seb smiled wide though. Fez was having another baby??!! Oh Circles that was AMAZING! “Dillon, you’re gonna be a big brother!!” Seb laughed and hugged him. Dillon pushed him away. “Well, now you have to adopt me! Because-because dad is going to kick me out!”

“...What?” Seb froze, not understanding the leap in logic there.

“Dad won’t love me anymore when-when that ugly baby’s born! Mom won’t love me anymore because, because she’ll raise a baby with dad and she won’t care about me!” The child’s brown eyes were still spilling heavy tears, actually thinking he was being replaced. Seb’s look softened “Hey...that’s not true~ I know how you feel, Dillon, but I swear it’s not true~” At the sad pout his nephew was making, Seb hummed.

“If you are so worried, then do you want me to call and threaten him~?” Dillon nodded and snuggled closer to his uncle. Seb called Stan this time and waited.

“Hey, Fez~” “SEBASTIAN!! WE DON’T KNOW WHERE DILLON IS!!”

“Oh, he’s with me at my place.”


“Ok, but first!” Seb smiled at Dillon and nodded reassuringly. “You BETTER love my godson the same when the baby is born!!”

Stan stopped. What? “When...your kids are born?” What did they have to do with Dillon?

“No, when YOURS is born! Congratulations by the way!! Our babies will be almost the same age! GASP! Triplet cousins!” Seb got distracted and squealed.

Stan’s brain made a short circuit. “Um...I-I don’t understand?” “Carla, you idiot! Carla’s pregnant! Dillon told me he heard her--”

"Carla is what?!" …Stan’s mind went black as he dropped unconscious to the ground, Seb and
Dillon heard a thud when he fell.

“...”

“...You know, guys, I think we’re pretty good at making kids on the first tries, we should all drink and celebrate!” Shermie smiled adorkably in their group facetime, as Seb and Stan deadpanned.

The news flew fast, and not only around the family, the actual news somehow learnt Carla was pregnant and professional player Stanley Pines, who had made his comeback last year, was waiting for a second child.

Stan had been so offended to learn his fiancée was pregnant from his brother and not from her! Carla was very sheepish about it all, apologizing and saying she just wanted to be 100% sure the fetus made it through the first months... Stanley easily forgave her. She was pregnant!! They were going to have a son or daughter! Dillon was returned home and grounded for leaving like that, asking their poor driver to take him to Pennsylvania! The kid had balls! Now Stan had to pay the man for that! Thanks, Dillon!!

Dillon didn’t speak more about the topic, not when his family was so excited (Granny Kari wanted the parasite to be a girl like Uncle Seb’s twins), not when his parents, after the initial upset for not knowing, were SO happy...He couldn’t be more of a bother...

“Well, I’m very happy for you two.” Ford nodded at his brother, calmly sipping his elixir of life, coffee. “Well, now you need to have kids to catch up to the rest of us!” Seb teased. Ford choked on said elixir of life.

----.---

It was a quite late afternoon, the sky was darkening pretty soon and Wanda was reading a book, with Seb napping just next to her. He was scared of leaning on her belly so he had stopped doing it. If only she knew what actually happened in that nightmare, she could help, but NOPE! He was still saying he was fine when he clearly wasn’t.

Zully and Zoe, feeling like big kids now that they were almost six months old in the womb, were getting restless without a snack and one of them, Wanda bet it was Zully, kicked her to get food. Well, to be fair to the girls, eating something sounded amazing right now~

“Honey...Sebas...” Wanda felt horrible for waking him up, if she could, she would stand up, but it had been hard work to sit down in the first place. Aanndd if she tried to stand up she’d want to pee and-god, she hated being pregnant. If her daughters weren’t the result, she would have sterilized herself years ago.

Seb sleepily rubbed against her arm. “Hhmm...” God, she was an asshole, he looked so cute~ “We’re hungry, Sebas...” She pouted. Seb opened his eye very slowly and narrowed it at Wanda. “...Um...Now?” He asked with a hoarse but whiny voice. Wanda nodded, pouting at him. Seb laughed lightly. “Alright, what do you want for lunch?” He glanced at the clock. “Early dinner?”

“Roast chicken! With olives! And some more of those pickles we got from the supermarket!” Wanda said quickly. Seb nodded. “Alright, one chicken feast coming right up!” He wobbled off, still a little stiff from waking up.

“Oh and Sebas?”

“Yeah?” He planned to buy ice cream, some good dessert after chicken! The babies needed to learn to love ice cream! Wanda smiled. “I love you, thank you...from the three of us.”
Seb’s eye widened a bit before he smiled. It was really nothing, it was actually his job to get the food. But he felt all warm inside when she smiled at him. “You’re welcome, I’d do this anytime.” He returned to the couch to give Wanda a kiss. “And I love you three,” Wanda grabbed his hand and put it on her belly, making Seb jerk it away as if it burnt him. “I-I’m going out now! It will get late!” He quickly ran to his car. He didn’t trust himself with touching the twins yet… Just, he needed a bit more time…

Wanda sighed when the door closed. She really needed to find a therapist for him. She already had a list of names, different people that she was hoping to meet and get Sebastian to meet, see if he liked any of them. Maybe she should find some more options, you were never too sure. She reached for her laptop with a lot of effort and put it on her stomach. “Girls, you make an excellent portable but heavy table…” Wanda laughed.

---

Seb sometimes hated himself. Oh well, a lot of times, but right now, he could swear a car was following him and his paranoid self was making him PANIC! It was so dumb, cars drove! They weren’t following you! But his dumb brain wasn’t understanding the message.

He parked at the grocery store downtown, they sold a great roast chicken there, and got out of his car. The car ‘following him’ parked a few lots away. “It’s ok...they just want roast chicken as well…” He mumbled to himself. He just needed to walk and get to the door, a far far away door, and he’d be safe.

Halfway there, when he was already chanting ‘victory’, he felt someone grab his arm from behind, pointing him in the back with something. His experience and common sense told him it was a gun just covered by the pocket it was in. “Move.”

“Now? I-I gotta get food for my girlfriend, dude…” Seb complained as he was forced to walk away from the door. Huh, he REALLY hated himself. He KNEW he was being followed! But he didn’t do anything! How dumb, dammit.

He was taken to the car parked just almost next to his and a bag was put over his head. “Are you seriously kidnapping me?!” The bag smelled funny… Seb closed his eye.

And then, he woke up. Tied up to a chair. It spoke a lot about how his life had gone up to this point that he wasn’t even surprised, more of an annoyance. “Hey! Kidnappers! I’d love to play this all you want but I need to go back! So let me go, and we won’t have problems!”

A young man with an older man appeared out of nowhere and glared at him. “SHUT UP!” The younger one shouted before slapping him. What a rude kid. Seb turned back to face them, entirely unimpressed. "Really? Just hitting me without even making a threat first? An eager little newbie, huh?" Seb drawled. The kid seemed quite offended and reared back to slap him again but the older man grabbed his hand.

"Don't fall for such obvious bait." The older man grunted. The younger man sneered but stepped back. "Just wait for our boss to get here, stupid!" He smirked, trying to look superior while Seb yawned. "Right. Sure." Seb rolled his eye. Ugh, did he seriously wake up for this?

The two strangers turned away from him and began speaking to each other in rapid Spanish.

“¿Seguro que es él?” “Claro, ¡es idéntico a él!” “Bueno, tienes razón...Son trillizos después de todo, de seguro pagará bien por la seguridad de su hermanito…” “¡Al jefe le va a encantar todo el dinero que le vamos a sacar! ¡Jajajaja!”
As they spoke, Seb burned his ropes away quietly and discreetly before he saw his chance and leaped up at them, taking down the older man first. An extra pair of arms erupted from his sides and he snarled as he flung the man against the far wall. The kid screamed in terror at the sight of the second pair of arms. A demon!! Seb turned to glare at the younger kid.

No one was kidnapping him while he had his GIRLFRIEND and CHILDREN relying on him to get them dinner! His pregnant girlfriend wanted her chicken and pickles and by DAMN he was getting her those chicken and pickles!

It was as he was lifting the younger man into the air, grinning at the terrified look on his face, that the older man (who was coughing a few yards away) gasped, "Boss!"

Seb turned to look around at where the kid was looking at before throwing the kid towards the older man, making both groan. “RICO??”

The Colombian man was looking at him up and down, before he exclaimed. “¡NO JODAS! JAJAJAJA ¡¡GRINGO!!”

Seb’s extra arms were absorbed into his torso once again before walking towards his old partner in crime. “Hi! It’s...been a while, huh? The closest I was to you was that time with the pug puppies, did everything go fine?”

“Perfect, thanks for the help, actually, you received your payment no?” Rico raised an eyebrow. Seb nodded and rubbed the back of his head. “It’s nice to see you again, i guess...but, why did you kidnap me?”

Rico stopped. “I was going to ask you what were you doing here!” Seb frowned. “You didn’t ask those two to kidnap me at the supermarket to make my brother pay for a rescue?” Rico shook his head, really confused. The Colombian man stomped towards his men and screamed. “GET UP!!” The two obeyed, albeit in pain, and Rico sneered at them. “Explain.”

“Uh-Uh...It was his idea!” The kid cried before kneeling to kiss his boss’ hand. Seb laughed. How pathetic. “A-A group of us-we-we thought we could make a-a simple kidnapping to-to a Pines to get Stan-Stanley Pines to pay for ransom...Um, ever since he came back-”

Rico raised a hand to make him stop and the kid shut up. “Listen here you piece of shit. You don’t get to plan things, I do. And whatever I say it’s done! IF I DON’T SAY ANYTHING, YOU DON’T GET TO DO SHIT!! Especially to the Pines!!! GOT IT, YOU MORONS!!???”

“Yes, sir! We are sorry sir!!” The two apologized profusely before scrambling away like rats to tell the other members involved that the plan was cancelled. Rico and Seb watched them go before Rico turned to look at Seb. “So! I know you have a girlfriend now!”

“How do you-”

“I have eyes everywhere~ And I can’t let anything happen to you, you hit a soft spot in my heart, kid.” Rico pulled Seb close to give him a noogie. Seb froze and closed his eyes until it was over, whimpering just slightly. “She really is hot, huh? How’s she in bed?” Rico waggled his eyebrows.

“Hey!” Seb snarled and Rico lifted his hands in defeat. “Ok! Ok! Keep it to yourself, aish !” Rico laughed. “Really though gringo? A woman and kids on the way? She tied you up didn’t she?” Seb scoffed. ”Don't say it like that! I love her." Rico slung a large muscular arm around Seb’s shoulders. “...so what was that, monster form, huh? You never told me you could do THAT! We always knew you were some kind of witch with you healing so freaking fast! But you had more
Seb groaned but couldn’t help a small grin. Despite everything, Rico was still a friend. He helped Seb with SO many things. Faking Ford’s death and Stan’s kidnapping being just one of them. And, if what Seb just heard Rico say to his men meant anything, Rico had declared Seb’s family as off limits, which was pretty much the nicest thing anyone in Rico’s position could do.

So he told Rico about his powers, he’d already seen it anyway, so why not. The two chatted for a bit to catch up on lost time before Rico offered to drive him back to the store to get those chicken and pickles Wanda wanted. “Ya need to pamper your girl for dealing with you every day!” Rico called before waving and driving away. Seb’s shopping went peacefully and he drove home quite happily. Wanda whined, “Finally! We were starving! What took so long?!?” Seb just kissed her and smiled as he served the food. “Sorry, I got kidnapped by an old friend and lost track of time…”

Wanda hummed. She didn’t think too hard about it, Seb used the word kidnap for everything, so she thought Seb found someone at the store and got distracted.

“Ah, you see? You have more friends!” She happily ate the pickles but apparently didn’t want the chicken anymore. She wanted nachos now.

Seb sighed heavily as he drove back to the store. He couldn’t believe he was already being ordered around by his kids and they weren’t even born yet! As annoying as this was, he was glad that Rico’s mafia family wasn’t going to harm his family.

Days later, they got a mysterious box with the word ‘Gringo’ on it full of stuffed toys.

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It might have been the stress from Wanda’s worry over Sebastian’s self harming tendencies, it might have been bad luck, it might have been Wanda continuing to go to work instead of taking her maternity leave, but now, two and a half months before the scheduled due date, while Wanda was trying to think up a good way to pose her threat without causing Sebastian any more distress than her ‘blackmail’ would already put on him, Wanda’s water broke.

She was at work at the time, sitting through a meeting with some work partners. Her stomach ached. The girls had been moving more and Wanda had been in pain since this morning. She had thought nothing of it, ignoring the pain all day. Her partner noticed her grimace and rub her swollen belly. “Wanda, are you ok?” She asked. Wanda groaned. “Yeah-yeah...I’m-”

Suddenly she felt something shift and then her pants were soaked as fluids leaked from between her legs like a waterfall. “Ahh! No! No! I’m not fine!! Help!” Wanda began to panic as the pain got worse. There was blood pouring out from between her legs now. Her body was on fire and her belly felt like it was BURNING. Literally burning from the inside. She screamed and cried out in agony as she felt the intense heat coming from inside her womb. “Help me!!! My babies!! AAAAAHHH!!!!!!”

Her co-workers called for the ambulance, all of them freaking out as well, knowing Wanda was only six months into her pregnancy made it all worse. They could have driven Wanda to the hospital, but when Wanda started screaming and crying while holding her stomach, they realized something was horribly wrong and they needed an ambulance.

Wanda sobbed as she clutched her stomach, “Please, please help me! No!! NOOO! NOOO! SEBASTIAN!!” She begged through her pain. She was going to lose them!! She was going to lose her daughters! No, no, no! The paramedics got there quickly and lifted her onto a stretcher. Wanda sobbed in pain when she was moved, even though they were trying to be as gentle as possible.
Everything hurt, everything was on fire. One of them began carefully unbuttoning Wanda’s shirt once they were in the ambulance, so they could see her stomach better, in case she needed emergency care.

“It hurts!!!” She screamed at the paramedics. “We know, we know, dear, we’re going to the hospital now--” “BURRNNSSS!!!!” Wanda interrupted, sobbing.

“Burns?” One of them asked. “What do you mean, burn?” Wanda didn’t have the energy to continue screaming and her head fell backwards. “Burn…” Her skin was so hot her tears were steaming. She closed her eyes and went still.

When they lifted her shirt and saw her belly, the female paramedic gasped. Wanda’s stomach seemed to be… glowing from the inside. Like there was some sort of fire burning inside her. It was flickering for a while before going dark, the poor woman’s temperature (which had been dangerously high) dropping slightly. They all shook themselves out of their shock, there was an expecting mother with twins who needed emergency help. “Hand me the IV!” The female paramedic barked at her partner. “Don’t worry dear. We’ll do everything in our power to help…” She only hoped they made it on time.

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Sebastian nearly had a heart attack when he got the call from the hospital. “Ms. Friedmann is in the operating room. You were her emergency contract.” He dropped the suit he was working on and ran down to get his car. He almost ran a few red lights, ignoring the angry honking from the other drivers as he raced to the hospital."FUCK YOU!" He snarled at all of them.

'Please be alright. Please be alright!'

He had trouble seeing the road through his tears. The twins were coming NOW?! It was way too early! That was bad, right? The children weren't done growing yet! Sebastian pulled into the parking lot, not even keeping inside the lines as he stumbled out of his car and ran for the doors.

'Please be alright, please be alright!'

"WHERE'S MY GIRLFRIEND?!" Seb screamed at the receptionist. She shrank back from him. "What's her name?"

"Wanda Friedmann! She-she's pregnant and th-they said she went into labor a-and--"

"Calm down sir. I will look her up now." The receptionist typed quickly. Recent arrivals, Wanda… maternity ward… there! She looked up at Sebastian. "She's currently in the operating room in the maternity ward. Just head down the hall there and take a right."

"But is she okay?!” Seb asked desperately. The woman frowned. "I don't know. You can go to the ward and ask the receptionist there." Seb rushed off in a hurry. The lady didn't mind the lack of thanks, the poor man had an expectant girlfriend in the operating room.

Seb wiped his tears as he ran towards the ward. Please be alright, please be alright! Axolotl, PLEASE! PLEASE! He didn’t want to lose them, he didn’t want to lose Wanda or his daughters!! “No…”

He reached the place and the receptionist didn’t have more information than the other one. They simply told him that Wanda needed an emergency c-section as the babies were coming really premature and there were complications. “C-C what?” He sat down to investigate what the hell that meant and when Goodle solved his doubts, he was screaming in the waiting room, demanding to
be let in. They were going to fucking cut her open!!!!!

“I want to be there! I want to see my girlfriend!!” He pleaded between tears. The receptionist called a nurse who then called a doctor. The doctor asked them to keep the man out. Usually they would allow dads to be with the mothers, but this particular gentleman was way too anxious. He was hyperventilating, hitting the walls, and kicking the tables, so it would be dangerous to have him inside.

“YOU CAN’T KEEP ME AWAY FROM WANDA!!! YOU CAN’T!!” “Sir, please, behave or I’ll have to call security and I’m sure you don’t want that…” the nurse said pityingly.

Seb curled up on the floor and sobbed. He would never know if Wanda was alright, he’d never know if the girls were alright. Why was he so stupid? Why didn’t he take care of them better!! If-If Wanda had a miscarriage it was going to be his fault, his fault…

One of the other expectant fathers in the waiting room helped carry Seb into a chair. "Breathe man, if you faint then you won’t be here to see your wife and kid." The other guy tried to reassure him. Seb continued to sob into his hands. "They're going to cut her open!” He wailed. The other man patted his back.

Seb shook with the force of his sobs. Wanda was going to die. His daughters were going to die. It was all his fault.

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(((Warning for written description of the surgery)))

Wanda was unconscious as the doctors carefully rubbed sterilizing cream along her belly (staring in disbelief at the temperature, someone was luckily working on that though) before they brought the scalpel down. Everyone startled when a burst of hot steam hissed out as they opened the woman up. "What the fuck?!” One surgeon backed away.

“It's like all her fluids boiled!” One doctor murmured in horror. Another doctor glared. "Quit gaping and start working!” He reached in to begin moving all the woman's lower organs out of the way. They had to get to her uterus. They all worked quietly and quickly (but made sure not to rush), knowing that they were on a time limit. The poor woman had lost a lot of blood. They also discovered that her amniotic fluid had boiled away as another burst of steam rose when they opened her womb.

They finally managed to get everything settled and the doctors all winced. "It almost looks like she was being burned from the inside…” One of them said in a voice barely above a whisper, horrified.

The head surgeon proceeded to take the children out. They were so, so small. But they were still alive. They cleared their little noses and mouths and the newborns took a mouthful of air before wailing. Well, one of them wailed, the other was quiet and the doctors feared the worst before they let out a whimpering cry.

"Take them to the incubators." He called back and they quickly got the two newborns hooked up. Identical twin girls. One of the other doctors wrote down the time of birth for the two of them. They also kept note on which one was older, because the parents generally wanted to know that information. Soon enough, the little babies were taken away to the neonatal intensive care unit, they needed to make sure they survived, they were barely 24 weeks old! They might be alive now, but there were no guarantees the twins would even make it through the night.
The machine hooked up to Wanda beeped and there was another shuffle as they checked on her to make sure they didn't lose her. It had been a few hours and they still had a lot of work to do.

((((((((((((Okay, it's safe now)))))))))))))

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Seb wasn't even able to call his family and tell them…

What would he tell them anyway?! That Wanda and the girls were dying and it was his fault?

That he failed being a good father and just let this happen without trying to do anything to stop it?! How stupid could he be?! This shouldn’t have happened, he should have been more careful, he should have never had kids! He knew this was going to happen!! He knew it!

“Sebastian?” Seb looked up and cried in shock at Wanda’s parents. Of course they were called as well! And now he had to tell them—tell them—

“Oh, no, please don’t cry! Everything will be alright!” Linda’s eyes were full of tears. Gosh, she had been so scared when she was called from Wanda’s job to tell her Wanda had a complication with her pregnancy! “Everything will be alright, Wanda is the strongest, sweetie, please…”

“We-We were told she had a complication?” Elijah frowned in worry and Seb blew his nose on his sleeve. “N-no…she went into labor! And-and now they’re cutting her open and I can’t help or be there! And she’s going—and the babies are going—” Seb was a total mess, his nose was clogged, and his sight was blurry with tears, he couldn’t even speak well.

“I’m sorry…” Seb sobbed. Elijah went to get him some tissues. Linda hugged her daughter's boyfriend. "Shhh, it's okay. It's going to be alright."

The three waited a long while. The man who talked to Seb was called hours ago and he left, but not before whispering a “Good luck.”, to the family. Seb wanted to call his family, he was so scared and he needed them right now, but the idea of losing Wanda and the girls kept him from doing anything else but rock back and forth.

The hours stretched on and finally, a tired looking doctor came out and smiled. "Are you the family of Wanda Friedmann?" He asked them gently. They nodded, Elijah helping Seb to his feet. "Well, Wanda is resting now. We have her on a lot of painkillers and she won't be waking up for a long time. But otherwise, she's doing well."

They heaved a sigh of relief but there was still worry in their eyes. The doctor sighed. "The twins are stable for now, but they're incredibly premature, twins are normally premature, but this is sooner than even the normal estimates, they're on life support right now. You can go see them and Wanda, but you'll need to be sterilized."

The babies were in a different room, specifically for premature babies where you had to be immaculately clean, but with Wanda's incredibly recent surgery, she needed a clean environment to heal and any infections would be dangerous. The Friedmanns and Sebastian nodded, going with the doctor to get sterilized. Seb was shaking. The girls were on life support. They were…

Linda hugged Seb's shoulder, "Come on, sweetie. We're gonna go see them. They're going to be fine." The three had to protect themselves really well before entering to Wanda’s room. They wore isolation gowns, masks, gloves, shoe covers and hand sanitizer before the nurse even let them in. Seb had to take off his clothes because he blew his nose into it and wash up his face as well.

Wanda was laying on the hospital bed, breathing softly, with the monitor beeping slowly next to
her. Seb sniffled and quickly made his way to the side of the bed, face covered with a medical mask. “Wanda...Pumpkin...” Tears threatened to fall as he slowly and gently stroked her really pale cheek.

“I’m here, it’ll be ok, I’m sorry, I’m sorry...You will be alright, ok? And, and the babies are fine... They will be fine...” Seb buried his head next to her arm and torso as Linda and Elijah walked towards their daughter. The sobbing mother held Wanda’s hand as Elijah softly stroked her blond hair. “You did it, honey...You’re the best...So tough.” Elijah whispered. They’d been told to avoid touching her belly since they had just stitched her back up. Seb was still horrified that humans had to do things like THAT to get babies out. And he thought the natural way was disturbing enough! He would have preferred that a million times more over THIS!

Now that they knew for sure Wanda was safe and stable, Seb could finally call his family. He started with his mom, who was really worried at the news and said she was coming right away. Kari told Stan about the news before Seb could even call him, and Stan had called Seb back to reassure him everything was going to be fine and not to worry, that Wanda and his daughters were going to make it. Stan offered to tell everyone else for him, as Seb hurt every time he had to repeat the news that the twins were in intensive care and in a life or death situation, and Seb accepted the offer.

Stan was so scared though. If it happened to Wanda, it could easily happen to Carla...

Stan then called the rest of his brothers to tell them the bittersweet news. Ford had gasped loudly. “Oh no...They’re much too young, premature babies before 25 weeks have incredibly low possibilities of surviv-“

“Ford. Please . Don’t make this any worse, yeah? And don’t even let Sebastian hear you say that.” Stan thanked the skies it wasn’t Seb calling this FOOL. Ford nodded, ashamed, and said he was going as well to give his triplet some POSITIVE support.

Shermie felt the news deep to his core. Mabel and Dipper had been born premature as well...and Abbi was much too young, he had been SO scared, he knew what his older brother was feeling. Stan had Dillon now, but he unfortunately wasn’t there when he was born. He could only imagine what it felt like, not KNOWING it.

When the twins came back from school, Shermie sat them down for a talk. “Your cousins were born this afternoon.” He told them. Dipper had frowned "What?", as Mabel screamed a super excited, “Aaaahhhhhh!!!! Baby coussinssss!!!!!!!”

“Mabel, honey, listen. Zully and Zoe have been born really premature, they were only in your aunt’s belly for 6 months, not 8 or 9, and it makes a really big difference.” Shermie explained calmly, making Mabel stop her happy jumping. “They are in the hospital, and their condition might not be the best...I’m going to go to Sebastian to support him...but I want you to know that the babies might not make it ok? We pray to God they do but…” Dipper covered his mouth as Mabel gasped, her eyes welling up with tears. “But...babies…” She whimpered and hugged her Dad tightly. “I don’t want them to die…” She didn’t want her little cousins to leave so soon, Uncle Seb was going to be devastated and she didn’t want him to feel sad.

“No one wants that, pumpkin, no one...Now that you know, would you still like to go? You might not see your cousins, but at least we can show Seb we are there for him.” Both kids nodded firmly. “Yes!”

“I’m going to make Aunt Wanda a card.” Mabel ran away to her room. Dipper pulled down on Wendy's hat. "W-what do we do if thEy dOn't…” his voice cracked and for once, Shermie
didn't laugh or even tease him for it. He pulled his youngest kid in for a hug and kissed his birthmark. “Well...We will be there for Seb and Wanda if things turn out for the worst...God will protect them, and we will help and give our support no matter what...” Shermie patted his cheek. “Now, go prepare a small backpack for you and your sister. He loved Mabel but he didn’t trust her to take just the necessities for a few days. Dipper rolled his eyes and went to his room as well.

Dillon didn’t even need to be told. He was already making a bag as soon as he heard his dad tell his mom about his cousins. “Let’s go.” The teenager said firmly.

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Seb didn’t move from Wanda’s side all day and all night. His in laws (sorta) had taken a second to meet their grand daughters and were even allowed to hold their minuscule hands with an special glove that was part of the incubator.

“Sebas, honey, you have to meet your daughters...They’re so beautiful…” Linda pleaded. “You have to eat, son.” Elijah also reminded him.

“When Wanda wakes up…” He muttered. The couple had glanced at each other in worry but left him to it. Elijah brought some food bars up to give Sebastian. "Here, at least eat these. If you collapse from hunger you wouldn't be able to see Wanda wake up.”

Seb, with much difficulty, took the bar and chewed on it, morose expression never leaving his face. The night arrived, and only one person was allowed to stay at the hospital overnight. Seb didn’t move from his spot, and fell asleep leaning on Wanda’s bedside.

His family arrived over the course of the next few days. Hugs were given and received. Mabel tried very hard not to cry when she gave her uncle a hug. Wanda still hadn't woken up. Shermie asked the doctors and apparently the inside of Wanda's uterus appeared almost… burnt. It confused all the doctors but they believed whatever had happened, had caused Wanda to fall into a healing sleep, like a less intense coma, until her body could recover.

The triplets and twins shared a look. Oh. Seb had sat up, eye wide with horror at this knowledge. He whispered a broken, "My fault…” what if he had burned her? He was a dream demon! What if his nightmare had actually affected her?! Stan had to slap him when Seb started screaming. The Pines brothers had to work together to drag Sebastian out of the room and into an empty room to calm him down.

The poor man was in hysterics.

“IT WAS MY FAULT! I BURNT HER! I BURNT HER! NOW SHE AND THE TWINS ALMOST DIED!” Seb wailed. Stan had to slap him again. "It wasn't your fault!” Shermie also glared at him. He didn’t burn her! How would he even burn her ANYWAY?! Ford left the room to hold his watch scanner over Wanda's body. It beeped. He frowned and returned to the other room where Stan and Shermie were wrestling Seb.

As they struggled, Ford held his scanner near Seb and frowned at the readings.

“Seb! Stop it!” Shermie pleaded.

“I burnt her!!! I burnt the twins!!”

“How?!” Shermie wailed and Seb spat at him angrily. “In my dreams, Sherman, in my dreams!! I’m. A. DEMON!!!”
Ford adjusted his glasses. "Well, dream or not, there WERE signs of weirdness on Wanda's body. But they don't match your signature." Ford told Sebastian calmly. That made all the men freeze and stare at him. "What does that mean?" Stan asked.

Ford sighed. "Well, I haven't scanned the twins to check, but I believe I was right in my hypothesis that Sebastian's children have inherited his powers."

Seb gaped wide eyed. He...He didn’t burn them…?

"His powers?! What are you talking about?!" Shermie asked, lost as to what was going on. Seb, still staring at nothing, made his hands catch on fire and Shermie screamed LOUD, scrambling away from his brother. Seb paid him no mind. “The...the twins... burnt her…? But I passed on my demon powers!” He went back to crying. “It’s my fault!”

“You are not in control of your DNA.” Ford patted his shoulders. “Sebastian, if your kids have your powers, it means they would also heal as fast as you do. They’re not in any immediate danger.” The triplet with glasses smiled slightly.

"B-but Wanda…” Sebastian's lips quivered.

“And, if I guess right, which, I always do~, Wanda is also healing from it, if she wasn’t, her body wouldn’t have lingering weirdness.” Ford told his brother.

“AREN'T YOU WORRIED HE CREATED FIRE OUT OF NOWHERE?!!” Shermie cried.

Stan and Ford both deadpanned, "Yeah, he just does that. It's fine." Like this wasn't something to panic over. Shermie pulled at his hair. What was even happening??!!

“Geez, Shermie, he just has powers, deal with it.” Stan scoffed. “We have more important things to worry about.”

Seb wiped his tears and managed a small smile. The...the twins burned Wanda...but they also healed her...That was… both incredibly adorable and creepy. The idea of dealing with two girls with powers made him want to faint.

Zoe and Zully had powers…

Ford barely caught his triplet when he fell backwards, the shock and exhaustion finally catching up to him. Despite Ford's relief that miss Wanda was going to be alright, Ford couldn't help a small bit of worry. HOW had Sebastian passed on his powers? Some lingering Weirdness in his sperm? Ford shook his head. This wasn't important right now. Taking care of his brother was.

“Has he had powers all his life? Is-Is he like the human torch?”

"’’Dammit, Sherman, shut up!’’"

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Wanda woke up a few days later. The doctors were amazed ("There's barely a scar! The cut from the surgery is gone!") and ran all sorts of tests. To the best of their knowledge, Wanda was fully healed, if incredibly exhausted and sore. Seb cried into her arms in relief.

She woke up to her parents hugging her tightly and kissing every part of her face. “Gu-Guys...Where's the babies? Where are my daughters?” She touched her stomach and found herself feeling weirdly empty. She could see her feet again.
Seb kissed her lips as hard as he could. “In intensive care, but they’ll be fine! They ARE fine! Your parents have seen them! They took photos!”

“You haven’t seen Zoe and Zully yet?” Wanda asked softly and Seb shook his head. “I was waiting for you. We're gonna see them together.” He clapped her hand. “Mabel and Dillon brought you this.” He showed her the cards and balloons the kids brought her (the balloons didn't have helium though, they were simply blown up by mouth, because wasting helium for balloons was pointless). “Magda also wanted to visit, but I told her to do it at home, you were sleeping for a while.” He teased.

“How long have I been sleeping?” Wanda asked. Elijah gave her a sheepish grin. “Around 4 days…” “WHAT!?”

The doctors found Wanda fit to leave the next day, after shockingly declaring she was fully healed, not even her uterus was damaged, compared to how burnt it was when she was brought here.

So, pushed in a wheelchair to be extra careful with her, Seb and Wanda were FINALLY led to meet their daughters for the first time.

The nurses wanted to make their stay as nice and comfortable for the parents as possible, so they conditioned and cleared a small area for them, with an armchair and a chair next to it. The two stopped at the end of the room, and the nurse happily pointed at one incubator. Wanda and Seb slowly leaned forward and their voices got caught in their throats at the sight of the sleeping infants. Holy god, they were the tiniest things they have ever seen...

“Hi…” Wanda choked down a sob as Seb stared with a teary smile. “I-I don’t know which one is which…” He chuckled tearfully. One of the nurses smiled. “Well, we didn’t know either, maybe you can tell us now.” They carefully took the tiny girls out and handed them to their parents waiting warms. The two tried to refuse at first “I will drop her!!” But at the end, they ended up holding them close to their chests.

“Baby…” Wanda stroked her little head, wrapped in a pink hat too big for her. With a lot of effort, the infant managed to open her eyes just a tiny bit and stared at Wanda. The woman gasped softly. “Her-her eyes!” That grabbed Seb’s attention and he worriedly looked at the girl Wanda was holding. Instead of a horrible yellow eye like he feared...She had two normal eyes...of two different colors. Her left eye was green while the other one was brown. “I love them…” Wanda whispered before placing a soft kiss on the baby’s forehead. “You’re Zoe…”

Seb cradled Zully to his chest, adjusting the bundle of blankets from time to time until the infant opened their eyes and looked around for a second before whimpering in hunger. This baby’s eyes were fully brown. “Help, help, she’s crying…” Seb grimaced. The nurse handed a tiny bottle she finished preparing to Seb. “Your twins are little warriors…” She said fondly. “We didn’t expect them to be able to coordinate their suckling, but we were pretty surprised when they latched on the bottles pretty quickly.” Wanda and Seb cooed at the same time and held the babies even closer. “You’re little geniuses, huh?” Seb whispered.

He was holding his daughter, his daughter, his baby, his, his, his! He was going to hurt her! His flames flickered in his hands at his distress (to Seb's shock), but Zully didn’t even seem to mind the sudden rush of heat, in fact, the baby stopped crying and yawned, snuggling closer to their daddy. Seb's racing heart calmed as he realized that, since the babies had fire powers too, they weren't harmed by his flames!

Seb melted, he wasn’t going to let go ever again. He received the bottle and gently held it over her little lips. Voracious, the child latched onto the nipple and started sucking. He sobbed and looked
The woman smiled and got a bottle herself to feed Zoe. “The babies had been taking a special formula, but maybe you would want to breastfeed them?” Wanda hugged Zoe closer and nodded so the happy nurse started explaining the procedure, the people that could help her and how it would help the twins while they were in NICU.

Wanda looked at Seb and both nodded in determination. Wanda was fine, the twins were fine, so Seb was feeling much better and with less fear. He was ready to face the world again! He would kill for his family! He would give the world for his daughters.

After a while, the nurse took a picture of the excited new parents holding their already sleeping twins.

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They couldn't bring the twins home from the hospital for another few months. They were only six months in development, they needed to be at least closer to eight before it would be safe to really move them. Wanda and Seb came everyday to see them. They worried a little when the doctors told them that with the extreme premature birth, there might be developmental problems that would affect the children mentally or physically.

Wanda blamed herself and Seb blamed himself. The doctors suggested therapy for the both of them due to this traumatic event. Wanda found her chance at last.

The twins were close to a month old, and Wanda decided that this was as good a time as any. She turned to Seb and said firmly. "We are both going to therapy." Perhaps, if Wanda was going too, Seb would feel less dismissive of it. Her boyfriend whined a bit. "I'm fine. I'm not…"

Wanda glared. "Well I'm going to therapy. And the doctor said that you need to go too." Seb tried to brush it off. "Wands, I don't need-"

"If you don't go to therapy too, then I'm not letting you near the girls anymore." Wanda finally gave her ultimatum. Seb's eye widened. "Wanda--!"

"No. I've made up my mind. And it's not just you. It's me as well. I won't allow myself to hold the girls again until I get therapy as well." Wanda said firmly. "So we're in this together." She took Seb's hand. "They're going to have trouble developing, the doctor said so, which means WE need to be at 100%, no, BETTER than 100% so that we can take care of them. And that means we need to get help."

"But…" Seb tried to protest but he could feel Wanda's hands trembling against his own. "I won't allow myself to raise them… if I won't be able to be a good mother. And that's why I'm going to therapy, to make sure that I'll be able to mentally and emotionally handle this. The twins have another month before they're released from the hospital, and I want the BOTH of us to be able to bring them home with us."

After all, Wanda was FINALLY taking that maternity leave she'd been refusing. So if she didn't have work, therapy was the way to go. God knows she's had some nightmares about burning alive from the inside out. Luckily, by some miracle she was fully recovered from her pregnancy, the cut on her lower abdomen was fully healed and she wasn't even having trouble moving around. As soon as hers and Seb's therapy was done, though Wanda suspected Seb would require more than just a month of treatment, Wanda could return to work immediately.
And she could still work on her laptop at home on simple cases so she wasn't even going to lose much progress.

It took a few more 'threats' to finally make Seb agree to see a therapist. Wanda pulled out her list. "Well, time to go meet these people and see which one you like."

"I'm not gonna like ANY of them!" Seb complained. He didn't need a therapist! He didn't need someone coming around and TELLING him how he was supposed to think and feel! He was FINE. And… if they realized He was crazy, they would lock him away and then he'd never get to be with his family.

Sebastian resolved to lie as much as he could to trick the therapist into giving him a clean bill (hah!) of health. It couldn't be THAT hard to feign sanity…

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Seb had rejected most of her list. Wanda could understand a few of his complaints. Still, she were getting frustrated that Seb was so against the idea. This was for his own good. Seb complained that he had no reason to need to talk about his feelings with a stranger.

Finally Sebastian sat in an office with a woman. Dr. Linda Martin. Seb laughed and said she had the same name as Wanda's mom, to which Dr. Linda had shrugged and said, "Naming people via 'proper' names will result in countless overlap since they'll be choosing from the same pool of names that billions have used before."

"Exactly!" Seb laughed. "But Wanda wouldn't let me name the kids Zomelina!" Linda smiled at him. "Now that would have been a pretty unique name. What made you come up with it?"

Seb bounced in his seat with a wide grin. "Well I was thinking of Z names since my family tends to name their kids using the first letter of their middle, but Wanda and I don't like 'w' since my middle name is William and the only good names were, well, Wanda and William! Hahah!" Seb babbled on and on excitedly and didn't even realize how much time had passed.

It was in the middle of a story about how he once knew someone named Pyronica that Dr. Linda looked over at the clock and smiled. "I'm afraid that's all the time we have for today, I would love to hear more about this Pyronica, but I have another client today. If you want, we can schedule your next session?"

Seb blinked. "Wait, that was my therapy session? But you didn't even ask any questions?"

"Well it's rude to ask a stranger to spill their deepest, darkest secrets in a first meeting." Dr. Linda scoffed. "I don't know you and you don't know me. I have no baseline to work with and it's not like you'll be comfortable telling me anyway."

"But… isn't that your job?" Seb seemed confused. Linda laughed. "Sebastian, my job is to help people. Digging into them to wretch out their traumas, fears and anxieties is the opposite of helping. If you have anything you want to get off your chest, I'll listen, but only if YOU feel like you want to tell me." She told him gently.

Seb blinked and thought about that. If she put it that way, it didn't sound so bad. "So what if I never tell you my dark secrets?" He asked carefully. Dr. Linda shrugged. "Then that's fine. You are you. You don't have to talk about it if you don't want to."

Seb ended up choosing Dr. Linda, and scheduled a few more sessions that week and the following weeks with her. She was nice. Wanda was so proud of him. She was going to see someone too, a
different therapist who specialized in new mothers, in case Wanda got post-pregnancy depression or attachment issues. She seemed ok for now, mainly just some trauma from the whole experience of having an unexpected pregnancy and the c-section from the premature labor.

And the fact the twins had fire powers and had been burning her when her water broke?? THAT was some scary shit right there.

Seb complained for a while, but he still made time to see Dr. Linda for their therapy sessions. Most of the times, Linda just listened to him babble about his family, about his niblings and mom, and then about how everyone was eager to meet the twins once they were out of the hospital.

“So your parents visited you, that’s pretty nice.” Dr. Linda smiled at Seb, who was playing with a tennis ball he found around. “No, just my Ma…” “And why is that?”

“Because I don’t have a father, he’s dead.” Seb pouted. Dr. L sighed sadly. “I’m sorry to hear that, he must have been a great father.”

Seb started throwing the ball up and down. “Matsuda was the best of the best! He was a tailor and he lived not that far away from my house, and-and I’d go and work with him, he taught me how to repair every type of clothing and how to make suits! He-He helped me make my own suit for a school dance and-and it was the best…”

Linda nodded slowly, so he didn’t live with his father. Well, that was something.

“He was also incredibly patient with me, when I didn’t understand something and I was so dumb and clumsy, but-but Matsuda would still help me with homework and-and explain nicely everything to me...My triplet Stanford, he-he would never help me because he said I never paid attention and he couldn’t stand me, but we’re COOL now, and Stanley didn't understand the subject well enough to teach me, and Ma didn't know...and-and the teachers never helped me because they expected me to know things-but but I don’t know ‘Things’ anymore because I don't have knowledge anymore!”

Dr. Linda nodded slowly as Seb angrily wiped his tears. Ok...There was a lot to unpack here...Wanda had told her Sebastian was self harming, and she was worried he’ll take it farther. Self harming usually stemmed from depression or low self esteem. The problem must be deeper than she thought, and she needed to not only reach it, but make Seb reach it himself…

“What do you mean, you don’t have knowledge anymore?” Dr. Linda asked softly. Did he forget? Did he get injured? Seb sniffled. “I used to know EVERYTHING, like, I wanted to know something and I just DID, but then I... well, I’m here now and I’m me, and I don’t remember anymore. I lost my knowledge as I grew up, it just slipped away. And my brain doesn’t work correctly so I can’t focus on stuff and…”

...a LOT to unpack. Yup. Dr. Linda adjusted her glasses and sat up. “I’m sure that must have been frustrating.” She said simply. Seb nodded. “This body wasn’t built right, so my brain doesn’t work like it’s supposed to. It was so much easier back when I didn’t have a body…”

Dr. Linda was pretty sure that her client wasn’t even aware of what he was telling her, and she knew this was going to be one of those complicated cases. She didn’t think he was lying, which meant he was either delusional… or she was dealing with something way more complicated than she thought.

“So, Sebas...” Linda started. “Do you feel wrong in your body?” Seb shrugged as he kicked his legs. “Not really...I mean, define feeling wrong?”
“You...maybe you don’t feel like it looks right, or you don’t feel comfortable when looking at yourself?”

Seb thought about it. “I used to, back when I was younger. But I’m over that now. Well, I guess, I felt better when I dyed my hair blonde. But even if it went back to brown, I... don’t mind as much as I did when I was a kid.” He shrugged and held up his perfectly manicured hands. “I wasn’t allowed to use nail polish as a kid, even though I really wanted to. And now I can do that whenever I want.” He smiled fondly. “Wanda doesn’t mind when I paint my nails, or do my makeup. Actually, she lets me do her makeup too, when she wants to, sometimes she’s too busy and just takes a coffee and runs away!” She reminded him a bit of Ford, both could die from overworking. Wanda had him now though, and he always checked on Ford through Soos.

Dr. Linda smiled. “Well, that sounds wonderful, I’m glad your partner supports you.” So he DID have self image problems, which led to low self esteem. She was glad he was doing better now, allowed to be himself. Seb looked fond at the thought of Wanda. “She’s the best, to be honest. We met as teens and she was actually the one to convince me to take some cut and confection classes...I never finished them though...the bitch teacher failed me because she said I was useless.”

“Oh... well that wasn’t very nice of her.” Dr. Linda frowned. Comments like that most likely exasperated poor Sebastian’s already low self esteem. “But-But making clothes is actually something I can do REALLY WELL...” Seb smiled slightly. “I-I mean my parents didn't like how I played with dolls or gave them dresses, but that really never stopped me, despite my mom telling me I had to be more ‘manly’ and stop wanting to wear skirts...”

Dr. Linda nodded. Okay, one last question. “Sebastian, do you feel like you would have been happier if you were born female?” She asked gently.

Seb thought about it. Being female... “I don’t know...people would have let me do what I really want...and no one would have hurt me... But like, the body would feel the same. Both are humans, both have emotions and both would have sucked.”

Linda blinked slowly. “So...You don’t like...being human?” Seb nodded. “I would have preferred a nicer vessel, you know, stronger and less mentally weak so it could at least hold infinite knowledge and doesn’t have to erase EVERYTHING to not collapse in on itself...but...I have my brothers and family as a human and I had my daughters as a human, nothing as CRAZY and EXCITING happened to me in my other form! Mortal or not!”

Linda blinked again.

“I don’t try to wear dresses anymore or skirts...but I still do the other things...” Linda gazed at him. “And why you don’t wear what you want?”

“Because then people will look at me, and say mean things, and I’ll get angry and fight them but then I’ll be in trouble and I don’t really want to get in trouble.” Seb sat cross legged on the couch and smiled.

Dr. Linda sighed. Again, a LOT to unpack...

"Well I think it's unfair that you can't wear what you want. I think you would be quite lovely in a dress." Linda said honestly. Sebastian was quite the handsome man, his partner was a lucky woman. But, he clearly had some deep set issues and Linda would do her best to help Sebastian recognize and understand them so he could handle them better.

They said bye for the day, but Seb wasn’t against the idea of talking to Dr. Linda anymore. She
was nice, and didn’t try to know everything of his life. She just listened to him and he liked that because she didn’t question him. Well, she did ask questions sometimes, but it was always just because she wanted to understand, get clarification on something Seb had said, he didn’t mind giving clarification. It wasn’t like Linda tried to ask him why he hurt himself, which was just something that happened, it wasn’t a big deal!

Of course, Seb had no idea how psychologists worked—

He went to the hospital, mentally drained for some reason, and met with Wanda there to see the twins. Zoe and Zully were doing much better now, they apparently liked when their parents visited, they leaned against their chests for hours and would cry if taken away. They could only leave (not that they wanted to) if the twins were asleep.

Wanda was breastfeeding one of the twins, Seb was ashamed to admit he couldn’t tell them apart without seeing their eyes, and Wanda smiled in relief when she saw him. “Hi…” She said with a small grimace. It hurt, despite the fact that she was doing everything the nurse said to not get hurt, but she wanted to do it, the blonde was sure she would get used to it eventually… right? It wasn’t like the inside pain she was feeling would last forever, right?

“Hi…” Seb went to look at the other sleeping twin, Zoe, seeing her foot bracelet. “And hi~ I just came from Linda’s session.” He informed Wanda in a soft voice. There were sleeping babies and a couple of other parents in here, they had to be quiet. “I HATE to admit it...but you were right...therapy is not as bad as I thought.” He poked her nose and Wanda rolled her eyes. “Told you so.”

“It’s just talking!” “Uh huh~” “And, I can talk about me and she doesn’t think it’s boring or unimportant….” Seb stroked Zoe’s little cheek, careful with her CPAP. Besides, even if he DIDN’T like it, he would still be faking his sanity and his well being so Wanda would let him stay with the babies. He was FINE. He didn’t need to talk to anyone, but talking to Linda was entertaining so he went along with it. He could take care of his daughters, he COULD.

Wanda just grimaced again when her chest ached, but managed to smile at Seb. She was so glad he accepted his much needed help. He was going to get better, she KNEW it!

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“And today we can FINALLY! take the twins HOME!!” Seb roared. “It took forever! But thanks to Wanda’s parents we have everything ready.” They bought them the rest of stuff they needed, like bottles, clothes, blankets, bottle sterilizers, a weird machine for milk (?) and tons and tons of diapers. Dr. Linda smiled. They had been working for a few weeks and he did tell her the twins were meant to stay 2 months at the hospital. “That’s pretty amazing! All your family will surely come see them!”

“They MUST! They PROMISED! I won’t let them get too near them though, and the kids won’t hold them until Zoe and Zully are older, but otherwise, yes! They’ll meet them!”

“Do you have everything ready for them?” Dr. Linda asked and Seb nodded eagerly. “Wanda’s parents helped us buying the rest of stuff we needed. Like, we barely had the crib in a box when the twins were born, but now it’s assembled and we have a room ready for the girls!”

“And how do you feel? Prepared?” “ NOT AT ALL! Like, I love them and all but fuck, I never, once in my life, thought I would have kids! Well, I thought about it, sometimes, but I was really confident that would never happen...I wasn’t interested back in Flatland, I had more important things to do, like, defeat the tyrannical government that exploited the lower classes by making said
lower classes REBEL!, even when I became an immortal being of pure energy I was still busy with that! hahaha! My mind was way too insane to settle down and all that pathetic shit. This actually suits me! Like, the most pathetic me has the most mundane stuff, like family, but it’s ok, I have actually come to like this.”

Linda sighed. Here they went again. She was starting to wonder if Seb actually spoke in metaphors. “Flatland?”

Seb’s eye widened. “Oh...Shit.” Great job keeping your insanity OUT! Ok, it was ok, he could fix this, having a past life didn’t necessarily mean he was INSANE. “I’ll tell you, but don’t tell anyone!” He threatened. Linda made a zip motion over her lips and Seb threw himself back in the couch and covered his eyes with an arm. “Have you heard of reincarnation?” He didn’t wait for an answer. “Well, I used to be another creature, an alien, and now I’m here, as a human and I...kinda remember all that past life and stuff...” He frowned. “Except I lost all my KNOWLEDGE. But I kept my ability to speak in tongues, so I can still speak every language, that’s pretty cool. But all my math and science stuff? Gone!”

Dr. Linda stared at Seb. “So...at some point...you were...another person, with lots and lots of knowledge in science and math...but then, you became a normal human?” Seb nodded with a smile. “Yeah! Exactly!” Linda thought about it for a bit before asking. “Ok...so, HOW did you go from an alien from-from where?” “Flatland” “-from Flatland...to being Sebastian?”

“The Axolotl, he’s like the most important God in existence and stuff. I had been dying and made a deal with him, but he reincarnated me as a dumb human just to piss me off. He actually wanted me to stop living like, last year, when I was also about to die, but I wanted to be with my family, so he allowed me to stay until I died normally.”

Linda blinked and wrote that down. So...A past life, where Seb was an alien...and apparently a communist-socialist...She wondered if that was actually important? Seb then got distracted off the initial topic, his daughters, and went on and on about how HORRIBLE that world was (it was quite a horrible sounding place, Linda was disturbed Seb managed to imagine something like this), about how they killed ‘irregular’ people and how he was glad he BURNED that dimension to the ground. “So, you ended that world? Like...killed them?” Seb nodded, no remorse or regret in his expression. He had regretted many things, but those bastards dying? Nah. Not at all.

“And...your past self, Seb, did he have a name?” “Bill.” “So William?” Like his middle name? She wasn’t really surprised. “Yeah, but he didn’t like that so he went by Bill.” Seb hated being called Bill though, it was William or nothing.

“Oh, so, Bill would have liked having kids?” “Pfff! Hahahaha! That bastard?! No! He would have left them to die probably, or eat their heads? Luckily I’m not like him anymore! Because I’m good! I would EAT heads of those who tried hurting my kids! There’s a difference!”

Linda scratched her head. This was going to be so complicated…

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“Where are they!?” Dillon complained loudly, pulling at his mom’s hand. “They must be coming already, be patient.” Carla scolded but sighed defeatedly when she saw Stan pulling at Stanford’s arm. “Where are they??!!”

Mabel had a camera prepared and Uncle Seb and Aunt Wanda’s house was decorated with pink balloons and strings, and a sign that read ‘Welcome, babies!!’ with glitter. Mabel of course, organized all of this. It wasn’t a baby shower, because the babies were already born, but it was still
a welcome baby party!

The Friedmanns stared at the Pines with mildly weirded out expressions. That family was kinda weird, but, family was family, they guessed! Elijah and Linda were trying to get everyone settled down. “Remember, keep your voices down, no screaming. You’ll scare the girls.” Linda scolded, more like scolded Mabel, as she was the only one shouting too loud. Mabel covered her mouth with her hands. She was quiet! Super quiet. Kari rolled her eyes fondly and pulled her oldest granddaughter closer to her. Soon she was going to meet her two other granddaughters!

Dipper was looking out of the window, waiting for a car to park. He jumped from his spot when Seb’s car parked in the front. “They’re here!!” They weren’t allowed to shout ‘Surprise’ or anything, but they could still dramatically point towards the gifts and decorations they all worked hard to put. Outside and unaware their family was already inside their house, Seb was grumbling at the car seats. Who EVEN designed these craps?! “Stupid-little-fucks! There!” He freed Zoe from her seat prison and moved to do the same with Zully. He wrapped them in blankets like little burritos, they didn’t want them to get cold, and Seb carried them as Wanda opened the door, she needed both hands for that.

Both stopped when they stepped inside.

“Surprise ~” Mabel whispered a shout. Seb laughed as Wanda smiled at everyone. “We didn’t know you were already here!” She exclaimed, looking at everyone.

“I have copies of the key!” Her mom said with a soft squee. Wanda stopped. Excuse me, what did her mom say?

The three young teens ran towards their uncle and made grabby hands. “‘Ah! Ah! See!’” Mabel and Dillon asked. (Dillon didn’t want a sibling, but he was totally fine with new cousins). Seb pulled the twins away from their reach. “Disinfect yourself first, you germ-covered brats!” Wanda shook her head fondly and gave them hand sanitizer. “The babies are still really small, we don’t want them getting sick.” Of course, the babies already had several shots but they needed to be older before they could get certain vaccinations. Until then, they would simply have to clean everything.

Everyone washed their hands and were sprayed down with a sanitizing solution, only once Sebastian was SURE they were all clean, did he direct them to sit down on the couch and carefully pass his precious children over to them. Much to Mabel’s dismay, none of the kids were allowed to carry them, their parents didn’t let them either, but Seb promised his favorite niece that when the twins were older, she’d get to carry them first, before Dipper or Dillon.

Zully was sleep, but Zoe was much more observational and suspicious than her womb companion, her heterochromatic eyes were narrowed at everyone who carried her, but she didn’t cry. Everyone could carry Zully without the fear of making them cry though. Linda and Kari carried their granddaughters, and they started sobbing slightly. They were in heaven. The babies were so small and cute and for Linda it was extra especial, they were her first grand babies. (And knowing the dumb idiot she had as a stepson, the only ones she would likely get).

“Her eyes are SO pretty! She got one eye from each of you!” Mabel put her face in between Kari and Zoe to look at them better. “She’s going to be so, so, so pretty growing up!! I’m JEALOUS!” She declared. Abigail stroked her hair and softly reassured Mabel that she was also a pretty girl. Pfft! Mabel knew that ~

After Linda and Kari got their turn, Shermie declared he had the right to go first, after all, he was Seb’s favorite brother and Seb carried his kids first too. “Just do it, nerd!” Stan groaned. Shermie cooed at the little baby he was holding, giggling at the tuft of blond hair they had on their heads,
before Stan got his turn. Kari and Linda were gushing over Zoe, so all of them had to share one baby. It was ok, Zully was still sleeping.

“Hey, Sixer, want to hold her?” Stan smiled at Ford, who gave him a sheepish smile and shook his head. He didn’t trust himself with tiny babies. Seb glared at Ford, completely indignant. “Excuse me? What the heck do you mean you don’t want to hold my baby?! Hold her!” Seb held Zully up to Ford, who tried to wave his hand and refuse again. He felt something grab onto his pinky and gasped when he saw that Zully was gripping onto his 6th finger, awake at last and staring up at him. “O-oh… hello there, Zully.” Ford stammered.

“Aww… she likes you~” Seb cooed. Zully stared up at Ford, tugging at his finger. “Uuwuu…” Zully vocalized as they stared at their uncle...dad? Was he dad? Wasn’t dad just holding them? Seb tried to hand Zully over once again but Ford shook his head, gently tugging at his hand to try and get his finger back. Seb pouted. “You’re no fun, Sixer.” Ford was victorious and defaulted to just gently patting their heads. He could do that!

The family chatted quietly, everything was cute and perfect, until the infants got fussy and wanted food. Seb called his nephews, he was going to teach them how to make a baby formula, as Wanda excused herself and went to her room to breastfeed Zoe. She would just do it but...she still wasn’t THAT close to Sebastian’s brothers and she would feel weird. She let the women go with her though, and Mabel was buzzing with happiness.

Wanda held Zoe up to her chest and wince in pain when the baby started feeding. Abigail looked confused. “What’s wrong?” Wanda shook her head. “I just can’t get used to how much this hurts.”

That made all the women except Mabel looked confused. “It’s not supposed to hurt…” Abigail said slowly. “I was a teenager when I had to breastfeed the twins and it didn’t hurt me at all.” Sure, it felt weird as hell, but...not HURT like it was clearly hurting the blonde.

“Is it the first time you are feeding them?” Carla asked in confusion and Wanda pouted before shaking her head. “No, like, a month and half ago? A little after the twins were born “Girl, you gotta go to the doctor, that’s not normal.”

Linda scoffed. “She won’t go until she’s dying , it’s useless talking to her.”

“But I’m fine.” Wanda chuckled sheepishly. “It just hurts a little bit anyway, I’m still kinda sore and all from the c-section and the traumatic event…” She sent her mother a dirty look.

Mabel poked her head between them. “I don’t understand!” She said but Kari patted her head. “Don’t worry about it, sweetie.” Mabel just shrugged, and held Zoe’s hand as she ate. She was so going to teach them how to make the best sweaters in the world~ Eehh! She just couldn’t wait for them to grow up! How could she have wished for summer to last forever? She would have never met Aunt Wanda or her cousins if Bill had won! She shuddered at the memory of Dippy Fresh and his cold dead body on the floor and she winced at the memory of uncle SEB’S dead body on the floor. She sometimes woke up at night thinking about it…

The family stayed until late in the night, but eventually, it was time to go to their hotels and go home. They all lived kinda far away (except Stan, who was a few hours drive away), and despite how much they wished they could visit every day, they couldn’t. “I’ll send you daily photos.” Seb promised. As soon as everyone left, Seb collapsed onto the sofa, holding Zully in his arms. “I’m so tired…” He sighed.

Wanda rocked Zoe in her arms and laughed. “Well, having everyone over was fun. Kind of wish they could be over more often, I like your family.”
“I like my family too, they’re great.” Seb squealed. Wanda couldn’t help but laugh loudly before standing up and stopped lazing around. Bathing, feeding and tucking the twins into bed needed to be done before they could even think of sleeping themselves. Zully didn’t seem to like the water, and when the infant started crying, Zoe cried too. “No, no, no, no, no!” Seb pleaded. “It’s ok, it’s ok! Waanndaaa!”

She entered the bathroom and sighed. “Well, looks like they don’t like baths, too bad.” She leaned down to help and together, the new parents bathed their children. Wanda frowned. “Is the water too hot? Too cold? What’s wrong baby?”

Of course dialoguing with the babies didn’t work. Seb ran away and brought some pacifiers. Zoe accepted it, but Zully was still sobbing. “Pleeeasееee!! Baby please, stop!!” Seb’s hands flickered with blue flames in distress. Zully couldn’t see that well, they were only 2 months old, but that fire felt warm and nice. Seb stared at his hand touching Zully’s belly, and the finger Zully caught to suckle on. “She likes my fire!” Seb exclaimed in awe. “And she wasn’t hurt by it!”

They finished bathing them extremely carefully, put diapers on them, cute onesies that were still huge for them, fed them, burped them, and laid them down in their shared crib, Seb was still happy that his kids were fireproof. The two turned off the light and passed out on their bed, still fully dressed up.

Suddenly (it felt like suddenly to the exhausted parents, but it was really a few hours later), the babies started wailing loudly. Sebastian and Wanda whimpered and groaned. They’ll never have a peaceful night of sleep ever again, will they?

The babies screamed louder.

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Chapter End Notes

Mizuuma: The nightmare sequence was by me :D
CHAPTER 3: Living with twins + A meeting with family, one of many

Chapter Summary

Children will be children, and sleep deprived parents will be sleep deprived. Also, everyone needs therapy. They dooooo~

Chapter Notes

New chapter! Wiii enjoy! Ill soon add pictures of how the little blond twins look for you to see how adorable they are!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

CHAPTER 3: Living with twins + A meeting with family, one of many

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Zoe was a very demanding child. She would pull anything nearby into her mouth, biting everything and everyone. And she wasn't even teething yet (which was lucky for all the unfortunate people she slobbered on). Zoe wanted constant attention, screaming whenever she was left alone for too long. They would go check to see if she was hungry or wanted her diaper changed, but no, Zoe just wanted to be held, the little attention seeker. (HM! Wanda wondering just WHO was like that). Seb had to just hold her in one arm as he worked on his designs for clients. It wasn't impossible, but it got harder when Zoe started squirming more. Also, she liked to pull off his eyepatch. She seemed very curious about the little hole in his face.

Zully was a good child. Quieter and calmer. They didn't complain as much and didn't try to bite the people trying to hold them. That was a huge relief for Seb since he could simply place Zully on a large pillow facing him and his oldest child would just be content to watch him work. Zully only cried when Seb or Wanda weren't in their line of sight. Damn lack of object permanence.

However, despite how different they were and how hard it was sometimes to deal with the two of them, Seb wouldn't change it for anything else in the world. They were his babies, his, and that made them PERFECT.

Seb loved spending time with the infants, he would lay them down on bed and curl up next to them protectively, stroking their tummies and little faces. The fact that Wanda was at home too made everything even more perfect! She said at work that she was going to take 4 months before fully returning. The twins had been in the hospital for around 2 months, and now that they were home, Wanda finally took that maternity leave. She was still going to work from home or she'll get stressed with piled work, but they both wanted to make their time with the babies extra special.

But Seb knew Wanda was a very stubborn woman and despite what her mother thought, Wanda wasn't taking time off work and making this special for HER. "Wanda Friedmann. Pull that baby off your breast right now!" He ordered. She was in pain and he wasn't going to allow that! Wanda continued to be in pain when breastfeeding. Sebastian and everyone else were getting worried. "We
have the special formula from the hospital, you don't need to…” Seb told her as he tried to get her to stop.

“Sebastian, it’s ok~” She smiled as she adjusted a very hungry Zully, who had been feeding for a long while and didn’t seem to want to let go anytime soon. They were waiting for more yummy food to reach their mouth, this wasn’t enough. “It’s fine, I can do it. Breastfeeding is much better for their immune system anyway.”

“But it hurts you, I-I don’t think-” “I searched it on the internet, it’s happened to other women and then it went away.” Her reassurance was accompanied by a grimace of pain. *Zully, please for God’s sake, gentle.*

“But-But Wanda, I am really worried for you, please-” “Sebastian! STOP IT.” She didn’t shout, just spoke loudly, like she did when she wanted to make her point across in court. Seb was taken aback by the loud voice. He winced a bit as he stepped back a few steps. “Ok...I-I’m sorry…” He whispered. Zoe-Zoe needed a bottle, he-he was going to make her one...He didn’t mean to make Wanda angry, he was just trying to help. Why did he always make everything WORSE?! Seb still spoke again. “Look, those other women said the pain went away, but you’ve been in pain for nearly two months!” He tried to make her see reason, she was being dismissive about something that caused her pain and...

...and… oh. OH. This must have been what Wanda had felt like when she found him hurting himself.

Oh. OH. Sebastian blinked. He… he understood now. So this was what it felt like. It felt awful. And Wanda continued to be stubborn, not wanting to believe there was something wrong. Oh geez. He finally got it. He did! Sebastian stared at Wanda. “Have YOU been going to your therapy sessions?” He asked carefully.

Wanda cried softly at one particularly sharp pain in her breast and looked at Seb. Zully whined as they suckled. They were hungry!! Why wasn’t warm food coming more?!

The woman paled. Shit.

“Eh, well, I was looking for a good one and, and…” Wanda stammered. Seb grinned and grabbed Zoe from her crib to swung her little feet at Wanda’s face. “No oh~~! You just haven’t been going! You nasty liar!” He grinned deviously. “Don’t play like that with our daughter and no! I didn’t lie! I’ll go! Seriously! I just didn’t have time before!” And she wasn’t lying. She had been a little nervous after the pregnancy but Seb’s situation was WAY more important.

Seb climbed onto the couch and crouched there, Zoe still in his arms, rocking her slightly. “I clean, cook, work, study AND go to my sessions!” He stuck his tongue out.

He didn’t impulsively pulled Zully away from Wanda's chest because he reasoned that would make Wanda hurt and Zully to cry for losing their meal. “Wanda, you have to be in a good mental state to raise our daughters~” he singsonged teasingly. Wanda’s jaw dropped. “Are you--?!?”

“If you aren’t in a good mental state, I mi~ght tell your dear mother about it~” Sebastian grinned, flashing his sharp teeth like the little demon he was. Wanda paled. “You wouldn’t DARE!” The look on Seb’s face told her that he wasn’t joking. Wanda pouted. “Fine! But we’ll need to bring the kids with us to our therapy sessions if no one’s home to look after them.”

“Agreed. So, it’s a Deal~?” Seb asked as he extended his hand, on fire. Wanda pouted at the fire but still shook hands with Seb before kissing his lips. There wasn't much to talk about anyway. She
bet she was just stressed for the twins' health and that made it hurt so a few sessions with a therapist will make the pain go away and prove to Seb she had nothing really serious. She huffed as she pulled away from the kiss. This man. Trying to even compare himself to her. Their situations were not similar. At. ALL.

Zully pulled away, sweating slightly and exhausted. They were still hungry but the baby had to resign themselves because now they were more tired than hungry. Oblivious, Seb and Wanda put Zully to sleep before giving Zoe a bottle.

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Wanda finally went to her therapy. It was in the morning but she wanted to take the babies. It went actually pretty well. She talked about how scary it was for her, the idea of being pregnant to begin with and how terrified she had been of having a miscarriage several months into the pregnancy. She shed a few tears but knew it wasn’t her fault it happened. They discussed the pain she felt when trying to feed the kids, her therapist looked worried. “Wanda, that… what you’re describing doesn’t sound psychosomatic… I think you need to see a doctor about this.”

“What?” Wanda asked. “B-but…” She hugged Zoe to herself and frowned. “Th-there’s nothing wrong with me.” She protested. The therapist sighed. “And that, I believe, is the basis for your stress. At least get yourself checked out, just in case, it might be nothing, but you might feel better if you knew for sure one way or another. If there is something wrong with your physical health, then it’ll affect your children too.”

That finally made Wanda agree. She… she didn’t want to make her babies sick if there WAS something wrong. She booked an appointment with her doctor right away.

It was June 12th, and the same day of her appointment, Zully fell ill, they were crying their eyes out and had a high fever. Seb drove like crazy and took their little child to the ER, as Wanda held Zoe tightly. Wanda didn’t need the appointment anymore.

“Your daughter is malnourished.” The pediatric doctor informed them. Seb shook his head and growled. “No, you’re lying, we follow every procedure we were given and they eat regularly! They drink breast milk.”

“Yes, well, then I think that’s the problem.” The man took off his glasses. “I don’t think your partner is producing milk. Or, possibly, she’s clogged and the children can’t get as much milk as they should.” Zully got an IV as the doctor called a gynecologist to examine Wanda and run some tests on her.

They stayed in the hospital all day. Zully felt much better that night, and babbled loudly at their twin who was laid down next to them. Wanda was given her results at night too. “Ms. Friedmann, you’ve got IGT.”

“What’s that?” Wanda asked, eyes wide as she held Seb’s hand tightly. “It’s a condition where you don’t have much mammary tissue, you don’t produce much milk, which means your children have to suck twice as hard to try and get at your milk, which likely caused your pain. Besides, you have clogged milk ducts, mainly from your condition.”

Seb, always speaking at the right time, asked in confusion. “How...how can she...have such big breasts and yet they don’t have milk?” Wanda facepalmed and the doctor raised an eyebrow, amused. “Breasts are mammary tissue AND fatty tissue, sir. Ms. Friedmann has more fatty tissue.”

“Oh…”
Wanda rolled her eyes and looked at the doctor. “So what—what can I do?” Wanda asked tearfully. She had been starving her children from being so damn stubborn!! She hadn’t been fine! Urgh! How could she have been so careless?! The doctor gave her a gentle smile. “There’s nothing you can do, but it’s not wrong, you’ll just have to feed your children with bottles instead. Formula is a thing, and it will still feed your children, maybe even more than right now.”

Wanda nodded, gazing at Zully sadly. She was such a terrible mother, how hadn’t she noticed that Zully was hungry? That her babies were hungry because she hadn’t been able to give them what they needed? She didn’t cry until the doctor left them alone in the ER room.

“Oh my god, please, please, no.” Seb pleaded when Wanda curled up on herself in the chair.

“I should have listened to you before…”

“No one listens to me, it’s fine…” Seb said jokingly, but Wanda just sobbed a bit more. They left the hospital really late. The twins got some vitamins to take and Wanda was given a pill to cut the stupidly low milk supply she had, it was going to free her from the pain in her breasts too. They were going to simply bottle feed the children, it was better for them.

Wanda didn’t sleep well that night and while Sebastian, passed out, hugged her, she decided she needed the therapist more than ever.

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“UNCLE SEB! HAPPY BIRTHDAY!” Mabel screamed the moment Seb picked up the phone. His ears rang for a second. His birthday? What time was it? 6am. What day was today? Was it already the 15th?! “Oh! Thanks Shooting Star! Did you call Fez and Sixer already?” He rubbed his eye. Always thinking in his brothers first. “Nopey! You’re the first~! What are you going to do for your birthday?! We’re all on vacation! We can visit you forever! Can we stay with you all summer again? Dillon wants to come as well!”

Seb groaned loudly, making Wanda groan as well. “Noo~ I don’t want you anymore~ I have my own twins now, you are of no more use to me!”

“RUDE!” The girl exclaimed from the other side and Seb laughed loudly. “I’m kidding, I’d love to see you all again, it’s been a while…” He sighed when the twins whimpered from their crib, also awake. He heard Mabel gasp. “I HAVE AN IDEA! BYEEE!” Mabel hung up.

Seb blinked and threw his phone away before making the twins float to their bed. Zoe and Zully’s eyes widened at the weird sensation. What-What was going on?! They whined and Seb carefully put them between Wanda and himself. “Good morning, princesses~ Who slept almost all night like very good girls?!” He kissed their tiny noses. The two laughed and lifted their arms to grab at his nose and hair.

“AH! Ow! Nooooo!” Seb winced as they pulled on his long disheveled fluffy hair. He really needed to go to the salon soon. His cries of pain only made the little demons squeal and pull harder, well, Zoe did at least. Zully, the good child, let go and began patting Seb’s face with a tiny hand instead, finding his nose and goatee very interesting.

Wanda yawned, and saved Seb from Zoe’s little, but extremely strong hands. “Come on~ Daddy can’t go bald so soon~” She kissed Zoe’s forehead before leaning towards Seb. “Happy birthday, honey~” “Thanks…” “You’re getting old~” “HEy!

After eating breakfast and putting everything away, Seb received another call. “Yellow?” “UNCLE
SEB!” It was Mabel again but he heard Dipper this time too. “Ok, everything is sorted out! You wanted to see your brothers no??” “Yes?” “BOOM! DONE! We’re all going to Gravity Falls AGAIN! Isn’t that amazing?!”

“I’ll show Dad the town’s monsters!” Dipper exclaimed too. “He doesn’t believe me!” Seb thought back to when Shermie learned about his powers, and Seb had to explain to him about it when he started feeling better. And Shermie still didn’t believe Dipper?

“Going to Gravity Falls?”

“Uncle Ford said he’s fine with it! He wants us to see the research center too! Mom and Dad say they can only stay 2 weeks but we will make it the best 2 weeks ever and GASp! You can present the twins to everyone! Candy and Grenda will be SO happy to meet them!”

Seb smiled widely, getting more and more excited with the idea. “Sure thing Pinetree, Shooting Star. We can go around and introduce the kids to everyone!” He turned to grin at Zully, poking their little belly and making them squeal. Wanda was quiet through it. “Can we go pack our bags now?!” Seb asked, bouncing in place.

“Do you really want to go to that town…?” She asked softly. Seb nodded eagerly. “I mean, I love that town!...Why? You don’t want to go? It’s weird but its not terrible or anything.” Wanda hugged Zoe to her chest. “I’m scared…”

“Of the town?” Seb asked, really confused. Wanda shook her head. ”Of going…” She still had nightmares of that pilot’s twisted, insane grin and that plane crash...She took a deep breath. “That triangle man thing…”

Seb’s look hardened. “What did he do.” “Um, one time he threatened me...He didn't want me to go into town...I-I tried going by plane, at the last minute I didn't...and that plane crashed...The bus caught on fire, the road was closed by a car crash...He-He was keeping me away from you...I swear I would have gone sooner if-if I wasn’t so scared…”

Seb sighed and pulled her and the twins towards him in a hug. “Bill can’t hurt you, not anymore, Wands. I made sure of it. I killed him, he’s gone. He can’t hurt you or the babies...” He rubbed her face like a cat and Wanda giggled. “Come on~ It’s my birthday~” He said sweetly. He wanted to go to Sandrita’s salon. They KNEW what color he liked and how he liked it.

“Alright...I trust you.” Wanda kissed his nose.

They bought plane tickets for a couple of hours later, so they rushed around the house in a frenzy. Clothes for them, clothes for babies, bottles for babies, formula for babies, diapers for babies, baby carriers for babies, the babies! And then screamed their way to the airport. They even forgot to tell Wanda’s parents they were leaving. They would call later!

They gave the twins some pacifiers and hoped for the best. They knew babies cried on planes...And the twins were no exception. At first, Zoe and Zully wailed their eyes out and some people complained at them.

“T’ll shut YOU up!!” Seb snarled at the man demanding him to ‘shut his brats up’. Wanda calmed him before he punched that man. The two kept rocking then until suddenly he had an idea. With a little flame in his finger, barely visible to the rest of passengers, he waved it in front of the twins’ eyes. “Sh, sh, sh…”

It worked.
It actually worked! The twins concentrated on sucking his disinfected fingers and trying to eat the fire, all without getting a single burn. Finally, they fell asleep on a sleeping Seb’s chest. Wanda took a photo and smiled proudly. Those were her babies. She saw Seb’s finger still on fire and casually blew it out.

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The flight took way too long for the new parents’ liking, but eventually the plane landed. The twins ears popped and the poor babies cried the entire time from the arrival gates to the bus to town. “God, kids! Stopppl!” Seb cried as well. Wanda sighed and rubbed her temples. All aboard for headache town, population: two, them.

Two more bottles were prepared for the bus trip and the twins shut up and drank happily, staring at their tired parents with wide brown and green eyes. “You’re horrible babies…” Seb sighed as he rocked Zoe. Zoe responded with a big smile, baby drool and milk streaming from her mouth into his hand. “Eewwww… you’re SO lucky I love you!” Seb shuddered. AH! It was getting on his nice shirt!!! Wanda rolled her eyes. “Maybe you should stop wearing your fancy clothes while feeding the kids?”

Seb shuddered. “You mean like...I have to wear...DAD clothes?!” He wailed. Wanda giggled. “Well– Your dad status needs to match your clothes–! Those fancy clothes are for single men with no babies!” Zully let out a loud shriek, as if supporting their mommy.

Seb grimaced. “What? Should I wear glasses and sweaters-vests and t-shirts? Grow a mustache, wear male tanks with pictures of alligators? Shorts and Polo shirts?!” Wanda burst out laughing and failed to muffle her guffaws. Seb wasn't finding this funny at all. “And you need a beer belly to be complete~! Hahahaha!” Wanda snorted, falling to lean against her bus seat.

Seb huffed loudly, wiping Zoe’s mouth with a bib. “I’m NEVER gonna get a beer belly!” He was disgusted at the very thought! Uh... didn’t the old man Stanley in his past life have a beer belly? Gross~ He wasn’t going to let himself go like that! Or his brothers. He’ll protect them from ugliness.

“Well, if you annoy me, I will annoy you too! Because you’re a mom now~” Seb cleared his throat. “You need to start wearing leggings and drive a mini-van. You need to go to yoga classes with a bunch of other mothers in the neighborhood…”

Wanda groaned. “Seb!”

“And girl, you need to get a haircut, because that style is not ‘mom’ enough!”

“Noooo!” Wanda cried and covered her hair. Then Seb gasped and grinned deviously. “And you need to be on FacePost posting things like~~” He started burping Zoe.

“No. NO. Don’t say it!” Wanda wailed. Seb leaned to whisper. “Like minion memes~”

“AAAAHHHHH!” Wanda screamed, startling the babies and making Sebastian laugh out loud and kick the seat in front of him. “I’ll NEVER do that!” Wanda cried. “HAHAHAHA!! You’ll have to complain to the manager every time!” Seb snorted. “Well! Then you’ll go all fat and scratch your belly on the couch while drinking!!” Wanda shot back. “HOW DARE YOU?!” Seb gasped in pure shock.

The people in the bus started groaning and the bus driver called. “Sir, madam, please be quiet, you are making everyone else uncomfortable.”
“Oof! Don’t tell Wanda that! She’ll go complain your manager now~” Seb said solemnly. Wanda whined and slapped his arm lightly. “STOP IT!” As very good babies, the twins started babbling loudly, just like mommy and daddy! They’ll be SO proud that they can be just as loud as them!

The Pines were practically kicked out of the bus as soon as the water tower of the town was seen. This bus didn’t go directly to the Mystery Shack/National Institute of Oddology and Science Investigation. Ford and Fiddleford were very special for giving things long names. They were going to change it to “International” once they got the support of other countries.

So, now that the bus kicked them out, after laughing themselves crazy, they pulled out the baby carriers and each one of them carried a twin. “So~ This is Gravity Falls, huh?” The twins yawned, making Wanda chuckle. “Yup! And you see? Everything went fine!”

“To be fair, I got distracted by the girls crying the ENTIRE flight so I didn’t remember to worry about the plane falling...”

Seb waved a hand dismissively. “Even if the plane stopped working, I’d be able to keep it floating.” Wanda raised an eyebrow. “You CAN?” Seb shrugged. “I guess so, I can make anything float with my mind, I’m sure than if I concentrated hard enough I could, but I’d surely pass out shortly after, it would take a shit ton of energy to do that.” Why was he even worrying about that? He’ll never have to make a plane stay afloat! Not unless something really, REALLY bad happened but... best not to think about that.

He turned to look down at Zoe, who was waving her arms uncoordinatedly because her cute headband was falling and making her uncomfortable. “Oh you don’t like the headband your sweet cousin knit for you?!” Seb pulled it off and put it on Zully’s head. “Well, I’m sure your sister will appreciate it more! Won’t you, princess~” Seb cooed at Zully who just tilted their head. WHAT did they have on their head?! They could feel it but not see it! Ahhhh!??!?!?

Wanda simply rolled her eyes and looked around, taking in at her surroundings. It looked like...a normal, if not kind of boring town, did they all seriously go through the apocalypse thing Seb told her about? It certainly didn’t look like it. Her stomach growled and she pouted. She...didn't have to eat to produce a supply of milk anymore (her fau-no, it wasn’t her fault), but she still needed to eat.

“You know, I doubt there’d be food at the Shack, so how about having lunch at the Diner?” Seb offered his hungry girlfriend. “A...A friend works there.” Wanda agreed. “Alright!” She paused and smiled. “You see? Another friend!”

“She’s more like an acquaintance really.” The man shrugged. Wanda laughed and hugged his arm to walk in the direction of the Diner. She was very surprised when a few people waved at Seb and even approached to say hi to him and meet her. A huge lumberjack thumped over and Wanda’s eyes went wide at the sight of him towering over everyone around them. “WELCOME BACK! YOU’VE GOT BABIES!!!!” The man thundered as he bent down to pick up Wanda’s boyfriend in a hug.

“N-nice to see you again too, Dan!” Seb winced a little at the hug. He didn’t know how, but he was hugging him without crushing Zoe. Well, giving him credit, Dan had 4 kids, and the 4 of them were babies at some point so he guessed Dan could be careful and gentle when he wanted.

Zoe didn’t like having this stranger so close though, so she cried, pulling at Dan’s red haired beard. The huge man didn’t even notice. Dan turned to look at Wanda and nodded. “He’s a good man! He saved everyone!!” Wanda blinked. “O-okay?”

A sheriff called out, “He’s our town hero!” And his deputy cheered. Wanda smiled. “Well, he’s
MY hero too.” She kissed Seb’s cheek once Dan put him back down. “My wonderful knight in a yellow tuxedo~” She cooed.

“WANDAAA! Ssttoppp!” Seb blushed hard. He wanted to find a hole and crawl inside. Blubs gave them a ride to the Diner, after asking to see the twins of course! The two cooed at the twins, who were starting to yawn. They were very little though, and seeing so much made them tired, they needed to process everything.

Everyone smiled and waved at Seb when they entered and despite how hard he was blushing, Wanda knew he was enjoying the attention. It was ok, she loved how LOVED Sebas was in this town. She would live here just for Seb to receive and feel all the love he deserved...The twins eventually fell asleep so Seb simply unfolded their stroller (it was pretty cool, a gift from Ford’s friend, she hoped to meet him too) and laid them there before taking a seat.

“Oh my Gosh!! Is that you?!” Wanda smiled at a woman with blue hair gasping at Seb. Geez, and he said people didn’t like him? He had an entire town smiling at HIM. Seb grinned. “Hi Susan. Long time no see, huh?” Susan smiled before her eyes drifted over to Wanda and she seemed to wilt in place. But before Wanda could ask the woman what was wrong, Susan’s eye spotted the sleeping babies and her face lit up. “Oh my god! Are these the little darlings?"

“Haha, yeah, our daughters! They were due next month but they were really impatient to meet everyone!” Seb smiled even wider, the same handsome smile that drove Wanda and Susan crazy. “Zoe and Zully.” Susan crouched to look closer at the sleeping babies. “They’re so pretty…” She took a deep breath before looking up at Seb, being hugged by Wanda. It...It was fine. She just wanted Sebas to be happy...even if it was with another woman. “You must be Wanda.” Susan smiled sadly. The chef and other waiters smiled sadly at their co-worker. It must be hurting her, but it was for the best, Seb had a girlfriend and he was a father now.

“It’s a pleasure to meet you.” The blonde extended a hand to shake. Susan gave her a small smile and shook it. She and Seb ordered lunch and chatted with some of the locals, Sebastian introduced Wanda to everyone and everyone was delighted by her. Wanda poked his shoulder. “You, have PLENTY of friends.” She declared.

Seb rubbed his head sheepishly. Yeah, he guessed… he kinda did…

As the crowd dispersed, Seb blinked when he caught sight of a certain someone. “Gideon?” He groaned. The child looked up at him and gave him a superior look, the kind of egotistical expression that always got on Seb’s nerves. “Well, well, Sebastian Pines, looks like you came back.” Gideon jeered. Seb sighed. “Well, that just ruined my birthday, thank you…” He turned away to try and ignore the white haired kid.

Wanda gasped. “Seb. How could you say that to a ten year old?”

Seb scoffed. He didn’t like Gideon, or Bud. He didn’t like the Gleeful. “I hate him.” Wanda frowned. “He’s a child.” To make things worse, the kid smugly walked over towards him and Seb hit his head against the table. “Thanks Wanda! Now he’s coming over!”

“Oh geesh! You had kids so fast?!" Gideon gasped when he saw the twins sleeping in their stroller. They were kinda cute, he had to admit. He wanted to poke their cheeks before he was suddenly lifted into the air and floated away from the stroller by a snarling Seb. He had missed using his powers in public! “Keep your greasy hands off my daughters, want to kidnap them as well?!”

“Sounds like a fun idea-Ah!! Kidding!!” Gideon squeaked when Seb almost hit him with the ketchup bottle. Wanda had stopped him. “Oof! I see your wife is nice! Not like you! She must be
blind to be with you.”

“Do I have to remind you who saved your butt from becoming a tapestry last summer? It was ME!”

“Oh, hehe! Didn’t you hear, Sebastian? Nevermind all that!” Gideon patted his cheek. Seb growled angrily as the kid raised his hands. “Hey~ I’m being good~I am in the process for my change of heart, remember?”

“Change of heart you say…” Seb scoffed. Gideon’s eyes widened in realization. “Uh~ If you’re here, that means my sweet Mabel is coming as well?!?”

Seb managed to grin. “Yup, with her dad, a black belt. Show your face in my brother’s house, and I’ll tell him to kick you!” Seb’s growled, his eye flashing slightly red and his hand caught on fire. Gideon murmured something under his breath and went back to his table, with his hands tightly fisted.

As soon as he was gone, Seb buried his face into Wanda’s chest. “I hate him.” “You do realize you are fighting with a child, right?” Wanda commented wryly. “He’s my enemy.” Seb complained. “He’s like, 10.” Wanda repeated. “And he tried to kill me and the twins, like twice, last summer!” Wanda was sure Seb was exaggerating. He tended to do so.

Still, that was… interesting. “So you’ve got enemies as well as friends?” Wanda asked as she ate her sandwich. Seb nodded. “I have a few other enemies, but they shouldn’t cause us any trouble. One of them is a mean unicorn, I burnt her tail because she insulted Ma-Eww!” Wanda snorted her drink out of her nose at the casual declaration.

While Seb took his sweet time to get to the Shack, the rest of his family was already in the house.
Mabel was pulling Dillon around the house after they all posed for the photo and Dipper dragged their dad off. “Look! Here we watched movies! And Waddles loved to rub his back on this carpet! Aaw~ Look at him! He missed it!”

“Mabel, you do realize it’s not my first time in town, right?” Dillon raised an eyebrow. Mabel stopped. “It’s not?”

Dillon put his hands in his pockets and went to sit on the couch like he owned the place. “Mom and I visited Uncle Seb like, every summer since I was little. It was YOUR first time in town.” Mabel pouted before smiling again. “Well! But you didn’t see any magical creatures! We did! I’ll show ya! Maybe the gnomes are easier to find… We had a bad moment at the beginning of last summer but I think we’re cool now!” She pulled Dillon to his feet and dragged him out of the house by his arm. “Come on! Dipper is with my Dad in the forest!” Dillon let her guide him. THAT sounded interesting!

“Be careful with my kid!” Stan shouted at Mabel. “No promises!” the teenage girl shot back.

Shermie was sitting on a rock, watching his youngest kid pace back and forth. “Urgh! I can’t remember which direction it was! Think! Height altering crystals! Or wait! We can meet the Multibear! Haha! I’m sure he’d love to meet you!”

Shermie grimaced, worried. What. What was he EVEN talking about? “Kiddo, I’m hungry. Can we go now?”

“No! First we’re meeting him and the Manotaurs, they were here in the forest around this time of day last summer!” Dipper protested. Shermie raised an eyebrow. He still didn’t believe there were magical creatures and what not. Sure, his older brother had magical fire powers or something, but that was… some kinda psychic power thing right? He moved things with his mind too, so it’s like the martial artists in Chinese movies who could shoot energy blasts and stuff?

“Hi Dipper! Hi Dad! I brought Dillon to explore the place and see cool magical creatures!” Shermie sighed as the kids dragged him away from the house. He sent the direction they came from a longing look. They had been making sandwiches for the party later...

The group of four walked around the forest for a while and to the twins’ surprise, they didn’t see a SINGLE creature. Dipper was getting frustrated, Shermie was getting annoyed and hungry. “I don’t get it! Where is everybody!” The creatures were going to come out, but they saw the twins with strangers, so decided not to risk it.

“Kiddo~ I’m sure we can invite BigFoot to the triplets’ birthday party~ At. Home.” Shermie gave him a strained smile.

“We haven’t seen Big Foot here…” Mabel said. Silly Dad~

“Ok, that’s it~” Shermie grabbed Dipper and easily threw him over his shoulder. The twins have grown up in a year, but Shermie was still a very strong young man in his late 20’s and he could easily carry a scrawny 13 year old. “But-But!! You gotta trust me!” Dipper wailed. “Ask Uncle Ford!”

“I’ll ask him when he realizes we are invading his home for his birthday.” They had called them early in the morning to say hi, and Ford seriously hadn’t come out of the research center. It must be a paradise to nerds in there.
Mabel and Dillon followed Shermie back to the house. “Don’t worry, Dipper’s telling the truth! We’ll show you eventually.” She said and the older teen smirked. “You MUST!” He wished more than ever that his mom had let him stay for the summer instead of quick visits. Seeing all types of magical creatures must have been SO COOL!

“Oh thank God! The house! Finally some food!!” Shermie trotted faster towards the house but abruptly stopped when he spotted two people in the front yard. “Heya, Shermie! And I thought you were glad to see me!” Seb gave him a lopsided grin. “SEB!” Shermie laughed, always getting excited like a little kid when he saw his big brother. The man and young teens gave Seb and Wanda some hugs. “‘Happy birthday, Uncle Seb!’” Dillon and Mabel clung to his legs, Dipper didn’t, he was more MATURE than those two!

“Hi! Urgh, I missed you, brats!” Mabel pulled away and ran towards Wanda who was gently picking the twins up from their stroller, they were stirring and whimpering slightly. “Auntie Wanda, can I carry the twins now? They are a bit bigger now, so that means I can, right?” The blonde agreed but only after Mabel washed her hands, so Mabel sprinted back into the house.

Everyone got inside and Seb opened his arms widely. “Don’t cry everybody! Your god has arrived!” “Ugh! Who needs you here?” Stan laughed and gave his short brother a noogie. “Well then, I won’t wish you happy birthday!” Seb stuck his tongue out.

Wanda rocked the whimpering twins as she stared at Stan and Seb. Gosh, Seb was so SHORT compared to Stanley! How hadn’t she noticed before? She cooed. Aaaww! That made him even cuter~~

Stan looked over and laughed. “Aww~ look at the little beans!” He strode over and grinned at them. The twins blinked blearily up at the man. Huh? When did daddy change colors? Zully stuck a hand in their mouth while Zoe glared up at Stan. She didn’t like daddy’s haircut. She made sure they all knew, opening her mouth and crying as she scrunched up her little face and told everyone of her displeasure at daddy’s short hair.

“Z-Zoe?!” Wanda wasn’t sure why her daughter was crying. Seb scoffed and pushed Stan aside. “You scared her with your ugly mug!” He complained. Stan looked offended. “Hey! We’ve got the same face!”

Seb cooed at his daughter, “Aww, it’s alright, Zoe~ I won’t let the ugly man near you~” He ignored Stan’s protests in the background. Zoe blinked and stopped crying in shock. Daddy’s hair was back to normal? She reached out and pulled on it, just to be sure. “Ow!” Zoe giggled. Yup. It was daddy’s nice (and very fun to pull) long hair. “Ow~ Zoe~” Seb whined as he tried to extract his golden locks from her tight grip. Zully reached out to pat daddy’s nose. Poor daddy. It was his own fault for being so fun to pull on.

Dillon’s face fell when he spotted his dad. Especially when he saw the way his dad was cooing over uncle Seb’s babies. Like the way he was going to dote on Dillon’s new baby brother too. Dillon huffed and stomped out of the room. Mabel looked at him with a worried expression. Dipper saw it too and the twins gave each other a nod before following their cousin, leaving the adults to squeal over the babies in the living room.

Mabel caught up to Dillon and patted his arm. “Hey? Are you alright?” Dillon sighed. “You know how my mom’s pregnant?” The twins nodded, it was amazing news, their dad was teasing uncle Stan about it. Dillon leaned against the wall and slid down until he was sitting. “I don’t like it.”

Mabel looked confused. “What? Why? You’re gonna get a baby sibling! That’s gonna be adorable! I’ve wanted a little sibling since forever!” Too bad they traumatized their parents too young to even
consider the possibility..

“That’s the problem!” Dillon huffed. “Mom and dad are gonna be busy taking care of them. And…I…” He buried his face on his legs, pulled up to his chest. “I just got my dad back, but now he’s gonna be spending his time with THEM and i-ignore me be-cause I’m not a baby that he’ll get to raise!” Dillon was trying hard not to cry but he couldn’t hold it in. He hadn’t told ANYONE but Uncle Seb about this, but Dipper and Mabel were his cousins, he was sure he could trust them with this...

Mabel gasped. “Uncle Stan wouldn’t do that! He loves you!” She knelt down beside her cousin and hugged him tightly. Dillon sniffled. “He’ll love THEM more!” Mabel hugged him tighter. “No he won’t. Uncle Stan loves you so, SO much! He was up late trying to plan the perfect way to meet you!”

Dipper laughed a little. “Mabel even gave him ideas, but he didn’t take those.” Mabel pouted. “Gliding down from a helicopter with fireworks in the background spelling out ‘I AM YOUR FATHER’ would have been amazing!”

“Y-Yeah...That actually sounds awesome…” Dillon laughed a little. To be fair, if his dad really HAD done that, Dillon would have thought he was being Ker-Pranked or something.

“And Uncle Stan spent ALL his time last summer learning about you. He would watch videos and photos and Uncle Seb would tell him all about you so he was prepared to meet you.” Dipper patted his shoulder kindly. “And, think about it...He’ll get stressed with a baby because they’ll cry and cry.”

“Yeah! And eat a lot and poop and he’ll have to change dirty diapers!” Mabel added. “You are the COOL one! He can play baseball with you and talk about cool stuff, you can’t talk to a baby like that!” Dillon smiled. “Yeah, you’re right. I just... I just can’t help but feel like I’m being replaced, you know?” He shook his head. “Of course, I KNOW that’s not what they’re doing, mom and dad just can’t keep it in their pants, is all…”

Dipper and Mabel choked, blushing madly. “Di-Dillon!” Dipper squeaked and the older boy giggled. “What? It’s not the stork who brings babies, Dipper!” He made a VERY suggestive hand gesture with a devilish grin, and the twins screamed. Oh, teasing them was so fun~ They were still babies. Dillon grinned like the devil himself, he WAS mainly raised by Carla and Seb after all.

Downstairs, everyone was chilling in the living room, waiting for Soos to finish his tour to come say hi to his friend. Seb was feeding the twins with Stan’s help (“Yeah, you just hold their heads like that and make sure they’re drinking it slowly or they’ll start coughing), as Wanda cooed over Carla.

“Your belly is so small compared to mine~! It’s not fair!” Wanda complained with a smile. Carla rubbed her belly, much to Kari’s disappointment, their baby was a boy. “Well, he’s alone in there.”

“Do you have a name already?” Wanda asked. It was funny. Carla was around the same month she had when the twins were born and yet, their son didn’t seem in the mood to come out yet. She was glad, it was a pretty traumatic experience. It was good that THIS baby was going to keep to the normal schedule.

“Nah, but it must be a D name, to match with Dillon’s!” Stan called over from his side of the couch. “D’Bryano!” Seb exclaimed, and received a smack on the head. “Ow! Uh… D...Dio?” He tried instead. Stan made a face. “Ugh, no, that sounds like a vampire or something.” Carla patted her belly. “How about Diego?”
Stan thought about it. “That’s a nice name, I like it.” “Are you sure you don’t want something cooler?” Seb questioned. Carla smiled when Diego moved. She was calmer with her pregnancy than Wanda, it wasn’t her first one after all. “Nah, he likes it.”

“Dudes! I brought Dr. Pines!” Soos’ proud voice called their attention and they all turned to see Melody and Soos pulling Ford by his arm. Ford’s face was covered in ash and his hair was standing up. “Soos!! Never come into my lab!!! What have-” The scientist stopped, seeing the large group of people in his living room. “Huh?”

“Hi Sixer! Happy Birthday, Uncle Sixer~” Seb waved Zully’s hand and made a baby voice. The baby wrinkled their nose. WHAT? They didn’t understand how Daddy could be in so many places at once!

“When did you all come?” Ford took off his protective goggles and smiled before saying hi to everyone.

“Hours ago, you were just TOO busy for your family~” Seb said before handing Wanda his daughter. “Question Mark!!!” Seb roared and threw himself over the man wearing a suit, an eyepatch and the red fez Stan suggested to add to his look.

“DUDE!” Soos laughed and hugged his friend tightly. He had missed him so much! It’d been a year! “Where-Where are the little dudettes?! I want to see them!”

Seb grabbed his twins once again and presented them to his friend like the proud papa he was. Soos’ eyes welled up with happy tears when Zoe yawned, showing her still toothless (and fangless) little mouth. “Nyah…”

“Oh, dude~” Melody hugged Soos when he started sobbing. “It’s ok, Soos~It’s ok~” She patted his back. Soos sniffled. “They’re perfect dude!” The large man was overwhelmed by emotion and had to sit down. Seb promised to let him hold them once he had calmed down.

The older twins and Dillon came downstairs and after saying hi to their mad scientist uncle, Mabel exclaimed. “We’re going to find our friends! See ya!” Shermie and Abi stood up and asked if they needed to be taken somewhere.

“Nah, we’ll just walk to town.” Dipper shrugged and the teens left. Shermie gaped like a fish, “My babies…just ditched me!”, and Seb rolled his eyes. “They know this town better than me, I think, they’ll be fine.” He would check on them now and then with his Eye just to be sure…

He wasn’t too worried about any of the supernatural creatures harming them, they were town heroes for getting rid of Bill last year after all. They were friends with some of them too. Besides…Wow, the twins and Dillon were turning 14 when the summer ended…Four-fucking-teen…He hugged Zoe to his chest. Please don’t grow up so fast…

They all had lunch together, talking and laughing about how their lives were going so far, about the babies, upcoming babies, and the teens and how fast they grow.

Wanda grumbled as Zoe once again tried to pull open her shirt. “Zoe~ Stop!” She whined. Carla grinned softly. “Do you want me to kick everyone out, girl?” Wanda winced a bit. “Ah-no, it’s alright…I’ll just prepare a bottle…” She gave her a sheepish smile. Carla frowned, confused and looked at Seb. “You, explain.” Seb chewed his food slower. “Um…The doctor told Wanda she can’t breastfeed anymore and took a pill to make it stop…That was like, 2 days ago?”

Carla’s eyes widened and she covered her mouth. “Shit, I’m so sorry!” She gazed at her friend in
sympathy. “So there was something wrong after all?” She asked. Wanda nodded silently, measuring out the formula and getting some hot water from a thermos. Zoe seemed confused at the bottle, mommy was warmer and softer. She accepted the bottle though when the nipple entered to her mouth; she knew that the bottle contained more food than mommy. Zully was wiggling their arms and legs, trying to turn their body to find their twin. Seb tilted Zully up to have Zoe in their line of sight and Zully calmed.

“Hey, um, how about I show you around the Institute?” Ford suggested, actually grinning widely. No one really wanted to, but they GUESSED it was HIS birthday too, and they liked to see him happy so everyone accepted. “Haha, great! Fiddleford is still working! Come on!” The scientist skipped outside and everyone shared a tired look. They put the twins to sleep, after nice and sweet Abuelita promised to watch over them, and they all followed Ford outside. He was so proud of this. He had wished to have his own research center since he saw it in that dimension, he couldn’t believe he actually did it!

Seb giggled. It was so weird how the HUGE and modern Institute contrasted with the little wood Shack. And thinking the center hadn’t existed a year ago!

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“SO~ Dillon~ Do you have a GIRLFRIEND?” Candy, Grenda and Mabel giggled when the bottle landed on Dillon as Dipper and Pacifica rolled their eyes. They were playing in the park, they had gone to search for Pacifica and invited her to hang out with them. She gave Dipper a really weird smile, and accepted.

“Um… No…” Dillon chuckled sheepishly. “HOW?! YOU’RE SO CUTE?!” Grenda gasped.

“Well~ I~” Dillon stammered before Grenda looked up and smiled, bellowing out “MARIUS! WE’RE OVER HERE!” and waved her muscular arms rapidly. Dillon looked over and froze as a gorgeous boy strode over, wind blowing through his long, luxurious hair. “…illon…Dillon!” A hand shook his shoulder and Dillon blinked to see Mabel. “Huh? Wha?” Dillon blinked again.

“That’s Marius, Grenda’s boyfriend.” Mabel told him, gesturing to that long haired boy. “Marius, this is my cousin Dillon.” Grenda was slapping Marius on the back in greeting, the boy wheezed but had a large blush on his face as he looked at his girlfriend. “Ah Grenda, it is so nice to see you again.” He gave her a hug before turning to Dillon. “Hello to you, Dillon, yes? I am Marius von Fundshauser.” The wind blew again and the baron brought a hand up to brush his hair away from his face, his beauty mark uncovered as he tucked his bangs behind his ear. Dillon stammered, cheeks faintly red. “H-Hi…”

“Did you have a nice flight?” Mabel asked kindly and the teen nodded. “Yes, thank you, it was a very exciting experience to travel in a plane with normal people!” Marius said, his accent made Dillon shiver. “I’m glad I found you so fast.” Marius kindly smiled at Grenda who cooed (ie, rumbled like a lawnmower) and hugged him tightly. Marius squeaked but hugged her back.

“Alright, where were-oH! Yes! Dillon, would you like me to find you a summer love~~’” Mabel battled her eyelashes. “Really, Mabel?” Pacifica raised an eyebrow. “You didn’t even get a summer love.” Dipper raised an eyebrow as well, perfectly matching Pacifica’s deadpan expression. Mabel blew a raspberry. “PFFTT! But I’m the best at getting people together! Just look at you two!”

Dipper and Pacifica turned to face each other and jolted apart. The girls laughed as Pacifica and Dipper shrieked. “‘We-We are NOT together!!’”

“And then WHY were you spending SO much time talking to Pacifica since last year-?” Mabel
grinned like a little shit. “’’OOOHHH!!~’’” Candy and Grenda said. “’’We-We are FriENDs!’’” Dipper’s voice cracked several times in that sentence.

“Ooohhh~~ Suureee! When’s the wedding, Dipper~??” Dillon grinned devilishly.

“AAaaaAHHHHHH!!’’ Dipper shrieked as Pacifica pulled her hair to cover her face. She?! She DIDN’T like Dipper!! AT ALL!!

“When You GeT a GirlFrienD, YoU’re DEAd!!’’ Dipper cracked as he glared at Dillon. “’’I’m gOIng to enjoy teASIng You forEver!!’’”

Mabel, Dillon and her friends fell to the floor laughing, holding their stomachs, as Pacifica curled up, wishing to be eaten by the earth, and Marius giggled softly. He knew he was being very rude, but right now he didn’t have to act all formal and proper. Being around Grenda and her friends meant he could stop being a baron and just… be a kid for once. He loved that about her, how she made him feel safe enough to relax and have fun.

After a healthy dose of teasing Dipper, the teens decided to go to the Diner, remembering they just skipped the birthday lunch. On the way, they saw Robbie and Tambry chilling at a table and Mabel jumped over immediately to ask how they were doing and if love was still in the air. It was.

Dipper looked at Pacifica who was looking down at the floor with a very awkward expression, pulling at her pink skirt. “Um…Mabel was just teasing…” He said quietly. Pacifica bit her lip. “Y-yeah, Mabel does that, I know.” She sighed. Dipper rubbed the back of his neck and smiled sheepishly. “But, it’s ok, it’s nothing against you, you are pretty and when I say that we’re not dating, it’s not like I’m repulsed by you or something.”

Pacifica blinked. “…Ok…” She gave the teen an awkward smile. “Thanks, it’s nice to know you aren’t repulsed by me.” Dipper nodded, his cheeks blushing. “You are nicer now so it’s easier not to hate you…” Pacifica snorted. “So I’m not ‘the worst’ anymore?” She grinned. Dipper laughed. “Naw, you’re still the worst!” He nudged her playfully with an elbow.

Dillon glanced at them interacting and rolled his eyes. Yeah, they totally didn’t like each other~ He looked at Marius and his smile disappeared. It was so unfair… He liked people, but no one will EVER like him back… He wasn’t sick , he knew that, he knew who he was, but…he felt weird. It… it wasn’t normal… to like boys…

Dillon had looked it up online, erasing his internet history afterward out of worry. He knew what he was. He also read about other kids like him who had been… rejected by their families for being what they were. Dillon was terrified that would happen. Especially since he finally had his family together again. Dillon wasn’t sure what to do. If… if his dad didn’t accept him…

Dillon knew that uncle Seb would be okay with it. Uncle Seb was great about things like that. But dad? Dillon didn’t know. Didn’t want to test it. Not so soon after he finally had his dad back. Not when he had the upcoming baby threatening to steal his parents away, to steal all the joy from his life. It wasn’t fair. Dillon sighed and kicked a rock. He wanted to enjoy summer vacation with his family. He really did.

Mabel, sensing unhappiness emanating from somewhere near her, turned and gasped at Dillon’s expression. “Dillon? What’s wrong?” She slowed down to walk beside him. Dillon put on a big smile. “I’m just thinking about how my stomach is eating itself! I want to eat already!” He laughed. Mabel pursed her lips. “Are you SURE that’s what’s bothering you?” She raised an eyebrow.

Dillon patted her head and smirked. “Dude, yeah. Really…Hey, look at that, Dipper wants to kiss Pacifica!” “WHERE??!!” Mabel turned around and squealed when she saw Dipper and Pacifica
walking together. Dillon thanked the skies for Mabel’s short term memory and continued walking in silence. He should stop worrying, really, his face gave him away. Stupid expressive Uncle Seb and actress mom making baby him copy them.

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“-nd here is our mini-hadron collider!” Ford said proudly. Seb blinked slowly. “Uh… Sixer, ain’t this thing…like, super dangerous? Like, could theoretically create a black hole dangerous?” Ford didn’t seem phased. “Naw, we’ve got the most advanced security to make sure this machine stays stable at all ti--”

“AHHHH! THE COOLANT IS LEAKING AGAIN!!!” “Quick! Give me that duct tape!!”

Ford continued to grin at his now, VERY worried family as the other scientists in the room down below ran around screaming. McGucket could be heard laughing wildly. “DON’T WORRY! IT’S FER A SECURITY TEST TA SEE IF MY ROBOTS CAN FIX IT!” followed by mechanical sounds and more screaming as security robots came out from the walls and began igniting their welding torches.

Ford, non-phased, continued the tour. “So as you can see, we have everything under control-”

An explosion happened in a room down the hall and several scientists stumbled out, coughing as a huge fan turned on outside to blow the smoke back into the room and up a chute. “DAMMIT BARRY! I TOLD YOU NOT TO ADD THE PENTA UNTIL AFTER I GOT THE EQUIPMENT READY!”

Ford continued walking calmly. “As you can see, there are fans installed to immediately suck up any toxic gasses.”

“Yeah, wouldn’t be surprised if they don’t work…” Shermie mumbled as Stan ordered Carla to return to the house. Seb rubbed the back of his head as Wanda narrowed her eyes. “And the government pays for this..?”

“In less than a year we’ve come up with at least 40 new research papers~ You just don’t understand how SCIENCE is done!” The Pines watched as Fiddleford ran towards them, his shoulder was on fire. “Everything’s FIXED now!” “Yeah!” Ford high-sixed his friend. “Oh! Fiddleford, this is my family, I’m giving them a tour! This is Shermie, my youngest brother, his wife Abigail, Carla, Stanley’s wife, Wanda, Seb’s girlfriend and my mother!”

Kari was really worried about this crazy, dangerous place. But it made her oldest baby boy so happy~ And he got to interact with more people than just his best friend. It was better than being cooped up all alone. Kari also noticed many FEMALE scientists walking through the halls and grinned. Perhaps her oldest baby would work together with one of them, and perhaps get closer and eventually… well, she wanted more grand babies. She didn’t care HOW she got them~

“Hey, you know, how about we all go talk outside? Like, out of the radiation?” Seb grinned. The group headed back outside where Wanda and Carla finally got to meet Fiddleford officially. “Hahaha!” McGucket laughed and slapped his knee. “You two didn’t lose time, huh!” He looked at the babies in Wanda and Seb’s arms before turning his gaze onto Carla’s round belly. Fiddleford nudged Ford. “What about you old friend? Think about settling down at some point?”

“What? I have too much SCIENCE to do.” Ford scoffed. Fiddleford shrugged. “So do I, but I still got myself a wife and son.” Ford pouted. “Well, I really don’t feel like meeting anyone right now, and I have no time to get to know anyone in such a way.” And babies? No. Never. Those squealing
lumps of time-wasting attention sponges would ruin his career! He had too much work to do, he had lost so much time in space! Babies fit his brothers much better. Besides, the act of creating babies would be… unpleasant. Ford held back a shudder.

Fiddleford asked to please hold the twins and Seb, after debating it with himself (Fiddleford was better now, his blond hair had grown back, he had remained shaved, wore glasses and shoes), so he handed him Zully (after asking him to disinfect himself, to which Fiddleford had scoffed, “Der gonna haffta face germs eventually or they won’t build themselves an immune system!” which made Seb reconsider and shrug, handing the baby over). The engineer cooed at the yawning baby who was sticking their little tongue out and licking their lips. They were hungry… “How are you, princess~? Seb, she’s so cute and small~”

Zully felt something uncomfortable in their chest as Fiddleford bounced them a little and coughed up some of the formula they drank earlier, the slimy fluid dribbling down and splattering onto Fiddleford’s labcoat. Seb winced. “Oh shoot, Zully!”

Fiddleford laughed and waved him off. “It’s fine, babies do that.” That knowledge made Ford doubly glad HE didn’t have babies. That would have been disgusting. Seb handed him a bib and Fiddleford cleaned Zully’s mouth before cleaning himself. Seb hummed and smiled. Huh, Fiddleford was actually very good with kids, that’s nice...

“How’s your kid anyway?” Seb asked. “Ah, Tate!, he’s doing fine!” Fiddleford grinned before handing Zully to Wanda. “He helps me build some stuff.” Ford nodded. “The boy is actually very intelligent, he just doesn’t like to show off.

Fiddleford didn't know it, but the teen actually LOVED to spend time with him, Tate had missed his father so much. He didn’t get heckled about his pa by the townsfolk anymore, because the crazy lunatic from town was a hero! And one of the greatest inventors of all time! He was so glad that “the thing that never must be spoken” actually reunited his family. Nevermind all that.

The teens, along with their friends, returned when the sky was darkening, to sing happy birthday for the triplets. The babies didn’t know what was going on, but eh, the bright fire looked pretty! Their hands got warmer at the thought, but they still didn’t have the mental connections to focus on making conscious fire. Seb didn’t notice, neither did Wanda as the two kissed after Seb helped blow out the candles.

This was the first time he’d ever blown out the birthday candles together with his brothers. The first time he got to celebrate his birthday together with his family. Then he started crying and spent a few minutes screaming he was fine and how he was just a slave to emotions he never learned to control. Mabel “Aaaaww!” and hugged her uncle tightly.

Night arrived, their first night together in town. Hooray! The Shack had gone through an expansion, like Seb suggested to Ford last year. The second floor now had more rooms and a bathroom and the underground level, where Ford’s bedroom was, also had more space. Ideal for housing so many people. Mabel had totally invited her friends for a sleepover, without even asking Ford. Seb said sure! As if that was still his house.

“Ford! You can’t deny Baron Marius Wahwahhauser a place to stay for the night~!” Seb said, unable to pronounce his last name. “He SANG Happy BIRTHDAY for You!”

“Alright…?” Ford said but Shermie huffed. “I don’t care if he’s a king, he’s not sleeping in the same room as my daughter.” “I sleep with Dipper?” Mabel raised an eyebrow and Shermie made the same expression she was making. “He’s your brother?!”
“Ugh, stop it! I’ll camp outside with Dillon and Marius, just stop it!” Dipper, moodily, exclaimed. Mabel actually thought that was better. All girls sleepover! And the boys got their own!

“I-I seriously don’t…” Dillon looked at Marius, blushing. “NO!” Grenda exclaimed. “You’ll hang out with Marius and be friends!!” Dipper was already pulling out the camping supplies from the closet. Ford quietly murmured, “I didn’t realize I had camping supplies here…”

Marius, so innocent, was pretty excited for this camping experience with normal friends!

“Come on, Paz! You’re new to our sleepovers~ But you’ll love them!! We will practice our makeup techniques and talk about boys~” Mabel wiggled her eyebrows as she dragged her upstairs. “Speaking of boys, Mabel, your dad is pretty cute too!” Candy giggled as she ran upstairs with everyone. Shermie smiled and rubbed the back on his head. “Ah, haha, thanks?” Abigail rolled her eyes. “Damn sexy Pines men.” Carla and Wanda both nodded.

Shermie scoffed. “Well, here’s hoping Dipper grows out of his awkward teen stage soon.” Seb grinned. “Actually, I once traveled to another dimension with a grown up Dipper, and yeah, he’s gonna be just as handsome as the rest of us once he’s older.”

“Haha, another dimension...Can you do that with your...psychic fire stuff?” Shermie joked. Seb shook his head, “Nah, that was something I did with my alternative universe self who was a little girl...” Everyone blinked at him slowly. “HAH!” Shermie laughed. “You have the weirdest stories!” He said, still not believing a word of any of it.

The three teen boys said bye to everyone and walked outside to the porch. Carla demanded a hug from her baby boy, and Dillon swore he wanted to give it to her, but he didn’t want to feel her squirming stomach, so he just muttered a, “See ya, Ma.” and ran outside.

Carla stared after Dillon sadly as Seb started discussing with Shermie. “I’m not joking! It really happened! Ma! You think this isn’t consider a power?”

Carla went to sit when Kari screamed loudly at Seb’s arms catching on fire. They were going to give their mom a heart attack one of these days. Wanda sat next to her to place a hand on her shoulder. “I’m sure he’ll love his little brother when he’s born~ He’s just going to turn 14, he’s all moody and confused.” The brunette sighed. “I hope you’re right...I’ve been told to let him come to terms with it, I know Seb had problems with Shermie as kids, Stan told me...but it sucks to see him so upset, it has ALWAYS been Dillon and me after all…” Carla puffed her cheeks as she rubbed her belly. “This is my fault for being so horny.”

Wanda giggled. “Tell me about it~” She nodded in the direction of the twins, sleeping in a blanket. “It’s those sexy Pines men’s fault though, for being so cute!” Wanda complained and Carla nodded. “Urgh, I know right?!”

“What are we talking about?” Abigail skipped towards them and sat down. “’Bout how the Pines brothers make you horny.” Abigail laughed loudly. “Tell ME about it!” The three women laughed, feeling a friendship forming. Abigail DID give Carla a long look. “Why didn’t you and Stan use birth control? After Shermie put two kids in me, I’ve been super careful about taking my pills.” The fact that Dipper and Mabel didn’t have younger siblings was proof of that.

Carla blushed. “I forgot…” Wanda and Abigail sighed. “There’s a 24-hour After pill?” Wanda pointed out. Carla shrugged. “I had an early shoot on set, forgot again. And then it slipped my mind entirely until I started getting sick. It was then that Carla realized she fucked up~” Carla joked and her friends laughed.
As the women discussed, the boys were outside setting up camp. “So... You come from Austria... What do you do for fun, Ma-Marius?” Dillon asked.


They finished building their tent and once again sneaked into the house to get some snacks and their videogames. They could see the girls from the window in the attic, and Dipper thanked the skies he was safe in a tent and not being chewed on by a wolf.

“Dipper, um, what do you think of Pacifica?” Marius asked, totally getting information for Grenda and the girls. Dipper blushed and looked at his cousin. “I am SILENT! He’s going to bother me no matter what I say! So what if I like a girl, huh? EverYOnE likes a gIrl at some poiNT!” Dipper’s onset of puberty was causing a lot more voice cracks than last year.

Dillon’s eyes welled up with tears, unable to keep his emotions under control. Dipper’s false glare softened when his cousin curled up. “N-No, I-I won’t... You know, I’m kinda tired now...” Dillon pulled a blanket over his head. “Dillon, I didn’t mean to sound mean...” Dipper bit his lip and looked at Marius, he was just as clueless. Dipper knelt down beside his cousin. “Dillon? I’m not actually mad at you... Everyone teases me, I’m used to it, my DAD teases me, I’m seriously not mad...”

Dillon was still hiding his face from view. “I dOn’t...” He ran a hand through his tear covered face and both teens panicked. They didn’t know how to deal with this. “Oh my god! Dillon, I’m SO SOrry!” Dipper nervously apologized. Dillon shuddered and slowly poked his head out of Blanket-town.

“I don’t like girls!” Dillon managed to finally wail before he buried his face in the blankets again. Dipper and Marius blinked slowly, before looking at each other. “Uh... You don’t like girls?” Was he crying because of that?

Dillon shook his head with his face buried in his blankets, hoping to suffocate and die. “I understand if you don’t want to be around me anymore...” Dillon had asked for help on some pages on the internet, they said that some people didn’t understand, even family, but he had to understand he was not doing anything wrong.

“Why would we not?” Marius tied up his hair in a ponytail and patted Dillon’s back. “You’re just gay~” The baron didn’t see what was wrong with that. Dillon was a new friend, why should it be a problem if he found men attractive?

“Wait. Was me telling you ‘everyone likes girls’ the thing that upset you?” Dipper chuckled. Dillon pouted, hurt, but nodded. “Oh, I’m sorry... I didn’t know, but it’s ok? We don’t hate you or something? Actually, mom has told us about it at some point and Uncle Seb likes men too.” Dillon extracted himself from the blankets.

Dillon rubbed his eyes. “He does?” the teen sniffled. Dillon knew uncle Seb was fabulous as fuck, but hadn’t gotten confirmation on his orientation before. But wait. “So... uncle Seb is Bi? Since he likes aunt Wanda too?” Dipper shrugged. “I guess, Mabel is the one who knows all the terms and stuff.”

“So... Do you think that if I tell my parents, they won’t get upset?” Dipper laughed. “Aunt Carla looks very cool and Uncle Stan LOVES you, Dillon!” His cousin didn’t seem too sure. “If you only
knew how much he wanted to meet you that last summer, that was the only thing he talked about! And~ how we never had bacon, but that’s beside the point. My point is that, whenever you’re ready, Stan won’t get angry with you.”

Still, Dillon sniffled. “Please, promise me you’ll keep this a secret!” Dipper and Marius crossed their hearts. “Promised!”

The three boys laid down, Dillon feeling much more relieved than before. Part of the heavy weight was lifted off his chest. Minutes later, Dillon turned to look at the Austrian teen, blushing slightly. “Marius, I know you’re with Grenda and all…but I needed to tell you I think your hair is beautiful…and your eyes…”

“Thank you!” The Baron chuckled. Dillon curled up with his cousin and new friend and slept peacefully for the first time in years.

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The girl’s sleepover was much less peaceful. It was loud (Grenda), weird (Mabel) and involved copious amounts of butter (Candy). Pacifica winced every time some butter splashed onto the ground near her. “I’m pretty sure this stuff is NOT meant to substitute for actual massage oil.” The blond pointed out.

“But it makes my skin feel so smooth~” Candy chirped as she slathered it onto herself and Grenda as part of the massage section of their MAKEOVERS OF GLORIOUS PAMPERING™.

“And~ That’s not how you use makeup…” Pacifica winced. They were almost 14, they should start being more mature. Mabel scoffed. “We’re not seedlings! We’re flower buds preparing to BLOSSOM into REAL WOMEN!!” She stood up and screamed with her arms raised high into the air. Grenda and Candy screamed too. Pacifica’s eye twitched.

Pacifica massaged her temples. How could someone as calm and reasonable as Dipper be twins with a crazy girl like Mabel?! “I can teach you to do your makeup properly?”

“*****REALLY? EEEEEEEEEEEEE!!”***** The three girls squealed. Waddles had had the great idea to escape the room and was now sleeping with Seb. He had missed Seb so much! He loved Mabel but if he stayed with her any longer, his ears were going to burst.

“OK! What music should I put on?!?” Mabel pulled out her phone and music blasted from it. “We will stay awake ALL NIGHT!!”

A few rooms away, Zully was wriggling in annoyance. They turned to look at their sister, who was rubbing her face with her fists with a wrinkled nose. With a determined look to MAKE their parents stop that noise, the twins let out a collective wail. Unknown to the twins, they were the family’s saviors that day. Sebastian and Wanda woke up and the babies’ wails made Seb order his brother, still awake and dying, to do something.

“SHUT THE FUCK UP ALREADY, MABEL!” Shermie and Abigail screamed. The girls were forced to continue their party in mute, they could stay awake but couldn’t make noise because the babies were trying to sleep like everybody else. The house finally had peace. Zoe and Zully sucked their thumbs in success as they finally fell asleep. Yeees~ mommy and daddy gave them anything if they cried hard enough. Except mommy’s milk, but that wasn’t something they really complained about. The twins yawned and fell asleep.

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Seb missed Dr. Linda.

He needed to talk, but he was staying for two long weeks. He liked the town and all, he even managed to see Wendy and she was pretty shocked to meet the twins, it was fun...but he was starting to realize...or well, confirm, that he wasn’t really important as a human, or as great...

During the week, they all found time to talk, not only about the upcoming Summerween next week, but about their jobs. They all listened to Ford’s crazy adventures with the scientists, how he had guided them through town for a basic ‘weirdness tutorial’, to Stan talking about his training and how he was SO happy to be back and playing again, glad he didn’t actually lose his chance to continue, and how people couldn’t believe his stamina was the same or even better than before, and sometimes to Shermie’s fun things from work, about how a guy almost erased all the company’s data and he spent hours working to recover it, or that time he had to stop a hacker by hacking him. That was a good day.

And Seb didn’t feel comfortable telling them what he did so far...Because nothing really interesting has happened to him. Besides the twins, he had just...been at home, cutting fabric. He wanted to tell them about how he had already finished high school! How he had his certificate framed because it made him so proud!

Or maybe that-that the classes he was taking were going great or-or his therapies with Dr. Linda...but he couldn’t, bringing the attention to himself like that was so childish and cringy. He did that as a child, but not anymore. Fordsie won an inter-school spelling contest~...and there was Seb, thinking he was special or could even compare his merits by saying he got a B in an English test everyone else got an A on anyway...

So he just listened, he spoke too much anyway. Seb remained quiet and fed the twins. He wanted Linda because he didn’t want to feel like a failure anymore… Linda always listened to him talk about all sorts of inane things and seemed perfectly interested in all of it. It was comforting to talk to her, babbling on without worrying over entertaining her or saying things that made her happy.

He liked listening to his brothers though. They were so happy and he wanted to keep it that way. The lizard said he brought him back to save people, and he guessed that it included making their lives happier, his family was...a nice gift he was somehow allowed to have in the first place. He stroked Zoe’s cheek when she started fussing and whimpering. She didn’t like to be with daddy when she...she felt daddy being weird, she wanted a nice feeling daddy, so he better change back to normal. Zoe whined and shoved daddy’s hand away. Daddy please stop feeling so weird! Zoe whined and kicked her legs, wiggling around unhappily. Zully whimpered, feeling the same.

“No, come on, baby...” Seb started rocking them and stood up, accidentally interrupting Stanford in the middle of the explanation of his new project. To be honest, it was boring anyway. “Sorry, um, babies crying—I’ll—I’ll take care of this...” Zoe sobbed harder after that. Daddy stop it! Please! It made her feel bad! “Shh, shhh, what’s wrong Zoe? Zully, please!” Seb asked as he rocked them gently.

“Nyah!” Zoe wailed. Seb rocked her, trying to calm her down. He whimpered and took a deep breath. “Twinkle twinkle little star, Zo—plea—ia’m gonna cry~” He carried his daughters to his temporary room and carefully laid them down on the bed. He curled up around their little crying forms and stroked their blond little hairs. “Sh, sh, ssssh...What’s wrong? Something bothered you? It’s ok~ I know what you feel, not being able to speak sucks, right? You can only cry and lay on your tummy, but I promise that as you grow up, you’ll be able to do much more things, like sit on your own, and talk and walk. It’s not that hard, it’s like possessing one vessel until the day you die~” He wiped Zoe’s tears when she started sniffling. “You just wanted to get out of there? Was
Sixer’s boring speech bothering you? Yes?” He cooed.

Zoe stared at her dad with big heterochromatic eyes. Yay! He wasn’t being weird anymore! It was nice to be around him again! She liked hearing his voice too, she hadn’t heard it since her uncles started speaking. “Goo~” Zully calmed down as well, the weird feeling coming from daddy was gone.

“Thank you, Zoe, thank you, Zully.” Seb yawned and closed his eye. The infants yawned as well and fell asleep, liking how warm daddy’s hand was resting on their bellies.

When Wanda returned to the room after some baby shooping with Carla at the mall, she found her 3 babies sleeping. She cooed loudly and snapped a photo. "Look at how cute my babies are~” she sent the photo with her text to Carla and Abigail.

Her phone buzzed as Abigail sent back baby photos of her own kids asleep on Shermie, his glasses about to fall from his face. 'Hah! Not as cute as mine!' The younger woman teased. Wanda's eyes narrowed. Oh, a competition huh?

She spent the next half hour snapping more photos of her sleeping boyfriend with the kids as well as sending other baby photos. Carla got in on the action as well, sending photos of Dillon as a baby or after Stan came home and the two fell asleep on top of each other.

Kari eventually noticed what they were doing and demanded ALL the photos.

It was a fun day all around.

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To Dipper's frustration, he wasn't able to find any cryptids to show his dad. Not even the Summerween Trickster. Though, to be fair, Soos DID eat him…

They DID see Toby Determined (or as he insisted on being called now, Bodacious T), which had Shermie screaming and going "OH MY GOD! IT WAS ALL TRUE! MONSTERS EXIST!"

….which was kinda a victory?

Mabel patted Dipper's back. "It's fine bro-bro. We can show dad the magic stuff some other time." She hugged her twin and swung her huge hoop earrings around, making the teenage boy laugh.

Mabel was right, they still had many summers and… Dipper looked up at his Dad who was hugging Seb and the baby twins, everyone was packing to go back home. Their family was finally together, so everything was going to be fine, they all had many summers to spend together.

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MEET THE BABIES
(they're a little older in this though)

Chapter End Notes

-Written by BlueFrosty27 and Mizuuma-

Mizuuma: Ok, done! Now to finished the next chapter of LiR..... ahhhhh!!
Did I catch all the spelling errors and stuff? Probably not, whateves~

Bluefrosty: Comment please! We love reading what you think!
Chapter 4: Seb's trip through self knowledge

Chapter Notes

Blue: Hii! I hope you are enjoying this weekly updates, when we run out of pre written chapters I don't know how regular we will be with posting :p
Anyways! I want you to appreciate Miz's amazing drawings of the babies down in the story, you'll squeal like I did, IT'S PRECIOUS!!!
adoraaable! Too bad they weren't triplet cousins like Dillon and the twins! That would have been SUPER AWESOME!" He carried Diego for a second before Zully whined jealousy. Hey! Daddy was only supposed to carry them!

"Sorry, kid, geez." Seb gave Diego to Stan and patted Zully's head before looking around. Dillon was sitting on the couch in the room, silently playing a video game. "Hey~ Have you seen your brother already? How are you?"

"Fine, I guess? And...yes, I have seen him, but I don't have to be jumping around in excitement if I don't feel it." Stan turned to look at Dillon with a sad expression while Seb hugged his godson. "Yeah, at first they're pretty annoying, but you'll like him eventually~" Stan sat next to them, Diego sleeping soundly in his arms, and wrapped a muscular arm around Dillon. "Would you like to go outside and eat an icecream now that your mom can't stop us?"

"Heyy~ Not fair, I'm not allowed to eat that!" Carla cried. Dillon nodded and snuggled closer to his dad for a hug. "With the baby?" The teen asked sadly.

"Nah, the baby can only drink milk." "Ok, I wanna go then..." Stan carefully left Diego in his crib and after a soft kiss on his small forehead, he took Dillon outside to buy him some sweet, cold happiness. "Do you think Diego's allergic to something?" Seb asked his sister-in law. "Dillon can save him from dying and they'll bond forever!"

Wanda and Carla rolled their eyes. -.-

Before they knew it, Wanda's 4 months maternity leave flew by, and the little twins turned 6 months.

It was October, and despite the fact that Zoe and Zully couldn't go trick or treating yet, much to Seb's disappointment, Wanda still bought a bag of candy to enjoy all by themselves without fearing the kids will try to get some, because it WILL happen. Eventually, once the kids were older.

And then, suddenly, the twins were trying to bite everything and everyone. Zoe had always tried to chew on people, but now that their gums were sensitive and their fangs were tearing through them to come out, even Zully was sobbing desperately and chewing on anything they had around them.

They tried biting the spoon when Seb fed them and 4 bottle nipples had already been destroyed. Seb had examined their little mouths and HOLY SHIT, two little sharp pinpricks of white were protruding from their gums. "Aaawww! Look at you! You have TEETH!" Zoe proceeded to bite his finger and Seb screamed. It was like having two tiny needles piercing through his skin!

Wanda was pretty sure babies didn't grow their canines first, though, if she was honest with herself, Sebastian's teeth weren't normal either, his canines were sharp as well and even his normal teeth felt sharp so she guessed the twins, being his kids, weren't that different.

Oh, she was so glad she wasn't breastfeeding…

"Hi, Ma~" Seb phoned his mom as he stared wide eyed at yet another bitten to death pacifier. "So, I know when I was teething you started giving me bottles, but how did you stop me from destroying those?"

"No." Kari just said tiredly. "N...o?" Seb asked again, even more confused. "I didn't, you stopped destroying them yourself after...the 3rd change of nipple? I think?"
"And how do I do that? I can't get the little monsters to stop! I've already spend 24 dollars just replacing those and now Zoe bit through her pacifier!" He complained. Kari smiled from the other side. Aaaww~Her granddaughters were so adorable~ "Well, I really don't know, sweetie, you just did... Hm, I just remember your Father was pretty upset about you destroying them…" Kari sighed.

Seb's eye widened. Oh. He remembered now...He was hurting, and liked to destroy the bottles, but then he saw Filbrick shouting at his mom, he got scared, in his dumb baby mind, and stopped doing it so his mom would be ok.

Filbrick… His arm started trembling with suppressed anger and fear. He hated him so much, but he was still so afraid of him...

"Ok…" He whispered.

He sat the twins on the couch, they could sit on their own now, and sat in front of them, dressed fancily with a vest and a bowtie while the twins were wearing pink and yellow onesies. "Girls, we have things to discuss." He said seriously.

"Goo?" Zully tilted their head.

"You can't continue destroying your things, every time you do that we have to replace them and that costs money, you know what money is? Money are papers mom and dad win to buy things, like your milk. If we don't have money, we can't buy milk and you'll starve and die. Do you want that?"

Babies understood death, right? He did at that age…

Zoe stuck her hand in her mouth and slobbered over it. Zully was looking around the room, already losing interest. Seb continued. "And your toys too! You bite them too! You should stop doing that. Alright?" Thank Ax that Rico gave him so many toys.

Zoe was now chewing on the sofa pillow. Seb pulled it away from her. "No, stop that. That's what I DON'T want you to do!"

Zoe whined and reached for the pillow. Seb held her away from it. "Zoe, we are having a serious discussion here and-" he turned to see Zully pulling at the other pillow. "No. Zully, you let that go RIGHT now!"

Finally Seb removed the pillows from the couch and resituated the twins. He snapped his fingers in front of their faces to get their attention. "Hey. Eyes up here. I'm talking to you." Seb frowned, having no idea how normal human babies worked. "Do you want to starve to death? Because that's what's going to happen if you continue down this road of destruction and ruin." He held up a container with all the destroyed nipples and pacifiers.

"You see this?" Seb waved the container in front of them. Zoe reached for it. Seb pulled it away. "This is the result of your terror. All these, RUINED! Now what do you have to say for yourselves?"

"Ahhhh! Gah naaah!" Zoe pouted, reaching for the container again. Seb continued to hold it out of her reach. "No you can't have them, you destroyed them! I want to hear an apology from you." Seb scolded.

Zoe narrowed her eyes at her dad. Why wouldn't daddy give it to her? She wanted it! Daddy gave her everything she wanted! "Nah!" She said insistently. "No. You need to apologize first." Seb scolded again. Zoe glared. "NAH!" She shrieked. The two glared at each other stubbornly while
Zully sucked on their thumb and wondered when mommy was coming home.

Seb's eye turned red, but startled when Zoe burst into tears (because Daddy was being MEAN!) But Sebastian thought she was crying because his eye was another color. Seb's eye widened. "Oh no! I'm so sorry!" He didn't mean to scare her!

Zully gasped when they felt their thumb feeling funny and then something yummy in their mouth. Um, they had never tasted something like this before! They had to show it to the world! "Bah!" They called Daddy.

Seb had picked up Zoe to rock her when he looked at Zully. "AAHH!" He shrieked. Zully's hand was bleeding!

He mentally apologized to his mom for giving her these kind of heart attacks as a kid, before rushing his child to the bathroom. Zully whined when the nice tasting thing was washed away. Seb went to look around for bandages after putting the twins in the empty bathtub. "Zully, you shouldn't do that. You're going to hurt yourself." Which was hypocritical for Seb to say but he was a good dad and good dads kept their babies from harm.

They didn't cause it.

Zully pouted at their cleaned finger and went back to biting it. Seb pulled his hair, getting stressed. Why couldn't they just stop?! His mom talked to him as a baby and he always understood!

He stroked his beard, his cute goatee had grown and more facial hair than he ever thought covered his sharp cheeks and chin (stupid fast hair growth!) and floated the babies towards the kitchen. Zully and Zoe kicked their legs awkwardly as they floated. Seb got two ice cubes from the freezer and gently stuck it in his babies' mouths. "There. Bite that! It's cold and will help."

Ah! He was such a good dad!

He watched the twins chew on the ice cubes, they liked the crunching sounds they made. The twins seemed confused at how COLD it was to hold this nice chewy thing though, and Seb wiped their faces with their bib when they got wet. Zoe made a confused sound when her chewy thing disappeared. Dad gave her another one though and she went back to biting.

Then Wanda came home and freaked out about how she read ice cubes were a choking hazard and he shouldn't be giving them to the babies.

"But...that's the only way to keep them from chewing anything else!" Seb argued as Wanda hugged and kissed the babbling babies. "They have chewing toys in the fridge."

"No."

"No what?"

"There aren't any anymore...Zoe and Zully destroyed them." Wanda stared at him. "What?!" "Yup, spilled all that liquid everywhere, had to clean up everything and check if it wasn't toxic or something in case she ate some."

Zully made a happy baby noise.

Seb crossed his arms and he looked at his babies sternly. "I tried to have a serious talk with them but they don't want to comply!" He whined at his girlfriend, completely serious, but he made her laugh instead.
"Hhuuummm~!" Wanda hummed loudly. "I wonder why~" "Because they're stubborn like you!" Seb smiled smugly. Wanda gasped in mock offense. "Oh really now? I'm the stubborn one?"

"I've been teaching them that they can't hurt themselves too!" Seb proudly declared as he put a hand over Zully's tiny one to stop them from taking it to their mouth.

"Will you follow your own advice?" Wanda raised an eyebrow as Seb floated the twins towards her. "Pfftt! I'm doing great actually!" Wanda raised both her eyebrows, unimpressed. "Show me your wrists then."

"HahAH! Look at the hour, I totally forgot to make dinner! I'll go make something!" Seb ran away to the kitchen, making the blonde woman sigh.

-.-

"...And I failed..." Seb curled up on himself on Linda's couch. The twins had come with him because no one was at home and Wanda's mother had been busy, they were soundly sleeping in their convertible car seats. "I lied to Wanda but...but I swear I was THIS close to breaking my two weeks record!" Seb stuck a finger in his mouth, distressed.

Linda pulled off her glasses to massage her eyes. But Seb had been doing so well... "Seb...Biting also counts as hurting yourself..."

"Not if I don't make myself bleed!"

Linda sighed. "What made you relapse?" She asked softly. "Did something scare you?" The man nodded. "The-twins are teething...They bite themselves and-and it's really scary for me, they have my demon powers after all, so that part of them came from me!" Linda nodded slowly. "And-And I just don't want them to be like me! I saw them in my dream hurting themselves like I do! And-And...I don't like it...I don't want to be responsible for them inflicting pain on themselves!"

"He-He wasn't Filbrick, he would never wish to cause the twins pain!"

Linda put her glasses back on. "So you understand that what you do is not healthy or normal, right?"

"I mean, of COURSE it's not normal! Slitting your wrists open is not something a normal sane human DOES! But I can't STOP! Because I'm too damaged and-and I'll never get better...But I don't want that for the twins..." He sniffled, looking at the sleeping infants.

Linda looked down at the babies who were sleeping at the moment. "Well, if you don't want them learning this from you, you'll have to stop doing it." She gave Seb a smile. "Just think of them, whenever you feel like hurting yourself, think of what would happen if they saw you, and perhaps, you need another method of relieving the stress inside. Have you considered screaming into a pillow or perhaps having a closet filled with blankets and pillows for you to thrash around in? So you wouldn't hurt yourself and wouldn't distress the children?"

Seb made a distressed sound. "B-but what i-if I need to hurt? B-because I need to be punished and... and..."

Linda spoke calmly. "Why do you need to be punished? Who punished you?" She was pretty sure someone must have done something to Sebastian when he was younger, hurt him. Made him feel like he deserved to be hurt. She was sure it wasn't the mother, Seb held her in high esteem, it didn't seem like they had problems. His triplets? He spoke a lot about how he always fought and argued with his oldest brother, but according to Sebastian they were "Super fine now".
The thought of someone hitting him, or hitting any child for that matter, made her quite angry but she couldn't let any of that show as she sat and waited for her patient to respond. Seb huffed and wiggled around until he was laying face down, face hidden under a pillow and butt in the air. He mumbled something.

"I'm sorry, can you repeat that but without the pillow?" Linda asked kindly and the man groaned loudly. "It's embarrassing!" He exclaimed. Thinking about how he let Filbrick hurt him was so stupid of him. What happened to all his mighty "I used to be a demon" attitude? It had been so easy for that man to whip his ass and have him sobbing on his knees.

It was so pathetic, but the worst part was that he was right. Seb deserved every single beating. He always messed something up, and that's why he had to be punished...

"I can't know if you never tell me, can I?" Linda reasoned and Seb went back to his refuge under the pillow but freed his mouth to mutter. "...Filbrick…"

"And who's he?"

"...My brothers' father...mom's sperm donor..." His eye welled up with tears. Fucking shit, eye! Stop. Crying. For once! If he cried, the twins cried, if he cried, the twins cried…

Linda frowned. "..." Meaning… Sebastian's… blood father. Whom she didn't even consider. He had never talked about this man until now. A man that Sebastian didn't even consider a father. Well, if what she was hearing here was right, this Filbrick man had hurt Sebastian. If she had to guess, he hurt Sebastian to the point that he refused to even think of that man as his father.

Some random bits of information she had about Seb started piecing together. "Your biological father hurt you...Do you remember...when? Why?"

"I was two years old...I was walking clumsily because my stupid little legs didn't work that well, broke a TV cable when I tripped...Um-I think he only slapped me?" Seb smiled shakily but quickly sobered. "That was the first time. But...But he didn't stop..." He quickly wiped his tears. "I was a really clumsy kid, broke stuff all the time. And the-then I got punished. I-I also got really bad grades, because my brain doesn't work right, it never worked right! And-And it's not because of my past life, this body is literally damage in the head! Because I-I could NEVER DO ANYTHING RIGHT! OR THINK CORRECTLY! OR STAY STILL!" He covered his mouth to shut up, more tears shining in his eye. The babies stirred but otherwise remained asleep. "Filbrick said I wasn't worth anything...and he was right, because-because I never got good grades like Ford or-or played sports like Stanley and Shermie and-and the things I liked-like-are not for human males and I was a disappointment and he never wanted to see me!" His tears finally fell... "He once made me cut my hands with some glass, hah, that wasn't even his worst beating yet but-but then I met Matsuda and everything was-was fine, Matsuda liked me more…"

It was like the floodgates broke. Once he started, he couldn't stop. Sebastian poured his heart out to her. Every little moment, everything that man had done to him all his childhood. Up until the moment when Sebastian was thrown out into the streets with nothing but the clothes on his back. Linda was shivering, holding back her own tears as she listened. It was... awful couldn't even begin to describe it. And that man, Filbrick, had done all this, to his own child?

The babies had woken up at some point and where whimpering in distress at how sad daddy looked. Daddy shouldn't cry! Only they cried! Why was he crying? Seb had picked them up and was hugging them like little dolls, rocking back and forth with his eye closed. "Linda, I was so scared, he-I tried to be strong but he made me so weak! It was so scary! He was always angry at me for-for existing! And-And I always pla-played in my room because-because I KNEW he was going
to hurt me if-if we crossed paths! And he always wore his-thickest belt...with the metal buckle, it once hit my face and it bled for hours...And-And no one did ANYTHING! No one COULD! Not only was I struggling with my stupid defective body, which was stupid and weak to begin with, It ALWAYS hurt! It hurt to walk because my back hurt! And my butt and my neck and arms and face!" He laughed loudly, humourlessly. "And, you know, the bullies thought it was funny to make my bruises worse…"

Linda was very tempted to track down everyone in Sebastian's childhood neighborhood and see why NO ONE had done anything to help this child. Part of Linda wanted to speak with Sebastian's mother as well, but she didn't blame the woman for being unable (afraid, perhaps) to stand up to her husband if Filbrick was really that violent and unreasonable. But their neighbors, the teachers at school, anyone! Shouldn't SOMEONE have done something?!

Zully was getting really worried. They patted Daddy's nose as Zoe gurgled comfortably but firmly, her and her crib companion didn't like it when daddy was being all sad-weird, they could feel it. They liked being around daddy more when he was warm and happy feeling.

"Se-Seb..." Linda called, watching the poor man struggle to keep his shit together. "Your eye, did he hurt your eye…?" She had always wondered about his eyepatch. Seb pulled off his eyepatch revealing a dark, empty socket surrounded in scars, Linda sucked in a gasp. "No, I was born with a yellow eye, it was blind, and had a slit pupil, like my eye from my previous life...Filbrick hated it…I finally managed to get rid of it last year..."

Linda winced. So Sebastian had been born with a deformity… and his father had demonized him because of it. Treated the poor boy like he wasn't human, until Sebastian got it into his head, internalized the whole 'being a monster' thing and probably made up a delusion about being a reincarnated demon thing, as some way to explain to himself why his father hated him. A delusion made so that Sebastian, as an abused child, could try and understand why his father hurt him. If he believed it was because he was a demon, then he could find a justification, as opposed to his father hurting him for no reason, for NOT LOVING him for no reason. Linda had seen cases like this. Where abuse victims would make up a reason for why they were being hurt, blaming themselves instead of their abusers…

"Oh Sebastian…" Linda said softly.

"A-and the last time I saw that man, he... he punched me and accused me of killing my brothers…" Seb whimpered. And he might NOT have killed his brothers, but he pushed them into the portal! It was almost the same thing!

"Linda. Please grab the babies." He said with a strained voice. The psychologist complied, confused, and the man stood up to pace around the room, head pounding and his nails digging into his arms. "I-I can't. I'm going to fuck up. I can't get better, I can't do what Wanda wants me to do!"

He went to curl up on the other side of the room, away from the twins. Linda carefully put the babies (their poor father) in their car seats and turned to look back at her patient.

"Sebastian, breathe please." She wanted him to calm down before addressing his wrists. He was scratching at them angrily, which made her wince. "Sebastian, please sit down." Linda brought out a large pillow. If she could just make him hug it, then he wouldn't be able to claw at himself.

"I'm sorry…"

"Sebastian, you did absolutely nothing wrong. You did NOTHING wrong, what Filbrick did to you was horrible, but please, don't hurt yourself, don't continue what you hated so much from your father." Linda went over to carefully, gently, steer Seb back onto the couch. "You don't have to hurt
anymore, you don't have to be punished." Linda blinked away her tears, she couldn't break down, not while her patient needed her help.

She gave him the pillow and with trembling hands, he accepted it. "It's ok, Sebastian. I'm going to help you, you don't deserve to think about yourself like that…"

"Yes, I do! I'm a monster! I'm a horrible monster! I'm going to hurt my babies! Please keep them away! I deserve everything that happened to me! That's why I had to suffer in this life! I had to pay for e-everything I did as Bill! That's why I died last year!" He sobbed harder when the babies started sobbing, scared. Please daddy don't cry! Daddy was crying and they didn't know why, but they hated it!

Linda spent the rest of their time, and more time (Seb was her last patient that day), trying to get him to calm down. He was disconnected from reality, sobbing and mumbling incoherences. The twins had cried themselves tired, and Linda was getting distressed as well. But, finally, the 3 Pines calmed down, and then passed out.

Linda exhaled loudly and ran a hand through her blond hair. She stared at Seb worriedly but mentally promised to help him, he had a family who loved him, it wasn't fair he was treated so horribly by his father, it was a miracle he wasn't MORE damaged than he already was. Living with a fictional story in his mind for 39 years, and believing it...

He had gone through so much, Linda swore she was going to help him. She watched Seb, sleeping, and called Wanda. They had a lot to discuss…

Wanda was told of what Seb had told Linda. Or well, the most important things that concerned his health at least, Linda had patient confidentiality for a reason. Wanda knew most of it already, about how Seb thought he couldn't do many things, and how his father hit him, but actually hearing it from a doctor, how it wasn't just a "Oh, I can't do it." but an "I am a worthless person and I should be dead" kind of thing, that he had these problems because his own father physically and mentally abused him since he was a BABY, and he actually believed it, was really scary. The "inventing a past self" part... Wanda doubted it, she had seen Seb's powers and his yellow eye, but the rest of it...

After Dr. Linda called her to pick up Seb and the twins who had passed out from exhaustion, she asked Wanda to tell Sebastian to please not bring the twins again. "Sebastian has self confidence issues about his job as a father, when he sees the twins he breaks down crying and we can't make any progress." Linda explained. Wanda winced. "Ah… are you sure taking the kids away from him is a good idea?"

"When he's distressed, they get distressed, which just makes Sebastian even more agitated." Linda sighed. Wanda nodded in understanding before pursing her lips. "Sebas is not ok…"

Linda shook her head. "From what I could see, he has anxiety and trauma, which is basically what causes his self esteem problems. By some miracle, he doesn't have depression." She was quite grateful for that at least. Being sad was not the same as having depression.

"Would you recommend that he gets medicated?" Wanda just wanted to be sure. Linda made a humming noise. "I want to work a bit more with him and see. If he needs it, I'll prescribe him some pills, alright?" Wanda nodded sadly. Linda put a hand over the green-eyed woman's hand. "Don't worry, sweetie, Sebastian is going to get better, he had spent all his life without help, but he has our support now."

Wanda sniffled but managed to smile at her. "Yes, he has us now...Is-Is there something I should
do to help him at home?"

Linda gave the other woman a smile. "Continue to love him, let him know that you'll be there if he ever needs it. From what I've heard from him, meeting you was one of the best things that has ever happened to him." Wanda blushed at her words and smiled, tucking her hair behind her ear. "Thank you for your help." "It's my job, it's a pleasure, helping Sebastian is my own personal objective."

Wanda thought of Seb the whole trip back home, she almost passed a red light, her, the incarnation of the law itself. She was THAT distracted. She just wanted Seb to be happy, it was so scary to see him break down, it worried her. She worried for his mental health, she worried for their children, she didn't want them to grow up seeing their dad...unstable. It wasn't fair. She was confident her partner would be alright. They were finally together, and she thought everything would be perfect after their perfect meeting at the airport.

It wasn't. Life wasn't always nice...

A happily ever after required WORK. And Wanda was prepared to keep at it, she would make Seb happy. The happiest man in all the world. No matter what. They would have their happy ending, together. Wanda bent over to give Seb a kiss at the next red light. "I love you, Sebastian." She murmured. Maybe it was her imagination, but Wanda thought his sleeping expression looked more relaxed.

The babies were growing so fast.

Sebastian was SO proud of them. The kids were crawling everywhere and getting into everything. Wanda was sitting on the couch, laughing as she recorded Seb crawl after Zoe. "Run, Zoe! Crawl for your life! Dad's getting closer!" She cheered on her daughter.

"AARGHHH! I'M GOING TO EAT YOU!" Seb roared as Zoe shrieked for her life. HELP! Left, right, left right! As Zoe screamed, Zully was crawling over to the table and wanted to stand up using the tablecloth. Wanda saw them on time, rightfully screamed, and threw herself at the table to catch her baby before her laptop fell on them. That would have hurt! Both her baby and her precious laptop!

Wanda picked up her beautiful baby who was giggling and clapping excitedly. "You crazy girl~" She rubbed their nose with her own.

Seb was getting tired of crawling (he was wearing sweatpants so there weren't any nice pants being destroyed in the process), and he still couldn't catch his daughter. She was fast! How was a 6 month old so fast?!

"Aaahhh!" Zoe crawled over to the couch and used it to stand up. "Bluurgg! Ppp! Pah-Pah! Papa!" She gave Seb the biggest smile ever, showing off her little fangs and lower incisors as she squatted really fast. She tried to climb on the couch, but she was too little. Zoe growled and tried to pull herself up. "Papa!" Zoe called out, patting the couch while pouting at her daddy. Seb giggled and reached over to lift her. It took him a few seconds to realize what she said, Wanda's eyes were huge. "Wait, did you just say papa?" He asked.

"PAPA!" Zoe repeated it. Yeah, she said it! She wanted to get on the couch! "You-You called me papa..." He picked her up but didn't put her on the couch like she wanted. "Wanda, did you hear that?!" The blonde walked over to them, carrying Zully who was biting their hand. "Zoe...you said your first word!"

"I-I WAS HER FIRST WORD!" Seb screamed. This was the best day of his life! "My baby!" He
cried in complete joy. Wanda rocked Zully and pulled their hand off their mouth. "Baby, can you say Mama?! Say mama please!"

"Noo! Say Papa! Say papa too!" Zully blinked, big brown eyes staring at their parents before blowing a raspberry.

Wanda laughed while Seb pouted. "No, say papa! Paaaaa-paaaaa~" Seb drew out the sound. Zully yawned and laid back against Wanda's chest. The blonde laughed again. "Well, she'll say her first words eventually."

"Papa!" Zoe reminded Seb she still wanted to be on the couch and the man happily complied. "There you go~" Zoe sat down and crawled on the couch before humming and carefully sliding down off the couch. It got boring. She crawled towards her toys.

Wanda put Zully on the floor with their sister and the two watched the babies play. "I have to tell everyone I was her first word!" Seb exclaimed, leg bouncing with excitement. "Of course you were~ She loves you, Seb, she knows you're the best dad ever~" Wanda turned Seb's face towards her to kiss his lips.

Seb pulled away. "You think so?" he asked hesitantly. "I KNOW so…" Wanda reassured him with another kiss. Seb went to the kitchen to get some food as Wanda called. "Oh, by the way, my mom said she is going to take care of the twins while you're with Dr. Linda."

Seb pulled out some bread. "Are you sure? I'm fine taking the twins tomorrow, they're well-behaved." He spread his slice of bread with cream cheese. Wanda blinked. Did...he seriously not remember? It was only a week ago. Seb had stated he wanted a week off and this was the first time they talked about it after that day.

"You know my mom loves the girls, even when Zoe bit her…" Wanda didn't know how to feel about that. She felt embarrassed but...proud. "Besides, I can take them to my office too. there's the nursery I fought to install years ago for my colleagues and I haven't used it a single time!"

Seb bit his bread. "But I like taking the twins with me…" He trailed off. "What happened last time only happened that ONE time and won't happen again, I swear…" Wanda sighed. "Still, just… I don't get as much time with the girls as you do. So can I take them with me this time?" Wanda tried instead. Seb pressed his lips together and thought about it. "...Okay."

Hehehe~ Wanda chuckled mentally before giving him a kiss. "Thanks, I love you~"

So Wanda took the babies with her that day. Needless to say, they ended up happily napping in her office, because they refused to stay in the nursery and would bite the nannies and other babies there to prove their point. It was tiring, but Wanda knew it was worth it. Seb needed to be alone and concentrate on getting better…

"She called me Papa!" Seb was pretty happy that session. "We were playing and-and she just said it! I was her first word! I told ALL my family! My mom was so happy! Mabel, my niece asked me to record it next time for her. And Fez said 'Oh yeah?! Well Diego will say it sooner!' Diego is my youngest nephew, but he's still too little to speak! Fordsie at first got upset that I interrupted his experiment...but then I told him I was Zoe's first word and he chuckled and congratulated me! Hahah!" The not blond-anymore man smiled, kicking his legs. His hair had grown out and gotten cut. He stopped dying his hair because the twins would try to eat it and some of those chemicals could make them sick. His hair was now mostly brown with some yellow bits on the tips.
"You seem very happy." Linda smiled. "I AM very happy!" Seb clarified. "Yesterday was SO good! And Wanda is spending some time with the girls, that also makes me happy..." Seb laid down and stared at the ceiling, foot still moving restlessly. "You know...I had never been happy..." He confessed with a weird look on his face. "In-In Flatland, at least, not after Li-Liam was killed..."

"You had a brother in your past life?" Linda asked and Seb nodded. "Uh huh...Um, then, as a demon, I-I just-thought, I was, but I really wasn't..."

Says he's happy, he's a liar

"I-I actually feel happy now, being with my brothers again and having my niblings and my daughters...I don't know, it feels nice..." This was much more than what he could ask for, he didn't even deserve this much...

Linda wrote down some notes. She realized long ago that Sebastian's focus tended to jump around, more so when he was excited. She was beginning to suspect something but she didn't know enough to know for sure. She would have to be certain before she could address it.

"Nothing would have happened if they hadn't killed my brother, Linda, literally nothing...I-I KNOW I would have sulked forever about their stupid shit ass world...but I wouldn't...have...you know, killed everybody." Seb blew a raspberry. "It really, really sucked when he was gone, my adoptive parents from that time hated him so much because his sides weren't equilateral, perfect for their stupid society...much like...me as a human, actually, people hated me because I looked like even more like a monster! Hahaha!" Seb laughed humorlessly.

"Linda, you should have seen me with my yellow eye! I used to be PROUD of it, you know?! EW! Haha. And I had it uncovered until I turned...what? 14? 14! ...A-girl I liked insulted me in front of everyone at school so I kinda finally understood I was horrible to look at and started wearing my eyepatch, never took it off in front of people or Filbrick anymore." He pouted and stared at his 6 fingered hand. "Surprisingly...I don't mind my hand, you know? It makes me look a bit more like Ford...He didn't like them growing up, but we always told him he was special, Mom said she saw it in the cards hahaha, she's not a real psychic but we liked to believe her...And well, seeing my hand made me...I don't know...It helped me imagine I was special too, even when I wasn't."

"Why do you say you aren't?" Linda asked and Seb scoffed. "Because I am just not! Everyone said I-" "Ok, besides what 'everyone' thinks, why do you think you aren't special?" Linda interrupted, seriously considering tracking down every adult Sebastian knew as a child and giving them a stern talking to. (Or a punch to the face, but she wasn't really the violent type.)

Seb opened his mouth to say 'because everyone thinks I'm not' and 'because everyone said so' but...that was again an 'everyone'... "Because I'm a monster..." He finally said, because that was the only thing that he knew, for himself.

"Being a monster makes you unspecial?" Linda raised an eyebrow. "I'd say that DOES make you special." Seb was speechless. She... wasn't wrong? Being a monster wasn't good, but it wasn't unspecial. Why did he think he was shit? Everyone told him he was, it happen so frequently he just...believed it? But he was different, he had powers, he wasn't a normal human, that DID indeed sound like it would make him special. But if he was "special" then why couldn't he believe it?

Seb looked down. "I don't know..." When had he stopped thinking he was worth something? Why did he think of himself like less than shit?! "Why do I think I'm not?!" He sniffled annoyed. How stupid, he couldn't even make his brain think he was good. Linda raised a hand. "It's ok. You've gone through a lot of psychological abuse, Sebastian, you have internalized many damaging ideas,
but we're going to work on it." Linda smiled at her patient.

Seb sniffled. Stupid, dumb brain, internalizing bad things and ending up caring about what others think of him. "Can I get a hug?" Linda rolled her eyes at the pout and big kicked puppy eye. "OK, Fine." She smiled and patted his hair. Ooh~ His hair was so soft and fluffy~

Seb relaxed into the hug. Linda was so nice.

"I hate, HATEEEE changing your diapers." Seb glared at the little naked twins on his bed. "You STINK!" The 7 month old twins responded by laughing loudly. "No! Don't laugh! How mean!" He grabbed some new diapers from the bin and changed the two babies. "Nasty babies~" He cooed, making Zoe and Zully laugh even louder, daddy was so crazy! Zoe kicked her legs so hard she ended up smacking Seb in the chin with a tiny barefoot. "OW!"

"Ok, babies." Seb rubbed his recently shaved face. He had a nice little goatee again! "We're going to go to supermarket to buy food! Yay!"

"Papa!"

"Yeah, Papa will take you to the supermarket to enchant everybody with our adorableness! Mama is working but we will surprise her with a nice lunch, won't we?!" He started changing Zoe, but while he focused on her, Zully tried crawling away. "No, stay!" He tried to change Zully, but then Zoe tried to crawl away. "NOO! STOP IT!" Then the brunet stopped. How stupid, he had powers! He manually changed Zoe as he changed Zully with his powers into something warmer (the temperature had dropped and snow was everywhere), like little adorable jackets and little hats and little mittens. He decided to use the ones Mabel made, they finally fit the twins. Just to prove he was a GOOD uncle and was thankful for the presents his sweet niece Shooting Star made for him, he snapped a few photos to text her. Actually, he snapped photos of EVERYTHING the twins did and posted them on Photogram.
He strapped the babies into their carseats, always making sure they were secure enough, and started driving. "What music do you like? Do you have a music taste already?" He wanted to look back at the backseat but he really had to focus on the road, the pains of only having one eye. Besides, he had to be extra vigilant on the road. Didn't want to risk any accidents while he had his precious daughters on board.

He made it to the supermarket and opened up the portable stroller to put them in. The stroller had a place for bags so it doubled as a shopping cart. Both him and the twins loved the attention, Zoe and Zully had no shame in showing it, smiling widely and babbling at the people who cooed at them, Seb was a bit shy-er, but he liked when they said he had pretty daughters...

Oh my God! Are they TWINS?!” A teenage girl squealed at him and the babies while he contemplated between different types of pasta. "Oh, yes, identical! Though Zoe's eyes are different from Zully's." The girl cooed at the babies and told Seb she loved how he was shopping with them before running away. Seb thought that was weird but just laughed it off. He liked people admiring his kids. He got some food, a huge container of formula and a box of diapers, plus some new toys,
they deserved them for being SUCH CUTE BABIES!

He went to the checkout line, the twins were shaking their colorful new toys and he groaned loudly when he saw the woman in front of him was "THAT" kind of woman… "What do you mean you can't just give it to me!? My SON WANTS that!"

"Ma'am, the animals come inside a package you have to buy before opening, I can't open all the packages to find you a hippo. They're capsules, I don't know which one's a hippo, you just have to buy them until you find a hippo." The poor cashier explained. "But can't you make an exception~? My Timmy has been doing SO well at school! And I promised I would find him the last animal for his collection!"

"Moommyyy! Can I get my hippoo noowwww?!!"

Seb pulled his skin until his eye disappeared. There were people huffing behind him. He crouched next to the oblivious babies. "You turn out like that, we're going to have serious problems." He whispered before straightened up again and massaged his temples with his fingers. "Lady, can you PLEASE move the hell up?!"

The woman turned around, huffing and glaring at the (quite handsome) man. She blinked when she realized her mistake before making a sad face to get pity. "Oh, I'm sorry~ It's just that this RUDE boy doesn't want to sell me the toy my little boy wants~!" She saw the twins gurgling in their stroller. "You are a father! You SURELY know how much it HURTS when your little babies are denied something!"

Seb stared at her with an unexpressive eye. "The kid is selling you the dumb toy, he just can't open it like you want, and he won't. I won't teach my daughters to think the world owes them! Can you please just buy a toy and move?"

The woman huffed loudly. "How rude!"

"Rude, me?!” Seb laughed. "You're the one delaying the line for everybody and raising a brat child!” Her child was throwing a tantrum and crying.

"Are you telling me how to raise MY child?!!"

"Lady, I don't give a single chip how you raise him, just Move!” Seb growled. The woman was pissed at being sassed, while the other customers stared in shock. The woman demanded for Seb to be removed from the store for being RUDE and when the poor teen cashier asked her to please leave, she shrieked. "I'm not leaving without that stupid hippo! I want to talk to your manager!"

While they waited for the manager, the woman stood aside and the boy moved to scan Seb's groceries. "Thank you...I have to deal with these type of people every day." He complained. Seb took the babies' toys to be scanned and quickly returned them so they didn't cry. Seb stared at the woman angrily arguing with the poor manager, at her pouting kid before looking at the box of packages with a devilish grin. This was for making him lose time! "How much are these shites anyway?” The teen smiled. "Like, two bucks each."

"Give me two." The woman turned to look at Seb as he bought, paid for and opened the packages. The nice colors had drawn the twins' attention. The first one was a panda and the second… Oh hoh ho! "AAW! Look at this ADORABLE Hippo~~!"

The woman gasped. "You STOLE that from me!" Everyone stared at her, even the manager was making a face like 'Are you serious?'
"Nah, I paid the huge amount of TWO dollars for this, this is MINE! Was this the one you wanted~~?" Seb asked sweetly. "I bought the capsules and I just so happened to get one with a hippo, lucky me huh?" He waved the hippo in the air, moving his cart aside so other people can have their purchases rang up.

"Give me that hippo." the woman demanded. Seb mock frowned. "I paid for it, it's mine. If you want it so much, buy it from me." The woman pulled out two dollars and Seb raised an eyebrow. "Nah ah~ There are 20 animals in this set, meaning I had a 1 out of 20 chance of getting the hippo, so I think it's worth at LEAST $20."

"What?! That's extortion!" The woman glared. Her son was pulling at her shirt. "Mommy!" He whined. "I waaaant it!" The woman sneered at Seb, who smiled sweetly. "Well, you could just keep buying the capsules until you happen to get a Hippo, or you could buy one for sure, for $20..."

The people gathered to watch the exchange, even the manager had stayed to watch, really amused. The twins were just smiling widely at their daddy. They liked when he smiled! "That's RIDICULOUS!" She screamed. "Just accept the money, you cyclops!

Seb stopped and his smile dropped. The woman grinned, knowing like the bitch she was that she touched a nerve, and the crowd gaped, some even covered their mouths. Seb's eye twitched. "You know what, Karen? I'm keeping the hippo. I think it's quite cute." Seb said with a deadpan expression. He handed the panda and hippo to his daughters and turned around to leave. The woman gasped even as her son started screaming and kicking his legs. "Noo! Mommy I WANT that hippo!"

The woman rushed forward and tried to snatch the hippo out of Zully's hand. She didn't make it that far since Seb steered the stroller out of the way and got between the woman and his children. "First of all. NEVER touch my daughters." He growled, his eye about to turn red. He might be short, but he was still looking down at the woman. "And second, did you just attempt to STEAL from me?" Seb glared. The woman screamed at him, "Give me that hippo! My son deserves it more than your damn slobbering brats!"

And that was about when the manager called security to escort the woman and her son out of the store. Seb grinned and the people around them were grinning widely, satisfied to know that awful woman got what she deserved. The manager offered Seb two more toys for the bad experience he had. "It's ok, this is the only store that sells the twins' special formula anyway." He grinned.

Seb went back home, Zully had lost the hippo (they had been biting it) between the seats of the sofa cushions, but they didn't mind much since they had their fist to continue biting. The brunet laughed himself silly for a while, even as he cooked and made some mashed potatoes and parboiled chicken for the twins.

When Wanda came back, he proudly presented the toys to her as he explained how he became the hero at the supermarket, and the blonde laughed loudly. "Oh, I would have loved to see that!" She pulled him close to give him a kiss. "You're such a cutie~Giving that awful woman what she deserved~"

"And the girls now have new toys!" "What a hero~!" Wanda purred, making her boyfriend blush even more. She always reminded him how great he was, even over the tiniest things. It made him feel... nice. They pulled the twins' hands out of their mouths before they bit through the skin again. Wanda sighed. Baby steps for all her babies, praise for Seb for his self esteem and more durable toys for the teething children.
There was a lot Wanda had to do.

So Wanda caved and got some chew toys meant for dogs for her children. Hey, it's not like the store would know they were for her teething kids and not teething puppies, right? It was still somewhat embarrassing. Especially when Wanda brought the kids to work with her and one of her co-workers commented, "Isn't that a dog toy?" To which Wanda was forced to say that her kids just "-have very strong jaws!" and hope that her face stopped being bright red.

Seb's mom laughed loud at the photo Seb shared with her and Stan, but HER mom didn't find it very funny that she was "treating her children as if they were dogs." Wanda massaged her head. She DIDN'T. She loved her daughters, she HATED when her mom made these kind of comments "Mom, they destroy the normal ones...and if they don't have anything to chew on, they'll bite themselves and get hurt." She tried to explain. "Then just buy more! You don't need to demean them with dog toys!" Her mom picked up Zully who was hitting Zoe with a plastic ball and kissed their cheek. "Look at them! They are the prettiest girls ever!" Linda adjusted Zully's bear hair clip. "Imagine I had given you dog toys as a child!"

"...What if I told you it was Sebastian's idea…?" Wanda tried instead. Her mother NEVER critiqued Seb, only her, because apparently she wasn't doing a good job as a mom...

"Well, at least he has proposed something! What have you done to get your daughters to stop?"

"...Followed Seb's advice…?" Wanda grimaced, her heart clenching tightly. "You're their mother, Wanda." Linda shook her head in disappointment. "You have to know what's good for them. Seb had an idea, but you just followed it blindly?"

"So it's not HIS fault for thinking about the dog toys?!" Wanda exclaimed. "He THOUGHT about it, you DID it." Her mother pointed out. "You should have thought of your own solution to make them stop."

Wanda groaned. Uuugh, nothing she did was ever right. "Well FINE, I'm gonna go think of something ELSE to do." She tried not to snap at her mother, she really did. It was just so difficult sometimes. Wanda looked up a few things on the internet and one of the things was to rub some spicy pepper on their fingers so they wouldn't stick their hands in their mouths...

The babies didn't appreciate it. At all. The children wailed at the TRAISON Mommy committed. They thought it was going to be yummy but it WASN'T.

Wanda winced and profusely apologized to her babies. "I'm sorry! I'm sorry! I'm sorry!" Seb had had some of it on his finger as well, just to try it himself, and was now staring at his finger in fear. Don't suck it, don't suck it!

Zoe and Zully ended up sucking their feet as they glared at their parents. Wanda sighed and put the pepper on their feet too. Zoe couldn't believe this betrayal from mommy!

"I'm so sorry baby, but you need to stop biting yourself, we don't want you to get hurt anymore." Wanda picked her up and kissed her nose. Zoe glared at her with her mismatched eyes. "You know, Seb, the twins are very expressive for 7 months old..." Wanda hummed. "Do you understand what mommy says?" She asked Zoe this time. "Don't be angry with me~" Zoe huffed and continued glaring. "...just chew on your dog toys..." Wanda sighed.

So they gave the children dog toys and Wanda continued putting peppers on their hands so they
didn't bite themselves. Wanda couldn't help but think that this still FELT like training a dog...

They played with the babies for a while and at some point...Sebastian forgot his fingers also had pepper. He started biting his finger out of boredom. And started screaming. "AAAAAAHHH!" before he started crying, falling to the floor rubbing his tongue. The twins hummed, you see?! It hurt! And started towards their dad to hit his face with some cubes they were playing with. Wanda snorted. She was surrounded by babies…

Seb was a good stay home dad, and he had come to realize it was something he really enjoyed doing. He watched after the kids, he cooked and cleaned… but it was getting harder to do everything at once. He was getting more clients now, more dresses and suits to tailor, and he still had classes. All that took TIME. Time he had to use to take care of the household.

They were always crawling everywhere and keeping an eye on them was absolutely necessary because they would pull on things and eat them if they could. Keeping up with the two of them was hard, they crawled so fast!

Then Seb slapped himself. "Duh!" He had powers! He sometimes forgot about this useful advantage over the average meatsack!

The twins floated in the air with some toys as Seb worked on the clothes he was asked to make. It had gotten so natural for him to use his powers that he didn't fear dropping the kids. It was just somewhat annoying when a baby floated in front of him, crawling and kicking their legs. "Go float somewhere else, shoo!" Seb laughed and gently pushed them away. Like baby balloons, the twins floated away.

He searched for his fabric scissors in his bag and found a crumpled paper. Curious, the man unfolded it and frowned a bit. Oh, right. The contest the school was organizing...He didn't even consider it when he was given the pamphlet...

"Should I? I still have time…" Seb looked at his babies. He pursed his lips in thought. If...he participated and won, he could win the prize and-and it said he would get recognition! "It-It even said I'd get promotion from a fashion company!" Zoe floated towards him and hugged his face, little feet wrapping around his neck.

"Do you know what that means?" "Aah! Bahpah?!" Zully tried as they floated past and Seb squeezed their round cheeks. "Exactly! If I win, I can get recognized for my designs! And maybe, if I'm lucky, I can work more professionally and be famous!" His eye sparkled when it suddenly shattered. But what if he failed? He always fucked up, he didn't do anything right, he was going to fuck up because he was a fuck up, he would never win. He was getting too excited, his happiness wasn't letting him think straight.

What if he failed and the school threw him out?! What if Wanda was so disappointed she left him and never let his daughters see him because he was failure?! His breathing got louder and turned into scared, panicked gasps.

"-A"

"-Apa."

"-Papa!" Seb opened his eye and looked at the source of the voice. Zully was staring at him with brown tearful eyes. "Papa, nuh-uh!" The baby pleaded. They were still floating (thank Ax) and watching him panic. Seb heaved a deep breath of air.
He had to stop, he didn't want-he didn't' want the babies to see him like this...He didn't want to continue, he didn't want to end up hurting himself, not in front of the girls. They had brought him back to reality. "Zu-Zully...you said yo-your first word..." Seb smiled tearfully and hugged his daughters. "I'm sorry, I promise I will get better, I-I'm going to participate in that contest, I-I can do it, right? I'll prove to you two that I CAN do things! I can't be scared forever! I'm Sebastian William Pines dammit!"

Zoe and Zully sighed contently as they rested their heads on daddy's chest. That was much better~

"You definitely have anxiety." Linda told Sebastian simply. Just a statement of fact. Seb nodded. "Oh, um...is that bad?" He bit his lip. Linda adjusted her glasses. "Well, it's not good, but it is manageable. There are pills you can take to help calm down and we will still work on ways to regulate your anxiety."

"But if I take pills, everyone will know I am damaged." Seb pouted. "Sebastian, you ARE damaged." Linda smiled kindly, making the man glare. "Thanks a lot."

"You've been hurt throughout all your childhood. It's this same trauma that's causing your anxiety, it's the one that doesn't let you trust yourself for something as basic as a contest." Seb pouted at that. Why did he even tell her what happened?! Urgh!

"So the pills will help you to NOT be hurt anymore." Linda told him gently. Seb whined. "But I don't want people to know I'm messed up in the head." Seb protested.

Linda gave him a flat look. "On average, one in six Americans take a psychiatric drug to deal with their depression, anxiety or other disorders." She stared at him. "Anxiety is COMMON. Yours is more intense, but it's not all that different from thousands of other people here in the states. Around 17%. Many take antidepressants. Others take sedatives. It's so common now that some doctors automatically prescribe such medicine even before doing a thorough check to see if their patient really needs it."

"Then do I-" Seb started to say before Linda interrupted. "Oh no, you definitely need sedatives. I made sure before I prescribed you. I wanted to be sure." She sat back in her chair. "Sebastian, you need the medical help. It's not a problem, you're not broken, just damaged. And you can heal. I believe you can. I know you can."

Seb grumpily accepted the prescription and awkwardly told Wanda what Dr. Linda told him. Wanda had been bathing the twins and without looking up, she smiled. "Well, that's good, she knows what will help you, it's her job, I'm paying her for a reason." She looked at Seb when he sat cross legged on the floor to help with the babbling and excited babies. Daddy was back! "So...You don't mind me taking...anti-crazy pills?" His pout turned into a frown when Zoe splashed him with a loud "BAH!"

"No, duh. I want you to get better, all your family wants you to get better." Wanda stroked his now wet cheek before kissing it. "Because you're an amazing human being and we want you to be happy."

"...Well, I'm definitely better as a human than I was as a triangle, aren't I?" Seb asked, tilting his head to the side. Wanda adored when he did that. "Of course~ Bad triangle, good Seb."

"Goo Papa!" Zoe hit the water again. "And a good papa, yes, thanks for reminding me." Wanda giggled. "Seriously, the kids are so vocal, it is amazing!"

Seb smiled widely. "I-I love you." Wanda flicked his nose. "I love you more."
"Ow! Now I take that back!" Seb covered his nose as the blonde laughed.

--

They had a Christmas family meeting, the 2nd one where all of them were together. Thanksgiving and Hanukkah was spent with the inlaws, or in Fordsie's case, after Fiddleford's insistence, at his place.

Dipper and Dillon were hiding under the table, playing videogames with headphones as Mabel skipped around, singing at the top of her lungs the songs of her now favorite movie. "FOR THE FIRST TIME IN FOREEVVEERRR!" She went to see it with some friends and she loved it!

Shermie's eye twitched and broke a candy cane. "Help." Abigail took a deep breath and massaged her eyes.

Ford blinked as his niece sang. "So...this movie you narrate sounds nothing like the original Snow Queen by Hans Christian Andersen."

"Yeah?! IT'S EVEN BETTER!" Dipper and Dillon poked their heads out. "Freezer is Overrated!"

"YOU are overrated!" The teenage girl stuck her tongue out.

Stan ran a hand through his hair and exhaled. "Oof! Good thing you're a boy, kid!" He poked Diego's leg as the baby hungrily suckled his meal before looking at Seb. "Look at your future." He teased him.

The little twins were crawling around trying to grab the decorations but Wanda was keeping an eye on them. "Nah, I like disney songs, I wouldn't mind having the girls singing, they'll have to tolerate ME singing!" Seb grinned. He liked to sing, singing was fun!

Zully squeaked when Mabel suddenly grabbed them. "Hello, little baby~ You're a princess just like me! And you're thinking maybe~ It's a pretty cool thing to be~" Mabel looked at her family. "This a deleted song of the movie by the way~!"

""We KNOW!"" Her parents groaned.

"One, two, three together! Clap together, snap together! You and me!" Mabel was bouncing Zully everywhere, and the poor baby sobbed to be let down. "Shooting Star~, she just ate, she's going to vomit on you~" Seb warned lightly. Too late, Zully coughed up their formula onto Mabel's sweater. The teenager groaned but gently placed her cousin back on the ground. "Quick! I need a tub of water!"

Mabel ran away shrieking in distress while Seb went to coo at Zully who was rubbing their eyes. "AAAWW! Are you tired, pumpkin? Yes? I know dealing with Mabel is really tiring~" He picked Zully up and the baby snuggled against his chest. "At least she stopped singing..." Shermie sighed in relief. "Thanks, Zully." He cooed.

Wanda and Seb went to put the babies to sleep, along with Stan who put Diego to sleep (the poor man was still getting used to taking care of an infant son, he loved Dillon because he SPOKE) and returned with the rest of the family. They chatted about their lives. Sebastian, having been gently prodded by Linda during one of their sessions, got the courage to speak up about what was going on in his life, even when he didn't think it was all that impressive.

"DUDE! You should have told us you got your diplomaaa!" Shermie wailed quietly, because 3 little babies were sleeping a few rooms away. Seb rubbed the back of his neck. "Kid, it's seriously
"It's not nothing! You've wanted your diploma for DECADES!" Shermie insisted. He grinned. "I'm proud of you, man."

Seb looked down, blushing. Mabel, Dipper and Dillon chuckled softly as they drank hot chocolate from cool Christmas-y cups. Uncle Seb never liked to get compliments~ He got all embarrassed!

"And he has submitted a drawing for a contest at the school he's taking a couple of courses in~" Wanda betrayed him and Seb stared at her wide eyed. "Friedmann!" He hissed.

"What? You never said you were studying." Ford commented softly. "And a contest? What of?" The scientist asked. "Will you win money?!" Stan asked with excitement and earned a smack on the arm from Carla. Kari smiled. "Oh baby, that's wonderful!" Seb blushed and buried his face in his hands.

Wanda laughed. "It's a design thing. For a fashion show." She was very proud of her boyfriend. She didn't even care if he won or not, she was proud at the fact that he had the courage to DO it. It was enough for her.

"Li-Linda says I have to trust myself more so I said why the hell not! And quickly sent it in before I regretted it..." Ford stared at his triplet. Seb always gave the impression he was so confident and full of himself...Knowing it was all fake was...frustrating. If HE hadn't been so full of himself, maybe he would have noticed his brother needed help...

"And well now that we're all talking about embarrassing things about me, next week I'll start taking pills to suppress the craziness~ yay~" "They're for anxiety, he's been medically diagnosed with General Anxiety Disorder." Wanda clarified with a deadpan expression.

"Why didn't you tell us before?!" Dipper demanded before angrily sipping his chocolate.

Ford blinked slowly as Stan, Shermie and their mother scolded a groaning Seb. Woah...His brother had anxiety. He suddenly snorted, lucky for him it was soft enough no one heard it. The mental image of Bill Cipher suffering from a human mind problem such as anxiety was so surreal it was ridiculous. But his brother wasn't Bill. Same soul didn't mean he was necessarily him. He had grown up as a human, as a Sebastian, so he was a Sebastian, despite how he used to be a Bill.

And it was serious. He shouldn't even be joking about it in the first place, 'What even, Stanford!?' He scolded himself.

"Because~ Pinetree~ I don't think it's important so neither should you. Hey, isn't it past your bedtime already? Santa won't come if you don't sleep." Seb looked at the kids. "I won't say he's not real, because my experience tells me it could be otherwise~" Dipper started saying before his twin interrupted. "Jokes on you! We don't have a bedtime anymore! We're 14!"

"Bedtimes don't really work anymore now that Dipper practically injects himself with energetic drinks to stay alive." Abigail glared at her son. Their stores of coffee were running low and everytime they buy more it would be halfway gone before the end of the week. Dipper twitched. "I'm a high schooler! I need my caffeine!"

"You need to sleep" Seb and Shermie said at the same time. "Seriously, he almost lost his body to a demon the summer he stayed with me because he didn't sleep for days." Seb informed his brother. Dipper complained he could have solved it on his own. Mabel's eye twitched, remembering the note and simply looked at her twin, her long earrings swinging and put a hand on...
his shoulder. "No."

Shermie twitched. Again with the...demon and monster thing! He was the youngest but he wasn't stupid! Why did everyone have to keep up this demon-thing? Was there an inside joke he didn't get?

They all waited until it was midnight to have a toast. "I wanna try!" Mabel made grabby hands at Ford's glass. "Please please, uncle Fordsie?" She made puppy eyes. Ford frowned. "You're 14."

Mabel pouted. Umm..."For science~?" Ford paused but Shermie reached over to swipe the glass from him. "No. No alcohol for the kids until they're 21." He shuddered. "Or older. Not gonna let them do what I did..." Getting drunk and becoming a teenage father, yeah, that sucked.

Mabel glared at her dad and crossed her arms. "The girls at school drink." Shermie raised an eyebrow. "If your friends jumped from a bridge, would you?" Mabel laughed. "Dad, you raised no sheep but a LEADER! I'd be organizing that jumping!" The girl patted his arm and went to get some soda.

Ford snorted at Shermie's look. "I'm so confused but so proud right now..." He drank Ford's drink in one gulp and returned his brother's empty glass. "You shouldn't drink either you light-weight! Wouldn't want another tattoo~" Shermie smacked Ford's neck, winked and left, laughing like a good annoying little brother. Ford took a six fingered hand to his neck, cheeks flustered. "STANLEY!" Did-Did he SERIOUSLY tell everyone?!

Stan was guffawing loudly on the other side of the room. "What? It's a great story!" He took another swig of his beer. "It's your fault for getting drunk." He waggled his eyebrows at his older brother. Ford groaned. "We ran out of water! The alcohol was safer to drink than that contaminated, dirty-

"I know. But that's what made it so funny!" Stan laughed until Ford threw a pillow at him.

They spent the holidays together before dispersing back into their own lives.

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Seb wasn't doing well. He was curled up on his psychiatrist's couch, sobbing. Dr. Linda closed her eyes, hurting a little as well. "Sebastian, what happened?" He had called in the morning, pleading her to go earlier, he said he NEEDED it. Linda managed to move her schedule a little bit and had him come hours earlier. He had come in, miserable and unable to really explain until he laid down on her couch and just burst into tears.

Seb gasped. "I-I'm ssssad...." He slurred through his sobbing. Dr. Linda massaged her temples. "Sebastian, do you want to talk about it? I have no idea what's going through your head right now."

He stayed quiet for long 5 minutes, with the occasional sob now and then, until he finally managed to speak. "...The twins will hate me...when-when they grow up..." "And why is that?" Linda asked softly.

"Because I'm a failure! And they-they'll be S-SO embarrassed! S-So ashamed of having a useless father, they will hate me!"

"You are not useless." Linda said firmly. "What happened?"

Seb wiped his tears angrily, hand just lingering above his wrist. He hadn't touched it, Linda was proud, but he had needed to come. If she had said no, he'd have a new set of scars. "It-
It's...Remember the-the stupid competition I TOLD you was a TERRIBLE idea?!" He glared. He blamed her and his daughters for making him feel capable of something like that.

When he wasn't. He was stupid and useless. He pulled a crumpled paper out of his pants pocket and threw it at her direction. "BEhold! The SHITTIEST PIECE OF sHIT ON EARTH!" His voice cracked a bit.

"I-I was SO stupid to trust you!" His eye welled up with tears once again. Linda could clearly see how betrayed he felt. Linda gently took his hand. "Sebastian, everyone can fail sometimes, that's perfectly normal. But isn't this just your first try? I'm sure you can try again."

"And I'll just FAIL AGAIN!" Seb wailed. Linda gently helped him sit up and handed him a tissue. "Sebastian. When I was a child, I was terrible at speaking." She started. Sebastian blinked at her. What? B-but she was therapist! She's suppose to be good a talking and giving advice and stuff, right? Linda nodded. "I was quite shy, believe it or not. But I wanted to get over it. So I auditioned for my school play... and I was rejected."

Sebastian listened quietly as she spoke. "I was really upset, angry at myself for being so bad at it."

"That's bad..."

"But I kept trying." The blonde smiled. "I kept trying until one day I finally got the character in a school play."

"And was it nice?"

"No, it was horrible, the place caught on fire in the middle of the play." Linda said and Seb laughed loudly. Linda smiled. "So this is just your first failure. And you'll probably fail many more times. But that's fine. Because you can keep trying. And hopefully, when you DO get your own fashion show, it won't catch fire." She teased. Seb laughed and shook his head. "NAH! If it's me, it'll DEFINITELY catch fire!" He sounded fine with that though.

The brunet's smile disappeared. "Ok, but my drawing still sucked...They said I didn't meet their standards..." Linda checked the crumpled drawing and frowned a bit. She couldn't see it quite well, with all the scratches Seb had done over it and all the angry 'SHIT' written over it. "I'm sure this USED to be lovely..."

"I don't get it! Why was it bad?! I did everything they asked me to! And it was still REJECTED!" he showed her the e-mail he got on his phone.

Linda read the message. "Well, here says REQUIREMENTS, not standards." "It's the same!" The therapist entered the website that still had the requirements listed to participate. "We can check if maybe you missed something, ok?"

Seb huffed. "Fine."

"Um...you sent your full name?" "Yes." "Copy of your ID?" "Yes!" "A scanned drawing with the correct measurements?" "YES!" "A recent document to prove you are studying at the school?"

Seb stopped, frowning slightly. "...They didn't ask that." Linda turned the phone over to show Sebastian that section. "It's here. I think you might have accidentally missed it?"

"..." Seb made a weird choked sound, as if trying to scream, but his throat was closed. Finally, when Linda was starting to get worried (he wasn't breathing, his face was going red), he whispered. "Are...you kidding me...? He let out a defeated sigh. "You know what? I'm done. I can't take this
anymore. This was stupid anyway!"

"Sebastian…"

The brunet stomped over to her, glaring. "WHAT?!” He screamed. "You ARE NOT going to help me! NOTHING is going to 'HELP ME GET BETTER' if my STUPID DAMAGED BRAIN can't do ANYTHING RIGHT!" Seb shrieked as loud as he could. "So not only will the twins be ashamed to have a USELESS father, they will be ashamed to have an STUPID one as WELL!"

"You're not stupid, Sebastian." Linda led him back to the couch. "Actually, I think that perhaps you might have an Attention Deficit Disorder. But I would need to get you properly tested to be sure."

Seb's fuming slowly calmed down. "I...heard of that...thing...Um, I-I know someone who had it...His-his father told me, he took some pills and all, and then he said that maybe I had that…"

"When was that?" Linda asked. "Um, after I was kicked out of my house...Um, Maybe 18? I think? I worked as a babysitter." "Did you get the diagnosis?" Seb shook his head. "I didn't think too much about it, actually…" If he was correct, at that age he had been busy dying of pain and didn't want to put another thing on himself.

"Well, next session we'll work on a diagnosis, alright?" Seb groaned loudly and laid back. "Seriously, though! Who the fuck says 'Here, use this vessel, but Haha! I won't tell you I specifically designed it to make you suffer. Here: have a stupid body with a horrible eye, six fingers, a damaged brain and burning scars! And oh! It leaks a lot! And you won't be able to control it! The Axolotl is SO STUPID!"

Linda nodded slowly. There it was again, Sebastian's feelings of his body being something that someone else gave him, specifically dysfunctional. She looked up the Axolotl that Sebastian always mentioned but all she found was an endangered species of newt.

"Sebastian, do you believe in God?" "Believe how? Like, I think it exists? Or in the sense that I trust him?" "Both." "I know this fucker exist, so I don't BELIEVE, I KNOW. But I don't trust him, though I don't really despise him anymore, just hate him a little bit. And I have never seen the gods that humans worship, but I'm sure it's the same entity, so no, I don't believe in God in the worship way either."

Linda nodded. Ok, so no religious approach. "You only have ONE body, Seb. And no, your Bill self doesn't count. As Seb, you have one, and you are just the way you are," Linda told him simply.

"So defective? I should just accept it?" Seb huffed. "You need to accept that you are the way you are and that doesn't mean you're defective. Just different. You are you, you have your own will and the power to make choices. Now, what you do with that is a completely different story." Linda adjusted her glasses. "There are lots of people with ADHD. Are you going to tell me that they're all defective too?"

"...well, kinda… not really… but not as bad as me…” Seb winced. Jack was a good boy. He was also a successful figure skater now! He wasn't defective at all!

Linda chuckled. "Oh, Sebastian...Do you think you're the WORST on the planet? There's NO ONE who has it worse than you?"

The man pouted and shrugged. "Are you the MOST stupid, the LEAST fortunate and the WORST at EVERYTHING compared to the 7 billion people alive?"

"...No…Many people don't have where to sleep or to eat-" He knew, he had been there. "-There are
many dumb people...and I'm way more intelligent...Like, I managed to fool the government agents...and...avoided the police a lot and...well, I...I did fix the portal after self teaching myself physics...my friend Miz from another dimension did help to finish the Bio-Scanner but I did all the other work...and..." Seb stared at his drawing Linda put on a table. "...I did get the highest score in one practice...at-at school..." He sighed. "I'm not the worst..." Seb said. Uh...That actually...felt nice.

Dr. Linda grinned. It was nice to hear him finally say it. He seemed to feel better as well, smiling softly. It was a start.

"Ok, so I lost my chance to participate in this stupid contest because I was ssss-" Seb looked at Linda's face and bit his tongue. "Because...I didn't pay enough attention and...got me disqualified..." Linda nodded, yeah, good, much better. Seb bit his inner cheeks as he thought. "So...What do I do now?"

Linda stayed silent to allow him to talk. "I...I wanted to participate because that could...help me get a better job. I mean, I love tailoring, it's fun, and I get clients to make personalize clothes as well...but, I don't know...my brothers are...doing better, I wanna be like them...but I don't know how."

Linda nodded. Sebastian thought about it and continued, "So I should look up other shows or competitions that I could apply for. And read the guidelines and requirements really carefully..." He thought some more. "...and I should have Wanda read it over with me so she can tell me if I missed something..."

Linda smiled. "Very good, Sebastian." She saw him smile back. "Also, even if a company doesn't buy your designs, you can always start your own. Didn't you tell me once that your brother Stanley started his own company, and Stanford has his research center as well? Ask Stanley for some advice. If what you've told me is true, he obviously loves you and would love to help you."

Seb started moving from side to side, distractedly. Yeah, Fez would know, he was good at this, this Fez at least, he was proud of his Fez, he was a cool one. "Yeah...You're right, after coming back from the portal he had resumed his job on it as if nothing happened. He likes his job, he sells other people's stuff...Um, I, like, had, a 'store' when I was in Gravity Falls, some people bought...but usually I got asked for tailoring..." He shook his head. Focus. Getting distracted. "If I open a store and it works, I CAN be more famous, no? And I can get more money and that's always better, considering the twins like to destroy their stuff..."

"Who doesn't love money?" Linda chuckled and Seb grinned widely. "Do you really think it will work though? Everything I do seems to go WRONG."

"Maybe it's because of your lack of attention to some things? Now that we're also going to work on that, I bet things will work better." The woman said calmly. Seb did seem to have ADHD though, for what she heard...Some things started to make much more sense, how he claimed his body was broken because he never stopped moving, and how he was hit because he spoke too fast or didn't read the instructions, or was impulsive...Geez, that poor child. Maybe if he had been diagnosed earlier...At least he would have known his mind wasn't broken.

Sebastian seemed to do much better over the rest of their session. Linda was glad for that.

"I'm worth it!" Seb declared at the end of the session. He didn't quite believe it yet...but it was a start. Linda nodded. "Yes, you are! I want to hear it louder!"

"I'M WORTH IT!" The man screamed and Linda nodded with a smile. "You are. You have to
believe you are…" She finally addressed Seb's wrists which had been moments away from being cut open had she not agreed to meet with him earlier than usual.

"You will grab a marker and write some good things on your arm. You can get help, but I want you to realize it yourself, you are worth it and you will tell yourself why." Linda told him. "Write them on your arm so you'll see them."

"It's kinda dumb, but ok…It can be anything?"

"Yes, even the tiniest positive thing goes there. Then you make a list and show it to me next session." Seb nodded with a small smile. "Ah, okay. I can do that. Um… thanks Linda…"

He went to pick up his little daughters from their grandma Linda's house, he still thought it was hilarious how his therapist and in law had the same names, and squealed loudly when he saw them. "WHERE are the PRETTIEST baby princesses on THIS AWFUL PLANET?!"

The twins squealed loudly when they saw their daddy and raised their hands to be picked up. "Babah! Papa!"

He picked up the two of them, making them whine when he rubbed their cheeks with his beard (No! BAD DADDY!) and he examined them, all while Wanda's mom melted by the door. "Hey~ Are these dresses? I didn't buy you those, did you STEAL them?!" He gasped exaggeratedly to make the babies squeal.

"I bought them!" Mom Linda squealed. "Aren't they PRECIOUS?!!" She loved dressing them in all sorts of frilly things. The babies were forced to deal with it because they didn't have a say yet. Zoe did bite and claw at her dress though, not liking how itchy the frills were.

"They could be wearing a DIAPER or nakey and they'd still be precious~ But nudity is condemned by humans so don't do that~ No~" He looked at the woman. "Thanks for taking care of them, ma'am! My therapy was nice today." He smiled brightly.

Mom Linda stroked his cheek, he didn't flinch anymore, and smiled. "I'm so glad, sweetie. You got your pills yet?" Seb smiled sheepishly. "I ordered them, Wands is picking them today after work."

The woman nodded and gave him a bag with the other cute things she bought for her granddaughters. "Try them all! I bought all the store I think! You're the clothes expert though." Seb blushed and sputtered a 'thank you' before leaving, almost forgetting his kids in the process.

He spent the day thinking good things about himself. He got very few things. He made delicious dinner, he always finished his requests on time (even if he had to stay awake all night because he procrastinated and worked on too many things at the same time), he always made the twins eat their baby food when Wanda NEVER could...And he was VERY good looking.

He could have self esteem problems, but he was a HANDSOME dude with self esteem problems...He was a mess. But he did feel a little better that his arm had things written on it. The marker covered up his scars and if he wrote the words in a cool cursive, it actually looked like fancy tattoos. HAH! Cooler looking tattoos than Sixer's All Star! And better than the damn Zodiac Bill2 put on his back. These were marks about what stuff Seb did well! These were marks to be proud of!

His heart clenched a bit, but it was from happiness. It was...nice to feel good with himself for a change. He made beautiful babies! He added when he saw Zoe sneeze like the adorable being she was. "We'll take a bath, ok?" He took a photo of his forearm and then protected it in a plastic bag.
He wanted to keep it as long as possible.

He took a bath with the twins, making it easier to clean them and they played for a bit before it was time to feed them and put them to bed. That was how Wanda found him, just wearing his pants, with the twins curled up on his warm chest and hungrily drinking their milk. He couldn't move or the twins would scream and cry.

"Ooooo~~" Wanda raised her eyebrows and smiled as she let her gaze roam up and down Seb's shirtless body, biting her lower lip. Nice~ "May I know what do I owe this blessed sight?" The woman grinned as she walked towards the bed.

She kissed the twins first though, they got jealous of their daddy if she didn't greet them first. Zoe was holding her bottle like a big girl but Zully was leaning on Seb all comfortable and waiting for him to hold the bottle for them while they suckled.

Wanda cooed. Lazy baby girl~

"I just...forgot...I made their bottles and laid down." Seb told her. Wanda laughed. "Well, I'm not complaining..." She laid down and trailed her fingers up his chest. Seb blushed. "Wanda!" He wailed. Wanda purred. "I'm jealous that the girls get to have you all for themselves~" She batted her eyes at him. "We haven't had a chance to spend some quality~time together~"

Seb blushed harder. "W-Wanda! Not in front of the kids!" Wanda scoffed. "I can wait until we put them to bed."

Seb sputtered. "You have birth control, right?" Wanda pouted. "Of course! I even have condoms just in case!" She huffed. "Damn you for being so attractive." Seb grinned, reaching to grab his marker and scribble on his arm, which had been under the pillow he was laying on. "I'm super hot
x2." He wrote down. Wanda gasped at the writing on his arm. "What's that?"

"Linda told me to write the good things about myself on my arm, so that I can remind myself that..." Seb paused to brace himself, "...that I'm not a failure. That I AM worth it. A-and it's actually really... nice."

Wanda maneuvered herself on the bed to not crush the babies (they barely reacted when they saw her but she couldn't blame them, who would want to move when they were on Seb?), and sat down next to him. "That's an amazing idea, sweetie~" She kissed his lips softly. "You'll finally see how amazing you are. Everyone already thinks so, you're the only one left who needs to believe it." She pulled Seb's face closer to kiss him.

Zoe finished her bottle and pouted. She wanted more! She whined loudly and threw it away. "Bababah! Mi!" Her parents broke apart and Wanda narrowed her eyes. "Why did you throw that? No, baby." She bent down to pick it up and Seb squealed when Zoe giggled. Zully yawned. Eating was so tiring. Seb cooed at Zoe. "Aaww~ Naughty already, huh?! You won't be like me, will you? Don't make us suffer~" He nibbled her tummy gently and in return, the baby with heterochromatic eyes shrieked and bit his cheek.

Wanda was denied her quality time with Seb after the babies fell asleep, since she had to treat Seb's cheek. "URGH! It's like 3 needles inserted in my face! FUCK!"

Thanks, Zoe, you cock-blocked your mom by making dad lose any interest. She could survive another day without it though. Wanda did take many, many photos of her babies and put the girls new clothes in the drawers. She appreciated her mom's gift.

Wanda didn't mind not having quality time. She still got to see Seb peacefully sleeping, no nightmare bothering him this night and holding his marker in a hand. He was so proud of all the nice things he wrote today, which made HER proud in return. He should do this everyday until he believed the things he wrote. He had taken his first pill tonight, time to see if they helped him...

"I love you, Sebas..." She kissed his nose softly.

She left to work early next morning, and Seb would have pouted sadly (he didn't even make her breakfast!) but he noticed the Post-It on his forehead. He smiled widely when he read it. "We decided to help you~ W and Z's: Perfect dad, best partner ever."

He searched for his marker to write it down. The day was already bright.

Chapter End Notes

Blue: I like this chapter a lot for various reasons xD A wild entitled mom appeared and because I'm obsessed with those reddit stories, don't doubt you'll see Seb facing many dumb people along the way HAHAHA
Leave a comment please we love seeing them and tell us what you think!

Another thing! Because I'm dumb, the drawings I do are like, mirror like. So my left, reflects on the characters as a mirror, instead of their actual left. :p That's why you'll always see Zoe's eyes colored different in mine and Miz's drawings, oopsie!

Mizuuma: I follow the text! You said her left eye is green! (^^)
Chapter 5: Baby steps can go forward or backwards

Chapter by bluefrosty27

Chapter Notes

Blue: Hi guys! New chapter here! Enjoy! as always, drawings in Deviantart and I'm starting to put all my drawings in Tumblr, so follow me xD. One drawing is from Miz, so follow her too!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Sir, I'll ask you again, was there any dangerous loose cable or candles close to the children or any flammable object? You know that's really irresponsible, right?"

Sebastian wanted to die.

The entire building had to evacuate because the fire had started in one of the apartments. The bright blue-ish (then turned yellow) flames had been blazing from a window and it was a neighbor just about to enter the building who saw it and called 911 and pressed the emergency alarm.

"No sir, no flammable object to cause a fire…" He mumbled to the firefighter as he tried to use the 1 year olds as a shield. Only though, Yes, in fact, there was, his kids were flammable, HIS KIDS CAUSED THE FIRE.

He got distracted for a SECOND, just a SECOND, and left them playing in the living room. Zoe and Zully used anything they could reach to help themselves stand up, so apparently they thought it was a good idea to hold onto the curtain.

When Seb came back, the blue flames had consumed half the curtain and smoke was leaving from the window. He recognized he had been pretty shocked, and took a while to react. But it had been the first time he actually saw the kids use their powers! he felt excited! And horrified! Excitedified!

Before he knew it, the building's emergency alarm was blasting all over the damn place, and the fire was slowly consuming the things around his living room. He slowly picked up the babies (enchanted by the pretty fire) and walked out with the panicked neighbors. Luckily the firefighters got there, but were very confused about how the fire started.

"What happened!? Did you burn the house?!" The blonde cried. Seb shook his head and whispered. "It wasn't me, it was the twins! Their powers have ACTIVATED! I'm pretty sure it was those Mozart songs Sixer gave us for 'enrichment', whatever that meant…" He frowned in thought. "I'll murder him if he was doing an experiment on us." He declared. Wanda hugged them all tightly. "I'm just glad you're all safe…"

"I'm glad you're all safe…"
we're safe too." Wanda rolled her eyes. "Dork. Now we have to replace everything burnt. My books better be safe." She pouted. They didn't want to stay at the house that night, it still smelled of smoke and what Seb sniffed and described as 'baby magic' so they went to a family restaurant before going to a hotel.

Seb called his brother the next day while he and Wanda were out shopping with the babies, one on his back and one on his chest. "Hi, Sixer." He didn't give the man time to respond. "Your experiment on us worked! The babies now have their powers!" Seb drawled in annoyance.

Ford apologized to the group of scientists he was working with and got out of the lab to take the call. "My...experiment?" He didn't remember asking Seb for help with any experiment?!

"Yes. Mozart. Babies getting rich?" Seb scoffed as he picked out new curtains. Ooh~ this burgundy would look nice, matched their new couch he wanted.

Ford's eyes widened in recognition before bursting out laughing loudly, which annoyed Seb more. "This IS serious!" "Se-Seb, that was not an experiment, I just thought the girls could be introduced and educated at an early age with the classics. And it's enrichment, not getting rich." He snickered.

"Well, whatever! Your fancy music must have kick started their powers since they burned down our living room!" Seb complained. Ford blinked. "Ah, I don't believe the music did that, perhaps they're simply old enough that their powers work now?" They had seemed normal enough in their 1st birthday a few months ago. They had walked around squealing and ate cake for the first time. Zoe and Zully had shrieked excited as they tasted sugar for the first time. Mabel followed the two blonds around and took photos. LOTS of photos.

"Umghh!" Seb whined again. People who walked past him cooed at his daughters. Cute baby in the front and oh my god! Another one! Ford laughed again. "Well, you seem worried-"

"Are you kidding me? They're like little matches!" Seb groaned. Ford hummed in thought. "I could give the babies a check up if you wish? It's just a normal simple routine to determine the levels of weirdness on something and according to the type of reading, I could find a solution."

"Would you do that for me?!" Seb gasped. "Zoe, no!" The baby girl was pulling at the fabric and trying to eat it. "I'm going to move you to my back if you keep that up, young lady!" He warned.
Ford grinned. "Sure, it would be interesting to finally see how your powers work and how they were even passed through genetically…"

He KNEW Seb had been demon and all…but they were identical triplets...shouldn't they all have the same genetic code? Were their genetic codes actually different? How did Seb managed to use his own blood and fool the police with it saying it was Ford's then? Was his body later modified? Where could a 'power' gene even be?! It would have to involve a production of cells resistant to fire and the ability to use his own body as combustible fuel and ignition at the same time! It was all so exciting and intriguing.

"Oh, I see~ You want to use us as lab rats~" Seb raised an eyebrow. "Yes, well-NO! No,no,no! That's not it!" The scientist quickly assured. "Just...study your body…" Ford frowned a bit. Still sounded bad... "I won't perform experiments on your or my nieces, Sebastian. It'd be just scientific research, scanning you weirdness and seeing what's going on."

"That sounds fun...Sure, as long as you help me control the babies' powers until they are conscious enough for me to teach them. Can you believe normal human babies don't really understand what people around them talk about?!!" Seb laughed. "Babies are adorable~ and dumb. YOU were a pretty dumb baby~" Sebastian laughed. Ford frowned. "Well, we were all dumb babies I'd reckon."

"Nah, I was perfectly aware of myself since day one. Ugh, it sucked! I was SOOOO bored!" Ford looked at his phone with a confused expression. "I mean, my body could just sleep and I spent most of my time floating in my mind, gosh, Ford, it was horrible not having a developed mind!"

Ford blinked. He was...aware of himself? But humans didn't have memories until they were...4-5...But, he had always wondered, since discovering Seb's past, just, HOW he knew he was Bill and how he had his memories growing up. How he managed to accept calling himself Sebastian and be a...hyperactive crazy kid growing up, but in a way different to the demon he used to be. If he had been Bill, he must have been as evil, but...Seb could just pass as a (kind of) normal child growing up. Uh. More things to find out then~

"Alright, well, you can come whenever you want." The oldest triplet finally said. "Yay!" Seb exclaimed. "Ya heard that, girls? We're welcomed whenever we want!" He pinched their noses. Zully made a face and sneezed, making Seb shiver with the sudden rush of energy that Zully's fire gave him. The baby squealed at their hand on fire and Seb screamed, then screamed again because screaming would draw attention to themselves, and 'ate' his oldest child's hand.

He was a good dad.

Wanda came back with some new cushions (having taken a few days off work to help get the house fixed from the fire) and her eyes widened. "Seb! What are you doing?!" She cried as she saw her boyfriend with his mouth enclosed around their baby's fist. Seb shrugged. "Mm twying tah puff oof da fffire." Zully whined annoyed. They wanted their hand back! They wanted to bite it as well! Seb absorbed the fire from the baby's hand and finally freed Zully's hand, all while Wanda stared deadpan at him. "Hey, look at that! I can absorb their fire!" Seb focused on his phone again. "Did you hear that, Sixer? Sixer, you there yet? I sucked Zully's fire!"

A few customers turned to look at the weird couple. Zoe giggled and held out her hand, wanting daddy to eat her hand too! "Bllaahh!"

Ford could just hear weird noises and baby babbling. He was very confused. "Alright, um, see you later, then…" He hung up, but Seb didn't really notice, he was focused on nibbling Zoe's hand now. "Om, om, I'll eat this baby haaannd!" Wanda was blushing and trying to go pull Seb's mouth away.
"Seeebb~ Noooo~ Your mouth is dirty!"

Seb let go and pouted, but pouted harder when he saw the cushions. "Wands, darling, we are not taking that to the house."

"But I like them... What's wrong with them?" Wanda frowned and looked down at the pillows she'd picked out. Seb grabbed them and threw them away deadpanning. "No. The color is simply ghastly!" He snapped his fingers a few times and turned his head, flipping his hair dramatically. Wanda sighed.

The twins on his back and chest clapped with laughter.

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Their house was now repaired. They had a nice new couch and cushions THAT MATCHED! He loved Wanda so much but her fabric choices were awful, so silly~ He wrote on his arm how great his fashion AND interior design taste was. Now that the twins had powers, and he had to find some time to go to Gravity Falls to get some help, the easiest way to keep them from burning down the house again was absorbing their fire. It left HIM with an excess of energy all day though, but it was worth it. Wanda loved how the excessive energy made Seb always eager to do things~ She was quite thrilled because Seb could go for hours now, instead of getting tired and falling asleep after a few rounds.

Dr. Linda didn't find it too amusing. He was bouncing on the couch, laughing. "Never have magic children! They'll burn the curtains! But we got new ones! I chose them! Wanda likes them! But aahh! Baabbiesss!" Seb fell from the couch, laughing and kicking his legs.

Linda sighed. "Did... you have an espresso shot before our session?" He was jittery. More so than usual. Seb rolled around on the ground. "Naaaah~ B-but I've been eating magic fire! IT's so tAsTY and-" He stumbled back up and attempted to crawl onto the couch, slumping over it. "-it's so much energy and... and I feel GREAT!"

"Have you been taking your pills?" Linda raised an eyebrow. Seb shook his head dramatically. "I RAN OUT of pills like, 2 months ago!" Linda's eyes widened in worry. "And the heck didn't you tell me!?"

"No, no, no! But I'm cured now! Really!" Seb smiled. "Hadn't had a panic attack in months! and see!" He showed her his wrists. "All are old scars! I write the nice things I do every day! That works amazing!"

Linda sighed. "Well, even if you're doing better, I'd like to know if you're off your meds." She would prefer if he kept taking them...but in the end, it was his decision, she was there to give him advice...Maybe she should talk to Wanda, she was good at convincing Seb to do things...Seb pouted and rolled over again. "Right, ah... sorry? I didn't think it was that important..." Linda raised an eyebrow. "You don't have to tell me everything, but this sort of thing would help a lot for me to know."

Seb pouted dramatically. "Ok~ But I'm fine! I'm not a demon! I'm not a monster, I know that now!" Linda was a little worried but she was going to have to trust Sebastian for now. If he seemed to have a relapse, she would insist that he go back on his anxiety meds.

"Alright, I'll trust you on this..." She was still talking to Wanda though, to know how Seb was doing at home. "YAAYY! YOU TRUST ME!" Seb squealed with a big smile. "Can I continue with my story?"
"Go ahead." Linda smiled a bit. They had time for her to tell him about the results of his tests. Meanwhile this whole 'passing on his demon powers' thing was a metaphor she still didn't quite understand yet.

"So, I never knew I could eat magic fire you know? I am basically immune to normal fire, but magic fire?! Baby magic fire! That's something new! It REALLY tastes super Sweet! And MY theory is that it tastes like the kids' formula! I'll try a bit of formula tonight~ But Wanda's going to get really confused! I won't tell her! You can't tell her either!"

"So...What...What do you think about your kids having your magic powers?" She was thinking it was related to his imaginary monster identity. He was fine now, but he maybe had a deep fear of his twins being...like him? That was the best she could think of at the moment, it did make sense that he wouldn't want his daughters to suffer like he did growing up. Sebastian shuddered. "Ugh, it's cool that they have my powers, but they burned down the living room! I wanna teach them to control their powers but they're too young to understand. I tried talking to them about all sorts of things but I don't think they get it!" Linda smiled.

Seb huffed, looking severely put out. "I don't know why though. 'Cause I understood what was happening around me perfectly as a baby. I just couldn't actually talk to tell people how I was feeling. Also, there's not much you can do as a baby. It's just lying there or sleeping or eating or pooping yourself, which was DISGUSTING." He shuddered again. "I'm gonna try and potty train the kids as SOON as I can. It can't feel nice for them to have to lie in their own shit until we clean them." Seb scowled and punched a pillow away. Ugh, NOW he could imagine the lizard's smug face during those years! How annoying damn it! That's why he learnt to do things faster than his brothers, being a baby was horrible. The only good thing was being held, but it didn't make up for it.

The blonde therapist blinked slowly. "Are...Are you telling me...you can remember being a baby..."

Seb sat cross legged and moved his legs up and down. "Eh~ Yes. I mean I just discovered that humans can't remember because human babies don't understand stuff, but it would explain why my Mindscape was formed when I turned 2, my soul was fucking old but my brain didn't have anything to make a mind with. To be fair, I can't remember being a baby in Flatland, but I thought it was because they're a completely different species." He shrugged.

Linda massaged her eyes. These stories hurt her head. "Alright, so the twins can be monsters too~"

"NO." Seb growled. "They-they have my powers because I was a monster! But they aren't! They're innocent!"

Linda nodded. "Alright, so having powers doesn't make someone a monster. So." She leaned back and observed Sebastian calmly. "What is it that made you a monster? If having fire powers doesn't make you a monster, then why do you think you are a monster?"

"Uugghh, Lindaaa!" Seb whined. "Didn't you hear anything I said beforeee? Because I am! Bill Cipher is a literal demon! A monster! Who tricks and possess people! And-And I...I will never get rid of my past..." He sighed. "But my daughters don't have a bad past, they had never been monsters...They, they are the most perfect babies...no scars, or a deformed yellow eye..." He smiled a bit. "They also have 5 fingers, but I wouldn't have minded if they had 6..."

Linda nodded slowly. "So...you told me you deserved being hit by Filbrick because you used to be a monster, right?" Seb nodded. "Yes, I deserved it." Linda internally groaned. "Alright...so...if your daughters had...had been born with the same deformities you were, that...they were
somehow...reincarnations of other monsters...I guess that would mean they would deserve to be hit and punished too...?' The blonde asked with a raised eyebrow.

"N-NO! My daughters don't deserve that!" The man sniffed. "But IF they were demons before, like you, then it means they deserve to be hit and punished, to be bullied at school and hit by a father who has EVERY right to punish them..." Linda asked in a leading way, she needed Seb to understand and get over this hurdle himself.

"NOO!" Seb sobbed loudly. "NO! NO! THEY DON'T DESERVE IT! THEY'RE INNOCENT! THEY DIDN'T WANT TO BE DEMONS! I WON'T HIT THEM!" Seb's breathing was going faster.

Linda was unfazed and continue to speak calmly. Seb was still very convinced he was a monster and he deserved what happened to him. She wanted Seb to realize he DIDN'T deserve what happened to him, that it WASN'T his fault . "Then why did you deserve it? Why was it your fault?"

"Because...because..." Seb shuddered. It hurt to think about. But then he thought about what it would mean, if his daughters HAD been demons in their past lives, like, him. If they HAD been evil and...and...

"No! That...they..." Seb sobbed, tears streaming down his right cheek. "But Zully and Zoe are so small! And- and they're helpless! They can't even defend themselves and... even if they were demons they can't even do anything right now! They're just babies!"

Linda calmly regarded her patient. "You were a baby too." She pointed out. Seb whimpered as he held his head. "But... but..." Linda knew he was getting close. "So, if your daughters were demons, and you still think that they don't deserve to be hit, then, why do you think YOU deserved it back when you were also a helpless child?"

Sebastian wiped at his tears. "I..." He thought about it. "I... don't know..." He slumped on the couch. "I don't know...I..." Linda waited. Seb looked up at her, distressed, confused and unsure of himself. Linda held out her hand for him to take, Seb sometimes needed some physical touch to ground himself during his breakdowns. Seb took her hand and squeezed. "I..." He was just a baby. A toddler. A child. Why HAD he deserved it? He hadn't done anything bad as a kid, he had NEVER done anything to-to Filbrick to be hated so much...Seb shook his head. No. Even if he DID deserve to be punished for his crimes as Bill Cipher, Filbrick had NO RIGHT to treat a child that way. That...

Just imagining doing the things that Filbrick did to him, to his own children made Seb sick to his stomach. It was WRONG, he would NEVER ever hurt his daughters. It was... horrible. "...how could he do that to me?" Seb asked weakly. "I was so small. I couldn't fight back... how could he have done that to his own child?" Why did Filbrick treat him like that even when he did nothing wrong as a human? It's not like Filbrick knew he used to be a demon in his past life, right? So, why had he treated what he knew to be his own child in such a way?

"Filbrick hurt me..." Seb's fresh new tears fell. "And-And I had never...done something bad to him..." Linda nodded. "And...and if my daughters were...were demons...I'd-I'd never hit them... Because-because I love them..." He wiped his tears again.

Linda patted his hand. "Because you're a good father, Sebastian. And a good man." He looked up at her with a teary eye.

"It...It was his...his...I'd never hit them...but Filbrick did...and it was-it was the same situation..." Seb frowned a bit and let out a loud exhale. "It was not my fault he hit me...He hit me because he
was bad, because he was a horrible man, who shouted at my mom since we were babies, who told Sixer mean things too...and HE...HE wasn't a demon...he didn't have...a REASON to be punished…"

Sebastian gripped his shirt tightly. He was shaking. "Filbrick was always mean. For no reason. He...he just hated me and Sixer because we were born different. Because we were freaks. He...he never loved us..." It finally made sense to him. Filbrick didn't punish Seb because Seb was a demon, he punished Seb because Filbrick was a fucking asshole. Seb slumped over, exhausted now.

"I knew Filbrick hated me...He didn't care that I was so scared of living in the attic, and-and he hurt me, and then he kicked me out when I was just a kid...But, but I always thought he-he had...every reason to hate me for who I was...but...but he hated my triplet too..." He looked up at Linda with puffy red eyes. "I didn't deserve it, did I?" Seb asked tearfully. Linda squeezed his hand again. "No. You didn't deserve all the abuse he put you through."

Linda hugged the crying man when he reached for a hug. "It was not your fault, Seb..." "N-No...it wasn't...even-even if I deserved it...I didn't deserve to have my father hit me and-and making me feel...totally useless..." Linda rubbed his back, poor Sebastian.

"But you still think you are..." Linda said and Seb nodded slowly. "It's ok, Seb...It'll be ok." She pulled away from the hug. "You'll be fine...Sebastian, your father hurt you, and he made you BELIEVE you deserve everything that happened to you! But it's not true. Nothing you went through was your fault. Everything he blamed you for, your hyperactivity, your lack of attention, your clumsiness, Seb, you have ADHD...I have your results." Linda told him. "Remember the exams we took? You do have this condition."

Seb rubbed his eye. "So...my brain...it-it's broken?" Like he always thought it was.

"It's not broken, Sebas." The blonde reassured him. Your brain works different, and we will practice ok? So you aren't as distracted or impulsive anymore. Your body is not broken, many people have ADHD, and it's mostly genetic, someone in your family has it, before you think it occurs out of the blue or-or an Axolotl put it on you to bother you."

Seb sniffled loudly. So his body wasn't really broken like he thought...If it was...genetic...it means it really wasn't the lizard's intention...

"Your meat sack is stupid, and yes, it does have a problem in its brain, and you will never, ever get cured! You are destined to be a stupid, mediocre, failure all your pathetic life! The shadow of Stanford Pines!"

Bill2...He always called him stupid...He-He still remembered...He always called him horrible names...He was the first one to tell him his brain was broken...He must have known about his condition...and used it against him! He was more of an ass than he remembered...

"Can...Can you cure me?" He asked Linda with a soft voice.

"No, Sebas...You can't get cured of that, but we will work on it, ok? You didn't get treated as a child, but now you learn to control it..." Linda gently massaged the man's hand.

"I can't control this...this thing...It's not my fault I-I was loud or...or impulsive...and no one...No one understood...They called me a spoiled brat...and misbehaved...and stupid...but I-I wasn't...I-I'm not stupid..."
"No, you aren't." Linda repeated. "None of that was your fault."

"It wasn't…" Seb repeated in a whisper. He slowly slid back to the couch and curled up there. "Um…How are you feeling?" Linda asked and the brunette smiled tiredly. "Fine, I feel fine…but—but my energy was all burnt out…" Before Linda could ask, Seb rolled his eye backwards and passed out, completely exhausted. The doctor sighed and dialed Wanda again.

Wanda came in a taxi to pick him up with their little twins (they had grown up so much since the last time Linda saw them!) and planned to drive his baby back. "He needs to stop wearing himself out like that." Wanda joked. Linda nodded a bit. "We're making progress, Wanda…He finally realized it was not his fault how his father hurt him."

"I've only seen that man like, once…" Wanda mumbled. "He had a pawnshop back in New Jersey…Gosh, I hate that man." She bounced Zoe who had woken up from her nap and was cranky and wanted to sleep again. Struggling, the two small women carried Seb into the car and sighed in relief.

"He really should stop passing out here." Wanda smiled before saying bye to Linda and driving off.

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After his epiphany with Linda, Seb had been feeling much better with himself, even more than before. Along with his daily supply of pure unadulterated baby fire to keep Wanda and the house safe, he had much more energy and confidence. He could do ANYTHING! He was going to EAT this world! He was great! He was the best! He. Was. Perfect!

This was not the reaction Dr. Linda expected, but Wanda loved how happy he seemed and the therapist had to admit this was his own way of coping with his problems. He was healing, everyone had their own way to do it. He continued to claim he hadn't had panic attacks in months and his arms were clean of any new injuries…Linda just hoped this didn't pile up and lead to Seb having a complete meltdown all at once.

Sebastian carried the babies with him as he worked, on his back and chest. They drooled all over his clothes and Seb was forced to… buy DAD clothes (ew) so his nice suits and dress shirts stayed clean. Linda had chuckled at his (justified) complaints. He yelped when Zoe pulled on his hair again. "Oww!" He gently pried her fingers off but she reached for his face instead, pinching his cheek by grabbing a whole handful of his skin. "You like daddy's face, huh? Is it because I'm so handsome~?" He teased. Zully babbled and smeared their drool onto his goatee. "Ewww! Zully!" Seb wailed.

These babies were going to kill him.

He cleaned himself with a bib and narrowed his eye at Zully, who was easier to glare at because they were on his chest. "...Do you think I'm handsome?" He asked his one-year old. Zully made a babbling noise and Seb smiled, patting their head softly. "Alright, as long as I'm the ONLY man you consider handsome it's ok~ You'll date boys? If you do, PLEASE don't be like your cousin Mabel and date anything with a Y-Chromosome. Please choose normal boys…" Zoe laughed on his back and smacked Seb's head.

He rubbed his head with a hand and went into the kitchen. He had to clean the house, he hadn't done that in a while and dust was EVERYWHERE. It wasn't good for the twins, they were so small. The doctor told them about how prematures (especially C-section ones) tended to have respiratory problems and weak immune systems, he informed them (looking pretty surprised) that the twins were really healthy considering the circumstances of their birth. Despite that, Seb wanted
to keep the house as decently clean as possible for them to crawl around and take whatever they
wanted to their mouths. "Ok, babies, we have stuff to clean up. Because I don't trust you crawling
and trying to walk around while I'm working, you're stranded on my body like baby koalas until I'm
done and the perimeter is CLEAR!" The two babies looked at their dad, unimpressed, as he pulled
out the things he needed. Zully hiccuped and their arms engulfed in fire. They started sucking their
hand until Seb noticed and absorbed the energy instead. Zully glared. Thief. That was theirs!
"Alright~ There you go, wouldn't want dust to get in your faces, would you?" He put little masks
on the babies' faces, ignoring their wrinkled noses. "We're READYYY!" Seb swung his broom
dramatically and pressed 'Play' in his phone, before loud rock music blasted from it. Zully jumped
and awkwardly covered their little ears. Noooo the sound was louuuud! Zoe on the other hand, was
squealing in excitement. Oh! What was this!? She LOVED it!
Zoe laughed loudly as she squealed, hitting her daddy's head. The loud music sounded REALLY
funny! And daddy's funny faces made it even better! Zully pursed their lips and grimaced. Stop it~
"Ah!" They whined but realized that strange noise wasn't going to stop and sighed, resigned. Dad
wasn't going to stop until he finished cleaning, swinging them around the house.
"Are you HAppEH are you satisfied? How long can you stand the heat?!" Zully's sulking decreased
just a bit when Seb waved a flame in front of them for dramatic effect. "Out of the doorway the
bullets rip! To the sound of the beat YEAH! DUN, DUN, DUN! Another one CLEANS the dust!"
Seb slid to the side dramatically. He made the broom move on its own with his mind as he cleaned
the windows and decorations. "Hey, I'm gonna get you, too! Another one bites the dust!"
Zoe was in some sort of trance with the music, in bliss and in awe at the magnificent sounds, the
guitar and the easier to recognize beat. With her green and brown eyes widened and dilated, the
little girl started hitting her dad's neck along with the beat. "Dah! Dah! Dah! Ah-bahbah bah da
dah!"
"Oooohhh!" Seb looked up at his daughter with a big grin. "You like daddy's favorite baaanndddd?
Yes? You like it? YOU LOVE IT DON'T YOU?!" The little blonde baby giggled. "Dada!"
Zully sighed, unsure why their daddy and sister were so happy about those strange sounds. It was
loud and didn't make any sense to them.
Seb was really happy as he finished his chores, which was weird, no one was so happy as they
vacuumed and cleaned. A few more songs passed, both from when he was young as well as new
tunes he learned recently, and before he knew it, everything was done and sparkling! (He did use
magic, but no one needed to know). Wanda was going to love this! He put everything away before
starting his nice list for today. "I always leave everything clean!" He wrote on his arm.
He put the kids down so they could crawl around the clean apartment. As he pulled out his laptop
and tablet to begin sketching, the music changed to one of the children's songs that Wanda's mother
had snuck onto his playlist.
"If you're happy and you know it, CLAP YOUR HANDS!"
Sebastian was happy. He was clapped wildly, laughing maniacally as he did so. The children didn't
clap, being very confused about what was exciting daddy so much. Still, daddy seemed happy, and
that made them happy. Sebastian finished his work and checked the time. The children were also
tugging on his pant legs, demanding food. "Oh, I guess it's time for lunch!" He bent over to pick up
his babies. "Who wants gross food paste? You do~ yoooou doooo~" He sang as he carried them to
the kitchen to put them in their high chairs.


As per usual, more food ended up on the table and splattered on clothing than in their mouths. The kids were slowly starting to eat food instead of just baby formula. Zully liked this new funny stuff, it was sticky and they could rub it over daddy's face. Zoe hated it. She wanted her bottle back. It was fun to suck on it. And bite it! But this new goopy stuff wasn't fun to chew on. She could hardly even call this chewing!

So she threw it at daddy to show her displeasure. "Yucky!"

Seb scowled and wiped his face. Uggghhh! "Well, I didn't want to do this, kid, but you've forced my hand!" The twins eyes widened when they felt, or rather couldn't feel, their legs and arms. "Ah gah gah aah!" Zoe shrieked. Seb nodded solemnly. "It's the only way to feed you…" He mixed a bit of the milk with their food, making it even more gross looking, but the twins seemed to prefer that. Besides, they couldn't move and could only eat now! HAHAHA!

They already had a routine. After eating they got a bath and a clean diaper, played for a bit before taking a nap. The twins loved to sleep. Sleeping was great when Daddy carried them. He'd hold them tight...rock them just enough, which soothed them, and hum or sing softly a song.

As the brunet worked on feeding the girls, his phone buzzed and he floated it closer to his face. (He shouldn't forget to wear his contacts anymore. He was almost as blind as his brothers. He couldn't see well past a few meters.) It was a message from Wanda! Eehh! And it said!...That she wasn't coming home until late in the night! Yay-wait what? 'Dont worry about me, eat lunch seb, love you!'

Oh...But he...he wanted to eat lunch with her...

Did he do something wrong…? Why didn't she want to be with him? What if she-No. He slowly pulled away his hand from his wrist before e could do anything and took a deep breath. It-it was fine. She was busy because of work. He knew that she would be. She was always working so hard to earn money for them.

Even if he was a little lonely at the thought. No. It was fine. HE was fine. He was okay with this. And he already got to spend all his nights with her. Seb knew how much Wanda loved her job. He wasn't going to be selfish and hold her back from that. Besides, he would call her later on facechat and show her how the twins were doing.

Seb was cleaning the twins' mess when his phone rang. "Yellow~!" He chirped, hoping it was Wanda.

It wasn't Wanda, it was Stan. "Hey Seb, eh… I dunno if you're busy or not, but ah, do you have time to talk for a bit?"

"Sure. I've got all the time in the world Fez." Sebastian wiped Zully's mouth with one hand while tickling Zoe with the other. The blonde baby giggled and pulled at Seb's finger. Stan cooed at the sounds of the babies. "Well, ah, you remember high school?"

Seb's shoulders dropped for a second before he shook off the melancholy and grinned. "Yeah? What about it?"

"Well they're having a class reunion and… ah… we got invited." Stan said. "One of our classmates is hosting it, they contacted me and asked if we were going to come."

Seb stayed silent for a second before saying. "You've been back for a year and people from high school are already licking your feet again~ I bet they'd want two famous stars there~ It's cool you
two got invited, it's nice to be updated on what's going on with you two." He gave Zoe another little spoonful of mashed sweet potatoes and rice. "Hey, how's Diego by the way?! He must be so big now! And Dillon is ok with him now?"

Stan laughed sheepishly. "Haha, yeah, they're fine...and actually yes, Dillon is much-hey! you're changing the topic." The man huffed. "Seb, we were all invited."

"No."

"N...o?"

"You know I wasn't!" Seb laughed humorlessly. "You probably asked them if I could come...I didn't even finish school with them..." "Uh-uh-but-" "I've been here for 14 years, Fez, and I've never gotten anything before from any of them. No calls, no contact, no invitations. I don't believe you, they haven't invited me...But-but it's ok! I-I have Wanda and my daughters and they need me to stay and they care about me-" Zully was suckling his finger, to prove it. "-so...enjoy your meeting..."

"...Seb..." Stan said sadly. "Look, you can still come, show people how great you're doing. Wouldn't that be fun?" Seb sighed. "No. I'm sorry Fez, I just don't want to meet with them. They all sucked. That's all it was."

"...Please?" "Oh my circles did you just say Please?" Seb laughed, completely ignoring the topic. He didn't want to go and he wasn't going.

"Sebastian..." Stan sighed tiredly. "Look...the reunion is still a while away, you have time to think about it ok? If-If I convince Poindexter?" Stan suggested.

"No. I don't want to go!" Seb screamed into the phone. Zoe and Zully startled, jumping and looking at their dad with teary eyes. "See-See ya later, Stanley..." The youngest triplet hung up and massaged his eye. He hated them, they hated him, everyone mocked him, everyone knew he was a freak, monster, that's why he was never invited before, that's why he would never be invited, he was horrible, no one liked him, they would have preferred if he was DEAD! He was useless, he was worthless, he didn't serve for anything!

"Papa, n-no!" Zoe called out, scared, trying to reach daddy's hand. She knew what 'No' meant by this point, people said that to her often enough. Seb opened his eye when his babies' sobs brought him back momentarily. He was panting, just on the verge of a panic attack. "I-I...

He picked up his daughters and hugged them as they cried. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I don't need my pills, I won't do this again, I promise..."

Seb looked at his wrists and rubbed them, trying to remember the nice things he wrote there. Linda said he didn't deserve the pain he went through! He didn't do anything wrong in this life! He had thousands of good things! He could do things right! He was perfect! They didn't deserve HIM because he was perfect and he could do anything!

But he was still crying and he couldn't stop. Despite how hard he was trying to believe it, to cover up his fear and sanity, deep in his heart he knew he wasn't quite right yet...

His heart was racing and he just held onto his children and tried very hard to calm down, for their sake. He wished Wanda was here. He needed someone with him. His babies were lovely and he was glad they were here but it just wasn't the same.

He stayed with the twins all day, just the 3 of them. They missed their mommy too, she always left
but always came back. Why wasn't she coming back?

Seb decided to take the kids to the park after their nap. He needed air, they needed air. He didn't take them frequently, everything was dirty and the twins took everything to their mouths, but after almost breaking down, he guessed he needed to relax a little bit, same for the babies, after seeing him break down. And all because stupid Stanley called to tell him about stupid school and stupid class reunions!

He put a blanket on the ground and sat the babies there. "We'll...protect your sensitive baby skin from the sun~ because the earth is warming up more than necessary and there's more radiation and I wouldn't want you getting a skin condition, right~?" He cooed as he soaked the babies with sunscreen and gave them little sunglasses. "You two look so faancy~"

Zoe, annoyed, threw away hers and the twins crawled towards their bag and slowly stood up to get some of their toys out. Zully eagery hit their toy against the blanket as Zoe bit her plastic toy. She got bored quickly though and thought it would be an excellent idea to throw it at her crib companion.

Seb gasped in shock when Zully fell backwards, thrown back by a flying plastic cube to the head, and they started wailing loudly. Zoe tilted her head to the side and walked over to retrieve her cube. "ZOE WHAT THE FUCK?!" Seb ran over to Zully who was still sobbing. "NO! BAD! DON'T HURT YOUR SISTER, DAMN IT!"

Zully curled up against Daddy's chest, crying and extremely distressed at Zoe for hitting them, as their arms flickered with flames. "Sshh, sshh, it's ok princess~, it's ok...She won't hurt you again, ok~?" Seb rocked his oldest kid. Ugh! Zoe was going to be grounded for this! Um! Trapped in her crib for-for 2 hours!

Zoe had started to wander off, gasping in awe at the pretty flowers and pulling them up to show daddy and mommy. Well, mommy wasn't here so she'll show mommy when she comes back. Zoe
also ate a few of the flowers, wondering what they tasted like. Bleh. She spat out the petals. They didn't taste good. She looked back at daddy to see he was still hugging Zully. Zoe pouted. She wanted a hug too!

She ran back towards him, tripping and falling face-first to the grass a few times. Zoe forced herself to sit up and spat grass, wrinkling her nose. "Papa!" She called, glaring at the green yucky grass. Seb looked up at Zoe and with a sigh, he walked over to pick her up. "Now what? Will you apologize to your twin sister? You hurt her, we don't hurt family, kid." Seb crouched next to the younger baby, sitting Zully on his leg.

Zoe blinked before rubbing her aching cheek, she hit herself with a branch, and raised her arms. "Hu!" She wanted a hug, that fall was an ouchie, but she didn't cry like Zully. Zully cried over everything! Seb sighed and picked Zoe up, putting her on his other leg. "Zoe, I'm being serious here. You don't hurt your sister. Now apologize."

Zoe had no idea what daddy was saying but she hugged him, grinning as she pulled on his shirt. Daddy was warm~ Zully was sniffling quietly. Zoe's eyes landed on the huge structure a few meters away from them and wiggled like a blonde worm to go there. "Ah! AH!" She pointed to the structure, which Seb recognized as a kid playground. "No, first apologize to your twin."

He grabbed Zoe's hand, much to the baby's confusion, and he made her pat Zully's forehead, where a small bruise was forming. "You see? You hurt her, Zoe, don't hurt her again." Seb explained, still assuming his daughters understood what the hell he was saying.

After the twins 'apologized' Seb finally took them to the baby swings. Zully seemed pretty excited to play, their sadness forgotten. The brunette sat his babies in the swings and gently pushed them, smiling widely at their happy squeals. Unknown to him, a few moms and nannies with their toddlers were watching him with dorky smiles. Cute dad and oh~ no ring~

They looked him up and down. Handsome, no ring, two adorable baby girls and he was clearly a doting, loving father…

Some of the single women were grinning like sharks that had smelled blood.

Sweet, innocent Sebastian had no idea what was about to happen, he was too busy pushing his babies on the swings.

One of the bravest of the group, a young woman in her late twenties, early thirties, walked up with her own kid, who looked like he'd preferred playing instead of used as a tool, but he was used to it. His mom did this every time she saw a man she liked. "Oh, hi! I've never seen you around here~ Are you new?" The woman asked sweetly. Seb turned to look at her without stopping his push at the twins' swings. "Eh~ Not really, I've been living here for two years now but I've only just started taking the twins to the park, they just turned one..." Seb didn't know this woman, he had to be careful with the information he gave strangers.

"Ohh~ I'm sure your beautiful baby girls would be best friends with my little Jimmy when they grow up! He's two!" The woman cooed at Zully, who was closest and sat Jimmy in the nearest baby swing. "They're so pretty!" Jimmy reached to grab Zully's forehead, curious about their light bruise, and Seb tensed up when the stranger hugged him. "Look at them~! GASP! They get along super well! My baby is a ladies' man! They can be little boyfriends and girlfriends!" The woman squealed.

Seb laughed awkwardly, with a very dramatic grimace and escaped from the hug. "Hahaha...that's creepy, don't say that..." Zully didn't like the strange boy touching them either, leaning away from
his grasping hand and copying their dad's grimace. Zoe thought it was hilarious, kicking her feet and reaching to pull on Zully's swing ropes. "Ah! Nah!" She wanted to see the new kid too!

"Why don't you come over to the other moms and nannies over there?" She could hear the relieved and very grateful whispers from her mom companions. "We've seen you alone over here and we thought you might feel lonely~" The woman pursed her lips. "We even have healthy snacks for the kids and some snacks for us~"

"Um...I-I think it would be fine?" Seb shrugged a bit, still feeling awkward. Maybe he would feel better if there was another dad but nope, all were moms. Wanda should be here! But WORK! UGH! He got the twins out of the swing set and picked up his discarded bag and blanket to drop it closer to the group of giggling women. "Hi~" "Hello!" "What beautiful babies!" "What's your name, cutie?"

"Um...She's Zoe and-and she's Zully." Seb presented his daughters with a proud smile. "Name's Sebastian." He was a little nervous, surrounded by strangers like this. They all converged around him. He was starting to feel boxed in. Breathe, you have lungs for something, use them.

Zoe shook her arms widely, staring at all the other babies. Woah! They were small like her and Zully! She'd never seen another baby! (Diego was still carried, too young to play with the twins) What was she supposed to do? She stood up, pushing herself up with her hands and walked over to a kid, Zully toddling after her.

BAM! Zoe pushed another girl, making her fall on her diapered butt. Zully gasped before giggling. When she did it to them it wasn't fun, but it was fun when it was someone else!

"Zoe no! What did I say about hitting!" Seb gasped as he quickly grabbed her. "I'm so sorry! She plays rough!" He pulled Zoe (who was whining because she wanted to push more people) into his lap and decided to just hold onto her, less chance of her hurting the other kids. Zully was much better behaved, quietly sitting near one of the other kids and waving at them. The other women cooed at the children. "Oh, it's alright, they're just playing."

The baby who fell over was blinking in confusion, but she wasn't hurt. Zully grabbed some of their toys and brought them closer. Some other kids squealed and grabbed them, but Zully didn't get too upset. As long as they didn't grab the one they were playing with...

Zoe sobbed at her dad, pulling his sleeve. "Pwa!" She pointed at the kids. Seb rubbed her curly blonde hair (He loved it because it had grown and he could comb their hair and give them tiny adorable hairclips~). "Nope. You lost your rights. Trapped."

"Oh~ You're clearly an EXCELLENT daddy to them~" A woman poked his arm. Seb looked down at his poked arm and frowned, wiping it. "Uh...I try to be good, I don't want them to be like me growing up..."

"Oh? I'm sure you weren't that bad as a kid?" One woman asked. Seb laughed, only a little bitterly. "Eh... I was a really hyperactive child, didn't know my own strength either." He pinched Zoe's nose, making her gasp for air. She whined. Daddy!

"I bet you were the prettiest baby." Another woman cooed. "Judging by your beautiful daughters!" "And how handsome you are now~"

Seb's face was red and he was trying to keep his breathing steady. This was getting so overwhelming, he only liked when his family complimented him, and it still made him blush, it made him feel weird when others did it. He was still working about it with Linda.
"I-I really wasn't...I bet my triplets were more...were prettier?" He stammered. The women all gasped. "You have triplets?" They all grinned at each other. "Are... they single?" One asked. Seb shook his head, still unsure what was happening now. "Stan's going to get married soon-" "Aaaawww!" "-but... Ford is single..." "Ooohh~"

Zoe wiggled her way out of Sebastian's arms and she crawled towards the kids playing with Zully. "Uh-ee!" She called her sibling. Zully looked at her and smiled, offering a toy. "Bah?" The twins didn't really have a secret language between them, but they could understand each other pretty well. Sometimes they just knew what each other were thinking. Zoe grabbed the toy and started biting it.

Zully smiled widely, glad to make their sister happy, and looked up. Their brown eyes widened and Zully cried, raising their arms excitedly. "MAMA!" Everyone turned around, women and Seb, to see an awkward looking woman dressed up in a smart looking suit jacket. "Hey! There you are! I've been calling you and you didn't pick up!" Wanda told Seb, narrowing her eyes a little bit at the sight of the shocked women around him.

Seb was SO relieved to see her. "You came home earlier!" He stopped when she raised an eyebrow. "Oh, uh well... I probably didn't notice..." He searched around his bag and found his phone buried underneath some of the twin's toys. There were some missed calls from Wanda. "Sorry Wands. I was just taking the kids outside today, you said you weren't coming home until later tonight and the kids need more sunlight." He stood up and walked over to her, making the other women frown even more when he kissed her lips.

"Oh, um..." Seb looked at the mothers. "They're some moms I met? The twins made some friends and they're playing." Wanda scowled just slightly, pulling Seb closer to her. Hmphh! The people she was supposed to meet with cancelled the meeting so she decided to come home early...Only to find it empty and then Seb surrounded by like 10 women... She knew Seb would never even think of looking at other women, but those harpies were trying to prey on her man.

"Mama!" Zully and Zoe toddled over to Wanda, raising their little arms to be picked up. Wanda cooed and complied. "I missed you too! Yes~ Were you having fun~?" Zoe giggled. "Ah bah bah!" She waved her hand down at the other babies. They were small and easy to push over! Much cooler to hit too! Even more than her older cousin Dipper! His forehead was nice to hit because it had a drawing on it.

Zoe's hands started heating up and Wanda quickly passed her over to Seb. "Code blue." She said calmly. Seb gasped dramatically and started nibbling on Zoe's fist, subtly absorbing the fire before it even appeared. "Nom! Nom! I'll eaatt you!" He ran away with her, meters away from the group of kids and mothers.

"You two aren't married, are you?" A mom asked Wanda once Seb was gone. Wanda grinned at the other women. "Not yet, we've both been too busy." She said sweetly. Wanda not-quite glared at them. They slowly backed off. Yeah. He's mine. Wanda couldn't help but realize that this WAS an issue. Since they weren't married, her poor innocent Seb would be under threat by bloodthirsty women. And she couldn't allow that to happen. She sighed dramatically. She'll need to protect him again, just like she did when they were teens. Zully had leaned against her chest and was suckling their finger. They loved mommy so much, all her hugs must be for them! Not daddy! Maybe Zoe, if they felt like sharing.

Wanda packed up their belongings, bid the other women a farewell, and walked over to catch up with Seb. She found him noming Zoe's fists, who continued creating fire just to see Seb eat it. "Hey, do the kids need more sun or should we head home?" She asked. Seb smacked his lips.
"Well, I think they're good for now!" Wanda laughed and booped Zoe's nose. "Bad girl, no fire."

Seb skipped all the way home, singing loudly and jumping. Wanda stroked her chin. They should find a way to keep the babies' powers at bay or all this energy would make Sebastian explode one day.

More than that…

Wanda bit her lip. Marriage. She… she DID want to ask him, but a part of her was a little afraid of doing so. She loved Seb. She knew he loved her too. But marriage was… it was a big step. And expensive, if they wanted a big ceremony and everything. But she didn't want to just have it be a legal marriage without any ceremony… but maybe that was just her own selfishness speaking.

She shook her head. She had to think about it, think about responsibilities that came from being married and what it all meant. She had to think of the twins as well, and how she'd even start suggesting it to Sebastian...Maybe he needed to have...more peace of mind? Maybe she should ask Linda? He could take it pretty bad and she didn't want to pressure him into doing something he wasn't ready for. There was A LOT to think about...She couldn't help but smile and chuckle though. She bet Mabel would be more than excited about it if they did get married.

Wanda startled, placing a hand on her chest when she heard a loud thud next to her. She looked at Seb on the floor, laughing. "What the heck happened?!" She could actually tell though. There was a small climbable wall, Seb had his shoes untied…

"I wanted to walk over the wall but fell...haha-hahahahahahahaha!" Seb rolled around on the ground as Wanda rubbed her forehead, stressed. The babies squealed and clapped at their silly dad.

She seriously wanted to marry this dumb idiot…

-.-

Seb huffed as he left Linda's office. She was wrong. She didn't know what she was saying. He was CURED. He didn't need the pills anymore! He LOVED himself, he was the GREATEST human being in existence! He didn't have panic attacks anymore, he didn't hurt himself, he still nibbled on his finger when he was distracted or working, but he didn't make them bleed anymore.

"Forgiving yourself for what happened is NOT that easy, Seb." Linda had said with her soft, doctor voice, but she was wrong! Because he was fine! He knew it wasn't his fault that everyone hit him when he was a child. He was a monster and a freak and didn't deserve the nice family he had, yes, but it didn't mean he-he was a bad human! He was good now, he worked hard to be good and ignore Bill2 during all his life. Now he was gone. He would never bother Seb again and whisper horrible things in his ear. He was fine. He didn't...he didn't hate himself anymore, because he felt GOOD now, Linda said he was AMAZING, he had the best babies and the best girlfriend and he was amazing at his work and he had the best family and he was very handsome and he could do ANYTHING!

(Seb carefully ignored the thought of how his stupid brain didn't work right and he forgot things all the time and how he apparently had a condition that made him even more distracted and dumb than normal.)

The weather was warming up. Summer would be here soon and with it, a family trip to Gravity Falls. Seb couldn't wait to return. It had been his home for so many years. His home was with Wanda and the twins now, but he still missed that weird little town. The day he agreed to visit Ford's lab with the twins before summer for the twin's check ups finally arrived. Seb found himself
saying bye to Wanda with the twins sleeping on his back and chest. She couldn't come with them, she was busy with work and had something important to attend. "Don't worry, I'll be fine." Wanda laughed. "But who will make you eat?" Seb pouted. "I'll tell your mom to bother you." "More?"
The woman sighed.

The twins received a kiss from their mommy and Seb got on the plane. He wished he could teleport, that would make things so much easier. Zoe and Zully squirmed the entire flight but didn't cry, lucky him. The flight attendant gave them two lollipops and the twins busied themselves with the treats for the rest of the flight. They eventually reached town, and to the brunet's surprise, Ford was actually waiting for them in the house, and not hidden in his lab.

"Hey Sixer! I brought your baby patients!" Seb cheered loudly, making Ford jump. "W-what? Oh Sebastian! Oh! You're here!" The scientist looked somewhat frazzled, his hair was a mess and his eyes kept darting around. Seb, who had been let into the house by Soos, frowned at his oldest brother. "Are you okay, Sixer?"

"Y-yes. I just, haven't slept very well recently…" Ford rubbed at his eyes under his glasses. He'd been growing more worried as he found himself up late at night trying to figure out why Sebastian's children had his powers. If Sebastian got his powers from being Bill Cipher in his past life, it didn't… couldn't make sense for it to be heritable? Right? Unless there was something more happening here…

The theory that kept him up at night was the idea of 'If Sebastian was a Bill Cipher who reincarnated as a human, what's to stop the Bill Cipher we defeated from doing the same?'

The idea that his baby nieces might secretly be that demon who had tortured him for so many years… that perhaps ONE of them was secretly Bill… or both?! Could that happen? It left Ford feeling faint, horrified and a little sick. He needed to check, he… he needed to make sure they weren't!

And if they were… if his nieces were actually Bill Cipher…

Ford, in his (sometimes dark) thoughts late in the night, had wondered if perhaps it would be better to… to what? Kill them? No. That… that wasn't right. He couldn't do that. Sebastian loved his children. But.. if they WERE Bill Cipher, or worse, another demon like him or even more insane!, it would be too dangerous to let them…

Ford shook his head. No, that wasn't important right now. His brother was visiting and he was going to run some tests to see what was giving these children their powers.

(Ford tried very hard not to think about what he would do, be forced to do, if the babies were really Bill Cipher…)

Seb smiled at his older brother, unaware of his paranoid thoughts. He freed the twins to let them hug Soos, who was holding himself back from jumping (in glee at the sight of the babies) so he could cuddle the girls. "Aww doods! I missed you both! Do you remember me? It's me! Uncle Soos!" They didn't, but Zoe grabbed his fat cheeks with a happy squeal and pulled. She liked this weird looking gopher!

"Oh, well, maybe you should try some kind of sleeping pill? Maybe you're just overworking your brain, now it can't shut down and keeps thinking and thinking and doesn't let you relax?" Seb suggested as he patted his brother's shoulder. Ford managed a tired smile. "F said something similar, but with more of his odd southern curses." Seb laughed.
The scientist rubbed his eyes. "I'll worry about it later, but first, let's check your-uh, little children." Seb raised an eyebrow. "No, first we need to eat, the twins have a schedule and we've broken it by spending HOURS in a flying metal trap. I can make lunch! Hey Question Mark! Missed my cooking?!" Soos' happy shout was heard, mixed with pained cries at Zoe biting his very chewable cheeks. "AHH! IT'S SHARP! CUTE, BUT SHARP!" The former handyman wailed.

Ford bit his lip. "Can't we do this first?" "Nooo! The twins need to eat or they'll eat Soos!" Seb laughed. "And I bet you haven't eaten either! It will do us good!" Seb poked Ford's cheek before marching to his old kitchen. Oh, memories~ "Watch the twins for me, you can see them but not examine them without me!" he called back.

Ford looked down at the babies helplessly. Soos was gently trying to pry Zoe's mouth off him. "Ow. Heh heh, you've got some sharp teeth little lady. Ow!" Soos winced through his chuckles. Zully was waddling over to the couch, pulling at the pillows. "Ah… Dr. Pines? Help?" Soos asked helplessly from his position, kneeling over on the ground. Ford shook himself. Right. "Yes, hold still while I dislodge her from you…" He was able to carefully pull on Zoe until she let go, Soos sighed in relief. Ford blinked at the blonde child as he held her up, arms stretched and as far away from his face as possible. She giggled, a bit of blood was trailing out of her mouth.

"Oh my goodness! Do you need medical assistance?" Ford stared at the injury on Soos's cheek. The round man laughed it off. "Naw, I've actually gotten worse bites from the squirrels that attack my FCLORP group."

"Ah, um, you should...still wash that thing off, though, it could get infected..." Ford awkwardly carried Zoe to the bathroom because despite how horrible it looked and how much it creeped him out, Zoe had Soos' blood in her mouth. "Ok...um, clean it? How do you clean yourself?" The clueless man asked. He let the water run and waited for Zoe to do something. She was sitting on the edge of the sink, a little confused.

Zoe stared at the man intensely, heterochromatic eyes wide. He...looked like Daddy, but he definitely wasn't daddy. Her eyes narrowed annoyed. "No Daddy!" What was his name again? "Isher!" Yeah, that's what daddy called the man.

"I...sher?" Ford asked softly. Zoe nodded. "Isher!" She looked at the water and splashed Isher with water while laughing loudly. Ford frowned in annoyance. "Hey! Zoe, no!" He scolded loudly but the little girl gasped and started screaming in distress (she didn't like to be shouted at!) and he froze. "I'm sorry! I'm sorry!" He just didn't know how to deal with a baby.

He took her back to the living room, almost getting bitten in the process, and practically dropped her on the couch. Zoe calmed down when she saw her crib companion playing with the chewable gopher, it was safe now. Zully was here. And Isher wouldn't shout at her again.

Ford sat far (far!) away from the kids and pulled out his journal to write a bit about their interactions. "Sebastian, when were they born?" He called out to his brother in the kitchen. "April 24th, 2013!" Seb called with a proud, sweet voice. Alright, so they were a year and 2 months old. He marked that down. But, Wanda should have conceived them sometime in the fall… did the timing mean anything?

Wanda did say the doctors told her her uterus had been burnt… What was different from her pregnancy to their mom's?! Sebastian didn't burn her. He called out again. "Do they have...birthmarks?" Seb hummed. "Birthmarks as in Dipper kind or my kind?" "Yours!" "Nopey! Nothing, Zoe just has a darker splotch on her arm."

Ford crawled over to the kids to examine that birthmark. He lifted the girl's arm with his pencil, not
wanting to risk getting bitten. It was just a splotch, not even anything resembling a distinctive shape. Certainly not a triangle. Still, this didn't really reassure him. Zully played like what he would call an average baby, they made baby sounds, wobbled when walking and had a big smile. Zoe on the other hand was starting to worry him...

He watched her cackle as she threw her toys around. She even bit onto the neck of one of the dolls and shook her head around, growling.

"Holy shit…" Ford stared at his niece, terrified. Zoe's hand suddenly engulfed in flames and she burnt her toy, laughing when she threw it against the wall. "S-S-Seb! Sebastian!" Ford screamed, the blue fire reflecting in his glasses.

Seb poked his head into the room and looked at the babies. "Shoot!" Zoe noticed him and raised her arms. "Dada!" She screamed in excitement before falling backwards, almost hitting her head. "Ooops~ Baby you have to be more careful!" He picked her up and floated up the flaming toy before Ford's house caught fire (like his and Wanda's did). "Sorry about that, their powers still get out of control, haha, that's why we're here, don't worry, they can't really hurt you." Seb put the toy in water, he wasn't going to eat that fire, and called everyone to eat. Abuelita had seen him a bit ago and decided to join him in the cooking.

"I made hamburgers! So you can't deny my food!" Seb scolded his brother with a grin. Ford was still trying to get his breathing back under control. He observed Zoe more closely during lunch. The babies got some chicken, barely seasoned, rice and some weird looking puree which both of them seemed to like. Ford was trembling a little, the memory of that blue fire running through his mind again and again. What would he have done if Seb wasn't there to put it out? Would his living room burn down? Could that blue fire even be put out with an extinguisher? Dumping the toy in water seemed to help, but still! That fire was blue! It was magical! What if it wouldn't have gone out without Seb's help?

Bill's certainly wouldn't have. Ford hid a shudder. He'd had more experience with Bill's burning flames than he would like to admit. That demon visited him every few nights back behind the portal, as soon as he left the safety of William's side.

After lunch, Zoe and Zully started yawning, and Seb suggested that if he needed to draw blood or whatever, to do it now. "They comply more when tired." Ford chuckled a little. "Well, I doubt anyone would enjoy complying to having their blood taken."

They went to Ford's lab, he had gotten prepared for this weeks ago, and carefully swabbed the insides of their mouths (barely escaping before Zoe bit him) as well as took some blood samples (might as well cover his bases). The children complained after it and Seb rocked them in his arms. Ford shook his head slowly. Seb loved his kids so much...Would he still do so if they were...

"Alright...this is to study yo-your genetic composition, no one will see the samples, just me." There was no way he was asking for help from the other doctors. "No-Now, the weirdness scan…" As he prepared his machine, Seb rocked and burped his sleepy kids. "We won't see each other for our birthday, right?" Seb asked sadly. Stan was going to be busy this summer. Ford had many things to do with setting up the center… and Shermie was taking Mabel and Dipper with him and Abigail on a family vacation.

"I-I don't know…" Ford fumbled a little with the buttons on his machine.

"We can still see each other at the end of the summer, to celebrate Dillon and the twins' birthday, and Diego's! He will be turning 1 in September don't forget!" Seb exclaimed happily. It was fine if he could see everyone at LEAST once this summer.
"I'll keep it in mind…" Ford finally got everything ready. He connected the little wires to the babies' temples for a better reading. Then did the same for Sebastian when he sat down next to his sleeping babies. As the machine made weird science stuff Seb didn't understand, his brother looked down at him. "So...Sebastian...what-what would you...what would you do or-or think...if the kids used to be...demons?"

Seb smiled. Oh, easy question. He already had it with Linda. "It wouldn't matter, they're my daughters, and they don't deserve to be punished for something they did in another life."

"Alright, but it actually matters quite a lot!" Ford laughed humorlessly, gritting his teeth. "If you hadn't been a demon, you wouldn't have gotten a demon eye, or powers. Which you somehow passed down! I mean there must be a reason you still aren't entirely human…"

"...I-I AM human, Ford…"

"Humans don't have powers or transform into 6 armed monsters with disconnected torsos." The older triplet said, sounding just slightly accusatory.

"...Uh-uh…" Seb stuttered, holding Zully's hand for support. "It's magic…"

"It's weirdness, Sebastian." Ford shook his head. Magic and Weirdness wasn't the same. "I'm not saying you're bad or anything, just that, maybe your past is not separate from you by a clear line…"

There was a moment of silence before Seb whispered. "I'm not Filbrick...I'm not going to hurt them…" Ford waved his hands. "I-I never said-" He bit his lip. Well, he didn't say it, but that was what he had been thinking… did that… make him like Filbrick? Ew, no, never. He-He might have thought about it...but only for a second! He-He actually didn't want to hurt his nieces! He didn't want anything bad happening to them!

That's why he was really hoping they-they weren't demons…

Ford trembled as he ran the scanner. The readouts were... odd. "You're human… but you're also… Weirdness…” He wasn't sure what that meant. How could Sebastian have such powers, and pass on such powers, when his DNA was 100% human? But there it was, the reading stated quite plainly that he was human. He just happened to be emitting Weirdness energy.

The readings of the twins were similar, but not the same, just like the quick basic scan he did when they were born. They had the same powers but they didn't have the same weirdness waves...WHY? He wanted to map Seb's DNA already. "What was your deal with the Axolotl again? You asked to be human?"

"Why would I EVER ask to be such a dumb creature?" Seb laughed. "I wanted to be brought back, it had to be in a different form, different time...MAYBE I should have been more specific...but, heh, I had just died for the first time, I wasn't thinking straight...haha, get it? Straight~" Ford didn't get it but let him talk. "And then...when he brought me back that summer he said he would let me keep my powers…” Seb shrugged. "Which at first I thought gone, I only got them back when I came to Gravity Falls where the seal was broken, so maybe...the twins have powers...because they don't have seals?" Seb suggested.

Ford thought about it. It...It made some kind of sense...If they didn't have magic seals...then their powers were free...and if they don't have seals...it means they don't have zodiacs which means they weren't Bill! He managed a small smile. That reassured him at least a little bit... Putting the still kind of confusing readings aside, the older triplet gently pulled off the soft plugs on the twins’ heads, he didn't want to wake them up, but was more harsh with his triplet, just to bother him, like
good ol' siblings always do. "OW!" Seb glared and his brother sent him a smug grin. "Don't scream, you are going to wake up my nieces~"

"You little-" Seb grumbled but let it pass. He would get revenge at some point, he must be patient~

They moved to another area of the center so Ford could study the three samples of blood he had. It was going to take a while, but Seb wasn't allowed to bring food into the room so his tablet and sleeping kids would be enough. "Ok, what are you going to do now?"

"Your DNA is human, but if you have powers, and you passed them down, I'm going by the theory you must have them as part of your DNA, so that's why you are 'human' but still have powers that can be passed down." Because if Zoe and Zully didn't get powers because of that...Then how? His other theories were much darker and he'd prefer NOT to think about them right now. Ford shook his head. "But that doesn't make any sense. You have the same DNA as me, as Stan. Well, aside from a few mutations causing our extra fingers..." Ford looked down at his hands. "And Zoe has different colored eyes, so, mutations are a thing that seem to happen..."

"Mutations are literally the creations of new alleles, so I'm guessing one or a few of your chromosomes have different alleles compared to us that came from a mutation, a mutation that could be the product of...being a reincarnation of a being of pure energy with powers? Your past life should be clearly separated from you now, but it ISN'T because you clearly remember being Bill and you have physical traits that relate you to him, so..." Ford groaned loudly and pulled at his fluffy (and greasy from not showering) curly hair. "UUURGGHHH!" Perhaps the Weirdness was latched onto Seb's Soul? And the radiation from that energy had caused some cellular mutations? Radiation DID cause mutation, so it was possible, perhaps the Weirdness altered Seb's body to be able to contain and produce the powers he had?

Seb laughed at his expression. "Come on, Sixer, don't get stressed, you'll find out what's going on." Seb patted Ford's hair, grimaced in disgust, wiped it on his pants, and went to sit down next to the kids. "From what I'm aware, the Axolotl created my vessel from your bodies...I'm not sure HOW, but I...doubt we were all created at the same time..."

"Or we were." Ford commented as he looked into the microscope, very concentrated. "And the mutation happened when Bill's soul, got into the human body that is yours now..." Reincarnation was fascinating, and very complicated. Frankly, most of the scientific community didn't even believe Souls were real, and Ford only knew that Souls were real because of all his experiences with the paranormal.

Normally, with how small DNA was, it couldn't actually be seen that easily. They had to be treated with dyes and placed into multiple chemicals in little trays to make sure the cells were alive and would grow to divide. Fiddleford and he had worked together to build the equipment for the lab. His knowledge of the technology he encountered in space combined with Fiddleford's brilliant engineering helped to build this special microscope (along with all his other lab tools and machines, unique, patented and far more advanced than any other equipment) that COULD zoom in enough to see the samples he had carefully treated with some chemicals more easily than normal ones.

It would have normally taken long hours to look at the chromosomes and weeks to get the results he was looking for gene per gene. Now it would take him barely an hour. "Thank Ax for your incredible, perfect and almost magical technology!" Seb fake cheered. Ford huffed softly and focused back on the sample he was studying. This was Seb's, he wanted to study his first. Now that he thought about it, he should have gotten a sample of himself, to compare just how different their DNA could actually be.
"Look, Sixer! I made a suit! It's inspired by you! I call it Nerd & Greasy!" Seb showed his brother his tablet with a large grin and Ford glared at the stick figure drawing he did. "Stop it! I'm working!"

"You don't like my drawing?" Seb pouted with mock sadness but Ford wasn't going to fall for that. "No. Now let me see how we can fix your children."

Seb stopped and stayed quiet. He...He didn't like how Ford said the kids needed to be 'fixed', as if they were wrong. They weren't...

Ford focused on the samples, unaware of the effects of his words. He never noticed those kinds of things. His super intelligent brain could memorize almost anything, but when it came to human emotions or anything subjective, the oldest Pines brother was utterly clueless. Interpersonal intelligence was the only intelligence he lacked, while Stan excelled in that. He understood people (and used it to his favor). In simpler terms, Stanford Pines was a jerk. But an unintentional jerk.

The scientist waited for the cells to reach their metaphase state so he could see the chromosomes. Finally, when they were condensed and properly dyed, he could take a good look at them. It didn't take long for him to notice what wasn't normal. First of all, the pair of chromosomes marked as 1 was longer than their siblings, as if it had an additional piece just in the lowest chunk. The chromosomes were dyed red, and while a few tiny parts were tinted yellow, this particular one was extremely bright. He zoomed in and found that, that particular gene was glowing.

"Ok...I think I found something..." Seb looked up from stroking Zoe's round head. "You have an additional gene which is glowing yellow so I'm going to suppose that's where your powers originate." Ford adjusted a few dials. "None of the others have that glow to them. And it's quite distinctive..." Though, to Ford's surprise, the glow faded even as he observed it. The gene segment appearing to... decay rapidly as the cell finished dividing. Within a few minutes, and a few more divisions, there was no trace of that extra gene at all. Ford stared. This was... amazing.

That gene, which Ford mentally dubbed the 'Weirdness Gene™', decayed quickly once it was removed from the body. Well, that would explain why Sebastian's blood tests came back normal. The machines used to test blood in regular hospitals took hours, the gene would have destroyed itself long before then, leaving behind completely innocuous samples that were probably near identical to the rest of his triplets. No one would have ever known that Seb's DNA wasn't entirely human...

... which explained how he could pass it on. His children probably inherited that extra gene from him. Perhaps that gene sequence didn't decay as quickly in sperm, or, it made it to an egg quickly enough that it was kept alive? Ford would have to do more tests. ...could he ask his brother for a sperm sample...

"What?!" Seb sputtered when Ford voiced his question aloud. "Heck no! That's gross, man!" The younger man made an embarrassed face and blushed.

"But- science!" Ford (didn't) whine. Seb glared. "Hell no. Nope. Nah, ah! No way." He shook his head. "Now what did you find out?" The youngest triplet asked. Ford was disappointed at the refusal of DNA samples, but turned around in his seat to face his brother. "So, you DO in fact, have slightly different DNA. An extra gene segment on your first Chromosome. However, it seems to destroy itself and vanish within..." Ford checked his watch and thought about how long it had been since he'd drawn blood from his brother, "...10 minutes or so. Which is why your DNA could pass as mine. Once the rest results came back, no one would have any way of seeing that there was something extra."
Seb stared. Then he got angry. "That stupid lizard just stuck my powers onto the FIRST chromosome?! That lazy little bi-!

"Well, regardless. I think this supports my hypothesis that your powers are indeed, heritable. Somehow. I would need to check your children's blood and other samples to be sure that they have the gene as well. Though, by this point, they must have decayed like yours did." Ford adjusted his glasses. Which would mean that he wouldn't be able to find the glowing gene, but it didn't mean he couldn't run other tests on their blood for more research. Especially for the whole, comparing Ford's own blood with his brothers. He could do that later.

Seb was still ranting angrily. Ford went back to studying the blood samples. "You know, I believe that this Weirdness Gene™ must be in charge of making you generate your odd energy signature. With that Seal on your back, that energy would build up but it couldn't be expressed or released, which caused you lots of pain. Perhaps it simply took 18 years for the energy to build up enough to hurt, and it would leak out through your seal, which must have been agonizing..." Ford spoke casually, not realizing how insensitive it was to speak about Seb's suffering so simply.

Seb twitched. "Yeah. Agonizing..." He sighed. Stupid Axolotl. Stupid seal. At least his children didn't have that damn thing. He wouldn't have been able to stand it if they had to suffer like he did. He'd surely revive Cipher just to make him heal them, he'd have never known if Gravity Falls would break their seals...

Ford got a new saliva sample from the babies (disappointed because he couldn't take blood from them again, unless he wanted to hurt them, which he DIDN'T) who were starting to wake up, to repeat the process. He used two microscopes this time, to work at the same time. "Come on~ Show me my hypothesis verification~" Again, their chromosome number 1s were larger, but the gene didn't glow yellow, it was green in Zoe's and a soft blue in Zully's.

"Why is it a different color? What's changing it? I used the same dye." Ford mused to himself. It was definitely the same additional gene, sitting there as if it owned the place. The only thing Ford could think of was that they produced a different... 'flavor' of Weirdness.

He looked closer and was a little intrigued at these observations. He remembered the first results from his Weirdness scanner had given him plenty of readouts. He checked them and did a double take back then. All of them still registered as human. But with Weirdness energy. Ok, this was the base for this problem. Humans naturally born with weirdness. That wasn't normal. Ford decided to try and isolate the Weirdness energy by itself to try and figure out what 'species' of Weirdness it was coming from.

Perhaps they would develop different powers once they were older? Or maybe they would express their powers in a different way? He was getting more and more excited about this. The possibilities! And he was the first to see it! All by himself!

He went to get his scanner and changed a few settings. This was a new function that Fiddleford had helped him add last month. He held the machine up to his brother to take another reading. Yup, Sebastian rated as 50% Weirdness levels.. He checked the twins, they should have similar levels, or at least ratios.

Ford read the readings and thought about it. No that wasn't how it worked. Seb was 50/50 from being half demon and half human (energy wise) and since the twins were more human, their percentages should ACTUALLY go down...

...and yes. Zoe's Weirdness levels were around 25% as Ford suspected. Zully was...
Ford froze. Zully was clocking in at a little over 75% Weirdness. How was this possible?! Her readings were HIGHER than Sebs! Ford went cold. If Seb was 50/50 because of his soul being Bill Cipher… and he would pass on 25% weirdness to his kids, as shown by Zoe's reading, the only POSSIBLE way for Zully to get higher would be if… Zully's soul wasn't human...

No. That couldn't be right. Ford shook his head. There had to be some other reason. He needed more tests.

"Why don't you wake them up? I need to see them use their powers." The scientist said quickly. "They need to sleep." Seb frowned a bit and stood in front when his brother wanted to grab Zully. "They're stirring anyway!" Ford pointed out. "I need to study them." He was staring at them. Seb glared. "My CHILDREN are not your test subjects. Leave them alone." He didn't like the way Ford was saying it, maybe if he had been more tactful, Seb would have accepted, but Stanford wasn't tactful. He was speaking as if the twins were...

"But you need to see what their powers are anyway! They could be dangerous, they might hurt you and Wanda- And if you know what they can do, you can better control them, fix them-" or seal and contain them, if they really were...

"Stop! Saying! That!" Seb hissed. "My children are FINE. They don't need FIXING!" Seb trembled. They weren't broken. They were perfect, sweet babies. Nothing at all like him… Seb shook his head. "I'm gonna go put the twins somewhere they can sleep better…" Seb cradled his children and made his way back to the Shack.

"You-You were the one who wanted my help! You wanted to know how their powers worked to control them!" Ford shouted with a glare. "Sebastian this is important!" Ford didn't have time for his triplet's foolish stubbornness! Zully might be dangerous!

"I wanted your help, I didn't want you to… to tell me that their powers were something wrong that had to be FIXED!" Seb's eye teared up. "I wanted help to teach them how to control their powers better, you said that if I knew what weirdness it was, you'd be able to help me stop them from hurting themselves!" Seb sniffled "B-but I don't like how you-you see us as some stupid experiment for your entertainment!"

...or as a threat to be fixed...

"But it is...it IS an experiment, it's research! You have Weirdness in your DNA because you were Bill Cipher, and now your children have the same defect, but it doesn't look like yours! If you don't let me do my research- I EVEN VOLUNTEERED to do it for YOU, then who is to say their powers aren't from another demon?!!" Ford cried, almost desperately. If they were another demon, then everyone was in danger- what if Bill was reincarnated too? If it happened to Sebastian then-

Seb stopped and slowly turned around. "You...That's why you asked me before...You don't care about the twins' powers at all, do you?! You just think the kids could be reincarnated monsters?! Are you stupid??!

Ford twitched. He wasn't stupid! "Not as stupid as you, who clearly denies that something's wrong here! And I care about them, they're my nieces, but my scanner shows high concentrations of Weirdness in Zully- and you HAVE to admit that if YOU are a demon, nothing-" Ford shook, "-nothing stops THEM from being one too! Do you really want monsters as kids?" The scientist asked, attempting to joke about it, but his brother hugged the twins closer.

"...What if they were!? You-You clearly don't want a monster as a brother...I thought you had...gotten over it…" Seb turned around and walked away faster. Figures. Ford STILL didn't…
didn't trust him… or his children! Seb clenched his eye shut. That awful feeling was growing in his chest again. He itched. He could feel that awful urge to begin clawing at himself again.

He… he wasn't alright. He… he wanted Linda… he wanted to talk to her. To cry and scream and let her know how awful he felt because his brother was a fucking stupid head who made him feel bad and she said no one should be allowed to make him feel bad for being himself! The twins opened their eyes and stirred restlessly at the agitation they could feel from their dad. Seb winced when he heard them whimper. "No, no, no, don't cry! I'm fine! I promise!"

He quickly went back to the Shack, and locked himself and the twins there. Seb put the kids on the bed. His chest was tightening and breathing was getting harder. No! NO! BREATHE! BREATHE! He refused to-to-"AAAAHHHHH!" Sebastian screamed and hit his head against the wall. Zach and Zoe jumped, startled at the horrible noise. Their daddy began hitting the wall with his hands now until his knuckles bled. The babies sobbed in distress. No! No, daddy don't cry! ""Papa!"" they wailed, scared of what was happening.

Ford sat in his chair, slowly stroking his right sixth finger. He-he didn't understand. What had he done to upset Sebastian this time? Why did he always end up upsetting him when he was simply trying to help? He was just worried for his brother's safety. If the twins were actually demons… Sebastian could get hurt! Wanda could get hurt! Ford was just trying to…

He sighed, rubbing his face. If Stan were here, he'd probably call him an idiot. And demand that he apologize to Sebastian. Not that Ford knew what for. He probably should though. He didn't want Seb to be angry at him. He should tell his brother that this was for Sebastian's own good. He said it himself! The twins burned down their living room! If Sebastian had, had powers as a baby, he was sure their parents would have done something as well! Some way to make him stop using his powers, or bind them down or… or...

Ford put his elbows on the table and sulked.

Ford was clearly ignoring the fact that the twins didn't have a father who hated their very existence. He wasn't even connecting the dots to see what Seb's point of view was on this topic.

All Ford could think of was his reading and what it could mean. Having a high concentration of Weirdness might be possible, genetics were strange sometimes, but it couldn't be possible for a human child to contain more Weirdness than the parent they got their powers from-

Unfortunately, Ford had yet to make a machine capable to seeing Souls, so he had no way to figure this out.

It took Seb a while to calm down. He had to get a warm drink and a few bandages for his hands. He didn't mean to hurt himself this much, it just...happened, and now he felt terrible, Linda and Wanda would be so disappointed. He had thought it was a good idea. Now he saw just how stupid he was. The babies calmed down when he calmed down, and were accompanying him with warm bottles of milk. "You aren't wrong, you're perfect just the way you are, Stanford's wrong…" He rubbed their tummies. "You can burn anything you want, I shouldn't have asked him for help, I can handle this myself…"

It wasn't until tomorrow that Ford looked for his brother to apologize. He had thought about it and he came to the conclusion that calling his nieces monsters was bad and he didn't mean it that way, he wasn't trying to insult Sebastian or the babies. Seb accepted Ford's apology, even as he bit back his own angry words about how he REALLY felt about Ford's off-handed hurtful comments.

Seb still took the kids and left, making the long trip back across the country. This had all been a
waste of time. At least know he knew that he really DID have some kind of weirdness gene that he
could pass on. But he left without anything to help him control the kids’ powers, because Ford had
cared more to see what made them tick, what made them monsters. He hoped Ford liked their
samples, he was surely going to publish another paper about it or something and be even more
famous…

"Papa, I-Isher?" Zully asked as they played with Seb's extra finger. Seb stroked their hair. "I'm
ok...we just didn't have a good time in Gravity Falls, did we?" Zully rested their head on his chest.
No, Daddy was sad there. "But it's ok, sometimes we-we fight with family, but-but it doesn't mean
they-they don't love us, even though they're mean."

Zoe puffed her cheeks and hugged her dad's hand. Isher made daddy sad. But her and Zully will
make him happy...Mommy seemed to join, because she was very worried after they came back and
Seb didn't look happy. Dad was always happy after seeing his family. Mommy wanted to kiss him
and Zoe allowed mommy to kiss her daddy, just because he needed love...

"And...And he found in my DNA a gene that proves that I'm a monster and it explains why-why I
still have my powers and how my past really isn't my past because there isn't a clear line, and then
he said I passed it down to my kids so now they're monsters too, or that I didn't pass them down
and they could be reincarnations too, but he called us monsters and said my kids needed to be
fixed, and it hurt me when he said that and-and I got so stressed and angry and it hurt and I
punched the wall until I bled, I'm sorry, I'm so sorry…"

Linda rubbed her eyes and sighed. So Sebastian had another fight with his brother...the one whom
he had always had problems with because he used to call him names, and then that summer when
he 'came back from the portal' he called him a monster and a demon (his brother also seemed to
believe Seb's invented backstory?) And now...he 'confirmed' Sebastian and his kids were demons
and backed it up saying he found a GENE?!

What was even going on with this family?

Chapter End Notes

Wiii conflict! Leave your reviews! We love reading them!
Chapter 6: Interlude. Shermie and Abigail Pines

Chapter Summary

What does it take to raise two babies when you're still a baby yourself?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Because these idiotic but loving parents deserve recognition.

So let us talk of the old days~

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Mabel and Dipper laughed as they jumped over their parents’ sleeping forms. Shermie and Abigail groaned loudly as their teens curled up next to them. “We’ve decided to bother you for breakfast!” Mabel snuggled next to her mom, tickling her with her long brown hair. “Get off me, Mason!” Shermie groaned louder when Dipper pulled the covers and his naked chest was exposed to the chilly morning air.

“What do you want from us!?” Abigail complained. “It’s too early for this!”

“We want food!” “Foooood!!” “FOOOODDD!” The twins moaned at the same time, Mabel rubbing her mom’s cheeks. Shermie managed to throw his son off him and covered his face with his pillow. If he couldn’t see them, they couldn’t see him. “There’s cereal, feed yourself.” He mumbled.

“Uncle Seb made us pancakes when we stayed with him~” Mabel lifted the pillow from his face.

“Well, if that’s the case you can go live with Uncle Seb and never come back!” Abigail taunted.

The parents smiled and Mabel continued. “I also want to go to Gravity Falls because I wanna see Candy and Grenda!” Mabel said, her mouth full of bread. "And Dipper SURELY wants to see Pacificaaa~!” The girl punched Dipper’s arm, who embarrassed, punched her back.

"OW!" Mabel complained with an angry pout, rubbing her hurting arm. "Dipper! Don't hurt your sister!" Shermie scolded. "But she hit me first!-and she's doing it right now!" Dipper motioned at Mabel, repeatedly hitting him. "Mabel, don't." Abigail scolded.
"But, well, I do...want to go to Gravity Falls...but ALSO because I'm determined to show you a monster this time!" The teen clarified. Shermie laughed, "Sure, kiddo, I'll ask your uncles if they can go."

Mabel blew a raspberry. "HAH! They ARE going, it's not even an option--We have their presents. If they want them, they have to go!" She waved a dismissive hand. Abigail laughed softly at her daughter's antics. She reminded him of Shermie, he could be so dramatic sometimes.

Vacations were different ever since Shermie and Abi sent the twins to Seb that one year. Dipper didn't consume himself day and night playing video games (he still did, but less), he instead wrote and read a lot. What he WROTE was worrying, but at least his brain wasn't rotting in front of a screen. Mabel was the same, always sweet and kind to everyone, but she came back pretty interested in Karate and Shermie was more than happy to teach her self defense and how to break someone's hand in an emergency.

They were so proud of the twins, they've grown and changed so much...They weren't much younger than them, but the couple would do anything for their children. Despite everything they went through for them, they couldn't imagine life any other way. Mabel and Dipper were far too important to them.

Abi left for her morning shift at the hospital (not without a kiss from her kids and husband) and Shermie claimed the living room as his to work on his latest assignment. Lucky kids had vacations. Not them though. They had to work forever. Heck, He'd been working ever since he graduated and even before that. Shermie winced a little at the thought. Part time jobs, long nights of working, studying and caring for the twins… his childhood pretty much ended at 15 because he was expected to be a father. Shermie smiled nostalgically. It was hard. He was a kid, but he couldn’t be a kid anymore. Not when he and Abigail had a responsibility.

At some point in the evening, Mabel poked her head into the room. "Hey, papa~ Jenny's mom will come pick us up to watch a movie with my other friends and we're gonna eat there! She’ll bring us home tonight!"

"Wait. And who gave you permission?" Shermie raised his glasses questioningly. Then Dipper appeared. "You? We're asking you?" Both grinned widely. Shermie rolled his eyes. "Very funny…"

"Pleaseee? We haven't gone out with friends in ages!" Dipper begged. "Cute cartoon movie!" Mabel added. Their dad sighed in defeat. "Ok. Do you need money?" "Nopety, it's a birthday party! Jenny, remember? Came to the house once. Thought you were our older brother." That...wasn't a rare occurrence...

"Oh." Shermie nodded with a bark of laughter. "Ok, yes, I remember. Alright, text me when you’re there and when you’re coming back." The twins cheered and ran away. Shermie missed the time when they needed him, even though he always teased them saying he was glad they were leaving home soon. That wasn’t true. There was a time when he complained because he had to drive them everywhere because they were useless babies, but now they could do things on their own and he wasn't needed at all and it made him feel very weird.

He distracted himself with his work, feeling old and sad for missing his little twins under his legs, begging to take them to the park and 'pway'...

"Shermie, you ugly thing, where are our spawns?" The green eyed-man jumped with a loud scream at the sudden voice. He looked back and saw his wife laughing. "Hello, ugly witch, why are you here, you ruined my peace~" The young parents laughed before kissing each other on the lips. "I'm
not early, you're in your Pj's at 5pm. I looked for the twins and they aren't here?"

"They left...a few hours ago to watch a movie with some friends..." All by themselves... Abigail checked her phone, no messages from the twins, and pouted. "Have you eaten? Let's order something." 30 minutes later, the two were sitting in front of the TV, munching on their hamburgers as they watched a movie. It was all...so quiet.

"It's so weird to have the house all for ourselves, huh?" Abigail asked. "Yeah, usually the twins are somewhere screaming or making noise or singing disney songs... or setting the curtains on fire..." Shermie agreed. Seriously, what was Dipper even thinking to do with all those candles!? Abi nodded slowly. "Yeah...but we let them get away with too many things...Even the curtains thing! And bringing home that pet pig!" She laughed, eyeing Waddles who was napping on his bed in the living room. At least he was a small pig (relatively speaking). Shermie grumbled. Fat naked jerk... "They're cute though, we can't say no to them...even less when they were little, they were so cute..."

A commercial of diapers eventually interrupted their movie and Shermie and Abi shared a weird look before Abi spoke. "I don't want another baby..." The young woman said quickly. "Ugh, thank god! I thought I was getting it all wrong." The young man threw himself back. "It's just...I can't believe how fast it all was..." Abi nibbled a french fry. "And now the twins feel so grown up..." Abi hugged her husband.

"I think it's my brother's fault, for having babies now and reminding us of what we lost~" Shermie took a hand to his forehead and the dark-haired woman laughed. "You're right, it's ALL their fault...But we worked way harder..." "We had it HARDEST!" Shermie laid down, pulling Abi on top of him to kiss her. His hands roamed down to her thighs as Abigail stuck her hands inside his shirt to feel his abs.

As much fun as they could have together, their first time was stupidly stupid, alcohol was stupid, they were stupid, and the product of it scared the living shit out of both of them. She got pregnant, and they recognized they totally fucked up. Shermie always blamed it on his rebellious, angry-with-the-world phase, when he submerged himself in his karate lessons, violence, alcohol and even some drugs. He wasn't proud to admit it. And it was all because he wanted to be as far away from his family as possible. He also blamed Abigail for following him and agreeing to do his dumb stuff when she was the goody two shoes, but that didn't work either, that only earnt him a slap.

"Oh. My. God~ Abigail ended up being such a slut~" One of THOSE girls used to mock Abi when they were still in New Jersey. It was known that Abigail was a good girl, A+ student, and the other kids just got the perfect excuse to mock her.

"Fuck off!" One of Abi’s friends had flipped that other girl off and led their friend away, her eyes full of tears and about to cry. "Don’t listen to her, we all know SHE’S the real slut, and a bitch!"

Shermie’s friends, all but a few, just thought it was hilarious to tease him to no end. “You’re so fucking stupid.” “If I were you, I’d say that kid isn’t mine and call it a day, you seriously want a brat to ruin your life?!” “Yeah, I’m not gonna help with shit, you should have asked me for a condom first!”

His real friends always reassured him that even if he WAS stupid, it was his brat and he should take responsibility, but they were going to be there for him, not to help changing a single diaper, that was HIS problem, but EMOTIONALLY be there for him. Despite everything, Shermie was grateful for the support.

Shermie sighed. Man, it felt both so long ago and so recent. “Where did the years go?” He
wondered. Abigail hummed as she laid against his chest. “I think we did well for ourselves, all things considered.” “I think we did...I mean, the kids are alive~” Abigail hit his chest softly, dumb man, before she laid down again. “I’m proud of ourselves...” Abigail yawned and snuggled closer. Her shifts were so irregular, she had a night one just yesterday...Tired...

“No~ Abi, no! I need to work~” Shermie tried to stand up but failed. After an exaggerated huff, he got comfortable on the couch, with an arm wrapped around Abi so she wouldn’t fall (it had happened), and he closed his eyes, just for a bit. A little nap couldn’t hurt...

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It wasn’t even 5 in the morning when Shermie and Abi opened their eyes. The twins were sobbing and only Abi’s parents’ shouts managed to wake them up. "Kiids!!! The babies are crying!!” Abigail whimpered as Shermie covered himself with the blankets. No! He was tired! It wasn’t fair, they haven’t had a single good night in months, and they were just so tired...

The two teens angrily marched up towards the babies’ room. "Please, stop crying, we all just want to sleep…” They cradled the small babies to themselves. The boy closed his eyes for a second and almost fell to the floor with Mason. "Give him a bottle, dumbass." Abi snapped as she adjusted Mabel in her arms and tiredly lifted a part of her shirt.

Shermie blinked blearily and stumbled over to the cabinet where they kept the baby formula. “Wish I could just hold him to my chest and feed him...” Shermie grumbled. That was much easier and less work. Babies did the job themselves and Abi could sleep. Bottles meant holding it for them and making sure he didn’t drop the bottle on their tiny faces. Mixing the bottles was so annoying. And he needed to heat up the water, but not too hot and not too cold. Ugh, he was too tired for this shit right now...Stupid...dumb...bottles! Ugh, it was alright as it was!

But~ it really wasn’t. It was too hot and Mason cried even louder when it burnt his sensitive tongue. Shermie wanted to cry too. “I’m sorry...I’m so sorry, Mason, I’m just... so tired...I’m so sorry...” Shermie whimpered. He looked over to see Abi passed out with Mabel suckling on her chest. Uggghhh... Shermie whined loudly, stomping the floor with a foot, went over and pulled Mabel off, placing Mason down there instead. “Here, you’ve had enough, give your brother some”

Mason was still whimpering because his tongue hurt, but he was hungry too so he suckled and cried even as he did so. Shermie held Mabel up and tried to burp her. She was fussing, she wasn’t done eating! But Shermie didn’t care, he was tired. He just wanted some sleep. He burped Mabel and put her back in her crib, laying down next to Abi on one of the many pillows scattered around the twins’ room and passed out.

He and Abi woke again to Mabel and Mason’s cries. Mabel was still hungry, she couldn't go back to sleep, and Mason had slid off Abi’s chest at some point and had been lying on an awkward angle on the pillow for a while. Shermie and Abi started crying themselves, Shermie even louder. He had SCHOOL in the morning! He was struggling in class as it was!

Abigail’s parents eventually came over, and took pity on the dead-looking teenagers, carrying the wailing and upset babies.
So, as good, grandparents, they helped to feed and put the babies back to bed so the poor teenagers could get another hour of sleep before school. Or well, Shermie could, Abi's classes were in the afternoon-night.

School was living hell. When they made their little arrangement to not miss their education, they thought it was genius, but now the teens regretted everything. Waking up early to go to school was hell. When Abi was pregnant, they studied together but not anymore! He'd been here for less than a year in California and everyone knew him already, they called him "the teen father". The friends he had were nice, but he couldn't even enjoy breaks or lunch. If he wasn't falling asleep in class, he was sleeping at the nursery, or the principal's office (who became nicer to him after having a child of his own) or in drastic cases, a closet room or the floor.

Then, as soon as school was done, he had to fly to his part time job, where nasty people ordered him around, everyone complained, and his short patience was tested. He HAD to though, and he HATED it!! "Sheerrmie!!" A girl called him as he sprinted out. "I'll be organizing a party, it’ll be great! You can bring a guest!"

Shermie stared at the paper with the saddest expression in the world. "I...I can't...We have to take care of the babies and my in laws refuse to babysit..." Some kids also teased him about being married, but some kind girls liked to ask him to show them his ring, thinking it was all really romantic. It wasn't valuable as shit. They won the pair of rings in a fair they went to together back in New Jersey. His was a silver painted metal ring with a little blue plastic oval on it, and Abi's was the same but the 'jewel' was pink and heart shaped. They liked their 'wedding rings'. Not only because buying a fancy ring from the jewellers was a freaking ripoff (they didn't have money for those, they didn't deserve them, and cheap rings were simply better anyway), but because their parents thought it suited them.

They were kids getting married for playing adult...
The girl smiled sadly. "Right, you have brats, huh? Well, maybe next time."

Working was so hard. He had to take energy drinks and coffee CONSTANTLY or he'd pass out at the counter. He was so tired of this, he wanted to sleep, he wanted to go out with his friends, he wanted to go to parties! His life was RUINED! He wanted to be a kid again!

And after work, his father in law would pass by to pick him up to go home. He knew Shermie was tired and doing his best, so he earned a free ride home from the stern man. By the time he was home, Abi was long gone to her afternoon classes, and Shermie stayed at home...with Mabel and Mason...

He dragged himself to their room, and smiled softly at his gurgling 4 and a half month old children. As much as his life was HELL, he couldn’t blame the kids. He loved them so much. The teenager sighed as he leaned against the crib and closed his eyes. Maybe... just a little nap... he had homework but he could do that later. Sebastian had told him that no matter what, he had to graduate high school, something that Seb never got to do. So Shermie wouldn’t give up on that. Not ever!

It was nice enough that Abigail’s parents allowed them to keep the kids in their house. Shermie’s own father had pretty much told him ‘you’re on your own’ and kicked him out. His Ma, bless her soul, had wanted to keep them, to keep at least one of her children with her... but Filbrick had refused. Poor Kari was alone now, Stan was missing, Ford was dead, Seb was somewhere in Oregon (living in the same freaking house where Ford was killed!), and now her last child, Shermie, had been disowned as well. After the huge argument THAT created, Kari had finally left her husband.

She told Shermie, during one of their phone calls, that the only reason she’d stayed had been for her sons. And now that Filbrick had essentially rid himself of them all, then she had no more reason to suffer Filbrick’s presence anymore. Shermie knew his Ma was living with Carla now, she had a baby just a month older than the twins, Stanley's son... Shermie shook his head to get rid of the sad thoughts. They came to visit sometimes, but travelling all the way to California was hard on her and Shermie didn't feel well being with Carla...He was never close to her and...and the last time he saw Stanley... Shermie told him to fuck off... He was still ashamed of that and he didn't want to show his face around Carla...

Shermie woke with a jolt when the twins began to cry again. He had begun to slip and half his body was crushing them. He rubbed his eyes, yawned, and pushed himself to his feet. “Hey~ I'm sorry, do you want dinner? It's dinner time right?”

He went to the cabinet to get some formula, but found it all gone. He groaned loudly. Fuck, he remembered just now that he said he was going to buy more...Why didn't Abi leave milk ready?! How selfish!! She could make it for FREE. Just because she didn't want to do her job and milk herself, they had to buy formula and make HIM prepare it!

When the twins were properly fed, bathed (with help from his mother in law, bless her soul too), and put to sleep, Shermie could finally start solving those 30 math exercises he had to present tomorrow...and that stupid essay he had been pushing off... He felt like crying again. This was so HARD. Sometimes he called Sebastian for help but his brother wasn’t much better at school work than he was and Shermie didn’t want to bother him.

He thought of Mason and Mabel though. They needed him to graduate. They needed both of them to graduate and work and be someone to continue giving them food and buying them clothes and diapers. They were so, so small...
So Shermie sucked it up and opened his math book. He had homework and he better finish it! For his babies' sake...He fell asleep on the table as soon as he finished his homework, drooling a bit. Abigail returned home late, exhausted at the mere thought of waking up in a few hours to feed the babies. But the twins' beautiful sleeping faces made all this sacrifice worth it. She kissed their foreheads, and kissed Shermie's forehead, before going to sleep.

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The twins started walking at some point and the teens couldn't believe it. They went from useless limp demanding babies to slightly bigger babies who wanted to see and grab everything! It was...amazing...If it didn't mean running after them to stop them from pulling cables, tablecloths and sticking their fingers into the plugs.

"And, I'm not kidding, he turned red crying his eyes out because I didn't allow him to put his pacifier inside the plug! So I'm an asshole for stopping him from killing himself?!" Shermie complained to his big brother over the phone. "What an asshole~ Let him die if he wants to." Sebastian cackled. "SEB!"

"Ok, geez, I'm kidding, don't let your spawn die..."

Shermie rolled his eyes. Seb didn't know. Seb didn't understand what it was like to watch over the kids, to worry about them hurting themselves or breaking something...while feeling stupidly proud of it at the same time...

Abi and him had returned to high school together. Now that the babies didn't need to be fed every second, Abi could go to school at the regular time with other high schoolers. It was so weird to return. In her afternoon school, there were adults, but now she was back to school with sweaty and gossiping 15-16 year olds she didn't know, but they knew her: She was Pines' wife, she had had kids with him and had to get married, she had been going to an afternoon school because of their kids and now she was back to normal school.

Abigail tried her best to ignore the gossip. She stuck with Shermie of course and his friends, and eventually made some great friends herself. There were moments where they felt...normal again. They weren't endlessly tired anymore because the kids could finally sleep all night long, they had more energy during the day; they joked around with their friends, worked together in dumb school projects, talked about the latest cartoons, and they felt...normal again.

Of course after returning from work, everything changed. They had different responsibilities than their friends. Shermie's friends could play video games for hours, he had to play with little dolls and bright toys with the twins. Abi's friends got together and talked about boys at school and read magazines, she had to feed the babies.

One of their friends complained about how he wanted to grow up so his parents could buy him a car, another complained about wanting to finish school already to go to college. Abi and Shermie were terrified of that. That had had to grow up earlier to be parents, growing up more meant more responsibilities, for them and for the twins, they didn't want that.

One day, as they were all walking out of school, Abi and Shermie paled when they saw Abi's mom's car parked there with a big smile, and she had brought the babies...

"What are you doing here?!" Shermie hissed, pulling at his hair. Mason blinked as he looked around until he finally spotted his parents. He smiled widely, proudly showing off his new white teeth and babbled loudly. "BA! MAMA!!" He reached for the teens. Abi and Shermie winced a bit as the other teens, also getting out of school, saw them, snickered and gossiped.
“Mom! Why did you bring them?!” Abigail wailed as she strode up to pick up her babies. She patted Mason's head softly, but she felt weird now that her classmates were seeing her.

Her mom smiled, not noticing or not caring at their embarrassment. "You forgot? The twins have a check up today. We agreed I was picking you two up to take them."

Shermie and Abi looked at each other. Oh...So that was why they had a free day today. They had forgotten WHY they asked for a day off work… "Wait, so we aren't going to the cinema anymore?" One of their friends pouted. Shermie pouted back. “Sorry man, we have stuff to do.”

The young couple pouted hard all the way to the hospital. Not fair. They had been looking forward to it all day! Shermie looked at Mabel, chewing on her fist as it was the only thing she could do on her car seat, and he smiled a bit. "We can always buy the movie later, no?" He whispered at his wife and kissed her nose. Abigail laughed. “Yeah, besides, the theater will be packed, it’d be nicer to go after the first show anyway.”

The twins didn’t like the doctors. They fuzzed a lot, tried to hold each other’s hand to not be separated and brutally attacked by the mean man (doctor). Shermie and Abi had to hold them still for the check up. They were getting some vaccination shots today. They screamed to call their parents’ attention to save them, but Shermie and Abi sat with their eyes closed. No! They were not seeing the needle! Just do it already! The doctor raised an eyebrow when both the couple and the twins started crying when they got a shot. Abigail’s mom facepalmed.

“You did a very good job, kids, so brave!” The doctor later congratulated the sniffling twins and gave them a lollipop. Mason and Mabel gasped and started to lick their candy, their previous nasty experience forgotten. Then, the doctor looked at the pouting teens and chuckled. He had been the twins’ pediatrician since they moved to California, and knew them and the teens very well. “They’re very healthy babies, Abi, Shermie. You’re doing a very great job too!” He offered them lollipops as well. He wasn’t the first teen parents he had met, he had worked with some teen moms, but they were the first who were together and lived together to raise their kids.

Abi shrugged with a small smile and sucked on her lollipop too with some tears still fresh in her eyes. Listening to her children cry was more heart wrenching than she thought. They hadn’t come to their check ups for a while, she had volunteered for most of their shots. Shermie had come to the hospital to watch her actually get them.

"Is everything going well at home? How do you see the twins?" The teens looked at Abi’s mom to reply, but she shook her head. She wasn’t the mom, they had to learn to speak to the doctor already. “They have teeth now, and it hurts to...you know…” The girl muttered. The doctor nodded. “You can start changing it to just bottles if you wish to stop breastfeeding them, with time your milk supply will be completely cut, or I could prescribe you a pill.” Abi blushed even more. Ugh, hearing the terms out loud was so embarrassing … She wiggled awkwardly and stared down at her chest. Ugh again. Getting used to feeding the babies was horrible. Her body was used to it now and she didn’t feel all bloated anymore, but still, her milk would leak if she didn’t feed them and that sucked. At least Shermie was always there for her when she felt bad.

They talked a bit more about Mason and Mabel, their diet now that they were 1 year old, their height, weight, vocabulary and walking. The two were growing quickly. Just yesterday they were little beans and now they were loud, shrieking and curious babies.

After what felt like an eternity, the family could finally go home. As they asked for a day off work, they had their evening off, which meant they both planned to use it to sleep, but the twins had napped during the way home, and they wanted to play now. Abi’s mom waved and went to nap
herself. Being a granny was tiring, even if she was only in her early 40s.

Shermie and Abi sat down on the floor, yawning, as the twins crawled around curiously. Shermie yawned and closed his eyes for a second, when suddenly, a small weight fell on his legs. He looked down, his green eyes lighting up when he saw Mabel on top of him, giggling. “Papa!” Shermie’s heart warmed up, proud that his baby managed to walk all the way towards him, and cradled her to his chest to give her a kiss. “I love you, pumpkin…” Mabel giggled and grabbed his nose.

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Shermie and Abi assumed that because the kids were older and less troublesome, it meant they didn't have to stay EVERY day to watch the twins playing or drooling over themselves. Their class had organized an amazing trip for everyone, going to Xtreme Park, full of roller coasters and other 'xtreme' rides that promised to make you throw up.

They assumed Abi's parents would act like good grandparents and let them have fun, they were so excited to go and spend a day with their friends!

They assumed wrong.

"MOM PLEASE!" Abi cried, tears welling up in her eyes. Shermie stayed quiet, doing his best not to argue with his in laws and focused on keeping his angry tears from falling. He didn't want to seem ungrateful. Her parents had taken him in, gave them a place to live and roof over their heads (after he got their little princess pregnant, he only expected his dick to be chopped off). But this was just… so unfair!

"Parenting is a full time job." Abigail's dad said solemnly. "Maybe once you're older and more responsible, we would feel alright with letting you go off and have fun while we babysit, but that is then and this is now." The man placed his hands in his hips. "You two were just going to leave your children with us? Just to go off and play around in some reckless, dangerous theme park?"

"What if you get hurt, or sick?" Abigail's mom said. "More than that, we aren't some free babysitters for you to dump your children on whenever you want." She shook her head. "You want us to babysit? You're going to have to pay us." Of course her mom didn't care about the money at all, she wanted the teens to learn to be responsible, the children didn't stop being their responsibility just when they wished for it.

"You're their STUPID grandparents!!" Abigail screamed. "You are SUPPOSED to take care of them!! My Grandma did it! And she didn't ask you to fucking pay her!"

"Watch your tone with us, young lady!! Who do you think we are?!!" His dad shouted loudly and Shermie flinched. He already understood they weren't going, he had been reprimanded worse by his own father for less significant things, but Abi was just...different. Her parents liked her. She wasn't afraid when they raised their voices at her. She could scream back. Shermie and his siblings had never been able to talk back to Filbrick.

"We are responsible!! We work for them and study!! Why can't you do this dumb favor for us!? We-We never get to do anything!!" Abigail stomped her feet.

"You're going to spend 20 dollars each for the entrance fee, plus whatever things you want to buy inside, which is always expensive. Do you think it's responsible to waste that money? You ONLY work for your kids! Kids you had after being the most irresponsible you could have EVER been, Abigail! It's both YOUR job to feed and care for the twins! I guess us helping you with everything
"ELSE doesn't count as a 'dumb favor' now does it?" Her mom hardened her glare. "We're the one's giving you the money to buy their diapers and formula. We're the ones who're paying for YOU two living here."

"Urrghh!! What. Ever!" Abi stomped towards the door. "Shermie! Let's go!" She shrieked, a sob escaping her throat. Shermie winced and when he didn't obey, Abi left, cursing angry. He turned to look at his in-laws. "...we've been working really hard. We just... wanted to take a short break. Just one day..." He told them quietly.

Abigail's mother sighed. "We know. But you need to learn this. You can't just keep relying on us. You're going to have to do this on your own eventually." She sent a sad look at the door Abi stormed through. "You won't be with us for much longer, you know that, right?"

Shermie angrily wiped his tears from his green eyes. He knew that. School will soon end and after college he didn't expect his in laws to have them in their house, even when they still could. He and Abi were expected to be adults after that... To pay their own bills...and taxes...and pay for the twins...He nodded. "I know..." Abi's dad left, upset that he had to shout at his only daughter (the last time he shouted at her was when they found out she was pregnant) and Abi's mom hugged Shermie, seeing how distressed he looked.

"We're sorry, but I'm sure your mom would say the same..." Shermie accepted the hug before pulling away. He knew. Ma would say the same, she also wanted him to be responsible for his own actions. "I-I'll bring Abi back."

He went outside and saw her curled up by the entrance, snuggling into her jacket as her tears streamed down her face. Shermie sat down next to her. "...Am I grounded?" She asked, barely noticeable. "I don't know, they never said it." Shermie wrapped an arm around her.

"I want to go!" She complained and the boy whimpered. "Me too..."

"If we go, they'd still should have watched the kids..." Abi suggested but Shermie sent her a look. "That would be irresponsible..." Shermie sighed. She snuggled closer. "We shouldn't have had kids, we were so stupid..." the girl muttered. The teens stayed outside for a while to chill (quite literally it was really cold outside) before they returned to the house to curl up on their bed and warm up. They were sad, but resigned. Their parents were right...Mabel and Mason came before anything else.

When the couple went back indoors and heard the babies squeal in joy at seeing them, it made the disappointment of missing the field trip more bearable.

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"I can assure you the answer is not that." One of Shermie's friends deadpanned. "Dude, it is!" Abi laughed. "You are not changing the symbol here. Negative and negative becomes positive."

"Oh. Right." The boy scratched his answer out as Shermie smugly kissed Abi's nose. So intelligent~

The two were going to school together again, and were doing homework together with some friends. It was a Saturday, the only time they could have friends over. During the week they had to work, but they were used to it, had been doing it for 2 years now.

"Mommy, daddy, wha you doin?" The 4 teens screamed when the tablecloth was pulled down and one of their glasses fell, spilling the soda everywhere. Luckily, the glass didn’t break.
"MASON!" Abi and Shermie scolded. "Look what you did, booger!" Shermie groaned. Mason pulled at his shirt. "Wante to see…sowy." Mabel ran into the living room, dragging a Bardie the dinosaur doll by his leg (making Abi's friend coo) and went to pull Abi's hand. "Mommy! Hungwy! I wanna appel!"

Abigail rolled her eyes. “Alright sweetie. I’ll go peel some apples for you.” She got up and headed to the kitchen, Mabel squealed and ran after her. Shermie was wiping the soda off the floor. Thank god it was a wooden floor and not carpet. Mason was wiggling, sad that he messed up something. Shermie saw his expression and sighed. “I’m not THAT mad. Just be careful next time, alright kid?” Mason nodded, looking up at the table. “Wha you wowkin’ on?”

“We’re doing homework, baby, for school.” Abi’s friend picked Mason up to hug him. They were so adorable, twins were always adorable. “S’cool? Daddy and mommy go ther’!” Mason informed her, and the girl cooed. “Shermie, don’t worry about him anymore, I’ll adopt him!”

Shermie took off the wet tablecloth and laughed. “Ok, I can give him to you. Look at his forehead, it’s funny.” The girl lifted Mason’s curly bangs, making the toddler smile, and she gasped. “Oh my god~” The other boy leaned in to see. “Is...that a birthmark? Or your other kid drew that on his forehead?”

“Birthmark. It’s cute.” Shermie said, not noticing Mason was reaching for their notebooks and pencils.

“I don wan appel like tha’! I wan' big appel!” Mabel screamed from the kitchen. “M big!” They could hear Abigail laughing. “Okay sweetie. Yes, you’re a big girl.” While the teenagers were distracted, Mason got ahold of one of the notebooks and stared at it. It was filled with scribbles. He saw a pencil and took that so he could add scribbles too!

Mabel came back to show everyone her peeled apple. “Lookie! Daddy!” Shermie’s friend couldn’t help but grin. It was always so funny to hear the kids call his friend that. “It looks delicious~” Mabel offered it to him and he took a little bite to please her. “But we need to finish our homework, go watch Bardie with Mason, go~” Shermie grabbed his other toddler, put him on his feet, and shooed both kids out. They knew how to restart the VHS. Abi and him sat down on the table again and the other boy screamed when he saw his notebook had been scribbled on. “Shermie!”

The teen groaned. "Aaarrghh! Just do it again, man, he didn't know… and it’s not like he covered up your answers." The twins did this all the time though! Despite telling them NOT to mess with their school work they STILL did it! Mabel once drew all over Abigail's report, and used their notebooks as personal coloring books. Worse of all, his in-laws supported all this! Even when they knew it pissed the teen parents off!

The triplets would have smacked his head if he had done that, especially Ford, definitely Ford...Shermie smiled with nostalgia. But his mother-in law didn't like that kind of 'barbaric raising'. That was just how Shermie grew up, he didn't know another way. But he was trying hard to be patient, he didn't want to be like his father, Seb was sure he wouldn't be, so he had to prove his big brother right. Besides, Filbrick was a dick and Shermie wanted nothing to do with him. Not even his parenting tactics!

"Urgh, still, he’s an annoying brat." The other teen complained. Shermie glared and leaned over the table to scribble on his friend's notebook. He could complain all he wanted, but no one else talked shit about his babies. "I'm more annoying!" He now covered his answers.

"DUUUDEEEE!!! WHAT THE FUCK!!"
Abi and her friend laughed.

"I'll pick you two up when you're done." Abi's mom poked their noses. "Mom~ Do we HAVE to? You can stay too…"

"Um, going to parents meeting is your responsibility...And from what I remember, you didn't need my help to get pregnant and have two kids." Abigail’s mom scoffed. Shermie groaned loudly. "K! We get it!". The teens got out of the car, grumbling and embarrassed. They were in their last year of school, and Mabel and Mason were in preschool, and apparently parent meetings were a thing?

The guard at the entrance looked at them weirdly but indicated where the Butterflies classroom was. Of course there were a few moms and dads there. "Hi, um...we came for the parents meeting?" Abi asked sheepishly. They didn't even know the twins’ teacher, her mom brought them in on their first day.

The teacher blinked, assuming these kids were the older siblings and had been sent in by their parents to get some seats while they parked the car, looked down at the list. “Name?”

“Mason and Mabel Pines.” Shermie said, shuffling his feet. All the other parents were adults! The teacher nodded and allowed them in.

Shermie and Abi stayed quiet as the parents talked to each other about how their kids were the best and how they needed to organize a party for everyone. The teens smiled a bit. Mabel would love that. She liked to make friends...

Eventually everyone was inside and the teacher started talking. She was going to start introducing herself and getting to know the parents until Mabel and Mason's parents came. After all the presentation, in which the teens weren't even given the chance to speak, she addressed the kids. "Hi, excuse me, are your parents going to come soon?"

"Our...parents?" Shermie asked confused. "The twins' parents, I'd like to start talking about the things in the schedule. "Oh..." Shermie blushed a bit. "We-We're their parents…" He gripped Abi’s hand under the table when all the other adults in the room turned to stare wide-eyed. “O-oh…” The teacher wavered. “But, that other woman--”

“That’s my mom.” Abigail sighed. “I can’t drive yet, and I had school so my mom dropped them off.” She noticed some of the other parents gaped, others shook their head, apparently disappointed, others smiled gently.

“Ok so...You-You can start with your schedule, or something, ma’am…” Shermie smiled a bit. The teacher nodded, apparently still in shock, and started talking. She mentioned things like having the immunization record completed, kids bringing normal bottles and not feeding bottles anymore, having to be potty-trained those who weren't, because it wasn't a nursery and they weren't nannies, bringing aprons to not get dirty when using paint and molding clay, and for boys to cut their hair. Then she asked the parents to ask their questions.

Abigail frowned. "Why do the boys have to cut their hair?" Mason liked to keep his hair long, to cover his forehead. It was mainly because Mabel would poke his birthmarks, she thought they were funny. She was starting to call him Dipper after her grandad, Abi's dad, told her Mason’s birthmark was shaped like that constellation.

“It’s just to have some order and cleanliness. Little boys run around and they get too hot.” She
explained.

“But he likes his hair that way.” Shermie argued back. A man laughed. “Kid, shut up and just listen to the teacher, you’re closer to the kids’ age to know what’s better.” Shermie was taken aback by the mean comment, and he turned his hands into fists, he wasn’t going to fight with him, he didn’t want to get in trouble. Abi patted his arm. “He gets really upset whenever he gets a haircut. It should be fine as long as he’s clean, right?” She asked.

The teacher sighed a bit. “We can talk about it later, ok sweetie?” Abi pursed her lips and nodded. She hated to be patronized, but she agreed with the teacher for now. There were another basic questions asked and then there was a small break before everyone had their turn with the teacher to ask personalized questions about their kids and to know how they were doing.

“Cooffee~” Shermie whispered to Abi, who smiled excitedly as well. “We need coffee. Now.” They had to finish some homework after this, so they needed to NOT sleep. They went to the table with the coffee and a few parents chuckled when they saw the teenagers filling up their Styrofoam cups. “Kids and their coffee.” One man shook his head. Shermie ignored him, responding would mean he couldn’t continue drinking this magical life giving substance, he loved this so much~ The first time he tried coffee (he smiled sadly, it was Ford who let him try a bit from his cup), he despised it...What a FOOL he had been as a child...

“Gasp!” Shermie finally came up for air. “Woo! This is some good stuff!” He stretched and threw back the rest of his cup, licking at it to try and get the last bits. Abi’s chuckles where interrupted when a woman nearby frowned. “You’re teenagers, it’s not healthy to drink coffee--”

Shermie turned to her and gave her a deadpan stare. “I have to wake up at 6 AM to go to school until 2 PM. Then I go to WORK until 7 PM. Then I have to take care of the kids, do my homework and then, if I’m LUCKY, I can get to bed by 1. Then I have to wake up at 6 again the next day.” He twitched before he refilled his cup, never breaking eye contact with that woman. He brought the cup up to his lips and sipped loudly. "I'll drink this AAALLL I want." The woman gasped offended and Abi grinned widely. Oh Pines and their sassiness…

They then waited for their turn, drinking coffee and eating some cookies. Abi looked around. The twins said they had a little friend, but she didn’t know who his parents were. One by one, the other couples exited the classroom and left, leaving a few other parents and the teens. Shermie was getting impatient. He wanted to go home now! He knew the twins behaved and had good grades. What. Else?!

A mother sat down next to the teens and smiled. “She’s taking her life in there, huh?” Abi looked up at her and nodded. The woman leaned closer. “To be honest, those parents who just entered are the parents of a really annoying girl, she fights others and think everyone works for her...I’ve known them since babies, my daughter went to daycare with her as babies...her parents are no better.” She nodded. “They're entitled and horrible. The man who told you to shut up earlier is that naughty girl’s father.”

They talked for a bit more when finally, the young couple were called in. Shermie and Abi threw their cups away, waved at the nice mom, and entered the classroom again. The teacher smiled at them. "Well...Hello, um…” She trailed off, she didn't even ask for their names before! The teens smiled. “I’m Abigail, he’s Sherman.” The woman nodded and checked her papers. “Well, Mabel and Mason are doing really well. Mason works dutifully and Mabel always volunteers to give the class an example of the activity. They’re pretty sweet kids and they’re very obedient.”

She handed them their report cards. Mabel's was full of B+ in the activities, like cutting straight lines, or recognizing the shapes and colors, and Mason had full A's, except in cutting. It made Abi
The teens smiled proudly. Those were their babies~

“Though, Mason is still a bit shy, and he doesn’t want to work with anyone but his sister...I’ve been trying to pair him with other boys, but he doesn’t like it.”

"Oh. Well yes...Mason is a very reserved child." Abi squirmed. "It's not wrong, but if you could help him socialize more, it would be better." The teacher told them. The teens nodded, hiding a yawn behind their hands. God they were tired.

"Also, despite the fact that Mabel is nice to everyone, sometimes she fights with other girls, um, the parents of this girl said her daughter came home bruised." The teacher winced. Abi gasped.

“What? Mabel? Well, I know she doesn’t always pay attention to what she hits when she flails around, but I’ve never seen her hurt anyone before!”

"Have you seen Mabel hitting her?” Shermie asked the teacher with a raised eyebrow. The woman winced a bit. "Well, I've seen her playing roughly, but never hitting on purpose. The girl told her parents it was Mabel."

Abi and Shermie shared a look. "We'll talk to her, but we still don't think Mabel was hitting on purpose. But if she is playing too roughly, we will let her know that she shouldn't do that.”

The teacher nodded, relieved that these parents were at least going to talk to their kid about it. She’s had to deal with other parents who refuse to believe their child could be anything but perfect and refused to even listen to the complaints. She adjusted her glasses and got to the next point she wanted to talk to the Pines about. “While the twins are doing very well in their class, they don’t pronounce words as well as the others. Mabel’s handwriting is also very hard to make out.”

The teens wiggled. "The kids are just 3...Isn't that, like, normal?” The teacher waved her hand in a 'more or less' gesture. "She needs to improve, there are books you can buy her where she can practice her calligraphy."

Abi and Shermie simply nodded.

After an awkward moment of the teacher presenting them some papers and asking "Can you sign yet?” And Shermie answering "Abi is 18, I'm still 17.", Abi's mom picked them up. She had a good laugh when Abi told her they were mistaken for the older siblings.

"Look at the bright side, everyone will always think you look amazingly young!" They didn't mention the other things they were told, they were worried as it was.

They went to the twins room, they had beds now, and found them sleeping. Dipper was upside down, hugging his plushie and Mabel was drowning in her plushies (half of her collection was actually Dipper's, he didn’t mind, he didn’t need that many). Abi freed Mabel from the plushie pile and Shermie carefully tucked Dipper in. It was amazing how they were toddlers now, they could finally sleep all night long, aside from those "Mommy, daddy, watch pwease!” interruptions.

"Goodnight, babies…” They went to their room to finish that chemistry homework they had. Both groaned but didn't complain aloud. The babies were worth the effort, they'd go to more parent teacher meetings for them.

Most of the problems could be solved. They asked Abi's mom to take Mason and Mabel to the park to socialize more, they found the books for Mabel, but when they asked about the hitting problem, the little girl shrugged. "She poking Dippe's fowehead and only I can do that but I not hit, just push,
but I didn' huwt or make heh fall."

The argument that came after with the other parents was so bad, two grown up adults shouting at the teacher and the scared teens about how they were lying brats and should be expelled for harassing her daughter, that Abi's parents had to get involved because the teens were getting eaten alive by the angry older parents.

They didn't like this, they should be doing fun things now, like teens their age, not fighting with some crazy dicks over Mabel apparently bullying her daughter which wasn't true at all! Mabel was the sweetest baby! Mabel at some point cried at the accusations, which made Mason cry in distress too, and Shermie wanted to see blood spill after that.

They eventually solved this, luckily, and proved that family was just lying! One of the teacher's assistants told them that she saw the other girl poking Mason’s head even when he asked her to “Pwease stop!” and that Mabel had been defending her brother. It was all very stressful for the teen parents, but...it felt nice to know they were in the right, and that they managed to get their revenge for making their precious adorable babies cry.

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It took so long, but they were finally graduating high school, after what felt like an eternity. Shermie saw his favorite big brother again (who cried during the entire ceremony) and they celebrated with pizza, which the twins loved.

They had been thinking and they needed to study. They couldn't work as a cashier or waiter forever. College was too expensive and long, but going to an institute might be the best option. From there, they could take courses and essentially get the training they needed for their career without the whole college experience. Abi wanted to go into nursing. Shermie was going for programming. With technology and the internet becoming more important, many companies needed people who knew how to code. Shermie would be able to get a better job that paid more than just minimum wage. Abi had always wanted to go into the medical field, and she was glad she would be able to be part of it.

"You'll do great, kiddo." Seb had told Shermie when he called to tell him the news. "Now your in laws will be stuck with babysitting." Shermie laughed, "Don't think so. Abi's mom is glad to be with them but as soon as we step a foot inside the house, the twins are our responsibility, tons of homework or not."

"Well, the kids are lovely, Mabel gave me a delicious imaginary cookie!" Shermie snickered at that. "I don't think they give you much trouble anymore?" Seb had pointed out. Shermie laughed. They did, they were curious about everything but...he liked being with them and teaching them stuff, he loved their awed faces when he did a magic trick or when they told him about the latest episode of Save-Ums. "I love them, Seb…"

If high school was hard, the institute was way worse. They had even more things to do and they still had their responsibilities at home. People didn't judge as much as in high school though, they always said they were brave for having the kids and raising them. They said they admired them. Shermie even met a few other young parents. Of course, they had their kids after high school, but it was nice to be able to trade tips and tricks with them.

Shermie was up long hours into the night studying. He couldn’t rely on Abi’s parents forever. He needed to get a good paying job, he needed to do what he could to care for his children. Shermie only realized he fell asleep on his desk when Mabel and Dipper woke him up by throwing a blanket over him. When he jolted awake, Dipper had said “Sowwy, we dot you woked cold.”
Shermie stared down at his kids and... he just... loved them so much. He knelt down to hug the two of them. “Thanks, but shouldn’t you two be in bed?” Shermie tried to hold back his tears, didn’t want to give the kids the wrong idea. Mabel pouted. “But you be’in bed too!”

Shermie laughed. “Alright, you got me there. Let’s all go to bed.” He carried his giggling children back to their room and passed out, draped over Mabel’s bed, using half her blankets. He had to admit this was pretty nice, they were like hot water bottles. And he had it relatively easier than Abi; medicine sucked and she had a lot of things to read and memorize.

But. Not everything was hardships and struggle. The good thing about being parents is that they could dress up their kids however they wanted and no one could say anything! Every holiday, Abi’s family joined together and the girl enjoyed presenting her baby boy with the lamb costume Seb designed for Mason when he was a baby. Every year he got a new one for his moment to shine!

Everyone squealed over how adorable he looked in his lamby costume~ Shermie loved his presentations, they’re were so funny. He took photos, he would keep them for posterity and mock Dip-Mason when he was older. Damn it, the nickname was catchy. They could also dress the twins up in paired costumes for Halloween! The best part of that was how Shermie could keep a portion of the twin’s haul for himself! FREE CANDY!

Well, at least until the twins realized their father was taxing them for taking them trick or treating. Abi scolded him when he did that, but she didn't complain when she ate the candy with him...What a little hypocrite~

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"Daddy, can we go to the park?" Mabel pulled his sleeve as he worked on writing the programming codes he had to learn. "Tell mom to take you." Was Shermie's response.

Dipper and Mabel whined. The nickname already stuck. They were 5, and their speech problem had been fixed. The extra help was paid for as a gift from Abi's parents. Shermie loved them so much~ "She said to not bother her and let her sleep."

"Well, I need to finish studying. I've got an important exam, do you want me to graduate and get a job?" Mabel pulled her ponytail. "But you grade-ated."

"From high school." Shermie rolled his eyes and went back to studying. "But we really want to play…” Dipper pulled his sleeve.

"Dipper, not now!" Shermie sighed. “Look, if you give me a few hours of quiet so I can finish this assignment, we can go to the park for a little bit.” Shermie tried to negotiate. Mabel looked impatient but Dipper nodded and pulled on his sister’s hand. “Come on, Mabel. We can go play with your dolls.”

"I love to play with my dolls! We can make a tea party too!" The twins ran away and the young man smiled a bit. Kids… He focused even harder on his work now, he had to finish this to take his babies to the park, they were so excited to go and they deserved it...

Shermie would love to procrastinate all day and relax...Call some friends and go out with them and Abi to have lunch or some drinks, he only had to finish this and he could be free for the day like everybody else his age...but he couldn't...He had to finish and take care of the twins, he wasn't like everyone his age; he had two little kids who depended on him to finish and take them to the park to have fun and DAMN was he taking them to the park!
After a few hours, he finished and the twins jumped on his back to be carried. "Paarrkk!"
Shermie laughed and made horse noises. "Let's gooo! Neeighh!"

As Shermie dramatically pushed the twins' swings making 'whoosh' sounds, Mabel squealed. "You're the bestest daddy in the whole worrlldd!!"

Dipper's swing hit the young man's stomach and after a grunt, Shermie looked at Mabel with wide green eyes. "You...you really think so? I-I bet there are others who're better..." ...others who were older and more capable of caring for them...

"Nopey! You are the very best! You and mommy! Because you do evewything for us and granny says you're very responsible and you buy us ice cream!" Mabel giggled as she kicked her legs.

"And you always plays with us even when you have homework. Doing homework is vewy important." Dipper supplied, kicking his legs awkwardly to try to swing himself, but failing. The little boy looked up. "And you study a lot because you're smart like mommy, she knows all about the body and you know everything about computews."

“O-Oh…” Shermie licked his lips and stayed silent. He...really didn’t know what to say to the kids. Did-Did they really think he was smart and the-the best...the best dad?

He wanted to punch something, like a tree, his emotions were a mess and he just...just...He ended up hugging the twins, ignoring their complains as he crushed them. “You are also the bestest kids in the world, even when you drive me insane…” Shermie sniffled and Mabel and Dipper giggled.

“Can we get icecweam?”

“...Ok…”

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It took a little longer than expected, but Mabel and Dipper proudly showed off at school when they were in 1st grade that they were moving to a new house. It was small, but it was amazing for them. Shermie and Abi had finally being able to move to a house of their own and the twins were young, but they understood their parents were awfully proud, so they were proud too. They'd miss Granny and Grandpa though.

Shermie and Abi hugged and thanked their parents for all the help they received from them, even for the house. The young woman was clinging to her dad as Shermie sobbed over his in-laws. He loved them so much! "Thank you! Thank you! I don't know what we'd have done without you!"

"Probably nothin'." The older man chuckled and patted his back. "You're welcome, son."

Shermie excitedly called his older brother to visit him. He had a new house! They worked hard for it! He wanted Seb to see it! But Seb said he was too busy...He hadn't seen his niblings in years either. He knew Seb kept in touch with Carla and her kid...The twins didn't know about their cousin, it was...sad for Shermie to think about Ford and Lee…

Well, didn't matter, he knew Seb still loved him and the twins no matter the distance! Besides, his mom visited from time to time to tell him how proud she was of him...and that was always nice…

His mother-in law still babysat the twins for them, but of course life was much easier now that he had a car and could actually drive and move around on his own. Shermie and Abi had stable jobs, most of their friends were just finishing college, and the young couple worked to fit as many courses as they could take and pay into their packed schedule. They wanted to be better, to
improve, to learn and study and be someone for their children who were not babies anymore, but curious and beautiful kids.

Mabel was just like him, a free spirit, crazy, strong, loved unicorns and bright colors, Dipper was more quiet, he got allergies more easily than his sister (Though both their allergies act up around the same time) and he loved reading big books. He was a nerd like his mom~ Shermie usually repeated that when he teased his son, but Dipper didn't seem to know what nerd meant yet. Good, he would surely get annoyed once he knew.

The twins usually didn't get in trouble, but there were times they seemed to want to give their parents heart attacks at the young age of 23. Like when they were in 2nd grade. It was photo day, October was making itself present by making it colder every day. Abi wrapped Dipper in a very warm jacket because he was sick, "Mommy will give you allergy syrup~" "...The one that tastes like strawberry?" "That one, yes." as Shermie finished combing Mabel's hair. He had years of practice and he finally did a decent job. "Pigtails done!"

"I love them!!" Mabel squealed and hugged her dad. "Come on, Dipper! We'll be Late!" She grabbed his wrist and pulled him away.

The parents expected a nice photo from them, but they only got two half shaved kids when they came back home. "AAAAAAAAHHHHHHHH!!!" "What have you DONE????!!" Where the fuck did they even find a Goddamn shaver?!

Watching Mabel and Dipper grow up was an adventure of its own. They were their children, and did everything they could to make them happy. They continued having courses at night, improving themselves just for them, to get better jobs, and get paid better so they could give them some nice stuff here and there.

They bought Mabel a huge knitting kit when she asked, and she absolutely loved it, she spent hours practicing and making lots of colorful scarves. They bought Dipper the collection of books he always wanted and the two always felt warm in their hearts when they saw their little boy curled up on a pillow, reading and chewing a pen.

They were very curious kids though, with a lot of imagination, and they weren't afraid to lay down on the mud to look at bugs or insects. Or play in the rain, jumping on water puddles without proper boots, just their sneakers. They had left Abi's side many times when they went shopping and the poor woman panicked every time until she found them hiding in the clothes stacks, or trying to get cereal from high shelves, or on the other hand, scared because they couldn't find her, thought they would be lost forever and started crying for her in a corner, with a loud "MOOMMMMMYYY!!!!!!"

Shermie and Abigail were proud of their little twins, how close they were. Mabel always defended Dipper when kids laughed at his adorable birthmark, and Dipper was always nice and patient with his wild twin, played with her and cured her scratches with a band aid and a kiss.

But they'll never forget when Dipper was 11 and he burnt down the curtains and the couch. Apparently, he had drawn a freaking PENTAGRAM with chalk and the candles he put on the floor to summon a GHOST, and Mabel had been helpfully recording everything, because they needed to see any supernatural events.

Of course the twins were grounded.

That same year, Abi claimed she needed a break from parenting and Shermie suggested traveling. They started saving up for it and planned a nice trip for summer of next year. However they needed to know who would watch the kids.
"I can call Seb!" Shermie smiled, but Abi wasn't sure. "They haven't seen each other for years...Are you sure he'd want to do this? My mom said they can take care of the twins." They deserved this trip, and her mom recognized they had been doing great! She even supported them going on this trip, the twins were 12 now, more than old enough to be away from their parents for a while without issue.

The young man nodded eagerly. "Don't bother your ma, it will be a great time for them to catch up! I'll call Seb immediately."

Of course Shermie forgot to call for weeks and only remembered to tell Seb he had sent his precious bundles of joy his way when he was about to board the plane.

"Plleaaasseeeppeeeeee!"

"Ugh...Ok..."

Seb obviously accepted! Just like Shermie knew he would! Because he was the best big brother ever! Abi rolled her eyes at him. They almost missed their plane because of his stupidity...

They had the time of their lives there. They were young and wanted to explore. They had cheap accommodations but they enjoyed every second of it. They had fun whenever the hotel staff, tour guides or whoever asked if they were married. Shermie and Abi would laugh and say yes, have been for 13 years. The people were always surprised because of how young they were. The best part was when people asked if they had kids. They all cooed and said it must have been hard leaving their babies behind. Shermie always said "It was hard, we miss them every day, but they're almost 13 now, they need to grow up."

Their faces were priceless.

Despite how much fun the couple had on their own, they missed their kids so, so much. They hugged them tight when they saw them at the bus station waiting for them, and they all had a good laugh when they realized the twins were also tanned from their outdoors adventures, just like their parents.

Their greatest proof of love was Waddles. Shermie reluctantly agreed to keep the pig despite how he explicitly said he didn't want pets in the house (though he should have suspected this would happen, what with how much Mabel loved her grandparents' pet cat). But Mabel clearly loved that animal. She even showed him a creepy sweater she knitted for her pig with her face on it, and he ended up agreeing to let her keep it.

Just because Mabel was his princess.

Dipper was loudly jabbering on and on as he shoved a book with a pine tree on it towards Abi. "Mom! Mom! You HAVE to read what I learned this summer! I have a journal now! Uncle FffffSebastian helped me make one!"

The young parents rolled their eyes fondly.

Shermie blinked out of his reminiscence.

Now the twins were almost 15...It's been two years since the twins came home babbling about monsters, two years since Shermie's older brothers returned from the dead. Two years since his family reunited once and forever more. Lots of things have changed, but a lot remained the same. Shermie and Abi Pines would still kill for their kids, whether they were 5 or 50.
Many have judged them in their past, and criticized them for even wanting to keep the babies instead of putting them up for adoption. It could have been an option, but they didn’t want to. Many ignored how stupidly brave those two 15 year old idiots were, not only to be teenage parents, but parents of twins at an age where they should have been complaining about cleaning their rooms.

They sucked up and ignored the whispers, insults and mocking because they were determined to be someone for their kids, because they loved them, because caring for their children was more important than being called irresponsible, whore, fuckboy, stupid...

Those precious children were worth the sacrifices.

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Abi rubbed her eyes and yawned loudly when the sound of her ringing phone woke her up. Shermie was still passed out, making a very good pillow. The woman reached for her phone on the table and first saw the hour. It was 7 pm, they had napped for a while and were still sleepy. Her eyes widened when she realized it was a missed call from Mabel.

She called her daughter back and Mabel picked up. “Hi, mommy!” “Hi, sweetie, sorry, we fell asleep? Is everything alright?”

“Yeah, we're at our friend’s house, but her mom’s car broke down and we need a ride home, she can’t take us anymore.” Shermie rubbed his eyes and blinked at Abi when she nodded. “Ok sweetie, send me your location and we’ll pick you up.” Abi hung up and poked Shermie’s sleepy face. “Hey, honey, we gotta pick the twins up from their friend’s house.”

Shermie yawned and rubbed his eyes. “I’m hungry though…” “We can go eat out.” “Pizza?” “Pizza.”

The twins asked if they could give another friend a lift home and the young parents agreed. After saying bye to their friend, Shermie asked the twins if they had dinner yet. “No...can we get pizza?” Mabel smiled and Shermie laughed loudly. “That’s MY daughter!!”

They all went to Pizza Hot and the four happily munched on their pizza as the twins told them about the great movie they watched and how much fun they had. “And-And then my friend stood up and all the popcorn spilled and we were laughing so, so much! And a friend almost pissed herself and I was choking with popcorn!” were only a few of the many things Mabel told them. Their parents smiled at them lovingly.

“So, we’ll tell your uncles to get ready to go to Gravity Falls?” “Yes!” “I’m SO going to show you the monsters THIS time!!” Dipper waved a breadsticks at Shermie, who rolled his eyes. Ok. Fine.

Abigail giggled and ran a hand through Mabel’s hair (used to it having glitter). “We love you, you know that?” Abigail smiled. Mabel slurped her cheese and grinned widely. “We know, mom~ We’re amazing!” She nudged Dipper as he sipped his soda. The boy laughed. “We love you too, mom, dad.”

-------------------------------------------------------------.

Drawing of Shermie growing up. From adorable baby to rebel to a great dad!
Enjoy my backgroundless drawing, too lazy

Chapter End Notes

Mizuuma: Awwww, poor Shermie and Abi went through so much~
Blue: >:)
Leave your comments! We love reading them! See ya next chapter!
Chapter 7: Ci-Cipher’s back!

Chapter by bluefrosty27

Chapter Notes

Hello new chapter! we hope you suff-I mean, like it!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"No! No! Let me go! Don't do it! Please!" Seb sobbed as the bullies dragged him across the empty hallway. "Aaawww! The cyclops gonna cry! Look at the poor little girl!"

They pulled off his eyepatch and threw it away and used duct tape to force his eye open. "Now everyone can see how ugly you are! Disgusting!" They finally came to stop at a closet.

Seb sobbed loudly, pleading for someone (ANYONE) to see and come help him. But why would they? He didn't deserve it, he was just a bother, he wasn't worth it…As they tied his hands and feet together, the boy saw a glimpse of hope. "Ford! Ford help me! Do something!" The teen sobbed.

The teen with glasses remained still as the laughing bullies covered Sebastian's mouth with duct tape. "This way is better, Sebastian…” Ford put his hands behind his back. "Monsters like you deserve to be locked up…” They were now placing duct tape over his eyes. Before the piece of duct tape left him blind, Sebastian saw Stanford grin. "Oh, don't worry, I'll take care of your kids, make sure they're fixed."

Seb only screamed as he was left blind and thrown inside the closet. His daughters, his daughters were going to-! He needed to-he had to! His cries were muffled by the duct tape. Zoe! Zully! Ford was going to do something to them-!

"You've always been so useless, Sebastian...Pathetic, garbage, filth...Thinking you could get rid of me~ You don't deserve it, you're a demon, a monster, can't protect your kids, piece of shit.

Leave me alone! You were gone! You can't hurt me anymore! You're GONE! I'm not a monster! Seb tried holding his head but his hands were tied. He banged his head against the closet door instead.

"You'll always be Bill Cipher. That's why your brother doesn't trust you, that's why he wants to fix the broken children you created! Aren't you ashamed?! Creating monsters like YOU?! You are so selfish! Disgusting! Why didn't you stay DEAD?! Everyone would have been better without you!’ A very familiar voice grew louder and louder with each word.

"Hahahaha~" Seb blindly looked up in the darkness, but he could feel the horrible brightness emanating from behind his forcefully closed eyelids. "You didn't think you got rid of ME so easily, DID YOU CORNCHIP?!" The shrill voice guffawed as Seb screamed, utterly terrified. No, Bill was dead, he should be dead! Seb killed him!

"I want what's MINE! YOU PROMISED ME YOUR BODY! And if I'm not getting it! ...Dear Fordsie still can get me two very nice new meatsacks to use~"

"NO! Don't touch them! No! No no no!” Seb screamed. This couldn't be happen, it couldn't-
"Gasp!" Seb thrashed around in bed before he fell over the side, crying out as he hit the ground. Wanda was up with a jolt, looking around to see what was wrong. "Seb?! Seb, are you ok?!" She got out of bed and ran over to Seb who was curled up on the floor, crying his eye out. "Baby, it's ok, I promise, it was a nightmare, you're here, you're at home Seb, everything is ok…"

"Cl-Closet…trapped…" He whispered in a terrified little voice. "No, you're not trapped, you're in your room, we were sleeping remember? It wasn't real, not real…" Wanda held Seb's head as he cried. He didn't know what was real, he didn't want to hear Bill2 ever again, please, make it not real, he couldn't take it anymore, he couldn't!

"G-Girls…Wh-Where…" Wanda kissed his cheek. "They're in their room, sleeping, they're safe." Linda warned Wanda that healing was a long process, Seb could be fine for months or it could even be years, until he had a horrible breakdown, seemingly going back from his progress. "But all of that is part of his healing process, Wanda, a bad moment doesn't mean he's not healing, he is. You just have to be there for him at every moment."

Wanda got really worried for Seb, but she knew Linda was right. Besides, Seb might be deeply terrified at the moment and confused, but he was not having an actual panic attack and she was grateful for that. Wanda helped Seb stand and they walked to the kid's room. Seb watched the sleeping babies in their crib, Zoe kicking her leg and Zully snuggling next to her clutching a yellow baby blanket. He relaxed a little. "They're okay?" He whispered.

"Yes. They're fine." Wanda held him close. "They're safe. It was just a nightmare." Seb trembled a little but finally calmed down. "I was so scared." He admitted. Wanda kissed his cheek and led him back to bed. "Do you want to talk about it?" Seb curled up next to her, his head hidden between her arm and breast. "I'm scared…"

"I know…" Wanda kissed his forehead.

"I-I don't want the kids to be in danger...be-because of me…" "They won't." "Bill is going to hurt them…".

Wanda had to stop with that. Bill? The triangle man thing? But...Seb said he was dead. His brothers said he was dead, heck the kids said he was dead too! Seb almost died killing him!

"He can't. You were the world's hero and killed him."

"He will be back, he will, Wanda! And Ford is going to give them to him!" Seb was ugly crying. His argument with his brother was still fresh in his mind, despite having been weeks already. The kids could be monsters, and Bill wanted them as well to get his powers back! He still didn't get why Ford would do that, no one understood their subconscious, but he felt his brother didn't love him, that he didn't trust him, it was logical in his mind that Ford would do that to hurt him.

Wanda frowned.

Miles away from them, Stan groaned loudly when his phone rang, startling him, Carla and little Diego who slept in his crib in the room with them. "What?!" He asked the other person moodily. Dammit Diego was crying now...

"Help me. Seb is feeling really bad…"

Stan jolted. Again? He sighed and went to the bathroom so the conversation wouldn't bother his wife and kid. Carla was busy rocking Diego and feeding him so he wouldn't be needed for now.

"He had another attack?" "No, luckily no...But-But he's been having nightmares since he came
back from Stanford's house…"

Stan groaned. Dammit Ford! What did he do this time?! There must be something here. They had been getting along well. Something must have happened. "I'm gonna have a talk with Ford. See what he's done this time."

"Thank you…” Wanda sniffled. "I can't make him go to sleep…” Stan rubbed his eyes. "Well...When we were kids I scratched his head, like, er, scalp massage, he likes that…” He usually did that when Seb came into their room, trembling and scared from a nightmare or a scary sound he heard.

Wanda nodded. Sebastian did enjoy his cuddles. "Alright, I'll go try that. Sorry for bothering you so late." Stan laughed. "It's fine. You're taking care of my little brother, that's more than enough for me to forgive you for wakin' me up at night."

The blonde smiled tiredly and hung up. She went to the kitchen to make some warm chamomile and Seb drank it slowly. "...It doesn't have sugar…” Seb whined. Wanda deadpanned as she sat down next to him. "This is for you to sleep, not wake up more." The brunet pouted a bit more but finished his drink before hugging Wanda close to himself. Wanda wiggled so she could be the one hugging him. Perks of being almost the same height.

She stroked his curls, rubbing his scalp like Stan said and she could see him visibly relax. "...Sebas...You-You know that sometimes...family is not always good to you, right?" Seb nodded with his eye closed. "...If you feel...maybe, that some other family member makes you feel bad, then you have no obligation to bear with them, ok?" Wanda whispered. She thought Ford was kinda cute as a kid, but he had always been a bratty, selfish and self-centered kid. (She always felt like he thought he was better than everyone else just because he was a genius.) She didn't like how he talked about Seb when he was kicked out of his home. If he wasn't a great brother like Stanley was, the brother Seb needed right now, she saw no reason Seb had to tolerate Ford's attitude towards him.

Seb bit his lip. "It's fine. Sixer and I are…” he sighed. No. Linda had told him that lying about how he felt wasn't healthy. "No, he-" Seb trembled. "He told me the kids had to be fixed. Like there was something wrong with them, since they had… demon powers."

Wanda gasped. "But...YOU have powers...it makes sense they have powers too." Wanda whispered, without stopping stroking his hair. "He-If they were demons-" Seb sniffled loudly. "Like like he said! I-I'd still love them! So, so, so, so much!" Seb let out a broken sob. "I wouldn't hurt them! They-they're my daughters now! Nothing else! I wouldn't-I wouldn't hurt them! I'm not like Filbrick!" Wanda's green eyes welled up with tears as well.

"And-And I'm NOT going to let ANYONE touch them!" He growled. "I'd kill whoever tries to harm them if it's necessary, even FORD!" Wanda held him, whispering a soft "Shh, shh~". He couldn't think of murder, she didn't want that. Eventually, Seb passed out, completely drained out, but the blonde still had trouble succumbing to sleep.

Stanford better get his shit together. She didn't care if he was her (future) brother in law and Seb absolutely loved him blindly, if he dared to hurt Seb again or bad talk about HER daughters, he'd have more to worry about than just some silly demons.

-.-

Shermie called to tell them they had to go to Gravity Falls to greet the twins and Dillon for their birthday. "And mine!" He added. His birthday was also in July and many liked to forget that.
"Are you feeling up to going?" Wanda asked, worried. Seb rolled his eye. "I'm not a baby, Wands~ I'll be fine…I didn't have a panic attack last time did I?" He grinned down at Wanda, who narrowed her eyes. "That doesn't change anything. I worry about yo~" She stopped when Seb pressed his lips against hers, effectively shutting her up. "I'll be fine~" he insisted. "It's nice that you care but I can handle this. Please?" He gave her a puppy dog look and Wanda sighed. "Alright."

Of course Seb was adamant to go. He didn't want to see his triplet so soon, not after how much he was hurt by his words (He was being mean though, Ford apologized, he was just been selfish), but...he wasn't going for Ford, he was going there for his little brother and niblings. He was visiting THEM and celebrating for them! He could ignore Stanford.

Just like he did for almost an entire month.

Zully and Zoe found themselves ONCE AGAIN trapped in a seat with mommy and daddy. Why were they here again?! They always appeared in that house with the yard and trees after coming out, Isher's house. But why didn't they just sit in their carseat like they did when going to the supermarket or grandparents' house with daddy and be done with it? What was different from sitting in this place?

Zoe wiggled impatiently in Seb's lap. They had earplugs now, so their little sensitive ears didn't pop. Now that she was pain free and couldn't busy herself crying, she was very bored. "Bah! Ah bah bahh Blaaa! buuH!" She babbled loudly, trying to reach the window. The man sitting in the window's seat looked at the couple with a frown.

Zully was simply resting their head on mommy's soft chest and suckling their pacifier The baby side-glanced at daddy trying to keep Zoe from crawling over that man and let out a soft sigh. Silly daddy. Zoe couldn't be stopped~ Like when she escaped from their crib. Zully had been scared and squealed loudly to indicate they thought it was scary so Zoe should feel the same, but Zoe didn't. She wasn't afraid of ANYTHING.
"Urgh! You know what?" The man exclaimed, tired of Zoe's little hands pulling at his shirt to try to
get to the window, before standing up and glaring at Seb and Wanda. "Change. I didn't even want
the window anyway." He grumbled. Wanda smiled gratefully at him and they moved a seat to the
right. Seb to the window, Wanda in the middle and the man in the hallway seat. Zoe gasped in awe
as she stared out of the window. Pretty! She wanted to grab the white fluffy things!

Wanda ended up having a blast with the man, who was apparently from her college a couple years
older. Seb felt ignored, and then very offended when Zully needed a new diaper and Wanda sent
him off. "Why me?!" He complained. He huffed and went with the blond baby to the bathroom,
gently rocking them when they started whimpering. "I know, sweetheart, I'll clean you up in a
second." He whispered lovingly and kissed their round cheek.

Even if he hated changing diapers, his time wearing diapers was one of the WORST years in his
life (and he had been beaten up to pulp with a belt in the back and face, so that was saying A LOT).
He felt dirty and pathetic, he wouldn't put the twins through that.

Seb laid down the baby on the changing table and strapped Zully to it, wouldn't want them to fall!
"Alright, let's clean that dirty butt~" He laughed. Zully gurgled happily. Zully watched their dad
make funny faces as he changed their diaper. The baby blinked, opened and closed their hands
when they started warming up. Seb had just finished putting the last tab in place when his baby's
hand caught on fire. Seb frowned, but didn't have much time to dwell on it when he noticed Zully
holding a corner of their blanket.
And then the smoke detector went off.

Everyone in the plane jumped at the sudden loud noise and Wanda facepalmed when she saw the flight attendants running towards the bathroom with fire extinguishers. What happened this time?!

Seb had frantically managed to put out the fire in time, absorbing the fire, so the women were only just confused when they saw the man's eye glow blue for a second before going back to normal.

"Are you ok? How did the alarm go off, sir?" A male flight attendant asked suspiciously. Seb blushed a dark red, especially when he realized he was being stared at. "I-I have no idea, it just happened."

"Do you know it is illegal to smoke on a plane?" One of them said sternly.

"I don't smoke." Seb groaned. He picked up Zully, who had started crying at the loud noise and rushed to his seat.

Wanda gave him a questioning look as he winced in his seat. The crew started examining the bathroom for some cigarette trace because the man wasn't caught in the act, and later asked to examine their hand luggage. Nothing, no cigarettes or lighters, just baby formula, diapers, baby clothes, wallets, keys and cell phones.

"We're sorry for the inconvenience." A flight attendant smiled sheepishly. They finally figured it might have been some sort of malfunction of the sensor from the baby powder or something and apologized to the father for suspecting him. Wanda looked at Seb and shook her head fondly. She didn't blame Seb though, she knew the babies' powers were unpredictable. Zoe and Zully were peacefully sleeping in their arms, allowing them to nap in peace until landing.

-==

"Yay! You're finally heeree!" Mabel roared as she ran towards her youngest uncle. Seb cried as he was thrown back at the force of the now soon to be 15 year old Mabel's tackle, but luckily didn't fall since he was carrying Zoe on his chest. "Woah! Shooting Star!" Seb shouted with laughter.

Waddles ran around Seb, oinking loudly, very happy to see the man again. "Can't believe it! He likes you more than me! And I feed and clean this pig every day!" Shermie exclaimed from the house.

Seb laughed loudly and freed Zoe for her to crawl and walk around as Wanda did the same for Zully. Then, he hugged his little brother. "Well, I saved him from being a pterodactyl's snack~ Of course he loves me~ Everyone loves me!" Seb smiled widely. Linda said he was amazing…~

Shermie rolled his eyes.

Dillon came out of the house with Dipper (those two had become very good friends, Seb was glad; he liked seeing his two oldest nephews getting along), and the two teens rushed outside to meet him. "Hey Uncle Seb!" The two smiled.

Dillon was wearing a green sleeveless shirt with black shorts while Dipper had a short sleeved blue shirt and grey shorts, still wearing the hat Wendy gave him that first year. Mabel was as colorful as ever, with a pink long sleeved crop top, a light purple top and jean shorts. She was wearing bright earrings and a bright blue hairband. Her sneakers glowed too. Of course.

"Hey~ How's my favorite nephew!?!" Seb opened his arms wide and grinned like the demon he was. He just loved seeing the world burn. Dipper and Dillon shared a look, Shermie crossed his
arms unimpressed, before the two started pushing at each other to get to the man first. "MOVE IT!" "He knew me first!" "We FOUGHT a DEMON!" "He's MY godfather!" "AAHHH!"

"Mwahahaha! Fight! Fight! Fight!" Seb cheered on the teens. Mabel picked up Zully when they were distracted and was now carrying the annoyed baby in her arms as she giggled at her brother and cousin. "Look at them battle for the title of favorite nephew, right Uncle Seb?" Mabel asked smugly. She would never lose her title as favorite niece~ She was the only girl! Hah! Unless Uncle Ford had kids but that wasn't happening in a million years!

"Hey~~ You are TOTALLY right, Shooting Star!" Seb pointed at her. "You should suck-up to me to choose my favorite nephew!" Wanda shrugged helplessly when Shermie sent her a weird look. "What do you want me to do?" She asked with a deadpan look.

"What? We are not going to suck-up to you for-" Dipper deadpanned but Dillon grinned widely. "Yes we are~!" Dipper gasped. NO! This was the key day all over again!

Seb tutted at Dipper. "Tsk, tsk, tsk, you really haven't learnt anything, have you, Pinetree~ Dillon is winning!" Dillon stuck his tongue out at his younger cousin.

"Ok, we are going to suck up to you…" Dipper grumbled. Seb laughed. "Hey, I am feeling quite thirsty, I wonder if my favorite nephew could make me some lemonade…" The teens rushed inside, screaming and punching each other to get to the kitchen first. "MOVE!" " MOVE FIRST!"

Shermie shook his head as Wanda couldn't help but giggle. She knew Seb was just messing around with the two kids, he loved them both the same. "You are an evil man, making my baby suffer." Shermie told his brother with narrowed green eyes. Seb winked at him. "We all know my favorite is Diego~" He joked with laughter before running inside. Shermie huffed and picked up Zoe who was walking away, all while Mabel laughed loudly. "Come on, sweetheart, who has a very mean dad~? You? It's you~" Shermie cooed at Zoe, gave her a kiss which made her squeal, and walked inside with Mabel and Wanda.

Seb stopped dead in his tracks when on his way to the kitchen, he stumbled upon Stanford. Seb had been hoping to avoid him during these weeks...but he had forgotten this was in fact, his house.

Ford, for his part, gave Seb a polite nod before walking away, unsure how to broach the topic. He had done many more examinations on what little DNA samples he had from his nieces and still had inconclusive results. The Weirdness from Zully and Zoe were a different color but it was still similar to Seb's. Zully's Weirdness was… actually MORE similar to Seb's than Zoe's was and that didn't make any sense at all. Unless it was just proof that Zully was in fact Bill Cipher...

Ford was getting nightmares about it. Little Zully's eyes glowing yellow as she laughed in that horrible voice as Bill returned through her… Ford sighed. If Sebastian would just… let him perform his in depth examination then he could finally get some peace of mind.

Seb watched his oldest brother walk away and slowly relaxed. Well. This was going to suck. Maybe he should just avoid Ford for the duration of their stay.

He talked to Linda about it and she told him that it wasn't right for his brother to treat him like a monster, or act as if the babies were wrong in some way. "Either you two can talk this out between yourselves, or, if being around him stresses you out, get some space between you two. At least for a while." Linda had told him. She was quite worried but was also beginning to think that perhaps Seb's oldest brother took after their father in some way.

If Filbrick had called Sebastian a demon all their lives, it made sense that his brothers might have
unfortunately internalized this toxic mentality as well.

Frankly, from what Linda was learning about Sebastian's childhood, it was a miracle that Sebastian had grown up to be such a gentle, sweet man.

In truth, Linda told Seb that ignoring the issues between him and his brother wasn't healthy, but when Seb refused to address it, she knew that perhaps making Seb keep his distance would allow him some time to calm down and think about it some more.

Seb sighed, leaning against the refrigerator. It wasn't fair. Why was Sixer always such a…

The boys rushed up to him, having missed the confrontation with Ford, and presented their lemonades to him. Seb genuinely smiled. He didn't have to be sad. Even if Ford and he were...in a kinda rough moment, it didn't mean he didn't have the rest of his family with him.

"What do you think?!" "You like my lemonade more?!" "No! Mine!" "Who wins?"

"Ooh~ Are you making drinks~?" Stan entered the kitchen with a smile, carrying Diego who was suckling on his bottle. Dipper rolled his eyes as Dillon laughed. "No alcohol."

"Bah, then why are you making drinks anyway?" Stan scoffed, not seeing the point in being excited about virgin drinks. Seb took Diego from Stan's arms, confusing the poor baby (daddy? When did he put that on his eye?! Aahh?!) And the infant gave Seb his bottle. "Diego wins!" Seb grinned as he snuggled the mini-Stan.

"What?!!" Dipper and Dillon wailed.

--

The older twins and Dillon had a nice time in town. After the celebration at home with all their amazing family, who came to say hi to them (and most importantly, bring them presents!) Wendy and her friends invited the younger twins and their cousin to the Woodstick festival. Wendy was 18 now, just like her friends. Besides being taller (and more hairy, Mabel pointed out in the boy's case), the group looked just the same as they were when they were Mabel and Dipper's current age.

"Duudeess! Remember when you two were like super tiny!?!" Nate laughed, ruffling Mabel's hair and making her huff. "I'm STILL taller than Dipper!" Mabel proudly announced, making her twin roll his eyes and Dillon laughed. Well, not for longer. Dipper was still growing, Mabel didn't seem to be growing as much anymore. Dipper was hopeful that he would end up taller than her.

"Well, not anymore! They're teens through and through!" Wendy punched Dipper's arm, they were almost the same height. The boy rubbed his arm and nudged the red-haired. If he was honest with himself, he still thought Wendy was quite a pretty girl, and she was always going to be his first silly boyish crush…

"Aaaahh! Hi, Paazzzz! We were waiting for you SINCE FOREVER!" Mabel squealed loudly and Dipper's eyes lit up.

But he had Pacifica now...and he loved her.

The blonde rushed towards him and hugged Dipper, and the boys all made mocking "Ooooh~" sounds. "Little Dipper's in looveeee!" Robbie teased before Tambry, without looking up from her updated phone, nudged him in the ribs. "And you aren't?" Robbie flushed but gave his girlfriend a peck on the cheek.
Nate, Lee and Thompson burst out laughing.

They spent the entire day together, enjoying the nice music and kind of missing fighting with the Love God, he wasn't here (that they could see). Laying down on a huge blanket, simply watching the fireworks, Mabel laid down on Dillon's lap and looked up at him. "How are things going? Are you ok with little Diego now?"

The teen flipped Mabel's long hair over her face (a move Dillon learned from Dipper). "Yeah, I think we're fine now..." Mabel parted her hair. "Like, Diego is adorable, and I can't help but be fond of him..." Besides, mom and dad still treated him the same, so it was no problem. Dillon was relieved that getting a baby brother hadn't changed things.

Dipper was laying down with Pacifica and he was shyly stroking her hair. "I should tell my family we're together now..." He just...wasn't ready for all the TEASING! He'd never hear the end of it, with Uncle Seb, Stan...and Dad! Being assholes!

"Yeah, same...My parents are not gonna like it at all..." Pacifica trailed off before grinning. "That's why I love our relationship~"

Dipper rolled his eyes. "You better not just be dating me because it'd piss your parents off."

Pacifica laughed, snorting lightly. "Oh please~ I wouldn't go through the effort if I didn't like you."

Dipper blushed. "Th-ThAnks" He said with a squeaky shy voice.

They went to hang out at Wendy's house, Dillon was cheering with Nate and Lee at Thompson to do something stupid, per usual. Wendy's brothers left them alone and Dan was working. Mabel loved how well Dillon got along with their friends, she loved the fact that they could be together and not make it awkward at all. Like that one time in a friend's house back in California, her cousin was there and it just didn't feel right.

They were setting up for a movie now, Pacifica was helping Mabel make popcorn and Dipper was with the red haired teen choosing a movie. "Ooh~ We can watch this, sounds cool..." Dipper rummaged through the Corduroy's collection.

Wendy crouched next to him and pursed her lips. "Hey, man, question..." She tried to act as casual as possible, like she always did, but she was worried. "Is Mr. P ok?" Wendy had known Seb for years, probably more time than the twins, and he had always been a crazy crazy dude. Crazy but nice. It's not like she had never seen Seb angry or sad...but he looked...weird. Didn't seem... alright.

Wendy didn't know how to explain it. He was clearly in love with his girlfriend and daughters, and Wendy was so happy for him, but after that summer, after Seb almost DIED, and he moved away...He didn't seem...like he always did. He felt more...exposed, like he had been so strong before, nothing really affected him, and now she felt like this strong barrier just...broke.

Dipper looked at her. "Um, yeah? Yeah! Uncle Seb is fine, he's doing pretty well, why?" Wendy shrugged a bit. "Don't know, maybe I'm just seeing things? I don't know, my brain is melted from being under the sun so long!" She laughed.

They chose a movie and after it finished (and everyone ate all the snacks), the cousins went back to the Shack. Dipper was exhausted but even after making his way to the attic, he couldn't help but overthink Wendy's question. Why was she asking that? Was Seb really ok? What if Wendy saw something he and everyone else didn't?

Back in his room, Sebastian finally tucked Zoe to sleep and curled up next to Wanda, who was
falling asleep. He didn't like not talking to Ford again. It was so stupid. They were supposed to be good now… He should trust him now, they were supposed to be best friends now...Why did all this have to happen?! What did he do wrong now? Seb took deep breaths to calm down as tears threatened to fall. No. No. He didn't need pills, he wasn't having another attack ever again.

Wendy wasn't seeing things. Seb really wasn't ok. He was not having another panic attack, because he was suppressing everything, trying to act as careless as he acted before any of that summer happened. Seb could have a big smile and dorky attitude naturally before, because everything was hidden in him, his problems were buried, and his panic attacks and fears were dealt with by hurting himself, screaming and clawing at himself until he was satisfied. He seemed better by being more messed up.

He couldn't do that now. He couldn't hurt himself, he was suppressing his emotions when he felt close to an attack and his deep traumas and secrets had been brought to the surface with his sessions. He was in the middle of a process of healing, he was finally going through the right path, but it was a rough trip. And he couldn't hide it all like he used to. He wasn't able to fake smile as well as he had before, so even though he was now doing better, he seemed worse. He wasn't supposed to act strong anymore and fake smile, he was supposed to overcome the hardships, heal, forgive himself and BE strong, smile for real.

But the only way he could do that was working on a better way to deal with his anxiety, and suppressing WAS NOT it. It was the easiest way for now, and because it was working, Seb went along with it. It was not healthy, Linda had already told him, he needed his pills, he needed to practice with her techniques, but Sebastian was a Pines, and Pines were stubborn mules.

It wouldn't be long until something broke Seb again and sent him spiraling down…

-

Seb was chatting with Mabel the next morning. "So...yeah, um I have this shite called...AD? Whatever, it means I can't pay attention for shit and it's hard for me to stay put…" Seb accentuated the statement with a bouncy leg.

The still 14 year old girl gasped. "ADHD! I knew it!" She hit a fist against her palm. "Well, now that you know, are you getting help for it?"

Sebastian shrugged. "Well, not much I can do about it. I've just been trying to keep myself focused through my own efforts." Mabel frowned. "But isn't there medicine you can take for that?"

Seb sighed. "I don't need pills like some..." ...broken "...child. I'm an adult now. I'm better at just reminding myself to pay attention." He placed a hand on his chest and looked dramatically off to the side. "I've got self control now."

Mabel frowned. "Well, if you're sure." She hugged her favorite uncle. "I'm glad you finally know for real. I heard that knowing is the first step to getting better." Seb smiled and hugged his niece back. She was taller now but still the perfect size for a hug. "You heard that somewhere or are you just making it up as you go?"

Mabel chuckled. "You'll never know~" She wiggled a bit. "Have you told everyone else?" The girl asked.

"For what? No, it's fine this way." Seb waved a hand. "Don't go around telling everybody, Shooting Star!" He warned. Mabel nodded slowly, and of course, she wouldn't tell everybody…
Just uncle Stan~ He wasn’t everybody!

Who told Seb to teach the twins to find double meanings in sentences? It was his own fault that Mabel had learned how to lie without lying.

While Sebastian rocked Zully, they were cranky as hell and couldn't go back to sleep. (If Seb didn't stop this, Zoe would wake up too and destroy everyone's eardrums) Stan stormed up to him and hugged him from behind. "Aah!" Seb cried, so startled that even Zully stopped crying. "I know now Seb! The twins mentioned it that summer when you turned small and cute and now that I know for sure, really, so many things from when we were kids make much more sense...I-I should have told you, I should have known before! I should have done something, it wasn't your fault...But I'll be here for you now, forever!" The strong man hugged his much smaller brother to himself.

"...What are you talking about? Have you been drinking with Shermie again?" Seb sputtered.

Stan ignored his question. "Why don't you tell us things?! You're not alone, you stupid knucklehead! You have to tell us what's going on with you!" Stan finally released him and grabbed Zully who was now sucking their thumb, slowly calming down. "I'm taking her!" The man sniffled, (though he would deny it if anyone asked). "Until you learn to trust your brothers!"

Seb watched his triplet walk away with his baby. What the fuck? What just happened?!

It took him a while to discover (Dipper told him) that Mabel snitched his diagnosis with Fez and Fez told everybody, even mom, the last person Seb wanted to worry. Kari later hugged him tight, sobbing loudly on his shoulder. "Oh, Sebas! I-I'm so sorry! All-All those years!" Her baby had a condition and she never knew! His hyperactivity growing up, his-his lack of attention… She sobbed again. Filbrick had never cared to let her get Sebastian examined, she hadn't even known that had been an option! His teachers had never suggested it and Kari had never thought of it herself. And she was kicking herself for being so stupid!

"Don't cry, Ma. It ain't your fault. It's not a big deal…" Seb winced a bit. He hated seeing his mom so sad, but she was crying for nothing. Everyone was being weird about this (Thanks, Mabel!) Shermie even pulled him close for a hug, whispering that he knew Seb was never a bad kid. Why did everyone have to make such a big deal out of it? Just because his brain was stupid didn't mean he had some kind of life threatening condition or anything! It made him feel rather uncomfortable to have everyone treating him differently, as if knowing that there was something wrong with him made any difference. He was messed up this whole time, it wasn't like he'd only JUST got ADHD…

"That's not it." Kari sniffled. "I just failed you so much as a mother. I wasn't able to do anything for you!"

"Hey, now THAT'S BULLSHIT. You were the best mom. You always held me and took care of me and… and…" Seb flushed and looked away. "And you taught me how to I-love, I NEVER would have thought I would do that as a human and- and thanks to you, I-I learned to be more human and I love you and my brothers and you haven't failed anything!" He held his mom as she sniffled and ran a hand through his now brown curly hair. Kari liked how he looked blond, it suited him, but he looked nice either way. "I love you too, darling...I love you all…" Kari kissed his cheek, smiling slightly when he smiled. If only she had been... stronger, if she had tried harder, if she had done SOMETHING to help Sebastian...She stood there while her baby suffered under her own nose. Lying, like she used to do, and sometimes still did...Lying that everything was fine, lying to herself, thinking things would change…

And-And knowing now that Seb went through so much...from a condition no one knew he had...All those times he was shouted at for moving so much and not paying attention...all those
times SHE shouted at him...She could have, SHOULD have done something, gotten him to a doctor to see what was wrong, REALIZED that there was something wrong, but she didn't because she was stupid! And loved a man who didn't deserve it, didn't deserve her or the four wonderful boys they had...

"Mom...You can...let go now." Seb patted her graying hair but that only made Kari hug him tighter. "No. Baby." She declared, kind of forgetting Sherman was actually the youngest. "I'm not letting you go again."

Mabel poked her head into the room and took a photo. Aawww~~ Granny Kari and Uncle Seb looked so cute~ She froze when Seb noticed her and his eye turned red. He bare his fangs (she was DEAD! She KNEW Seb was gonna come for her later!), the girl shrieked and ran away.

Despite the threat, that didn't stop Mabel from trying to solve the other problems in her family. Now that Seb had confessed he got this diagnosis like a month ago, and thought it was intelligent to keep it from everyone, she had been more observant the following days, wearing a sweater than read 'detective mode' and studied her uncles with Waddles dressed up as her detective assistant.

Dipper joined her in her investigation ("The Mystery Twins are back, baby!")), because ever since Wendy asked him about Seb, he hadn't been able to stop thinking about it. The most obvious conclusion they had was, of course, that Uncle Ford wasn't with them interacting like a human being. He had been doing his best to leave his lab when they were visiting, but this time he barely showed his face around.

So something had definitely happened...Again.

The twins sighed. Looks like they had to go and get their uncles over whatever issue they had with each other...Again! Damn it, didn't they learn anything? Maybe they needed to find another fairy to curse them?

Back in the National Institute of Oddology and Science Investigation, Ford was cradling his cup of coffee in his hands while Fiddleford half listened to him, but he was more concentrated on his 6x6 cubix Cube. "He has ADHD, F...That, that's a mental disorder, right? Not that I didn't expect it, he was a 'Bill' after all, but, you know, it-it's not his fault no one treated him, right?" Ford felt a little guilty. This condition (which he felt Deja vu with, he could swear he had heard of it before), Sebastian had, had this condition since childhood...and no one helped...It explained a lot of things.

"I never knew he had that...I would have understood that he was crazy for a reason! Then...we could have gotten along better..." He winced as he sipped his elixir of life. Urgh, now he felt bad. But if they had known Sebastian was insane back then, what would they even be able to do to help?

"Well, maybe knowing this now can help ya go and apologize ta him?" Fiddleford said without looking up and not really paying attention, because condition or not, Ford apologizing came first and was the OBVIOUS thing to do. "What? Are you insane? Sebastian doesn't want to see me right now!" Ford protested. "And how am I supposed to apologize? I'm sorry that I didn't realize you had a debilitating mental disorder and constantly told you that you were stupid?" Ford groaned into his coffee. "He'd be even MORE angry at me than he already is!"

"Oh right, because ya stupidly called his children monsters, yes? I wonder why he's angry~" Fiddleford asked, very sassy and sarcastic. Ford glared at him. "You. Are NOT helping me!" He hissed before looking down, upset. "I've never been...very good...with...people...and talking..."

"I noticed." Fiddleford put down the fixed cubix-cube. "Which is why you should probably get therapy too."
"Therapy?" Ford laughed amused. "I'm not crazy~" like Sebastian was.

"Well, I think ya are, and that's coming from me, Ford." the engineer chuckled good heartedly. "Don't ya think yer interactions with Cipher might have left an impact on you?"

Ford twitched. "Bill Cipher was a DEMON, of course it had an impact on me. But I'm fine." Ford shook his head. "I'm not- I don't need therapy. There's nothing wrong with my head." Just to prove it, he thunked on the side of his temple and the metallic sound came out.

Fiddleford rolled his eyes. "Right, because gettin' a steel plate around yer skull is something perfectly normal people do." He huffed. "I am not normal." Ford showed him his six fingers. "I've never been…" Ford muttered.

"Look, I ain't even saying anything about goin' to a therapist because yer crazy or nuthin'. There are therapists whose job is ta teach you how to talk to people. Social therapists, ya know?" Fiddleford told his friend plainly. "You know? Talking to people? That thing you can't do and should probably learn to do?" Because you always fuck it up, was left unsaid.

The blond patted his shoulder. "I like you, but we both know it was some sort of miracle that I hadn't strangled you in your sleep during our time in college together." He said solemnly.

Ford stared at his friend with a deadpanned look. "Mblegrmble…" He grumbled unintelligibly.

Fiddleford continued "Remember that one time in college? We were talking about the girls and how just a few years ago there was only one girl who graduated there?" Ford looked down. "I told you not to voice it out loud how we thought back then that women didn't choose science careers… And what did you do?"

"...loudly declared that women were too emotionally unstable to be scientists…" Ford sighed. "I wasn't talking about ALL women though! I was talking about the types of women who were always going out for drinking parties instead of studying-"

"Which you didn't clarify, thus getting yourself slapped by every girl in our school." Fiddleford sighed. Ford defended himself, "I was just 19…"

"Ford, you are like 20 years older NOW and you'd still say it!" The blond laughed, making Ford blush. "My point is, learning to talk to people is good, healthy. It'll save you from uncomfortable situations and conflicts with Sebastian." Fiddleford patted Ford's shoulder.

"Stanley doesn't get affected by your words, and I'm not affected because I know you're just saying things without thinkin', but ye said yerself, Sebastian has anxiety, he doesn't understand you don't mean it in the worst way possible when you say something awful to him."

Ford sipped his coffee again. Hmph...He didn't like getting scolded like this… "Mphgwurdtwuns."

"I sorry, can you speak not gibberish?"

The brunet sighed loudly. "I said...I'm worried about the twins...This doesn't have anything to do with talking with Seb! I just said I was worried about my hypothesis and he got angry! What if I'm right?!"

"What if you aren't?" Fiddleford raised an eyebrow. Ford stood up to pace. "Seb knows I love him, he died saving us, I have a deep respect for him, he just got angry because he doesn't want to think about the possibility of his kids being demons!"
"...Or he got angry, like any dad would, because you called his kids monsters? Something he hates to be called himself?"

"This isn't about hating Seb, I'm good now." Bill was gone, Ford had been influenced by Bill's cruel words, but not anymore. "I'm just stating a possibility!" Ford said.

Fiddleford sighed. "Hey Ford, when Wanda went into labor three months early, were you thinkin' of telling Sebastian that it made her chance of a miscarriage go up?"

Ford blinked. "Yes? Because it's true. And a real worry."

"That's exactly my point." Fiddleford folded his arms. "It's true, sure. He might have lost his kids, might have lost Wanda, that's all true. But you don't tell someone that. It just makes them unhappy. It would have hurt him very much."

"But... This and that are different-"

"The way they make your brother feel is the same." Fiddleford stressed. "And that's how it is."

"But..." Ford floundered. "But I'm just worried for his safety!"

"I get that. There's nothing wrong with wanting to keep your brother safe, but you could have found a nicer way of saying it without making your brother feel like you think his children are monsters." Fiddleford said very kindly, but Ford was huffing angrily. He didn't know, ok?! It wasn't his fault! "Well, I'm just a horrible person then, set me on fire and throw me off a cliff!" He (not-quite) threw a tantrum.

Fiddleford grimaced. "Dude...Calm down..." Maybe Ford did need a therapist for more than social interaction...

There was a knock on the door and Fiddleford opened it, because Ford was busy grumbling. The blond would say it was another language? But he wasn't really sure. It was the twins, the older twins of course, it would be kinda dumb to think it was the baby twins, but the twins were carrying the baby twins and were accompanied by Dillon holding Diego.

"Hi, uncle Fiddles!" "Hi, McGucket!" "Hi, Mr. Fiddles!" The three teens smiled and bounced the babies, making them smile and squeal. It made the man coo loudly. "Can we talk to Uncle Ford?" Dipper asked. Mabel grinned with a metal free smile, no more braces for this girl! "We just want to talk!"

Zoe in Dipper's arms repeated it. "Bih jah bah too toh!" She said seriously and hit Dipper's nose to accentuate it. Zoe loved to be held by him and to rest on his chest, but she always hurt him! Dipper didn't understand why she was this way! "Ow! Zoe! Not my nose!" Dipper complained.

Fiddleford looked at Ford and then back at the twins. "Eh~ Sure." He moved aside and the two pair of twins, Dillon and Diego walked inside. Ford turned around at the high pitched "Uncle Ford!" and he was about to speak when his eyes landed on two little blonds.

He froze.

"We came to talk about very important s-"

"Get them out, ge-get-the-the twins out of my lab, please!"

Zully tilted their head innocently as Zoe pouted. "Isher!" She reached for him. Why was he upset?
She didn't remember her dad's fight with him, so she just wanted to comfort him like when daddy was upset.

Dillon scoffed. "They won't touch anything, why don't you want them here?"

"Can you PLEASE OBEY me for ONCE?" Ford's booming voice made the cousins step back, wide-eyed. Not even Dipper who had spent more time with him, had seen him this angry. Dillon and Mabel then scowled. They didn't like to get shouted at, Ford wasn't allowed to treat them like that. Mabel felt hurt though, Dillon was just pissed.

He never really thought of his uncle back when his dad was lost. All he knew about his 'dead' uncle Ford was that he'd shut himself away from the family.

"Fine! Stay here! You're doing us all a favor! It's not like anyone wants to see you back in the house!" Dillon adjusted his little brother in his arms and stomped off. Ford froze. Mabel sniffled. "...just wanted to see how you were doing..." she said sadly before she turned and left with Zully.

Dipper bit his lip as he looked up at the Author he admired so much. "You don't even tell us why. You never do." He muttered before turning and leaving with Zoe who was still trying to reach Isher, he felt as sad as daddy felt sometimes and she wanted to help! "Isher?" Zoe whined as Dipper carried her away.

Fiddleford winced. He saw how tense Ford was. "You didn't have 'ta shout at them." He said quietly. Ford breathed heavily, hissing the air between his teeth. "They're the ones who..." He cut himself off, turning away and sitting down on his lab chair. "Why can't they just listen to me and do what I ask?"

"Well, why DO you want the babies out of your lab?" Fiddleford asked gently, a little wary of Ford's temper and moving to put some space between them. "You know teens, they always want to know why. Won't do anything unless they know the reasons behind it."

"No, I don't know teens." Ford sighed. "I don't know anything about children." He rubbed his face.

There was a knock on the lab door. "Its open." Fiddleford called out. Stan walked in, saw his brother and sighed. "Alright Poindexter, what happened this time?" He walked over to clap Ford's shoulder. He had seen the teens making their way to the house on his way here, and Dillon had explicitly screamed at him "I can't stand your brother! He's a bitch!"

"Dillon!" Stanley glared at his son, who made a face, sticking his tongue out, and walked faster, with the twins behind him, feeling very awkward.

Fiddleford grabbed his Cubix Cube and patted Stanley's shoulder. "I'll give you a moment."

Ford went back to his book and ignored his brother. "Did something happen with the kids? Dillon seemed...upset..." He wouldn't tell Ford what Dillon called him. He had to talk to his son about that later, he shouldn't insult family.

Ford shrugged helplessly. "I-I just told them I-..." He sighed. "I didn't want them in my lab, and I shouted at them...I'm sorry."

"So, ok, you shouted at the kids." Stan nodded slowly. "We've been here for around a week and a half...I've seen you two days. And Wanda told me you had a talk with Seb, and now both of you are ignoring each other. Yeah, don't think I didn't notice." Stan raised a thick eyebrow. "So will you tell what you did or I'll have to find the info myself?"
Ford put down his book. "Stanley, what would you do, if you suspected that Zoe and Zully might be demons?" Stan blinked. "Seb was a demon and then became a human, and he's fine. I don't see how that's a problem. Even if Zully and Zoe were demons too, they'd be like Seb." He shrugged.

"What if one of them was Bill Cipher, the one we killed?" Ford asked quietly. Stanley groaned and rolled his eyes. "It doesn't matter. Even if he DID come back as a baby, he's a baby now, and Seb turned out fine, so why wouldn't these kids? We just gotta raise 'em right." Stan laughed. "Frankly, I'm amazed Seb turned out as well as he did considering what our Pa did to him. You'd think something like that would make a demon worse, but he's a sweet guy, too good for his own good." Stan shook his head.

"But Sebastian is-" Ford waved his hands around. "You remember what he was like as a child? He was killing animals for fun! He loved it! and just-"

"And then he stopped. I don't see the problem." Stan shrugged. "He learned that he shouldn't do that, and then he stopped. Hell Sixer! There are fully human children who'd hurt animals for fun unless they get taught not to! Remember how I had Shanklin?" Stan narrowed his eyes at Ford.

"I wanted to train him to attack people! I strapped a knife on his poor back! Even YOU agreed it was cool!" Stan rolled his eyes "That's what happens when you're a kid, you do something stupid and wrong and then you learn that it's wrong, and then you can either keep doing that thing, even once you know it's wrong, or you stop. And Sebas stopped. And if you're so worried about the twins, well, I'm sure that between Seb and Wanda, they're gonna teach 'em right from wrong."

"And what if they don't stop? What if Zully grows up and hurts people-"

"Then that's just how it ends up." Stan grimaced. "Look, there are plenty of assholes in the world. Sometimes it's because their parents didn't teach 'em right, but sometimes, they're just a terrible person. And that's not really something we can do anything about. As parents, it's our job to try our best to teach the kids to be good people, but sometimes that doesn't happen, and that's just the way life goes."

"But they're DEMONS-"

"Then we'll deal with it THEN." Stan told Ford firmly. "But right now? They're BABIES. Completely helpless and goddammit Sixer, Seb LOVES them. He loves them SO much. Even if one of 'em WAS that triangle jerk reborn or somethin', he would STILL love them."

Ford sniffled. "I-I don't...I don't think I can...Bill is a demon! I-I don't know...I-Sebastian is different, I'm used to him, he's my brother, but Bill..." Stan hardened his glare. "So what? You don't love the twins? You want them gone? You'd be happy if they were dead? Stanford, those are your nieces!" He shouted.

"I DON'T KNOW!" Ford shouted back. He wasn't even sure why he was scared. He just was! Illogical thoughts growing and growing and leading to endless nightmares that would never stop! Thinking, overthinking, overthinking the worse outcomes possible! And the twins had powers and they could be demons, Sebastian was a demon, he couldn't help but overthink!

"I just don't want Seb or Wanda to get hurt by them, if they really WERE demons." Ford shook in place. "I don't want to lose Seb again." He said in a broken voice. Ford really wanted to be on good terms with Seb again, he loved him so much, he was just scared of his own mind overthinking everything again.

Stan softened his look and shook his head. Idiot, but with good intentions. But still an idiot.
Stanford could talk to him freely, Stan wasn't hurt by his uncensored mouth, he had grown a thick skin to insults. There were a few times Stan had gotten angry at him though, usually in space, when Ford, in his exasperation, called Stan dumb or that he shouldn't have been given the blueprints for the Quantum Destabilizer. He seriously needed to talk this out with a professional, these kinds of thoughts are going to hurt him and everyone around him.

"You will lose him if you don't try to understand him. Hating his babies is not exactly a way to bond with someone." The middle triplet joked, nudging Ford in the arm. "Look, Seb's always been… sensitive about stuff. And you're a blunt, foot-in-your-mouth kinda guy. And…" Stan looked at Ford closely. "...and you haven't been sleeping so good, huh?"

"I don't need to sleep…” Ford mumbled. "I have stuff to do, and there's this one research paper that-" Stan rolled his eyes. God, this guy…

"Ok, I've decided. You are going to sleep." Stan stood up, groaning softly when his back protested. Contracture. Should have gone to his physical rehabilitation earlier. That hit was horrible. At least the other guy was disqualified after a display of Stan's amazing acting skills~. "And then you are talking to Seb, apologize and tell him you care about him...and then I don't know, carry the twins or change their diapers. That'd show you care." Ford made a disgusted expression. "No. And you can't order me around, I'm older!" Stan raised an eyebrow. "Well yeah? I kept your butt safe and trained you to not die in space. I was in charge. And I'm the middle triplet, which means I'm more responsible and always look after you two and Shermie. SO SUCK IT!" The man laughed before easily lifting up his brother.

"PUT ME DOWN, STANLEY! WHAT THE HECK?!" Ford flailed but was unable to stop Stan from carrying him through the lab and back into the Shack, some scientists saw the triplets and giggled. "This is so demeaning!" Ford slumped, blushing furiously.

"I don't know da-meaning of that word!" Stan grinned. Ford let out a wail. "Nooooo!"

-.-

Dillon was hidden in his temporary room, Mabel told him he had been mean so now he worried he would get grounded.

But Stanford deserved that! He knew uncle Ford made Uncle Seb feel bad and no one was doing that under his watch. He had Diego with him, as a weapon in case he was grounded. "You won't be stupid right? Promise me you will not do that." He rubbed his brother's belly. The baby gurgled and grabbed his finger, making Dillon smile. Yeah, it was hard to hate this kid.

The door opened and Dillon winced, but it was just Uncle Shermie. "Um, hey kiddo. Was wondering where you were...is something wrong?"

"How can Stanford be so fucking stupid?" Dillon asked bluntly, straight to the point, just like his parents. Then he thought it through better. "...Don't tell Dad." Shermie smirked and locked his lips. "Because he's a stupid genius…those are the worse."

"I heard Dad talking to Aunt Wanda about how he made Uncle Seb upset. He can't do that, not when Uncle Seb is great and he's trying to get better and goes to therapy and after everything he went through!" Dillon gritted his teeth.

Shermie awkwardly sat down next to him, moving Diego a little over to the pillow, and hummed. "Well, yeah...But you know, they'll get better. They love each other, you know, but everyone can
fight and have other differences… as long as they make up in the end."

"Like uncle Seb hated you as a baby and almost killed you twice?" The teen asked and Shermie frowned. "What…?" He asked softly before shaking his head. "My point is, even if it hurts to see them all distant, it won't last, and being angry about it won't do any good to anyone, trust me." Shermie had hated the Stans as a kid, for not doing anything, hated Ford for defending Filbrick's decision in his anger, but that only led him down a bad path filled with drugs and violence. Heck, if he hadn't suddenly become a father and was forced to shape up, what would have happened to him?

"But then what do I do?" Dillon asked. Shermie hummed in thought. "Well…not much really? It's them who gotta talk this out like the freaking adults they are, you're just here to show them you love them both. They're both your uncles, even if Ford's a pain to talk to." Shermie said in his dad voice.

Dillon sighed and laid down on his back. "So, do brothers just… fight like this sometimes?" He asked. Shermie nodded. "All siblings do."

"But then what do I do?" Dillon asked. Shermie hummed in thought. "Well…not much really? It's them who gotta talk this out like the freaking adults they are, you're just here to show them you love them both. They're both your uncles, even if Ford's a pain to talk to." Shermie said in his dad voice.

Dillon pouted. Things shouldn't be like that...He thought siblings were like friends! Always nice to each other. He looked at Diego, sucking his foot. He couldn't really know though. He had been a brother for less than a year. He softly pressed Diego's belly and the baby whined loudly, swatting his hand away.

Shermie laughed. "See? You fought." Dillon giggled and played with Diego's chubby cheeks. "Thanks, Uncle Shermie..." Dillon giggled and played with Diego's chubby cheeks. "Thanks, Uncle Shermie..." The green eyed man ruffled his curls and stood up. "Now stop sulking and go play or something. And give Diego to your mom, she says he gotta eat now." Dillon nodded and happily got up and on the way, saw Dad carrying Ford over his shoulder, shouting and laughing.

Dillon rolled his eyes. Weirdos... "Dillon, we gotta TALK after I'm done with him~" Stan called out to his eldest son, making Dillon pale. Diego yelped when Dillon started running.

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Ford had his much needed nap that day, and wasn't allowed back into his lab until he talked to Seb. (Fiddleford, the traitor, was helping Stan). So the next day, he made his way to the living room.

Seb was on the couch, with the older twins on each side, talking loudly. Soos was there too, right, Mystery Shack was closed today.

"NO!" Seb gasped. Mabel grinned like a little shit as Dipper screamed into his hands. "MABEL! I TOLD YOU NOT TO SAY ANYTHING!"

"Dude, I would have never known!" Soos gasped in utter surprise. "I thought it was some kind of code when Pacifica talked a lot about you at the Diner she had started working at!" It would have remained a complete mystery to him if Mabel hadn't said that Pacifica and Dipper were dating.

"PINETREE!" Seb squealed. "SHIP!" Dipper groaned. "That's so cuteee! Have you told everyone?!" Seb asked eagerly. "No! And don't tell them! I'm not ready!" Dipper protested.

"I'm not sure you know who you're talking to~" Seb high sixed Mabel and laughed evilly. "When did you start dating?!

"A few months ago!" Mabel answered for him. "They messaged a lot and Paz invited him to come!" She squealed. Seb squealed too, and hugged Dipper. "Little Pinetree's growing up~can you
believe you hated her just a couple years ago?"

"Please someone kill me now!" Seb, Mabel and Soos laughed. They were the only ones awake. Everyone was napping after lunch, like the 3 babies, or working, like Shermie and Wanda. The four of them hanging out together like this, they felt like it was that summer again, before Bill fucked everything up.

Ford smiled a little from his spot by the doorframe. He took a deep breath before walking forward.

But he stopped when there was a loud baby wail coming from another room. Papa Seb rose to his feet immediately, knowing their babies' cries, and apologized to his niblings. "Be right back, babies call~"

Seb left the living room and walked towards his room, finding Ford standing like a statue there. "Hey…" The man with the eyepatch smiled a little. He was tired of ignoring Ford, he was never able to do that for long.

Bill2 always said he forgave too easily. Seb didn't care though.

"Your-your kids are crying." Ford stated and the wails just got louder. A muffled "Heelp!" Was heard from where Wanda was with the twins. "They do that all the time, it's pretty annoying." Seb grinned and reasummed his pace. "I bet they aren't even hungry or need a new diaper, they just want to call for attention."

Ford opened his mouth to say something but decided against it. No. Think before speaking.

"Are you still mad at me?" Seb asked, softer this time. "I didn't mean to ignore you...I was upset without reason, it's hard for me to not imagine everything said to me is meant to hurt me or put me down...Linda said that's part of my anxiety..." And she also said he should go back to his pills to help control that, but he was fine.

"But when I ignore you, you get angry and ignore me back, and that hurts more...so, next time I overreact...maybe just continue being with me?" Ford blinked slowly at what Seb told him before eventually nodding. Wasn't he supposed to-?

"Ok. I-I will be careful not to...ignore you when you ignore me..." (?)

"Great!" Seb smiled and rubbed his arm awkwardly. "Hug, smart guy?"

Ford nodded and hugged him, patting his back. Seb pulled away and pointed to the hallway. "Gotta go now, twins will burst their vocal chords!"

Ford thought about the interaction. Seb apologized...to him...But, he was the one coming to apologize? Oh well, that was easy! Seb and he were in good terms again and he didn't have to fuck up things more by apologizing! Ford smiled in satisfaction. This… was fine. He didn't need to… apologize. Right.

Dipper, Mabel and Soos were frowning at him though. "Ahem." Mabel fake coughed. Ford looked over at them. "Oh, hello Dipper and Mabel." Mabel narrowed her eyes and pouted. Ford blinked and it took him a few seconds before he realized what she wanted. "Ah, sorry for yelling at you earlier yesterday?"

Mabel relaxed a little, she didn't smile though. "Why'd you yell anyway?" Ford sighed. "I didn't want Zully and Zoe in my lab." Dipper spoke up, "Why?"
"It's not important." Ford tried to evade the subject. Dipper wouldn't let him. "If it wasn't important, then did you yell at us for no reason?"

"No. I just-" Ford sighed, leaning against the wall. "I have my suspicions that the kids might be demons." Mabel blinked and asked, "And what does that have to do with yelling at us?" Ford stared at her, mouth agape. "Didn't you hear me? They might be demons, one of them might be Bill Cipher."

Dipper shivered a little before narrowing his eyes. "That sounds horrible, but wasn't uncle Seb a Bill Cipher too? Do you have some sort of 'no Bills in the lab' rule?"

"Just...precautions, you never know. And, well, I was stressed and took it out on you, and that wasn't very nice of me. So, I apologize for that." He gave them a small smile.

Dipper and Mabel nodded. Mabel thought Ford was overreacting to that, Dipper was now a bit worried. Oh gosh, having to interact with Bill again...even as a cousin...that worried him. He didn't want to see that triangle ever again! In any damn form! But... Dipper snorted. "If one of the twins really is Bill, he's a little girl now!" He started snickering.

Mabel narrowed her eyes. "And what's wrong with being a girl? He can still do Bill things!"

"N-nothing!" Dipper said quickly. "But we'd be able to put him in little dresses and ribbons." Mabel's eyes widened and she cackled. "Yeeeesssssss!" The older twins started joking about all sorts of embarrassing things they could do to Bill if he was one of the younger twins. "I could put HIM in a lamb costume!" Dipper laughed maniacally.

Ford stared at his niblings in disbelief. They were... joking about it? Like it was funny? "This isn't something to make light of-"

"And then I can tickle him ALL I want!" Mabel cheered. "In fact, even if they're not Bill, I'm still gonna tickle them!"

"Kids, no, this is serious!" Ford stated but the twins were now ignoring him. He sighed, they were not going to understand, and walked back to his lab. He didn't care, he knew there was still a possibility, because he saw their DNA, Zully and Zoe had demon powers... Zully had higher Weirdness levels than her own father. There must be something going on here.

--

Sebastian cooed at his daughters. "Aww~ did you miss your daddy? Is that why you were crying?" He rocked Zully in his arms with a smile. Wanda told him that Zully had woken up, didn't see Seb anywhere and had started crying. "Awww~ It's okay. I'll always be here, even if I have to leave for a bit." Seb told his eldest. Zully sniffled, clutching tightly to Seb's yellow shirt. Seb laid down beside Wanda on the bed, she was holding Zoe, who had stirred but luckily didn't wake.

"A real daddy's girl, huh?" Wanda teased, reaching up to stroke Zully's hair. Zully huffed, burying their face in Seb's shirt. The parents laughed. "Well, I don't mind at all." Seb grinned. Wanda sighed dramatically and hugged Zoe. "If she was awake, she would go with you too... How did you win the two of them? Not fair!"

"Blondes like me~" Seb smirked. Zully had gone back to sleep, holding onto him. Wanda rolled her eyes. "Sad, but true." She snuggled closer to Seb as well. Zoe trapped her so she couldn't go back to her laptop. Might as well use it to her advantage to nap as well.

"I'm good with Sixer now." He was back to calling him Sixer, when Seb was upset he was
Stanford. "I'm glad, he better not hurt you again or I'm gonna get mad!" Wanda huffed. Seb laughed and disheveled her in a very fond ruffling. "Don't worry, Wands, we always forgive each other…" He knew Ford felt the same.

He closed his eye and smiled. He was glad he wasn't leaving Gravity Falls all upset again. Everything turned out fine!

"And don't come back, Stanley until those boys are tired!" Carla slammed the door shut. Stan, with Diego easily carried in an arm, glared down at Dillon who had the decency to shrink in shame.

"See what you did, kid?! You HAD to play inside!" Stan exclaimed. His basket ball bounced away and knocked down some, well, many decorations from a table, breaking them.

"...Sorry…?"

Stan took a deeo breath before he snorted and laughed. "it's fine, I've broken a couple of things myself aa a kid, I get it, it's just the adrenaline, no?"

"Yeah! Exactly! Mom doesn't get it!" Diego was put on his stroller and the three went to the park. Stan was told to tire Dillon, then that was what he was doing. He'd leave Dillon exhausted as heck!

"You tell me, there was this time I was playing with Seb inside the pawnshop with a football and I broke...this...um…" Stan trailed off. He broke it, Seb got punished for it, Seb got cut with the pieces of glass... "It-It doesn't matter...Just know that breaking stuff bothers your mom and I won't be this nice next time! Now you will be punished with...practicing your dribbling! I want to see that in and out dribbling mastered!"

Dillon gasped. "What?! Not fair!" Stan patted his head. "Yes, it is, you broke stuff." "But you said you broke things tol and that you understood! The teen puffed his cheeks.

"Yes, I understand, but like you right now, I was grounded" (sometimes physically punished) "And also, I'm pissed because we will waste money replacing those, so be glad I'm being lenient"

Dillon sighed and groaned when Stanley ordered him to run around the ball court in the park to warm up. He knew Dad's routine. It was made by the Devil himself...

Next to ball court was the playground and Stan crouched in front of Diego in the stroller. "And what do I with you?" He cooed. He took Diego to the baby swings. He wasn't grounded. He could be tired by having fun. Stan smiled proudly when Diego squealed. His thoughts slowly drifted off to his family and his smile decreased a bit.

Anxiety and ADHD, and Wanda said Seb didn't want his pills. Seb hadn't had a breakdown in months (that Wanda knew of), but Wanda didn't want that to happen again, neither did the therapist, or him! No one wanted that but Wanda couldn't convince Seb to take his pills...Stubborn fucker.

Stanley couldn't help but worry. As per usual. It really wasn't fair that Stan always had to be the one to take care of his triplets. They were adults now, they should know how to deal with this and know better. But Seb won't take his pills and Ford (according to Fiddleford) refused to get therapy. He groaned. Heck, even HE had gotten therapy. His mental and physical health had to be cleared by a doctor before he was allowed to play again, after all.

He couldn't help but think something upstairs wasn't working right for Ford. Getting obsessed with the idea of Zully and Zoe being demons, or even worse, Bill Cipher? When he explicitly said he trusted Seb even when HE used to be Bill, didn't make any sense at all to him. He was
CONVINCED this was something bad…but didn't know what to do about it…

He definitely needed to talk this out, this was ridiculous! Why were his brothers so stupid sometimes? Stan carefully pushed Diego on the swing, smiling at the kid's squealing laughter. "Hey, if you need therapy when you're older, that's fine, you know? I won't be angry, or disappointed. Getting therapy means you're getting help to get better. And that would be better than suffering. It's not a hard concept, right?" He asked the baby. Diego babbled. "Yeah, there's nothing wrong or shameful about it. So why do my idiot triplets have to be so stubborn?" Stanley continued.

"You know what? I'm gonna tell on them to Ma. She'll make 'em get their shit together." Stanley laughed. Pushing 40 years old and he could still threaten them with their ma.

"Ma!" Diego giggled and clapped. Stan cooed and smiled even more. Can you believe he made such a small, tiny and ADORABLE baby? "You agree with my idea no? I can have smart ideas too~"

"I'm dying!" Dillon complained. "50 push ups!" Stan called back.

Stan leaned against the metal pole and slowly pushed Diego again. Ma didn't know about Ford, she would surely scold him for being an idiot, that would be funny, to see a grown man being put in his place like that. Maybe that metal plate was crushing his brain. And then Ma would nicely explain to Seb why he had to take his pills, now that she knew Seb had ADHD, she would be more careful and help him more. (Ma treated Seb like a baby, it was funny sometimes.)

"...Shoot!" Stan turned around and raised an eyebrow, unimpressed, at the paparazzi who just fell from his "hidden" spot. "I've seen guys on trees and hanging from branches, you should try not to be spotted next time." Stan tutted. "Will you leave if you have a photo?"

"That-That would be nice." The man with the camera stuttered, wincing as he picked himself up. Stan covered Diego's face with his huge palm, making his son shriek with laughter, and smirked. The man ran away after taking a million photos, but Stan knew he wasn't leaving. They were like...rats. Ah, the downsides of being famous. It was such a pain sometimes...

He went back to his soliloquy. "Well, I gotta admit Seb does look like he's doing better, you know your uncle Seb finished his courses at that school he was going to?" Stan poked Dillon's nose. "He's so good at making fancy clothes, his drawings are amazing. Your mommy told her work partner to hire him to direct the production of the costumes they'll wear for a future play. And they said they would! Isn't that great!!?"

"Bah!" Diego agreed. Stan stroked his soft hair. "Yeah...And he's really happy about his course, he's proud...He told me he wants to open his own store you know? He's searching for a place to buy or rent. You know, I wanna help him, I should help him right? He deserves it, and besides, asking the bank for money is shit, it just isn't convenient..." Stan shook his head. His first jobs were in the bank. Horrible. If he was gonna convince people to buy what he wanted to sell, it would be in a NICE way. Many people fell into the clutches of debt to the bank because they had no idea how banks worked. Getting into debt wasn't something you wanted.

Diego had NO idea what Dada was saying, but it was entertaining. He waved his arms and babbled.

Stan glanced at Dillon. He was throwing the basketball into the ring. "Son, raise your arms more."

"Got it!"
"But you know what? I'm not that worried for Sebas, not anymore at least…" He was more worried about Ford now, really worried. Stan couldn't stop thinking about it. He tried to imagine Ma would solve this, like when they were children and a higher judge was needed to solve their problems: like who got to eat the last cookie, or who hit who first, or wore who's clothes without asking…

But he doubted Ma could do much for Stanford when he had panic attacks...

Soos had called him the other day, completely hyperventilating because Ford had had a nightmare, something triggered him in the middle of the night and he was screaming his lungs out, he wasn't reacting to Soos's worried attempts to break him out of it, but eventually he'd managed to calm down…

Ford used to do that back in their first years in space…

Stan groaned. "And that idiot refuses to admit he needs therapy." He told Diego. The baby squealed and reached for Stan's face. "Yeah, I know. I'm gonna need to do something drastic. For his own good." He wondered what he could do for that. It was difficult because Ford lived all the way in Oregon and Stan was in New York. It's not like he couldn't afford the plane tickets, but travel time was hard on him. He had to make time off work and training in order to make the trip. And in the long term those travels will turn expensive. But if he had to do that for his triplet's sake, he would. Stan always would. That was what he did. Always and forever.

He was the most well adjusted brother, he always had to deal with Ford and Seb's issues and take care of them. That was how it was.

Part of Stan was a little upset by that, it shouldn't be his job… but it was. And… as annoying as it was, Stan would do it. One time, a thousand times, he would still do it. Because he loved his brothers, as stupid as they were. Besides, if he finally managed to make them get the help they needed once and for all, then both his brothers would be fine, and he wouldn't have to watch over them like this anymore…

He smiled determined and stroked Diego's little head with a softness you wouldn't expect from someone as big and muscled as him. "Baa?" Diego asked. "Yeah. I'm gonna have to pull out the big guns. Desperate times call for desperate measures…" He smirked. Distracted with his baby, Stan didn't notice the group of kids who joined Dillon to play…or how one shyly grabbed his hand…

"This is ridiculous. Get out of the house!" Fiddleford glared. Ford shook his head and covered himself more with his blanket before holding his gun closer.

Melody was standing next to Fiddleford, looking very worried. Stanford was a nice guy…but he…had gone a little cray cray recently…She worried for him, they lived with him, she liked to think they were friends (because he was the triplet brother of Soos' best friend), and they couldn't allow him to continue being like this.

Abuelita was vacuuming just next to where the poor paranoid man was curled up.

"Dr. Pines you need to get up. You can't lay in bed forever, as awesome as that would be." Melody sighed. Ford shook his head again, they couldn't see his face, but they could feel from their places how heavy the bags under his eyes were, and if you were perceptive enough, they could smell his tears. Fiddleford placed his face in his hands for a moment before straightening. "Alright. I'll grab his legs. You got his arms. We're hauling off and dumpin' him in the bath."
Ford squeaked when they all lifted him out of his bed. "What? No! You can't-!" He tried to struggle but he was exhausted and there were more of them than him and Ford let out a cry as they carried him off to the bathroom where Abuelita had already filled the tub (while vacuuming the bathroom wall?)

Ford couldn't believe the treason. She was nice! She gave him cookies! And she was part of this!

With clothes and all, the three new inhabitants of the Shack carefully lowered the trembling scientist into the water before exiting the bathroom, leaving Fiddleford alone with his friend. Ford was laying there, fully clothed and glaring at the blond. "I don't like this."

"If you took baths like a normal person, we wouldn't have to do this." Fiddleford crouched next to the tub and smiled sadly. "You're not ok. Ford, I know yer scared. Heck, I was exactly like you are when I started using the memory gun, I wasn't ok. Why don't you let me help, you stupid man?!"

Ford folded his arms, grimacing at all the soap on it. Had Abuelita put in the bubble bath soap? "I don't need- I can take care of myself!"

"Clearly you can't." Fiddleford rolled his eyes. "You're in the bath with yer clothes on."

"Because YOU put me in here!" Ford wailed. Fiddleford looked around, found a bottle of shampoo and poured a bit on Ford's now wet hair. "Start scrubbing and we can continue talking." This was ridiculous! He bathed his son when he was a baby. When did his life turn into this? Taking care of his college roommate like he was a child?

He sighed. This is what happened when you were a good person. Terrible weird things happened to good people like him. He only wanted a friend! But this was too much. If Stan hadn't called him and asked Fiddleford to look after Ford until he could get there to smack some sense into him, well, Fiddleford would have helped anyway.

"Ok, so finish cleaning yourself, you're old enough to take a bath yerself, ain't ya?" Ford glared at him with dark eyes. "You are getting out of the house, please wear clean clothes, then we are having breakfast-" He looked at his watch. "-late breakfast and we gotta talk." Fiddleford left the room to give Ford some privacy. He waited half an hour, in which he wasn't sure if Ford sulked the entire time or actually cleaned himself, but anyway, he appeared with clean clothes and an annoyed expression on his face. "I don't feel good. I don't want to go outside, Fiddleford…" He pleaded. He had nightmares. Many nightmares. He was sure Bill was back. He was sure Bill was coming for him, and his brothers and-

Fiddleford sighed. "Stanford...What you're doing isn't healthy."

"I AM FINE!" Stanford laughed tense, proving that he wasn't, in fact, fine. "I'm perfectly fine!" "You are worried again, you are overthinking again, and you are paranoid." Fiddleford stated. But if his friend really wouldn't accept the fact that he needed help, there wasn't much he could do. Fiddleford would just have to keep looking after him in the meantime.

Between him, Soos and Melody, they dragged Ford outside for some fresh air. They got him to eat lunch and even finally got him to sleep (courtesy of Melody suggesting warm milk with Ford's meal and getting rid of all coffee in the house.)

In this way, Ford almost seemed normal (aside from night terrors) and the months went by until it was the holiday season, with the Pines family meeting up in Gravity Falls for a late Hanukkah, in a mixed celebration of Christmas and Hanukkah, one of Mabel's inventions, her pride and joy.
The main portion of the festivities were celebrated with their wife's families, but afterward, everyone headed to Ford's place just to meet up and celebrate. It was just the best meeting place. The kids loved the town!

Dipper and Mabel liked their grandparents, but they couldn't wait to return to Gravity Falls. They were worried about Seb and Ford's relationship. Was it fixed? Where they still at odds? Ford had bags under his eyes and everyone could see that he wasn't doing well. He denied it of course but when Dipper asked Fiddleford about it, he was told that Ford had been getting nightmares about Bill again and was convinced that the demon was coming back. Stan had straight up told Ford that he looked awful.

Dipper didn't know what to do. He didn't like seeing his oldest uncle like this. He still felt a deep respect for him. And Dipper had had his own bunch of nightmares as well...but Bill was gone, they already told Ford the twins were harmless. He and Mabel told him that he needed therapy. He denied it, claiming he was perfectly fine and didn't need anyone poking around his head and telling him what to think and feel. Dipper almost ate his own hat in frustration.

But they didn't want to ruin the holiday by starting an argument so everyone let the subject drop for now and tried to focus on celebrating.

Zully, Zoe and Diego were playing together in the living room around the toys scattered about. Diego was a big baby now and could finally play with his older cousins. They walked much better than him, but Zoe and Zully liked him, he was squeezable and funny. The family was hanging out in the Living room, trading stories and catching each other up on what they've been up to. Dipper and Mabel were telling people about the Halloween they'd had together.

"We still went trick or treating!" Mabel grinned. "Gonna keep going until they stop giving us candy!" Dipper laughed. "Which isn't gonna happen because people STILL love the twin costumes." The two high-fived and Mabel looked up at the brothers. "We'll be old, like you, and people will still give us candy~"

Stan laughed. "The only reason I ain't getting candy anymore is because it's bad for my figure. I bet I'd get WAY more candy than you two if I got Seb and Ford to dress up with me." He flexed. Seb gasped. "We have to do that next Summerween!"

Carla snorted at Stan's arrogant look. "Lies. Him taking care of his figure is pure lies! He just steals Diego's candy after taking him out to trick or treat."

"But isn't Diego too young to trick or treat?" Seb asked, looking confused. Carla snorted again. "Stanny carries him around the neighborhood in a little costume and people throw candy at him." Mabel squealed and hugged Diego. Mini Stan~

"Well we didn't take the twins trick or treating YET. But we do celebrate Halloween in our own way." Wanda squeezed her boyfriend's hand with a smirk. Frankly, Sebastian loved Halloween and Wanda very much appreciated the sexy werewolf outfit he'd worn this last holiday. Just for her. Oh she appreciated it a looooot~ she appreciated it for several hours~ at least until Seb had passed out.

Dillon was very silent during the exchange, praying to any god listening his dad wouldn't- "Hah! But nothing beats father and son's costumes. Right, Dillon?!" Stan pulled him into a hug. Mabel cooed loudly.

Dillon groaned. Please someone kill him now. "I just...wanted to go trick or treating with my dad a few times...to know...how it felt…"
The coos and AAWWW's were louder this time and the teen groaned loudly. "I don't do that anymore though! I go to parties now." Carla pinched his cheek "Big boy~" making the teen scowl.

Mabel gasped. "We went to a party too! It was cool! And we won the contest! But Dad picked us up at 12! Like some losers!" She glared at Shermie who unapologetically sipped his hot chocolate. Abi rolled her eyes. He was a total dick to the twins.

Dipper rolled his eyes. "It was embarrassing. He came right in, with a costume on no less, and everyone thought he was our big brother." Stan laughed and slapped his knee. "What was he dressed as?"

Mabel and Dipper both blushed. Abigail answered, "A sexy banana." Everyone stared for a second before bursting out into insane laughter

Mabel shrieked. "Do you know what it's like to see your friends and classmates ogling your dad?! It's not normal! You should look older or not show your face around!" She accused the green eyed man.


Shermie looked over at Dipper and winked. "Don't worry son, you'll appreciate my wonderful genes when you're older." Dipper rolled his eyes, a bright blush on his face. "I'm 15, dad! That's how old you were!" Mabel grinned. "Well, Pacifica sure appreciates it~" Dipper sputtered "MABEL!"

Everyone laughed. "Well, I'm gonna get some more eggnog." Stan said, getting up. The other adults thought that was a great idea and followed him into the kitchen, leaving the teenagers and Ford (who'd been dozing on and off, lulled by the amiable chatter), in the room to watch the babies.

Mabel glanced over at uncle Ford, saw that he was pretty out of it, and whispered to her cousin. "Have you told Stan yet?"

Dillon shook his head. "N-not yet. Mom knows now...She's fine with it. And she said that dad would be fine with it too. But..." he bit his lip. "I just can't tell him right now, especially not after..."

"Hey, it's alright, man." Dipper patted his cousin's shoulder. "Look, Stan would love you no matter what." Dillon sighed. "I know, I just... you know." He looked at his cousins helplessly. Dipper nodded. "Don't worry I get it. Sometimes it's hard to tell people stuff and... Well, just know that we'll be here for you. We can have a baseball match tomorrow again! That'll make things better" Playing with Stan as a coach was really cool and Dillon liked it. He was a show off.

Dillon smiled. "Thanks Dipper, Mabel."

"Come on, lets go get some hot chocolate!" Mabel cheered. Dipper looked over at the babies, babbling to each other as they played with their stuffed animals and some leftover wrapping paper. "Shouldn't we be watching them?"

"Eh, uncle Ford's here." Mabel went up to gently shake him. He gasped and looked around, blinking blearily. "Huh? What?"
"Hey uncle Ford, we're going to get some hot chocolate. And we'll get one for you too. Can you watch the babies while we're gone?" Mabel asked. Ford stared at her for a bit before his brain caught up. "Ah, yes. Watch the kids. I can do that." He nodded, sitting up and running a hand along his face.

Mabel felt a little bad for waking him now. "I'll use hot milk for your chocolate, then you can get back to sleep." She decided. Ford nodded absently, blinking as he stared at the babies. "Right. Thank you, Mabel."

The teenagers filed out of the room toward the kitchen.

Zoe and Zully watched their older cousins go. Zoe pouted when Dipper was gone but focused on playing. She could catch his attention when he came back. Then he'd pick her up. She kicked her little feet with a happy smile at the thought. She liked when Dipper held her. He wasn't daddy, but he was nice. And he made funny sounds when she bit him to show him her love.

Ford rubbed his eyes, wondering how long he'd been out. How embarrassing. The children were playing on a thick blanket placed on the ground. He watched them for a while, marvelling at how small Diego was. Zoe waved some of the wrapping paper around and babbled loudly as she smacked Diego with it. The younger boy yelped.

Ford gasped. "No. Zoe! Don't hit him." He looked around, wishing one of the other adults was here to help. He didn't know anything about children!

As he went over to pick Zoe up and pull her further away from Diego, Zully gasped when their hand caught fire. The blond giggled and waved their flaming hand around. Diego stared at it in fascination. Seeing this, Zully reached out to let their cousin touch it, after all, he was clearly interested and daddy always told them to share.

Ford's eyes went wide as he saw Zully extending their flaming hand towards Diego. A handshake. A fire filled handshake-

The flickering fire reflected off Zully's large eyes, making them seem to glow and in Ford's half asleep state, he thought he saw slit pupils-

His stomach dropped. Bill was here. He was-

"NO! STAY AWAY FROM HIM!" Ford had to protect Diego! But he couldn't get to him in time! He had to stop Bill! He had to- Ford reached around blindly for something to use to get Bill away from Diego. His hand closed around the handle of a baseball bat that Dipper had left out in preparation for the ball game with Dillon.

Ford held up the bat.

And he swung-

Chapter End Notes

eh... leave your comment? :3

PD: The Axolotl has a plan for everything, trust him and his divine knowledge
Chapter 8: In a mind on the brink of its demise

Chapter by bluefrosty27

Chapter Notes

Bluefrosty: Hi! Sorry for the cliffhanger, we are evil :3 Hope you enjoy, drawings in deviantart :D Check my tumblr too if you want!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It was there! Bill! Bill was back! They were in danger! They were all going to die! He was going to die! He couldn't take it anymore!

The bat was swung…

But the hit never came.

CCCCRACK!

Sebastian's eye was glowing a bright red as he grabbed the bat just a few inches away from Zully's head. The bat snapped. Ford blinked. When did Sebastian get here-

Seb's entire body was shaking, his brown hair was slowly turning red. He snarled. "THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING?!!" His voice boomed.

Startled by the shout, the babies all began to cry, which only agitated Seb even more. Ford scrambled away, wide-eyed and gasping as his brother advanced towards him, growling loudly. His arms turned black with golden marks and from his snapping and breaking torso, long clawed yellow arms surged out, along with sharp teeth and long black tongues.

This all happened in just a few seconds, and when the rest of the family got there, Ford had been lifted up by the throat, squeezed, squeezed tightly, and the broken bat was held in one of the black arms. Ford gasped as he was slammed against the wall. "Sss-Seb-!" He tried to speak as he was choked.
Sebastian snarled again, lifting Ford away from the wall and throwing him across the room. Ford slammed into the other wall and gasped for air, coughing. But he wasn't clear yet, Seb ran over to deliver a punch to his face. "YOU!" Once he started, his fist started hitting automatically.

Carla and Melody skirted around the men to scoop up the crying babies and get them to safety. Shermie, Stan and Dipper tried to pull Seb away from Ford. It was pretty difficult. "Seb! Calm down!" Stan grunted as he strained against his brother's monster form. "Shermie! Dipper! Get Ford outta here!"

Ford's nose was bleeding, he looked dazed and in pain, he was muttering things under his breath. Dipper quickly ran over and grabbed his arm to swing around his shoulder. Dillon ran over to grab his other arm. Which was good because Shermie couldn't let go of Sebastian, the former demon had almost broken free from Stan's grip. The two athletic brothers struggled to hold Sebastian back, getting pushed a little across the ground as Sebastian tried to make his way to Ford again. "WHAT THE FUCK IS WRONG WITH YOU?! YOU FUCKING BASTARD!"

Ford had a dazed look in his eyes, paralyzed with fear and trapped in a flashback of one of the many times Bill had tortured him.

"Seb! Please stop!" Shermie grunted as he pushed against his brother. He didn't know what this scary demonic form was all about, but he knew that once Seb calmed down, he'd be devastated if he hurt Ford. (Any more than he already had, at least.)

"I'M GOING TO KILL YOU!" The monster screamed as he struggled to break free. "I'LL KILL YOU YOU PATHETIC PIECE OF INSIGNIFICANT SHIT!" No one was going to touch his children! NO ONE! If he hadn't Seen! If he hadn't felt the sudden need to check on the kids! This-this stupid ASSHOLE would have hurt his daughter!

"Dammit Seb! The kids are fine!" Stan gasped. "Zully's fine! She's-!"

"HE TRIED TO KILL MY BABY!" Seb shrieked, straining and clawing at the air, trying to get to Ford, who was being dragged out of the room by Dipper and Dillon. "I'M GONNA KILL HIM!"

"Seb! I'm sure Ford didn't mean to-!"
"AND I'M NOT GOING TO LET HIM HURT THEM!" Seb screamed. Stan sighed. He wasn't listening. He was too angry. Dipper and Dillon were struggling with Ford too. The man had fallen to his knees, and was just babbling incoherences and crying. Stan let out a startled yelp when Seb freed himself with a new pair of arms and threw himself over Stan and Shermie, landing in front of his oldest brother, who just started screaming, terrified.

"BILL IS BACK! WE DIDN'T DEFEAT HIM!" Ford was crying, blood dripping down his face and a large bruise forming where Seb had punched him. Ford was sobbing with fear, shaking so bad that Dipper and Dillon nearly lost their hold on him. "I'LL NEVER GET RID OF HIM! HE'S ALWAYS GOING TO COME BACK FOR ME!" Ford wailed, not entirely aware of his surroundings.

"I CAN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE!" Ford was screaming in panic. Mabel was crying as she hugged her grandmother. Poor Kari was terrified and at a loss as to what to do. Dipper and Dillon redoubled their efforts to get Ford OUT of there before Sebastian did something he would regret.

Shermie picked up one half of the bat and with an apologetic look, swung it at Seb's head with all his might. Seb's red and yellow eye went back to normal before he fell forward. He wasn't unconscious, but almost. He was stunned just enough to be properly held down. "Calm down, dammit. Calm down..." Shermie was terrified of this monster form Seb apparently had, but he was still needed to stop him. So despite his fear, he stayed with Seb, holding onto his arms (the human ones at least) to make sure he was pinned.

Seb's body slowly, painfully slow, went back to normal, his bleeding torso fixed itself and his extra arms sunk back into his flesh. He closed his eye, gasping for air, he was focused on the pain on his head, he wasn't thinking of anything right now.

They spent a few more minutes waiting to see if Seb was really back to normal before Shermie finally let go and stepped away. "Are you alright Seb?" He asked quietly. Sebastian hissed out a breath between his teeth.

Wanda was frozen in place. She...had never seen Seb like this...She...She only saw him use his fire...She let out a shaky breath, she could finally breathe again. This was so scary...Scratch that, it terrified her. Zoe and Zully hadn't stopped sobbing the entire time, (they felt how angry daddy felt and that made them upset), and she was holding the twins against her chest. "S-Sebas..."

Stan sat down, exhausted and ran a hand through his hair. Fuck. Fuck all fucks. Dammit Ford! What the HELL!? He glanced over at the crying babies in Wanda and Carla's arms. Melody had handed the twins off to Wanda and then made her way back to the kitchen to find the first aid kit. Probably a good call, Ford looked like he'd need it.

Stan looked over at his younger triplet. He couldn't help but wince. Seb was going to feel so bad later. Anxiety and panic hitting him at once. After months of being fine. Again, fuck ALL fucks.

He went over to Carla to hold Diego. "It's ok, champ...It's ok." He looked around. Everyone was shocked and scared. Everything felt tense. And sad. Stan hated it. Diego eventually calmed down, leaning against his daddy's broad chest. Stan hugged Diego. Fuck. Stanford was so close to hurting Zully very, very badly...If Seb hadn't suddenly run away to stop him...

He could have hurt his nieces or Diego...

Stan clenched his eyes tightly. He should stop thinking about it. It didn't happen (thank GOD) and the babies were fine. There was something he needed to do. He held Diego closely and made his way out into the hallway to try and find where Ford had been taken. He found Ford in the
bathroom. Melody was cleaning the blood off his face with some toilet paper. Ford looked really awful, trembling, bleeding and half unconscious. Well deserved, Stan couldn't help but think. Soos wasn't there, he was back in the living room with Seb, worrying his poor little heart out. Stan glared at Ford.

"Oi, poindexter." He said firmly. Ford glanced up at Stan and flinched. "Do you have any idea what you did?" Stan asked, glaring. Ford shuddered. "I just-"

"You were about to HURT Zully!" Stan growled. "You could have hurt Diego or Zoe as well! What the FUCK were you thinking?" He continued before Ford could respond. "No, don't even try to make excuses. Ford, you NEED to get therapy. This can't go on. You…" He sucked in a breath. "Next time, we might not have gotten here on time." He hissed.

Ford looked down in shame. Stan could see his hand was trembling, he could also see Ford was trying hard not to cry. Probably because it could hurt, he had been slammed against the wall several times. Ford coughed up some blood from his mouth, he'd bitten his cheek during his beat down. 'I'm sorry…" He whispered, still looking down at the blurry floor. He didn't even know where his glasses ended up. He was just so, SO scared...

Diego yawned (tired from crying so hard earlier) as Stan shook his head. "I'm gonna look into some therapists you could go see." Ford couldn't even protest. He knew he'd messed up. Really badly.

And worst of all…He was still scared. He still tried to justify his actions… still wanted to claim that Zully was Bill and that she needed to be… stopped? But… Ford whimpered pathetically as Melody gently dabbed his broken nose. But, even as terrified as he was, Ford got a gut feeling that if he ever tried to go near Zully again, Seb would kill him for real.

It took a while for Sebastian to go back to normal, and when he did, he realized what he did. "I...I hurt Ford…" He turned into a monster, he was a monster, he wanted to kill his triplet...

But Ford wanted to hurt his babies. They weren't safe. Ford hated him, he hated Seb's babies, because he knew they were monsters, Seb had made them monsters with his stupid genes and Ford hated them too.

Wanda and Kari were holding him tight, with both women holding back tears. Zully and Zoe were in his lap, Seb had hugged them to himself, worried out of his mind and desperately needing to hold them, to assure himself that they were safe. His breathing was heavy as he tried to calm himself.

Mabel was sobbing into her hands. "I shouldn't have left uncle Ford alone with them!" She cried. Dipper and Dillon were sitting beside her. "It's not your fault, none of us thought he would actually…" Dipper's voice cracked and no one even teased him for it.

Dillon was grumbling under his breath. He knew it. He knew Uncle Ford was horrible! He was going to hurt the babies! He could have hurt his little brother! How could he DO THAT?! He was just plain EVIL! How could dad and his other Uncles stand him?!

Of course, the dark-haired teen didn't really know anything about Stanford...He didn't know how he grew up or what he'd been through, he only knew about Seb. He didn't know how Ford felt or thought. He didn't know how traumatized and scared the poor man was.

They all retired to their rooms after making sure Ford's wounds were treated and he was asleep. (They also made sure Seb and Ford didn't cross paths again that night). Kari accompanied Wanda for a few more hours, seeing as how Seb seemed unresponsive. The women were worried.
They all felt distressed. This shouldn't have happened, not again. Seb and Ford had been fine before, they were getting along, and now it was all gone. Not only that, they had been too blind to see the oldest brother needed help too until his health started to decline. He was always so focused on his work, getting his mind distracted with something else. But if you left a person like Ford (who spent years trusting absolutely no one, and had trouble even fully trusting Stan) free time to wonder and think about stuff, he would start worrying, imagining the worst outcomes possible…

Unfortunately, but not unexpected, Seb woke up screaming that night, covered in cold sweat and unable to breathe. "No! No! I killed him! I KILLED HIM! HE WANTED TO HURT ZULLY! AND I KILLED HIM!"

It took poor Wanda several hours to calm him down, with her eyes full of tears and her heart in a tight knot. Stan and Soos helped her, while Carla took the babies away so they wouldn't feel Seb's panic and get upset. They seemed to be very emphatic to strong emotions.

While this happened, (the entire house was awake by then), Ford was dying of a headache and hearing his brother so upset (upset because of him. He did that. He hurt Seb again-but Zully- it was fire- he thought, he needed to-) wasn't helping at all. He was so tired but his mind wasn't going to stop. He couldn't sleep.

The older twins went to look for him, and watched their oldest uncle struggle to keep it together. They didn't...if they had noticed...Maybe if they hadn't… Mabel sighed, leaning against Dipper for support. She had been mean to Stanford when she first met him. It was true, he was a dick, but he was also struggling, he was also hiding his real feelings and problems, just like Uncle Seb had been doing...If she had known...

The boy hugged his twin, who was still the same size as him (people said she was taller, but it was because Mabel's hair was puffy and she liked big hairstyles...) He just hoped his uncles would come out fine from this latest upset. He wanted Uncle Seb to get better, he wanted the great Author to get better. He was such a brilliant man, and he was nice once you got to know him...It would suck if everything he worked for, his research center, his investigations, the fame that was starting to build around his name, went to waste because he was struggling with his own mind...

Seb felt awful for ruining this for everyone, they would hate him, he was awful, he was a monster, he just proved it to everyone! And Wanda had enough.

She took Seb and the twins back home on the next plane.

-.-

"I'm sorry for changing your schedule again.. "

"Eh~ Don't worry, I needed an excuse to get away from home anyway…" Linda mumbled. Stupid Reese.

"Why?" The brunet asked curiously and Linda leaned back. "Because Reese is stupid and I hate him."

"Is that your partner?" Seb asked and Linda opened her mouth to tell him when she realized he was changing the topic. "Anyway, we are here to talk about you, not me." She told him. Seb went back to pouting.

Linda felt bad for Seb. He felt so guilty for falling again and he had felt so bad. He felt like dying, he couldn't breathe. He wanted to hurt himself and she was glad he resisted the urge.
"Do you want to tell me what happened?" The blonde woman asked softly.

Seb unconsciously took his finger to his mouth. "Ford wanted to hurt my daughter."

Linda nodded slowly, worried about what might have happened. "Ok...Did-Did you brother do it on purpose?"

Seb wiped his sad, pathetic tears. "Y-Yes! How could gra-grabbing a baseball bat and swinging it at a BABY be an accident?! He-He was saying Zully was a monster! And he wanted to hurt her! And-And I-I almost killed him...kill him for real..." Seb sobbed. "I broke his nose and-and I just wanted to make him pay and-and I just acted like-like...the monster he thinks we are..." Linda let the curly haired man sob until he could continue speaking. She was struggling to control her own rising panic at the fact that Stanford, Seb's oldest brother, had apparently tried to hit a baby with a baseball bat-

"I-I don't understand! Why-Why is he like this?! Why doesn't he like me?! Why does he HATE my daughters like he hates me?! I thought he didn't hate me anymore! But he clearly does because- because he is the only one who realizes I'm a freaking monster and disgusting and horrible and-and I almost killed him!" He laughed humorlessly. "I was...THIS close from...tearing his arms apart..."

Linda had to do her own breathing exercises to calm down. "Okay, let's rewind a little. What happened? Did your brother just pick up a bat and start swinging out of nowhere? Did something instigate this?"

Seb nervously pulled at his hair. Linda had to remind him to breathe a few times. "Uh-Uh...I don't know...He-He was looking like shit...He wasn't sleeping...And-And-" Seb thought about what happened. It hurt. He didn't see it, but he Saw it, and that was way worse. It left him cold. And so fucking scared for Zully... "He...He was saying Bill was back, now that I think about it..." Seb started chewing on his finger. "Zully's hand was on...was on fire..."

It kind of made sense in Seb's mind, now that he thought about it. Ford had been worried about Bill coming back. Hurt him in the process but they apologized in the middle of the year and they were 'fine', but Seb didn't talk to Ford for months. Stan didn't tell him about Ford either. He must have known Ford was not doing well and didn't want to stress Seb about with the knowledge of it...Then Ford tried to hurt his baby because that dumb Bill Cipher idea came back...

"He's insane..." Seb whispered. "Pudding brain...Bill fucked him up..." More than he thought. He tried to protect his triplet as much as he could from Bill when they were in the Fearamid, he tried pissing Bill off to make the demon punish him instead of Sixer, but of course he couldn't stop Bill from torturing Ford too, or erase all the years Ford spent under Bill's influence.

Linda frowned. "I'm quite sure I'm missing most of the story here, but from the sounds of it, your brother is suffering from some sort of paranoid anxiety, which, paired with sleep deprivation, and possibly hallucinations, made him think your daughter was... the demon version of you from your past life?" Linda tried very hard to put Seb's ramblings together.

Seb nooded, seemingly ok with her answer, in fact, he stood up and started pacing. "That stupid fucker is sick! Like me! And he had the balls to tell ME to go to therapy!" He snarled. "And because HE'S SO FUCKING STUPID, he tried to HIT MY DAUGHTER!"

Linda nodded slowly. At least Zully was fine. She didn't even want to imagine what would have happened if Stanford ... "He needs help too...But what he did was not good, even if he's sick."

"Like HELL it was!" The brunet screamed. "I'm going to kill him!" Seb grabbed a pillow and
punched it to the other side of the room. Linda frowned worriedly. "Ok...How about we talk about your panic attack? You were feeling down because you had another one after months of being fine."

Seb's angry face morphed to one of sadnesses. Oh… "I...I passed out...Wanda was there...and my mom...I-I felt really bad for hurting him, and I STILL feel bad! But he's stupid, he doesn't deserve me feeling bad for him..." Now he was angry and worried. "I felt bad for falling again." That was the only thing he knew for sure. He felt like shit, for doing it to himself, to Wanda, to his family. "I want my pills back."

Linda nodded. "Perhaps you should. Do you know if your brother is going to get any help with his own trauma?" Seb shrugged. "I'll ask Stan later..." Seb looked at Linda with his lip wobbling. "But...Zully didn't deserve that, right? Even if-if she was a monster because-because I made her one...you said so, like, how I didn't deserve what-what Filbrick did to me, right?"

Linda shook her head. "Of course not, Sebas. Neither Zully nor you deserve to be hurt. Even if you are or were monsters." Linda assured him. Seb nodded slowly, trying to believe her words.

Seb curled up on the couch again, missing the pillow he threw. "I'm a horrible mess, Linda...I'll never get cured because I'm broken! I'll stay at home forever..."

Linda addressed the next issue she wanted to talk about. "Listen, Sebas. You can't do this to yourself." She noticed this was very common after Seb had a fall. He got too incredibly depressed and wanted to curl up and die for a few weeks.

"We will go back to your pills ok? But you can't keep doing this to yourself. You had a fall? Yes, and it will surely happen more times until you learn to control it, but you shouldn't let that get you down, Seb. You can't stop your life after a panic attack." Linda said gently. "Everyone has a bad day. It's not your fault, you don't have to blame yourself for breaking down."

"I'll try..." Seb finally said. "It's hard though...It's-URGH!" He pulled at his hair again, blaming his stupid tongue for not being able to express the stupid emotions he never understood and will never understand. "This wouldn't be happening if the Axolotl had erased my memories! But no! He wanted to fuck with me! And make me suffer! He's a dick!"

Linda massaged her temples. Reincarnation. She knew that was a thing. Seb Pines forced her to investigate more about it. There were testimonies and many religions who believed in it...She even asked some colleagues what to do if her patient claimed to be one. They essentially told her to treat her patient normally and simply take things as they come. Well, she was still having a little trouble with figuring out if Seb really was a reincarnation or simply believed it. It wouldn't even matter if it didn't upset Seb so much.

But it wasn't important. Not anymore at least. Seb was her patient now and it was Linda's job to help him however she could. And right now, that meant making that real or invented past life something that Seb could look back on and not fear or hate.

To make things a little happier, Linda changed the topic. "So, can you tell me how are the twins? It's been a while since I last saw them. Zoe still bites?" Seb smiled, appreciating the change of subject. "More than ever! Poor Pinetree had his cheek bitten and Zoe refused to let go and-"

Linda smiled a bit. She was going to help this poor man.

She just hoped his brother had someone to help him too...
"Geesh..." Tate patted his dad's back as he bravely made his way to the research center. Fiddleford told him about the disaster with Uncle Ford...He better get his shit together. His dad didn't need to be around him if he was like that. "Good luck." The teen said and Fiddleford ruffled his son's hair, kissed his wife goodbye and made his way to find Ford. They had work, but before that, they had things to discuss.


Ford was stupid.

Not stupid, stupid. But he was an idiot. One of the biggest idiots Fiddleford had even known. He just refused to notice. That was how Ford was. He was always denying that he was wrong about something. He just refused to even think about ever being wrong. And that was the problem. Fiddleford set his shoulders in a determined stance. Well no more. Stanford's stubborn denial had nearly cost him his niece's life, and that was something that had to be addressed NOW.

No more denying that there was something wrong, because there CLEARLY was something very wrong in that head of his and Fiddleford felt he needed to help. After all, he knew better than most what happened when you allowed trauma to fester.

(Though, that metal plate apparently prevented Ford from using a memory gun, so at least that was one risk they could check off the list.)

Fiddleford left his stuff in his lab before making his way to the Shack. He walked inside like he owned the place, and kindly asked Soos where Ford was. Soos seemed still upset with the scientist for what he did, he hurt his best friend! But Soos was a kind soul and couldn't stay mad for long, and he was also worried. Because he had seen first hand just how much Ford suffered at night, how many sleepless nights he had and how he disappeared in his lab for days, making it seem like Soos was alone in the house with his Abuelita.

Soos said Ford was in his room on the basement, Soos didn't let Ford go to the center because he was grounded, and Abuelita left him a soup and crackers. The blond smiled, thanked the former handyman, and went to Ford's room. "Hey, Stanford. It's me, Fiddleford. I'm coming in."

Ford was tinkering with something on a lab bench. When Fiddleford got closer he saw that it was that Weirdness Scanner that Ford asked Fiddleford to help him build a while back. He was shuffling through the readouts, a pen in hand and many notes scribbles across the pages. Most of them were crossed out.

"Stanford?" Fiddleford asked.

"But what if Wanda secretly had some non-human ancestors? Would that account for it?" Ford mumbled to himself. "No, that still makes no sense. There would be signs! And Wanda is completely human, I've scanned her multiple times-"

"Stanford!" Fiddleford rapped his knuckles on the table, Ford jumped and nearly fell off his chair. "F? What are you doing here? When did you-"

"How long has it been since you've slept, Ford?" The mechanic sighed as he placed a hand on his old friend's shoulder who looked like a zombie. "You can't keep doin' this to yerself. You're not getting sleep, you're barely eating and you-" Fiddleford snatch the papers out of Ford's hands when he noticed the scientist wasn't paying attention. "You need HELP!"
"I don't need help! I can figure out the reason for this anomaly by myself." Ford tried to get his papers back but Fiddleford held them out of reach. "Not whatever this is, I mean YOU need help. I heard you nearly killed your niece. That..." he glared. "That ain't good, that ain't fucking good! It's bad! It's terrible! Can't you see that you need to go see someone about this? Your trauma, your mental health and all that stuff."

"My mental functions are fine." Ford scoffed. Fiddleford rolled his eyes. "So you meant to try and brain Zully with a baseball bat?" He asked sarcastically. Ford shuddered. "No! I was-"

"You need to go see a therapist or somethin' is what you needs to do!" Fiddleford jabbed his finger on Ford's chest. "Before anything WORSE happens and I hear about your death. OR the DEATH of any of the kids!"

Ford weakly tried to get his papers back, looking more tired than before. Fiddleford crumpled them and put them in his pocket. Ford screamed, and the blond forced him to stand up. He should be grateful he didn't destroy this crap. He should. It was only hurting him.

"Fiddleford, F! F! Let me go! I need to do this! If the world isn't safe, I'm the only one who can stop it! We need to stop it! Let me-Let me fix this! This is my fault! Let me be the hero this time! I'll not put anyone in danger this time! I promise! I promise!" He then started saying incoherencies, like the world would end again and the monsters were coming back to take over the world. Fiddleford glared and slapped him hard enough to shut him up.

"LISTEN TO YERSELF, STANFORD!" He shouted, loud, and Ford flinched, because angry Fiddleford was scary. (And because he might unconsciously flinch a little to any shout loudly directed at him when he felt vulnerable. When he felt like a child, because he flinched to his father's shouts when he was a child too).

"ARE YOU LISTENING TO WHAT YOU ARE SAYING?!" He exclaimed exasperated. "YOU-YOU SOUND INSANE!" Fiddleford cried, voice breaking with how emotional he was at the moment. "YOU ARE HURTING YOURSELF! AND YOUR MIND! YOU KNOW HOW AMAZING YOUR MIND IS?!" He snarled. "AND YOU WILL DESTROY IT IF YOU KEEP THIS UP! YOU'LL GO CRAZY AND I'M NOT GOING TO LET YOU BREAK LIKE I DID! NOT IF I CAN PREVENT IT!" He slapped Ford again, just to get it out of his system, his blue eyes full of tears.

"Wha-What do you want to achieve with this?! Do you think killing yourself like this will do anything?! Or hurting your family?! You'll lose EVERYTHING if you keep this up! Do-Do you want that?! Do you want to be alone and abandoned by EVERYONE until y-you're livin' in a dump wi' raccoons and-! Because you can't think straight anymore because of something you did to yourself?!!" The blond's tears streamed down his cheeks. "What-What do YOU WANT, Stanford?!" Fiddleford screamed and Ford covered his face with his six-fingered hands, trying to hide his own tears.

He didn't know.

And that was the worst of all.

He didn't know what he wanted to prove. Millions of things were in his mind right now, and he couldn't get rid of them. It only made him more and more anxious, he wanted to sort them out but he couldn't, he wanted to stop thinking bad things but he couldn't!

Fiddleford pulled his stupid friend towards him for a hug, and Ford's started crying, shoulders moving up and down. He didn't want to lose his family though. That was the only thing he knew
"Stanford, you need to see a therapist about this. You can't keep doing this. You're getting worse and bottling it up isn't helping you." Fiddleford slowly pulled away from the hug, mind racing as he thought about what he could do to help his friend. "I can introduce ya to my own therapist, he's been a big help wi' my own problems, what with the memory gun, insanity and mental torment from when I met that triangle fella inside the portal."

Ford startled. Right, he'd forgotten that the final traumatic straw that set Fiddleford down the path of memory loss was from falling into the portal and seeing… something. He never spoke about what he'd seen, that Ford knew about, and Ford hadn't really considered that Fiddleford might also have issues stemming from his own experiences with Bill Cipher. Ford slumped. He was an awful friend.

"But I can't-" Ford choked out. "They'll think I'm crazy!"

Fiddleford gave Ford an annoyed look. "Stanford. You ARE crazy, you haven't slept in heavens knows how long and by the definition of mental health, you're utterly fucked." He stated.

Ford sniffled and wiped his nose with his sweater sleeve. Fiddleford grimaced a bit and leaned back in his chair. "It will ruin my reputation, everyone will know, a paparazzi will see me and then I'll be mocked and it will be the end! The government will stop funding us! And-And say goodbye to making this international! We will lose credibility and everyone will hate us, dammit!"

The blond sat down as Ford ranted, watching him with an utterly unimpressed expression. When Ford stopped at some point because he needed to breathe, Fiddleford spoke. "Ya finished already?" Ford very much pouted and nodded.

"Since the research center started getting built, I was searching for a therapist myself. You know how much time has passed? Like a year. It's been a year. And the world didn't end. The research center is not closed, in fact, I've just signed 2 research papers. Ye know why I wanted a therapist? I did it because I wanted to be better for Tate and ma wife, Stanford. You don't get magically cured after going through serious shit. I got my memories back, but that doesn't mean I wasn't scared, that I hadn't spent 13 years out of my mind…"

"I-I didn't know there were therapists in town…" Ford mumbled after a while. Fiddleford grinned a bit. "There isn't. Ashton lives in Montana. We've only met face to face a few times. We have our sessions through video chat over my own secure channels."

Ford managed a very exhausted smile. "I-I want to stop thinking bad things…I don't want to end up like you..." He quickly corrected himself. "I mean, I mean! Like, insane! Like, out of my mind, I mean, like, abandoned, crazy, uh-Dammit!" Ford shouted. Why didn't he have a filter for his stupid mouth?!

Fiddleford smiled kindly, he understood what Ford was trying to say. "Don't stress yourself, I get it-" He went serious again. "You're going to therapy though, you need it."

"I-I'll think about it." Ford muttered but Fiddleford laughed. "Thinking ma ass! You ARE going! I talked to Stanley and he agrees with me." Ford groaned. "No- Don't get my triplets involved, they are annoying!"

"They are annoying because they worry about you. I bet Sebastian still does, even after what you did." Ford's metaphorical tail tucked between his legs. He was so sorry. He doubted Seb wanted anything more than skinning him alive and eating his limbs. He almost hurt his kid after all. As
Ford stressed over this, Fiddleford tinkered with a little something he pulled out of his coat. "You need help Stanford." Fiddleford said simply.

"But what if whatever therapist I get tells the press? I'll be the laughingstock of the scientific community!" Ford whined. Fiddleford clicked his tongue. "Naw, ol' Ashton won't say a word to anyone. Totally confidential. That nano-bot I done put in his tea will shock'em if he tried anything fishy." The mechanic grinned. Ford blinked. Well. With Fiddleford's penchant to react to all stress by building a giant robot to rampage until he felt better… yeah, this didn't really surprise him.

Still, Ford was stubborn. He sat down heavily at his work bench and sighed. He stabbed at the half finished experiment he was building with a screwdriver. "I might need therapy, but there's no one I can trust to talk to. I-I can't just open up to some stranger! Dammit, F, my whole issue is that I don't trust people!" He pouted. Trusting a stranger to talk about how he didn't trust strangers and got paranoid about little things...What a great idea!

Fiddleford hummed as he checked over the handheld device he was tweaking. "Right, well. I suppose this probably wouldn't help with your trust issues…" He walked over to Ford. "Hey, can you just hold still for like 5 seconds?" Ford blinked and turned halfway to face his friend. "What do you-

And then he slumped over unconscious and Fiddleford turned his device off. He calmly pulled out his phone "I've got Stanford. Is the room set up?" He heard Stan on the other end sigh. "I feel kinda bad we had to knock him out." They had the therapist brought in and Fiddleford was supposed to try and convince Ford to go see him. And if he couldn't convince him, they would knock him out and just drag him to the therapist instead.

Fiddleford looked at his unconscious friend. Well, now he just had to carry Ford to the office. He-He could do that! Ford wasn't that much taller than him...He heaved an arm over his shoulder and wheezed.

He took it back! Even if his friend didn't eat...He was very fucking heavy! Soos later saw him, took pity on him, and the two took Ford to the Shack where Ashton was waiting in the attic room, changed up into a makeshift therapist office. Nice guy, he would have fun listening to Ford.

Stanley couldn't help but smirk when he saw Ford, carried bridal style by Soos because McGucket's noodle arms couldn't hold his triplet. Ashton gave Fiddleford a raised eyebrow when he directed Soos to the chair to put Ford. "Is that Stanford? Is he sleeping?"

"...You could say that…" The blond told his therapist. Stan massaged his temples. He was seriously here, all the way from home to make sure Ford didn't attack his possible therapist… He'd seen the way Ford woke up after being knocked out, got to see that a lot on the other side of the portal.

Before Fiddleford woke Ford up, Stan checked for guns on him (he knew the places his bro kept them, they were together for 13 years), and disarmed him. Ashton blinked in surprise at the amount of strange looking guns Stanford carried with him, even when he was wearing what seemed like sweatpants that could easily be Pjs.

"He's all yours~" Stan told the therapist before motioning for McGucket to wake Ford up. What did he do to Ford?! He was totally dead to the world. Fiddleford messed with a few dials and Ford jolted up with a gasp. He looked around frantically, hand on his chest and heavy breathing. "Fi-Fiddleford! I-I don't know what-I! I suddenly blacked out! What-" He held his head. What happened?! Oh no his body wasn't functioning anymore! He was going to die.
"It's ok, you just fainted because ye haven't eaten." Fiddleford lied, but not quite. Ford hadn't eaten or slept in a while, passing out was only a matter of time. "Yeah, Sixer calm down." Stan reassured his brother.

Ford frowned at the familiar gruff voice. Stanley?! When did he get here?! And why...why was he in his lab? Before he could ask though, he noticed an auburn haired man standing next to his triplet.

"Who are you?" He asked bluntly. The stranger waved. "Hello. I'm Ashton Kimbel. I'm Fiddleford's therapist, and perhaps yours as well."

Ford looked at Stanley and Fiddleford leaning against the wall, and glared when they fist bumped. "Are you fucking kidding me?"

"We're sorry, but you were refusing to go! So we brought the therapist to you!" Stan grinned, waving his hands in a jazz move. The blond nodded. "We will stay with you, so you aren't alone, and because we fear for Ashton's life."

The man really hoped they were kidding. He didn't know much about Stanford...but he went through the same things Fiddleford did...Oof. It meant he had a lot to work on with him.

Ashton looked at Ford. "I know you don't trust me, we don't know each other, so I really can't force you to tell me things you don't want to."

"Yeah. At least someone understands that..." Ford grumbled, glaring at his friend and brother. "I'm actually fine though, I don't need someone looking into my mind, I already had enough of that for a fucking life time." Ford stood up to entertain himself with something else as the other men watched.

Ashton nodded. "Yeah, I can imagine...Maybe my presence is not so required after all. You two are also too busy for therapy. Fiddleford barely makes time himself for his sessions."

"We have a lot of work to do. Science, research, weirdness..." Ford nodded, looking at the man with a small suspiscious look.

Fiddleford and Stanley shared a look.

Ashton nodded again, actually impressed by the mess this place was. He could SEE Ford was busy. He had books everywhere, papers, half finished machines laying around all throughout the house, he saw it on the way up here to the attic room... "You know, I did a year of engineering at college before changing to psychiatry, and I wasn't bad, if I say so myself."

"Pft, a year!" Ford grinned. "A regular student learns the basics in that time! It's nothing! Anyone would know that! I even skipped multiple semesters."

"You did?! How?!" Ashton asked with a surprised gasp. Ford puffed out his chest, very much wanting to brag. "Simple. Studying. And reading. I just took the finals." Ashton raised an eyebrow. "Well, I suppose if you can prove you know the subject matter, it wouldn't matter if you've spent the time in the class."

Ford sat down, somewhat invested in the conversation now. "Yes. It would have been a waste of time. I like school but I didn't want to spend the rest of my life there just because I wanted to take all the classes- you know I have 12 PhDs."

Ashton clapped his hands. "That's amazing. You must be very good at retaining information." he wasn't even just pandering to Ford's ego, he was legitimately impressed at the type of passion,
work and dedication it would have taken to apply for and gain that many PhDs. "What made you want to get that many degrees?" He asked.

Ford scoffed. "Well, I was interested in the subjects, and that was how many I managed to get before my time at college was up and the ones I managed to test into and earn in between my work." He pouted. "I would have gone for a few more but the school claimed I had to take a break." He looked almost petulant when he admitted this point. Ashton chuckled. "Well, perhaps they thought you were overworking yourself." like you are right now, that part went unsaid, but Fiddleford and Stan certainly heard it. Ford didn't notice as he was eagerly continuing to rant about how unfair it was that the university just didn't understand that he could handle that level of work with no ill side effects.

"Because, I mean, they get too worried for nothing!" He pointed at Stan and Fiddle, watching from their spot. "Who hasn't stayed up all night studying? It's something everybody does! And, well, it's not like I have trouble learning things, I have a photographic memory and, and I'm a genius!" He left out the part about how he was tricked by a demon...but it was a DEMON, a supernatural being of pure energy that had knowledge of EVERYTHING, Ford thought that not even he could have seen it coming... it was simply so... amazing to learn from Bill. Everything and anything Ford had wanted to know, Bill had known, it was easy for him, child's play... Ford frowned. "And maybe I'm not getting much sleep, but it's not as if the human body can't survive with less, I drink coffee!"

Ashton nodded. "Well, personally, I enjoy sleeping. It's relaxing." Stan nodded. Sleeping was amazing~ ESPECIALLY after tiring workouts, and ESPECIALLY after spending quality time with his fiancée~

Ford shuddered. "I don't like it. It's a waste of valuable time that could be spent working. It's a pain to have to put my projects on hold for four hours just because I have to-"

Stan muttered to himself "Four hours is definitely not enough sleep for a human being..."

"-but it gets hard to see straight when I don't rest my eyes-" Ford paused. "Should I get mechanical eyes instead? Then they wouldn't get tired..." He pulled out his journal and wrote that down. "See about building robotic eyes to replace inferior biological ones..."

"You definitely shouldn't do that." Fiddleford grimaced and Stan made a very worried face. What the actual fuck?! Ashton sent them a look to shut up and he looked at Ford. No one with a clear and half healthy mind would do that. "That sounds dangerous, replacing your EYES...have you always worn glasses?" Ashton asked simply.

Ford nodded as he was already designing a prototype. Fiddleford hugged Stan who was getting more worried. "Uh? Yeah, glasses, got them when I was 5, my father has very bad eyesight, all my brothers and I seem to have inherited this trait..." One more reason to CHANGE HIS EYES! Imagine how COOL would that be! He-He could even put sensors and scanners so he could detect weirdness and know who to avoid! That would solve the problem of his paranoia completely!

Ashton looked at Ford's hand on the journal. Huh... "I haven't noticed your hands before...Is that hereditary too?"

Ford's writing hand stopped and Ashton didn't miss how his free hand turned into a fist and Ford dropped his journal in his lap to fold his hands behind his back. "I...I am not quite sure. Not that- Not that I've heard of, no..."

Ashton nodded slowly. Stan and Fiddleford watched. What was he trying to do?
"Does it have a scientific name? I've heard of people with six fingers but I've never seen it in person."

Ford grumbled. "Yes, polydactyl, many fingers, I get it." Stan couldn't help but add "I discovered it first-- But I thought that was a dinosaur when we were kids!"

Ashton smiled, holding back laughter when the tired scientist managed to chuckle. "Yes, I remember that. You and Sebastian called me a dinosaur, then I did my own research because yours came from uncredited sources, and one: a pterodactyl is not a dinosaur, two: you were pronouncing it all wrong!" He lectured his brother. Stan rolled his eyes.

Ashton nodded. "Ah, so polydactyl, I suppose that means the condition is polydactylism? That sounds pretty cool." Ford turned to stare at him. "Cool?" He asked faintly. "No, it's a mutation, an abnormality."

"But it's got a name. Which means it's happened before, and enough times that science has a name for it." Ashton pointed out. "So you're not a unique case. And if it's shown up in other people through history, then it's not really all that much of an abnormality, now is it?"

"Giving it a name just means it's registered, it doesn't make it cooler." Ford deadpanned. Tell anyone with a mutation that it's cool! Of course! He looked down bitterly. It wasn't cool. It was unnatural.

"Oh, I'm not saying it's cool because it has an interesting name." Ashton shrugged. "I'm saying it's cool because having extra fingers seems quite useful. If you learned how to play an instrument, would you be more skilled? Or if you had to do any other dexterous activity." He pointed out. Ford huffed. Instruments. He couldn't play them. It was dumb, he should be able to. "Though, I suppose it must have been difficult to grow up in a society that caters to 5 fingered people." Ashton mused aloud.

"Yes!" Ford huffed even more. "They don't make gloves I can wear, I have to special order them! And don't even get me started on the rubber gloves I need for when I'm handling chemicals!" It was a huge pain that he was forced to struggle during the science classes that involved gloves.

"My parents should have just fixed them when I was a kid but they didn't!" Ford said, fake cheerful. "So, I just had to deal with the aftermath."

"Fixed? What do you mean by that?" Ashton asked, he had an idea of what Ford was talking about but he needed confirmation. Ford gave him a grin that looked more like a grimace. "Surgically removed them, then I would have fit in just fine!"

Ashton could see this was a major issue with the poor man. "So you believe your parents should have 'fixed' you as a child? As a baby?" He asked carefully. Ford laughed bitterly. "Yes!" Save him a childhood of bullying! That would have been so much easier for him!

People would have only bothered Seb-! Ford caught himself before he could finish that thought. He felt cold. He felt sick. Had he really just thought that? Had he really just thought that having the bullies only go after his brother would have been better? "But, not to be better than anyone…" He clarified. "Just, just for myself…" He paused. No. That still made it sound like… "I mean, to feel better...And they should have fixed Sebastian too..." He said, but his voice came out weakly.

Stan glared. "And what? You think ma and pa should have cut off his finger too? And ripped out his eye as well?" He asked. Fiddleford was shivering. Ashton looked back at Stan with a frown. So they had another brother with birth defects? Ashton sighed and turned back to Ford. The scientist
looked uncomfortable. "W-well if Sebastian didn't have his extra finger and that ugly eye, he
wouldn't have suffered as bad as he-"

"Did you just call Sebas UGLY?" Stan growled as Fiddleford pulled him back. "Hey, how about
we go and step outside for a bit..." The mechanic sweated.

"No, not HIM! Just, just his eye! Like my fingers! Which are disgusting! I can call them ugly too!"
Ford was getting frustrated at Stanley not understanding what he meant to say. "See!? Ugly!
Disgusting! Freaky!" He waved a hand at Stan. "It's not about Sebastian being ugly-!"

"No they're NOT!" Stan all but roared. "Your fingers are FINGERS. And Seb's eye was his EYE.
He didn't want his eye anymore when he was older, and that's fine-" Stan shook. "But Seb thought
his eye was COOL until OTHER people told him it was ugly! That's why he started wearing an
eyepatch and he could NEVER feel comfortable without it ever again! Just like you started feeling
like your fingers were freaky, and you tried to hide them." He glared. "Your fingers aren't the
problem! The problem is that OTHER people made you feel BAD for them!"

Ashton let Stanley rant, he clearly had something he wanted to get off his chest. The therapist
wondered how many of their family needed therapy. He hoped they were getting the help they
needed. That Sebastian brother sounded like he must have gone through a lot too. Ashton sat back
and observed Stanford's reaction to Stanley's words.

"Stanley you've NEVER had anything to worry about! Ever!" Ford emphasized. "You didn't suffer
like us! Because no one targeted YOU! You were just the COOL GUY! Who could have had ALL
THE KIDS AT HIS FEET if you wanted to! If you HADN'T STUCK WITH US!" Because Ford
discovered that people thought Stan stayed with them for pity, because no one liked the weirdo and
the crazy weirdo. Stan had nothing to worry about, he was just dumb for staying. He should have
stayed away and lived like a normal kid!

"I HAD TO WORRY ABOUT YOU AND SEB!" Stan retorted. "Who do you think got beat up
protecting your skinny ass all through our childhood? And who do you think got prodded and
STRIPPED NAKED by the guys in the changing room as they tried to SEARCH me to see where
MY mutations could be? Because of COURSE I must have something wrong with me TOO! We're
identical triplets after all!" Stan's hands were clenched tight. "I had to work HARD to get people to
think I was COOL! And why WOULDN'T I stick with you an' Seb?! You're my triplets! And we
stick together! It was us against the world! That's how it's always been! But-But we got split up!
And THAT'S what ruined everything!"

Ford flinched back. The other kids had stripped Stan? To... to try and find any defects on him?
"I..." Ford shrank in on himself. "I never knew..." he whimpered. Stan scoffed. "Of course you
didn't. You only ever thought about yourself. Always have." Stan clenched and unclenched his
fists. "But I never cared. You two were my brothers. And I just wanted to make sure you were both
alright." He looked away. "And even now, I'm just worried about you. I just want you to be safe
and happy. And you never cared about that. Always off in your own head with your own worries
without ever thinkin' about how you're making the rest of us feel." His voice did NOT crack. Stan
would deny that forever. "You're hurtin' yourself and you refuse to accept my help. I can't..." Stan
rubbed at his eyes furiously. "I ain't smart like you. But I sure as hell am smart enough to know
that what you're doing here-" Stan gestured at Ford. "-ain't healthy! And this whole thing you've
got? With the whole callin' yourself a freak because of some measly extra fingers? That ain't
healthy."

Stan strode over to stand in front of his triplet. "There ain't nothing wrong wi' your fingers, Ford.
Just 'cause our shithead of a Pa thought so, and the stupid judgmental shit brats in our
neighborhood thought so, don't mean it's true!" Stan lifted a hand and poked Ford's chest. "And I want you to get that through-through that stupid thick metal plate of yours! And-And if it's not me! Then someone else will have to! Because-Because I don't want to turn into an old man and-and watch you two STILL fighting and arguing and thinking you're horrible or whatever the FUCK it is in your head! Because you AREN'T! Heck, see what you've done! We survived space! And you opened this place! And so many people work for you! And I bet those assholes who laughed at you as a kid don't even have ANYTHING like that in their lives! They haven't done a THIRD of what you have! Because they were stupid! And you aren't! And you can't you can't let some stupid fingers get you down for that! Or dumb stupid ideas of demons and monsters! Ok?! Is that CLEAR?!" The man shouted with his eyes leaking tears that he couldn't hold back anymore, and Ford, frozen in place, stared deep into Stanley's eyes with his own tearfilled ones.

Ford nodded slowly. "Ok, Stanley..." Stanford whispered in a soft voice, holding back an unmanly sob. Stanley nodded with a firm expression. He pulled his brother into a hug and patted his back. "Ok...Ok...Right..." The two pulled away and Stan felt kind of embarrassed for bursting into tears in front of everyone. "So, Ashton is going to help and-and you are going to stop telling him you are a freak."

Ashton was very surprised with the display. He had intended to get Ford to tell him what he felt about his hands and begin to understand his reasoning, but Stanley's outburst (understandable, with how protective he seemed to be over his brothers, he was surely triggered by Stanford's very interesting words about their other sibling) had provided him even more valuable information about Stanford, his family and childhood than he thought. There was a LOT to unpack here, he couldn't deny it, and it was certainly very complex too, but now he really wanted to know what was going on and how to help.

Stanley nodded, satisfied when Ford nodded again. God. That...That actually felt quite...liberating. He had needed that. Stan had gone to a therapist after returning home from the portal. He needed to be in perfect mental health, for his son's sake, for his career's sake, for Carla's sake. He wanted to be a good father. He couldn't do that if he wasn't at his 100% and Stan had talked about a lot of stuff with his therapist. But this? This here? Stan hadn't admitted to his therapist about the way he'd been treated as a child, he'd mostly just talked about how his triplets had been, and how that had made him feel. So... this felt good, to get off his chest.

Ford felt scolded. But he knew Stan was right. He was always right in this kind of stuff. He wasn't sure how not to feel like a freak though, even if he tried to act like it didn't bother him anymore. It did, and it felt like it will always bother him, even a little bit. And just how he could stop overthinking and thinking about 'demons and monsters'. There was so many things he thought about...but he could recognize he needed help. He didn't want to 'not care' about others, the way Stanley put it made him feel like a selfish monster, as if he didn't love him or Sebastian...He did, but...thoughts, thoughts like the one he had before...They ALWAYS appeared... And he wanted to get rid of them...

Ford coughed, clearing his throat and rubbing his face with his sleeve. "So." He coughed again. "I think, telling Mr. Kimbel that I think I'm a freak is kind of what I'm supposed to do. And then he's supposed to convince me I'm not, and make me believe it too." Ford pointed out sheepishly. He thought that was how a therapy worked? Stan blew a raspberry (like the mature adult he was), "Psyeah, whatever. You're still not a freak. Don't ever call yourself that again."

Ashton nodded and finally intervened "Yes, your brother's right, putting yourself down for something you can't control isn't healthy, you must come to terms with your hands and accept it as a normal part of you." Ford grimaced and Ashton nodded. "Yes, I know it sounds hard and like a very long journey, but with the right help, I know everything will be cleared. Recovery takes time.
Healing takes time."

Ford nodded but let out a sigh. "But for that I need therapy…" Ashton nodded patiently as Stan rolled his eyes (he'd been saying that for months!) And Fiddleford, who was still a little shaken by the shouting, nodded at Ashton. He knew Ashton would help, he was amazing at his job, and he wasn't sure how he did all this and how the Stans ended up fighting, arguing, crying and apologizing (his strength were the machines, not the human brain), but...he did it. Ford actually seemed like he recognized he wasn't fine? At least, a little?

"I...I think you might be right...Talking, talking wasn't that bad either." And Ashton didn't judge or comment on what he told him, he listened, he was actually interested and Ford liked that. He felt comfortable, as if he was talking to his triplets or to F. "Very well, I think I can have therapies sessions or whatever...Fi-Fiddleford said you lived in Montana?" He looked at the therapist with a resigned look. He would get therapy. He cared about others, he just didn't do it right, he didn't know how, but if this was going to help him, then he guessed he had to do this...

"Yes, but we can arrange sessions over the laptop and face-cam if you prefer." Ashton assured. "I work with many of my patients virtually."

"Can you not call me a patient?" Ford grimaced. "Makes me sound crazy and sick."

Fiddleford deadpanned as Stan rolled his eyes. But Ford WAS crazy, and sick! What did he think he was? Ashton was a dear though and promised not to call him a patient. "What would you like to be called?" He asked. Ford thought about it before responding "Client."

The man left after agreeing on the days to work with Ford, and the 2 triplets plus Fiddleford watched Ashton leave to go back to his hotel. Stan grumbled under his breath about how he spent money paying him to come see Ford, but he had to admit it worked out better than he expected.

Stan wondered if he should tell Seb. His kids almost got hurt because of Ford's problems and Stan thought he had a right to know their older brother was FINALLY getting some very much needed help. You know, miscommunication and no communication at all was what caused half their relationship problems. Stan wasn't going to let that happen again.

He pulled out his phone to call Seb and tell him he got Ford to agree to therapy.

-.-

To say Seb was relieved would be an understatement. Seb nearly sobbed at the news. "Thank circles!" He wept. Ford was getting help! Seb wiped at his eye. "When do you think it would be safe for me to have the twins near him again?" He asked Stan with a shaking voice.

"Eh… I'd say give it a year. I'm not sure." He wasn't a doctor. "But you can still video chat with him. Let him see and talk to the twins without being physically near them."

Seb nodded. "Yes. Right. That… that would be good." Even if Wanda was still very much pissed with Ford. She was very angry and hating him with all her might. "I don't care if he's your brother! He wanted to hurt the twins and he managed to hurt you many times already! Do you really want something like this to happen again and put the babies' lives in danger because some psychopath wants to beat them up?! "

Seb hardened his glare, just enough to show that Wanda's opinion of his brother upset him. And he would tell Wanda how he felt about her words, because Linda said he had to tell people he loved about how he was feeling. "You don't get to talk about my brother like that, ANY of my brothers,
ok?! And, and do you REALLY think I don't care about our daughters?! Do you think I'm that stupid to take the same risk twice?" He asked, taking deep breaths to keep everything under control. They hadn't had serious discussions like this before. Nor arguments. He didn't want to start an argument. "I'm angry for what he did, and I-I'm never going to forget that. Now, I'll be more careful with the twins and who they are with." He cared about the twins, they were his babies, he would kill and die for them, he cared about them more than anything else in the world.

"But-But just like you can't sentence someone with mental problems to prison, I-I can't say Ford WANTED to hurt the girls. He also needs help, like I do, Ford let Bill into his mind and that fucked him up." Seb was just seeing the superficial problems, not the ones cemented since childhood. He was only arguing to defend Ford's issues from Bill, and disregarding all the shit Ford had done even when they were children, he didn't want to talk about that, it would just give Wanda more ammunition to throw against his brother.

"He's stupid for trying to hurt the twins, they don't deserve it, but he only thinks that because he's paranoid and fucked up. If he's fine again, then it'll be safe for him to see the twins and not immediately think of a demon. He wouldn't hurt them if he was thinking straight!"

Seb rubbed his face, breathing deeply. "You-You said that, that it wasn't me when I let my demon side take control back when I was a teen...or-or when I almost kill Ford. And it very much was! But I can't consciously remember it. I wasn't thinking right, and you said that the things I might have done to Ford wasn't me, that I wasn't someone who would kill so easily." Seb grimaced. "So, please understand that it's not my brother's fault that he needs help and that me wanting to help or forgive him doesn't mean I don't care about Zully and Zoe." His lip was wobbling now, and his eye wanted to leak. But he said it anyway, it had to be said.

Linda had helped him see that. Seb had felt awful about hurting Ford, he was so scared for the twins now, worried they weren't safe with their own family, and that Ford had every right to feel angry at Seb too. But Seb also had every right to think his brother didn't mean to try and hurt the twins, because Ford needed help too, and while that didn't excuse him, it explained it, and helping Ford with that would prevent any more situations like this from happening and will help Ford feel more safe too.

And Sebastian still loved his brother, he couldn't stop loving his brother, even after everything. Wanda scowled, her green eyes still gleaming angrily. "No. I don't like him anymore."

"I'm sure you won't be mad too long." The former demon said. "You can't hate someone who I love, can you?" He blinked adorably.

"Watch me." Wanda huffed.

"Ok, I know you're mad, and you have every right to be so..." Seb stroked her arms gently. "Sixer was mean, and you don't like mean people."

"Yes." She had been very close to throwing that man into prison for attempted murder of an infant. But Seb stopped her!

"But he will stop being mean and we will be friends again, and you love me having friends~" Wanda grumbled and looked down. "I guess... but if someone has hurt you so many times, you shouldn't go back to them!" Seb leaned closer. "But if they are making an effort to be better, then I will give them another chance. Isn't that good?" He could see Wanda wavering, unable to keep the glare up.

"So I promise everything will be fine~" He kissed her lips for several long seconds, pulling her
close by grabbing her by the waist. "Besides, hating isn't good for you~ You'll get older and wrinklier and very grumpy~" Seb distracted Wanda from pouting by kissing her neck. The tension in her shoulders was eased and she let out a happy soft hum.

"Because I know there are better things to do than hate, right~ Make love not war or whatever~" He was deepening his voice a little bit and Wanda melted at how sexy he sounded. Yes, well, there WERE better things to do than hating that idiot, now that her hands were sneaking under Sebastian's shirt, she could remember a few things~~

"Maybe if I remind you how to make love, it will make you forget about your anger~" Seb picked her up easily (helped by his powers, Wanda was not heavy, but he wasn't as strong as his brothers) and took her to their room. "Yes! I want you to remind me!" The blonde pleaded and wrapped her legs tighter around his torso.

Seb grinned. Yes! Wanda was distracted now! He couldn't believe it worked! Bargaining with sex actually worked! He'd read somewhere some primates did that and humans were just apes a little more evolved. Seb pouted. Bleh, he was an ape. How humiliating. But it didn't matter. The thing was that animal instincts worked!

Or his girlfriend was just up for it every single time? Actually, yeah, maybe Wanda was just always horny. Seb shrugged to himself before yelping as Wanda pulled him down by his collar, hungrily kissing at his lips and neck. Wait, why was his shirt off? When did that happen? And his pants were gone too?! Wanda grinnned up at him. "If you really think you can distract me, you'd better prepare yourself." And Seb 'meep'ed as Wanda held up his underwear (when had she removed that too?!) and threw it off to the side. "I might need several hours of distracting~" Wanda purred.

Anyway, Seb was glad the twins were having a grandparent's day with mom Linda and Elijah… -.-

Linda and Elijah were panicking.

"What do you mean you lost the grandkids?!!" Linda wailed as she watched her husband spray the fire extinguisher on the carpet. He tried stomping it out at first and it almost worked, but then it spread to that really ugly throw rug that his in-laws had given them as a wedding gift years ago (and okay, maybe Elijah allowed it to burn a little, just a little! Just enough that he would have an excuse to throw the old thing out!) and then the fire grew to the point that stomping wasn't going to cut it. Elijah grunted as he sprayed the carpet and checked to make sure the fire was out. "Well, I've been somewhat distracted! I thought you were keeping an eye on them!" He retorted.

Linda looked around frantically. "Kids? Babies? Where are you?" She knelt down to look under tables and behind the tv, in case they had gotten behind there. "Oh where could a pair of almost two year olds have gone? It's not like they can open doors!" She wailed.

"Oof!" Zoe grunted as she twisted the knob. The door swung open and she quickly let go and dropped back to the ground. Zully whined when their sister got off their back. Why did Zoe always get to stand on top? Wasn't fair! "Ah bah bah!" Zoe grinned at her twin and stuck her tongue out. Zully huffed as they got up from where they were on their hands and knees to let Zoe stand on their back to reach the door. "Nah!" Zully complained.

Zoe had the gall, the utter GALL, to roll her eyes as her sibling. "Meh." She said to Zully's complaint. She giggled and toddled into the new room she'd opened up. Zully followed behind, a little more cautiously. "Ah beddy?" Zully asked as they looked around what was clearly a
bedroom. It almost seemed like mommy and daddy's bedroom, but different. The colors were different. The items were different. It smelled weird.

Zoe looked around and pulled a loose blanket. This was hers to chew now. The small blonds walked around the room, examining the things, holding them close to their faces, touching them eagerly, smelling them and even biting them. So far, Zully found some very nasty candies and spat them out. They made their mouth too cold! Zoe stomped over them for hurting Zully. "Dah! Dah!" Zoe growled as she broke the candies and then hugged Zully, comforting them after their awful mouth experience. "Okie?" Zoe asked. Zully nodded, hugging their sister back. "Okie."

Zully didn't put any more weird candy in their mouth. Too gross. Zoe was chewing on that blanket she found quite happily. It was soft and fluffy stuff came out when she ripped it. She glanced over to Zully pulling open some drawers to pull the clothes out and run their hands over the fabric, marveling at the different textures. It was like daddy's workroom with all the fabrics that daddy used to make clothes! Zoe toddled over and magnanimously handed Zully another corner of the blanket she'd found. "Wah?" She asked. Zully smiled gratefully and took the offered corner. "Ah!" Zully stuck it in their mouth and chewed on it too.

The twins sat down to chew on the blanket together. It was nice.

Eventually, Zoe got bored (like she always did, frankly, she couldn't see how Zully could be fine with just sitting around and staring at things for hours at a time) and stood back up to pull more things down so she could mess with them. There was a large plastic box with plenty of buttons that Zoe immediately wanted to mess with. But it was on a table. She looked around for something to climb on but didn't see anything. And Zully was still busy with carefully chewing the blanket (Zully liked to eat in straight lines around things) and Zoe didn't want to stop them. So she reached out to shake the table instead. It wobbled. Zoe shook harder. The big plastic box shook and moved a little. Zoe shook harder. The box tipped over and then Zoe's eyes widened as it fell at her. "AHH!" She cried as she flinched, closing her eyes and covering her head. She'd had things fall on her before. It always made an ouchie!

It wasn't an ouchie this time though. She opened her eyes when she heard a loud "Sooee! No!"

Zully had their hand out, glowing blue and eyes wide with worry. And the plastic box…
Was floating.

Surrounded by blue and floating just an inch above Zoe's head.

The girl blinked at her twin and them back at the floating box. It was just there. Like daddy made things stay just there too. But daddy's glow was yellow! She moved out of the way and Zully lost concentration, the box then hit the floor with a thump. Zoe picked it up and took it to Zully. How did they do a 'just there' trick like daddy?! She wanted to do it too!

"Ah?" Zoe asked, waving her arm in the air. Zully looked at their hand and shrugged. "No?" The two babies sat beside each other, Zully scooting over to press against Zoe's side, and looked at their hands. It was almost like the fire. It felt like it too. But different. And they still didn't really know how the fire thing worked either. Zoe got bored again and started pushing buttons on the box she got. It clicked a few times before turning on and Zoe's face lit up with a grin.

It was a music box! (A radio actually, not that either of the twins knew the word.)

The box was playing something loud and vibrant and Zoe was already singing along (getting all the words wrong, since she didn't know the words, but she was matching the melody as she copied
it's sound.) "Ah bah bah la la la laaaaa!" Zoe sang, happily drumming her hands on the box. It wasn't any uncoordinated drumming either, she was following the beat.

Zully stared at the box in confusion. They still didn't really get it. Daddy and Zoe really liked making those strange sounds. But Zully didn't understand what was so great about it. Zoe nudged her sibling. "Laaaah! La la la!" She sang, trying to get Zully to sing with her. Zully was weird. They never sang properly. Whenever Zully did try to sing along, they hit all the wrong notes. But Zully tried anyway. Zoe appreciated that. It made her happy!

"Lah la lah?" Zully tried to sing. It was all wrong but Zoe didn't care. It wasn't about sounding good. It was about sounding terrible together! (Mabel would have been proud to be privy to Zoe's thoughts on this matter). She laughed and kicked her little feet as she continued singing with the song.

Zoe stood up to try and dance, like she'd seen daddy do when he got really into the music. Zoe's clumsy baby limbs meant that she tripped and fell more often than not, but she landed on the blanket so everything was good. Zully danced as well, doing a better job that their sister, managing to turn their falls into a controlled tumble. The twins were having a blast playing together. They were so looking forward to showing daddy and mommy their new abilities when they came back!

"AH HAH!"

The small twins screamed their little lungs out when the door was thrown open and granny Linda appeared. "THERE YOU ARE!"

Mom Linda walked towards them and picked them up to hug tightly. "I've been looking for you two forever! How did you get up here?" She heard the radio going off upstairs and had come up to check. This was the second floor and she was sure she closed the door.

And then the woman slowly realized the state her room was in. Mint candies on the floor, chewed and drooled on clothes, shoes everywhere, a totally destroyed blanket, and the radio on the floor, blasting music. It would seem two puppies came here instead of two babies.

"Oh my god!" Linda wailed. "Elijah! Come here!" She shrieked. The twins shared a look and squeaked when granny squeezed them in her desperation. Elijah came into the room and gasped. "Wow. They really went to town in here, huh?" He couldn't help but chuckle. "You're two little trouble makers aren't you?" He bent down to pinch their cheeks. Zoe protested and Zully whined.

"That's not the point! This is awful! My clothes!" Linda implored her husband to see the problem here. Elijah looked down and winced. "Yeah, looks like they went for my shoes too. We should probably go wash their mouths out now." He didn't want them getting sick. Linda still looked upset but knew that the baby's health came before anything else. The two carried the twins to the bathroom and brushed their mouths with the sparkly baby toothpaste that tasted like delicious bubblegum. Zoe complained the whole time but Zully appreciated the clean feeling in their mouth afterwards.

After a while, Elijah commented "You know, since the twins destroyed your clothes, you can ask Sebastian to make you new ones." And THAT made Linda light up. "Oh! Yes! I can!" She squealed in delight. Yes! A perfect excuse to get her darling baby Sebastian to make her some of his lovely designs! She grinned down at the twins. "Okay, I'll forgive you two this one time~" She patted their heads. Zoe rolled her eyes, not understanding what granny Linda was saying but knowing it was probably something dumb.

Elijah also rolled his eyes at his wife's excited smile. Linda loved Sebastian too much to be
healthy… He narrowed his light brown eyes. Hmph! The only thing that reassured him is that Linda saw Sebastian as a baby (while the poor man was even older than Wanda and SHE wasn't a baby) and his daughter was protective of Seb, so she wouldn't let Linda get too close. And frankly, Elijah liked the man. Sebastian was a good boy. And he clearly was devoted to Wanda. It made Elijah glad that his baby girl found someone who cherished her so much.

So he would try to push his jealousy aside.

The twins were cleaned and now that they found them, they gave them dinner, dressed them in their Pj's and after suffering to put them to sleep, (because Zoe was missing daddy already and Zully was missing mommy, and they didn't want to fall asleep without them!) Zoe eventually settled down and fell asleep, clutching her very torn up shark plushie. Zully was holding onto their yellow baby blanket, apparently Zully got stressed when they didn't get to sleep with it.

Linda and Elijah sat down on the couch, exhausted from babysitting, searching for mischievous babies and cleaning the mess left in the livingroom and their bed room. "I feel like our kids weren't this much of a hassle." Linda sighed. Elijah shrugged. "I don't know, remember that time Wanda squeezed out a whole tube of toothpaste and smeared it all over the walls?"

Linda sighed. "Yeah...The walls smelled like mint for days...And worst of all, she was 5, not 2… Hah, remember when Junior brought a dog home and it ran on the carpet with dirty paws? Followed by him, also covered in mud?"

"Oh, Junior was and still is a mess…" The two laughed together, leaning on each other. Linda sighed. "You know, I was a little afraid when Wanda told us she was pregnant." She admitted quietly. "I know I shouldn't have worried, Sebastian is a good boy and he would never have left her over it." She pressed her eyes shut. "But I couldn't help but think of that asshole who left me pregnant with Wanda. God, I had to raise her alone…" Elijah hugged his wife. "But then I found you." He bent down to kiss her forehead. Linda laughed. "Yeah. I'm so glad we met. You're the best father Wanda could ever have." The two hugged and just sat quietly together for a while.

"I never thought I'd marry again after Mary died." Elijah admitted. He leaned his head on top of Linda's. "But I'm glad I did. Raising our kids together, being with you, having these wonderful years together, I can't imagine life without it, without you."

Linda laughed. "Look at us! Being all cheesy and reminiscent! Are we getting old?" She joked. "Nope. We're just wiser now!" Elijah cheered. Linda giggled into his chest. After a bit, she brought up, "Speaking of marriage, when do you think Wanda's going to pop the question?" Linda had come to terms with the fact that her baby son in law would never ask it (he was a baby, too pure and innocent and shy) and it would be up to Wanda to do it...as much as she still thought it was weird.

Elijah sighed. "Wanda will ask him when she asks him. You can't rush these things. You know I spent months planning out the perfect way to propose?" He told her. Linda laughed and raised an eyebrow. "After we spent those months discussing marriage and how we both wanted to get together?" Elijah scoffed. "Of course we had to talk it out first! It would have been horrible if I simply dropped the question on you without checking to see if you were open to the idea of it!"

"True, true~" Linda nodded, green eyes gleaming with mirth. "You were a dummy for thinking I wouldn't accept~ You're amazing, and very handsome~" Linda snuggled closer. Elijah beamed. Yay!

The two entertained themselves watching a movie, and when it was done, they realized Wanda and Seb hadn't even called! "Where is that girl!?" Linda complained. "I can't believe she forgot her
kids!" The babies didn't have enough things to spend another day here. Linda huffed and pulled out her phone to call her daughter.

It rang for a bit before Wanda finally picked up. "Shhh-mom? This is- a bad time." There was some shuffling sounds in the background, along with some faint whimpering sounds. Linda scowled. "Wanda! You're supposed to come and pick up your children!"


Linda waited on the phone. Looks like Wanda forgot she was still on.

"Come on Seb. Drink some of it- don't just pour it on yourself!" More sizzling sounds. The sound of the bathtub faucet running and then a splash. Linda heard Seb's voice moaning in relief. "Yeah, cool down. And drink your water." The sound of a kiss. "I'm gonna get the kids. See you soon."

Linda waited but with the muffled sounds and the shuffling, she was pretty sure Wanda had stuffed her phone into her pocket and forgot to close the call. Linda pressed the red button to close the call herself. "Ugh, that girl. Tiring out her poor boyfriend." Linda sighed. Elijah blushed. Well. If Wanda was anything like her mother, he felt a little bad for poor Sebastian.

His younger years were one of the happiest (but also most exhausting times) of his life… So many nights… Feeling out of breath… passing out…

Yeah. Elijah pitied his son in law.

Half an hour later, Wanda dared to come pick her kids up. She was wearing sweatpants and Seb's shirt. "Hi, I'm sorry mom, dad...I was working…"

Linda rolled her eyes as she and Elijah brought the sleeping babies to her. "Right. Working very hard I'm sure."

"Um, yeah…" The younger blonde had the decency to blush. "Thanks for babysitting…" She kissed her mom and dad goodbye before quickly running back to her car. She stopped and went back to her unamused parents to take her children from them. Oopsie~ She was distracted. She left Seb, about to catch on fire, alone, and wanted to return to him as soon as possible. Wanda drove carefully but quickly, trying to ignore the blush on her face.

Seb dozed lightly in the bathtub. But at least Wanda wasn't upset anymore. He twitched. He couldn't feel anything from the waist down…

He didn't mind doing it, he liked making Wanda happy. But she was… very… um… Sebastion blushed. He enjoyed the first hour, but then it got to be a bit much. Still, Seb smiled. It was nice. It made him feel loved and happy. He drank some water, moaning in relief at the cool liquid. He heard footsteps and Wanda's voice call out "I'm back~ and I put the babies to bed."

"Good. I'll go and check on them later." Seb sighed as he splashed around to lie more comfortably. Wanda came in and laughed at the sight of her boyfriend. His brown hair, which had grown out a little, was wet and slicked back away from his face as he lounged in the cold water. He sat up and waved at her, the water glistening off his slim chest. Wanda grinned.
Seb saw her look and sighed. "No more. I'm too tired!" He whined.

"...not even a little?" Wanda pouted. Seb shook his head. "No. I can't feel my pelvis." Wanda laughed. "Oh, I'm sorry baby~" She bent down to kiss her poor boyfriend. "Do you need help getting out of the tub?" she asked. Seb whimpered. "Yes."

The two managed to get Seb out and dried off. He was too tired to put his clothes back on (he only managed to put on a robe for decency), and passed out fast asleep on his bed before Wanda could get him to the twins. She sighed fondly. All her babies were asleep now. Well. She laid down beside Seb and smiled as she fluffed the towel around his hair. "Good night Sebas~"

Chapter End Notes

Bluefrosty: Hope you enjoyed it! Please comment, we love hearing what you think!
Ford wouldn’t say he was… nervous. Not… really. He just… had some concerns about his situation. He sat in front of his computer, hand over the button to call his new therapist for their first session. He should do it. But he just couldn’t… quite push the button. He took his hand away and then placed it back on several times. Come on, he could do this. He could! Ford felt frustrated at himself.

He should build a machine, so when he felt… concerned, the machine pressed the button for him. Yes, yes he should do that! Where was his journal?

He put his laptop aside (great laptop by the way, Fiddleford's devices were starting to sell, quickly overtaking the other personal computers on the market), and started designing.

Luckily for him, Fiddleford knocked on the door. He knew it was Ford's first session and he had to make sure he didn't chicken out. "Stanford? Are you talking to Ashton already?" He slowly pushed the door open and frowned at the sight. Ford had his laptop next to him, closed, and he was happily doodling on his journal. "Shoot the goose and eat it raw! What are you doing Stanford?!" The blond demanded.

Ford jumped startled, but quickly relaxed when he saw it was just Fiddleford. "Hello Fiddleford! I had a great idea! A mechanic hand! For when you don't want to do something! It could even be used for disabled people and people who had accidents!"

Fiddleford deadpanned. "You don't want to call Ashton, do you? Ford, this has a word, fear, and also, Tate told me, it's called procrastination."

Ford hugged his pen to him and pouted. "I'm not procrastinating! I was... distracted... because I swear on TESLA that I was trying to call him! But-But I needed some help…" He said sheepishly.

The blond groaned loudly and opened the laptop to call Ashton. Ford looked away when Ashton's face popped up. "Oh, hi Stanford, Fiddleford...I thought you'd never call me."

Fiddleford deadpanned. "You don't want to call Ashton, do you? Ford, this has a word, fear, and also, Tate told me, it's called procrastination."

Ford hugged his pen to him and pouted. "I'm not procrastinating! I was... distracted... because I swear on TESLA that I was trying to call him! But-But I needed some help…" He said sheepishly.

The blond groaned loudly and opened the laptop to call Ashton. Ford looked away when Ashton's face popped up. "Oh, hi Stanford, Fiddleford...I thought you'd never call me."

Fiddleford stood up dramatically, grabbed Ford's journal (confiscated until further notice) and waved. "Tell Ashton what you were doing!" He turned on his heel and left his friend to his therapy session, closing the door of the lab behind him, leaving Ford alone in front of Ashton. Ford swallowed. “Ah, yes. Hello Dr. Kimbel.”

“I’ve said you could call me Ashton if you want Dr. Pines.” Ashton grinned a bit.

“Well, then please call me Stanford.” Ford flushed, grabbing a chair and seating himself down in front of his laptop. He stared at the man's face for a few seconds before declaring "I don't know what to say... What is the protocol or the right procedure for a therapy?"

Ashton hummed. "Well... I'm not sure, why do you think there must be one?"
Ford shrugged. "Everything has a logical procedure, even weirdness, so of course a therapy must too." Ashton chuckled. “Well generally, I ask about how your day has been.” Ford blinked. “But that has no bearing on my deficiencies?”

“Humor me.” Ashton shrugged. Ford settled more comfortably in his chair and told Ashton about his day. The idea for a mechanical hand he was working on, the patents that he was waiting for confirmations on, the fire that one of the other scientists started that morning...


“What did you have for breakfast?” Ashton asked.

Ford looked away, almost guilty. “Ah, I skipped breakfast this morning.” He admitted. "I did have coffee though," Ashton raised an eyebrow. “It’s noon.” He said. Ford wiggled in his seat. “Then… I… should get lunch?” His statement sounded more like a question. Ashton didn’t laugh at him, but he did nod. “I think lunch would be very good for you right about now.”

“Ah… but I’m supposed to be talking to you?” Ford rubbed his arm. Ashton smiled. “I don’t mind if you got a quick bite to eat. I have nothing else booked today.” Ford nodded sheepishly. “I will go… and get some food then.”

“I shall be waiting for you here.” Ashton assured Ford.

Ford quickly left the office and ran back to the Shack. He looked for something appropriate to eat for lunch. There was a lot of things (Melody only stayed a few times a week but she always kept the pantry and fridge full) and he didn't know what to eat. Fruit? Fruit was appropriate food, right? Vitamins and healthy natural sugar. He grabbed an apple and a banana. That counted as lunch right?

...he also made himself a cup of coffee. Because that was part of a balanced breakfast, and lunch, and dinner, and snack...

Coffee went with everything because it was an elixir of life.

If he got hungry, he could just order something! Food delivery was the best things humans could have thought of! He happily returned to his office where Ashton was reading on the other side of the screen. "I'm back, Dr-erh Ashton. With food." He saw that Ashton had a few sandwiches too. The therapist nodded at Ford. “Welcome back. So, are you the type who prefers fruits or a light meal?”

“Huh? Ah, oh not really. I’m fine with eating pretty much anything.” Ford took a bite of his apple first. "I got used to eating almost anything I could find when Stanley and I were lost in the multiverse…” He shuddered at the memory of some of the stuff they’d been forced to eat to survive. Ah… it made him miss William’s cooking. That kind version of Bill Cipher managed to use alien ingredients to form meals that tasted almost like Earth cooking. Ford hadn’t realized how much he and Stan owed that demon. The scanner to see if food was safe for their consumption had saved their lives multiple times over the years.

Ashton nodded slowly. Right. Space. And traveling through dimensions. Getting confirmation this was a…thing, even though he’d heard of some of this from Fiddleford already, was still shocking.

"Stanley and you seem very close, I guess it's because of how you two had to survive together during your... time in space, no?"

Ford hummed in thought. "Well...I've always gotten along much better with Stanley than with
Sebastian even back when we were kids… But, I mean, it's not like I hated Sebastian or anything, I just… well, it was easier being with Stan, and that's ok, right? I-I don't know why I couldn't get along with Sebastian, we three used to have lots of adventures together as kids, but I don't know, I think Sebastian got weirder? I thought we were finally getting along better, but-but then, I have to admit I…I might have ruined our progress." Ford winced. Once he'd gotten some sleep and calmed down, he was horrified with himself and what he’d almost done. If his theory was right, and Zully WAS indeed Bill Cipher, he would have saved his family from the demon. But if he’d been wrong…

Ford had vomited into the toilet when he’d realized that. He’d felt sick for days afterward.

(He’d even had nightmares of what might have happened if Sebastian hadn’t stopped him in time.)

Ashton nodded slowly. He didn't know much about Ford's other triplet, he'd like to get back to him a little later, but he wanted to know more about Ford for now. "That’s unfortunate. If it was that bad, I can see why you finally decided to get help. You don’t want to be cut off from your family. I have an older sister, mind you. We don't live anywhere near each other, but we always try to stay in contact, like you and your family I’m guessing?"

The scientist nodded with a pout. "I DON'T want to lose my family, I can't… I've been away for too long and I don't want to be alone again…but it always seems like, like I suck things up when I try to talk! And I mess up even more when I don't talk." Ford complained. "I couldn't trust my niece a few years ago, if-if I had, if I hadn't pushed her away she would have known about the rift! She didn't like me back then--" Ford knew, he wasn’t dumb, Mabel smiled at everybody, that summer when he came back, her smiles always decreased when directed at him. "And, when I was trying to fix things up with Sebastian because I was scared of him being a demon and--"

"Your brother was a demon?" Ashton asked, confused about the sudden shift and wondering if this Sebastian man was mean or cruel and ‘demon’ was some metaphor? Ford summarized his brother's complicated backstory. After that, Ashton still had his doubts, but if Fiddleford had seen the literal face of a demon (mentioned something about seeing Hell beyond the portal) and Ford went through said portal into space, so Ashton guessed the ‘demon’ comment was literal. And that apparently demons could be reincarnated into humans.

Still, it didn't explain much about Ford's fear towards his brother. He only discovered Sebastian was a demon once they were all adults. So what about when they were children? Ford literally just said they played and had adventures together… if Sebastian truly was a reincarnation of a demon, that meant he’d always been a demon, since they were kids. So why did Ford only become afraid once they were all grown up? From the sounds of it, there had been no fear while they were children?

"So, you were angry and scared of your brother when you discovered he was a demon because he pushed you and Stan into the portal, and you, in your ongoing paranoia, was convinced he was helping Bill, the real demon?" Ashton summarized. Ford nodded and Ashton bit his sandwich.

Alright… "Has your brother wrung you before that moment in any way? Has…Has he hurt you?" The therapist asked softly. If Stanford stopped getting along with his brother as they grew up, then something happened between them. Maybe Sebastian hurt him but Stanford couldn’t recall it? That could be why he had so much trouble getting along again?

Stanford frowned. "Well, he always pushed me as a child and screamed at me…He jumped on my bed to wake me up when he knew I didn't like that and he was tripping over me all the time, and sometimes he…he was a little…suffocating…I wanted to be alone but he was there! Following me around! And well, then was the science fair where he broke my project but…but I'm over it now…"
Ford said in a tone that made it clear he hadn’t gotten over it. Ashton closed his eyes to collect himself. There was a lot there to work through.

“He pushed you? Screamed at you? Did you feel threatened when he did so? Did he hurt you? Did he call you names?” Ashton asked to try and get clarification. Ford blinked. “No he never hurt me. He just didn’t understand how rough he was being. I don’t think he realized he was pushing me. And he never called me names. He just spoke loudly.” Ford said.

Ashton paused. “So, he was loud and rowdy?” Ford nodded. “It was very annoying. I don’t know why he couldn’t just be quiet like we all told him to.”

Ashton had to rub his head. “So, does he do this now?” Ford shook his head. “No, he has calmed down since we were children, but sometimes he DOES speak very fast when he gets excited and hit anyone who's closer to him at the moment.”

Ashton resisted the urge to stare at his client incredulously. Did he seriously not realize-- the therapist took a deep breath and let it out slowly before continuing. “So Sebastian, as a child, was rowdy, loud, active--”

“Yes! It was very annoying.” Ford nodded. Ashton gave him a patient look. “Stanford, you just described most young boys.” Ford looked taken aback. “But I never behaved so terribly--”

“I have a son.” Ashton said calmly. “He’s a sweet boy. Around seven years old. He’s very active, loud and loves to run around or smack people to get their attention.”

Ford frowned. “I’m very sorry, he must be quite a handful.”

Ashton raised an eyebrow. “Yes he is. But he’s also behaving perfectly normal for his age. All children are different, but some children are simply more active. They’re full of energy and it bursts out because they haven’t yet learned self control. That is normal.” He said. Ford frowned. “But I was perfectly behaved. Stanley was very active, but even he knew how to stay quiet when our father asked him to. It was only Sebastian who never could.”

“Well I don’t know your brother, maybe tell me more about him. It almost sounds like he might have ADHD.”

Ford’s eyes widened a bit. "Oh, yes, he does have that, now that I remember. He told us his therapist diagnosed him with it.”

Ashton blinked slowly, waiting for Ford to make the connection. He didn’t. Ashton was struck with the sense that for all his ‘genius’ Stanford was surprisingly bad at making connections. “Do you know what ADHD is?” He asked gently, in case Stanford didn’t actually know what that disorder entailed.

Ford blinked. “It’s a mental disorder. Which makes sense, the demon Bill Cipher was insane, so it stands to reason that if Sebastian still has his memories from back then, he would still be insane--”

At that, Ashton’s eyes widened in horror. Was that what Stanford thought ADHD was? A sign of insanity? He had to correct him. “Stanford, ADHD stands for Attention Deficit Hyperactivity Disorder. It means that your brother literally has trouble staying focused, or being able to control his impulses because his brain is physically built different. It’s a neurodevelopmental disorder from his genetics. His brain developed differently from neurotypical people.”

Ford jolted. “Wait, it’s genetic?!?” Ford hadn’t looked into ADHD, he’d been too busy and Stanley said Sebastian was getting therapy for it, so Ford thought it was fine so long as he was getting
Ashton rubbed his eyes. “There are many things that can cause ADHD. Most of the time, someone is born with the disorder, in fact it shows up more commonly in pre-mature births such as the case with twins, since the early birth might affect the child’s physical development. It can also be caused by abuse or neglect in young infants during their developmental phase. Low birth weight, starvation and even illness and infection in a young child could cause their brains to not develop and grow properly and that can also cause the disorder.” Ashton waved his hands, appalled that Stanford hadn’t looked into the disorder even when he knew his brother had it. “It causes children to be unable to control themselves as their brains fire off signals more than normal. They have to go through years of therapy to learn the self control needed to control their impulses.”

Ford opened his mouth to speak, but he had nothing to say. But...if Seb had this, and-and it caused him to be clumsy and loud… "Then...Then he couldn’t control it? And I was angry at him for…” the sudden weight of guilt crushed him. But, it couldn't be that… right?! Because then...then Ford had called his brother stupid, and-and useless while he was suffering from a condition he was born with... A condition Ford never knew about!

"I'm a horrible person...I'm a horrible brother…” Ford's breathing increased speed just a little. "I-I was annoyed with Sebastian for being sick!?” But Sebastian had been surely acting the way he had just to annoy him!...Right?! Ford had always thought Sebastian was being a pain in the ass on purpose-- "You mean… he...he had never done anything on purpose to me… he had never hurt me and-and I just hated him for being--!!"

“Well I wouldn’t know about that. I don’t know your brother. But if he indeed has ADHD, he would have had many behavioral problems growing up. Restless, inattention, the inability to pay attention or sit still…” Ashton listed off. “It would have been very obvious. If your brother was really behaving as badly as you say, any counselor would have noticed immediately and suggested behavioral therapy to help him learn proper self control.” Ashton frowned. Did no one do that?

"Did your parents know?” Ashton asked.

Ford took a deep breath and shook his head. "N-No...No…” He whispered in a soft voice. "No-No one knew…”

“Shouldn’t they have taken Sebastian to a counselor? Most parents do, not just because of ADHD, there are a whole slew of disorders that elementary school teachers are supposed to look out for so they can inform the parents to have their children examined by a professional…”

"No one… no one liked Sebastian at school…” Ford let out a shaky breath. Was it because of his eye? Or his condition? Oh holy crap, he should have done something, he was such a bad brother, he deserved to die. "The-The teachers couldn't stand him and-and I remember he was forced to sit in the back so he couldn't bother anyone else...and-and I thought that was the right response!" Ford's tears finally made themselves present.

"So none of your teachers told your parents?” Ashton frowned. Because that was very… negligent of them. They were supposed to look out for things like that. Most children who start school would display all sorts of problems that teachers were expected to look out for. Like when kids needed glasses. Teachers were supposed to keep an eye out for signs of poor eyesight or...

"I-I don't know...but Pa always got so angry with Sebastian whenever they were called by the school and...and he hit him!” Ashton’s eyes went wide with horror at that admission. “And I...I didn't do anything to stop that, I didn't want...I didn't want to be hit as well, but Stan didn't care, Stan was stronger and he faced Pa to try and protect Sebastian, but he couldn't do much either…"
Ford quickly wiped his tears. "And Seb was always hit because he was always moving and, and at school, the teachers shouted at him! And just, they stopped calling on him, and he was just punished after school and-and WHY DID I THINK THAT WAS NORMAL?!

Why did he...why did he still think, somehow, deep inside him, that Seb deserved it? For being so weird and clumsy and stupid and a freak?!

'Oh, please, Brainiac~! You want to prove you aren't just a freakish weirdo like dumb Sebastian right?! You're SO much better than him~! You're the intelligent one, remember? Not like dumb ol' Sebastian. He's so stupid he can't even finish his schoolwork! HAH! He's so stupid he tried keeping you down! In the same level as him! As a simple, useless freak! Let's prove dear ol' Pops wrong, shall we?'

Ford clutched his head. Ashton sat up in worry. “Stanford? Are you alright? Do you need to stop?”

Ford nodded rapidly. He wanted to stop. He wanted to get rid of this voice from his head, he couldn't stand hearing it anymore. It was torture! Why couldn't Bill leave him alone?!!! He was DEAD!

"Stanford, breathe."

Ford nodded, listening to the voice (which sounded NOTHING like Bill’s shrill tone) and he took a deep breath. Bill couldn't do anything to him anymore, he was dead, he was gone.

"Are you stupid boy?! Are you like your freakish brother?! Do you want to know what happens to useless freaks like him?!” "N-No! No! Please, I'll be better! I'm not Sebastian!!"

"I…" He moved his hands a little so he could speak. "I want it to go away…I want the bad voices to leave…” Heavy tears spilled from his cheeks.

Ashton wasn't sure what this was about yet, but his newest patient clearly had even more issues than he originally thought. “I will help however I can.” He told the scientist whole heartedly.

"Bill still...Bill tells me bad things, bad things I don't want to feel!” Ford punched the table. Ashton nodded slowly. He didn't doubt it. "I promise we will make him leave.” Now Ashton needed to work with his patient's paranoia, self-esteem and very rooted problems with childhood, which were clearly linked somehow to his triplet…

The session finished for today, but Ashton continued thinking about his patient all day. And he promised to help. Just like he had been helping Fiddleford.

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Next session was at the same time so Ford made sure he had food to show Ashton. Abuelita had been in the kitchen though and when he mentioned he was going to grab some food, she told him to get closer and pinched his cheeks.

"No sense, I'm almost ready!" The woman poured him a bowl of very nice looking orange soup, it had long noodles, chicken and carrot slices. "Is a type of pumpkin. You need good eating," Abulita told him. "Grow up to be a big strong boy."

"Um... I'm a grown man..." Ford held the bowl, it did smell quite nice. Abulita patted his cheek. "Eat your soup." She told him, there was a firmness in her gaze, like a sense of… not quite dangerous, but it was like looking up at a mother bear just waiting for you to make a wrong move. Ford meekly went to his lab with his soup. Abulita smiled pleasantly.
Ford set his soup on the table after clearing it of papers and tools and turned on his laptop.

He called his therapist and Ashton smiled at him through the cam. "Hello Stanford. How are you today?"

"I have food." Ford said. "It's pumpkin." He added, feeling somewhat lame. Like a child trying to show off the fact that he DID eat his vegetables so his mom wouldn't nag him about it.

But he also couldn't help but feel happy and proud. He had healthy food, like everyone said he never ate. Now he could prove for a fact that, yes! He did! And it-he took a spoonful to his mouth-ah! And it was amazing!

Ashton smirked. "Well, that's an improvement." Ford took another spoonful and let out a content hum. "This was really good! I had never noticed how nice Abuelita's cooking is!" He commented.

"Is she your grandmother?"

"Oh? No! Um..." Ford thought how to explain his weird living arrangements. "She's the grandmother of Soos, he's Sebastian's friend who-who moved into the Shack a few years ago..."

"Oh?" Ashton said, looking at him and waiting for him to elaborate. "So he simply moved in with you?"

"Well, kind of. It’s just, while I was gone in the multiverse, Sebastian opened a tourist trap in my house and, somehow managed to create a fake will saying I gave him the house." Ashton frowned a bit. For all Stanford’s talk of not wanting people to know things about him, he was very loose lipped once he got going. "Now it’s not valid anymore, of course, but Sebastian didn't want to close the Shack, and I thought it was fine to keep the place open. So Seb named Soos the new manager. He moved in to check on the Shack and 'to watch over Dr. Pines'" Ford quoted as he rolled his eyes.

"And you like living with them? Why did you accept?" Ashton asked, actually curious.

Ford sipped his soup softly. "Well, I was getting along with Sebastian pretty well, we had just defeated Bill, he was healing, he had his memories back, and he had to leave, he loved the Shack, that's still his business, and I didn't want to... take that away from him." Ford took another spoonful to his mouth. Why did he accept Soos and his grandma again? Letting Soos run the Shack was one thing, but having the two of them moving in was...

It had been pretty awkward the first few months, both for him and Soos, they didn't get to interact much that summer and knew nothing about each other (just that Soos looked like a gopher, but Ford never brought that up again, worried about offending the kind man.)

It did have perks. He got food, and Abuelita was obsessed with cleaning so the house wasn’t dirty. But he didn't know that would happen back when he allowed them in...

"Maybe...Maybe I felt...bad, and that's why I accepted." Ford finally said in a very vague way. Ashton asked why he felt bad.

Stanford rubbed his arm, embarrassed. "Remember...I-I told you about Seb being a demon?"

Ashton nodded tiredly. Yes, once again this was related to Sebastian.

"Well, we-I-" Ford winced. He was still regretting being so mean to Sebastian. "We had been fighting a lot that summer, even after he’d spent 13 years fixing the portal to get me and Stan back. I told him I...I wanted him out of my house and-and to take off everything from the Shack... I think
I let Soos stay because of Seb, I wanted to feel better after what I did... what I said to him." Ford shrugged a little. "I guess I thought that maybe I’d feel better if he got to keep the Shack, and the townspeople all seemed sad at the idea of the Shack closing so I didn’t want to disappoint them.”

Ashton nodded. "You get along with Soos?" Ford shrugged. "We don't really talk much, but I don't think we get along bad." Ford finished his soup. "He uses some of my ideas for attractions too, we tells the tourists they come from the research center." The therapist laughed.

"Alright... so how long have you known Fiddleford?" Ashton knew, he just wanted to hear Ford talk.

"Oh, since college! We were roommates." Ford smiled. "He's a very good friend."

"Oh, I can imagine, he worries a lot for you... and do you ever go out with him? Maybe with some other friends as well? What do you do for fun with your friends?"

Ford shrugged a bit. "I don't have other friends..." He and Stan knew Rick from their time through the multiverse, but he doubted that drunk scientist considered them his friends. "But I really don't need them, I work and I don't have time to go out, it would just mess with my job, like having kids." He shuddered a bit. His brothers were brave for having them. He loved his niblings but he didn't have to raise them! He couldn't imagine himself with kids, let alone 2! He knew NOTHING about children, he wasn't made for that!

"Haven't you tried talking with your other colleagues? Maybe there's someone who’s caught your attention?" Ashton poked a bit, trying to get a handle on Ford’s social life, because from what he was hearing right now, it seemed really... lonely. Ford blinked.

"Dr. Wexler is a very intelligent woman?" He tried. Ashton stared. "So, you don’t have any friends aside from Fiddleford? Do you hang out with the other scientists? Outside of work?" Ford frowned and shook his head. "No, I’m... I’m always working. If I’m not in the lab, I’m out hiking the forest to find new samples."

“...Do you have any hobbies you do for fun?” Ashton asked, worried now.

“Oh. I play D, D and more D... well, when I can find someone to play with me that is.” Ford blushed a little at this. But Ashton didn’t make fun of him for that nerdy hobby, in fact he looked relieved.

"Alright ok, great... Do you play any sports?" Ford made a so-so gesture with his hand. "I train in the morning when I have time and I’m good at fighting, but no, I never did any sport, Stanley is the sportsman."

Ashton nodded and stared at Ford. "And you think what you do is something ok to do?" Stanford didn't have a healthy routine, he was an extreme workaholic, didn't eat regularly unless someone prompted him, barely talked with his colleagues and didn't try to involve in social activities. That was... going to need to be addressed.

Ford looked at Ashton. "...I have the feeling that you want me to say 'no'..." He said carefully. Ashton rubbed his eyes. "I don't want you to say anything, all I want is to know if you think it's fine what you do, and why you think so."

Ford blinked. “I’m fine. I get work done. I’m not distracted by frivolities.” He thought it was fine that way. He had so many things to do. He was building a solar powered generator for the Center, to cut down on the electricity bills right now!
"Do you think hanging out with friends is a frivolity?" Ashton asked and Stanford shrugged. "What's the point of that? You aren't doing anything productive and it sounds boring..." He shrugged a bit, pulling at his sixth finger. "And how do you even know if your so called friends aren't trying to use you?! Fiddleford was my roommate and that was different, we spent a lot of time together but I don't trust anyone else to-" He considered. "And I didn't want a therapist because I'm just telling you my entire life and I don't know what you might do! And I shouldn't trust you! But Fiddleford trusts you and I don't have any other choice!"

Ashton didn't even blink when Ford screamed. "Do you think that if you make another friend, they'll try to do something to you? That's why you don't trust people to be your friends?"

"Yes! Because I can't stand not knowing people's intentions! Seb-Sebastian had a friend who was an asshole to him, he talked bad about him and called him names because of his hand and eye! And I don't want that to happen to me! Never again--" Ford shuddered at the memory of Bill. His dear muse who Ford had trusted so much... "Of course I tried making friends as a kid! But no one wanted to! Because I was a FREAK! Like-Like we already established! So I stopped BOTHERING! And then when I met Bill and he wanted to be my friend and... and then he betrayed me!"

Ashton stared at Ford when he ran a hand through his hair. "And of course, he was just using me! All the nice things he said to me weren't true, and he also told me bad things about my family to convince me the portal was for me to be great. He tricked me.... He was just like...everybody who talked to me before..." Ford angrily moved his spoon on his empty bowl.

"Every person who talked to you wanted to hurt you?" Ashton asked softly and Ford nodded. "Of course. At school and college. They just approached me because they wanted something from me or to bother me...Of course it wasn't the same with the teachers, they appreciated me, but it only made the other kids think worse of me! So I had no way of escaping! One day they wanted you to explain them math, but the next day they ignored you and didn't invite you anywhere. And I know you might be thinking 'I didn't try hard enough' but I did, it was just my hands! Because Sebastian, Sebastian was ALWAYS trying to make friends, but the kids didn't like him either! And those who claimed they did, just humiliated him! Or just straight out insult him! And I wasn't going to go through that too! I could avoid it!! So I didn't care about their stupid parties or meetings! About going out with people who could easily be talking shit about me later! Or when they only chose me as a group partner because they wanted to use me! I had better things to do! And I’m definitely better than those stupid morons and their stupid birthday parties and gossiping and DRAMA!!"

Ford finished his rant, loudly gasping for air.

Ashton calmly took a sip of his tea. "So, paranoia, yes? I’m not saying it’s not justified, but here’s something that I need you to understand." Ford sat heavily in his chair and frowned. Ashton sighed. "Children are dicks." Ashton said simply. "Especially if they haven’t been taught right from wrong. I’m sure you’ve met some awful people when you were a child, but here’s the thing, children grow up. Some of them never learn right from wrong. Some of them never learn to be a good person. But that’s how it is with humans. And you shouldn’t write off all everyone you don’t know as a potential enemy just because they ‘could’ betray you. Humans require social interaction, even the most introverted of people still need to spend some time with people."

"I don't like that. I prefer being on my own." Ford complained childishly. Ashton hummed. "You do? You'd be fine in a secluded place? All alone without seeing anyone?"

"Very much." The scientist grumbled stubbornly. "I don't like depending on people."

"So you'd be fine without seeing your family ever again? Being completely on your own? Locked
up somewhere with your research?"

Ford pursed his lips. "Well… no… I like being with my family… playing D, D and more D with Dipper and… talking to Fiddleford too, and his family is nice…" Ashton grinned. "Then you see? You also need people, especially your family."

The therapist slowly hit his pencil against his fingertips as he thought. "Can I make a guess? Tell me if I'm wrong." He waited for Stanford to nod before slowly phrasing his thoughts. He liked to use his triplet as comparison for some reason? Fine, he could work with that for now until he discovered why he did that in the first place. "Soos was Sebastian's friend, right?" Ford nodded. "What's stopping you from being his friend too? Or any person who works in the center? Do they care about your six fingers?"

Ford grabbed his pinky and looked down. "...No, I-I don't think so...One, one scientist even mentioned once that-that he...he admired me..." That made him feel good.

"Uh huh, so, if the problem isn't your hands in this case, then why not try becoming friends? My question is this: don't you think that, because of your deep fear of being rejected, you are also accidentally shutting off potential friends?"

"But what if they don't want to be friends? What if they just want something from me??!!"

"But what if they do?" Ashton smiled kindly. "I know you have trouble trusting, that's what paranoia is about, but what I want you to see is that, you can't always know everything, life is like that. We slowly build friendships, over time, after knowing those people better! There are many assholes in this world, I won't deny it, but there are also good people out there who want to be friends if you gave them a chance~" Ashton explained.

Ford rubbed his arm. "We-Well...There were...these kids I played D,D and more D with when I was a kid...They...They made meetings outside our games, like, to eat pizza and play videogames and that stuff...but I never went to them..."

"And why is that?" The man asked Ford patiently.

"Because...Because I thought I wasn't invited..." Ford whispered with a frown. He had never considered going as an option! He only played with them, but he never thought they'd want him outside their D, D and more D games...If, if he had decided to go, who could tell if they would have mocked him? What if he HAD been invited as well, and he could have had friends! He could have met them better, eat pizza and talk about many other stuff, instead of going back home, thinking about how much he didn't care that they were having pizza without him...

Ford paused. “Wow. I am very sad.” He said simply. Ashton nodded solemnly. “And that’s why we’re here.” Ford groaned and buried his face in his hands. “So... you want me to go out and...talk to people? Make friends?" Ford asked quietly. Ashton raised an eyebrow. “I’m not making you do anything. It’s up to you.”

Ford thought about it. “The other scientists at the Center all admire me.” He said quietly. “And none of them have ever brought up my hands in a way that was insulting...” He rubbed at his face. “I guess... I can try... talking to them more?"

“Well, the final decision is up to you, but I do recommend you try to get to know more people..” Ashton told him gently.

Ford slumped in his chair. He hated socializing. It was so hard!
Stanley laughed at him when Ford told his brother he was planning out how to talk to some of his colleagues. Specifically, Stan was laughing about the long list of things Ford had written in order to attempt said socialization. Stan, feeding Diego some baby food, had snorted so hard he knocked the plate off the table and onto the floor. Diego stared sadly at his lost food. Nooo his orange goop!

"You're overreacting, Ford! You don’t need some checklist to talk to people. You’re all nerds right? Just talk about nerd stuff." Stan told him. Diego tried reaching for his food, but from his high baby chair, it was useless. He closed his eyes in grief when mommy groaned and started cleaning it up.

"Um, do you think we can be friends just talking about science?" Ford asked in a quiet voice. Stan sighed fondly. So dumb. The dumbest genius. "You don't make friends just like that, talking about things you have in common is a great way to start though! You'll do fine~ Hey! Where's the kid's food?!"

Diego narrowed his eyes at daddy. He “Hmph!”ed and kicked his little legs. Mommy was petting his curly hair while rolling her eyes. “I’ll go get more.”

So Ford decided to spend some time at the Center's lounge to watch the scientists there. The place had couches, and a small kitchen in case someone wanted to use a microwave (it was prohibited to put experiments there, dammit Arnold we told you four times already), or make themselves some coffee.

The number of people working here had increased a lot, and he was proud that more people chose to work here. The problem was that he didn't know any of these people, and it made everything harder. It was comforting to know that every single one of these people had gone through a strict psychological exam and were only the best from the best. So at least they weren't that bad to begin with.

A woman entered the lounge, stretched, threw her lab coat to one couch and marched up to her locker to take out her lunch. Ford could recognize her, she was from the first batch of applicants to join the Center. What was her name again… he knew she was Dr. Wexler, but what was her first name?

Dr. Wexler closed her locker, holding a small microwave safe container and turning on her heel to make a beeline to said microwave. Ford was still staring at her as he tried to subtly look at her name tag. It was on a lanyard around her neck, the Identification card was right over her chest. Ford shifted over and stared at it, trying to read her name.

“Is there a reason you’re staring at my chest Dr. Pines?” The woman asked, raising an eyebrow. Ford flushed and waved his arms. “N-no I’m just- you--” Ford tried to explain himself and keep himself from running away, he already started bad!! “Your name is there and I couldn’t see it and- -” Ah! This was so embarrassing! He should have brought his checklist! Abort! ABORT!!! “I have to go! Science stuff! Good bye!” Ford said as he turned on his heel and marched stiffly away.

“Wait, Dr. Pines!” Dr. Wexler called out. Ford almost didn’t stop. But she didn’t sound angry so…

Ford turned, instinctively folding his hands behind his back. “A-ah, yes?” He stammered.

Dr. Wexler took her food out of the microwave, popped the lid open and poured some coffee into it. “My name’s Amy Wexler. You could have asked. Goodness knows I’m having trouble keeping track of people’s names.” She said while stirring the very inedible looking concoction in her
Dr. Wexler raised an eyebrow even as she finished stirring coffee into her… was that some sort of lasagna(?) and then opened one of the half and half creamers cups to pour in as well. “I suppose Dr. Wexler is fine. Did you wish to speak with me, Dr. Pines?” She asked, now adding sugar and… ketchup(?!?) to her increasingly toxic looking lunch. Ford was actually getting worried now. He didn’t know much about food, but he was quite sure what she was making there was going to be awful.

“Oh, it’s-- I was just--” Ford didn’t know how to respond to that. “I was just hoping to--” He watched her open a packet of soy sauce and drizzle that in too and he just couldn’t hold back anymore.

"-to know what you're doing, holy Axolotl…" Ford muttered as he stared at the slop that was once food in horror. Dr. Wexler actually smirked. "Lunch!" She all but chirped. Ford held back a gag. “Ah. I see…” He knew there was an examination before scientists were hired for the Center. So she must be quite brilliant. But… but…

And Dr. Wexler took out a spoon, carefully scooped out a tiny bit of the ‘thing’ she made and took it up to her mouth. Ford watched, unable to look away. She placed it in her mouth, eyes going wide and turning to spit it out into the kitchen sink. “Oh that is awful!” she said (cheerfully?!) as she straightened back up, pulling out a thermos and gulping down the contents.

“Ah… well. Not to insult your culinary skills,” Ford had heard that apparently women (and his brothers) hated having their cooking insulted “But I’m sure mixing all those things together would be quite awful to the taste buds.” He wasn’t sure why she looked so happy though. Dr. Wexler laughed. “Well it needs to be awful!” She said matter of factly. Ford blinked, not quite understanding. “Um. Oh, okay?”

Dr. Wexler looked almost giddy as she went back to her lab coat and pulled out a small vial from one of the pockets. She had her phone out in her other hand, typing something down. “Experiment 22. Altering the receptors.” She mumbled as she quickly jotted down on her phone. Under Ford’s curious eyes, she opened the vial and carefully dripped a small droplet onto her tongue. She smacked her lips together, moving her tongue around to spread the substance all over it before she turned to Ford and grinned. Never breaking eye contact, she spooned out some of the sludge and placed it in her mouth, this time she hummed in appreciation before digging in to her meal with gusto.

“It tastes like strawberries now! Everything tastes like strawberries now!” Dr. Wexler said happily. She was glad that it worked. She’d tried this with several other types of food but she needed something truly vile to really see the results of her experiment.

Ford gaped, his mouth so wide his jaw could have dislodged. And finally, after seeing the woman eat half of the thing she created, he finally came out of his stupor. "That, that's amazing!” He gasped, with a huge grin on his face.

Dr. Wexler chuckled. “Yup. I’m working on making this stuff into a type of drink. If I can get more flavors working, I was thinking of marketing it as an easy way to get children to eat their vegetables. Or getting people to eat more healthy foods by making them taste like something else.” She looked quite proud of herself. “I’ve mainly made various fruit flavors so far. Still hoping to make a fried chicken flavor at some point but it’s still a work in progress.”
"Woah..." Ford whispered. "Fascinating..." He stared at the horrible mess. If she could fix the taste of the vile creation, she will surely conclude her experiment. "That would have been a godsend out in space, when we had to eat a lot of very nasty food." He commented. Ford was very hush about his time in the multiverse, but the scientists knew about the portal, Fiddleford briefed them about it, as well as warned them all to never attempt to rebuild it. They all treated the broken pieces as some sort of valuable antique. Dr. Wexler raised an eyebrow. "Oh? Was space food really that bad?" She asked as she walked out of the room and towards a larger dining hall like area where many other scientists and workers were sitting down for their own lunches.

Ford followed her. "Well, they weren't all bad. But there were certainly some unique flavors out there. A lot of sour food. Though that might have been because a lot of things are acidic out there but, well, we survived so it wasn't too bad..."

Ford ended up sitting at a table with her and several other scientists. Dr. Wexler introduced them to him. "Ah, these are my friends. That's Dr. Arjun Poddar--"

The dark skinned man grinned and waved. "Hello Dr. Pines. Fancy seeing you here. Guess that means you DO get hungry sometimes." The man turned to the man beside him. "Oi Brucy you owe me $20." The other man, whom Dr. Wexler introduced as Dr. Bruce Clark, rolled his eyes, grumbled and pulled out the cash. "There goes my theory that the boss just IV drips the nutrients into himself..." Dr. Clark muttered. Ford blinked. That was... actually an amazing idea!

Dr. Wexler glared at the two as Ford managed a small smile. "No, unfortunately I do eat, but you gave me an idea!" He should try it!

The last man, eating a pudding, shook his head. "Don't listen to the dumb ideas of these two, Dr. Pines, eating is much better, and more delicious!" He hummed happily at his chocolate treat. Ford knew his name was Jerald, but he couldn't remember if that was his given name or last name! Aahh!? Why didn't Dr. Wexler introduce him too?!

"So whatcha doing here among us mortals, Dr. Pines? I haven't seen you in a while." Dr. Clark asked. Ford rubbed the back of his head when he had the four scientists stare at him, analyzing him, questioning him, judging him--

"Are you working on something at the moment?" Dr. Jerald asked too. "I'd love to have your opinion on my latest project." and Ford couldn't help but feel a little proud about that. They wanted to look to HIM for help? Well. That was only to be expected, he was technically their boss after all. "I’m just working on making a mechanical arm that can perform tasks for you. Perhaps hooking up the sensors to nerve endings so it could function as a working prosthetic..."

"Like in Partial Alloy Chemist?!" Dr. Clark asked eagerly. Dr. Jerald smacked him lightly on the arm. "Nerd~" He teased good naturedly. Ford blinked at them. "What?"

"Nothing. Just a stupid anime." Dr. Jerald rolled his eyes as Dr. Clark gasped and placed a hand on his chest. "It’s NOT a stupid anime! It’s one of the best! The symbolism! The commentary on the nature of War and the human condition--" Dr. Jerald and the others all rolled their eyes. Not this again.

Ford listened to the man talk and talk, but while he understood what he was talking about, he had no idea what anime he was referring to. Ford never really watched shows anymore. "What do you think, Dr. Pines?!" Ford blinked and looked back at him. "Excuse me?"

"Don't torment him with your animes!" Dr. Poddar groaned. Ford nervously played with his sixth finger. "Well, I can't give you my opinion, I have never watched this...anime. I don't really follow
series or-or watch TV."

Dr. Clark gasped horrified. "Whaaaat?! But there are so many good shows on Nexflit!" He whined. He was a fan of movies and series. Practically a cinephile.

"No one has your time to procrastinate, Bruce." Dr. Poddar made a 'duh' face and Dr. Clark gasped, offended. "Excuse me!? I work hard! But I also want to live my life!" He looked back at Ford. "You should totally look up Partial Alloy Chemist! It’s such a cool show!" Ford nodded slowly, not really planning on doing that. He had way too much work to do. "Right, maybe when I have time."

“So what’s your lunch Dr. Pines?” Dr. Jerald asked, chewing on his own sandwich. He brushed the crumbs off his mustache. Ford flushed as he realized he didn’t bring a lunch today. “I, ah, need to go and…” He looked over at the Cafeteria, they had food here. Freshly prepared and ready for people to grab and eat. Fiddleford had insisted on this being part of the facilities for the Center and Ford was very glad his friend had done so. “I’m going to go grab something.” He told them before stiffly walking away. He hoped he wasn’t being too awkward!

As Ford walked out of earshot, Dr. Poddar turned to Dr. Wexler “I can’t believe the boss is actually here! I haven’t seen him since Orientation week! And that time he brought his family on a tour of the place!” Dr. Wexler shrugged. “Yeah, surprised me too. I guess he’s probably shy or something.”

They all nodded. That was kind of adorable. Well, as weird as it was to call a 30-40 something year old man adorable. But he was! Most of the scientists working here (both men and women) secretly agreed together that their mysterious boss, the great Dr. Pines, was absolutely adorable. They’d never say it to his face of course, he was the one sending them their paychecks after all.

"Well, I don't know about you guys, but I'll convince him to watch anime." Clark smirked and his friends all groaned.

"I wonder why he's suddenly here? Will he have lunch with us from now on? That would be cool, we could talk about our work with him." Dr. Jerald hummed, stroking his chin in thought. Dr. Wexler shrugged. “It’d be nice. But the poor guy looks so spooked. Like a scared owl.” When he wanted to see her name, she actually felt bad for scaring him. He almost ran away!

"That's because Bruce scared him with anime!" Dr. Poddar laughed and Dr. Clark nudged him. “I wasn’t scaring him!”

Ford finally returned with some food and stared at the group. "Um...I brought some food now…” His tray had a single apple and a bowl of oatmeal.

"Is that like, a snack before real lunch?" Dr. Clark whispered (there was so little food! He was hungry at the thought of only eating so little) and was nudged by Dr. Poddar.

"Well, I'm not very hungry right now." Ford explained as he quietly sat down. Dr. Clark shrugged, but he was still shocked. He guessed Stanford HAD to eat at some point, he was very tall and not skinny at all. (Actually, he was kinda jealous of the doc’s muscles, like daaaaamaaam~) The group ate quietly for a bit before Dr. Poddar brought up, “So I noticed we didn’t get to finish the introductions?”

“Oh right.” Dr. Wexler gestured to the last guy at the table. “That’s Jerald. Dr. Jerald. Jerald Jerald. That’s his name.”
“That is NOT my name!” Dr. Jerald whined. Everyone else laughed, Dr. Wexler even thumped him on the back with a fond smile, they were never going to let this inside joke go. It was simply too funny. Ford waited but no one actually gave him Dr. Jerald’s real full name. And Ford was too timid to ask.

He squinted, but Dr. Jerald wasn't wearing his identification. So Ford guessed he'd have to call him Dr. Jerald until he knew his full name. No big deal.

"So…" Ford stared at his food. What was a general question he could ask? "Where are you from? Um, I'm from New Jersey…"

"Really? Huh, who would have known?" Dr. Poddar smiled. "I was born in India, but my family came here when I was a child."

Dr. Wexler smiled. "I'm from Maine. Though I lived in New York for a good portion of my life before coming here."

Dr. Clark shrugged. "Boston." He said simply.

Dr. Jerald wiped his mouth with a napkin before speaking. "I'm from Virginia."

"Woo! Diversity!" Dr. Clark cheered, giving Dr. Poddar a high five.

Ford nodded. But now he didn’t know what else to say to keep the conversation going. Ah… well, when all else failed, talk about SCIENCE! ...is what he meant to do, but when Ford opened his mouth to ask if anyone else was excited for the next test of their collider in a few days, he instead blurted out, “I like watching atoms smash together!” Everyone stared at him and Ford wanted to die right there.

"Well, that's a pretty cool process I have to admit!" Dr. Jerald hummed. He had never seen it that way. "It's like a battle! Fighting for their atomic lives!" Dr. Clark exclaimed, excited as ever.

"I think people forget just how freaking important atoms are, we wouldn't be here without them." Dr. Wexler took another bite of her food before spitting it back. "GAH!! THE EFFECT IS GONE!"

She wailed in agony and stole Dr. Poddar's drink to gulp it all down. Everyone started laughing, even Ford though he tried not to, mocking others wasn't nice. Dr. Wexler typed out on her phone. "Okay, so… effect lasts around twenty minutes. Will need to work on that…" She muttered. Dr. Poddar pouted at his now empty cup. "I’ll go get another drink…” He sighed as he got up to get a refill.

Dr. Clark stared at Ford's cup. "What's your favorite coffee? If I work, I like Americano, but if I’m simply drinking to enjoy it, I love cappuccinos!"

"I don't have a favorite type, as long as it has a lot of sugar, I've always had a thing for sweets…” Ford admitted. Also, the sugar is just extra energy to keep him going.

"Sweet tooth, huh?" Dr. Wexler smiled. That was adorable indeed. "You looked more like a bitter coffee type."

Ford rubbed the back of his head, smiling. "I've been told, but my triplets and I really like sweet things, though Stanley prefers salty.” He shuddered. The one time Stan took them out to try sushi… Stan had poured soy sauce over his food and Ford clearly remembered the looks of absolute horror on everyone’s faces (both the other guests and the staff!)

Dr. Jerald chuckled. "How are your brothers by the way?" Ford wiggled in his seat. ‘They’re doing
well. Raising their kids. The usual."

"Aaw~ You must have a lot of niblings~" Dr. Clark said. "My girlfriend only has one and he's a jerk!"

“Yes. There’s Mason, Mabel, Dillon, Diego, Zoe and… Zully…”

The group didn't notice his volume dropping. "Haha, two from each brother, that’s so cute! An equal number of boys and girls!" Dr. Jerald smiled

“I love their lettered names. It’s adorable!” Dr. Wexler cooed. “So what would your kids be if you ever had any?” She asked. Ford shrugged. “I don’t really know. Never thought about kids. Don’t particularly want any.” Because he knew nothing about raising children! He’d probably mess up.

"Oh, that's alright." Dr. Wexler smiled. "I don't know if I want any either but I always loved the name Annie." Dr. Clark raised a finger. "And it is was a boy, Annie'o!" The ginger woman rolled her eyes. She was surrounded by idiots...

Ford wiggled in his seat. "If I had to choose...It would be hmm...Nicholas?" He liked the name Nicholas. He didn’t feel like following the naming convention of the rest of his family.

Dr. Poddar nodded solemnly. "Genius. Like our god." Ford laughed, actually laughed and nodded. "Only the best~"

The group talked for a bit longer, Ford was very entertained listening to their stories, until they sadly declared they had to go back to work. "Work calls!" Dr. Poddar patted Ford’s shoulder. “It was very nice talking with you Dr. Pines.”

Ford remained seated watching the four scientists go. He sighed. Well, he couldn't say he didn't try… Dr. Wexler turned around. "Would you like to eat lunch with us tomorrow as well? we didn't finish discussing solutions to Dr. Jerald’s robotics mobility between tight spaces problem!"

The curly haired man beamed and nodded quickly. "That would be nice..." They left and Ford let out a relieved sigh. Yes!! Now he could tell Ashton that he had spoken with some colleagues and that they didn’t immediately mock him! Yes! Socialization success!

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“Do you enjoy hanging out with them?” Ashton asked in their next session a few days later. Ford thought about it. “Yes. They’re nice. I… like talking with them, they have very interesting projects and its nice listening to them.” It was nicer especially once Fiddleford started sitting with them as well. Ashton smiled. “That’s wonderful.” Especially since this meant Ford had to eat lunch regularly, since they met up to each lunch together.

Ashton could tell that Ford was starting to trust him a little more. Frankly, the man was actually very trusting. He was simply too afraid to open up himself to do so. Well, getting Ford to want to open up was only step one. Ashton was a little worried about what he might learn from Ford once the man began telling him more…

He sighed. One problem at the time. Ashton decided to start applying a psychological evaluation to see just how intense Ford's paranoia was. As it was easier to talk to him now (which was lucky, most people with paranoia couldn't trust their doctors and therefore made treatment much more difficult) then it would be easier to make the test. Of course he didn't tell Stanford that he was testing him so all the answers he got from him were genuine.
The results Ashton got were evident, and confirmed what he already knew. His patient, excuse him, client, struggled a lot to trust people, preferred being alone and really thought people were after him to harm or deceive him. It came from severe self esteem issues (which Ashton still didn't know the origin of, Ford hasn't opened up to him like that yet), and the intensity increased after the demon that haunted Fiddleford's dreams for years, betrayed him. All associated to panic attacks and anxiety. Ashton wanted to unfold Stanford's complex mind. He theorized everything bothering Stanford, his paranoia, his fear of socializing, his lack of ability to talk to others, all had the same root, but what?

Ford couldn't believe it at first when Ashton told him he had anxiety. He really couldn't have the same thing Seb had...could he? Plus he knew he had paranoia since... forever. But the evidence was right there and he couldn't deny it. "So, how is this cured?"

Ashton looked down at his notepad. "Well, Stanford, first of all, we will work with social and communication skills, yes? I am quite glad you have started talking to more people at the center, that's amazing! The anxiety is mainly caused by your other issues and if we treat those you'd probably get better on your own on that front. But paranoia can affect your normal interpersonal interactions if we don't work on that, ok? We'll work with something called psychotherapy, just...talking."

"That's it?" Ford asked curious. "And learning to talk will help me trust more?"

"I remember you mentioned you think you 'mess things up' when you talk to people." Ashton nodded when Ford winced on his seat. "Don't you think learning and talking together until you find a way to manage your life and raise your self-esteem will help you when you interact with others?"

"...I guess..." Ford grumbled. He did want to feel better. If he felt better about himself, then he wouldn't have to think everyone was after him to hurt him.

"And also, I'll prescribe you some pills through a short period to treat your anxiety until you get over it on your own." Ford gasped, shocked. "Pills?! But! But no! I-I don't need pills!"

"Stanford, you get excessively worried, stressed and overthink. Your anxiety fits perfectly with your paranoia and you can't ignore that." Ashton smiled softly. "It won't be too long, it's complementary to psychotherapy, alright? Can you trust me to help you?"

"Do I have any other choice?" Stanford grumbled.

He complained to Fiddleford as soon as the blond was free. Fiddleford groaned. "Just obey Ashton, he knows what's good for you."

Stanford also complained to Stanley, who basically told him the same, but less kind and with more curses. "You know what you're doing?! You're losing time! That's what! Instead of complaining to ME, why don't you just take the freaking pills?! Sebastian took his pills too and he's getting better! That could be you too!"

"But this makes me look like I'm insane! And-And I just need help to stop thinking about demons..."

"Oh." Stan said softly. "Oh, oh then if you only want that, I think I know what you should do..."

"What?" Ford asked desperately.

"TAKE YOUR FUCKING PILLS!" Stan screamed and hung up. He was stern with his brother about this subject and will take no shits regarding his treatment.
Ford sighed and glared at the small bottle with pills. No one supported him! Not fair! He sighed again and laid on the floor. "How did Seb even do this? Isn't he afraid?" He spun the bottle, bored. It'd been a week and he hadn't taken any.

Seb didn't want to take them at the beginning but then he did...Ford wished he could talk to his brother, but he was too much of a chicken and Seb was still surely angry at him.

Ford closed his eyes and sighed and suddenly his mind was illuminated. Seb might not be helping right now, but there was a memory of him that Ford recalled clearly.

"Lookie~ My pills sucked until I had the brilliant idea to put them in order in a box with spacers! One for each day! And it goes with N&Ns as a reward! Genius huh?" Seb squealed, proud of himself for finding a way to take his medication.

Ford had thought it was kind of silly at the moment, but right now, it was the most brilliant idea he had heard till now. He got a box with spacers too and put his pills in each little space, along with two jelly beans, everything perfectly organized. Each week had a different color of deliciousness and the box looked like a rainbow. Ford felt a little silly but, if this could work then… he would do it.

To his brother, friend, and therapist's relief, Ford started taking his pills. Fiddleford had to talk to every store in town to not sell Stanford jelly beans (the bastard realized he could get jelly beans without taking his pills), but after that little arrangement, it became a routine.

Fiddleford was glad when Soos proudly informed him that Ford hadn't woken up screaming or had a panic attack after he started his treatment...

----.--

Ashton was having a little trouble keeping a straight face. He'd finally gotten Ford to talk more about his childhood after several months of therapy and… frankly, he was having trouble holding himself back from taking a plane to Jersey to kick Filbrick between the legs. An abusive monster like that doesn’t deserve children!

From what Ashton was piecing together, everything problematic with Ford boiled down to something his father had done to him. And now everything made so much sense!! Ford’s low self esteem? Filbrick insulted and pressure Ford all through his childhood, to be better to 'make up' for his hands. Ford’s relationship problems with Sebastian? Filbrick always threatened Ford to do better and be ‘perfect’ if he didn’t want to be treated like that ‘Freak brother of yours!’. Everything always came down to something Filbrick had done. Ford had watched his father beat the shit out of Sebastian for not ‘behaving properly’ for ‘being clumsy’ for ‘being stupid’ for ‘being a freak’ and Ford had taken to constantly comparing himself with Sebastian, with trying to be ‘better’ than his triplet just so he wouldn’t be punished by their father as well.

Ashton rubbed his face. Yeah… how the hell that awful man hadn’t been arrested for child abuse was...

He looked up at Ford with a very sad expression well hidden by a masked neutral face. The scientist was trying not to cry and he was hiding his face behind his hands. "I am so disgusting...I shouldn't have listened to him, no?! I-I was a horrible brother! I let him hurt Seb! And I didnt do anything! I supported him! Why did I think that?!! What kind of monster I am??!

Ashton sighed. "Stanford, you can't blame yourself for what that di-for what your father did to you and your brother…” The therapist winced. He hoped Sebastian was getting help too. If the man’s
words affected Ford like this, he didn't want to imagine how Fords triplet felt after-after all that torture!

"No, no, I did it all myself! I should have been better!!" Ford sobbed.

"Stanford, it wasn't your fault. It was your Father. You were a child, it wasn’t your responsibility to stop your father." Frankly, why hadn’t anyone stepped in to do something about this? But that was then, and this is now. From what Ford had told him, none of them had seen their father in years. Their mother had finally divorced her husband and no one had so much as spoken or written a letter to that man ever since.

Good. Avoiding contact was the best they could do, unless and until the brothers were ready to face him again.

Stanford sobbed and wiped his tears with his sleeve, his glasses had fallen to the floor but he didn't care. "I-I didn't know...I-How could he have done that to me?!!" The scientist sobbed. It was Filbricks fault! Ford couldn't even remember-! He couldn't remember when had he ever felt normal or comfortable with himself! When had he ever truly loved his brothers without trying to compare himself to them!

"Bill-Bill used that against me!" Ford sobbed. "I didn't know how much I cared but he did! He used to make me work harder by telling me that I had to prove I wasn’t a worthless mess like my brother was!"

Ashton watched him. Ford angrily threw a bunch of papers to the floor. He was angry, he was furious!! How could he have been SO blind!! He-He let Filbrick's words affect him, he let them guide his words and actions...And he felt so dumb...thinking his father cared for him...that he was trying to help ...

"So you took my book to read?" "I'm sorry, daddy...But I was curious! It didn't have pictures like our books!" "Well, at least you are intelligent..." "I'm intelligent?! You think so?" Ford watched Dad stare at one of his hands. "Yes, and that's good, because if you are intelligent, then your deformed hands don't matter." Ford stared at his little fingers.

"He never cared about me. He just wanted me to prove myself to him, or else I wasn’t even worth having!!" Ford was slumped over his desk at this point, about to curl up in a ball. Ashton was texting Fiddleford to ask if he knew anything about Ford’s family life (to try and see if anyone, ANYONE had noticed the abuse happening in that household). Fiddleford didn’t know much about Ford’s father, though he had heard about their mother, and the brilliant man quickly put together what Ashton wasn’t saying and correctly figured out that Ashton had just learned something awful about Ford’s father. The mechanic decided he would build a robot to spy on and attack Filbrick Pines if that man turned out to be a problem, laughing only a little manically at the thought. (He was still sort of insane, just a little…)

Ford covered his face with his hands. He had never felt so mentally exhausted. This was a very revealing conversation but it hurt, it hurt so much…What-What was he supposed to do now? He just realized his father had damaged his head, even before Bill had ever entered his dreams! "Why didn't he like me.." Ford asked quietly. Ashton pressed his eyes closed, a pained expression on his face. "Because some people are assholes, and he didn't deserve you or your siblings."

"How do I stop thinking like him?!" Ford sniffled. Ashton gave him a sympathetic look. “You’d have to keep in mind that such thoughts aren’t healthy and remind yourself over and over that you shouldn’t think like that. There’s no easy fix for this, you’ve suffered years of abuse during your formative years as a child. It’ll take a lot of work to undo that.”
Ford curled up this time. Abuse...He had been abused as a child...by his own Father...And he-he only thought it was Sebastian-He burst into tears again and Ashton sighed sadly. "I’m doing it again!" Ford wailed while holding his head. "I always thought of only myself! Se-Sebastian was abused and hurt too! He was locked up in the attic all summer and Dad hit him! Hit him so much!! He always had bruises on him! But I’ve never cared! And-and- I always told myself that I didn’t deserve to be made fun of or hurt-- but I never cared when Seb went through that-- because I kept thinking that he DID deserve it and I’m a terrible broooother!!!!!" Ford was fully crying right now. He tried not to, but his unmanly cries were finally escaping.

Ashton kind of wished he was there in person so he could give the poor man a hug. “You were a child. It wasn’t your fault.”

Ford shook his head. “No, even after I grew up-- like-- it’d been like 20 years since Seb was thrown out by our father and I never even cared what happened to him! I-I thought that Seb being dead in the street would have been what he deserved for breaking my STUPID SCIENCE FAIR PROJECT!” Ford sobbed, fat, ugly tears pouring out. “And it was a project that didn’t even work!” He’d realized that, once he was old enough. That thing wasn’t a perpetual motion machine. Not even close. It was just some stupid machine that spun around and around. But it would have run out of energy eventually. Either once the power running the magnets stopped working or once the kinetic energy wore itself out over time due to air friction.

So Seb had been thrown out, for NO REASON.

Because even if his project wasn’t broken, the teachers at West Coast Tech would have realized his project was a failure anyway.

And he’d have been rejected anyway...Ford wiped his tears and his eyes went wide. If he’d had been rejected, even with it intact...Filbrick could have kicked HIM out...Because he actually didn't care like Ford thought, he’d have consider Ford a failure too, not "making up for being a freak" hard enough...

But most likely, Sebastian would have been the first to go after him, to try and help Ford, try to convince their father to let Stanford return home… Seb would have never given Ford the cold shoulder like Ford did…

"I'm so horrible! I'm selfish and a monster and I only care about myself! I'm like Filbrick ! I'm horrible!" Ford continued crying. Ashton winced. “You’re not. You were raised wrong, and now you’re working to get better. There’s no need to beat yourself up or blame yourself. The fact that you’re trying to do better is good.” He didn’t like seeing Ford crying like this, but it was good for him to finally let it all out. “You’re not a monster. You’re an abused child who’s finally getting the help you need to heal and grow up.”

Ford pulled at his last finger nervously, his own version of self comfort tick, like Seb sucking his finger. "I'm sorry..." Ford whispered.

“You don’t have to apologize for how you feel.” Ashton told him. This poor soul. They had so many things to work with, but to treat the rest, first Ford needed to come to terms with his abuse because it was the root to everything. Ashton was hopeful about Ford’s ability to recover though, if he was able to recognize the issue, then he should be able to work through this. Most people were in denial about having suffered abuse, not wanting to call themselves ‘victims’ so the fact that Ford was able to opening admit to himself that what he went through WAS in fact abuse, gave Ashton hope that Ford could heal. It was going to be a long, difficult journey but Ashton would do his best to help Ford on his way.
Ashton let his client rest after the session (with something warm, NOT COFFEE, and not too much sugar!) And Stanford went to his room after having tea. Abuelita made delicious tea. He curled up on the couch and tried to sleep, but he couldn't. He was still thinking about what he talked about and learnt with Ashton today… Staring at his hands and feet felt...different now, as if the meaning they have had his entire life suddenly...meant nothing. It was imposed to him, by someone who didn't like him. If he hated them so much, why didn't he do anything?! Why let Ford keep his 6 fingers only to destroy his confidence when he was just a little child?

Ford wanted to change this meaning that had stuck for so long, but where could he even start with doing so?

Ford sniffled. He clung to his mom's dress, trying to hide his sixth fingers. "A kid told me I look weird and ugly..." Mom picked him up and cradled him to her chest. "What a dumb kid— They don’t know what they’re talking about! You are so, so, so handsome!" Mom told him, kissing his nose. Ford giggled. "And you know what else?" mom asked as she pressed her forehead against his. "What?" Little Ford asked, blinking up at her behind his glasses. "I read the cards the other day and they said your hands are so special—" She kissed the child's little hands. "Because you will make them so, Fordsie." Mom told him. “Special hands for a very special boy~” She cooed and cuddled with her eldest baby. Ford laughed and squealed when she tickled him.

“...Ma…” Ford laid on his side, tears trickling out. He… he really needed to call her more often. He curled up on himself. Well, unless she was angry at him for never calling… or for trying to hurt Zully… or for being mean to Seb… Ford shook his head. No, that shouldn’t stop him. If his mom got mad at him for that, Ford would accept any and all scolding he would get.

He closed his eyes and sighed, thinking of how he had to talk more to his Ma. He loved her so much too, he had thought he'd never see her again. And now that he was back, he had to show he cared. He had to change, because he wasn't like Filbrick, he loved his family, even if he was still learning how to show it...

And with that thought, Ford fell asleep.

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Dillon gasped as his grandma defeated him in his own cad game. "I've taught you too well…” He complained.

The old woman smirked. "I cheated the whole time." Diego laughed loudly and clapped, while Dillon bowed. "Queen of liesss!" She was here babysitting Diego, but Dillon decided to use his granny for his own entertainment.

The phone started ringing and like a good grandson, Dillon went to pick up. "Yellow?" he greeted, having picked up this little verbal quirk from uncle Sebastian growing up.

"Um, hi..Dillon?"

The teen hung up and went back to his chair for a new round. "Who was it, sweetie?" Kari asked and Dillon shrugged. "No one!" He was still mad at uncle Ford, even if its been months. Dillon was also a vindictive little bitch when he wanted to be. Something he learned from his mommy Carla.

Kari narrowed her eyes. She smelled lies here. The phone rang again. "Bring me the phone, please dear." She drawled, waggling a finger with a beautifully painted nail.
"But granny!" Dillon whined but still obeyed when she glared at him. *Seawny!* Dillon grumpily grabbed the phone and gave it to his grandma, who held it between her shoulders so she could still grab her baby grandson, who was playing with her bracelets. The teen sat down in front. He wanted to hear what Ford had to say.

"Yes? Hello?"

"...Hi...Um, mom?"

Kari’s eyes widened. “Oh, hello Stanford.” She looked over at Dillon and he had the decency to cough and look away, a little bit guilty. “Not that I don’t enjoy hearing from you for once--” She could ‘feel’ Ford wince on the other side of the line. “-but what's the occasion?”

"Well...I-I thought we could talk a bit? Unless you don't want to, that's fine too…” His voice was soft and unsure. Kari hummed. She picked up Diego and left the room to have more privacy. "Be right back, Dillon, I have to talk to your uncle."

"But our game!" Dillon complained and Kari laughed. "Prepare it so I can come and beat your ass again!" She went to the room she used when she stayed in Stanny’s house. She could see Dillon was angry, she didn't want him overhearing stuff. When she closed the door and Diego was on the bed with her, she addressed Stanford again. "Tell me, Fordsie, what do you want to talk about?" She had a lot of things to say, but Ford finally called her, so she let him talk first. Ford seemed to struggle on his side of the line.

“...I love you, Ma.” Ford finally said, almost sounding scared to admit it. Kari blinked and felt a thick, warm feeling overtake her. “I love you too, Fordsie.” She said wholeheartedly. She heard Ford muffle a sob on his side of the line. “What’s wrong, dear?” She asked.

“I-I just… I never tell you how much-- how much I appreciate everything you’ve done for me.” Ford’s shoulders shook as he tried very hard to express himself. Kari sighed. “I haven’t done enough, my dear.” She knew she hadn’t been the best mother. A smarter, better mother would have taken the kids and left that household long before she had. She had been a terrible mother, too afraid to leave until her kids were all grown and gone. She blamed herself for the suffering they’d all gone through. If she’d been stronger, braver...

Ford shook his head, but his mom didn't see it. "No, you-you were the best and-and you're the only one I have." He took a deep breath to keep his tears from falling. Ford didn’t blame his mother for what Filbrick did. She was as much a victim of abuse as any of them. As scary as their father was, at least none of them were forced to share a bed with him. Ford paled a little when he suddenly realized that the entire fact that Shermie existed meant that-- and then Ford felt cold, afraid to ask his mother if she’d even wanted that, or if Filbrick had forced her--

A thought for another time, Ford wiped at his eyes and got back to the conversation. "I-I really miss you and-and I’m sorry, I’m sorry I made you cry, but I’m getting help now, that won't happen again, I'm getting help...I just wanted to-to tell you I love you because I have been so, so SELFISH and disgusting that-that I never told you before…” He really hadn't. It was always Seb and Shermie who were the clingy ones. Those two had always given their mother hugs and kisses and told her that they loved her all the time. But even Stan showed his love, it was only Ford who didn't, because he had been such a bitchy kid…

"I'm glad you don't hate me after everything...” Ford whispered.

“Oh, Fordsie.” Kari blinked away her own tears. “I could never hate you. You are my first baby. I loved you when you were born, and I love you now.” She told him. “And I will never stop loving
you.” Ford started sobbing outright. It felt like a weight had been lifted. His mother loved him. Even if his father never had, at least… at least he would always have his mom...

Stanford wiped his tears and managed a wet chuckle. He had never cried so much in such a short amount of time. It reminded him somewhat of Sebastian. He was so sensitive, despite his past as a demon. "I've been going through therapy for months…” Kari nodded, she knew, Lee told her. "And I feel so bad for hurting Sebastian and his daughters...I wasn't thinking right, Ma, and there are still things that scare me!” Even when he had been talking to that group of scientists for months, discussed theories, projects and ideas (listened to them talk about how they totally knew Tina the lab assistant was pregnant with Scott (from microbiology)'s kid while she was dating George), he still didn't feel like they were his friends. He was trying though. He really was.

"And I want to talk to him but I doubt he'll want to talk tome." Ford winced. Kari smiled. “Oh Sebas has always loved you. If you call and apologize, I’m sure he’d forgive you instantly.” Her dear Sebastian was always such a sweet and gentle boy. Forgiving of pretty much anything. He simply couldn’t hate anyone forever.

Even when he used to be a...demon? Hhmph! He was a little angel.

Ford sighed and rubbed his arm. Yeah, Seb loved him...even after Ford had been so cruel to him… “So… I should… call him?” He felt a little embarrassed to be asking his mother to tell him ‘yes’ or ‘no’.

Kari hummed in thought. "Do you want me to tell you what to do?" She asked and chuckled when she heard Ford whine. "Maaa~ I don't know what to do~"

"Well, sweetie, when you three were kids and you fought, how did you feel?"

"...Bad…” Ford grumbled.

"And what did I tell you to do so you didn't feel bad?"

"...Apologize?” He asked and when his mom didn't answer, he sighed loudly. "So I guess I do have to apologize, so I can feel better, and Sebastian can feel better...But I tried hurting Zu-Zully…”

"You'll never know how your brother is feeling if you don't talk to him, Ford."

"What about Wanda? Do I have to apologize to her too?"

Kari went silent for a moment before saying "No. Wanda will murder you, talk to Sebastian first.” She said plainly. “Let your brother calm her down before you even attempt to call her.” She didn’t want to have a 2nd funeral for her eldest son.

Ford nodded quickly. Ok, ok. He got that. No talking to Wanda. "Thanks, mom…”

"You're welcome, sweetheart" Kari rubbed Diego's belly. Diego looked like Stan, but still reminded Kari of her babies when they were younger. "Don't leave your therapy ok? I-I want you all to be happy and healthy.” Kari told Ford sternly. Ford nodded. “Y-yeah. I will Ma.” He sniffled. “I’m gonna do my best to get better. I don’t want Sebastian to hate me. I don’t want to lose any of you.” His voice choked up a little. “I love you all, so much.” He told her. Kari smiled, glad that her son had called to tell her so. “I love you too.”

They chatted a little, with Ford telling Kari about how he’d been before he finally said “Bye.” and then sat for a bit as he worked up the courage to call his brother. He almost wanted to prepare a speech, write out the whole apology and just read it off… but Ford realized it wouldn’t be right.
And that he was probably just searching for an excuse to push this conversation off. Finally, he took a deep breath and pressed the call button. It rang for a very long time. So long that Ford nearly lost his nerve. Finally the line picked up. “Sebastian! I--”

“Sixer?! This--” Ford could hear a child wailing hysterically in the background. He could also hear Wanda’s voice, worried and sounding close to tears. “No, no, no, no-- she just keeps bleeding!” Ford’s eyes widened. What was going on? Seb let out a wail of his own. “Now is NOT a good time, Sixer! I need to call an ambulance--” Seb’s voice dropped in volume as he pulled his face away from the phone to call out to Wanda. “Wanda don’t try to move Zully! That’ll make it worse--”

“Seb? What’s going on?” Ford asked, his heart pounding hard. Did something happen to Zully?!

But all he heard was the sound of the call cutting off as Seb hung up on him. Ford stared at his phone, worried out of his mind. What had happened? He almost wanted to try calling again, but Seb needed to call for an ambulance so…

Ford let out a soft whine as he twisted his fingers through his hair. What had happened?!
Chapter 10: I jingle jangled my brain juice

Chapter by bluefrosty27

Chapter Notes

Blue: (I apologize for the weird title, Miz chose it and I still don't get it :) Hello, we're here to bring you a new chapter! This Sunday is my birthday wooo
Turning 19 and like, wow.
I also start university again this Monday so forgive us if we stop updating each week :( However, this is a long chapter so you can enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Seb paced back and forth in the hospital waiting room outside the operation room. This was the second time he was in one of these places. But this time, Wanda was with him. She was holding Zoe in her lap, the little girl was still teary eyed. "Soowwy?" Zoe asked, pulling on her mommy's shirt. Zoe knew that Zully got a really bad ouchie, but then the strange people in those weird clothes had taken Zully away and Zoe had no idea where they were. She was worried, and scared, and just wanted to see her twin. "Weer Sowwy?" Zoe asked again. Mommy was crying. But she wouldn't tell her. And Zoe didn't like it. She wanted her sister!

"She's gonna be okay. She's got magic! She's gonna be okay. She's got magic-" Seb was muttering to himself as he paced. He didn't want to think about what had happened, but he couldn't help but KNOW. He had Looked at the scene afterward, to see what had happened. It left him both worried and hopeful.

Zoe and Zully had managed to escape their playpen and had started making their way up the stairs. Wanda had been passed out on the couch, fallen asleep while watching them after a long night at work the day before. Seb had been making lunch in the kitchen. He hadn't realized anything was wrong until he heard that heart stopping THUMP from the other room followed by Zoe's screaming.

Seb shuddered. He blamed himself for not checking on them sooner. He… well, Seb was glad he was on his pills. Otherwise he'd be FAR more panicked than he was right now. His mind was more clear and that's how he'd been able to think straight and call the ambulance, tell Wanda not to touch or move Zully- poor Wanda had nearly lost it, waking up from her accidental nap to find her oldest daughter crumpled at the bottom of the stairs, blood staining the ground around them. Her scream rivaled Zoe's wails.

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The twins had been on the stairs, Zully had lost their balance and tipped backward. Seb was able to see how Zoe had raised a hand, eyes wide in fear as a green glow briefly surrounded Zully, as Zoe tried to catch her twin. She managed to slow Zully's fall but hadn't been able to concentrate enough to stop it entirely. Zully had hit the ground. Luckily there was a carpet there, but unluckily, they hit their head against a stair on the way down. It was a very bad fall.

Zully was knocked unconscious near instantly and Zoe had started screaming.

Seb sat down next to Wanda and wrapped his arms around her, leg bouncing in distress, as she still sobbed quietly to herself. "She will be fine, Zully is strong, Wanda…” He told her, wanting to
believe it himself. "I-I'm so sorry...If-If something happens to her-" Seb wiped his own tears before wiping hers. "Please don't think that. Please. We have to believe she'll be fine!" Wanda just continued crying. "My fault- I should have been watching them-" Seb winced at that. "It's not your fault Wanda. Don't ever blame yourself! Only I'm allowed to blame myself, right?" He tried to joke.

Wanda and Zoe leaned against him while Seb hugged them both. A sinister part of him couldn't help but think what he didn't want to think. 'I hope Stanford is happy now...' crossed Seb's mind before he quickly made it go away. No. Ford wouldn't do that. He'd Never feel like that. His brother needed help and while he hadn't heard from him in almost a year, he knew from Stan that Ford had been getting therapy. That meant he wanted to be better and Seb appreciated that. He wouldn't wish harm upon the twins on purpose.

Seb sniffled. Why? Why has this happened? He had been doing great this year, despite not seeing his family, they had been great... He just hoped this tragic event will become nothing more than a bad memory... Seb winced. No, he couldn't think that everything bad that happened in his life was some sort of divine punishment. He'd done that all his life and Linda had told him it wasn't healthy. He took a deep breath and let it out slowly. This was just an accident. The kids were just playing and something went wrong. It wasn't anyone's fault.

Zully was in surgery right now. Seb was still waiting for any news. He almost wanted to See into the operation room, but he would need to brace himself for what he might see. He was almost afraid to try it.

Seb closed his eye, ignoring the tears streaming down his right cheek, and hugged his girls tightly until they got some news about his baby... Seb had to be strong, for Wanda, and for Zoe. He... he couldn't take it anymore! He needed to see what was happening in the operation room. Seb focused his powers and Looked.

Zully was lying on the operating table with a little gown that was still too big for them. The doctors had shaved their hair so they could see the wound better. Luckily, it wasn't a horrible injury, just...a bad one, and head wounds simply bled a lot. Zully needed stitches for it though and they would need to be careful when lying down.

The baby also had a broken arm and leg.

It was a clean break on the arm, and a fracture on the leg. They set the limbs and put on the casts, luckily they didn't need to put intramedullary nailing. The child was young, they were still growing. Their bones were still developing. The doctors were optimistic about the child making a full recovery. The head injury was very worrisome, but they already told the parents that a specialist would check out their daughter once Zully woke from surgery and was healed enough to be able to run cognitive tests.

Head injuries could have harmed the brain after all.

Still, they were hopeful about Zully's chances.

Seb blinked his eye back open. He relaxed a little. "Zully's going to be ok." He told Wanda. "She needs some stitches and a cast for her arm and leg, but the doctors think she'll heal just fine." Seb could feel Wanda slump in relief.

A nurse then guided them to the room Zully would be occupying so the baby wasn't alone when they were brought out from surgery. It was a small room in the pediatric wing, but it had a couch for the parents. They put Zoe in her car seat so she could sleep and the two exhausted but relieved
parents curled up on the couch.

Now they only had to wait...

Before the Pines-Friedmann ended up with Zully at the hospital though, there was almost a year gap from the incident that led Seb and Ford to not speak for said year. It wasn't a bad year though, it helped the oldest Pines triplet realize many things about himself and it helped Seb heal. Not seeing his family hurt, but it had been for the best to have some space to think.

He went to talk with more Linda after the incident (after months of only going for 2 days a week), and he went back to his pills, with N&Ns and all. After Seb's mind wasn't clouded with panic and fear anymore, he understood how great news it was that his triplet was also getting help. If it was helping him, who was a complete broken mess, dragging trauma from a past life, of course it would help Ford who was just scared of Bill. Not that Seb knew it was much more complex than that.

He followed Linda's advice too. His life had to continue. Panic attacks were scary, but he could just keep moving forward. So he went back to his plan to open his own store. Wanda was happy for him (and Seb was grateful she stopped mentioning Stanford's 'nasty ass' for a while) and he had found the perfect place.

It was big and just in the perfect location, but he needed money for it. Ugh.

"We can invest on the land, it's still our property." Wanda said when Seb mentioned it. "No, we gotta save money for the twins and I wouldn't ask you to pay for it for me…"

"But we. Are. A. Couple." Wanda argued, stroking his arm. "And I love you."

"No...I don't want you to do that for me." Seb grumbled at the thought of asking for money from the bank. He also didn't want to, banks sounded like evil beings who sucked your money, even Stan warned him about it, but what other choice did Seb have? Well, when Seb went to ask Stan for financial advice, he didn't expect the response he got.

"I'll buy the place for ya." Stan said cheerfully. Seb's jaw dropped. "What?! No- you can't!" Stan wouldn't back down though. "Yes, I can." Stan grinned. "Don't think you can out stubborn me Seb! I can stubborn you forever!"

"B-but you can't- This is something I have to do!" Seb complained. Stan rolled his eyes. "Too late, I already bought the place." Seb gasped."Fez! You dick!" Stan leaned closer to his computer camera. "But~perhaps I'd be willing to give you the Deed in exchange for a little favor~"

Seb pouted. Well. Looks like Stan was gonna make him work for it. "What favor?" He asked suspiciously. Stan's grin was truly evil. "Bring the twins to come and play with Diego more often! Come and see us more often! Dillon misses you, you know?"

Seb waited for the next point but it never came. "What? That's it?! Really? You-You bought the place I wanted for months...in exchange for a play date?"

"I think it's a fair deal" Stan shrugged and waved a hand. "So, it's a deal then?" He grinned a lot like Seb would do when he shook hands. Seb sniffled, and before he knew it, he was angrily wiping his annoying tears. "St-Stanley, you-you shouldn't have-have done that for me... I-I wasn't asking f-for it!" Fez was basically giving him the place for free! And it made him feel all weird.

Stan's face turned serious and he leaned closer. "Sebastian, I WANTED to do this." He touched the screen, hoping he could give his brother a hug. "You are my brother, Seb. I'd do anything for
you…” Seb sniffled and looked up at Fez with a teary pout.

Stan rubbed the back of his neck. "I… I wasn't able to help you while we were kids." Stan sighed
and puffed his cheeks. He knew it wasn't his fault, but…it still hurt him. "So now that I'm grown
up, I'm going to support you 100% and don't you dare try to stop me! Let me be there and support
you with the things you love. You were there for me when I wanted to try out baseball, when I felt
I wasn't good enough. You convinced to try in and keep doing sports, try out all different
things to find ones I could do well in, I owe you everything after that, Seb, I discovered my
passion, HELL I got into BUSINESS SCHOOL- and I would have never grown this much without
help." Stan smiled and Seb whimpered. "So stop being such a baby and take it, damn it!"

"Thank you, Stanley…” Seb nodded and wiped his happy tears away. "I'll take the babies as-as
soon as I can…” He wouldn't even mention they weren't shaking hands and this was more of a
promise, he was too happy and too grateful. "Really…”

"Eh, it's nothing~ I'll give ya the deed as soon as you visit my babies." The two brothers hung up
and Stan inhaled.

"AAAAAAAAHHH!" Stanley screamed. He stood up and frantically pressed the button to call his
assistant. "Yes, Mr. Pines?" The young man asked.

"Call my triplet's girlfriend and ask her about the building my brother wanted to buy. Then buy it!"

"Uh...Dr. Pines?"

"HAH! HAHAHA! Do ya think Ford has a girlfriend? Hilarious, but no, Wanda, Sebastian's
girlfriend, don't come back until I know that's my property!" He already told Seb he bought it…
which was a bluff, but Seb wouldn't have agreed otherwise!

Wanda was really surprised when she got a call at work from one of Stan's workers. She gave them
the information, pretty confused because neither of them knew what was happening, but she
understood when she came back home and found her boyfriend.

Seb was playing with the twins, crawling around with them clinging to his back. He was using his
powers to keep them balanced. "Wanda! You won't believe what that jerk of Stanley did today!"
He crawled towards her with the twins squealing on his back. "Dada fas!" Zoe squealed and pulled
at Seb's soft hair.

"Derk!" Zully exclaimed, telling mommy about the new word they learned today. Wanda glared at
her boyfriend and he laughed sheepishly. "Hey, hehe, where did she learn that from…” Wanda lost
her glare when she realized what that phone call she'd gotten was about. She had to cover her
mouth to keep from laughing. Oh Stanley you devious little- she would need to send him a thank
you gift for helping Seb out. At least Seb accepted HIS help.

Seb excitedly told her the place was his as soon as he took the twins to play with Fez's kids. He
stood up, the babies shrieked, holding onto daddy when the magic kept them on his back
horizontally, and kissed Wanda. "I'm going to have my stooree!" Seb squealed. Wanda hugged him
back, so proud of him. "I'm so glad, baby! You'll do amazing!"

"DADA!" Zully screamed, tired of floating upside down. Seb looked up at them and laughed.
"Sorry, baby. There you go!" He passed the babies to Wanda and stretched. "Well, I'm going to
serve dinner~! And then I'll buy the plane tickets!" The blonde snuggled the twins to herself and
watched Seb go into the kitchen. "What's dinner going to be?" Wanda asked. Zoe shrugged. Zully
and she didn't eat the same things mommy and daddy ate.
"You know what it is! You've been asking for it since last week!" Seb called and Wanda's green eyes lit up. Salmon with spaghetti al pesto?! FINALLY! "You know you have the best daddy in the world~?" Wanda tickled the twins, who squealed with laughter, before putting them down. Wanda took off her suit jacket and sighed softly. Truly the best...He didn't deserve what happened...They didn't deserve what happened. Her scowl deepened. Stupid Stanford! He had never been good to Sebastian, and he tried to hurt her children! He better not show his face ever again or the one getting hit with a baseball bat would be HIM!

The woman massaged her temples as she took a deep breath. No, nope. Hitting him back was not the answer...Seb still loved his brother, he might not want to see or talk to him yet (it'd been a couple of months since December), but he was still willing to help him. Wanda just couldn't understand. Yes, Junior was her (step) brother and they loved each other, but she'd never talk to him again if he tried to do anything to the twins. Maybe she didn't understand, they weren't triplets after all, and twins and triplets seemed to have a different connection between them...

Seb had talked to Stanley before (she loved Stanley so much, HE was a good brother, not like Stanford!) and both she and Seb now knew Ford was getting some damn help for his PROBLEMS! But he was just starting therapy, and knowing that self-centered man, he would drop it because he only cared about himself! He wasn't like Seb, he would think he was perfect and EVERYONE around him was wrong, so he'll never try to be better and improve himself. Wanda was fuming now. Stupid Ford. Seb was too nice. He asked her to understand his brother, but she just couldn't, not right now at least, she wasn't ready to forgive him, even if Seb already did.

"Wanda, if you don't come, I'll feed the twins your food!" She heard Seb call and she snapped out of her thoughts. "Coming!" She walked to the kitchen and caught Zoe before she ran away. Seb had been trying to put them in their high chairs. "Gotcha!" The blonde laughed and Zoe narrowed her heterochromatic eyes at her. Betrayal!

Wanda sat down, and distractedly watched Seb feed the twins. He was wearing an apron so his clothes were protected from the oncoming flying food. She loved too much. She only wanted him to be happy and...she didn't think being with his older brother made him happy...She had talked to Linda, and the therapist had told her what she already knew: Stanford also needed help, Seb had the right to give him a second chance, and she said it had to be Seb's decision when he was ready to see his brother. However, she still recommended to give it some time, until both brothers felt and WERE safe.

"Wanda! Can you help me? Zoe is trying to escape again!" Wanda blinked and noticed Seb was struggling to keep the two babies on their chairs. "Oops, sorry baby, I got distracted..." Wanda held Zoe and strapped the seatbelt on before grabbing her daughter's plate of food. Zoe looked at her plate and whined, pointing at it. "Ah-Ah! Boh-ee!" Their plates had drawings of bunnies on the bottom, and the twins liked to see them. "You will see the bunny if you finish your food." Wanda explained and gave her a spoonful of food.

Zoe pouted but still opened her mouth for her food. The sooner she ate, the sooner she could stare at the bunnies. Zully was obediently eating their dinner. "Ah~" Zully said, closing their eyes as they opened their mouth. It was a very cute quirk. Wanda was almost sad that Zully would grow out of it as they got older. Still, Wanda snapped a photo and recorded the moment. It was so adorable.

"So, do you have everything for the store?" Wanda asked Seb, as he fed both Zully and himself. "Yes~! I have everything planned! I even made a list! Like some nerd! I think Si-um- Pinetree would be proud." Sebastian corrected himself with a sad smile.
Wanda smile a little. "I bet he would. He's a very organized boy." Seb ate some of Zully's food and gave some spaghetti to Zully by mistake, the baby didn't complain though. "Yup! I'm more organized too!" Seb said proudly. Wanda rolled her eyes. "So, I'm still taking commission work for personalized dresses or suits, because I love the challenge! But NATURELLEMENT, ma cherie, I want people to see my designs!"

"Natu-eh-naturally." Wanda nodded. She didn't realize Seb could speak french, it was kind of hot.

"So...I talked to a teacher from the school I took that intensive course, right? I liked him, he was pretty nice, he even asked me why I never participated in the contest, so I explained what had happened and he said he could connect me with a friend of his who works in a fashion house who is always accepting collections from designers and well~SHABAM!"

Seb pulled out his phone and Wanda read the message carefully. Her eyes went wide. "Really!?! They bought them?! All of them?!" The brunet laughed excitedly and nodded, making the twins squeal and clap. Daddy was happy!

Wanda laughed and hugged Sebastian as tight as she could. "Wha-When did this happen?! Why didn't you tell me?! Were those drawings you were making for them?!" Seb nodded. "I made a contract months ago to work for them for half a year, it finishes when their spring-summer collection comes up! We made a deal though! They would add my name on the collection, because the designs are solely mine-and, well, that's supposed to draw attention to me…"

"Dada!" Zully squealed and Zoe threw some rice into the air in celebration. Wanda was grinning as wide as she could. She was so happy! "You have to start telling me things!" She complained. "This is amazing, Sebastian!" The former demon blushed bright red, but he was still grinning, very proud of himself. He blushed even more when Wanda pulled him close for a kiss.

"So what else is on your very organized list?" Wanda giggled. Seb blinked and grinned. "Well...um, find a team to work with making the clothes...Be-Because I can't make all of them, right? And I'll be a good boss! Like in Gravity Falls, and then I can sell them! And then become famous selling my clothes to famous people, in fashion shows and beauty contests!"

Wanda grinned. She was so glad Seb had everything prepared. She would be there with him for every single step on his list. She laughed when Seb realized he had been eating Zully's food and the baby was happily munching on his salmon. "HEY!"

They bathed the babies together, carefully brushed their little pointy teeth, before putting them to bed. Zoe hugged one of her plushies as Zully suckled on their yellow blanket. The parents stared at them breathing in and out peacefully, they were just so proud of the little beings they created... The two carefully left the twins' room and went to their own.

Wanda sat down on the bed as Seb spread open like a starfish. He put Markimoo (the giraffe he seriously kept for himself), on his face and sighed happily. Today was a great day. "So, will you come with me to visit Stan and his fam?" He asked and Wanda leaned down and lifted the stuffed animal off from his face to look at him in the eye. "I don't think I can, sweetie…” She sighed. "I've got a case coming up. I'm going to be at court for a few weeks. Sorry."

Seb pouted sadly and Wanda bit her lip. "Oh no, please~ I'm sorry~" She stroked his chin softly. "I wish I could go…" Seb sighed dramatically and shifted to lay down on her, his head comfortably nested on her chest. "It's ok~ I'll handle the two beasts on my own then~" He sighed loudly again but a smirk betrayed him. Wanda laughed. "Stop iiitt! I'll go next time ok? I always try to make time when you want to see your family…” She said softly. It was true, they spent a lot of time with his family and she didn't complain because Seb loved his family.
The brunet hummed and snuggled closer, nudging her hand so Wanda knew he wanted her to stroke his hair. "Maybe... Maybe we could... just spend more time with your family too..." He bit his lip a little too hard. He stopped as soon as he tasted blood though. "I would like to see my niblings but... I'll feel weird and sad if I see Ford, and I don't want the twins near him just yet..." Stan did say to give it some time and space. "-but seeing everyone except him will feel more wrong, and I still feel weird after 'monstering myself' in front of everybody... so just not seeing them will be like taking a small break right?"

Wanda nodded slowly. It wasn't fair he had to avoid his entire family, but if he preferred not seeing everyone until he felt comfortable, then she would support it. Besides, she didn't care how they were avoiding the dickhead, avoiding him in general was great enough. "Alright, spending time with my family could be nice too." Less fun, sure, but still nice. "And my twin cousins have been dying to see you~"

Seb laughed. "Oh man, I still remember making those Disney dresses for them." Wanda giggled. "They still own them! Sure, they don't fit anymore, but they kept them!" "Noo! Really?!!" Seb gasped. "You're lying!"

"Nopey! I'll tell them to send a picture!" Wanda challenged and Seb laughed. "Maybe I should make the twins some... What Disney princess should they be~? I'm sure Mabel would love if they were Elsa and Anna!" Seb chuckled. "Is she still obsessed with that movie?" Wanda asked surprised and Seb nodded. "From what I know, you can't escape from Freezer's clutches... It's almost like you can't..."

"Don't you dare-" Wanda deadpanned as Seb leaned closer and whispered in her ear. "...Let it go..."

"Oh my god! Just change your clothes! I wanna sleep!" She laughed and smacked him with a pillow. Seb whined as Wanda rolled him over and laid down, stealing the blankets. "Well! I think I'm just gonna sleep in my clothes then!" Seb started to say before Wanda nudged him with a foot. "Don't you dare!"

"Fine~" Seb rolled his eye before he unbuttoned his shirt and slipped it off. Wanda raised her eyebrows when Seb didn't put on his pajamas. Seb kicked off his pants and crawled under the blankets with her. Wanda whined, "No fair! I'm too tired to take advantage of you right nooooow~" She tried to reach Seb, but her arm just flopped lazily onto the pillow.

"Mwahahaha! Just as I planned, you vile woman!" Seb cheered as he snuggled up against Wanda's side. The blonde woman grumbled in annoyance, though she couldn't hide the smile. "Oh, you'll see tomorrow how vile can I be~" Seb gulped. "Goodnight!" Wanda said far too cheerfully.

And now the former demon was scared.

-.-

"My everything hurts..." Seb complained as he checked he had packed all the twins' things. (Where did Wanda even get that 'toy' from?) Wanda was serious about being vile. She had been vile for two days straight. And somehow he agreed to being manhandled like a toy!?! Stupid human brain! (He whined the whole time but he did enjoy it, Wanda always knew the right spots to hit to make Seb scream.)

He had called Stanley to ask about when he had to go over, and Stan said he could come at anytime, so he had bought the tickets as soon as possible (he had to buy two. One for him, and one for one of the twins' car seat. Travelling alone was always a mess). He wanted the deed NOW! He
couldn't wait!

The twins were watching him from their crib, jumping. They were babbling some things he
couldn't understand right now. They surely spoke a lot for almost 2 years old. It was amazing,
Wanda and he could understand most of the words they said when they pronounced them half
right. "Your mom is very mean to daddy…” He sighed and groaned again, rubbing his butt. This
was his own fault for letting her know he didn't mind being ravished from behind. "Well, we have
to be at the airport in a few hours, so we better get going." Wanda was in the kitchen packing the
babies' food. She said she would stay until he had to go. She wouldn't go to the airport because the
twins might start crying if they had to see their mommy leave. They were used to mommy leaving
to go to work, but every other time they went to the airport was a group trip.

So Wanda kissed her babies and Seb when the time came and promised to try and get her court
case done as quickly as she could. Seb told her to take as much time as she needed to WIN. Wanda
chuckled. "It doesn't work like that." But the couple hugged each other tightly before saying their
farewells for now.

The twins were getting used to planes. The noises were still somewhat scary, and wearing earbuds
was very annoying, but they were with daddy and daddy made everything better. Zoe was in his
arms at the moment and Zully was sitting on the car seat (the other passengers cooed at them). She
looked up at dad, who was trying to draw, and then back at Zully. She wanted the carseat.

Zoe started whimpering and pulled at Zully's arm, trying to tug her twin out of the seat so she could
get it. "AAAHH!" Zully whimpered in distress, not knowing how to stop their twin, and Sebastian
groaned. "No, please, stop, you were actually behaving!" He exchanged the twins and Zoe stopped
whining for a few minutes, until she realized being in daddy's arms was warmer. "AAHH!
DADA!" She sobbed. "Oh, come. on! You brat!" Seb sighed. Zoe was very needy. Zully was the
good child, quietly sitting with their yellow blanket.

Luckily for Seb, the flight was not long and they arrived in no time. The twins were given some
lollipops so they'd stay quiet and they refused to take them out of their mouths, even when they
were drooling everywhere. Seb grimaced. Should have thought this would happen…

He expertly carried the twins on his back and chest, earning more coos from people around him,
found his luggage and pulled out his phone. Was he supposed to wait for Stan or take a taxi to his
place? URGH! Should have planned ahead! When he was about to call Stan, a man in a black suit
and black glasses approached. "Yes?" Seb asked, a little suspicious and wary.

"Can you cover your eyepatch for a second, sir?" The man with the suit asked. Seb and the twins
sent him very confused looks. Seb slowly covered his eyepatch with his hand and the man nodded
in approval. "Mr. Pines' brother, correct?"

"...We're identical triplets." Seb deadpanned. What a dumbass.

"Forgive me. The eyepatch is distracting. Follow me. I'll take you to Mr. Pines' house."

"Oh--An escort? Fancy." Seb knew Stanley was kinda rich, but he hadn't expected an escort! How
much were professional athletes paid anyway? And plus his company! Stanley ran StanCo as well!
Damn!

The car was in the parking lot, not a fancy limo like Seb would have liked! But still pretty nice and
big. The man took his stuff, put them in the trunk, and opened the door for them. Seb laughed. This
was so cool. He only brought one car seat, but there was another one in the car. Damn, Fez did
plan everything! Seb leaned closer to the man. " Are you a butler?"
"No sir. Just the driver. I take Dillon wherever he needs." Seb nodded. "Ooohh~ You must be the one who brought him to my house back when Carla was pregnant, right?!" He asked. "Correct."
The driver smiled just a little bit. He didn't question where the kid wanted to go, he just drove, that was his job. And he got a very nice pay after Stanley and Carla realized Dillon was gone. Big pay and a few weeks free after the kid was grounded. That was the best two weeks of his life.

They arrived at Stan's house and the twins squealed to get out. Now that he thought about it… They never held family meetings here! He had NEVER seen Stan's house! When they came for Diego's birth they stayed at a hotel and for Diego's first birthday, it was done at a rented local. Seb gasped softly and flinched. Wow, he guessed it made sense why Stan had to make a DEAL for him to visit him…

Seb carried the twins in his arms as he stepped out and his jaw dropped. One of those fancy apartments- the ones with those huge penthouse suites! Seb looked up and up. This was a very tall building. And… didn't Stan say that he actually owned several houses? Like, there was the fancy apartment, and a smaller and more homely looking place where Kari was living?

Seb shook his head and strode inside. The lobby of the building was very nice, clean carpet, a fountain- Seb whistled. Now he almost wanted to talk to Wanda about moving out of their little apartment and getting a nice place too! The twins were staring around at everything with a chorus of "Ooh~!" while Seb looked around to try and figure out how to actually get to his brother's place.

"This way sir." The driver told Seb as he walked by, carrying Seb's bags. Seb nodded dumbly and followed him to a fancy windowed elevator. Seb and the twins pressed their faces against the glass as they watched the ground fall away and were treated to a wonderful view of the city as they ascended high above the other buildings. Seb whistled as they finally got to the top floor. Holy shit Fez! Seb was grinning so wide his cheeks hurt. He was so proud of his brother!

"Here we are~" The driver was cut off by a blur running up and glomping Seb. "UNCLE SEB!"
Dillon squealed. "Dude!" The teenager grinned. "You finally get to see our new house!" He bounced excitedly. Seb blinked. "New house?" There was another one before? He couldn't remember.

"Well, yeah. I lived with mom and granny Kari in the other house, but dad bought this place last year." Dillon shrugged and Seb's eye narrowed a bit. OH! RIGHT! Was his brain getting damaged? Was he forgetting stuff? Was he getting OLD?! He hoped he was just too amazed by everything to think straight. "It's pretty damn cool, being rich, but I kinda miss being able to just run outside and down the street to buy ice cream." Dillon pouted. "Now I have to take an elevator down."

Seb was about to respond sarcastically but he heard Stan's voice laughing. "That's why I got that ice cream machine! Now we can get ice cream WHENEVER we want!" Seb turned to see his brother. Stan grinned and hugged his younger triplet. "Seb! Good to see you finally coming to visit me!" Stan pulled back to ruffle Seb's hair. "You should have made a deal with me before! This is so cool!" Seb squealed, single eye sparkling as he looked around the super nice penthouse suite.

Dillon grabbed his little cousins and snuggled. "Hello, dear ladies~ Do you want to play with Diego?" "Ego!" Zully clapped and Dillon ran away with the twins.

"Why didn't you ever offer YOUR place for family gatherings? This place is HUGE!" Seb playfully punched his muscled arm. Stan barely felt it. "Uh, you never asked? And the kids like the town." Seb nodded. True, very true. Damn Ford for having the best place to meet up. Everyone liked Gravity Falls!

"So, you said you have an ice cream machine?" Seb asked, bouncing in place. Stan's own grin
matched his brother's. "We can mix our own flavors by putting stuff in one of the compartments! But if Carla asks, it was Dillon! I already ate too much!" Stan squealed. The two man-children ran off to the kitchen, laughing maniacally to begin shoving random shit from the fridge and cupboards into the machine while chanting "Pines! Pines! Pines!"

"Dad! You better not fuck around with the machine or I'll tell mom!" Dillon called from down the hall.

"YOU SNITCH! I bought this thing! IT'S MINE!" Stan called back at his own flesh and blood and Dillon stuck his tongue out. He looked up at Seb as he poured a lot of sugar into the machine. "Wanda had work, huh?"

"Yeah, she said she had to beat ass in court." Seb sighed. "I wish she could come, I bet she would have loved to see this!" Stan put some random fruits in their creation. "That sucks, but good luck to her. Carla is also working, I should be, but I took a day off to say hi to you and the girls!"

Seb laughed and smiled at his brother. "Thanks for inviting us...and for letting me use your expensive ice cream machine." Stan ruffled his hair. "Don't worry about it, let's just EAT!" He pressed the button and the machine began to churn. "Dillon won't tell Carla about this will he?"

Seb asked with a grin and his older triplet snorted. "He's all bark and no bite! I let him skip school! He won't snitch if he knows what's good for him."

"Evil but fair. I like that!" Seb nodded sagely.

The two excited brothers prepared very delicious, sweet ice creams, decorated them with all kinds of fruits and chocolate before remembering about their babies. "Let me guess. Does Diego have a TV of his own with his own video games too?" Seb licked his ice cream. "Sebastian. He's a baby. It would be a waste of money to give him those things." Stan rolled his eyes and bit his cone. What a silly thought.

"Uncle Seb! Zoe is biting me! She wants to eat mee!" They heard Dillon's cries for help. They took their sweet time to eat their sugar explosion of an ice cream before looking for him and the babies.

They were pretty much assholes~

"Alright, kid~ There you go~ Another bandaid!" Seb put the bear shaped bandaid on Dillon's unimpressed face. "Uncle Seb, your kids tried to kill me! And made Diego JOIN!" He glared at his brother, now acting all innocent and making a block tower with the twins. "The twins wouldn't want to kill you, the most they can do is try to bite you, that's all." Seb said, as if that was more reassuring. He did hug his oldest nephew though, and the teen snuggled against him. Much better...

They were now watching the twins and Diego in the living room. Dillon had been attacked in the playroom (where he took the babies with very good intentions so they could play together) but everything went out of hand and the triplets found him drowning in the ball bit, with the babies throwing balls at him and trying to sit on him.

"Zoe is a terrible influence on the other babies." Dillon pouted. Zoe looked up at the mention of her name and waved a hand, "Dion! Hiiii!" She kicked her little legs, an innocent smile on her face. Dillon pouted. "You can't fool me! You're gonna be a man killer when you grow up!" Stan laughed and patted Dillon's head. "Maybe if you had gone to school, you wouldn't have been attacked." Dillon grumbled. True, but he wanted to see his uncle...and he liked to complain.

Seb stroked Diego's little head. "You have a very cool playroom, kiddo~ How lucky~" He picked
up his youngest nephew and kissed his forehead. Diego blinked at Seb. He was confused. Was that Dad? Why does dad wear that thing on his face sometimes? "Bah?" He asked, confused, but Seb didn't understand and continued snuggling him. Poor Diego was confused about the people in his life that looked just like his dad. He'll eventually learn though.

"Do you want to order food? Carla left us to starve." Stan asked his brother as he rolled a ball at Zully, who squealed and ran after it before bringing it back. The twins knew the difference between Dad, Isher and Tan, unlike their younger cousin. It was so obvious! Tan didn't have thingies on his face while Isher did! And Isher's hands were bigger to hold onto them.

"Don't you have like thousands of chefs to make your food?" Seb asked and Dillon laughed. "Nah, that's silly. I like makin' my own food." Stan shrugged. He'd gotten used to cooking to keep himself and Sixer alive on the other side of the portal. And Carla liked cooking together with him, whenever Stan wasn't pretending he couldn't cook at least.

"I can cook if you want?" Seb offered but Stan shook his head. "What? No, you're a guest! I'll order. Dillon, get your brother his milk and baby food."

Seb watched his brother stood up to order some food and Dillon groaned, stretched and went to the kitchen. This was nice. Spending time with Stan was always nice, and in a cool house? Even nicer! Then he stopped. "Hey, Dillon! Where's my Ma? Does she live here?"

"Not exactly here, she lives in another apartment because she likes to feel independent." Even
though she always came to babysit them. "I think she must be watching her soap operas right now?" The teen smirked with a shrug. Seb nodded. Huh, she didn't know they were supposed to come? They've been here for a few hours now… "Can I go see her? Or-or will she come over later? Or?" He hoped she wasn't too scared from seeing him transform. Seb winced at the realization that he hadn't called his mom in a while.

Dillon shrugged helplessly. "Hey dad! Will granny Kari come say hi to uncle Seb and the girls?"

"Oh fuck!" Stan winced. "No, not you, ma'am, give me a second." Stan apologized to the person on the phone. He looked at his brother and son. "I totally forgot to tell her you were coming, you can go with Dillon and tell her!" He'll order food for her too.

Seb tilted his head. "Ah… so I need to go all the way back downstairs… with the twins?" Because Seb wasn't… it wasn't like he didn't trust Stan, but that last time he'd left the twins alone while he wasn't nearby… Stan seemed to pick up on that too and winced. "Actually, you know what? Better idea. We'll go to Ma's place to eat. I'll just have the delivery guy head to her place with the food."

So Stan got Diego into his little baby hammock while Seb got the twins hooked up as well, and they (plus Dillon) all headed downstairs to head over to Kari's apartment.

Stan knocked on the door and grabbed Diego's little hand so he could try knocking as well. "Hey Ma! I have a present for you!" "Graaany Kaaaaaaarriiiiiii!" Dillon screamed and Seb and the twins shared a look.

"Ugh! Stan Pines! Can't I have a moment of peace without you screaming at the door?" The door was opened and the babies, Dillon and the triplets screamed. Their mom was wearing an orange face mask, a robe and a white towel on her head.

"Sebastian! Baby!" Kari gasped, ignoring everyone's shocked expressions. "When did you come? Why didn't you tell me?" She pulled Seb and the twins into a hug. "Hi Ma, Stanley was supposed to but he forgot."

Kari shook her head at Stan who flinched a bit. "No, of course I didn't forget!" He lied. "It was a surprise~" The middle triplet grinned. "I brought your sons and granddaughters to eat with you! It's Chinese food." The old woman laughed and let them in. "Dillon dear, shouldn't you be at school?" Kari asked as Dillon freed Diego from his hammock. "Dillon dear, shouldn't you be at school?" He lied.

Seb shook his head. Entire family of liars! He hoped little Diego turned out better than those disgraces. Dillon looked at his grandma. "Hey Granny Kari, why are you wearing that monster mask?"

"It's not a monster mask, you uncultured kid!" Seb laughed. "Is that a...moisturizing mask, Ma? Those are nice, have you tried the clay mask? Those hydrate and removes excess oil, plus contain vitamins and minerals that are good for the skin~" Stan and Dillon looked at Seb with a weird look.

"What? I like taking care of my skin! It's the only one I have, you know?" He rubbed his soft cheek. Stan laughed as he walked into the kitchen to get some plates and glasses for when the food was ready. "Hahaha! You've always liked girly stuff, huh?"

Seb shrugged as he handed the still wary twins to their squealing grandma. "I still don't understand why stuff is divided by girls-boys. Doesn't make much sense to me. Pants are pants. They cover your legs, but why do people go through the extra effort of making women's pants pockets smaller or outright fake? Makes no freakin' sense."
"Well, I guess?" Stan shrugged too. "I haven't seen someone straight liking those things though, but you like it, so I'm totally fine with it!" He reassured his brother with a pat on his back.

Seb was going to tell Stan that he definitely wasn't straight, but mom was here and he didn't want trouble just yet.

Dillon rubbed his neck. Why didn't Uncle Seb tell Dad he wasn't straight? The twins told him he wasn't. "Yeah...but not every....homosexual likes...uh...girl things, right?" Dillon laughed awkwardly, much like Dipper would do.

"No, of course not." Seb replied, much to Dillon's disappointment, he wanted to hear his Dad defend it.

"Yeah, but who cares? Why did we even started talking about gays?" The man nudged Dillon and the teen looked up quickly with a nervous grin. "Haha...yeah...gays...funny..."

"Can you bring you brother's food? I think we left it back at the house." Stan asked. The teen sighed and looked down. "Ok..." more damn elevator rides. Uuugh. He walked towards the door and Seb, mistaking Dillon's sad expression to be from being ordered around, nudged Stan and narrowed his brown eye.

The older triplet sighed and called. "Please...and Thanks, kid!" Dillon smiled a bit and left. Seb nodded satisfied at his brother. "Still can't say them huh? Ya heard that, Ma?! Stan didn't say please until I reminded him!" Seb snitched on his brother.

"Oh I heard him! He never learned, that boy!" Kari called from one of the rooms, she had left, and Seb smirked at Stan's annoyed huff. "Well, I have to admit Fez, that I wasn't saying it for a while either, Mabel accused me of being a bad boss." Sebastian laughed. That was fun, just until it wasn't. His smile was replaced by a frown.

The twins were placed on the carpet with Diego so they could play, and the three babies sighed in relief when they saw Granny Kari come back and she was back to normal, she had washed her face and combed her hair, so she didn't look scawy anymore. The little cousins played for a while before Diego started getting fussy. He wanted food. He whined loudly and threw him cube away, making the blond twins jump and share a very funny shocked look. Zoe then burst out laughing. That was fun! She threw a cube too just for the heck of it!

"Foo?" Zully asked Diego, pointing at their mouth, and their younger cousin nodded grumpily. Oh well, he just wanted food! Why didn't he say so? When they or Zoe wanted food, they just told Daddy. "Dada!" Zully called their dad who was sitting on the couch, talking to Granny Kari. "Dada, mik! Dada, foo!" The baby insisted but Daddy wasn't paying attention. Hmph! They could see why Diego resorted to violence.

Zoe rolled her eyes, talking didn't always solve problems, sometimes they needed to use violence! She grabbed Diego's hand to pull him to his feet, so they could go all together and demand food, but Diego didn't like walking yet, he preferred crawling despite knowing how to walk, and he didn't appreciate having Zoe pulling at his hand. "Ahh!" He whined.

While the babies went through a hunger crisis, Seb was talking to Kari. Dillon and Stan were already preparing Diego's food. "Are you sure you won't feed the twins yet?" Stan asked, slightly fearing what those little critters might do if they had to wait so much. "Yes." Was Seb's answer. "They eat regular food at home." They preferred it much better than their baby food mixed up with milk, ate more and the best of all, it didn't gross out Seb.
"So, how have you been these months? I've been so worried after...what happened." Kari asked her second youngest, and Seb looked down. "Well, ok, I guess? I've been thinking and you know, putting my messed up mind in order." The man held his mom's hand and rubbed it with a thumb. "Sorry for worrying you, I just needed time and, also... I was worried you were scared of me after I showed my monster form..."

Kari sighed and held Seb's perfectly manicured hands into her equally well-kept hands. "Well, it did scare me, I didn't know you could do...that!" She exclaimed and Seb grinned softly. "That only happens when I'm very very pissed off, I don't usually transform like that."

Kari stroked his curls. "So...that's from your...past...life...right?" She still had trouble believing all this. But she trusted her baby, and the evidence was just in front of her. "Yes, though it's adapted to a human body, my previous monster form was way worse...You seem to have accepted weirdness and supernatural pretty well, Mom." Seb raised an eyebrow at her. She got scared, sure, it WAS scary, but she didn't faint, or panic or reacted any more than a normal person would do if they discovered magic and weirdness was real. Kari rolled her eyes. "Well, my older sons were lost behind a portal to another dimension for 13 years, my son used to be a demon, who has powers and now my granddaughters have powers as well, I think I have experience in this field." She deadpanned. Seb laughed.

"Speaking of..." Kari looked directly at Sebs eye. "Have you talked to your brother?"

"...which one? I have 3." Seb tried to joke but his mom's look made him lose his smirk. "Oh, you mean him...No...have you?"

"No...not since that day..." It wasn't as if she talked with Ford anytime other than during their family gatherings anyway… that boy never called! "But I know he's getting help after what he did." Kari felt so bad for that. Her grandbaby almost got hurt by her own SON! And she felt so conflicted. She was so angry but she felt so sad as well, knowing Stanford was so unwell that he almost did that!

"Why do you ask though?" Seb asked. "Do you want me to talk to him?"

Kari shook her head. "No, Sebas, I don't want you to do anything. You will talk to him when you consider it appropriate, you're grown up already and I know you can make your own decisions concerning you and your kids' well being." Kari chuckled and poked Seb's cheek. The brunet laughed and hugged his mom. "Haha! Moomoo~"

Mother and son had to break apart from the hug though when they noticed the babies were screaming. Zoe was pulling and shaking Diego's arm while Zully watched, unsure of what to do, and the poor smaller baby was trying to resist the treatment, but because he couldn't, he grabbed Zoe's foot with a free hand and the blonde girl screamed as she fell.

"Hey! Hey! What's going on here?!" Seb scolded, separating Diego and Zoe who were now pulling at each other's hair. Zully awkwardly toddled towards their grandmother. Diego looked up at Seb and sobbed. "Dada!" He whimpered, raising his arms. Zoe gasped offended when Seb picked him up to rock him. "No, no Dada! Mine!" she kicked her feet. That was HER dad! Not HIS!

"Why were you hurting your cousin, Zoe?" Seb scolded his youngest, but the difference was that Zoe could understand him better now than the previous times he tried reasoning with them. "I already told you we don't hurt...family..." Seb trailed off and stayed silent. Kari came in to help. "Zoe, don't do that to your cousin again, it's not good, you might hurt him." She said patiently. She'd had to get Sebastian to play less roughly as a child too.
"Ouchie?" The little girl asked, tilting her head, and Kari nodded. "Yes, ouchie." Zoe pursed her lips. But she was only trying to help him! "Bu-bu Ego, Ego wy-" She pointed at her mouth and then at her tummy. "Ah-ah he up! To-to di Dada! Ah-ah Ego thwo! Bu-bu he no!" Zoe knew the meaning of throw, it was always said to her, but couldn't really pronounce it. She nodded satisfied after delivering her message. Diego had been hungry, so she told Diego to stand up to tell her dad instead of throwing stuff! He refused to stand up though, she was FORCED to do that.

Kari nodded with a smile. "Alright, Zoe, but it can't happen again." Seb managed to calm Diego and asked. "You understood that?"

"Not a single word." Kari said. "But she babbles a lot, I wouldn't be surprised if they start talking earlier than normal." Kari rolled her eyes. "Besides, I think I can get the gist of what she's saying anyway."

Seb nodded. The Pediatric doctors told him and Wanda the same thing. "Wait. You didn't understand? So you didn't understand me either at that age?" He frowned when Kari shook her head laughing. "Of course not, Sebas, I could start understanding you when you were closer to 3, to be honest."

Seb gasped softly. So he wasn't understandable at 1?! Did he really sound like his kids?! He lived a LIE! He glanced down at his nephew, suckling his fist, and he grimaced. Wow, he must have been more pathetic than he remembered...

Luckily for Diego and the twins, Stan finished making his baby's food, and the ordered food arrived, so everyone sat down to have some well deserved dinner. Carla found them dining in Kari's place and happily greeted Seb and the twins, she was glad the three were ok after the event.

Seb rolled his eye when Stan kissed Carla and he looked at the twins who were smacking their rice with their little fists. "Rubbing your happiness in our faces, huh?" Carla laughed and joined them for lunch as she told everyone about her day. After everyone finished eating, they went out to the park together.

The twins were holding onto Seb's hands as they toddled along. Seb had to bend down a little because they were still so small. "Ego pway too?" Zully asked as they pointed up to where Diego was cradled in his mother's arms instead of walking by himself. Seb blinked before he managed to guess what Zully was trying to ask. "Yeah, we're all going out to play at the park."

Zully's eyes lit up. "Pak! Pak!" they cheered while Zoe joined in, "PAK! PAK!" the two toddlers chanted "Pak! Pak!" as they skipped merrily down the street, hanging off Seb's hands as they bounced.

"Hey, Zoe, do you want to walk with me?" Dillon offered a hand and smiled, but the baby pouted and snuggled closer to Seb. "No!" she said firmly. "What? Why not?" Dillon pouted as well and Zoe avoided looking at him. "Dun wanna!" Seb nudged Zoe a little. "Come on, Zoe, your cousin hasn't seen you in a while, he just wants to spend time with you!"

"No touch!" Zoe whined when Dillon tried taking her free hand and the teen backed up, scared of being bitten. "Alright, alright, geez! I didn't want to anyway!" He whined and stuck his tongue out.

Stan laughed. "Oof! Gotta work on talking with the ladies, huh? You don't want a girl rejecting you like that when you get your eye on one, eh!" Stan joked as he nudged his son.

Dillon stared silently before nodding. Carla's eyes widened a little and looked away, awkward. She sighed. Why didn't Dillon just tell his father? She knew that her darling Stanny would never reject
Dillon, not for something so simple, not for anything, really.

The twins freed themselves from Seb's hands and ran into the wilderness of the park, squealing loudly, running even faster when they heard Daddy shouting for them. "Wait! Stop running off you two!" Carla put Diego on his feet and the baby stayed still, leaning against her legs. "Come on, Diego, walk!" Stan poked his belly.

"No." Diego sat down, petulantly. Stan lifted him up like a pillow and caught up to Seb, who managed to catch his critters and was taking them to the slides. Dillon leaned against his mom and pouted. "It hurts when he says that." Carla stroked his hair. "If you just told him, baby, he would know and he'd stop." Dillon shook his head and joined his Dad and Uncle. No, not yet, he wasn't ready.

"Seriously you two, you're gonna give me a heart attack if you keep doing that." Seb scolded the twins as he helped them climb up the slide. Zoe blew a raspberry at him while Zully looked a little chastised. Seb sighed. These two were going to be the death of him. Zoe whined and pointed at the slide so Seb lifted her up to place her back at the top of the slide. Zully had wandered off and was poking around a bush. Dillon walked over to squat next to his cousin. "What cha looking for?" he asked as Zully kept pulling and spreading the leaves apart.

"..." Zully was frowning as they pulled at the bush. There was nothing here. Zully huffed. Maybe a different bush. Bushes had stuff in them! They should! Why else would they have all those leaves covering up the inside? Dillon watched with amusement as Zully toddled off to begin inspecting another bush. "Are you looking for birds?" the teenager asked. Zully pouted. "Dunno." They rustled the bush and squeaked when a squirrel ran out and scampered up a nearby tree. Dillon laughed. "Hey, looks like you found something."

Zoe had gotten bored of the slide by then and was running over to pull on her twin's arm. "Pway!" she insisted as she pulled Zully over to the sandbox where Diego was picking up handfuls of sand to throw around.

Zully looked at the bush one more time and huffed in defeat. They held Dillon's hand (much to his joy for being accepted by at least one of his cousins), and the two walked over to the sandbox where Zoe was already trying to make a castle to later destroy it.

The three adults sat down on a bench. They forced Dillon to go inside the sandbox as well, Stan just had to grin at his son and nod at Carla's direction. Wouldn't want Carla to know her son didn't go to school today~

Dillon had realized his dad could be a dick sometimes. He sucked it up though, and knelt on the sand, allowing Diego to throw sand at him. Mabel and Dipper were lucky they didn't have little siblings…

"So~ Did you give Seb the papers already?" Carla asked Stan, who laughed when Seb scoffed. "No, he'll hold me captive for a week before that." Stan patted his curls. "You can't blame me for wanting to spend time with my bro!" And if some of this was motivated by Stan being worried about his brother and not wanting to outright say so, well… no one had to know.

"At least I know Wanda will try to come as well, so my imprisonment is not suffered alone~" Seb dramatically put a hand over his forehead. The couple rolled their eyes.

Dillon coughed some sand and sobbed. He hated being a babysitter. At least when he was with the brunet twins everything was much easier. The teen pulled out his phone to inform people in his social media about how bored he was. He took a selfie with the babies, then another photo of them
playing and a last photo of the park he titled 'im being a slave'. However, in the last photo, he squinted his eyes when he noticed something weird. There was some kind of...flash on the photo?

He looked around and, having grown up with this sort of thing, easily found the woman with a camera hiding behind a tree. "Daaaaaad~" Dillon groaned. "There's another one!" He had paparazzi following his mom around for being an actress. And then with his dad being the 'disappeared and reappeared sports star' he had to deal with even MORE of them! Stan turned to look around and scowled. Again? Uuugh! "Don't you people get bored?" the man got up and walked over, shaking his fist and making the woman squeak and run away.

Stan made a quick search to see if there were any more stalkers around before going back to the bench with his family. Seb tilted his head. "So… this is a common occurrence?" Stan rolled his eyes. "Yeah pretty much. Ford actually had some following him around too, but after his paranoid ass judo-flipped one, they stopped bothering him. Though that could also be because poindexter never leaves his lab."

As they talked, the woman snuck back and hid behind a different tree. She was listening closely, forgoing any photos this time, since she didn't want to get caught again. She stayed low to the ground and quiet as they chatted.

"So Sebastian's finally opening his own shop? That's wonderful." Kari sighed happily, leaning on her son's chest. Seb blushed. "Well, it's... yeah. I'm getting a shop, but I'm also... kinda... starting my own fashion line, and that's kinda like a company. Fez has been helping me with the business side of things."

Stan nodded. "I'm only giving pointers. Seb's doing all the real work." "Not true!" "Yes true!"

The spying woman hummed with interest. So the third triplet was doing something. A fashion designer? That was nice! And Stanley was helping him! That's so cute and the public would LOVE it- Romantic Love, fights and family love are so profitable nowadays~ ESPECIALLY the Pines triplets, because they were, of course triplets! And because they were so different and loved each other so, so much!

"But yeah, I'm very excited about it!" Seb told everyone. It had been his dream for a very long time and he was finally able to make it real! "Dillon! Stop Zoe from eating the sand!" He suddenly cried. Dillon gasped and pulled Zoe's hand away from her mouth. "That's NOT food! It's really germmy and dirty!" Zoe whined. But sand was so crunchy! Meanie!

Stan looked around carefully, just as cautious as he had been behind the portal. Someone was looking at them and he didn't like it. Was there another reporter? Why! Just leave them alone! He was annoyed that there was nothing he could do about this, it was technically a public space. Well, if they were listening to their conversation he could very well use that to start promoting Seb's future business~!

"Well ANYWAY! Seb's designs are AMAZING and I bet anyone would pay a fortune just to be given a chance to wear his stuff!" Stan grinned, slinging an arm over his shoulder. "Why, even the Northwests commission tailored suits and dresses from him!"

The reported gasped. The Northwests were well known as a rich and influential family.

"Oh, well, yes...they used me as their personal tailor, they were always asking me for stuff..." Seb agreed with a nod. Stan hugged him and exclaimed. "And this is just the beginning! Soon, all famous people will love your stuff! And all of them will fight to wear them!" Seb blushed. "I-I don't think it would be THAT impressive..."
"You kidding?" Carla laughed and Kari shook her head. So humble. "Have you seen your own drawings?" Carla poked under Seb's uncovered eye. "You'll lead aaaall the fashion shows!" she teased. Seb whined, blushing and wiggling in place. Kari laughed and pinched her son's cheeks. He was still adorable, no matter how old he got.

The reporter giggled to herself and wrote that down. Amazing! She wanted to write about the opening already! But, according to what she knew about the triplet, Sebastian didn't live in New York. She pouted. She'd have to travel! But how far? Hm…

The Pines family played for a while before heading back home. Stan had some guest rooms set up for Seb and the twins. Seb was still in awe at the penthouse suite that Stan had. Their guest room was the size of his own bedroom! With the softest bed in existence and very nice decorations. The view was also cool~ he could see all the city lights outside the wall of windows.

Seb was very sure neither Stan or Carla planned this. They must have hired an interior designer.

"It's nothing, calm down, man." Stan shrugged. He offered his brother a drink from his secret stash (to keep it protected from Dillon and his friends), but Seb declined. "I don't function when I drink…" He suddenly remembered the delicious chocolate drink he had with Miz and shuddered. He didn't want to repeat that. Bleeghh. "I'm going to take the twins for a nap, see ya in 2 hours~" Stan chuckled as Seb took the fussing twins away.

Neither of them knew what sensational news was going to pop up overnight. Stan would appreciate it. Seb would be embarrassed as fuck.

They were oblivious the entire night, but the next day didn't start too well. "Oh, please Zully, please stop crying." Seb had been rocking his oldest child since they woke up and realized mommy wasn't there. Zoe was ok with it, but Zully was very clingy to Wanda, especially in the morning, when the baby liked to crawl up to her chest and rest there.

While the poor man struggled with the baby, Dillon was forced to go to school this time. He grumpily went down to the first floor and was about to leave the building...until he saw the newspaper. The mailman delivered the papers to the front desk every morning, and for things like newspapers, it was left out as opposed to placed into their box. So Dillon saw the newspaper as he walked past and paused.

[Sebastian Pines, the next Baci?]

Dillon scanned the words quickly, eyes wide and gaping, before his driver tapped his shoulder. "Master Dillon, you're going to be late unless we head out now." Dillon tore his eyes away from the newspaper and shrugged with a smirk. Well, this wasn't a bad thing. It'd probably be good for uncle Seb's business. He didn't see a problem with the free advertising. So Dillon went off to school without warning his uncle about the article, not seeing any problem with it.

He had a lot to worry about upstairs with his babies anyway.

Back in Stan's penthouse, Seb had the brilliant idea to face chat Wanda, sobbing. "Calm your daughter!" Zully sniffled, their little face red and covered in tears, rubbed their eyes when they noticed mommy on the screen. "M-Ma?" The baby reached for the screen. "Hi Zully~ don't cry darling! You'll make daddy sad!" Wanda cooed.

Seb wiped his tears. Finally. Some peace. He could hear Stan and Carla sigh in relief as well. Zully
frowned sadly at the screen. "Mama? Hu!" They pleaded.

"I can't hug you right now, baby." Wanda apologized. "But I send you a lot of kisses!" She made a lot of kissing sounds and Zully put their hand on their wet, red round cheek. "Kih."

Wanda talked to her small babies for a while, cooing at them or making them laugh, before waving good bye. Zully sniffled as Seb cleaned off their face. Zoe pouted, silly Zully was too clingy. Seb also sniffled. Wanda couldn't come this week because things got complicated with her court case. He understood, but it saddened him that his girlfriend wasn't here with him!

Now that the babies were cleaned up and dressed, he took them to have breakfast. Stan was at the table, putting out pancakes as Carla made food for the 3 babies. "Finally, I thought she'd never run out of tears!" Stan sighed.

"I already told ya I'm being a good host! Emille is taking care of everything! I only have training in the evening and I'll leave for a few hours, but Ma is here and she can keep you company…" Stan hummed in thought. "But I could lie to my coach saying I gotta accompany her somewhere and instead we can go somewhere fun…"

Seb nodded tiredly and handed one of his babies to him. "Shouldn't you be at work? And, wearing pants?" this was something this Stan shared with the old man Stan. He liked walking around in his underwear too. Better body? Of course! But still the same habit. Seb found it kind of funny since the two Stans were very different in many ways but still retained these quirks.

"Hey it was for the greater good! Me!" Kari, Seb and the babies shared a look, the twins mastering a deadpan expression even at their young age. "-And not getting bored out of my mind! I'd prefer shooting aliens than being with those boring people!" Stanley complained. Carla arrived and sat down, giving the babies their plates. "Hah, Carla you should have seen my space clothes! I looked SO badass, didn't I, Seb?!" He nudged his brother.

"I bet you looked amazing, honey." Carla assured a scowling Stan. "And I'm glad you're wearing normal clothes again." Kari sighed.

They had breakfast, Zully eventually forgot they were sad and entertained themselves by playing with their twin and cousin. Seb and Kari watched them as Stan checked his laptop, (bored), and Carla left for work. Unfortunately, she couldn't skip work like Stan.

As Stan logged in to check his e-mail, the man saw a couple of random news articles popping up on the browser and his brown eyes widened. "HAHAHAHAHA! SEBASTIAN! COME SEE THIS!"

"For what?" Seb called but Stan was wheezing with laughter by now. "Ju-Just come!"

Seb stood up, stretched, and searched for his brother, who was hitting the table, guffawing. "HAHAHA! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT WORKED!" Stan roared. Seb, now very confused, approached
him. "Ok, I'm here Fez calm the fuck down, what was so impor..." He trailed off when he saw the news opened on his laptop.

He felt his eye was going to explode from opening it so wide.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!" The brunette screamed in a high pitched voice.

"...congratulations." Wanda was trying very hard not to laugh when Seb called her up, sputtering and whining. "This is good, it means you'll have lots of customers coming to check out your stuff on opening day."

"This is bad! Oh circles! Comparing me to Baci? I'm going to get sued for ruining their image! How embarrassing!" Why do bad things always happen to him! He paid for his crimes with his blood! These kind of things shouldn't be happening to him anymore! "HOW MUCH MORE DOES THE LIZARD WANT ME TO SUFFER!?" Seb wailed and this time, Wanda laughed out loud. "It's fine Seb. I'm sure Baci isn't going to hold you accountable for what some paparazzi say. They even stated in the article that they haven't actually interviewed you for your thoughts on the matter. All this means is that there's gonna be a crowd at your grand opening." the honesty was very refreshing to see.

"Urrghhh! Kill mee~e!" The dramatic man moaned and Wanda laughed again. "Calm down, Seb! I swear this is a good thing!" She patted the screen, as if she was patting his face. Oh, her poor baby~

Seb thought it was horrible, he had never thought he'd see his name in the newspaper! Even less being compared to such a big name company when he was nothing! Wait, no. He was not nothing, he was good too. He knew that now...but still! They were still so much better! They had 50+ years of being a company! He wasn't even started yet!

As the days passed, though, he eventually realized it wasn't that bad actually! It actually felt nice to be recognized after being put down so many times before. And, despite how he was naturally shy (due to his human self) it felt just...great to be the center of attention again. (His shy and attention whore selves were always fighting for dominance).

It gave him more hope that things were going to go just fine! (But he tempered his optimism a little, just in case everything went horribly wrong, as it always did, just so he wouldn't be as disappointed.)

The week finished and Stan reluctantly had to let his brother go. Dillon was sad too, it was so cool to hang out with Seb and the twins (the greedy little monsters started loving him after he gave them some car toys he didn't use anymore and some action figures).

Stan smiled when Seb finished signing the papers and made the place officially his. "There! All done!" Seb put the papers in a folder for safekeeping and smiled widely, showing off his fangs that, in the eyes of his family, were just adorable (and not deadly weapons that could tear through skin). "Thanks, Fez, I-I wouldn't have done this without you."

"Hey, you did it yourself! And now you'll be in the media's eye!" Stan patted his head. Seb was so short compared to him and it made Stan feel older than he actually was. "I'm glad to see you're doing fine." Stan wanted to spend time with his triplet, yes, but he also wanted to see how he was handling stuff and he was pleasantly surprised. Seb was doing very good all things considered, great actually! Stan saw him happier, less jumpy and he just felt so relieved his brother's treatment was working. It gave him hope that Stanford would get better as well, and the three will finally FINALLY be together, happy and safe.
"Say hi to Wanda from me!" Carla hugged Seb before he left. "I will!" Seb laughed and with that, he and the twins went back home, with some new toys and with the first piece to accomplish his dream.

After officially getting his place, what followed in his to-do list was easier. With the money he got from selling his collection, he got a contract with a provider to get his fabrics, rhinestones, and other needed supplies.

Seb also contracted a small company to produce the first collection for his own, both for men and women, which was his favourite work ever! He loved the suits~ (Seb missed his bowtie. He'd start dressing nice again as soon as the twins stopped being dirty babies who got him dirty). He supervised the first production and he was very pleased, they were experts on it and he liked their technique.

Now that it was sorted out, he had to think of a cool design for the name. But that could wait! Because his tiny widdle small and adorable babies were turning 2!

Mabel was so disappointed they wouldn't see each other for the babies' birthday (or their own birthday, Uncle Seb apologized and said he didn't feel like meeting without Ford, it didn't feel right, but he hasn't talked to him yet and wasn't ready to). She was ready to plot a way to get them to talk to each other like in summer 2012, but Dipper helped her understand it was the best for the two to be alone for a while to sort things out. "Especially Uncle Ford." Dipper wanted him to get better. Mabel understood. They could still visit them at any time!

And so, the babies spent their 2nd birthday with their mom's side of the family. Their family was delighted, they barely saw them, but the twins didn't know that. There were a lot of people they didn't know, and older kids who looked nothing like their usual cousins. It was scary, but at least they had lollipops to distract themselves.

Seb saw Wanda's cousins after years of not hearing anything about them (except for Wanda sometimes talking about them and her own niblings). "Regina, Magda, Veronica and Rebecca Apfel~" That was Mom-Linda's last name and the one Wanda went by before she changed it to her dad's. It was so weird, when he last saw them, three of them were kids! And now they were married, and the two oldest had kids.

Oh time really went by when you were a weak human subjected to the pass of time…

The four giggled. "A pleasure to see you again, Seb~" Regina laughed.

Wanda was immediately hugged by an 8 year old boy. "Auntie Wandaaa! Why you don't visit anymore!~?" He complained. Seb giggled as he carried the twins. Looks like Wanda was also someone's favorite aunt like he was a favorite uncle!

"I'm sorry, Danny! But with the twins and work I didn't have time at all!" She stood up and motioned at Seb. "Danny, this is my boyfriend, Sebastian and our daughters, Zully and Zoe. Seb, Magda's son, Daniel, but you can call him Danny."

"Hey, kid!"

Daniel stared at Seb with narrowed eyes before spitting out, "You call me Daniel." he glared as his little cheeks puffed up. Seb paused before snorting. "Alright Danny-iel." this kid was adorable.

Daniel huffed, stuck his tongue out, and held Wanda's hand to walk away, completely ignoring his
baby cousins. "Come on, auntie, I'm learning to paint with watercolours and I want to show you!"

Seb frowned, a little confused, but shrugged it out. Kids. He didn't want to be left alone though. He didn't know anyone from Elijah's family (except Wanda's brother and oh, his new girlfriend), and he didn't remember anyone from Mom-Linda's family (he only met them once and most didn't bother to meet the twins when they were born, except for the 4 sisters and their parents) but apparently, they remembered him. Some prayed softly to god when they saw him. They probably didn't know he was Wanda's mysterious boyfriend.

"When I heard Wanda finally got with someone and had kids, I never expected it was YOU! Aunt Linda told us you died like decades ago!" A cousin exclaimed, his eyes wide. Seb let the twins roam free and he nodded. "Well, me and Death didn't get along." For real, how many times had he escaped death?! It was shocking.

Someone asked him a question, but he didn't really hear him because he heard Zully's laughter. He turned around and caught them just in the beginning of a code blue. "Fie!" Zully declared at their dad, and he quickly picked them both up to take them to the kitchen. "Oops! Looks like they want snacks! These babies! Always eating! Be right back-" Zully's hands were on fire now, and Zoe was rubbing her hands to create fire as well, but luckily Seb was alone in the kitchen where no one could see the flammable birthday children. Seb got them a couple of ice cubes to chew on and cool down as he absorbed their energy.

"It's kinda weird not being with everyone, no?" Seb asked the twins, happily licking their ice cubes. Mabel promised to send the babies a nice birthday present, and they'd eventually visit in the summer...but he was rather upset he'd have to spend his own birthday without his triplets, like years ago. Seb grabbed an ice cube for himself to chew and he chewed loudly. Stupid Ford, ruining everything... "He's fucked up, hope he starts using his brilliant head for once and learn how to get better..." Ford had to get better, he wanted to trust his triplet again...

He ruffled the twins' blond hair which had been combed and was held by cute hairbands (for now). "Please, be good sisters to each other, ok? Siblings are so important, parents can be mean, but at least you can count on your sister or brother." Seb sighed. Yeah, parents could be dicks in any shape and world...

Zoe gasped softly and put a hand on Zully's cheek. "Sistee?" She asked. So that was what they were? Oohh~ Zully hummed in thought. Sister? That was what Zoe was to them? Then what did 'brother' mean? Daddy called Isher and Tan and Termy 'brothers'!

Meanwhile, Wanda was drawing with her nephew as he told her all the things she had missed and everything he had learnt. He was in the middle of telling her for the third time about the solar system and how everyone was so mean to Pluto when another one of his cousins arrived and he left to play with them.

"Oh, thank goodness~" The blonde groaned and her cousins laughed. "Well, against popular opinion, Wanda is good with kids! Her twins are alive, aren't they?!" Rebecca laughed. "Oh, that's just because Sebas dear is such a good daddy~" Regina said and the four women made room for a very unimpressed Wanda on the couch. Their husbands were off talking to each other and laughing, so they could all talk about Sebastian, their childhood crush, now cousin-in-law (sort of), without their men getting jealous.

"You're annoying, you know that? But...you're right, he is very good with the babies..." Wanda sighed softly. Veronica squealed. "So~ When are you getting married?! Do you feel he'll propose anytime soon?! Can we be your bridesmaids please?!"
Wanda twitched. "Seb's too shy to propose." she admitted. Her cousins gasped. "What do you mean?" Wanda rolled her eyes. "He's too shy to propose." Wanda repeated. "It's not that difficult to understand."

"So you'll never get married?!" Magda gasped. Rebecca shrugged. "She doesn't need to get married. They're perfectly fine the way they are!" Her twin sister sighed, always the romantic girl. "But getting married is just so special, Rebecca~ Getting to wear a pretty dress and walk towards him~ Waiting for you with a look that screams 'I love you~" Rebecca rolled her eyes. Veronica never changed.

Wanda laughed softly. "Well, we actually don't need to! But...I'd like to make it official, you know? Tell everyone Seb is mine and to not dare try anything!" Regina giggled at that and Wanda continued. "I mean, just yesterday a woman was trying to flirt with him, he had no idea, but I knew!" Those harpies! "And all because he doesn't have a ring! So...I was thinking...I should propose to him." Wanda concluded.

Her cousins gasped, Veronica and Magda gasped even louder. "But-But that's...not normal!" Veronica grimaced a bit. "Maybe convince one of his brothers to tell Seb?"

"Girls, my mom already accepted the fact that he's not going to do it and I think she's pretty ok with the idea of ME being the one to pop the question now..." Wanda sighed. Magda shook her. "Then what are you waiting for?! Just ask him!" Wanda groaned. "B-but I don't know how to do it? I can't just... pop the question at him out of the blue!" She was sure he would get spooked from that. But her indirects she sent weren't working either (like watching those wedding planning shows and showing pictures of bridal dresses. It only inspired him to make a collection)

"Then..." Veronica looked at Wanda like she was slow. "Just bring up the question as a rhetorical one and see how he feels about it. I mean, you're already living together, and he seems to really love you. Besides you did make adorable babies with him, it's one more excuse to make sure no one tries to steal him from you~"

Wanda nodded at her cousins. "You're right! I can ask the question like that!" It gave her hope, she'd know how Seb felt and she'd know how to act according to it. Do demons get married? Do...shapes get married? Does Seb understand the concept of marrying? He must, he'd been human for a while, right?

"Speaking of Seb, where is he?" Regina looked around. Wanda shrugged. She lost him when Daniel pulled her away. The blonde found her brother proudly presenting his new girlfriend to everyone (seriously, Junior, stop) and she poked his shoulder. "Have you seen Seb?"

The man nodded. "He's been hiding in the kitchen with Zoe and Zully for a while? Something about getting them some snacks. I guess they eat a lot." Wanda thanked him and headed off. She found Seb making faces at the twins while they laughed and clapped, sitting on the kitchen counter. "Hey, are you hiding from my relatives?" Wanda asked, she wouldn't blame him if he was. Seb turned and grinned. "Well, we had a code blue but I got them here before anyone saw. And then I just got distracted."

Wanda chuckled. She slid up beside him and leaned her head against his shoulder. "Well, I hope you don't mind if I hide from my family with you, Junior is being obnoxious about his latest girlfriend." Wanda sat on the counter with her babies, who started clinging to her. Her brother got a new girlfriend every month. They never part on bad terms, he simply didn't want to commit to anyone. Which wasn't necessarily a bad thing, as long as he was happy and didn't hurt anyone- but Wanda's mom complained about how he was never going to get married and- Wanda paused. What better segway than that?
"Who's he dating? Kelly?" Seb asked. Wanda rolled her eyes. "Nah, this new girl is Sasha. Mom's afraid he's never going to get married at this rate." Seb laughed "Well, as long as he's happy, right?"

"Hm~" Wanda hummed. "Well I wouldn't mind. Getting married that is. How about you?"

Question shot!

Seb blinked, apparently confused. "Married? To me?" Wanda sighed loudly. "Who else would I marry, Pines?" She asked and the brunet shrugged. "Don't know...But marrying? I mean..." The thought made him laugh. It was one thing to like someone, he wouldn't deny (to himself) that he used to have feelings when he was first mortal as a Flatlander. Then having offspring, that was also a very mortal thing to do, not a bad thing though (he loved his daughters so, so much), but marriage? That was the top thing to complete the romantic rituals of human love he was now subjected to.

"It's a funny thought, to imagine myself marrying! In the ritual sense of it!" Seb giggled. "Because, it's not just signing papers is it? It was that way back in my old dimension, there's like a...different meaning to it here, right? And I don't want some random god 'blessing' me and telling me what to do to be with someone I love...That's you, by the way." Seb grinned. Wanda blushed at the way Seb just told her that he liked her so easily. And yet... she still didn't know how Seb really felt about marriage. He claimed he didn't like being told by god how to feel about someone he liked. That was fair, Wanda knew that the whole idea of marriage being a godly union was a religious thing and despite Seb and her being Jewish, Seb wasn't a very religious man.

Except if you counted those times he complained about that lizard god...Ax…?

"I like you too..." Wanda trapped his torso with her legs and pulled him closer so he'd stop pacing. "And, I know you think it doesn't mean anything, but maybe...what do you think of it if I say it's also a way to...make your love official? Like, show everyone you are with that person you like? To show how much you like them. How about then?" Wanda traced a hand by his chest. 'And to keep harpies away from your man’, was left unsaid. Who wouldn't want to be with Sebastian, though? So handsome~

"But Linda said I don't have to prove anything to anyone…” Seb tilted his head confused.

"And what if your partner wanted to prove something? To... have a ring to claim them, like a physical sign of their promise to be together, and for other people to keep their hands off?" Wanda wasn't even being all that subtle now.

"So, marrying is proving you own someone?" He was genuinely confused. He had never cared much about these stuff, so he was clueless.

"It's not specifically owning someone. It's like... a big 'hands off' sign, so no one else tries to steal you from me." Wanda sighed. Her boyfriend was so oblivious she was going to have to say this outright!

"Ah~ But I'd never let them steal me from you! I love you, and a good punch and burn can work just as fine!" He exclaimed with a smile, and Zoe cheered. Yay punching!

Wanda screamed internally. FOR GOD'S SAKE! She pulled Seb for a kiss, grabbing and pulling his hair a bit tighter than necessary in her exasperation. Seb, liking pain in weird moments, whined in pain, but didn't complain. "You are so naive I can't believe it." Wanda whined when she finally pulled away.
Seb rubbed his head when Wanda freed him. "Ouchie. Um, sorry? I don't understand why you're asking these questions all of a sudden…"

"What if I want to get married. To you, yes, to you!" She said before Seb could stupidly ask. Seb blinked before smiling softly. "Um, I mean I'd do anything you want to if it makes you happy." Wanda pouted, "But would you want to marry me? Not just because you think it'll make me happy, I don't want you to marry me unless you want to!" She was literally asking him now, and Sebastian still didn't get it!

Seb shrugged a bit, still oblivious, rivaling with Stanford's obliviousness. "Um...yes, I wouldn't mind, really! I'd dress up nicely which I LOVE to do and the whole thing just sounds fun!" He grinned. "There's a party later, no? And I like parties! And there are delicious snacks!"

Wanda was still unsure, maybe even more than before. Seb didn't seem too sure. He didn't understand the meaning behind... but he said he would still do it... She kind of felt it wasn't for love but...

Seb said like 3 times already that he loved her. Maybe he didn't know it, but the feeling that made marrying him even worth it was clearly there. Maybe now, knowing that at least he wasn't repulsed or scared by the idea, her mission was hyping him up, making Seb fall in love with the idea!

Wanda nodded to herself. Yes, she could do that! She pulled him for another kiss, more gentle this time with his precious curly hair.

"Mama! Papa!" Zully reminded their parents they existed and the couple pulled away before picking them up, laughing. "I think we've spent too much time in here! How about we go open presents with your grandparents? Yes? You want your presents?" Seb asked Zoe who gasped and started clapping with a smile. "Ah bahbah! Pesens!"

The twins happily tore the paper off their presents (some relatives grimaced at Zoe tearing it with her mouth and shaking her head while snarling like a savage animal) and basically enjoyed playing with the leftover paper more than the presents themselves, but as long as the babies were happy, everyone was too.

Seb got to interact a bit with Elijah's family and blushed madly when someone declared he "Looked like Stan Pines and he must be the designer brother from the news!" He felt like dying. At least Rebecca and Veronica helped him and started talking about his work and how after so many years the dresses were in a very good condition...that made people praise him though, which made him feel awkward and self-conscious.

The family gathering concluded pretty well. The twins got new presents, Mom-Linda and Elijah got to show off with their grandchildren and talented (soon-to-be) son-in-law, Wanda got a new mission and Seb was mostly approved by the family...but he left with the feeling that Daniel didn't like him very much, considering his glares, 'accidental' kicks and the nyarf darts shot to his face and legs, aiming in between, and outright telling Seb "Move, dumbie!" And "That eyepatch makes you look like an ugly criminal, you should be in jail!"

That hurt, and Seb's desire to murder a child hadn't been this strong since Gideon!

But Daniel's mother apologized profusely and scolded her son about it, so Seb was content with that.

--
It was finally here.

Opening day.

The grand opening day.

The GRANDEST of opening days!

"Seb, get out from under the bed." Wanda scowled as she stood with her arms folded. Sebastian, who was curled up under the bed, said plainly. "No. Tell them I'm dead."

"Don't make me call Stan." The blonde scolded.

"Call him! I'm not coming out!" Seb curled up even tighter and closed his eye.

"But it's your damn store! You worked hard for it! And Stan came all the way here to help!" Wanda groaned. "He's at the shop right now keeping the reporters busy! Now get out from there right now and go to your OWN store's grand opening!"

"I'm going to pass out! I'm sorry!" Seb whimpered guiltily. "I...I might have...forgotten my pills these days and...I don't feel capable of handling the pressure!"

Wanda knelt on the floor to try to look at Seb under the bed. "You'll do fine, baby, I promise, you're just letting your fear get to you" She smiled softly. "I'll be there with you, and Stan. You speak very well in front of cameras and~ Your new suit is all sad~ It's so sad right now, hanging there, thinking you won't wear it~ Do you want to make your new suit sad?" Was Wanda talking to Seb like they talked to their toddlers? Yes, yes she was. Was it as effective as it was with their twins?

It sure damn was!

Seb slowly crawled out from under the bed, poking his head out. "No...It's too nice to not be worn..." He mumbled. He took a deep breath. Ok. He was fine now. He wasn't afraid! He worked hard for it and he wanted people to know him! His brother had been advertising this and he was lucky to have a famous and influential brother who got so many reporters and magazines interested!

"I can do this!" Seb screamed. "Yes, you can!" Wanda screamed back. "I'm the best in this! I worked hard and no fear can stop me! Sebastian Pines is unstoppable and doesn't fear DEATH!"

"...Yay!?!" Wanda supported, despite not understanding. With a new found energy, and fire trying to make its way to his arms, Seb tried to get out, but he managed to hit his back against the bed frame. "OW! Hahaha!" This kind of pain was hilarious!

He changed into his perfectly fitted suit: yellow inner vest, white shirt, black bow tie, yellow jacket with black peaked lapels, black pants and black shoes. He adjusted his eyepatch, applied a bit of makeup, combed his brown hair and nodded to himself with a smirk. He could do this!

Wanda went to free the kids from their playpen and the family headed out to the car. The shop was close by, Seb paled at the sight of all the cars and news vans, along with a crowd of people. He wavered but took a few breaths. No, he could do this! They got out of the car and Seb poked Zoe's nose. "I'll show you your dad is amazing in any form and time~" Feeling scared for something like this?! Hah! Please! Zoe clapped for her very happy-looking daddy and Wanda held the twins.

Stan was easily talking to the reporters, entertaining them with some future events and
competitions he was going to have, when he finally spotted Seb. "Hey everyone! Look who finally arrived~!"

Seb squeaked in surprise when the mass of people lurged towards him.”Um, hi!” Seb laughed. The last time he had so many people speaking at the same time at him was in the press conference when 'the Stans came back'.

Stan rescued the family (oof, newbies, am I right?) and led them closer to the store. The employees were already inside, but it had to be opened officially. Seb smiled a bit. "Um, thank you a lot for the opportunity, to, to be able to be here after, after dreaming about this for years! It's really great to be here...After struggling to know who I was and what I really liked, this, this is just...Just amazing...and I wouldn't have done this without my girlfriend who has always been there for me! And our kids..." He carefully wiped a happy tear, and the reporters were carefully paying attention.

"And definitely, this wouldn't have been possible without my triplet RIGHT HERE!" Seb punched Stan's arm and he looked down, acting all humble. "He-He has always been there for me, and has bore with me since before we were born…” Oh no, oh no, his eye was leaking, oh no! Why was he such a cry-baby?!

"I-I owe him so so much! Because Fez is really a great brother, even after everything that happened! And-and I just love him!" The last part came out as a very emotional high pitched whisper. Stan felt very touched, and pulled him for a hug before he started crying for real. The crowd cooed softly and photos were taken. The reporters were loving this display of brotherly love.

Seb wiped his face and coughed. "Ah, any-anyway. I'm very proud to finally announce the official grand opening of . It took a damn while to think of a stupid name, but Seb wanted it to be perfect, but then, when he FINALLY got it, he scolded himself. It was so obvious! How couldn't he have seen it before?! It didn't need to be PERFECT. It had to be IMPERFECT! Wrong in all the ways that people (back in Flatland) hated, and that's what would make it wonderful.

He smiled, feeling very proud and intelligent for thinking it by himself, and he opened the doors to the people! Some reporters entered to broadcast the clothes while others stayed outside to record the people laughing excitedly as they entered the store.

Stan patted Seb's head. "You see? It wasn't that bad." Seb glared as he adjusted his hair. He fidgeted, excited when he heard the reporters ask people some questions about him, and the store and how they heard about it. He was very happy to hear them say they heard about his previous work and came to see his shop because of just how amazing Seb's designs were.

Eeeeeeehhhhhhh!

There were a bunch of people staring with jaws dropped at the gorgeous chessboard inspired dress on display (which Seb had frankly made for fun, he thought it looked cool!). The fabric was of great quality, the details were exquisite and while it was basically perfect, it had that...something that made it unique, out of the ordinary...

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A woman dressed in fancy silks strode right up to Seb and gestured to the Chess Dress. "How much for that piece?" she asked eagerly. Seb blinked. Well this one was just an experiment for fun so... "Ah… five hun-" he started to say before Stan slung an arm over his shoulder and said, "Five thousand!" Stan grinned charmingly. "It's a one of a kind! Seb hasn't made any other like it!"

Seb wanted to protest, but Stan wasn't lying. This dress was just an experiment so… it really WAS one of a kind...

When the woman seemed taken aback by the price, Stan leaned in and 'whispered', "But for someone as lovely as you, we can pop that down to ONLY $2500 since this is opening day! Special discount!"

The woman gasped as that was an entire 50% discount! "I'll TAKE it!" she said eagerly. Seb stared as Stan walked the woman through the purchase. Stan walked off with the woman and turned back to give Seb a wink and thumbs up. Seb sighed. For the love of...

Stan, always loving to squeeze out customers' wallets! That was definitely a trait all Stans shared, wasn't it?

Stan left the woman with an employer and returned to pat Seb's back. "You have so much to learn…" The middle triplet tutted. Seb rolled his eye. "You need to learn to sell yourself! You are a product! And you gotta believe you are the best one! But most importantly! You gotta convince everyone you are!" Stan poked his chest.

"It IS a very well made dress." Wanda agreed. "They are worth much more, I think."

Seb puffed his cheeks. "Well, I can deceive people in Deals, but I am not very good as a human conman when it comes to sales, mind you." Stan gasped mockingly offended. "Conman? Me?! Excuse you?!!"

Wanda giggled. The twins, dressed up in cute dresses for the occasion, were curiously looking around at all the people. After that woman bought the dress, squealing at how beautiful it was, Wanda saw that the people noticed and started asking about the prices for the other clothes as well! Ooh~ She saw what Stan did there~! Genius! Stan wasn't a great businessman for nothing! She hugged the twins tightly. Zoe tried reaching for her daddy, but Wanda didn't let her. She huffed and puffed her round cheeks.

A group of reporters approached the three of them and kindly started asking them some questions. Seb, who was feeling much more relaxed, easily answered them. He explained the name of the store, talked about his previous works, how he started as a tailor at 15, the personalized works he specialized on later, and drawings he had sold to other fashion houses before starting his own. Stan commented from time to time too, just to praise his brother's work with "He'd been drawing since we were babies!" And "-really, he was already designing clothes and dresses for little dolls when we were, like 8!" Seb blushed a little at that. He definitely could have lived without the country knowing he played with dolls…
Wanda also answered some questions from time to time, about how happy and proud she was for Seb, how long they'd been together "-Since we were teens!" made the reporters coo a bit; and where she worked, "I'm a lawyer."

While Seb talked a bit about how he discovered his passion as a kid, a passion he considered pretty weird at first (not mentioning how he thought a demon liking to sew and knit was just ridiculous), he heard the doorbell from the entrance ring and some familiar voices.

"Hum! Move you peasants! Here comes the family of the star~!" Was exclaimed by a happy feminine voice, followed by an embarrassed more masculine "Mabel!" Seb lit up. "Niblings!" he cheered as he strode over. "Do you want us to take these rowdy kids out?" A guard asked Seb who waved a hand. "Don't worry, these are my nephew and niece."

"Pinetree, Shooting Star! What are you doing here?" The brunet asked as he hugged the teenagers. "We came to give our support, duh!" Mabel giggled.

Seb laughed. "Thanks for coming by. Where's Shermie and Abi?" He looked around for his brother and sister in law but they were nowhere to be seen. Mabel shrugged. "At work? Maybe? We kinda came on our own. We're like, almost 16 now~" She grinned proudly, putting her hands on her hips. Dipper nodded. "But they know we're here, don't worry."

Mabel poked her uncle's nose. "We kinda took a bus by ourselves when we were just 12 too, remember?" Seb pouted. "You two were so small and adorable back then...now you're old and have lost all adorableness in you."

"WHAT?!" The girl in pink wailed. What did he mean she wasn't adorable anymore?! Dipper rolled his eyes and pulled her away. "Let's go say hi to Stan, come on." he dragged his wailing sister away before she could make more of a scene. "I'm sure uncle Seb didn't mean that you're not adorable, you're just more grown up now."

"Nope! I meant it! You just don't have it anymore!" Seb called, like the little shit he was, and Dipper facepalmed. Mabel wailed. "Noooo! My CUTENESS!"

Seb smiled proudly, watching the store bustle with activity and he put his hands on his waist. Wanda patted Mabel's head, watching the girl steal one of her babies and rub her cheek against Zully's to "-Steal her cuteness!" (poor Dipper was blushing so much to be associated with her) before shaking her head and telling Seb. "You broke your niece."

"I know~" He grinned, showing off his fangs, and Wanda decided not to ruin his fun today. He deserved this. Now and forever.

-.-

(Back to present day)

"Mr. Pines?"

Seb jolted awake, looking around and seeing the doctor standing there with a clipboard. Wanda was stirring from where she'd fallen asleep against him. "Z-Zully! How is she?!" Seb gasped. The doctor gave him a smile and moved aside to let the nurse pushing the stretcher into the room. The two parents gasped when they saw their baby there, sleeping soundly, head bandaged with their little arm and leg in a cast.

They stood up when the nurse, with all the care in the world, picked up the toddler and tucked them in the bed of the room. He adjusted their IV, nodded at the parents with a smile and left with
The doctor smiled. "Well the surgery went well. She's a very resilient one. We kept her in the recovery room to monitor her better and brought her back just now. We thought it would be better if Zully was with her parents."

Wanda nodded, rubbing at her eyes. "Th-thank you doctor." The doctor nodded. "If you need anything, don't hesitate to call the nurses, alright? Tell them as soon as Zully wakes up so we can run some tests on her and check for brain damage."

That scared Seb, but he was confident Zully would be fine. The doctor left to give them some privacy and he immediately curled up next to his child. "Oh, Zully..." He gently stroked their cheek and kissed their forehead. "It's ok now..."

Wanda laid down on the other side. "We're gonna have to be even more careful. The twins are going to get into even more trouble as they get older, aren't they?" she smiled a little sadly. Part of her still blamed herself, she should have been watching them. They should have remembered about the child safety gates around the stairs.

"Oh, they're going to get in trouble..." Seb held Zully's small hand and their little fingers curled up on his fingers. "They're Pines...and my kids..." He smiled a bit and managed to make Wanda smile too. The blonde picked up Zoe from the car seat and placed her next to her twin, she had been so worried, poor baby. Seb looked at her when she sat down next to him and he gently pecked her lips. It was not her fault, he didn't blame her for this, he never could...

Wanda went back to the couch, after Seb's insistence, and he fell asleep again with his head on the bed, hand resting on the babies' rising chests.

The next morning, Seb jolted awake when he heard a whimper. He looked down and noticed Zoe was stirring and Zully was trying to open their brown eyes. "Zully? Shh... it's okay. I'm here." Seb ran a hand through their half shaved off hair and Zully whimpered a little, turning their head, wincing at the slight pain and looking up at their father. "...Papa?" Zully whimpered. Seb smiled softly. "Yeah, I'm here. How're you feeling? It kinda hurts, right? Having a broken arm and leg? Human bodies aren't durable at all, kid, you have to make sure your vessel lasts!"

Zully whined, their head felt funny and their arm was itchy. But there was something hard and thick around their arm and they couldn't scratch it. Same for their leg. They tried to move them, but the cast was heavy and the most they could do was slightly shift around. "Ah. Ah!" Zully whined. Seb, not knowing what Zully was complaining about, just nodded. "Yeah, you broke your little arm and leg. And you're really lucky you didn't crack your skull too."

"Bah!" Zully whined again. They felt very annoyed right now. "Papa!" Seb kissed their forehead. "I know, it's very scary, no? But everything is fine now." Zully scowled. This was horrible. This was the opposite of fine!

Zoe, who was awake now, was touching the hard thingie on Zully's arm, marvelled at the new texture. "Oooh~" Was this for ouchies? Where had Zully been all this time?

Some nurses came to check on Zully and went to get the doctor to do the cognitive checks. Seb and Wanda were sure Zully was fine though, much to their relief. They seemed tired and dizzy from the painkillers and their movements were restrained, but they were still talking to Zoe, hugging her and looking around as curious as ever.

It was a relief.
The doctors said they would keep Zully at the hospital for another day or so, but after that, the couple were free to take their child home.

With their worries finally assuaged, Seb and Wanda called their families to tell them what happened and reassure them that everything was fine. Mom-Linda and Elijah were horrified to hear what happened. Kari sounded terrified. Their poor parents.

Seb toyed with his phone for a while. Should he tell Ford? He did call him the other day and Seb had hung up on him rather rudely. Sixer said he wanted to talk to him… Seb sighed and pressed the call button. It rang for a while before Ford picked up with a worried "Sebastian? Are you alright?! What happened?"

Seb rubbed his neck. "Sorry for hanging up yesterday, but we had an emergency. Zully hit her head on the stairs, a lot of blood, we were panicking, but it's all ok now so don't worry…"

There was silence for a second. "She hit her head?" Ford asked softly. He was left worried after hearing Seb scream on the phone. It wasn't very nice to spend a year without hearing from his brother and having terrified screams be the first thing he DID hear from him. "Is-Is she ok?"

Wanda leaned closer to hear, green eyes narrowed a bit. Her anger from last year returned. Did he even care?

"Very much...She's tired but she's trying very hard to play with Zoe now…" Zoe had refused to leave the bed, so the two were together. Zully couldn't really move, and seemed tired but they still reach out with their non-broken hand to hold hands with their twin.

Ford wasn't very sure of what he was supposed to say now. His niece had an accident, and it scared Seb, but they were fine now, Zully was safe. "I'm glad she's doing well." He finally said. "I'm sorry you had to go through-through that scare…" That sounded like the right thing to say in his mind. It considered what his brother felt and what he felt, just like Ashton recommended him to do. It seemed to work since Sebastian sounded a little more relaxed. "Yeah, well… we're fine. Zully's fine. And we're gonna be more careful in the future."

Ford nodded. He wasn't sure what else to say. But there was something else that Ford knew he was going to need to say.

"Sebastian, I-...We haven't talked in a while…" Stanford pointed out and Seb nodded, stroking Wanda's hand as she huffed, rather annoyed with his triplet. "Yeah...I had almost forgotten how deep your voice was." Seb joked with a smirk and Ford actually smiled on the other side, but Seb couldn't see it. He couldn't see how relieved his brother looked at being able to talk to him. Happy Seb wasn't rejecting him and refuse to speak to him after what he did.

"Sebastian, I'm sorry. I'm sorry for everything I've done to you an-and everything else I've done. I'm so sorry. I've been a terrible brother." The scientist blurted out quickly. Seb blinked. "Ah… okay…” he wasn't really sure how to deal with this sudden apology. People didn't really apologize to him.

Wanda raised an eyebrow and Ford wasn't sure how to react to that. He really didn't expect that response. "I, well, I am glad you...you forgive me that…"

"He didn't forgive you, he simply stated that he heard you!" Wanda exclaimed on the phone and Seb glared at her. "Wands!" He turned to the phone. "That's not true, Sixer, I was just...surprised and of course I forgive you." Seb rolled his eye. He always did, he was just extremely angry this time and he learnt he had to pay more attention to the twins. And well, as mad at he'd been at Ford,
he still loved his stupid brother, he loved them more than anything in this human life.

"Look, Sebastian, what I did… I can't…" Ford made a frustrated sound. "Part of me is still afraid, but I don't know how to go about making up for what I almost… well…" Ford rubbed his face. "What I'm trying to say is, I'm so, so, sorry. And I want to do whatever I can to make up for it. Please, what would I need to do?"

Wanda muttered something under her breath, but Seb decided to mute it out and he hummed in thought. "How's your therapy going?"

Ford blinked. "It's actually going pretty well, almost a year, it's been…enlightening about many things in my life…" Ford didn't really want to admit it, but what he'd gone through, all of them, had been abuse from Filbrick. Ford hadn't thought of it that way until Ashton had brought it up, but that… was what had happened.

Seb smiled. "I know right? First you don't want them entering your mind and stuff, but they somehow...know, right? It's actually pretty nice to have someone to talk about stuff that bothers me!"

Ford smiled a bit. "Exactly…"

Seb leaned against Wanda. "Well, I want to see you, I miss your dumb face."

Ford stopped himself from saying they had the same face and let his brother continue.

"I mean, it's been so long and I miss messing with you too and maybe-maybe I'll feel a bit wary with you close to the babies, but I want to see you…" Seb admitted. Ford sighed. "I will stay far away from your babies. And… ah…" Ford blushed. "I've been getting plenty of sleep. Soos and Fiddleford have been wrestling me into my bed…" At that, Seb started laughing into the phone.

"What a naughty Sixer, giving his babysitters a hard time." He teased. Ford grinned a bit. "Well, yes, I don't like sleeping, alright?"

"But sleeping is the best part of being a human!" Seb laughed. The two brothers talked for a while, Wanda ignored them and entertained herself with the babies.

She couldn't deny Seb was grinning harder than he had done this year and just for that she'd allow Stanford into her house…

Ford wasn't alone when he visited. All the family made some time to see Zully as they got better and give her presents…

Zoe didn't understand why Zully was receiving gifts and not her. She started fussing loudly about it, reaching for Zully's gifts and wanting them for herself. Seb patted her head as she made an adorable angry pout. "Oh, I'm sure Zully will lend you some of her toys~" He understood what it was like to not receive toys for oneself, but this was very different from when he was a kid. He never got presents because they were for the Stans who were told to 'share', here Zully had an accident and it made sense for her to get some gifts.

Shermie was gently stroking Zully's head, careful with the stitches. "It's such a shame you had to cut all her hair off, it was beautiful!" Because half their hair was shaved so the doctors could put in the stitches. It looked awful so Seb decided to cut the rest of her hair as well, just to even it out. Zully was now almost bald, with hair barely covering their little head.

"Well, she would have looked weird with only part of her head shaved! I did it in the name of
fashion!" Seb justified. Zoe was patting Zully's head for hours after the haircut, marveling at how scratchy their hair felt. Zully actually liked having short hair. Their head felt cool and so light!

Mabel was relieved that Zully was fine, but still lamented the hair loss. She loved the twins' hair. It was the perfect mix of pretty blond color, soft baby hair, and the fluffiness inherent to the Pines hair texture.

Only Shermie and his own twins were in the house when Ford appeared. He also had a gift for his niece. Seb opened the door and the two brothers stared at each other for a second, unsure of how to respond. Ford coughed and held out the stuffed rabbit. "I… ah… got this? For Zully?" Girls liked dolls right? Yeah, that's how it worked.

Seb snorted after the awkward silence and laughed. Ford was caught off guard when his little brother (he WAS little, damn Seb was so short), threw himself over him for a hug. "Been a long time, Brainiac…"

Fords eyes widened before he hugged his brother back. "I know…" Seb ruffled his hair. "Did you miss me? Admit it~ You did miss me~~" He put a finger on his own cheek. Ford rolled his eyes. "Yes, perhaps. Your shrill, whining voice has been sadly absent from my life this past year."

"My voice is not shrill!" Seb whined even as his voice cracked. Ford snorted and laughed loudly. Seb hit his arm repeatedly but it barely hurt, to be honest. "RETRACT YOURSELF!" Seb screamed. It wasn't his fault his voice wasn't as deep as his brothers. His vocal chords worked to make his voice sound the same as his past life!

Ford continued laughing. He-He had missed this, a lot. He pulled Seb for another hug. "...No…" Seb huffed annoyed. Nasty poopface jerk!

""AAWWW! They're hugging~!"" The two turned around and saw Shermie and Mabel squealing. Ford pulled away and coughed. "Well, he's my brother. There's nothing wrong with some physical affection every now and then."

"Of course not! Now you'll finally be friends again, right?! RIGHT?!" Mabel pointed a lollipop at them, threateningly. Seb smirked. "Maybe Shooting Star, with time."

Shermie said hi to his oldest brother. He had been so disappointed after that day (and so, so freaking scared of Sebastian's MONSTER FORM!) but he couldn't hate his brothers, none of them. He spent too much time thinking Stanford was dead, and now that he was an adult, he understood that no one was perfect, people fought. Ford made a mistake, he needed help, and he got it.

Seb gave Ford's arm a friendly punch and invited him inside. "Mabel made cookies, with lots and lots of sugar. You should try them." Mabel cheered and Dipper pointed out he 'Helped too by buying the chocolate chips and mixing the dough!'

The plan was actually to keep the babies away from the scientist, but Zoe and Zully noticed Isher coming into the room, and they hadn't said hi to him in FOREVER!

"SHISHER!" Zully called innocently and waved their undamaged arm wildly. Zoe was bouncing in place with her arms up, begging to get picked up. Ford winced and not-quite hid behind Seb. "Ah, hello girls. It's very nice to see you both again." He didn't move any closer to them though. Zoe whined. Why wasn't Sixer picking her up? "ISHER!" Zoe whined, waving her hands.

Ford looked at Seb who laughed. "No babies, Sixer can't pick you up right now, his hands hurt. I can pick you up though!" He went over to grab Zoe but the little girl whined loudly and smacked
his arms away. "No!" Daddy picked them every time! She wanted Isher now!

Zully tried dragging themselves to get down from the couch, to go to their uncle, but only managed to hurt themselves and let out a sob. Seb quickly picked Zully up and put them back on the couch. "No Zully you shouldn't try to move around before your bones heal!" Seb scolded lightly. Zully whimpered. "Shisher...." Seb sighed. "You two really love your uncle Sixer, huh?"

He hugged his hurt baby and looked down at Zoe, pouting hard and looking very upset she was being denied her fun. His younger brother and his kids were watching the scene, unsure of what he'll to do about this. They didn't really want Ford near the twins until he was… cleared for stable mental health, but the kids clearly wanted to play with him.

And of course Seb was weak for his kids and gave in. They were going to be the death of him. Making sure Wanda wasn't around, he looked at Stanford, standing there and, with a frown on his face, motioned him closer. "The twins want to say hi. Kneel there, but don't carry them, just...stay still, and if you do something I'll shoot.” He made a sound with his mouth, as if he was loading a gun while the tip of his finger caught on fire.

Ford nodded quickly. Ok. He could do this! He knelt in front of the bouncing babies. "Hi, Zoe...hi Zully..." he stared sadly at the baby. So eager to see him despite how he almost hurt them...How could he be afraid of this child? It was his brother's baby!

The twins squealed and reached for his hands. Ford let them take his hands and hug them. "Isher!" Zoe cooed as she pet his arm. Then she took Ford's hand into her mouth and bit him. Ford yelped as Seb scolded. "Dammit Zoe! What did I say about biting?!" Zoe whined when daddy pulled her mouth open and removed Sixer's hand. But Sixer's hands were so nice and chewy!

Well, everything was nice and chewy for Zoe, but that's not the point!

Zully laughed loudly and kicked their free leg wildly. They tried to clap as well, because Sixer's funny (pained and scared) faces were HILARIOUS! Unfortunately, their hand was trapped, so the baby decided to just hit the couch.

Wanda had a fit when she came back and saw Ford near the babies, but Seb managed to calm the blonde beast down before she killed Ford. "The twins WANT to be with him, it's their family, I'm keeping an eye on them." Then he kept the two very far away from each other the rest of the day.

At night, Shermie and the twins made themselves comfortable in the living room (since the guest room was now the nursery) without any previous warning that they'd be staying the night, while Wanda took the twins to their room and Seb stayed with Ford, cleaning up and talking about what they missed, just catching up, like "Stan mentioned you opened your store, congratulations." And "I'm so glad you have friends! Are they nerds?! Do you play DDNMD with them?" "...We haven't gotten to that intimacy and trust yet …" "PFFT HAHAHA!"

Seb was happy that he and Ford finally made up. Ford was glad he wasn't as terrified as he'd been. He was still worried about the kids and whether or not one of them might be Bill, but, everyone was right. If one of them was Bill, he was a helpless child by now. After all, Sebastian had turned out fine. So… Ford was going to leave this for now. He would keep an eye on the twins but he wasn't going to hurt them. Never. They were still his nieces after all, and he loved them.

Chapter End Notes
Blue: OOOF So we saw what Seb had been doing while Ford was in therapy. They'll once again try to be friends. These guys were seriously deprived from a great, funny friendship tbh (f*** Fildick!)

Please comment and tell us what you think! We love to hear from you all!
Chapter 11-Closing an unfortunate cycle of hate and moving on

Chapter by bluefrosty27

Chapter Notes

Blue: hello guys! I'm back (College is going to kill me and I have been there for 2 weeks, I feel it.) But anyway! We hope you enjoy this chapter!

After the living room was cleaned, the two triplets sat down on the couch. Seb knew Wanda wasn't coming down (not wanting to see Ford), so he had time to be with his brother. He made tea for the two of them, he wanted an adult drink, but he needed to drink with a responsible adult who would be able to handle him, stop him before he got too drunk, and that adult wasn't Ford, who was another light weight.

"So, how've you been? You know, aside from therapy and work? And apparently being wrestled into your bed?" Seb asked, sitting back and sipping his tea.

"Um, not much, really...I've been doing some research, started some projects, Soos tried to explain to me what anime was…"

"Uh huh, Soos loves doing that."

"Um, I talk to Melody a bit more too, she's nice. And Abuelita cooks me lunch now."

"UMMM! Abuelita's cooking is delicious~ Not as much as mine of course~" Seb smirked and Ford rolled his eyes. He finished his tea and put the cup on the table to continue speaking. "And well, I try to follow Ashton's advice more, you know? Talking to people is hard but he has helped me and...I feel like I know more about myself now." He looked down at his hands. "I had...a serious problem with my hands-"

"Noo~ Really?" Seb giggled sarcastically.

"-Shh! I still had a problem with them, which I thought I had overcome as a kid when I grew up...but apparently I hadn't…" Ford felt a little odd to admit this fact so openly. But it felt nice to get it off his shoulders.

Seb nodded at Ford's admission. "Well, I still had lots of self image issues too. Linda's worked with me on that."

The two nodded at the same time and Seb poured more tea because sugary tea was life. "You know...we shouldn't listen to what others call us or think of us, we're so much better than any average pathetic meatsack!" Ford laughed at that. "Maybe we shouldn't! What do they know, right?" The two clicked their cups and Seb decided they were playing chess because he said so and it was his house.

As he searched for the box, he called. "But seriously though, humans can be so evil too...they'll try to hurt you and make you feel bad about yourself...and it's hard to ignore that, you know? When you're trying to fit in like a human…"
Ford understood. Not the human part, but the part about trying to fit in. Seb found the box and sat in front of him again. "But, they aren't true, like the bullies' mean words or the teachers' cruel words or—or Filbrick calling you a worthless piece of shit and beating you up, you know? I know that's not true and that I didn't deserve that!" Seb laughed and started setting the game. Ford frowned a bit at his words. Ouch.

"Sebastian, I'm so sorry that I never noticed what you were really going through." Ford said quietly. "As your brother, I should have… should have done something to try and help you. Like Stanley always did…" Ford squeezed his hands together, ashamed at his own self centered ignorance of what had been happening to his brother.

"It's ok, I survived, didn't I?" Seb chuckled softly, but there was still sadness in his voice. "You didn't know I didn't deserve it, I didn't know I didn't deserve it, Stan just didn't want me to get hit, whether I deserved it or not, you really couldn't have done anything."

"No that's not what I meant." Ford shook his head. "I should have known that no matter how badly you were behaving, you shouldn't have been hit." He grumbled, annoyed and ashamed. "But, but I let-let Pa get into me, and, and I just thought-!" Seb raised a hand calmly. "Hey, it's ok...you were also just a child, ok? And human children are dumb. It's not your fault…"

"I hated you." Ford blurted out quickly and Seb stopped, confused. "Excuse me?" Ford quickly worked on a way to explain. "I-I didn't really, but-but I-I feel like I did, but I didn't know that! I didn't know I was feeling that way…" Ford took a deep breath. "I...I thought, Pa said I shouldn't be like you, because...you know, you were like you were, and I, I somehow ended up not...liking you very much...and thinking you were so annoying and just...the person I shouldn't be, to be more than just a freak and be worthy, like-like Pa said...I'm so sorry…” He had treated Seb so terribly because of that as they grew up...

Seb was silent for a long time, fidgeting with a pawn, and Ford feared he managed to hurt his brother again, but his brother finally spoke up. "...He called you a freak?" Ford nodded slowly. "He...implied it, it wasn't direct but he always said 'more than just' so by logic he thought I was one."

Seb looked furious right now. No, it couldn't be! Filbrick only insulted *him!* He spent so much time hitting him that Seb thought the man wouldn't have the energy to hurt his other brothers! Why would he even call Ford not worth it?! He was a child genius! Was some stupid extra fingers really too much for that man to tolerate?!

"I recall this one time when we were kids...you told us he called you dumb after getting a bad grade, to...'make up...for your hands…'" Seb frowned. "You can't be serious that it happened more than one time!" Seb didn't care if Filbrick had basically told Ford to hate him, he was pissed because he had used SEB as a way to make Ford hate HIMSELF!

"Filbrick you fucking asshole!" Seb hissed, making Ford jump. "It's one thing to treat me like shit, I could take it! But Ford?! That-" Seb took a few deep breaths to calm down. "Well, you're okay now right?" Seb turned to Ford and clasped his hands. "You don't hate yourself, right?"

Ford was a bit shocked but he managed to shake his head. "I was just insecure about my-my hands." Seb stood up angrily, knocking the chess board but with his powers he quickly caught it and left it floating. "Your hands! Its-" Seb smiled sadly. "I don't understand, Sixer...how just one little extra digit on your hands and feet could-could be seen like some sort of...monstrosity! It's just fingers! And you have perfectly functional ones!" It hurt the youngest triplet so much to learn this, Ford had no idea. Knowing Ford didn't want to be a freak like him was fine, Seb was weird as a kid, but little Ford was told that if he wasn't more than perfect, he'd be a freak, his abilities wouldn't
matter shit because his fingers made him a worthless freak like Seb by default, and so he had to avoid being freakish so he wouldn't be treated like Seb. **WHY?!**

"He never understood...That stupid asshole! Your fingers were fine! Even the doctors said so when Filbrick wanted them to cut them off!"

Ford opened his mouth to speak, but when he heard the last sentence he went silent and it took him a while to recover his voice. "Wha-What do you mean? Ma-Ma and Pa wanted to...cut them first?" So they DID try making him normal...

Seb didn't seem too happy about it though. He went to the kitchen to eat something as he ranted. He grabbed a gerber baby food and a spoon. "I mean yeah? You don't know? Oh right, you all don't remember being babies…" Seb took a spoonful of apple baby food to his mouth. "We were around 9 months, I think. It was around the time Ma was trying to change breastfeeding for bottles, but you didn't like it and you always cried when she didn't let you suckle her-

"OK! Moving on-Continue!" Ford shrieked red-faced. He didn't need to know that.

"And well, Filbrick told Ma, about searching for a doctor to remove our extra fingers and my eye. Ma was reluctant but Filbrick didn't give a shit so we all went anyway." Seb continued, stopping from time to time to hum at the deliciousness of this baby food. "This doctor made the exams and stuff and he said he wouldn't. "

"And, and why not?"

"Because surgeries are delicate and dangerous, Brainiac." Seb rolled his eye. "If you have a perfectly healthy baby, who doesn't have deformed or half formed hands, whose fingers are fully functional and fully developed with all that flesh and bones and nerves and stuff, why would you risk damaging said fingers trying to remove one?" Seb laughed humorlessly. "The doctor was afraid that attempting to take off perfectly functional fingers would damage the nerves and paralyze our hands, crippling us for life." What a weak nerve system to be honest, if you asked Seb.

Stanford froze. He hadn't even thought about that. He rubbed his fingers. His hands could have been crippled… that… that would have been even worse than having six fingers, because then he wouldn't even be able to hold books or write or-

"They did try to remove my eye though." Seb shrugged. Ford looked up at that. "What?!!"

"Yeah. It was scary as shit. And it hurt!" Seb grimaced. "Don't know why the anesthesia didn't keep me knocked out, probably some good ol' negligence, but in the middle of it I woke up, but the doctors didn't know… I couldn't scream and-the doctors didn't stop...Probably didn't even care...Worse of all is that it didn't even work!" Seb rubbed his eyepatch a little bit. "The fucking thing grew back just as it was almost gone, I think it was due to my fast healing or my nature, who knows. It **Freaked** the doctors out. And it was hours of surgery that I was forced to remember which didn't even do shit." and Ford felt sick all over again. Seb had his eye removed- and he had to remember it?! Feel it as it was happening?! And after all that pain, his demon eye simply grew back-

"At the end the doctors told Ma and Filbrick that they couldn't because of some doctor bullshit, but I wasn't at risk with my 'blind eye'...You should have seen Filbrick's face when he realized he wasted thousands of dollars on me for nothing..." Seb winced. At least Filbrick didn't take it out on him for that (he just raged and shouted at his mom because he was an asshole), and Ma cuddled him a lot afterward.
Seb looked at Ford's wide-eyed expression, not really noticing his brother's more than horrified face as he was making his own epiphany of a different nature. "Hey~ Maybe that's why Filbrick hates me! Because he wasted so much money on me, and I never managed to pay him back for it." Seb gasped softly and licked the now empty container. "What a realization, I should tell Linda about it."

Ford felt sicker than before. He felt like throwing up. He was still holding his hands tight. He had always wondered why he never had had surgery to remove his fingers and knowing not only his father tried to remove them, but he got angry and insisted on it despite the doctor's refusal for baby him's well being (an irrational decision that could have left him crippled)... and Seb's own failed surgery, which could be the reason their Pa hated him... he ran a hand through his hair. "Oh fuck...holy fuck...I'm so sorry..." Ford pulled his brother into a hug, shoulders shaking. He had always being so self-centered, thinking only about himself and pitied himself for being such a freak, that he never thought of his brother's own fears and insecurities, that he might have felt just as sad as him..., just taking his condition as some sort of fact! Ford knew that Ashton had pointed this out, but to hear it from Seb directly...

"Our father... wasn't a very nice man, even if he spent money on you for nothing, that's... that's not an excuse for..." Ford winced. Was that why their father had thrown Sebastian out for breaking his project? Because he'd cost them millions- that might have been able to pay back the surgery? Not that still wasn't an excuse. Filbrick had been hard on Sebastian for their whole lives and it wasn't...

"You shouldn't have had to go through that..." Ford whimpered. Seb's frozen body slowly relaxed to hug Stanford back. "Eh, it happened. Better that if was me and not you or Stan. Or Shermie. God if Filbrick had ever laid a hand on Shermie I would have bitten it off." Seb half-joked.

Seb patted Ford's back gently and laid his head on his shoulder. "Its ok... we're fine now, we won't see him again, ok?" Seb felt Ford nod. "Do you still feel the same about me?"

"N-NO! Of course not!" Ford gasped. He didn't hate Seb anymore, not once he'd finally realized that had been what he was doing, unconsciously.

"Then what Filbrick told us shouldn't matter shit!" Seb kissed his forehead and Ford laughed sheepishly. "Did-Did you just kiss me?" Seb nodded shamelessly. "I love you, piece of shit, accept my love!" Ford laughed and patted Seb's head, unable to really kiss him back, it was too weird to think about. Kissing was something their mom did to show affection, he wasn't... he couldn't do that!

Seb giggled. "Well come on, I'm hungry and I can't just keep eating baby food."

Some sandwiches and juice boxes later, neither of them felt like sleeping, despite how it was late (for Ford that was normal though). They wanted to make up for the lost time.

"So...How about we play now? I didn't take this out for nothing!" Seb motioned at the floating game and put it on the floor. He sat down cross legged and with his powers moved a pawn. "Your turn!" He put one arm behind his head.
Ford smiled and sat down as well, sheepishly wiping a wild tear. "You're doing this on purpose, aren't you?" He teased. Seb definitely knew he used to play with Bill.

"Of course, I'm testing you~"

Ford didn't mind though. What Seb did was HIS, not Bill, it had a new meaning if his brother did it, that's why this was fine, this was great. He finally felt like he was bonding with his triplet.

He moved his first pawn.

Ford was back in Gravity Falls the next day. The two fell asleep during their 8th round of chess (Seb won 6 of them and claimed he let Ford win the others because he was tired), and they woke up with Wanda's stern "Don't you have to leave already?"

And in fact, he had, his flight was in a few hours. Shermie and the twins were leaving later because father and daughter liked to sleep and didn't feel capable of such a big responsibility that was waking up early.

Hours later Ford was back home and found Fiddleford in the center at night when Ford burst into Fiddleford's lab. "FIDDLEFORD, I DID IT!"

"Jesus freaking Christ!" Fiddleford clasped a hand over his heart. "Don't scare me like that Stanford!" He almost dropped the screw he was holding. It would have been annoying to have to find it again.
Ford was grinning widely as he ran up and perched himself on the edge of Fiddleford's workbench. "I'm back." "I can see." Fiddleford deadpanned. "And I talked to Sebastian. The twins were also pretty happy to see me, Zully's doing fine, she's just bald now, and I think I did pretty good, if I can say so myself! Wanda still hates me though, but I think I can live with that for now..."

Fiddleford nodded. "Ah, well, that's good, right?" He couldn't help but notice how happy Ford looked. He was glad everything went fine with Sebastian. Those two deserved that closure. And then Ford told his friend about what he'd learned from Seb about their father's thoughts on their respective deformities and Fiddleford dropped his screw. He clutched his screwdriver in his other hand as his hands shook. "Yer Pa did that..." Fiddleford couldn't believe any father would be able to do that to their own child. His own Pa had been hard on him for 'Bein' inta that wacky mo-jo science shit!', but even he had never treated him like how this Filbrick treated his own sons.

Fiddleford twitched as his urge to 'build a giant robot to rampage against the person who makes me angry' demanded for him to head over to Jersey and tear down a certain Pawn Shop...

And he actually did. He started building his masterpiece to avenge his friends, but he accidentally spoiled it to Stanford, who immediately tried to stop him. "You don't need to do that!"

"But he deserves it!" For hurting them!

"But you already got arrested once! And I don't want to go through that again!" Ford insisted. After a long discussion, Fiddleford agreed to desist, but Ford knew he kept the blueprints somewhere. He still appreciated his friend's concern for his sake. Even if it was in a very weird way of expressing it.

"You will stop calling your uncle that, you'll feel HAPPY for the two of them making up and you'll stop being a brat or we are going to have problems, is that clear?!"

Dillon glared at his dad and after a hissed "Fine." He went to his room. Ugh! Just because he was still angry at Ford, Dad got angry at him. He was glad Uncle Seb was happy with him again, because he deserved to be happy, but why couldn't he still feel upset? Ford had been mean!

They visited Sebastian, Wanda and the twins a few days ago and he was glad he didn't see Ford then!

Dillon curled up on his bed and fumed. After a while of cursing at the uncle he barely knew, he took a deep breath. Ok, he was being very mean now. If Uncle Seb forgave him, then he should too...but...he'd still be distant because Uncle Ford never really talked to him. And to be honest, Dillon still didn't know how to feel about uncle Ford. He was always being so... unapproachable, as if Dillon wasn't worth talking to. Always locking himself in his lab and only wanting to talk to Dipper whenever they went over. Uncle Ford was weird.

Dillon turned to face the ceiling and exhaled. He was sure he was grounded. He was bored now dammit, but he didn't feel like moving from his bed to do anything. So he grabbed his phone and checked his messages. One of them made him smile wide.

He had been taking French at an institute for a few years now and this semester a cute boy joined. Ginger, freckled, and so adorable. He sucked at French though. (Not sure how he was in Dillon's class). They became friends after being class partners, Dillon did all the work and tutored him. This
message was actually from the boy attempting to write in French. "Salut copine! help moi (idk the word :p) Je froid" His friend wrote, which wasn't that bad, ignoring the fact he called Dillon a girl classmate and that his friend was the cold, not that he was cold (since the weather's been getting colder).

"Copain*, aide* and j'ai***" Dillon wrote back, to which his friend replied with a "FUCK!" Dillon snorted and rolled around on his bed. His cheeks got warmer at the thought of the ginger choosing to write to him...He wasn't sure what Phillip's orientation was, but being with him was so amazing… "Phillip Abbott…" The teen whispered dreamily the name of his new crush.

"Don't worry, I won't stop until u know French." Dillon added an emoji and screamed when he realized he sent a heart emoji unconsciously. He quickly sent a laughing face with a * "Oops! Srry didn't mean to send that!"

Phillip took a second to reply, leaving him on seen, and Dillon panicked, thinking he made everything uncomfortable and that Phillip would block him and refuse to talk to him again, but his friend finally replied. And he sent a heart too.

"Don't worry, now were even~ And thanks! Ur the best tutor!" Phillip texted him. Phillip also sent an emoji of a smiley face sticking his tongue out. Dillon snorted. Phillip was a few years older than him, but he swore the older boy was way more childish.

"I'm the BEST tutor!" Dillon typed back. "How've you been?" he added, since, well, might as well. Part of him wished he could see Phillip outside of French class, but Phillip was an 18 year old (so two years older than Dillon, who was 16) college student who was taking French because he realized he needed things to put in his CV. Dillon sighed dreamily once again. Phillip was a medical student and Dillon thought that was amazing. He was so cute and smart, he graduated high school early and was accepted into college so soon~~

At first he thought Phillip would be a mean person, with his piercings and full sleeve tattoos, but Phillip was the sweetest boy ever and Dillon wanted to kiss him but Phillip probably had a girlfriend (he must have! He was so cool and hot that he must have been snatched up by a girl at his college already!) and he just didn't know...

"Freezing to death in my room, wearing two pairs of socks and reading about cells! U?" Dillon suddenly felt a little special. Phillip was studying and stopped to talk to him~?

"Oh well, here just...talking to you, wasn't doing anything important, though I have hw I wont do."

"Whaaaat? Noooo do your hwww!" Phillip sent a sad face with a tear. "Is important for you to learn things! N u are so smart! Im sure its a piece of cake for u~"

Dillon squealed into his pillow. Holy cow Phillip called him smart! The boy procrastinated by talking to his friend until Phillip apologized because he had to read. Dillon said bye and sighed. Best afternoon ever.

There was a soft knock on his door followed by a "Dion! Foo!" And then his mom's "Ya heard your brother, dinner's ready!" Dillons mood was lifted up so he happily skipped outside to the table, so in love and so happy.

He even apologized to his dad for calling his dad's brother a piece of dickhead shit, so that meant he was really in a good mood.

As two year old Diego hit his food against the table with a loud "Bah, bah, bah!" Carla noticed
Dillon smiling funnily. "Are you ok, kid?" She laughed.

"Haha, yeah! It's just...I like someone from my French class!" He blurted out before he could hold it back. Stan looked up from his food. "Aaww~ Is little Dillon in love~?" He laughed a bit. "I'm just teasin' ya. So, if you like her, why don't you invite her out on a date? Is she pretty?" Stan asked, interested in his son's life and willing to give him tips if necessary. Dillon fidgeted in his seat, his mood dropping. "N-nngh...I don't know if... if they like me back..."

"Pfft! Of course she'll like you back! Your mom and I made you!" Carla, despite how awkward this was, managed to giggle against her will.

"But what if...if it isn't just...a-a girl?" Dillon sunk a bit in his chair, waiting for the worse. Stanley gasped. "Wait! Two girls?! You like two?! No, no, don't date two girls at the same time."

'I don't even like girls...' Dillon thought to himself sadly. He should tell Dad already but he was a coward, he wasn't ready yet.

Besides, he couldn't even date the people he liked, because he didn't have any luck. Like that boy from school a few years ago...They started dating but it didn't last long.

One. Because the kid was weirder than he thought. Two. It was all secret, no one knew. And three, the boy was even more closeted than he was and denied their relationship and insulted Dillon to his face when someone confronted them about it. He had felt so heartbroken that day than it forced him to tell his Ma. At least mom hugged him tight and said she loved him no matter what and that she didn't mind...

But Dad? Dad expected him to have a girlfriend and to like girls, he'd be so disappointed...

Dillon messaged Mabel for help the next day and she only said to tell his dad already and to ask the boy in his French class out. (And to send photos.)

Her advice was poop. Dillon couldn't just ask Phillip out! He didn't even know if Phillip liked him...but dating Phillip sounded...nice...

Dillon shook his head and sniffled. It was stupid to think about this. He couldn't date Phillip. He wouldn't date anyone in his life! He would eventually have to tell his dad that he liked a guy and that he would never like girls. And then he would have to live with his dad's disappointment the rest of his life, alone forever because no one will like him back. That wasn't a happy life in the boy's mind, but he didn't have any other choice...

-=

"Hey Ford..." Fiddleford started. After making peace with Sebastian, he had seen his friend much better, happier, more energetic, like a content owl. Ashton really made miracles. Fiddleford was a living proof of that, just like Stanford. He saw Ford eat more, he interacted with more people other than Fiddleford, and, if Soos' words were to be believed, Ford hadn't had any nightmares recently.

The ONLY thing no one could solve though, was how much of a workaholic Ford was. No matter how much food he ate, or sleep he had, he ate WHEN he finished work, and he slept when he passed out from working. Fiddleford knew that it wasn't just a basic 'getting distracted' type of thing, Ford had a lot of tedious tasks he had to finish to get his work up to the level where the scientist felt was adequate to stop for now. Meaning Ford ended up spending most of his time simply getting prep-work done before he could actually run his experiments. With this in mind, Fiddleford came up with a solution.
"What do ye think of internships?" The blond had had this idea for a while, allowing an undergraduate or recent graduates to work here. So Ford could get help, or any of them for that matter. "They'd would be like an apprentice of some sort, we can teach them stuff and get help in return?"

Ford grimaced. "But I don't want strange kids running around in the center, even less in my lab!" He had wanted Dipper to be his apprentice back when his nephew was younger, but it was different, he was family and he trusted him. Who knew what those kids could do! He knew how college kids were and they could just come as some sort of vacation and cause more trouble than good!

Fiddleford waved a hand, "Well we can have 'em pass a test to get in. So only kids who are actually into science and have a decent knowledge and understandin' of it can even be allowed to have a chance of an internship here." He didn't plan to call just any kid either! Usually the internships are done by kids finishing their education, which will have to be related to science, OBVIOUSLY.

Ford wasn't very sure. He didn't want help, he didn't need it. "I don't know Fiddleford, I doubt this is a good idea." He shuddered at the thought of some kid messing with his stuff and research.

Fiddleford deadpanned. Ford of course didn't know what he was talking about, so he didn't give a single mcfuck about what he thought. The next day he was researching how internships worked and eventually opened up the vacant spots for around 10 different colleges. He didn't need to ask Ford permission for ANYTHING, the center was his too!

He couldn't babysit Ford all day, so he would get someone to do it FOR FREE! MWAHAHAHA!

It took Ford a while to realize what Fiddleford did. He only realized it when they received the letters from the colleges, the list included Backupsmore and West Coast Tech amount several other colleges, they were so grateful for the offered internships and that they agreed to follow the procedure Dr. McGucket required.

"F!?!" Ford exclaimed wide eyed as he read the 10 letters. How could he?! He told him he didn't want this! How could he betray him like this?!

"Oh, don't overreact, Ford." The blond rolled his eyes. "This will be good for everyone! Just imagine being their age and being offered such an opportunity to come to a research center like ours~" He wrapped an arm around Ford's shoulder.

Ford scowled and Fiddleford laughed. "Listen, right now, there are only two open spots, as a sort of testing period. I will be vetting the entrants to see who we're going to allow in here. And I'll show you the profiles of the best options, Ok?"

Ford scowled harder. Worse of all, everyone in the center was excited to get the extra help, so he didn't have support in this. After almost a year of not facetimeing with his triplets, he finally face chatted with Seb and Stan. The occasion? To rant about what Fiddleford did to him and how betrayed he felt.

Stan didn't feel like it was a problem, in fact, quite the opposite. "Yes! Interns are the BEST!" He laughed, slapping his leg. "You can boss 'em around to do everything for you! Bring you lunch, coffee, do your paperwork…" Stan grinned. "And the best part? You don't have to PAY them A CENT! Hahaha! You can do that… ah, what's it… work experience! HAH!" He did that with his own slav- er...interns!
Seb frowned. "Just because you don't have to shouldn't mean you don't! Unpaid internship is awful and you shouldn't force those poor kids to go through that." He huffed and folded his arms. He treated his employees correctly, didn't let them do whatever they wanted like Mabel did, he was a stern, but fair, deity.

"Sixer, you better be paying your interns or I'll kill you in my monster form! You too Fez! Aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

Ford blinked as he looked back and forth between his triplets. "Ah... so... should I pay them?"

"YES!" "NO!"

Ford ran a hand through his hair. "I'll let Fiddleford handle this because it was his idea. I guess they'd get food and a place to stay, right? Is that enough?" He got that when he was an intern too...

Stan laughed "Don't give them nothing!" As Seb scowled "Why are you like this?! Aren't you ashamed of yourself?!"

Ford sighed.

Teens throughout the country struggled to get the internship, and Wanda struggled with her new mission: to ask Seb to marry her. She wanted to do this, she felt that if she didn't do this, now, it would never happen. When she mentioned it to Alex and Johnny, they laughed at her disgrace. "Just like when you were teens!" They joked.

Wanda didn't find it funny at all. She was letting too much time pass! Their twins were growing up so fast. Zully went through a couple of months of rehabilitation and physical therapy after their casts were removed and now the baby went back to being the curious happy child they were. Zully's hair was still short (which the baby loved, unknown to their parents), but Seb and Wanda were hoping it'd grow back soon so they could braid it or give them adorable ponytails.

They were thinking the twins should go to a pre-school once they were a little older, they were 2 years old (soon to be THREE in a few months) maybe it was the best for them to interact with other children, they were very sociable, but they still didn't have control of their powers, and Seb didn't want them to reveal themselves in front of people who didn't know about weirdness. But he didn't want the twins to have no social interaction with children their age.

There were some other babies around the neighborhood and Seb had taken the twins to the park to play with them, but that was only for short periods of time. A daycare or preschool would allow for more time to be around other people. Wanda and Seb both also wanted their kids to be able to handle being away from them for periods of time, before they had to start kindergarten, just so they'd be able to acclimate to the idea of school.

Wanda considered this particular detail very important because the twins were extremely clingy, particularly with Seb. They went everywhere with him, when he was home they were playing in the same room, they napped with him, went shopping with him, accompanied him to the hairdresser, they even went to the clothing store when Seb checked it from time to time for business reasons.

She feared a future tantrum when they were forced to separate for school...

Wanda came out of her thoughts abruptly when she heard a scream. Seb wasn't home, he had to see someone to make a contract for a fashion show or something (she didn't understand the fashion world, just like Seb didn't understand law) so she went to see her crying baby.
Who wasn't a baby anymore, oh god. The year finished so fast! They were almost three…

Toddlers, they were toddlers…

It was Zully, who, between tears and snot, explained that they couldn't find their blanket anywhere after they woke up from their nap. "I-I, I didn't see it and and I was scared! Blankie! I wan my blankie!" they wailed. The twins talked constantly, learning new words every day. It was great because they could finally express what they wanted.

"It's ok, sweetie, we're going to find it, but don't cry ok? If you cry, we can't think where blankie can be." Wanda explained. Zully sniffled and wiped their tears. "Ok mommy…"

Zoe joined in the search for the yellow blanket. "Is not in kick-chen!" The little girl exclaimed. Zully searched in the bathrooms but it wasn't there either. Wanda thought they had washed it with some clothes accidentally, but it wasn't in the laundry. It wasn't in the car either. She called her mom, in case they left the blanket there, but nothing. She texted Seb, but the blanket wasn't with him either.

Zully was getting more and more desperate, and Wanda too. The damn blankie was gone. Seb came home and all hell broke loose. Zully went to sob over their daddy with all their might. Seb hugged the toddler and rocked them. "Oh, please don't cry, I'm sure it should be somewhere, princess." He cooed as the toddler hid their head on his neck.

However, when Seb talked to Wanda privately, he wasn't very positive. "Nope. It's gone, Wands, I think we left it in the park." He declared plainly.

"And what do we do then?" Wanda asked. Zully didn't like sleeping without it. Seb hummed in thought. "We bought that at the Mall, lets just buy her another one. We have to buy them some new clothes anyway." Seb shrugged. The only problem was that Zully loved that blanket because it was worn and liked the texture. It would take a while for the new blanket to be the same. But it was the best they could do.

They explained it to Zully ("Life is sometimes unfair, sweetie and things are gone and you just have to deal with it.") and the toddler reluctantly agreed after a lot of crying. They were still devastated though, blankie was gone and it made them feel so sad and alone. Zoe, not giving a fuck (kids were self centered at their age), was excited to go to the mall because she could get new toys and choose the clothes she liked.

They bought a new blanket there, just as bright yellow as the last one, which Zully hugged as a consolation gift and rubbed it sadly against their face. "Feel new and sad. Blankie has no life." Zully sighed heavily, far too heavy for a 2 year old. Wanda was sure Zully was just being dramatic, like their dad, and they'd forget about it in a few days. Well, Zully wouldn't. Just like the toddler was doing now, they would start to constantly rub their new blanket against their face or the couch or the wall or Seb's face (which annoyed him to no end), to try and get it to wear down back into the same state as their old blankie.

Apparently they really liked the way it felt, with the little bunched up fabric balls and frayed ends and wouldn't be satisfied until it felt perfect. (Wanda would eventually start to worry that Zully was obsessed).

But she didn't know about that yet. They had the blanket and she high-sixed Seb. Done. Now clothes. With the twins in those car shaped carts from the Shopping Mall the parents had to push, they walked among the people and examined each store as they made their way to the center were the store with lots of kids clothes were. Wanda's eye caught the name of a certain store. She almost didn't stop but she was forced to. It was a jewelry store with many beautiful rings and necklaces
"Something caught your attention?" Wanda jumped when Seb came up behind her. "Wanna go in?" Seb offered with a smile. Wanda flushed. "Ah, you can go get the kids some clothes, I'm just going to look at something, I won't be gone long." Wanda waved him off. Well… actually…

"Wait. Come with me and just tell me which one you like." Wanda sighed. Would probably be easier.

"Oh, cool! Are you getting new earrings? I could use a new pair." Seb didn't take the twins out of their stroller prisons, in case they ran away, and the four entered the store. The woman behind the counter looked at them and smiled. "Hi, how can I help you?"

"My girlfriend saw something outside and wants to see it." Seb informed her. "Sure! What was it?"

Wanda pointed to a glass exhibition away from them. "Seb, can you get one of those necklaces, I liked them all but you have better judgement on stuff like that."

"Of course I do! I'm an expert on GOLD~ WINK!" He smirked and skipped away. When he was out of earshot, the blonde leaned closer to the seller. "I want to propose but he's a dummy and I want him to love the idea of marriage, help me?"

The seller looked down at the twins in the shared cart and cooed. "Well does he want to get married?" The seller asked. Wanda sighed. "He thinks it's just a societal and religious ritual that's pointless since he loves me and he doesn't need a ring to prove it, but I want to make our relationship official. It's not about the ring, it's about the legally binding contract and well… maybe it's a little selfish, but I want that."

The seller nodded slowly. "Well, you could always just get the paperwork done or…"

"But...I want to do...you know, proposing and having a nice memory with him…" Wanda looked at Seb debating at the necklaces. "It might just be me being a little silly, but I sort of want the party and everything. To celebrate us being together officially and all that." The woman nodded with a knowing smile. "He seems to like jewelry, you better choose the perfect ring."

Wanda groaned. "Help me do that? Please? I know nothing about jewelry!"

Wanda was lucky that this sales clerk was nice. Instead of pointing the clueless woman toward the most expensive rings, she instead asked her "Well what does your boyfriend do? Does he handle chemicals or use his hands a lot? I doubt he works with hard labor, considering how skinny he is…" And how delicate his hands looked...

And so it went, the clerk questioned Wanda about herself and Sebastian to match them up with the best rings that would work for them and their lifestyles.

Seb eventually joined them with the things he chose for his girlfriend. He wasn't really aware that all this was for the proposing, he thought this was for Wanda, so he suggested some pieces of jewelry and wanted to help. He spent a good time admiring a certain ring though, one with a little diamond that glowed a faint yellow with the light.

It wasn't missed by the women. Wanda knew he had to get this ring. Of course he cast it aside with a laugh "This is beautiful, but not for you." and continued searching for something for her, of course. Wanda sent a look at the other woman, who nodded in understanding. She casually took it for safekeeping and gave Wanda a card with the store number.
They left the store, much to the bored twins relief, with a thin golden bracelet Sebastian bought, and he chose a triangular pendant to go with it. Wanda loved it (and tried not to laugh when Seb mentioned he could check on her with it, that was so sappy and cute of him to say). Seb also got a few pairs of ratings for him and Wanda to share, they shared much of their jewelry. Most of it was officially Seb's though.

"We buy clothes now?" Zoe called from her cart, she was bored of driving it already!

"Yes, yes, don't be impatient, we're almost there." Seb rolled his eye. Kids.

Once there, he opened the doors of the car to free the twins and grabbed their hands. "Ok, listen, you little demons." The blonds giggled. "You two need shirts, so I want you to choose long and short sleeved ones, pants, and shoes. The little label on the collar and waist must show a 4. Mom and I will let you choose." Seb pointed at the color coded sections. "In this side, you'll find mostly pink stuff and on that other side, blue stuff. As long as its your size and the colors match, you can have it."

He freed them and Zoe ran towards the girls section because the shirts with sparkling sequins and bright colors caught her attention. Zully was intimidated to have so much freedom and clung to their mom instead. "I'll help Zully, you go watch Zoe." Wanda told Seb, and he nodded before he ran after Zoe who was pulling the clothes to the floor to see them. "Hey! Hey stop it!" He shouted.

Zoe flinched just a bit, and waited impatiently for her dad to show her the clothes. "I want this!" She pointed at a green t-shirt with a heart on it. Seb checked the right size and moved on. "Ok, but no more pulling."

"Okie! Can I get new dolly? The-the wons you can change cwothes!" Zoe grabbed Daddy's hand and jumped as she looked for a shirt she liked. "No, you destroy your dolls." Zoe always ended up twisting their limbs and heads off. He liked destroying stuff as a child too, but he didn't want Zoe to do it!

"Pwweassee! I behave?"

"No, we came for clothes, maybe another day." Seb told her but the girl with green and brown eyes didn't like that answer. She had been so very patient in that store and she wanted new toys NOW! Zoe pulled away and started screaming on the floor. "AAAHHHH! I WANT DOLL!"

Seb groaned and massaged his temples. Zoe kicked her arms and legs frantically, and they were starting to draw attention. "Zoe, stand up." He asked, but of course the toddler didn't listen. "Zoe Pines! I said stand up!" He ordered.

"AAAAAHHHHH!"

He was forced to pull her to her feet when her hands caught on fire and she tried to burn down a stack of clothes. With a headache, he dragged her away from the store, holding her hand firm so she wouldn't run away and to absorb her energy. "LET GO!" Zoe shrieked.

"Zoe, listen to me, we aren't going anywhere until you calm down." He slowly let go of her hands when it was fire free. "You know you're being insufferable right now, right?" Seb glared, eye flashing red for a second.

"N-not unsuf-able." Zoe whimpered as she rubbed her eyes. "I want toy!" Her heterochromatic eyes were full of tears.
"And I said we can get it some other day. Today is clothes day." Zoe went back to sobbing and Seb threw his head back. WHY HIM?! He flinched a bit when he heard a very familiar sound and he turned around to another corner where another dad was having the same problem with his son. But he resorted to an easier tactic and slapped his kid. His own brat shut up with tears in his wide eyes and Seb heard him ordering the boy to behave before going back inside.

"No hit me..." Zoe also noticed the scene apparently and whimpered. He took a deep breath and gently stroked Zoes cheek. "Hey...I would never hurt you, baby." And that was true, he couldn't bring himself to do what Filbrick did to him. "-but I want you to listen to me, ok? Or I'm taking you home and this entire day is over." He looked down at Zoe sternly.

"I want toy." She muttered, stubbornly like any Pines, and Seb nodded. "I know you want it, but you aren't getting it, even less if you scream and EMBARRASS ME and make me take you out of the store. I told you we can come some other day. Your screams only makes me want to NOT return and buy toys." He was a slave to his kids most of the time, but when it came to these sorts of things, to the real stuff, he needed to do a good parenting, he didn't take shit from anyone. Not even his kids.

"No...I want toys..." Zoe wiped her tears. She preferred waiting more than never having them EVER, though. "We...we come notheh day? Pwomise?" Seb nodded and pulled her to a hug. Zoe clung to his neck and whined. "Cawy me." She asked.

Ok, he could do that...

As Seb returned to the store to continue shopping, Wanda was following Zully who was looking at a dinosaur shirt, it was pretty cute. "This?" Zully smiled when mommy approved their choice and they put it in the bag they were using. As Zully was much more calm than Zoe, finding the clothes was a quick and easy process. they got a blue shirt with a green dinosaur on it, a white t-shirt with green and light blue stripes, blue and brown jeans, dark blue sneakers and a pink long sleeved dress which had a brown hood on it (Zully loved that) and it had a sheep on it (Zully loved that too. They loved animals).

"Is a sheep! Beeeesh!" Zully giggled as they imitated a sheep. Wanda couldn't help but laugh. "That's a farm animal." Wanda told them with a smile.

"And the are mowe fawm animals! Like pigs and cows! And chick-ins!"

"Um, excuse me." A woman tapped Wanda's shoulder, interrupting her from the adorable scene. She was holding a girl's hand. "You're in the girls section."

"...Yes?"

The other woman rolled her eyes as if Wanda was stupid. "So take your son away! I saw you buying clothes in the boys' section minutes ago so send him there, you're making my daughter uncomfortable." Despite the woman's words, her daughter didn't seem to mind Zully, in fact, she looked more uncomfortable at the way her mother was squeezing her hand so tightly.

Wanda looked at Zully, who was looking up at the woman in confusion. The child's hair was still pretty short because of the surgery. "Her name is Zully. And we can buy wherever we want."

Zully frowned a bit when the woman gasped horrified. "Even worse! You're buying her boy's clothes! How dare you?! You're going to confuse her!" Zully saw the way mommy's eyes narrowed at what the other lady said.
Mommy took their hand to walk away (Intelligent decision. Mommy claimed to be very ra-tional and calmer than Dad, but she could throw fists if provoked out of the courtroom. Mommy was scary too). "Come, Zully, let's pay for this..."

Wanda huffed. What was wrong with people not minding their own business?!

Zully was confused at the woman's words. First, the woman called them 'he', like dad, and told them to go to the boy's section, which dad always called blue section, so the woman must be wrong, but then the woman called them 'she' like mommy, like everybody else did, and told them it was wrong to buy 'boys' clothes.

It was so confusing. Daddy never said there were stuff for just girls or boys...What made things for girls and boys that way anyway? Zully rubbed their head with a free hand.

What were they then?

Zully didn't mind when people called them 'she', mostly because they didn't know anything else, the child just assumed that must be because mommy and daddy called them so. But...being called 'he'...it felt...different. A nice different, actually. It was being like daddy, and Zully loved Mommy, but they prefer being more like daddy! 'Shes' had lumpy chests and longer hair and 'hes' had flat chests and short hair. And Zully liked having shorter hair. (It didn't get in their food while eating and they could clean it faster!)

"Mommy? That waady called me a boy." Zully looked up. "I know, just ignore her, sweetie. You're a pretty girl, doesn't matter if your hair is long or short." Wanda placed the clothes Zully picked out on the countertop so the clerk could scan them.

Zully frowned. What?! If it wasn't hair that made someone a boy or girl, then what?! "And what make a boy ow giwl?" Wanda stopped and thought. She decided she didn't want to talk about that in the Mall so she changed the topic. "Want a toy?"

"Yeah!" Zully exclaimed as they bounced on their feet. They had fragile memory and got easily distracted just like their dad. Zully got a plushie of a puppy that made sounds when you pressed its back and came with a baby bottle to feed it and a kit to take care of it if it got sick.

Wanda paid and they put the dog in a bag, much to Zully's complaints ("He won't be able to bweath!") The brown eyed kid didn't throw a tantrum though. When they met back with Seb and Zoe (who got Batman shirts, more dinosaurs shirts, pants with flower patterns and bunny socks) at the entrance, Seb freaked out when Wanda told him she bought Zully a cute toy. "But I just told Zoe we wouldn't buy toys today! She threw a tantrum and I had to take her out, are you kidding me?!" He hissed-whispered.

"Oops."

"Thanks, Friedmann."

They couldn't return the puppy now that Zully had showed it to their twin before it could be stopped and Zoe wanted one too. She glared at Seb for lying to her. Getting toys for Zully and not her?! Like their uncles did months ago?! "NOT FAI!"

Seb took the twins to the car with their shopping bags as Wanda explained that she didn't know that today wasn't a toy day but Zully had been on good behavior so they got a toy. Zoe was very upset but Wanda told her that if she was really good and behaved, she could get a toy next time they went to the mall.
Zully shyly offered to share their puppy with their sister. "But pwease dun wiip his head off." Zully told her. Zoe pulled off a perfect eye roll. "I dun wiip it! I *bite* it!"

And poor Seb had to separate the kids before Zoe really bit the puppy and made Zully cry. Wanda sighed. Why'd their kids have to take after Seb? In opposite ways too! Zoe got Seb's hyperactive maniac tendencies, and Zully got Seb's over-emotional sensitivity. Wanda made a mental note to try and at least teach the kids her own brand of common sense. They would *really* need that.

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Ford was quite unhappy. Fiddleford and the others were thrilled to meet the new interns but Ford thought this was all a waste of time.

"They passed the exams I sent put wi' flying colors Stanford. They're really the best of all the applicants." Fiddleford patted his shoulder. Ford was being so petulant about this. Fiddleford sighed. "Why don't you want interns?" He asked. Ford shuffled in place as he looked away. "They just..." he tried to come up with an excuse but he knew Fiddleford would see right through them so he went with the truth. "I'm afraid they might leak our experiments on that... Social Media thing I've heard so much about." And Ford didn't want anyone knowing/stealing their ideas and innovations! They already had to deal with spies from other companies trying to sneak in and steal valuable research data.

Fiddleford hummed, stroking his chin in thought. Part of him was laughing at how Ford was such an old man trapped in a young(ish) body. "You know, teens live off their cell phones. We can always take them away and give them limited ones? For calls only and the phone won't allow them to take photos or access any social website."

"So, give them real phones…?" Ford raised an eyebrow. "When did phones stop being used to call ANYWAY?"

Fiddleford laughed at his exasperated face and patted his back. "Don't worry, it will work. We'll tell them it's for safety precautions. Get those wrinkles off your face and coat, you have to look perfect when they arrive!" The mechanic turned away and Ford pouted. "I don't have wrinkles..." he rubbed a hand across his face self consciously.

A group of scientists were already waiting, they were very curious about the kids. There was a tourist bus parked for the Shack, but it was already leaving, so the kids arrival would be less noisy.

Eventually, another bus pulled up and a smiling girl skipped out, carrying a duffle bag and a backpack while the boy behind her was pulling out a big suitcase, grimacing at the trees and grass (and bugs!) and just wanting to get inside already.

Stanford and Fiddleford received them at the entrance, under the sun of the starting summer. "Greetings, I'm Dr. Pines, he's Dr. McGucket, it's...a pleasure to have you here Ms. Se, Mr. Lodge." Ford said politely because what else could he do? They were already here.

The two stared at them with equally awed expressions. It boosted Ford's ego. Just a little.

"V-Viola..." The girl stuttered. "You can call me Viola, Dr. Pines, if you wish..." Fiddleford looked at the boy. "And what's your name?" He knew it, he just wanted the boy to introduce himself.

"Tyler, Tyler Lodge, Dr. Mcgucket, I'm from West Coast Tech, *first* in my class, I'm studying Physics and I'm utterly sure I'll be of great help here and will learn a lot from you and your team."
His tone was very superior as he straightened out, looking very self assured of himself. Fiddleford nodded and turned to Viola. "And you miss? What's your field of study?"

The girl tried to straighten up and look as confident as Tyler was, "I'm Viola Se from...Backupsmore..." She smiled a little when the two scientists nodded with a smile of their own. "Chemistry major, with a minor in animal biology, my focus is on frogs." she blushed when Tyler laughed. "You study frogs?" Tyler stared at her. Viola seemed to shrink in on herself. "They're cute." she pouted. "And the secretions from their skin are fascinating to study..."

"Well you're in luck." Fiddleford grinned. "There're plenty of frogs here in Gravity Falls, I can show you the mud pits where I used ta farm 'em. 'Course, that was back when I ate 'em but... well..."

Ford nudged him in the ribs and forced a smile. Viola seemed fascinated, Tyler was just disgusted. "We...should probably come in...I guess we will give you a tour around and show you the sleeping quarters..." He started walking with his hands behind his back and Fiddleford trailed after him. "Ate them? Seriously?!" Ford hissed at his friend. Fiddleford rolled his eyes. "They're delicious, I'll have ya know."

Tyler pushed in front of Viola and walked in first. "No offense, Viola, but we both know which college is superior. I'm surprised you made it here considering you couldn't even get into a decent college." The boy walked faster to catch up with Ford and Fiddleford. Viola gasped and was stunned for a second before running up to him.

"You are not better than me just because you-" Viola glared and Tyler laughed as he interrupted. "Oh, of course I am, I got into West Coast Tech through my grades and my parents paid off my tuition so I don't have to struggle with debt for the next twenty years. My parents even paid for extra education, extra courses that matter and will make me a useful, competent professional. But don't worry~ Dr. McGucket seemed interested in your little frog thing. Not surprised that's the best you could come up with, in a college infested with bugs."

"It-It's not! It was-It was just a phase from the 70's to the 90's, but everything is clean now!" She defended her school, but that only made Tyler laugh harder.

Viola stopped walking and she gulped down the lump in her throat. Tyler called out in a surprisingly sweet voice. "Come on Viola, we have to catch up to them, you don't want to get lost in here, do you~?" he sounded sincere but that was only because the two older scientists had stopped to see what was the hold up. Viola clenched her fists but refused to let this bother her. She couldn't get into West Coast because her parents couldn't afford it. And the scholarship had a cut off point for how many people they allowed in, and she just didn't make it. But she had heard that Backupsmore was actually a pretty decent school nowadays (despite the name) and when she did some research into it, found out that it was due to many donations to the school from some alumni.

The same alumni that she was now hoping to learn from in this internship. It wasn't public knowledge that Dr. McGucket and Dr. Pines went to Backupsmore but one of the old professors at the school had talked fondly about them once. (He spent the entire class talking about how great they were, instead of you, know, the actual class. It was still pretty entertaining though). It gave Viola hope, since, if they could do so well, then she should be able to as well. With some hard work and perseverance! (And a whole lot of luck and social connections to these great scientists through this internship...)

And, best part. This was going to be a PAID internship! Viola let that knowledge put a spring back into her step. Fuck Tyler, she was going to work hard on her internship and learn everything she could. And if Dr. McGucket really could show her where the frogs were, well, she could work on
getting more data for her own research paper!

They continued the tour. They talked about safety and forbidden areas, which Tyler looked like he wanted to check out until Dr. McGucket told him it was because some areas had high radiation and they were forbidden ("Unless ya want SUPER cancer! In which case, go right in. But then we'll be gettin' some trouble because apparently letting yer interns get themselves killed is wrong or sumthin'!")

"The contract you signed didn't make us legally responsible for any damage you can suffer." Ford deadpanned at the kids. "So listen carefully to Fiddleford's safety warnings because I don't care about them and I will not repeat them." Frankly, Ford thought that if they were going to disregard the safety warnings and kill themselves, then it was their own fault. But Fiddleford said that morally speaking, it wasn't nice.

Tyler and Viola nodded quickly.

As they walked, they encountered some other scientists and Viola waved kindly at them. Her smile was contagious and made everyone smile and wave at her as well. Tyler rolled his brown eyes. 'Suck up.' He thought hypocritically.

They passed by the cafeteria, Ford said they could get breakfast, lunch and dinner there using their ID cards (which were given to them on a lanyard) or go into town and buy food there. Either way they got an hour break for lunch and were expected to be ready at 8:30 am. Tyler groaned a bit. Too early, he never took morning classes! Viola nodded. 8:30 am was pretty late, she was normally up at 6 in the morning, it was great to get everything done with time to spare, so she didn't have to rush in the morning.

"And your rooms!" Fiddleford gave the teens the keys. "Don't lend anyone your keys, ok? This is your place for 3 months." The rooms were very simple. A bed, a desk, a lamp, a closet and bathroom. No need for anything more.

"When you are ready unpacking, meet us in the lounge." They needed to talk about the 'phone policy' for Ford's peace of mind.

Viola and Tyler thanked them and watched the two scientists leave. "Look, Tyler. I don't want to fight with you. Why damage such a great experience by being mean to me for no reason? So, how about minding our own business?"

Tyler blinked and looked inside the room. He grinned like the shit he was. "Look, there's a bed~ I bet you haven't seen one in Suckusmore~" He slammed the door behind him and Viola massaged her temples.

Idiot!

And then they went out and were told about the no Social Media rule. Neither of them liked the idea of being disconnected from the world. "I swear we won't share anything!" Tyler pleaded, and Viola was surprised to find herself agreeing with the asshole.

Fiddleford bullshitted some more 'phone policy' crap to them (like how they didn't want people being distracted on their phones while working in case of accidents) while Ford nodded solemnly. Eventually the teens agreed, sniffled, and gave away their phones. "You can use them when you're in your rooms or outside the Center."

"Go find some lab coats, we want to show you something." Fiddleford shooed the two interns
away. Then he turned to Ford. "You made two teens cry, are you happy?"

"Very much so." Ford smirked.

Tyler and Viola came back, wearing labcoats and Stanford led the two to the basement. Viola shivered, this place creeped her out. "What will you show us, Dr. Pines?"

Ford didn't respond, he preferred being cryptid and mysterious about it. They entered an elevator. Tyler looked around cautiously, wondering if it was a good idea to come here alone.

They reached the bottom and immediately gasped. The room was piled up with metal after metal. There were some bigger pieces hanging from the roof with metal chains, forming a basic inverted triangle from.

"What is this?" Tyler whispered, in fear at the huge structure.

"A mistake." Ford replied. "A project I dismantled for the good of everyone. But, it's also a reminder. To do better. We created this with the intention to make our knowledge more vast, but we only endangered humanity. So, this reminds me that our work can and should be done to help people, to make things better."

"You...You dismantled it, but you could put it back together, can't you?" Viola asked, looking up at the tall man.

"No, I got rid of the instructions so no one can fix it again."

"And...what was it?"

Ford waved a hand. "It's not relevant! I just wanted to show you. As a way to inspire you..." He came here sometimes. To inspire or hurt himself, he didn't know. The memory of the portal and what it caused made him sad, but determined to do better. He wanted the same for the interns who would be scientists someday.

Even if he didn't want them, he took his mentor job very seriously.

"Are you inspired to do better than this chaos bringer machine?" Ford asked the two as they headed back up the elevator. "Absolutely." The interns said before glaring at each other. They didn't fully understand what the problem with this machine was, but it clearly meant a lot to Dr. Pines.

"Good. Now, there are a few more rooms to show you upstairs. We will measure dangerous toxic chemicals and you will bring the equipment." The teens followed Ford back to the bright elevator and the dismantled portal was cast once again in darkness as the doors closed.

-.-

Meanwhile~

"So I got the rings. All that's left is actually proposing to him and getting the wedding set up." Wanda told Carla over the phone. Carla giggled. "Well that's gonna be a lot of work."

Wanda rolled her eyes. "Yeah well, how did your wedding go? Can you give me any tips?"

Carla opened her mouth and then paused. "Ah..." she frowned. Wait... "Oh my god." Carla whispered.

"What? What's wrong?" Wanda asked, a little worried now.
"Stan and I haven't gotten married yet… we're still JUST engaged…” Carla whispered over the phone, horrified at the sudden realization. She glanced at her ring, comfortably sitting there for SIXTEEN YEARS!

Probably even before that!

Carla had to take a second to sit down and process the realization.

"What?" Wanda leaned back on her chair. "You can't NOT be married yet? Are you sure?"

"Girl, do you think I'd be having a heart attack right now if I had gotten married?-HOW?!" She traced back to before she was pregnant. Stanley proposed to her one dinner and it was beautiful. Their moms were happy to hear it… Shermie was still being a brat at that time… Seb hadn't called yet… Ford was locked up in his house… No, they never actually started planning after that. And then Stan and Ford when missing for 13 years…

"After-After Stan came back we focused on Dillon's well being, we wanted him to be happy and- and I finally felt complete with him back… Then I got pregnant again and it was baby chaos and worrying for Dillon again! Did I just ASSUME I was married or what?!"

Wanda was actually very surprised to hear this, she would never have guessed otherwise. "Perhaps you just... yeah, you never felt there was a reason to not be? I mean, I didn't plan to get married, but now I think it's necessary."

Carla laughed at her sister in law. "Well, now I think it's ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY that Stan marry me, what the heck?!" She exclaimed before gasping. "GIRL!"

"What?" Wanda's green eyes widened.

"You know what would be absolutely amazing?! You need to convince Seb the marrying experience can be nice, right? And I need to get Stan to finish what he started (can probably get another ring out of the ordeal, hahaha!), so~"

Wanda gasped when she caught the idea. "We can get... married together. Sebastian loves his brothers and what better than having a DOUBLE WEDDING with one of them!" She laughed and swung around on her chair. "Carla, that would be GREAT! I'd love to get married with you!" then she paused. "Wait, that sounds weird…"

Carla laughed. "It does! But, I feel the same actually. I'd love to have a double wedding." If Carla was honest with herself, she would prefer to be on her own, this was supposed to be her moment with Stanley… but it was a sacrifice she was willing to pay. She lied to Wanda for 13 years, lied about the Stans and Seb, and she lied to Sebastian, kept him working on a portal without help, alone and with no one there for him (knowing he had had anxiety since way before made Carla wince. All those times her friend could have been there alone, banging his head or cutting…) What she did wasn't fair. It was so mean and selfish…

Besides, it wouldn't be that bad, in fact, it didn't have to be bad at all! She loved being with Wanda, she was amazing, and Seb was her friend and Stanley’s best friend. This would be really fun!

"Ok, I won't tell Seb yet!" Wanda giggled. "I-I will propose and then surprise him! You do the same?"

The women schemed together long into the night, laughing maniacally as they went.

-.-
"Seb...Seb please..." Linda covered her face. "Please stop crying..."

"I-I can't believe you're LEAVING!" Seb wiped his eye. "Who am I going to complain to now?!"

Linda chuckled. "You don't need me anymore. You've come so far. And you can still call me, we can schedule chats online. I only really accepted this session because I care about you and you wanted to tell me something important..."

The former demon huffed. "You would have turned me down! Ouch!" Linda laughed again and he sighed, resigned. "Where are you going anyway?"

"Los Angeles, I already have a place to go and I'm pretty excited about it. I'll leave next week..."

"I'm happy for you." Seb said, not really sounding happy at all. Linda laughed again. "Ok, ok, tell me what was so important, Seb."

Seb wiggled. The place looked so empty without the books and decorations. "Well, I had a vivid flashback to when I was a kid..."

"Oh? How so?"

"Um...Zoe wanted to steal my giraffe stuffed toy, Markimoo and I stopped her, but because she's a brat she started screaming and DEMANDING my toy, you know?! So I told her to buy one herself!"

"Very reasonable with a 3 year old." Linda raised a sarcastic eyebrow and Seb nodded. "Exactly!"

"And I pulled it away but it tore a little...I called Wanda to take Zoe away because I was ANGRY, and worst of all was that Zoe didn't even apologize!"

"Well, she IS just three, Seb, if you want her to apologize, you have to teach her to do so." Linda smiled a bit. "The biggest part of being a parent is teaching your kids right from wrong." Seb groaned. "But I DO that! But she's still doing this!"

Linda chuckled. "Well, I suppose you'll have to keep at it. Be patient and explain fully and calmly exactly why she can't have what she wants all the time."

Seb nodded. "Ok, I guess. But Zoe is stubborn like Wanda. It'll take a while." Linda snorted. Sure. Like Wanda. "And what does this have to do with your childhood?"

Seb rubbed the back of his neck. "Well...it reminded me of my...my first toy...which is now lost forever..."

((((((((((Warning for Seb's abusive childhood))))))))))

Seb sniffled as he hugged the broken toy to himself. Everyone was angry at him now, and were talking about how he was such a problem, but he managed a small smile. He did it. HAH! Take that suckers!

"Sebastian keeps breaking school property." The principal of the school told Kari and Filbrick as the toddler wiggled between them. "We already talked about this and warned that this is the last time. I talked to the school board and they require you to pay for what he broke, and he's suspended for a few days."

Kari rubbed her eyes and sighed tiredly. Baby, why?! Seb smiled. "Can I pick up my backpack?"
left it in class!" His mom allowed it as the parents stood up and he sprinted back to his class, barely hearing Filbrick trying to negotiate to not pay the considerable amount of money.

Seb looked around the room frantically. Head! Where was the head!? He looked everywhere, but not even the filling was here! He was forced to go to the principal's office and only had time to pick the body back up! The janitor was cleaning the board. "Hey! Where's the head?!" Seb demanded, waving his beheaded bear. The janitor shrugged. "Beats me, kid. Probably in the trash already."

"No, no, no, it can't be in the twash!" This all was useless if he didn't have the head! Mom and Filbrick appeared by the door and ordered him to grab his bag and leave. Seb whimpered and walked over to his parents. He flinched when Filbrick smacked his head.

"Do you know how much I paid for your mess?" He hissed. "No..." the toddler whispered with a little voice. "I'll show you when we get home." Filbrick whispered with a threatening voice. Seb hugged his beheaded bear.

The Stans covered their ears when they heard their brother sob, Dad was dragging him by a hand as he held the broken toy on the other. Seb sobbed louder when Filbrick grabbed his poor bear and threw it into the trashcan in the kitchen.

Lee hugged his frog toy and whimpered.

"Da-Dad! Please stop!" Seb grimaced, clenching his teeth as the belt hit his back nonstop. It hurt, it hurt, it hurt so much! "Pwease! S-Stop! STOP! PLEASE-E-E!" Seb pleaded desperately, tears streaming down his right cheek. It only made his dad hit him more, because he only reminded him of all the money Seb had cost him today. And he made him waste time, like always, because he was worthless. Filbrick made sure Seb heard that clearly as he beat him up. "We are going to count, ok?" Seb sobbed as he held to the bed sheets.

"O-one..." Whip. "AA-AHH!" "What?! What did you say?!" Whip! Whip! "O-ow! Da-Dad!" "Start again!" Whip! "O-one" "Again! Do you know how to count, piece of shit?!" Seb felt like he wouldn't be able to go through this torture any longer. His small body was so fragile and weak...

It took forever to stop. And the small boy curled up under his bed, hurt, with his back and butt red and aching. He only wanted a toy, just a stupid toy...like, like the Stans got, like the frog he wanted and Stan got it instead. He tried his best to ignore Bill2's mockery. He dug his nails into his arms to shut him up.

Sebastian carefully snuck out of his room hours later. He didn't want to see Filbrick again today and make him hit him again. The coast was clear. Sebas slowly went to the kitchen and looked into the trashcan for his bear. He destroyed this bear so it was his! He looked around the trash until he finally found it and sighed in relief. He knew it was dumb, feeling safe from hugging a toy, Bill2 said so, but he couldn't help acting like the little kid he was. And he needed this hug, his body hurt.

Mommy came to comfort him much later, but she also told him it was wrong to break stuff. "Can you sew my bear?" "You brought it?" Kari's eyes widened. "I wanted to wbng the head too but couldn't find it...That way, Da-Dad don't-doesn't have to pay for a toy for me..." And all this started because Filbrick didn't want to waste 10 dollars on a toy for him too. 10 dollars he apparently wasn't worth.

Kari agreed to sew the beheaded bear for her baby boy.

When the waters calmed down, Ford was pretty excited to help name the bear. (Since he started
talking months ago he hadn't stopped since) "I name thee, Robespieh!" Because he read a book about France where people's heads were cut off too. "Can I pway with him?" Lee asked excited.

"No, kill you own toys!" Seb complained as he hugged Robespierre to his chest. Fordsie and Lee whined but didn't take the toy from him after that.

((((((End of flashback))))))))

Seb sighed. "I had Robespierre for years, he was actually my only toy growing up...If I'm lucky it's still in the attic with my old stuff...if not, then it was thrown in the trash with my old stuff..." He gave Linda a sad smile. Linda tried to return the gesture. After years of hearing Sebastian talk about his childhood, it was still hard to hear about his abuse.

"But, you know, even after remembering one of my worst beatings...I was kinda fine. I don't fear him anymore." He smiled gratefully. He finally feared NO ONE! Like it should have always been.

"There's no way I will go look for Filbrick, I hate him, but, I feel confident I could confront him if necessary and rip off one arm or two!-Just kidding~ Murder's BAD!" Seb nodded with fake seriousness.

Linda decided she would trust it was a joke, otherwise she'd get unnecessarily stressed. "You know, you talk a lot about your powers yet you have never shown them to me." She had resigned herself to think the monster past was all invented. Seb blinked and for a moment, he considered showing her... but...

Seb raised a hand to his lips with the index finger pressed against them in a 'shush' motion as he winked. "That's a secret~"

Linda deadpanned. "Okay then..."

Seb laughed maniacally. Her face was hilarious. But it was actually for her own good. Why expose her to the supernatural unnecessarily?

Neither of them knew what Linda was going to face when she moved to Los Angeles though...

Eventually, their time was done and Seb had to leave. "Thank you for everything, doc." Linda pulled him in for a hug. "I'm proud of you, Sebastian Pines."

"I know~ Thanks." Seb hugged her back with a laugh. "I'll give you a gift ok? Like, before you leave! No deal! Just from the kindness of my essential pumping organ!" He put a six-fingered hand over his chest. "But you have to wear it all the time!"

"No, you really don't need to..." The therapist started but Seb wouldn't take no for an answer. And, well, she had to admit, the pendant she received from him was beautiful.

-.-

Stan was training in the gym with his teammates. Everyone was sweating and pushing themselves to try and beat their records. It was a competition to try and outdo each other for fun. A friendly rivalry.

"Uurgh!" Stan grunted as he blocked a tackle, he was pushed back a few inches before he managed to shove his training partner back. "Hah!" Stan cried as he pushed the other guy. People cheered. "Woo!" Stan raised his hairy and sweaty arms in the air. "Yeah! Ain't no one can knock ME over!"
"Well that's 6 to 0. None of us have managed to tackle you in any way that'd stop you." One of Stan's teammates, Luis, grinned as he added another tick next to the scoresheet. Dumb Stan! How was he so strong?! Stan laughed. "Keep trying guys. You'll get it eventually."

The door opened and everyone turned to see Carla. "Oh hey, it's your wife-" one of the guys started to say before Carla spotted Stan and rushed over, leaping into the air and full on body slamming him into the mat.

There was silence in the gym as everyone stared with their jaws dropped.

Even Stan, who's eyes were wide with surprise.

Carla sat up, straddling Stan with a scowl. "I WANT TO GET MARRIED!" She demanded. Stan let out a confused squeak. "But… we are married…"

Carla leaned closer to his face, teeth gritted and Stan whimpered in fear. Even his teammates took some steps back in precaution. The woman looked livid.

"You Think I'm crazy?! That I would come to this smelly place just to tell you this if it wasn't true?!" She pursed her pink lips. "Just exactly WHEN did we got married then? After you went to look for Sebastian in Gravity Falls? Or when you were "kidnapped" for 13 years? Or after having Diego?"

Stan opened his mouth to retort that she was surely missing something when he started to realize she was actually right. "Hot belgium waffles...We've been engaged for 16 years! Maybe even more!" He looked at his engagement ring with disgust.

"Booo! Bad Stanley! How could you have done that?" His teammates started teasing as they laughed and recorded the scene on their phones like the assholes they were.

Stan groaned and slumped back on the mat. "We need to get married." He couldn't believe he forgot to! Carla glared. "We're getting married." She told him. Stan nodded. "Right. Of course."

"And you're going to pamper me and make me the happiest woman on Earth." Carla told him. Stan nodded. "More than I already do?" Carla narrowed her eyes and Stan laughed. "Right. Of course."

"And we're going to have a double wedding with Seb and Wanda." Carla added. Stan nodded. "Right of cour-" he blinked. "Wait- what?!" His eyes widened and he stared up at Carla. "Seb and Wanda-they're getting married?! How come I didn't know that?!"

"Seb doesn't know it yet, but Wanda will make it happen~ And when it does, we will get married with them. We have to start planning while they're at it!" Carla looked up at the snickering men. "Ya heard it here guys! We are getting married!"

The team cheered. The coach, who was usually grumpy and didn't take shit from anyone, allowed this to happen and actually clapped along with everyone. "Stan! Stan! Stan!" "Free Food! Free Food! Free Food!" A few guys began chanting, hoping they could get Stan to pay for their lunch while he was in a good mood.

"For you all I'll charge $20!" Stan waved a fist at them, stingy as ever (despite being rich). Carla giggled and kissed his nose. Now they had to tell their sons about the good news, she was sure Dillon would love to hear it. Little Diego would be happy even if he didn't understand anyway. He was a happy little toddler.

Needless to say, the videos about the amazing new was eventually spread everywhere on social
media and the reporters were already fighting over who would have the best photos of the double wedding.

"You weavin'?" Zoe and Zully stood by the door, glaring as their parents, who were still wet from a shower, were drying themselves so they could put on clothes.

"Yes. We're going to drink and party!" Seb exclaimed, earning a nudge in the ribs from Wanda. "We will have dinner outside, which is more boring." He huffed.

"Why you have dinner outside if-if we had dinner here?" Zully asked confused. Zoe nodded. "You gived us yummy mac n cheese! Wemember?" The little girl rubbed her tummy.

"Gave. And, it's because adults like to spend their money on stuff they don't need but want, anything else?" Seb grinned down at the toddlers in their Pjs.

"Yeah! You don't go!" Zoe stood on Wanda and Seb's bed in all her proud 95 cm (3 feet 1 inches), thinking she could intimidate her parents into not leaving. She puffed out her cheeks and glared. It was adorable, her parents both cooed, especially Seb. But he wanted to go, this was a special dinner! "Well, guess what, kid? We don't care what you think and we're leaving anyway." Seb finished buttoning his suit and adjusted his bowtie.

"Mommy, you weavin' us alone?" Zully asked fearfully as they climbed onto the bed as well with more effort than their twin. Wanda put on an earring and gently smiled down at the toddler. "No, of course not, sweetie. We called Mrs. Marshall, our neighbor? Remember? She made you cookies for your birthday~" The old woman liked to pamper the twins because her own grandkids lived far away.

"She will bwing us mowe cookies?" Zoe's eyes sparkled with joy. Seb laughed. "Nopey, you'll be asleep by the time she arrives." They were going to have dinner in a fancy restaurant, just the two of them, finally on a date together after 3 years of going to loud and noisy family restaurants or staying at home with the twins. Not that Seb minded, but it would be nice to have a quiet night out together with Wanda again.

They needed someone to watch the twins, but neither of them trusted strangers to babysit them. They wanted someone they knew and unfortunately (very conveniently), Wanda's parents weren't in town. Seb was also worried about the twins showing their powers to some person who didn't know about the supernatural and scaring them so much they called the police. He didn't want to raise suspicion anymore. He was VERY close to going to prison for a long time when the FBI guys caught him with the portal and they were very clear about their intentions with him, they knew about his powers and what he could do. The thought of the government guys experimenting on his babies made his blood boil, quite literally.

He knew all their family's information was eaten by Gompers and the agents had forgotten about everything else when those memories were erased, but Seb didn't want to risk it and expose the twins. Seb had been teaching them how to keep their fire in (which didn't really work as they were just toddlers and it required basic concentration) and how to put it out (which was more likely to be needed and was easier for the little blonds). They needed to fully learn before they started preschool!

Seb and Wanda were almost sure they wouldn't be able to get out of the house until the kids were old enough to control their powers, but, as always, Seb came up with a BRILLIANT idea: to call their nice neighbor to babysit for them while they were out in their special dinner. They'd have to
tuck the twins into bed first and leave them sleeping though. If they were sleeping, they didn't catch on fire, and no catching on fire meant Mrs. Marshall wouldn't have a heart attack if she saw them.

"Aaawwww" Zoe and Zully grumbled as their parents picked them up to take them to their shared room. "Can you tell Mrs. Mawshall to bring us cookies another day then?" Zully asked with an adorable pout. Seb cooed internally and nodded. "We will, I also wiked her cookies~" Seb baby talked.

Putting the twins to sleep consisted of a simple process of sitting next to them, reading them some stories, and then singing softly to lull them to sleep. It sounded simple, but it took HOURS. That's why their dinner was so late at night. They needed time.

They read some friendly Esopus and Jean de la Fontaine's fables to start teaching morality to a demon's children, and discussed with them that, for the last time, despite how the moral of the fable was to not believe everything people say, Wanda had to explain that the fox WAS wrong ("Because you can't lie to get away with anything you want, Zoe!") and then groaning at Seb's "I beg to differ-right, we're teaching the kids!", Zoe and Zully started closing their eyes. It only took half a lullaby to have them slip off for real.

The two snuck out of the room quietly and met their neighbor by the entrance. "Enjoy your night-I'll watch your little darlings~" the old woman smiled gently. She loved Wanda and the kids. And Sebastian was always such a handsome gentleman. It warmed her old heart to see such a loving family.

Seb and Wanda smiled and took a taxi to the fancy restaurant. It was a very very fancy, exclusive restaurant just for exclusive people. Sebastian was of course dressed as handsome as ever ("Please-When do I EVER dress like a slob-?"), and he chose Wanda's dress and makeup for her when she couldn't figure out how to put together an outfit that matched with him. So pretty but so clueless. He sighed in exasperation over Wanda's lack of knowledge about how to fancy herself up. ("Well that's what I have you for, Sebas~") He smiled though. He still loved her, he had never felt so much love towards another non family person ever. It was such a strange feeling. He didn't give two fucks for every single person on this planet because they were insignificant and unimportant to him, yet he adored ONE specific person, feeling capable of murder just for that person who wasn't his family... he wanted her to be family...

Wanda was pretty nervous about the dinner. She awkwardly fidgeted with her purse. She couldn't back away from this though! She had to do this! Carla was also counting on her!

They ordered their food and while they were waiting for the appetizers to arrive, Wanda couldn't help but nudge her foot against Seb's under the table, nervously trying to figure out how to drop the question.

"Ow! Wands, what are you doing?" Seb scowled. Fancy shoes were pointy!

"I'm sorry, just, just hungry!" Wanda laughed sheepishly. Seb huffed a bit but let it go. "Ok~well, if you want to do that footsie thing, take your shoes off first. I'm sure you can get away with having it off while we're sitting." He looked down at the table. And the tablecloth reached the floor so no one would see anyway.

Wanda sighed. That actually wasn't a bad idea, her feet were already hurting her. Damn high heels. Seb liked them and she agreed to wear them tonight. But he had no idea what wearing heels was like. She would fight her mom if she tried forcing her to wear high heels to her wedding! (Not that Wanda knew Seb actually DID know how it felt to wear heels, and actually quite enjoyed it, they
made him feel taller.)

If she managed to propose to her boyfriend that is…

Seb started telling her about some new clients he had and Wanda was so proud of him. She just couldn't figure out a good way to drop the question in between his stories of the lady who wanted a transforming dress and the man who wanted a tuxedo that looked like a merman. (He got weird clients. Came with what the store marketed she guessed).

Their food was eventually brought out to the table and they softly talked to each other in between bites. Seb was talking slowly, softly drumming his fingers on the table (which people normally took to mean he was bored of the date and wanted to leave), but Wanda knew very well it was because he was trying not to get excited and stir crazy. In places like this, people spoke quietly, he didn't want to be embarrassed by shouting. Her baby~

She even knew all about this kind of stuff, why couldn't she proposeeee?! Maybe she needed to start changing the topic to them. Yeah, she should do that.

"I love being here with you, Seb...I love spending time with you." The blonde woman smiled and held his six-fingered hand. Seb grinned. "I love being with you too! You bring me joy. You and the kids. But the kids also stress and exasperate me, so I like being with you a little better." Wanda giggled softly at the way he explained it.

"Sebas...You also make me so, so happy, I'm so glad that...after everything we went through, we're finally together...And, that you trusted me enough to share your past with me, and your abilities...and...I'd love to spend the rest of our lives together, forever." Wanda blushed a bit. Seb kissed her hand. "That sounds amazing…"

Wanda slowly reached for her purse and took a deep breath. "Sebastian...would-would you-"

Seb's phone started ringing.

"-pick up your phone?" Wanda sighed in defeat and Seb laughed. "Hey~~ Do you have powers I'm unaware of?!" He reached for his phone, about to turn it off, but noticed it was Stanley. He needed to pick up this one. They promised they'd always be there for each other. "Sorry, it's stupid Fez…"

He grabbed his glass of wine with his free hand as he accepted the call and placed his phone to his ear.

"What do you want?! I'm in the middle of something important, human!" He whisper hissed at his phone. Wanda rolled her eyes fondly.

"Oh, sorry for interrupting sex, but this is also important."

"We-We are not-Not everyone thinks about that all the time, nasty!" Seb stuck his tongue in disgust.

Stan laughed. "Well, anyway, did you know we're getting married together?!! How cool is that?! I wanted to ask how we're gonna organize this and the decorations and."

Seb snorted his wine through his nose (Wanda shrieked), and started coughing loudly. His brain stopped working for a second, brain cells short circuiting at Stan's words. Marrying?! What?!

"Seb?"

"Whhhaaaat?! I'm not gonna marry YOU! That's prohibited in human culture! AND GROSS!
You're gross to marry too! **EW!**

Wanda's eyes widened and she groaned into her hands. She was going to murder Stan for this! -Did Seb say he was marrying Stan?! What the-?!

"-if I was gonna marry ANYONE, it'd be WANDA!" Seb said decisively. Wanda's eyes widened when Sebastian turned to her. "In fact, Wanda! Marry me!" He held her hands. "So Fez doesn't get stupid ideas like this anymore."

Wanda's eyes went incredibly wide. Her mouth was gaping and she couldn't close it no matter how much she tried.

Some curious people turned to look at them.

Seb smiled innocently, but it was his turn to gasp when Wanda, as stunned as she was, reached for her purse and FINALLY took out the box. "I-I'd love to marry you…" She whispered and opened the box to reveal the precious ring inside.

Sebastian stared at the ring and he smiled tearfully. "That's the ring...that's the ring that- I loved that-that day…" Oh circles he was going to cry.

People around them cheered loudly and clapped and Wanda put the ring onto his finger. She was also teary eyed. Stan was long forgotten as she pulled the youngest triplet in for a kiss. Seb absently dropped his phone onto the table as he and Wanda stood up from their chairs to kiss closer.

When they finally pulled apart, the two had tears streaming down their cheeks. Seb glanced down at his ring and giggled excitedly. "Well, I gotta give it to you, Wands...Getting married sounds better than I thought and- oohh~" A waiter came carrying a bottle and served them more wine. "It's on the house!" the waiter grinned.

"And we get free things!" Seb took a sip of the wine. Yum~ He looked up from his drink and gasped, finally understanding what his brother was trying to say.

"Oh my Ax, Stan, he-he's getting married as well?! But with Carla! And-with us?! And-it's a double wedding?!" Doing this human ceremony sounded EVEN BETTER if he could do it with Stan as well! He got to do it with one of his brothers! One of the people he loved the most in this life!

"I'm getting married along with my brother!" He cheered and some tables around them cheered as well.

Wanda poured herself more wine and gulped down her drink as she sighed loudly. "Aahh~!" It worked! She did it! He loved the idea!

"Hello? Seb? Are you there?" Stan's confused voice sounded from the forgotten phone. Did he interrupt something important?

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**Chapter End Notes**

Blue: Wanda did it! Woo! Finally girl! (Im so proud of her ;3) And the twins have grown up soo muchhhh T-T
Please leave your reviews, we love hearing what you think!
Chapter Notes

hi guys we're back and hope you like it!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Dipper smiled when he checked his phone and got a notification.

Ah~ Pacifica~

He had texted about her new job and how she was doing. He understood what it was like having a job, he tutored younger kids in different subjects (Mabel also 'worked' but hers didn't last too long, she got bored of it pretty fast). Dipper smiled. He was really proud of her moving up from waitressing. Pacifica already made her own bank account so she could support herself without relying on her parents. From what he understood, after she 'rebelled' during that party where everyone turned into trees (it seemed so long ago), and her family became less rich after her dad went bankrupt (Dipper felt guilty for not feeling sorry at all. Who the fuck sided with Bill?!), her relationship with her parents became...tense. But she was doing fine, all things considered.

"MR. PINES HAND OVER THAT PHONE!"

"AAHHH!" Dipper screamed and dropped his phone. The person who screamed, his dear twin, started laughing loudly. "One day a teacher will find you with your phone and you'll REGRET not using this as practice!" Mabel blew a raspberry.

The younger teen grumbled, picked his phone back up and walked along with her. "Geez Mabel, it's not like I'll be on my phone during class." He wasn't like Mabel who was checking her social media constantly, chatting with people on all platforms and getting the status update on everyone's lives.

And this was their last week. No one would care!

"Whatever~" Mabel grinned at him. "So how've you and Pacifica been doing? Still being super cute~?"

Dipper felt his cheeks warm up and coughed. "Well. We're doing fine. She's doing fine."

"Eeeeehh!" The girl squealed. "I paired you up~ This is my work! And considering you used to hate her~~" She put her hands over her chest.

"I-I didn't hate her!" Dipper blushed. "I-I just-"

"Sure, you just called her fake blond and thought she was the worst!" Mabel teased. Her twin grumbled. "it's not like you liked her at first either...We were just kids…" Dipper pouted.

Mabel nodded. "True~ But I tried being nice! And be friends! Because that's who I am! A cute nice
girl!" Dipper laughed and pulled her closer. Mabel thought it was a hug, but it turned out to be a noogie. "Aahhhh! Noooo!" She wailed. Dipper was slightly taller than her now and she didn't like that one bit!

"Heeeelppp!"

"Say who's the alpha twin! Say it!" Dipper roared.

"It's still ME!" Mabel freed herself by tickling Dipper's armpits (he was as ticklish as ever) and the boy squeaked before jumping away.

"Well~ I'm gonna look for Chad~We were going to eat together! I made donuts! With lots of sprinkles! He loves that! See ya in class, Dip Dot!" Mabel called out as she skipped away.

Dipper waved. Chad. He was Mabel's latest boyfriend. They've been together for a month. Dipper didn't really know the guy, but he had a feeling things wouldn't last. Like her previous boyfriends…

Mom and Dad said Mabel had a unique personality. According to his dad, he was glad his 'princess' didn't have serious relationships with anyone because Dad's were overprotective of their daughters. Dipper saw the way his dad and uncle Seb were protective of Mabel whenever she tried to date anyone and found it all very annoying.

(Dipper would never act like that if he had a daughter!)

On the other hand, their mom wanted to meet one boyfriend that lasted more than a few weeks. He had heard her tell Mabel that boys didn't understand her strong, bubbly personality, and those who didn't weren't worth it.

Dipper wasn't really sure if it was just that. It was weird. If boys 'did not understand it', girls shouldn't want to be friends either, and Mabel had lots of female friends. It was always boys who...scared? Intimidated? Disgusted? Dipper had no idea.

What he knew was that whatever it was, it hurt his sister everytime one of her boyfriends broke up with her, and he didn't like to see her sad, it always broke his heart.

On her way to find her boyfriend, Mabel stumbled across him. "Chaad! I found youuu!" She squealed and leaned forward to kiss his lips. Chad tensed up. "Wanna have lunch now?! I made donuts!" Mabel swung out her personalized lunch box (that she made herself with hot glue and sequins!)

Chad sighed and rubbed the back of his neck. "Listen, Mabel...We, we have to talk, ok?" Mabel frowned a bit but agreed. They went to a more private space with less noise and people.

"What...do you have to tell me? Maybe-maybe if you don't want donuts, it's fine!" The brunette girl said quickly. The sinking feeling in her stomach was tormenting her.

"Um...Mabel, you're very...sweet ok? And...nice, but this-this isn't working…" Chad grimaced ashamed.

"O-Oh..." Mabel looked down and nodded slowly. "Ok, I-I get it…"

"We-We're ok, though, right?" Mabel wasn't a bad looking girl, and she was very sweet, he just...couldn't be with Mabel. He didn't know why. It felt weird being around her. Like, she was a little too much sometimes, and Chad could never tell if she was serious about him or if she just dated him because she wanted to date someone, the fact that she would go after a new guy after
every break up left the impression on him and the other boys that Mabel wasn't really… serious about any of them? (And a few guys privately thought Mabel might be a slut.)

(Not that Chad or any of the other boys knew that Mabel was still a virgin, despite how much she actually wanted to get intimate with a guy, none of them had really gotten to know her enough to get to that point, always assuming incorrectly that Mabel didn't actually care about them. But that wasn't true, Mabel just wanted to express her love as much as she could.)

Mabel smiled a bit and nodded. "Yes, fine, totally fine, don't worry…" She waited until the teenager was gone before she left the secluded corner. Mabel hugged her multicolor backpack to herself as she made her way to the bathroom where she could finally shed the first tear.

"...N-Nobody likes me..." The heartbroken girl whispered to herself. None of the boys had ever seen her cry after a break up. Mabel didn't want to be the type of girl who would cry and make others feel bad, and maybe making them feel bad enough to take back the break up out of guilt. She didn't want to do that.

If they didn't want to be with her, then… she didn't want to guilt them into staying with her when they didn't want to. On Mabel's end, she was putting on a brave face, smiling through the pain and acting like she was fine because she didn't want to make others feel bad. But from the outside, it made people think that Mabel wasn't affected either way by the break up. Like she just didn't actually care. Because she never seemed to be sad from it. Mabel was good at hiding her pain.

Dipper was always sad about things, and Mabel had taken it upon herself to not add to his anxiety, stress and sadness by letting herself be sad. Well, she did get sad when she was younger, and had always gotten Dipper to help her with it. But she'd told herself not to be so self centered anymore, so she didn't want to bother Dipper with her relationship problems anymore.

So Mabel wiped her tears, washed her face and pasted on a smile before leaving the bathroom. Maybe she could find her friends and have lunch with them...

-.-

Despite the fact that she didn't want to bother her brother, Mabel had her confident who was always a very good listener. Dillon, like her, was a sad heart with not much luck with love, so they could talk about how they felt.

Dillon looked at his cousin's sad face and sighed. "Oh, Mabel, I'm sorry to hear that…"

"He-He...He said it wasn't working...What did I do?! Maybe I'm not being nice enough...or-or I'm too suffocating?"

"I'm sure you aren't. Maybe they're just dicks, you know? It isn't your fault." Dillon stared at Mabel seriously. "Mabel, you're a strong independent woman who don't need no man." The boy waved a finger.

"But I want one." Mabel said sadly. She had her family, and she loved them a lot, but Mabel wanted to be loved by a partner too. She wanted to feel the same way she saw her twin felt. To be happy and all lovey dovey with someone, do things together and cuddle…

Dillons eyes widened a bit when he saw Mabel was starting to tear up. "Hey...come on, boys aren't worth crying for, trust me." It was dumb, they didn't deserve your tears. Like his first boyfriend. He was an ass.

"Maybe he wasn't the right one for you. There's always someone special for you, just look at our
uncle Seb and our Dads! Who would say those idiots would find someone? If they can, you'll DEFINITELY find the right person too. You're super nice and amazing!"

Mabel wiped her tears and smiled. "Thanks...Do you think I'm pretty too?"

"As a cousin, as a boy or as a gay?" Dillon teased and Mabel giggled. "As Dillon."

"I think you're very pretty but it's just a tiny fraction of all the other great qualities you have." He nodded solemnly. He thought of a fun way to cheer up his cousin and he came up with an idea. "Hey~ I found the funniest smut fanfic in the history of funny smut fanfics! It's sooo over the top and soo cringeeyyy!" Dillon laughed. "You know you wanna read it~"

Mabel laughed. "Oh my gosh yeeees~" the link Dillon sent her started with the line 'When he regarded me from across the bar with such a gaze of introspection, while sliding his cocktail cherry along his tongue, I knew he was going to be one hell of a fuck.' and Mabel started cackling.

"AAAHHHH!" She screamed with laughter. "DILLON!"

"Hahahahahaha! Continue reading~" The boy urged. "That's not even the best part yet!"

The two teens read aloud the cringey fanfic and laughed together. They joked about the silly synonyms used to describe the characters' bodies ('his mighty meat stick.') and complained about the bad story set up ('we fooled around in the bath until he slipped and fell to sit his ass right on my-'). This had become a tradition between them since Mabel learnt Dillon liked to read fanfics, especially smut. He just liked it, not in a dirty way or anything. (Or at least, that's what she thought…)

She absolutely LOVED having a gay cousin, it was so nice to have someone she trusted to talk about things she couldn't talk to with Dipper and was too embarrassed to tell her friends or mom. She could talk about boys with him, and he never judged her about it, and in return, she could listen to him. Mabel felt so proud of herself that Dillon trusted her as much as she trusted him. He told her about how he felt with his own sexuality, his crushes, and how scared he was of talking to his dad.

The two of them could talk about their own needs and desires, especially about their sexuality. It was very liberating for the two teens. They looked at pictures of cute boys together, they'd even touched on the subject of what they'd like to do with said cute boys. Part of Mabel felt a little embarrassed and shameful for her desires, but as a teenager who was very much sexually curious (and horny) she couldn't help it. Dillon also admitted to her that he'd get horny and have to masturbate, and that from what he's read on the matter, this was perfectly normal and healthy.

"It's better to masturbate and satisfy your body's needs, then to have it all cooped up inside until you go crazy and do something stupid." Dillon told her. Mabel knew he was right, but part of her was still a little embarrassed to start touching herself in such an intimate way, no matter how much she was craving it.

"It's just weird, you know?" Mabel sighed over the laptop to her cousin. "Like, I always liked boys, but now I REALLY like boys. And I stare at them as they flex, or bend over, or reach up and their shirts lift just enough for me to see some skin, and… ugh…” Mabel hid her face in her hands, blushing hard. "And I really, really want to fuck them." She groaned. "Am I a slut?"

"No, you're not. You're just a sexual person. There's nothing wrong with that." Dillon assured her. Mabel clutched the bear shaped pillow she was holding. "But that's what they call me. I can hear what they say about me, even if no one's saying that to my face." And the teachers were always
telling them that they should wait until they were older before having sex. And, well, Mabel was 15, but she was horny! And part of her felt like she was a bad person for being so.

Which was stupid. Mabel knew that intellectually, but emotionally, she had her parents warning her and Dipper about sex and teen pregnancies all her life, for obvious reasons, and condoms weren't fool proof. So Mabel always felt somewhat guilty about her feelings of wanting to have sex.

Mabel shrieked and turned around when her door was thrown open.

"MAbEL!" Dipper screamed, clicking a pen as fast as he could. "I thought of something horrible and now it can't leave my brai-wha-what were you watching?" He stared at her open laptop and Mabel quickly clicked on Dillon's face to zoom him. "Nothing! Just talking with Dillon here! Right?!"

Dillon nodded. "Yeah! Talking about di-"

"WHAT did you want, bro?" Mabel gave a big grin as she tried to change the subject.

Dipper narrowed his eyes but let it go for now. "Remember Uncle Ford's infinity sided dice?"

"Umm~ The one that made your nerdy game come to life and we saved your asses and brains?"

Dipper deadpanned. "Yes, yes that one…"

"An infinity what?" Dillon asked, but was ignored. "Ok, what about it?" Mabel asked.

"Well, I was suddenly thinking about it and I remember Uncle Ford said it could make the world turn into an egg! And the implications are so scary and unpredictable! Like-like what would happen to us?! What if it got broken?! What if it hatched?! If the world was an egg, would we all suddenly be living in yolk? Would we become yolk?!" The brunet teen was scared out of his mind. Dillon and Mabel shared a look through the cam.

"Aaww, my poor bro bro~" Mabel patted his shoulder in a sincere sibling hug. "Do you wanna talk to ol' uncle Ford and ask if the crazy dice is safe?"

Dipper sniffled and nodded.

Mabel called Ford and put on free speaker mode, so Dillon could hear and be part of it too. It was on the second try that someone picked up the phone, but it wasn't their uncle's deep voice. "Hello? Dr. Pines' phone? He's holding dangerous material and can't talk right now. Who is this?" A boy's voice asked.

"Who are you?" Mabel frowned a bit and Dipper already looked worried. "Oh man! Oh man! Uncle Ford was kidnapped!"

"He survived in space. I'm sure he'll be fine," Dillon rolled his eyes. It'd be hard for him to believe someone was kidnapped after being lied to for 13 years. But, he wasn't too worried if it had really happened, he knew Ford could take it. And no, it had nothing to do with his grudge. He wasn't as angry anymore. Forgive and forget.

"My name is Tyler, I'm an intern at the National Institute-"

"Ok, ok the Mystery Shack research center, ok." Mabel giggled when she heard the boy make some confused sounds and mutter something. "I'm DOCTOR-hAH! Doctor Pines' niece~ Can you please give him the phone? My bro Dipper wants to know if the infinity dice is safe and won't turn
the world into an egg accidentally."

There was silence on the other side of the line before Dillon interrupted it with a snort. Tyler finally spoke. "Eh...sure..." Tyler pulled back his mask and walked over to Stanford, who was explaining something to Viola (he already knew this subject, because he learnt it at school, of course), and showed him the phone. "Dr. Pines, your niblings are calling and they're asking about some dice and...and an egg...What should I do...?"

Ford grinned. "Oh, just put them on free speaker while I finish this." Tyler obeyed and put the phone closer to his boss. "Hello, Mabel, Dipper?"

Dipper sighed in relief. "Hey Uncle Ford! Hi! You got an intern huh?" He smiled, feeling much more relaxed now that he could hear the man's voice. Ford nodded, but Dipper didn't see him. "Well, two in fact."

"Hahahahaha! Dipper you got replaced~Woohh!" Mabel giggled on the back and high fived the screen of her laptop as if she was high fiving him.

"So tell me, Dipper, has something been bothering you recently, I think?" Ford asked and Dipper nodded. "Yes, um, I was overthinking and remembered the infinity sided dice-It's safe right? Like, you're keeping it in a safe place, right?!"

Ford nodded. "Yes, in my vault under key and lock, exactly where we left it after defeating Probabilitor."

"AFTER MABEL AND MY GREAT BROTHERS DEFEATED HIM WITH IMAGINATION!" Mabel corrected him. Ford sighed. "Yes, that."

Tyler and Viola shared a very confused look at the conversation the Pines were having. Their boss didn't study weirdness for years for nothing. Stanford himself was a little weird...

They briefly chatted for a while, Dillon even joined in the conversation before Ford told them he had to leave and finish his work. "Bye, kids."

"See ya Uncle Ford! Say hi to Grenda and Candy for me!" "And Paz!" Dipper added, earning a giggle from his twin.

Ford frowned. Did they just asked him...to say hi to their friends? Again? Why they didn't simply call their friends to say hello was a mystery Ford just couldn't solve. "Uh...Suuure...If I see them..." He said slowly. Having to track down his nibling's friends would surely take too much time. Well, perhaps he could pass on the greetings...

Ford hung up the phone and glanced over at Viola and Tyler. Well, Fiddleford did say that interns were there to do stuff for him...

"Once we finish storing these chemicals away, I have a mission for you two." Ford told them quite seriously. The two stood up straight. A mission from Dr. Pines? "What is it sir?" Tyler asked (eager to earn more points with the Doc and perhaps even getting hired for reals by the Center once his internship finished).

"I need you to track down my niblings' friends and pass on the 'Hello' to them."

....Viola and Tyler thought he was joking and were waiting for the punchline. But Ford just looked at them expectantly.
Finally, Viola asked "And… why us? We don't know your niblings' friends…"

Ford's mind raced to come up with an excuse besides 'I'm busy and don't want to leave the lab to go find them.' And blurted out "You two are still new in town, you don't know the area or the people yet. This would be a good opportunity for you to walk around, meet the townsfolk and get to know the area." Ford nodded to himself. "And any good scientist should know how to go out and find out information, such as tracking down people or some supernatural creature. This will be a test of your information gathering skills to find these people."

The interns nodded. Right. That made sense. Tyler side eyed Viola. If he found them first, that'd prove he was better at information gathering. Scratch that, it'll prove that he was better.

"What are their names?" Viola asked, and Tyler internally berated himself for not asking that first.

"Well there's Pacifica Northwest...Sweet, she was named, oh! Candy...Candy...something, Korean last name? ...Sounds like Achoo and Grenda Grendinator." Ford listed off. He only remembered Grenda's last name because it stuck out to him.

The interns stared. Was… was that last one a joke?

But no, it wasn't. Their boss was completely serious.

The two college kids stared even harder at Ford, (that was it?! He didn't even tell them the last name of one of them). Their boss groaned. "I don't really know those girls, ok? Now go research and find them!" Ford was also tired and wanted to work on his own, so getting rid of the interns while making them think they were important was a great idea.

It was noon, and after retrieving their phones, they stole a golf cart from the souvenir shop because they didn't feel like walking all the way to town. They were sure the nice guy (Zeus?) wouldn't mind.

"Huh, do you know one of Dr. Pines' triplets owns the store? That tourist trap? He started it years ago." Viola said, just to break the awkward silence. Tyler rolled his eyes, not looking up from his phone as he texted his friends. "The football player or the one without an eye?"

"Ummm, the one without an eye." Viola nodded. "I saw him in the news. He opened a store. I think he designs clothes."

"That's gay." Tyler commented. Viola remained silent because she really didn't want to argue with the dick right now. She sighed. "I...think we could ask around in town for them? It's a small town, people usually know each other."

"Listen, Viola." Tyler sighed as if Viola was dumb. "This mission is clearly a test to see who is the best. And I want to win, so I'd appreciate if you stand aside, yes? I'll say you tried your best~"

Viola deadpanned. "When we graduate, we will have to work with people, as a team, with annoying jerks like you, whether you like it or not."

"I don't work as a team." The boy grinned and Viola nodded. "Alright." Said the girl before stopping the golf cart. "Then get out. It was my idea to get a golf cart. And we're not a team."

Tyler's flabbergasted expression made the girl smiled. "FINE!" The boy stomped out, slammed the door and Viola waved sweetly before driving away.

Stupid Tyler. She hoped he got lost.
She calmly drove into town and wondered what to do next. The kids who called were still in school so their friends might be as well. She parked the golf cart and walked into a store. She could get information about these kids and buy something to eat. "Hello~" She smiled at the cashier. "How can I help you, dear?" The woman with poofy hair grinned back.

Viola put some cheetos on the counter. "I'm Viola Se, intern of the National Institute-"

"Oohh~ the scientific Mystery Shack, yes! Sebas's brother built it." The woman nodded. "But he doesn't live here anymore, not since-"

The customers in the convenience store ALL turned to look at her wide eyed (it REALLY creeped Viola out) and the seller coughed. "Since he moved out with his partner, never mind all that~" She waved a hand dismissively. The other customers resumed what they were doing.

"So, you know the Pines? Dr. Pines, Sebastian and his family? Even...Mabel and her brother?"

"Oh yes, we know the twins, they're such sweethearts~"

Viola smiled. "Maybe you can help me with something then! I'm looking for their friends, Pacifica Northwest, Grenda...Grendinator and Candy, but I don't really know her last name."

"Oh I know those girls." The woman scanned Viola's cheetos. "Candy and Grenda buy stuff here all the time, I used to go with her parents to the town therapy group to forget about...the earthquake-"

'The earthquake?' Viola thought to herself.

"-Pacifica's family founded the town, had a big manor before they went bankrupt after the earthquake, now not-crazy McGucket lives there and the Northwest have a house in town."

Not-crazy McGucket? But the doc was a mechanic genius! Sure, he had weird ideas, and ate frogs at one point in his life, but he wasn't really crazy! Right?

"Um...Do you happen to know where I can find them?" Viola asked politely.

"Umm~ Pacifica works in the library now, maybe you can find her there?" The woman said apologetically, she didn't know more, but it was enough for Viola. She thanked her and got out as she munched her cheetos. So there was an earthquake here that really scared the townsfolk, huh? She wondered why she never heard about it.

She rode in her golf cart and slowly made her way to the library. Viola wanted to see the town she would live in for the next few months. It was a nice town, quiet and kind of slow. Aside from that earthquake, she doubted anything interesting happened here.

That was literally the town's catchphrase.

As she had been talking with the woman, Tyler finally arrived to town, grumbling and gasping for air. Stupid Viola leaving him in the middle of the freaking woods! He had been scared, but his pride and arrogance forced him to get out of the cart. Now his sneakers were dirty and he was tired and just wanted to sleep.

Tyler was actually also kind of spooked. On his way here, he began hearing weird noises from behind him, but everytime he looked back, there was nothing. It gave him goosebumps but he tried to remain calm. All forests had weird sounds. Was probably just some animals. He ended up putting on earbuds to drown out the rattling noise, but the feeling that someone was following him
never left until he made it out from the trees and into town.

Damn forests.

He looked around. Pacifica Northwest, he knew that name. His parents knew that name. He realized Viola didn't recognize it, p'eh, course she didn't. The Northweets were a very powerful, rich and influential family. At least until a few years back when Preston Northwest lost a lot of his money from some sort of bad business deal. Tyler didn't know the details but he remembered his own father talking about it.

Either way, even after that, their wealth was only brought down from billion to hundred millionaires. Tyler heard that they sold their mansion, but with the money they still had, and Preston's hard work and ruthless business practice, they were rebuilding their family fortune. So, by that deduction, they must be living in another house, one that was still grand and on the higher end side of town! He couldn't imagine living in a neighborhood nearby these plebeians.

With that in mind and after asking some pedestrians which was the best part of the town, he made his way there. He looked around, but Tyler couldn't find a house he could qualify as 'Northwest'. All of them looked the same!

He was forced to stop and ask for help, explaining he was an intern at the National Institute- and then cut off with "Ohh the Mystery Shack!" From the townsfolk he was asking. Tyler was very confused with this. They remembered a fake tourist trap created by Dr. Pine's least well-known brother more than the incredibly amazing scientific center made by Dr. Pine?! Didn't they know the town was finally being mentioned and being put on the map thanks to Stanford and the other scientists? What did the tourist attraction and the other Pines do to be so appreciated here?

Even Dr. Pine's niblings were well known, and they were kids. Everything he heard about them was about them being 'heroes and the scary 'earthquake'. This town was so weird. If the internship wasn't worth it, he wouldn't have chosen it in a million years. Damn small town folk with their limited brains and limited-

He was brought back to reality when he realized he was lost. Damn it! And to make things worse, he was near a cemetery! Great! Everything was so freaking fantastic! He was creeped out as it was!

"Why hello dearie!" An incredibly chipper voice made Tyler jump. He turned to see a middle aged woman with a friendly smile and a shovel slung over her shoulder. "Haven't seen you around before. I think you're a little lost, dear." She was very pleasant and it grated on Tyler's every nerve. "If you're looking for the town, it's down that way." She gestured to a path. "It ain't safe to wander around the graveyard for a walk, not since the earthquake." Despite her words, the woman sounded positively delighted.

Tyler was… very uncomfortable with the woman's cheerful tone. And why did she have a shovel, in a graveyard? Was she burying someone? He nodded slowly and took a step back, away from the lady and (hopefully) back towards town. "Ah, I was looking for someone actually…" Tyler said as casually as he could. The woman giggled. "Oh. I hope they aren't dead already, that would be a shame~"

Tyler paled and he didn't recover his normal tone even when she smiled. The woman smiled even wider (how that was possible, Tyler didn't know) "What's their name? I know where everyone is." She gestured to the graves around her. Tyler shook his head. "No, not a dead person. I'm looking for friends of Dr. Pines' niblings." He held back a stammer.

The woman blinked. "Those sweeties? They have lots of friends! Why, little Mabel got my darling
baby Robbie together with his girlfriend you know? Such a lovely couple they are. It's a shame they're studying far from each other~"

"Well I'm looking for Pacifica, Candy and Grenda." Tyler interrupted before the lady could go off on a tangent about her son. The woman laughed. "Oh, the Grendinators are such lovely people~ We buried the grandpa last year~ it was a nice funeral." Tyler twitched at that. The woman didn't seem to notice his unease at her casual mention of the funeral. "Well, at this time I think miss Grenda is having wrestling practice over at the high school."

"...Right… well, I'll just… Be going back to town now...Yeah..." Tyler backed up another step, visibly shaking.

She watched him the whole time, bright smile on her face as she stood in place, watching him.

As soon as Tyler was far enough away, sort of walking sideways to keep the woman in sight, he turned and booked it back down the path, praying it led to town. That shit was creepy! Unbidden, all those horror movies about small towns and their weird townsfolk came to mind and Tyler shook his head. Couldn't be. There's no way the great Dr. Pines would build his lab in some creepy town with a demonic cult or something. That's ridiculous!

With the adrenaline moving him, he didn't realize he was back in town until he heard the cars. Tyler sighed in utter relief. He didn't want to come across that woman ever again! Tyler was slightly gasping for air, from tiredness and from the scare he just had. He bought a bottle of water from a nearby shop, asked for directions and made his way to the school.

All of this to prove he was better than Viola! He bet she hadn't found anything yet! "Hah, suckupsmore…" He smiled to himself.

Tyler wondered if he needed a pass to enter the school, but then remembered this was a public school so who cared.

He entered the school as if he owned the place. He stuck out a little because of his age but no one really made a fuss or stopped him since he was still young looking. Like an older looking senior student. Wow, security really didn't care if any stranger just waltzed right in, especially if they looked like a kid.

Oof. That wouldn't happen in his old high school… they had actual security. It had been a private school that had a budget set aside for metal detectors and campus police to patrol the grounds. Tyler shrugged, whatever, this didn't concern him.

Finally, he found the girl he was looking for (after a bit of asking around). She was a tall muscular girl making a dance of victory over the girl she defeated. "YEAH! ANOTHER WIN FOR THE GRENDSTER!"

Tyler sighed. "Grenda Grendinator?"

She turned to look down at him (holy shit this gal was huge. Tall and hulked out with muscle) before frowning. "SORRY, YOU'RE CUTE BUT THIS GIRL'S TAKEN!" She told him, looking a little annoyed. "I KEEP TELLING YOU BOYS I HAVE A BOYFRIEND." Another girl patted her arm. "It's because you're the hottest girl at the school, they all want to at least try."

Tyler's eye twitched. "What? No! One, I didn't come for that, and two, you are a minor. I'm almost 22!"

The girls with Grenda all 'eeww'ed'. "You perv!"
Tyler pulled his hair angrily. "The Pines twins say Hi. I was asked to pass on the message." He was having a headache. Urghh.

Grenda gasped and she cooed. "AAAWW! THANK YOU!" She should write to Mabel.

"Do you happen to know where Pacifica Northwest is?" Tyler asked. He doubted it though, he doubted Pacifica studied here.

"SURE! SHE'S AT HER JOB AT THE LIBRARY!"

"If you go there, be careful with crazy Gabe though, he's kinda very weird~" A girl warned. That boy was a year older than them and ever since the 'earthquake' he became more weird than normal. Grenda sighed when she remembered the sock opera.

"Aaaallright...thanks..." Tyler gave them a thumbs up and walked out. One girl. Two to go. He bet Viola hadn't done shit yet!

Viola could have in fact finished the job a while ago, she had the cart and was 1 girl ahead, but...she got distracted. The earthquake thing caught her attention and as she made her way to the library, visited some spots to socialize and get more information about it.

She searched on her phone about it, but literally the only news featuring the town was when Dr. Pines and his brother reappeared and the center' inauguration.

Weird~

When she was sitting on a bench, eating ice cream, she saw someone had carved some sort of triangle on the floor, but it was so scratched up (she could tell the person was eager to erase it), it was barely recognizable.

A couple of cops saw her sitting there and said hi. Viola was just naturally polite and attracted plenty of pleasant greetings from the locals. She told them she was new in town, working at the N-Mystery Shack research center, and once again, Viola was told very positive things about the triplets and their niblings.

"They were here when the earthquake happened, right? I guess the Pines were very brave?" What could two kids do to be called heroes by the entire town?

The deputy held the sheriff's hand tighter. "It was very shocking for us but...never mind all that."

And why did everyone use that phrase?!

At the end, defeated, Viola just went to the library to find Pacifica. She entered the building and a teenage boy around 16 or 17 with long blond hair and blue eyes was sitting on a table. He was holding some puppets and at first Viola thought he was playing with some kids, but as she walked past him, she saw him alone, talking TO the puppets.

"I can't do it guys, we're going to fail that exam…" The boy cried. "Oh don't worry Gabe~ You're doing just fine!" The book puppet, himself, kissed his cheek. "Yeah, we're here for you!" The bee puppet waved its little hands. "Oh, guys, I love you so much, what-what would I do without you~"

Viola regretted spying because she shuddered when he started kissing his puppets. She ran the heck out of there. Browsing around the shelves, she found a blonde girl reshelving books from a cart. Well, Viola heard that Pacifica worked here so hopefully this was her. "Hello? Are you Pacifica?" Viola asked. The blonde girl looked over and nodded. "Yes, that's me. Did you need
Viola smiled relieved. "Oh well, not really, I was just sent by Dr. Pines to tell you his niblings say hi, um, Mabel and…Dopper?"

"Dipper, he's my boyfriend." The blonde girl smiled and Viola squealed. Cuuuteeeeee! "Thanks for coming all the way here to tell me. What's your name?"

"Viola, it's nice to meet you, I've been searching for you all day~" Pacifica laughed softly. "Right, sorry about that. I bet Ford took everything literally again." Cute man, but dumb, a lot like Dipper actually. If she didn't know Shermie, she would think Ford was his dad.

"What do you mean?"

"The twins, scratch that, normal people just say that, 'say hi to', even when you know it isn't going to happen, you know? I saw him in town last month, he was searching for me because 'the twins said hi'." Paz rolled her eyes.

Viola blinked before groaning and facepalming.

The two talked for a little bit, shared phone numbers (in case there were more 'hi's to be given) and Viola left after Pacifica told her that her shift was done and that she knew Grenda was at school practicing wrestling at this time.

Viola wanted to finish her mission, despite Paz saying Ford did this all the time. No more distractions this time! She walked out and as she drove to the school, she spotted Tyler. She stopped and looked at him. "Hey~ Thought you would return to the center before your very expensive shoes get covered in dirt~" She teased.

Tyler laughed. "Say all you want, backup intern, I already found a kid and I bet you haven't talked to anyone yet!"

"In fact, jerk, I know where 2nd kid is!"

"Me too! I'm going to talk to Pacifica!"

"I already did!" Viola smiled a bit smug. Sucker. "I'm going to Grenda now!"

"I went there, suckupmore!" Tyler spat but both interns sighed, upset and sat down to sulk. They still needed to find Candy, none of them asked the other girls about her and they must be gone by now. No one was going to win this competition. After a bit of arguing, they decided to ask around town, and if they couldn't, they would just go back home. Viola allowed Tyler to ride in the golf cart with her, she took pity on him.

They drove around quietly for a while before Viola spoke up, "Have you noticed how weird this town is? And the people? Like… it's almost like they're all…"

"In on some secret that they don't want outsiders to know about?" Tyler wasn't looking at her, his gaze out at the town around them as they drove. "Yeah. It was pretty damn obvious. But this is a small town, they're all like this, right? Some deep dark secret that the locals keep to themselves?"

He shrugged. "As long as there isn't some sacrificial cult dedicated to some demon, like in that Quiet Valley game, we should be good~" he cut off as Viola hit the breaks on the golf cart. "Oof! What the hell, Viola?!"

But she wasn't looking at him, she was staring forward with a horrified expression. Tyler turned to
look at where Viola was staring and he stiffened as well.

Some kind of… creature was there, in the middle of the road, walking by and no one in town seemed to care. As the two stared, a passerby waved at the horrifying monstrosity with a friendly "Good afternoon, Toby," and the thing responded with "I keep telling you, I'm Bodacious T!" the creature said before glancing over and noticing Viola and Tyler. "Oh hey, that's the Mystery Shack golf cart. Are you new employees?" and then the thing took a step towards them, raising a camera that Tyler hadn't noticed was hanging around its neck.

Tyler reached over to shake Viola. "Drive! Drive!" he urged and that made the girl snap out of her transfixed terror enough to put the cart in reverse and slam on the gas, zooming back and away from that thing. "Ahhhh!" the two screamed as Viola swerved the cart and switched gears to put it back in forward drive and they made a hasty retreat.

"What WAS that thing?!" Viola sobbed as they finally lost sight of it.

"M-maybe it was some escaped experiment from the lab?!" Tyler tried to rationalize. "A-and it… maybe it was docile enough that they allowed it to live…"

The two passed by the sheriff again and told him about the ugly creature they'd just seen. Sheriff Blubs just laughed. "Ah you city kids and your wild imaginations." he laughed and sent them off with a "Drive safely now."

The two interns were so scared and overall stressed after their meeting with that horrible cryptid that Viola drove them to the diner to have something to drink. "City kids..." Tyler slurped his beer angrily. "That sounds like an insult when it shouldn't be...Dumb town…"

Viola rolled her eyes and sipped her tea. "I don't think the town is that bad. It's actually pretty nice...Despite being kinda weird." Tyler rolled his eyes. "You probably don't know anything better, to be honest."

"I seriously don't know why I keep talking to you, you're a disgusting person." Viola spat, angry at the boy, who smirked as he was wholly unaffected by the insult. "Well, it's because you, deep inside you, admire me, and want to stick with me because I'm better than you. Besides, we can't help but talk to each other, we are stuck together for the entire summer and we're the only other person our age we can socialize with, even if we hate each other."

"That makes sense…" Viola muttered. "The fact that you're nothing more than my bare minimum needed level of social interactivity, not that I admire you. In fact, I hold nothing but contempt for you."

Suddenly, a group of teens entered the diner, cheering and being loud. They were 3 red headed teens whose ages ranged between 14 and 18. The group started chanting "FOOD! FOOD! FOOD!" Tyler groaned. "Great. More kids."

The interns of the research center watched the group of gingers as they sat behind them and banged their fists on the table, excited to get food. The lady who served the interns chuckled fondly and went over to receive the teens. "Hey Marcus, Kevin, Gus! The same as always~?"

"Yeah!" The middle one exclaimed as he grabbed his youngest brother by the neck to give him a noogie. "NOO! Let go!" The youngest teen, Gus, growled. "We come from helping dad at work!" Marcus told Susan as he blew his hair up a little bit, but to no avail as the red locks fell down to cover his face again. "He'll come later."
"Ok, kiddos~ Be right back." Susan waved and left to put in their order. Tyler's eye twitched as the teens kicked their table and laughed loudly. "Maaan~ we have more work now that Wendy left!" Kevin complained. "Yeah, but she said she would come back, THEN we leave her with all the work!" Gus laughed manically.

"Dude, chill." Viola frowned as Tyler seemed about to explode. "Tyler!" She glared as he stood up, looked behind them and glared at the kids. "Can you keep it down?!"

The youngest kid growled menacingly and stood up, Gus and Kevin had grown a lot during these past few years, Marcus was almost as tall as their dad by now. So, for their ages, they were fairly tall (and muscled). Marcus narrowed his eyes as Gus knelt on the seat to look at Tyler. "And who are YOU to tell my brothers and I what to do?!"

Viola facepalmed. Those kids were going to break Tyler's face...She smiled a little bit. That would be fun to watch. Tyler went on a dumb explanation about how they were disturbing his peace and how he was paying to eat here and wanted a quiet experience and bla bla bla his parents would sue if they tried anything on him bla bla bla, but Kevin simply grinned. "We don't care about your money, city boy! This is our town, get it?! And you're just being rude and usin' words we don't understand!"

Gus punched his palm. "And you know what?! We punch what we don't understand!"

"Are you going to hit him? Can you wait so I can record this?" Viola turned around as well to look at the red haired teens. Marcus deadpanned (you could feel it despite his eyes being covered) and looked at Tyler. "Dude, don't embarrass yourself in front of your girlfriend. You're going to regret it."

Tyler's eyes widened as Viola shrieked, her smile wiped off her face immediately. "I'm not his girlfriend EW!" Viola gagged. Tyler glared at the teens. "How dare you insult me like that?! You're going to pay for that!"

Gus laughed loudly and stood up to walk over to Tyler. "Oh yeah?! Do ya wanna fight?! Do you know we work with axes all day?! Do you want my fist in your face?!" He waved his fist in front of Tyler's face, but Marcus pulled him back. He didn't want his brother to get in trouble, he and Kevin tended to get a bit too aggressive, but this city boy was getting annoying. So he smirked. "So, you started a fight with me and my brothers and then want us to pay?! How about we bet something? If you defeat my youngest brother in arm wrestling, he's just 14-" Gus growled again. "-we will apologize for bothering you and your girlfriend." "I'M NOT HIS GIRLFRIEND!" "-But if we win, you pay for everything we order."

"Deal!" Tyler agreed, because testosterone and he couldn't back down from a challenge. It was like his fencing classes. Once you were slapped, you had to accept it. Besides, he was just 14 years old. How bad could it be?

Viola prepared her phone to record.

"So, I think you sprained your arm. I can show you the video where the kid beat your ass so you can see for yourself?" Viola suggested innocently as the Corduroy brothers laughed loudly and walked out of the restaurant, carrying the entire crate of sodas they ordered from the diner and Tyler was forced to pay for. Along with their huge meal.

Tyler was holding a bag of ice on his elbow and holding back whimpers. Viola sat next to him with
a big smirk. "That's what happen to people who are asses~"

"Just shut up, idiot. Let's just go to the center already," He spat angrily. Viola laughed, his pain was enough happiness for her, and she started the golf cart to go back to the center. However, when they were halfway there, their golf cart started malfunctioning and eventually stopped altogether. Now, the two interns were alone in the middle of the creepy forest with creepy noises. "Dammit!" Viola cursed.

Tyler, despite his sore arm, managed to laugh and say "NOW you'll have to explain Dr. Pines and Soos why the golf cart is missing...After all, it was your idea~" Viola ran a hand across her face and concluded the best next thing they could do was walk back to the center, explain what happened, and they'd pick up the cart.

However, the woods were completely unfamiliar to the both of them, they hadn't really spent much time out here and barely knew their way back to the center. Tyler reaching the town was pure dumb luck.

Soon enough, the interns were lost, and the sky was quickly darkening.

Viola didn't want to admit she was a little worried now. Her phone's GPS didn't seem to work. It just kept spinning and saying "Recalculating." when she tried to find the Center. She bit her lip and tried calling Dr. Pines, since by this point, they were well and truly lost, even as Tyler kept insisting it was "This way!"

The phone rang and rang and finally picked up to Dr. Pines' deep voice saying "Hello?"

"Ah... Dr. Pines, hi, it's me Viola. Um... the golf cart broke down in the middle of the woods and now we're kinda... lost."

"Oh no. Hang on, just stay where you are while I get a search party to find you." Dr. Pines told her and Viola slumped in relief. "Thank you, sir."

"Did you seriously call Dr. Pines for help?!" Tyler's eyes were wide in shock. Viola put her phone away and narrowed her eyes. "Of course I did! Do you want to stay here forever?!" Tyler ran a hand through his hair and laughed humorlessly. "We could have gotten out on our own, you useless DUMB girl! What you JUST did is make us look stupid and incapable of solving our own problems in front of our damn boss!"

Viola stepped back a little, startled at the reaction Tyler had, and she swallowed the lump in her throat. "I...Don't talk to me like that." She managed to whisper. Tyler deadpanned. "I can talk however the hell I want! Because this is a free country! And we have free speech! And I say you're just useless and stupid! And you'll never be anything more than some stupid, useless waste of space!"

"Free speech doesn't give you the right to be a piece of shit!" Viola sniffled, glaring at him and holding back tears as she walked closer to him. "You were just randomly pointing directions thinking you know sooooo much! Do you think I give a single damn if you were in the scouts or whatever?! Knowing you, you probably bought all your badges! You're a horrible person and no one will ever like you! I'm going to stay here and wait, you can leave if you want and get lost somewhere for all I care!" Viola sat on a fallen tree trunk.

"Kill yourself, bitch!"

"Eat shit and die, asshole!"
The two interns flipped each other off and Tyler stomped away, furious. But his dramatic walk was totally ruined when he tripped over a branch, fell over his already injured arm and screamed. "Ahhh!" Tyler whimpered in pain.

"You're so stupid…" Viola rubbed her teary eyes (she defended herself pretty well, but his words still hurt) and turned around, giving him her back. He could stand up by himself. She wasn't going to help him. She heard Tyler moaning and groaning like a baby, but she didn't move. Tyler looked up at Viola, waiting to be helped, but when the girl didn't move, he frowned, so confused. Why wasn't she helping him?! He couldn't even see where he was and what had made him trip. He reached for his phone in his pocket to turn on the flashlight; there was a huge tree root, that made him trip. Tyler pointed with the flashlight at his surroundings until it landed on...

Tyler screamed and backed away from the eye looking down at him.

Viola HAD to turn around this time. Not because she cared what happened to him, but because she was curious, and wanted to see what made him scream. Tyler was a meter away, illuminating what looked like a...statue, a triangular statue. Tyler apparently was only startled, because he used the same statue to stand up in pain and was now examining it. "What is this? It's so cool~"

Viola decided to approach the statue too. It was in fact a triangle, a triangle wearing a cute hat and stretching his hand out, as if waiting to shake hands. "Why is this here? It doesn't look really old, but it's covered in moss and vines…" She ran her hand over the eye and shivered. Ugh. The stone was freezing! How was it even possible for it to be so cold?

Tyler poked the statue. "I doubt someone in town made it. It's a triangle, and the townspeople seem to have something against them." He told Viola, as if minutes ago he hadn't insulted her. Viola wondered if he was stupid, had memory problems, or he was simply an ass who didn't care about people's feelings and just assumed she'd be okay with talking to him after he'd outright insulted her. "Well it's a pretty good marker for our location." Viola admitted, taking a photo of the statue and texting it to Dr. Pines, so that maybe he'd be able to know where they were.

While Viola was on her phone, Tyler was taking selfies with the statue while laughing at this weird thing they found. His friends loved it.

"Well, I don't care how or why it's here, but I'm taking this to the center. If it's a weird object, I could show it to Dr. Pines and he'd know what it is~ And then I'm taking it home!" Viola shrugged, still pissed. "Whatever man." She went to sit back on her tree trunk. Tyler was about to snap at her for being so mean (he was just talking!), when the two interns heard movement coming from the bushes.

"Hello?" She called as Tyler tried to pull the statue out by the extended arm, but even using both arms (which hurt a lot), he couldn't move it an inch. Why wasn't it moving?! It wasn't that big!

More bushes moving. Then growls. "Um...Mr. Pines? Is-Is that you?" Viola asked fearfully.

Before any of the interns could actually react, around 20 little creatures with beards and red hats came out of the bushes, growling loudly at them with their pointy teeth bared. "Why are you trying to move that?!" One of them screamed at Tyler.

Tyler jumped away from the statue as if it had burnt him and backed away, closer to Viola, shouting, "Holy shit!"

"Are-Are those gnomes…?" Viola's eyes were huge with fear. She had read about them, she read Dr. Pines' thesis about strange and supernatural creatures. She thought they were super rare though.
They didn't look very happy with them. "Get away from that, you-you crazy humans!" More and more gnomes started surrounding them, and Viola and Tyler found themselves trapped.

"I bet they were trying to bring him back!" "They're his minions!" "We have to stop them!"

"We-We-will leave your statue! P-please!" Tyler said in a shaky voice, raising his hands as if trying to placate their anger. "I haven't done anything!" Viola pleaded and whimpered. "It was him! Please, please don't hurt me!"

"We don't believe you! You're probably brainwashed by that damn demon anyway!" "We'll stop you before you bring chaos again!" "LET'S GET THEM GUYS!"

Tyler and Viola screamed loudly as the little men lunged towards them. They were so many that the two fell to the ground and even as they struggled with all their might, they couldn't free themselves. "HELP!" "HELP USSS!" They screamed desperately as they were dragged deeper into the woods. Viola's phone was dropped in the struggle.

Viola's phone buzzed nonstop with messages from their boss.

-.-

Minutes before, Fiddleford was massaging his temples as Ford seemed incapable of realizing what was the problem. "How could you send the interns into town on their own! They haven't been here long enough to know about the woods!"

"They took a golf cart from the Shack." Ford waved a hand. "Sure, it stopped working and now they're in the woods, but I already sent some of the security team to go find them-"

"They're WHAT?!! Fiddeford pulled his blond hair. "Stanford, any creature could attack them there!"

"The creatures near the road are more docile, the dangerous ones are deeper into the woods. Besides, they're kinda more friendly to people now after Weirdmageddon." Ford rolled his eyes. "They'll be fine, they aren't kids." If his niblings at 12 could wander these woods and come out fine, why wouldn't two 20 something year old kids? His phone buzzed with a message, it was from Viola, she was probably going to tell him they were already found and returning.

He didn't expect the picture he received. 'So, we are here, Dr. Pines, if this helps? Near the triangle statue.' Ford screamed and Fiddleford took the phone to see as well. Then he screamed as well.

"DON'T TOUCH IT! VIOLA! VIOLA GET AWAY FROM THAT!" Ford texted furiously, and tried calling the girl, but to no avail. She wasn't picking up. Shit. Ford threw his lab coat and rushed for the door. If it was like this, then he would have to go and find the interns himself. He only hoped he wasn't too late.

"I can't believe they tied us together." Viola grumbled as she and Tyler sat together on the mossy ground. The gnomes had thrown them into this holding cell made of tree roots as they went to debate on what to do with them.

"Let us go! You-you little bearded fuckers!"

"Shhhh! We're trying to think here!" The brown bearded gnome hit the cage with a long stick and the humans whimpered.

"Please, please let us go, were sorry for messing with your statue, please, please!" Viola sobbed.
"We don't believe your lies you demon followers! Everyone knows not to touch it!" The gnome poked them with the stick from between the roots. "So if you're even anywhere near it, you must have come because of his orders!"

"No! We just got lost!" Viola protested. The gnomes didn't listen to her as they muttered amongst themselves. "We'll need to ask the elder." one declared. Another gnome groaned. "But he died like, last year."

"Oh right." The gnomes all sighed. "If only we had a Queen…" They sighed again, sounding more sad this time.

"Oh Mabel! Whyyy?! Why did you leave us!" The gnome sobbed dramatically and hit the floor with his tiny fists. Viola's eyes widened. Mabel? Could they be talking about Dr. Pines' niece?

Viola looked at Tyler. "Ma-Mabel? We-we know Mabel! Right?!" She nudged Tyler who nodded eagerly. "YEAH! Yeah! We even know her friends!" " Mabel-Mabel is Dr. Pines niece and she's good...right? Right?" Viola laughed nervously.

"Yeah we aren't evil!" Tyler agreed. Viola could disagree with that statement, because Tyler was a dick, but decided to keep quiet about that for the moment. The gnomes all frowned. "Hm... we will need to have a meeting with the rest of the gnomes, put this to a vote." One gnome decided. The others all nodded and they filed out of the dungeon for now.

"Great. Now they all left." Viola sighed. Tyler scoffed. "I've got a knife in my back pocket. I just can't reach it."

"You have a knife?!" Viola gasped. "It's a pocket knife! For my pocket!" Tyler protested. "For self defense! Like right now!" He wiggled a bit, but he still couldn't reach it. Viola frowned in thought. As she was tied up next to him, her hands behind her back...She started turning around to try to reach Tyler's pocket. "Hey! What're you doing?!" Tyler yelped as he felt her brush her fingers along his butt.

"I can grab the knife-" "P-Pocket knife!" "THAT SHIT, and free us!" She said in a hissed whisper. Tyler hissed back, "You're touching my butt! That's sexual harassment right there!"

"I'm trying to get the knife! I don't give two shits about your damn ass!"

"My damn fine ass, you mean!" Tyler couldn't help but pout.

"Every part of you is an ass!" Viola growled.

The two struggled against each other for a bit before Viola finally slid the pocket knife out of Tyler's pocket and the two stopped moving so she didn't cut them both as she carefully flicked the knife open and started cutting against their binding. Tyler couldn't help but whimper. "You're cutting us both free, right? You're not just going to leave me here, right?"

"Keep talking and I might be tempted to..." Viola huffed as she sliced through the vine ropes.

Meanwhile, armed with a gun, Ford ran and jumped expertly through the woods. Fiddleford had followed him (something quite stupid, now that the engineer thought about it), with much less experience but willing to help. Ford was muttering that something in the forest must have attacked them, otherwise, why else would Viola not answer his calls? (He tried very hard not to think about how perhaps the reason she wasn't picking up was because she or Tyler had messed with the statue and caused something even worse to happen-)
"You're really gonna kill whatever might have gotten them?" Fiddleford huffed as he tried to keep up with his much more athletic friend.

"Not if we can reason with whatever it is, like the good rational beings we are." Ford stopped but continued running after doing a quick look around and changing directions. "Unless it's a gremloblin. I'll shoot that thing in the face if I see it! I just can't believe they were close to-to that!" He growled. "And that boy was touching it!" Now he'd have to check if they weren't affected by Bill somehow!

Frankly, Ford wanted to destroy the statue, like Seb had told him before he almost died, but no matter what he did, it wouldn't break. And then he tried to hide it in his lab, lock it up so no one had to see it. But that didn't work either, he'd ended up waking at night and sitting in front of the damn thing through the night, paranoid and afraid Bill would reanimate when no one was looking. It got to the point where Ford was forced to take it out into the woods, deeper than anyone would normally go, and bury him there with some binding runes so that he couldn't be moved by anyone who might try to take him.

But that too, was a mistake. Ford knew that now. He should have buried Bill's statue FULLY. Made it so that no one would even be able to see him-

Ford shook his head. No, he would berate himself later. He had to find those interns now!

"Viola?! Tyler!" He shouted. Fiddleford joined in and screamed. "Violaaa! Tyler!"

They reached the place where the statue was. Fiddleford watched Ford approach it with an angry look. Sitting there looking so smug! Ford let out a growl. Fiddleford turned on a flashlight and Ford jumped out of his skin, but relaxed when he realized it was just light. The two scientists carefully examined the place. The last place where the interns had been.

Fiddleford didn't notice anything really out of the ordinary (despite the fact that the place was really cold and creepy), but Ford had, he had to survive in space for years, and despite how they both needed glasses, Ford and Stan had developed very sharp senses to be aware of their surroundings.

Ford crouched to look at the ground and carefully ran his fingers over the marks on the floor. Big footsteps...and very little ones. The strong smell of squirrels. Then a long trail someone failed to completely erase.

"Gnomes…" Ford whispered dramatically. He also found Viola's phone. She'd probably dropped it when she was attacked. There was a good chance that Tyler was with her. And there would be no cell service where the gnomes took them, cell service was always hit or miss around Gravity Falls to begin with.

"Gnomes…" Fiddleford repeated. "Those-those helped us with the Shacktron, it should be easy enough to talk to them, I think?" He crouched to look at the markings Ford noticed. "Why would they take the kids?"

Ford nodded. "Well, they'll listen to me, but they really dislike outsiders. And if the kids were messing with Bill's statue, they might have assumed the worst of them. We must hurry." He motioned for his friend to follow him. "The gnomes have an underground place, it's where they sleep--" He missed Fiddleford's surprised face. He really thought the gnomes just slept in the open air! "so we should just find it and negotiate with them. I'm sure the interns are intelligent enough to keep themselves alive until we get to them."
Ford and Fiddleford reached an open field with two ways forward. Ford frowned and concentrated. "Now...I only need to remember which way it was... I'm 84% sure it's this way." Ford pointed to the left. The engineer sighed. Even after all these years, Fiddleford never really went that far into the woods, subconsciously terrified of it after all he'd been through. He didn't know much about where the local cryptids lived.

They were in luck because Ford was correct in his assumption and came upon a cave entrance surrounded by tree roots and mushrooms. There was a commotion happening inside, lots of screaming and growling. Ford didn't even see any guards. Well, one of the voices he heard seemed to be Viola (whose voice stood out more clearly among the gnomes deeper tones) so the scientist ran inside.

Unfortunately for the two interns, when the gnomes came back from debating, and decided they'd just eat them, one gnome saw what Viola was doing and all hell broke loose.

Even if the two were untied, they were still trapped down here, but since their arms and legs were free, they were able to fight back somewhat. Tyler managed to open the lock of the cage and the two quickly ran away, not daring to look back at the massive amount of angry gnomes growling at them. "GET THEM! DON'T LET THE DEMON'S FOLLOWERS ESCAPE!"

"This town! Even the monsters! Have a demonic cult problem!" Tyler screeched. Someone in here adored some sort of demon and this was the entire reason they were attacked and were about to be eaten by a bunch of CRAZY GNOMES! "I don't want to die!" The boy sobbed.

"Oh, Jesus! I don't want to die with you!" Viola screamed. "Help!" She screamed as tears blocked her vision. They ran through different tunnels without really knowing where to go. They thought this was the end. They were going to die with the person they hated the most in an underground basement eaten by gnomes because they had to say hi to some kids in a weird as fuck town!

"EVERYONE STOP!" A familiar voice thundered out through the tunnels. The gnomes and interns both stopped in place. Viola's heart skipped a beat. It was Dr. Pines! He came to rescue them! The gnomes gasped as Stanford Pines strode in with a frown. "Release the kids, they're my interns."

"They-" The gnomes blinked. Interns? What was an intern? The looked at each other, a silent conversation flitting by super fast amongst them. Intern? A human thing? He said they were his, so they belonged to him. Perhaps it meant a minion. Oh. That's it. So these humans were Pines' minions. And perhaps he'd ordered them to move the statue? But clearly they couldn't. Well, that was fine then.

"Alright then." One of the gnomes nodded when they all realized that these humans were Pines' minions (servants? Slaves? Maybe.) so they had to return them. "Take them back, and don't let them near our sections of the woods anymore. They're troublesome!"

Ford blinked, surprised at how easy this was. "O-okay. Yes. Come along you two, let's get back to the lab."

The interns were shaken out of their shock by the gnomes showing them their pointy teeth, and the two quickly scrambled towards their boss. He seriously saved them! Against angry gnomes! Just talking! Has he always been this amazing~?!

Outside the cave, Fiddleford was waiting with Fords gun. He was scared of getting in, but thinking about it, staying outside was even more dangerous.
Viola sobbed and hugged Stanford once they were out. Her clothes were dirty and torn, and she had a small bleeding cut on her cheek from where the gnomes knocked her to the floor. She was so scared. "Oh my god! Thank you!" Ford was frozen and the best thing he could do was pat her disheveled hair. "Its ok, they won't hurt you anymore…" Fiddleford looked at Tyler. "Are you ok?" He noticed he was holding his arm.

Tyler nodded slowly but changed his mind when the two scientists turned to focus on Viola. "I-I mean, I'm as fine as someone with a sprained arm can-can be, I-I hurt my arm and it really hurts! Ow!" He groaned, not quite acting, his arm had gotten worse.

Fiddleford helped hold his arm still as Ford still held a shivering Viola. They made their way back to the lab and Ford was so angry at them for touching the statue. However, Fiddleford reminded him they didn't know about it, so Ford just sighed. "Don't ever go near that again, it's dangerous."

"No shit." Tyler spat, exhausted from this horrible day. "The gnomes almost killed us for it! Why didn't you tell us, I don't know, that supernaturals shits could attack us?!"

Ford raised an eyebrow. "I thought you read my work on Gravity Falls and its weirdness magnetic properties. That you read about the documented creatures. It was a requirement for the internship in this town, and it was explained." He said with a deep harsh voice. "Do I have to tell you everything like a child?! You're a grown man!"

Tyler flinched at being called out in such a way by his boss. He looked down embarrassed and stayed silent. To his surprise, Viola spoke up with a soft voice. "I'm sure Tyler read your work, Dr. Pines, but we just didn't expect such a thing to actually happen...It was late, and we were lost, we didn't know about the statue and we should have known better than to approach it."

Tyler knew perfectly well that he was the only one messing with the statue. And yet, Viola was sharing the blame?! Why! She was so dumb, she should be blaming him and using it to raise her own favor!

Ford nodded after thinking about it. "Alright...I guess you couldn't have known about the statue...I still need to check if you're ok after being close to it though."

"Dr. Pines. The gnomes were calling us demon followers for touching the statue, and-they seemed very afraid of it. We didn't hear anything about such a thing in town, but it feels like there's something going on...Do-Do you know why?" Viola tentatively asked.

"..." Ford stayed silent, eye slightly twitching. He looked at Fiddleford for help and the blond patted the interns' shoulders. "Nevermind what they said. You only need to know that you shouldn't touch that statue again."

Viola had so many questions (even her bosses seemed to be hiding things), but she decided not to question them. She was so relieved when they reached the center, but found herself in Ford's lab with Tyler (as if spending the entire day with him wasn't enough) so he could check on them. He checked their eyes carefully, he fixed up Tyler's arm, which lucky for him it wasn't broken, and put some sensors on their forehead and temples, read the readings to himself and nodded.

"Now you're free to go." Ford waved a hand and the tired interns dragged themselves to their rooms. "You spoke up to defend me in front of Dr. Pines, why?" Tyler demanded before each went into their rooms.

Viola massaged her eyes. "I really don't know, I guess I'm not a horrible human being and didn't want you to get fired? We had enough shit today and I decided to save your butt."
"I-I don't have to thank you, I didn't ask you to do it..." Tyler mumbled. Viola rubbed her eyes again. "I don't care what you do or not. I don't expect anything from you. Nor do I expect you to respect me. I just didn't want to listen to Dr. Pines yelling at you for another hour. I'm tired. Now let me sleep." Viola entered her room and locked the door. Tyler rolled his eyes and did the same.

The next day, (Tyler already had his arm bandaged from yesterday's adventure), while the interns were having breakfast early in the morning and trying hard to 'never mind all that', like Dr. McGucket said, they saw Stanford walking to the front door of the center, active as ever. Did he even eat? Did he even sleep? He was wearing a blue turtleneck (in summer!) Compared to his red one from yesterday so he did change clothes...right?

They followed him curiously and saw him approaching a teenage girl with black hair. They spied on them quietly and discovered SHE was Candy! The girl they couldn't find yesterday! She was explaining Ford how she was going to science camp and had a project idea and asked if he could please check it up ("I thought that you could help me, being my best friend's uncle and how great you are...")

None of the interns cared though, they were busy pushing and pulling each other to follow her and finish their mission. However, as Viola pulled Tyler on his hurt arm and the boy screamed silently, Ford waved at Candy goodbye. "By the way, Candy, Mabel says hi."

"Oh, thank you!" She smiled and left.

The interns facepalmed.

-.-

Mabel was trying to get over Chad. She couldn't stay sad forever after all. So she distracted herself by immersing herself into Dipper's love life. Specifically in helping him plan out his next big date with Pacifica.

And by helping him plan, she meant setting up a date between Dipper and Pacifica.

It wasn't like Dipper was going to make the first move here. Mabel checked, he was still writing and rewriting a list of things to do for dates with his girlfriend. It wasn't as bad as with Wendy, since talking to Pacifica didn't rile Dipper up into a fit of nerves like with Wendy, but he was still a dork who needed help with getting the ball rolling. So, Mabel called up Pacifica and asked her if she wanted to come over to California to hang out during break.

Mabel never mentioned anything about a date. She just said hang out so Pacifica couldn't suspect A. THING! From what she had spied on her brother telling Paz when the two had lovey-dovey face chats, Pacifica loved video games. She had been hiding this fact to the public to not appear like a nerd, but she had told Dipper about it because she trusted him and HE was a nerd, so he had no right to mock her.

AAWW! Mabel shipped them hard.

Mabel told her parents about the plan and agreed as long as Pacifica stayed in her room. Mabel couldn't be happier. She just LOVED sleepovers! Pacifica's parents accepted grumpily, after Abigail talked to them over the phone and told them Pacifica will be fine with them. Shermie wouldn't talk because, much like his older brother, he couldn't stand the Northwest's attitude. They had lost most of their fortune, but they were certainly still very wealthy and never less arrogant.

He liked Pacifica though. She was a nice girl, nothing like her parents, and she made Mason happy.
((Besides, she always said he looked nice and that she liked his hair and eyes and that made him like her even more))

So, after catching up with the blonde girl at home, watching movies and playing board games, Mabel thought it'd be a great idea to invite Pacifica and Dipper with her to an arcade for the day. It would be like a play date, but then Mabel would just so happen to leave the two of them alone together and it would become a romantic date! Ahhhh! It was the perfect plan!

In fact…

Mabel grinned as she hid behind one of the crane-game machines and watched Dipper and Pacifica chat together. They were playing a shooter game about evil demon clowns and she watched Pacifica laugh at something Dipper said to her. They were enjoying themselves, enjoying this chance to hang out together.

Seeing her brother and friend being so happy made Mabel's heart settle. Even if she couldn't find romance, Dipper could, and that made her feel much better, seeing him happy. Mabel loved her twin and she would do whatever it took to make sure her little brother stayed happy forever with the person he loved.

Besides, Mabel giggled when Dipper pouted at Pacifica getting a higher score than him. Pacifica was in fact, a video game master, she just didn't want many people to know that. "I want revenge!" Dipper jokingly complained, and Pacifica nudged him. "Sure, you big baby. But just know you still owe me that chocolate!"

Mabel cooed. Having her friend and her brother being together was so adorable! They looked perfect together. She spied on them for a little more until Pacifica pulled Dipper closer for a kiss.

"Um, Mabel? What are you-do you mind?!” Dipper shrieked when he noticed his sister staring at them with stars in her eyes. The brunette girl squeaked before running to a new hiding spot.

-.-

Dillon watched from his seat at Phillip dutifully writing down the homework their French teacher gave them. It was summer, but French classes weren't done. The class for today, however, had just ended and he should be going outside to meet his driver…

But Mabel had scolded him and told him to grow a pair. She said he had to talk to Phillip, not just texting each other. "Face to face conversation~ Like in the old days our parents lived in~"

Dillon took a deep breath. He missed his chance to talk to him during break because he was with some friends, but now he had time to talk! He walked as casually as he could towards the boy packing his stuff up. "Um, hey~ Um...You-you did great in your presentation today…"

"Nah, don't lie, it was really bad." Phillip laughed. "I basically used an online translator for it." Dillon laughed and blurted out. "Um, I don't have anything to do right now and I was thinking you'd like to-to, I don't know? Hang out? We-We can go somewhere to play or…"

Phillip grimaced apologetically. "Sorry, dude...But I'm taking a summer course at my university to fill in some credits so I could graduate faster and I have some readings for tomorrow…” Dillon's brown eyes widened. "O-Oh! It-It's alright! Øk! DON't WOrry! I-I had to-to take care of my little brother, now that I remember and-and you should focus on your studies, so-so see you next CLAss!" He sprinted towards the door, feeling so stupid. Of course Phillip wouldn't hang out. He was a college student, he had important things to study and do! Dillon rubbed his face.
Phillip quickly grabbed his things and followed him. "Hey, Dillon! But- if you want, maybe we can still hang out, you know? When you don't have to babysit your brother. I can't go out to play or anything, but I hang out and read at the coffee shop around the corner everyday after French class, maybe you can come and hang out with me when you aren't busy?"

Dillon laughed nervously. "Did I say babysitting? I just remembered it was for tomorrow! Yeah! I can accompany you!" Phillip smiled, his light brown eyes shining and Dillon hoped he didn't look too creepy staring at them. "Great then, let's go!"

Dillon walked next to him, marveling at how tall Phillip was. Dillon was also tall but Phillip was older so he was taller and much cuter~ Dillon texted his driver and told him where he'd be and to come in a couple of hours. To Dillon's disappointment, the evening was spent...actually studying. They bought some coffee (Dillon invited him, for "Sharing ton lieu spécial d'étude". Phillip just nodded, not understanding), and sat down on a table.

Dillon felt like such a baby. His homework was coloring inside the lines compared to Phillip. He had photocopies of his books and he was reading and highlighting and writing summaries as well. He was so responsible and Dillon just loved how dignified Phillip looked while he was concentrating.

Dillon typed to Mabel. "I'm accompanying P to study." And casually snapped a photo of Phillip studying. Mabel, who lived with her phone in her hand, answered immediately. "OMG, he's so cute, and soooo studious looking~ College boys~"

"Agree. Idk what to do tho!" Mabel sent a thinking face. "Just keep him company this time! But next time invite him for a real date!"

Dillon sighed, put his phone away and slurped his frappuccino.

-.-

For his next attempt, Dillon recalled the old trick of buying food for your crush. Phillip accompanied him to the educational institution's cafeteria where he bought delicious french fries for both of them "You should definitely try them! Best junk food you'll try." The ginger boy agreed eagerly, and hummed in bliss at the french fries. "Ah, god! This is amazing! Thank you!"

"You-You're welcome...If-If you want fries any other day, just tell me! Because I just buy them a lot and-and I need to share! Yeah!" Phillip grinned and punched his arm in a friendly gesture.

"Sure, man. I'll eat your extra fries any day."

After that, it became a small tradition for them to sit during break to eat french fries. The two laughed and complained about how unhealthy it was, but neither made an attempt to stop. However, Phillip suggested they could share, so it was less money and less french fries for each of them. Dillon agreed immediately. That was so intelligent, of course it was, college student~

Dillon was so relieved his family wasn't meeting up this summer. It meant he could continue seeing Phillip and trying to…

To what?

He didn't know if the ginger boy liked boys, he probably didn't. Dillon was so scared of confessing his feelings, he feared he would lose him as a friend, but Dillon also knew that if he kept waiting, he would be even more heartbroken if (when) Phillip rejected him.

Dillon got the courage to talk to his mom about this. He was so conflicted. He loved spending time
with him, it made him so happy, and...he felt Phillip liked it too, he felt...Phillip could like him too, but if he was just dreaming, his rejection was gonna hurt. "We're spending much more time together...I don't want to lose that..."

"Oh baby~" Carla hugged her baby boy closer to her. She felt a bit weird giving tips about boys to her son, but she guessed this would have been seen as normal if Dillon was a girl. And even if it felt a little odd, what with her upbringing and cultural values, she cared more about making her baby happy. "I think...you should confess your feelings, it will make you feel better. Like you said, the more time it passes, the more difficult it will be."

"But-but~" Dillon sniffled and rubbed his eyes. "But he could get angry at me...No one likes g-gay people...he could hate me..." the poor teen swallowed the lump in his throat and held back tears.

Carla stroked his hair. "That's not true..."

"A boy at school said that if a faggot liked him, he'd beat the shit out of him." Dillon mumbled.

"Those aren't people, those are assholes. A sane person would not react that way. And from what you told me, Phillip is a nice boy right? Even if he wasn't gay, he'd just take it as a compliment, say no and move on."

"So you think he wouldn't hate for being g-gay?" Dillon sniffled. His mom hugged him and kissed his forehead. "I don't know, honey, but you can be sure your family will always be there for you~" She poked his side and Dillon squirmed with a giggle. "Moom~"

"Diego, come here! Lets all poke Dillon until he pees his pants!" The toddler, who was playing on the floor, gasped and ran towards them to tickle his 'big bwotheh' "Yayy! Attack Dion!" Diego squealed as his tiny little hands found all the spots that Dillon couldn't defend.

"No! No! Guys, stop it!" Dillon squirmed and laughed loudly.

-Dillon was going to try to confess his feelings to Phillip. Sure, he risked losing the most amazing boy he had ever met because Phillip could be disgusted by him, but hey! His mom said it would make him feel better so he guessed he had to trust her on this?

It was a Saturday, Dillon waved off his dad's "Hey! Where are you going?!" And replied with a "I'm hanging out with a friend! Will come home later!"

Stan looked horrified to be left alone with Diego and Peppa Pig's GODDAMN ANNOYING VOICE AND OINKS all day. "But you said you'd help me with your brother!" He seriously couldn't deal with this! He wasn't made to deal with this! Diego squealed at the cartoon pig on the TV and frowned when his daddy groaned loudly.

"Sshhh~!" Diego smacked Stan's chest with his sippy cup. "I'm wachin'!"

Dillon grinned. "See ya dad, enjoy toddler parenting~"

"You'll pay for this, boy!" Stan waved a fist in his direction. The children's cartoon played on. "Hi! I'm Peppa! Oink! And this is my brother George! Oink!" Diego looked delighted and clapped with joy.

"No! NO! NOOOOO!" Stanley cried in despair.
Dillon met with his driver who diligently took him to the coffee shop he had been going to a lot recently. "Are you going to meet with that ginger boy, master Dillon?"

"Yup~ We're going to his house later, I think? He said we would go to a secret place!" Dillon not-quite squealed.

The driver sighed. It was not his duty, but he cared for the boy. "Well, if you don't know where you are going...keep your mother informed and tell me exactly where you want to be picked up and I'll be there, ok?"

"Sure, don't worry." Dillon waved it off. Dillon waited for his friend in the coffee shop with a big innocent smile on his face. He wrote to his friend that he had arrived. Phillip didn't respond. It was ok~ He could plan how to confess his feelings.

Dillon waited for Phillip patiently, texting him from time to time, but nothing. A waiter asked him if he'd order and he had to order a muffin to stay.

"Phillip, where are u? Are you ok? I'm in the coffee shop..." He wrote again and sighed. He hugged his muffin close to him and the brown haired teen held back tears. Why wasn't Phillip coming? What if he found out he was gay!? What if he didn't want to hang out with him anymore?! Dillon wiped his tears and was about to call his driver to pick him up because there was a 'change of plans' when a panting ginger came into the coffee shop. Dillon's eyes lit up and ran towards him.

"Phillip! What-What the hell!?" He complained lightly. The red-haired teen moaned and motioned him to follow him. "Sorry, got late, had to pick up some stuff for someone." He made his backpack jump.

"Pick stuff? For who?" The younger asked curiously and Phillip smiled. "Some kids, they need it, you'll meet them, I bring them more supplies almost every time I can."

"You, you get stuff for some kids every time you can? And, just for free?" Dillon raised an eyebrow.

"Let's say my payment is not really in money...but you'll see! It's much greater~ They're great, tough guys, we really have fun when we meet up."

Dillon's mildly worried face didn't leave him even as they got on the bus. He examined Phillip to distract himself. He had put on all his piercings today, even the nose and eyebrow one. Huh, nice~

"You like them?" Phillip asked with a smile as Dillon blushed. He caught him staring! "I have a friend who can pierce whatever body part you want! Though, since you're still underaged, you'll need your parent's permission. Legally anyway."

"Eh~ I'm not sure I'm a piercing guy...Your-your parents didn't say anything against it?" Dillon asked. Phillip shrugged. "I got my first one at 15, they couldn't do anything since it was with my own money and I found a guy who would give 'em to him even without parental consent." Here, Phillip frowned. "It was fine for me because I knew the guy really well, but you probably shouldn't get piercings from anyone shady enough to pierce you without legal consent." he told Dillon, who laughed "Well I'm not gonna get a piercing so it's fine, thanks for worrying about me..."

Phillip coughed awkward before nodding. "Wha-What were we talking about?" Dillon giggled. "Your parents and piercings"

"Oh! Ri-Right...Then my parents understood that I liked it and it was just my way of expressing myself, so they didn't get too mad at me. I have to take them off for laboratory classes though, for
"That's cool~" Dillon put on headphones and looked out of the bus' windows, getting increasingly worried as they got further and further away from the zones he knew. He had been around lots of places, but there were parts his mother had told him not to go as she considered them dangerous. He looked at the bag Phillip was hugging towards himself and decided to ask. "So~ What-What do you have there?"

"Stuff for the kids we're meeting remember?" The ginger said and Dillon rolled his eyes. "I know that, but what kind of stuff?" Phillip wrapped an arm around his shoulders and smiled softly. "It's a surprise~ Don't worry~" He said with a calm voice, and it made Dillon relax. Phillip seemed to realize his hug was getting too long (and awkward in his eyes) and slowly let go.

He looked away and missed the brown-haired boy's disappointed look.

At some point, they reached their stop and the two teens walked out. This place was making Dillon a little nervous. He wasn't a sheltered kid (God no!), he simply...had never had any reason to come to this part of the city. "Do...your friends live here?" Dillon asked with a small tentative smile.

"This is where I give them the stuff!" Phillip grinned.

Dillon bit his lip and followed his friend through the loud streets. From what he had gotten today, he was starting to make very bad assumptions he hoped weren't true. 'Please, don't be a drug dealer, please don't be a drug dealer!'

"Keep your phone in your pocket ok?" Phillip warned him at some point, when the two walked by a place where some people were starting to look at them. It also smelled very weird. Dillon wrinkled his nose. He knew that smell from the awful parties he had been to. Ugh. Weed.

"Phillip, where are we going?" Dillon asked once again and walked up to him to stay even closer. And if Phillip got upset he was too close, he could tell him it was just a precaution. His friend never replied and they took a turn to walk through an alley. Before Dillon could assume the worst, they walked out of there, turned left and...they were in front of a hospital…

O-Oh.

Phillip smiled widely. "Welcome to the Saint Peter's children hospital. I volunteer here every Saturday!"

"This-this is the cool place you wanted to show me?" Dillon raised an eyebrow. Phillip blushed a little and rubbed the back of his neck. "Yeah?" Dillon's eyes narrowed. "Why would you keep saying this was a surprise and make this all creepy?! I was worried! I thought you were taking me to a drug deal or some shit!"

Phillip snorted loudly and let out a laugh, a beautiful laugh in Dillon's ears, but he was still upset about this secrecy. "Let's go inside, you'll like it." Dillon pouted and only followed because his crush was still cute.

Inside, some doctors waved at Phillip and smiled at him. He pulled out a pink doctor coat that the hospital gave to volunteers. "Do-Do you want to help?" Phillip asked Dillon softly. "I-I should have told you where we were going, but I didn't want you to say no, this is important for me, and I wanted to share it with you…" Phillip rubbed his arm sheepishly.

Dillon's eyes widened a bit as he gasped softly. Phillip considered him important enough to share this with him?! He internally squealed and accepted the pink coat. If Phillip loved this, then he
loved it as well! Phillip explained how they were going to go to the pediatric wing with the children and how some of them were very sick. Dillon nodded.

It was...shocking at first sight, Dillon had to admit. And it hurt him. So many kids here. He stayed aside for a while, preferring not to upset the kids with his long face, and just watched Phillip do his job and make the little kids laugh. In his backpack, Phillip had bought toys and some candy, that Dillon later learnt Phillip had bought them with his own money for the kids. He finally understood the tough guys part. They were indeed very tough children. The kids here were very ill, but they didn't let that get them down.

A little girl squealed when she saw Phillip and hugged his arm. "You put it on!" She giggled, pointing at his nose piercing. "Yup! You really liked it the other day!" He poked her cheek and the toddler giggled loudly. "Who is that?!" She pointed at Dillon, standing by the doorway. "Oh! He's Dillon! A very good friend who came to visit you!"

"OOHH!" Another little boy gasped. "He's the boy you told us about?!"

The two teens blushed madly when all the kids started giggling at them. "Is he your booooyfriend~?" one of the little girls teased. Dillon stiffened but Phillip just sputtered and said, "H-hey!" before changing the subject. So… Dillon wasn't too sure how Phillip felt about that idea.

Dillon eventually joined in to play with the kids too, reading a story book to the kids with funny voices. He was great at reading to little kids, if he said so himself, he had practice with Diego afterall. He loved when he looked up from time to time and Phillip was with the actual doctors who came to check on the children. Phillip was so focused on what they said and he asked some questions here and there, eager to learn about a profession he was clearly passionate about. He had put on gloves a while back and helped change the IV's on some kids, or check their throats with a wooden stick. Some doctors even lent him their equipment after they had checked the kids so Phillip could check himself. Dillon was really amazed. He had seen his crush study very hard before, but now he could see him on action.

They took a break hours later. They went to the hospital cafeteria. The food wasn't good, Phillip jokingly told him, so they just sat down with water and some chips. "It's actually great the docs here let you work with them and teach you stuff." Dillon smiled. "Sometimes, when I go with my dad to work, he kinda explains stuff but his co-workers just ignore me." Phillip grinned. "Well, I've been a volunteer for years now, and they know I wanna be a doctor, so I have… 'special treatment~' It's great to have free classes." He grinned and Dillon swooned. So precious!

As they ate, Dillon said. "I would have still come if you'd told me we were coming here...You- You're my friend, and I just wanted to spend some time with you..." He confessed. Phillip sighed. "I'm sorry...It's that...not many people I know like to do this...my friends at college don't wanna come by on their days off just to play with children and many people don't like this part of the city, but they also need volunteers, you know?"

"You're great with kids, my only real interaction with children is with my brother and occasionally my baby cousins!" Phillip laughed at that. "That's already better than some of the kids at my school."

"-you're going to be a great doctor…" Dillon hugged his coke and looked down, blushing.

Phillip tucked a bit of hair behind his ear before coughing. "So, what do you want to study?" Phillip asked him. Dillon made a thinking face. "Well, I like marketing, my dad studied business but his company is FULL publicity, they work with other companies and that kind of stuff. So, I'd like to continue with the family business." Phillip nodded, interested. "That's actually great,
keeping your family's profession. My dad's a surgeon, and while not exactly medicine, my mom is a psychologist."

"That's so awesome!" Dillon gasped. "Well, my mom is an dramaturgist and actress. Works on Broadway."

"No way!"

The two teens talked a bit more about their lives, listening with full attention to each other until Phillip chuckled at the question "Why do you want to be a doctor? Was it because of your dad?"

"Oh no, nothing like that..." Phillip sighed and held his empty bottle between his hands. "When I was a kid, I-I was kind of a dick ok? I was always angry and uncomfortable ALL the time, and I didn't know why, I couldn't understand it, so I just took it on everybody. I fought with my dad every day, I got grounded a lot, my mom was very worried about me, and I just totally ignored her or snapped at her. Yeah, a total dickhead." The ginger confessed. "I did pretty stupid things too, all the time, because I didn't care about anything, and I guess it took my head off the things I couldn't understand...I got a fight with some bad kids, real bad kids this time." He chuckled a bit. "And, aside from all the beating, I actually got stabbed!" Dillon gasped in horror and Phillip pulled up his shirt a little to show him the scar. "Look at this fucker, the mark of my sins." Phillip swooned dramatically.

Dillon couldn't help but snort.

"So, you can guess I ended up pretty hurt, and had to stay in the hospital for a while. As I was...14, I think, I was stuck in the pediatric ward. My parents were so scared for me, but I still didn't care about anything, I was complaining about the colors, and the pictures on the walls~ and how stupid everything was~ and how I wished they killed me so I didn't have to look at the doctors' stupid faces~ That kind of stuff."

"Wow...I can't really see you doing that..." Dillon frowned. Phillip nodded. "Trust me. You wouldn't have liked me one bit as a kid. I hated people at that age." He grinned though. "But, despite being a dick, the doctor and nurses were really nice to me, they helped me, tried to make everything less painful and horrible. One nurse was particularly nice. He had to stay with me because I pulled at my IV and tried to open my stitches on purpose, a total maniac! He had to watch me. He'd listen to me rant and rant about how stupid everything was and how I wished they killed me so I didn't have to look at the doctors' stupid faces~ That kind of stuff."

Phillip felt so comfortable around Dillon that he was managing to tell him about this. "And then, he told me something. He was like 'dude, I know why you're always so angry.' He was african american and he spoke with AAVE, I liked how he spoke, and he said 'boy, you gay as fuck, my dude, and you're just stressed because you're trying ta be something you're not.' It turned out he was right. Everything and everyone around me, every movie, book, commercial and family kept saying how boys should date girls, that it was the 'normal thing' to do. It was stressing me out. I didn't feel that way about it. But I didn't realize that, and it made me angry because I didn't understand why I felt so uncomfortable about it. This man and all the doctors in that hospital saved my life. That's why I swore I'd be better and become a pediatrician so I could help-"

Dillon didn't hear the rest of the explanation. At all. He started spacing out after he heard the word 'gay'.

'He's gay, he's gay, he's gay, he's gay, he's gay'

His brown eyes were wide, and he couldn't really hide his shock. His mouth was agape. Phillip
finished his explanation and slowly, his own eyes widened. Oh. Did-Did he just out himself in front of Dillon!?

"Yeah...I'm gay..." Phillip confessed, but lowered his voice a little bit. "Sorry for not telling you before...I-I not embarrassed, I swear, but-but I just don't like going around telling people, you-you know?" The ginger teen looked really nervous, Dillon was still gaping. "Dillon? It's ok, right? I-I understand if you don't wanna hang out? I-I'm not going to change who I am."

"You-you're gay? I'm a gay!" Dillon finally managed to blurt out. Phillip paused. "Wait, really?! You're gay?"

"I-I-" Dillon's cheeks turned completely red. "I've been meaning to tell you this for a while now but I was scared you'd stop being my friend! But you're gay too! Haha!" He laughed maniacally and Phillip frowned, a little worried now. "Dillon?"

"I've had a crush on you since the day I saw you, I think you are amazing and pretty and I love your hair! I really really like..." Dillon took a deep breath after not breathing at all.

Phillip was stunned by the sudden confession. He smiled a bit and ran his hand through his hair. "Tha-Thank you..." He let out a silly giggle. "I-I think you're pretty handsome too. And I like spending time with you...You're great..."

Dillon's face couldn't go any more red. "...I'm going to pass out..." He couldn't believe this was actually happening. "So...are we dating now? Is-Is this a date?" He asked very softly, as if scared.

Phillip laughed. "Ye-yeah! I think so!" He paused for a second, a little worried. "You're...16 right?" Dillon smiled even wider. "I'll turn 17 in July!" Phillip seemed very relieved about this and chuckled sheepishly. "Great, that's-that's great!" The two looked at each other for a few seconds before Dillon slowly grabbed his hands. Phillip chuckled. "But you're still underaged, so, no offense, but nothing's gonna be happening between us until you're older."

Dillon snorted. "Yeah, that's fine." He was just happy that Phillip liked him back and they were dating now!

-.-

So, now that he had a boyfriend, Dillon considered it was finally a good time to tell his dad. Phillip's parents knew and accepted him. Phillip's mom was nice and gave him cookies. Dillon should introduce Phillip to his own parents as well, it was only fair. Uncle Seb sounded SO confused about how he had hid it for years. Stan wouldn't give two shits about it! But Uncle SEB hadn't told everyone he was pan either! So he could just shut up!

After getting lots of heart emojis from Phillip, he made his parents sit in the living room, and told them he had something very important to tell them. Diego was there too, because, well, he was a baby, he couldn't be left alone. He was busy playing with his legos though, so he wasn't paying attention to Dillon anyway.

"So, what do you want, kid?" Stan raised a bored eyebrow. He probably would explain how he really wanted some game or something for his birthday. And his answer would depend on how expensive it were close to his birthday though, so he'd just have to say yes to anything.

"Yeah, um...there's something I wanted to tell you a long time ago, but-but I was really scared..." He took a deep breath before continuing, holding his hands to keep from shaking. "I-I don't like girls, dad, I don't like them at all...I'm-I'm gay always have been..."
Stan was shocked, he didn't expect Dillon to tell him that... He went silent. Carla frowned and held his hand. Dillon's courage was slowly vanishing. His dad was never going to talk to him again.

Finally, Stan sighed and ran a hand through his face and hair. "You know I have guns, right Dillon? And I can use them whenever I want…"

Carla stared in shock as Dillon slowly backed away from his parents. "Da-Dad…” His eyes welled up with scared tears. No, no, he definitely hated him now!

Dillon started sobbing. "I-I was joking, I'm SORRY! DAD, PLEASE, I'M SORRY!"

Unaffected by his cries, Stan stood up and walked towards his shaking son. "I guess there are new rules in this house now…” Dillon looked down, ashamed, ready to hear him say he needed to get out. "No taking a boy up to your room alone, not without having them cleared by me first!” Stan said simply. "And, like, we keep condoms in the box under the bathroom sink. But-But you're NOT allowed to do anything that would require them until you're 18, got it?” Stan huffed. "And if any boy hurts you, I've got guns. And all the lawyers I'd need to make them regret it."

Carla managed to breathe again and laughed in relief. What a dick. Scaring her and Dillon like that.

Dillon stared at his dad with tears in his wide eyes. Stan's stern look softened. "Come here, kid." He opened his arms and Dillon rushed into the hug.

Stan hugged Dillon. "Dillon...I'm sorry you felt the need to hide this from me…” Stan sighed and Dillon wiped his tears. "I-I didn't know how you'd react and I didn't want to lose you or to m-make you hate me...You always talked about me having girlfriends and liking girls and-and I didn't want to disappoint you…” The teen sniffled.

"What? No! Kiddo, I don't want you to hide something from me ever again, ok? You like men? Who the fuck cares?! You know how much I was looking forward to meeting you?! You being gay changes nothing. You're MY kid." Dillon buried his face in his neck and Stan patted his back, before waving a hand around. "Besides, I've seen so many weird alien stuff. 'Gay' happens to be the least weird thing I've seen." Stan chuckled. "Remind me to tell you about all the aliens that hit on me and Ford back when we were in space. I swear most of them didn't even have male or female."

Carla frowned. "Yeah, Stan, we'd love to hear about that!" Stan paled a bit, realizing he spoke too much.

"Thank you…” Dillon sniffled and Stan rolled his eyes, deciding to ignore Carla right now (he'd assure her he loved her later). "Yeah, yeah, you're so overdramatic, no shit, of course you are! Seb raised you!” Dillon made a wet laugh.

Diego looked up. "What is gay?"

"Means that I want to date a boy and kiss him, instead of a girl.” Diego wrinkled his nose. "Eewwwww! Kissing is gwoss!"

Carla laughed and kissed her oldest baby's forehead. Dillon smiled. "Oh, it's actually great you accept this, 'cuz I kind of have a boyfriend now."

"WHaT?!" Stan shrieked.

Carla gasped. "Ooh~ That's amazing, sweetie! You can invite him to the wedding!"
Dillon raised an eyebrow. "Which wedding?" There was a wedding?

"Ours!" Carla said, as Stan was too busy realizing his baby had a boyfriend and he had to deal with him!

"What the fuck?! Aren't you married?!" Dillon gasped and Carla shrugged. "Apparently not yet? But your uncle Seb and Wanda are getting married as well! It's a double wedding!"

"Oh my gosh, I love that!" Dillon squealed and hugged his parents. "I'm so, so happy, guys!" He screamed. "Me too!" Diego shrieked and ran towards them. He didn't really get what was going on, but he wanted a hug too.

Stan laughed and hugged his family, lifting them up in the air. He snuggled his boys closer to him. He was definitely taken aback by Dillon's confession, he had never personally dealt with someone gay before and he didn't know how to talk about 'boys' to boys (and he wouldn't be able to talk about girls until Diego was old enough, unless Diego turned out to be gay too, but Stan would deal with that when it happened), but he would make his best effort, he wanted his baby happy...

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And I drew this in an hour so you guys had a drawing to enjoy with the chapter! Meet Viola and Tyler! Look at that jerk...
So this chapter was mainly dedicated to the teens and the interns because we love messing with them. Leave a comment please we love hearing what you think! See ya soon!
Chapter 13: Settings things straight

Chapter Notes

Hii! New chapter! Hope you enjoy it!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Seb couldn't let go of his ring. He went everywhere with it. He loved it so much and it was all sparkly and pretty!

He didn't let the twins touch it with their filthy baby hands either so that meant he cared a lot about it. (He pretty much let the twins do whatever not harmful thing they wanted, so the fact that this was the line he drew… well, it meant a lot).

Wanda was also very happy that he was taking this better than expected. She had talked to Carla (who scolded Stan for ruining the surprise) and they were starting to look up places and menus and decorations. Stan helped from time to time but was glad the women were taking care of it, he really had no idea. Seb, on the other hand, was tormenting him with ideas for suits and colors and he needed to stop.

"Seb. It's just a suit. I'll just buy a suit." Stan told him over the phone, and rolled his eyes when he heard Seb gasp, offended. "Just a-but this is a human tradition that is all about looking amazing and having people looking at you!"

"It's women who worry about wedding clothes, Seb. Men don't really have much of a choice, aside from the color of the suit, which is like, or black or blue." Stan explained, but Seb didn't take no as an answer. Not when it was about the one thing he was PERFECT at!

"I'll make us the PERFECT suit, ok?! And I'll prove that you don't have to wear a dress to be the center of attention at your wedding! Men DESERVE it as much as any bride!"

"Alright, you do you…" Stan rolled his eyes and went back to working, kind of ignoring his brother's rants. He vaguely wondered if the demon they fought was also this pretentious. William didn't seem like it, but he did like dressing up in...weird clothes… Stan made a face at the memory of that… Maid outfit...

Seb sat in the living room with a sketchbook to start drawing and planning the perfect suit to make Stan shut his yap. The twins noticed him relaxing, and because he was basically prohibited to be in peace in his own house, they jumped over him and demanded to watch tv with him. He floated them away, not looking up. "Don't bother me, brats! I'm working on something really important."

"Daddy! TV!" Zoe pleaded. "We wanna wash with you!" Seb waved a hand and the twins squealed when they were floated back to their room. "I'm busy here! Make an imaginary friend or something."

The twins shrieked and grabbed at the door frame with all their might. "No!" Zully screamed as Zoe clawed and tried to get rid of the magic around them.

"DDAAADDDEEE!" They screamed at the same time, their high pitched screams making Seb
"URGH! FINE!" The yellow glow surrounding the twins put them down on the floor. The twins high-fived and happily skipped to the couch, snuggling next to their dad. Sebastian sighed at his adorable toddlers and ruffled their soft long hair with a smirk. Zully's hair had grown again, he was so happy to be able to comb it again! (much to the oldest toddler's displeasure, but they were too shy to complain about it). Zoe grabbed the sketchbook Seb left on the couch arm as he searched for the remote control, but she quickly had it snatched from her. "NO. This is work. You touch this, and you will sleep in the yard tonight." He threatened with his eye slowly turning red.

Zoe left it alone, lucky for her, but she didn't like being denied things. "You can-can't make me sleep thewe! Mommy don't let you!" She crossed her arms and looked at Zully for support, but her twin simply shrugged helplessly. They didn't know. Mommy was always on daddy's side. "Oh, mommy will do whatever I say, with the right words and strategies." Seb winked and the kids giggled, not understanding the meaning but still thinking it was funny. He turned on the TV for them and they jumped happily on their seats when one of their colorful shows appeared on TV.

"PUPPY COPS!" Zully roared loudly and started smacking their dad's chest with a tiny hand. "Ow, ow, ow." Seb said with a deadpan look. "I love puppies." They said happily and Seb nodded. "Yeah, I can see that!"

"PUPPY COPS! Puppy cops! We'll be thewe on the double! Whenever thewe's a pwoblem 'Round Aventure Bay, Ryder and his team of pups! Will come and save the day!" Zoe happily sang as Zully stared at the screen. Every cartoon had a voice speaking very weird at the beginning with confusing noises in the background. Zully didn't understand, but Zoe loved them.

"Marshall, Rubble, Chase, Rocky, Zuma, Skye!" Both the twins could name the puppies though. "Yeah! They're on the way!"

Seb cooed loudly at the toddler's excitement. They were so adorable. Why were babies so adorable?! He wanted to bite themmm! He leaned closer to Zully but... "OOW!" He screamed when Zoe bit him first. "No dawe!" She huffed.

"Why can you bite me, but I can't bite you back?!!" Seb whined.

"Becuz we awe small and kids and you can't huwt us." Zoe explained wisely and Seb rolled his eye. "We will see about that~"

"Shhh! shut up pwease!" Zully complained angrily. Seb and Zoe laughed silently to themselves, covering their mouths. "Daddy!" Zoe spoke again, not caring for her sibling who was concentrated on watching.

"Yes?"

"I-I will dwess like Skye in-in Hawoween!" Zoe declared. They were going trick or treating for the first time, and she was pretty excited. Dad said they just had to wear a costume and be adorable and they'd get candy! She was adorable by nature, getting candies would be easy.

"Ohh~ That's a great idea, baby~" Zoe giggled and threw herself to her dad's chest, hitting his jaw accidentally. He whimpered. Why?! WHY?!

"And you will be Ridew!"

"Hahahaha!" Seb laughed with a shrill voice. "That's not going to happen."

"And Zully can be Evewest or-or Sweetie!"
Zully's head snapped back at the two of them and both Zoe and Seb wince at the angry look they were giving them. "NO!" The child growled. "I don't wanna be them! I wanna be Chase! Not a girl!" Despite their angry look, Zully's eyes were full of tears.

Seb raised his arms as a surrender gesture. Zoe imitated him. "It's ok, you can totally be Chase, princess. There's nothing wrong with being a girl Chase! You can dress up as whoever you want."

Zully rubbed her eyes and nodded. Ok. They liked that.

"We can dweep up like ANY chawacter?! Even if thewe not giwls?" Zoe gasped and Seb nodded. "Of course! Anyone can dress as whatever they want!" He squeezed their chubby cheeks and the toddlers giggled. Zully tried to forget how weird it felt to be called a girl. Zoe knew she was a girl, but Zully was still unsure about it.

But mommy and daddy said they were a girl...

Zully was distracted spacing out, and barely noticed when Sebastian stood up to get Zoe (and by default, them) water. While Seb was busy washing the sippy cups (the twins had been drinking melted jelly, they loved it), his phone started ringing and surprisingly, it was Dillon. He hadn't called in a while.

Sureee! Now that he had a DAD! He had forgotten about his UNCLE! Of course! (Seb wasn't… bitter, not exactly, just a little miffed that his oldest nephew didn't call him as much as he used to).

"Yellow, brother's oldest spawn!" Seb grinned at the phone.

"...You're weird. I'll call again and I expect a kind of normal reply." Dillon groaned.

"Call again and I won't reply." Seb shrugged.

"Alright. Fine~ I'll embrace your weirdness." Dillon rolled his eyes when he heard his uncle exclaim a "Thank you~So, what did you call for? Your cousins want water and I need to give it to them before getting hit.

The teen chuckled. Those little demons. "I was calling to tell you that, well, I thought you deserved to know, because you're a great uncle and you were there for me while dad was gone…"

Just tell me already!"

"I'm gay!" Dillon said.

Seb blinked. "Oh. Alright…? And what..should I do with that information?"

Dillon mumbled. "Well…I thought you needed to know, I'm coming out now because I have a boy-boyfriend and I love him and I don't want to hide it anymore!" Dillon said firmly.

Dillon sounded so sure of himself, he didn't want to hide who he was anymore, and Sebastian guessed he was proud of that? Everyone deserved to feel comfortable as they were, but…why was he so proud of telling him he was ga-OH! Right! Humans had a problem with it! Right, he remembered his conversation with Alex and Johnny now.

"Well, it's nice that you recognize it?" Seb chuckled. "According to some friends who seem to know about that labeling, I'm 'pan'?." He verbally quoted. Dillon smiled. "I-I know, the twins told me you used to have a boyfriend."
"Yeah, and I felt attracted towards other people against my will! I used to think it was a normal human thing to do, then I was told it wasn't, and now again I know it's ok. You know what I think is weird though? The fact that some people ONLY like one sex you know? Human feelings are so strange. Like, ALL of them are HUMANS! The same species, so what does it matter which one you like? But I guess they all base themselves on their ability to procreate?" He looked at the living room where the twins were entertained with the colorful cartoon. He grinned.

"What were we talking about?"

Dillon groaned. "That I'm gay. And...I have a boyfriend too!"

"OOHHH!" Seb's eye widened, thinking on ways to tease his nephew the next time he saw him. "That's nice~ Enjoy your boyfriend, be good, don't do nasty things, you are a baby."

"ARGH! Uncle Sebastian!" Dillon stuck his tongue out but laughed anyway. Phillip was cute but he didn't want to do it with him yet! They were barely dating! "So, I'd appreciate it if you didn't go around telling everybody? I told my parents and Granny Kari...she's still processing…" Dillon let out a worried sigh. "She said she wanted gra-grandbabies from me…” Dillon blushed at that. He was still a teenager. He was not going to be thinking about children already!

Seb couldn't help but snort. He poured water into the sippy cups. "I'm not Shooting Star, don't worry I won't tell on you. And Ma just wants us to have an army of kids, and she's still not resigned over the fact that Ford will never have them, so while trying to guilt-trip him into doing it, she's making all of us work double time to compensate!"

Dillon laughed out loud at the declaration.

"And don't worry, kid. Ma loves all of you, ok? She'll come to terms with it. How did Stan react?" their conversation was interrupted by the twins screaming from the living room.

""DAAD! THWISTY!"

"WAIT A MINUTE!" Seb shouted back. "Do I need to give Stan a smack?" Dillon giggled. "Nah, everything’s cool. Better than I expected, actually…I-I thought I'd never be able to tell him, I thought he would hate me..." He confessed ashamed.

"Hah! Fez hates a lot of things. But feel special, you aren't one of those things, he wouldn't hate you for who you like, kid, geez. Were you seriously scared of that?"

""DAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAD!"

"I gotta go now. Gotta see how the puppies save the dolphin or I'll fail the critters' test to see if I was paying attention." Seb said, sounding mildly scared. Dillon laughed and told him he was free to go with his hellspawns. Before Seb hung up though, the brunet man sighed. "Um, one more thing though…Thanks for trusting me with something you think is important, it-it means a lot...And, please, don't try to hide yourself, ok?"

Dillon sniffled and blinked back tears, but he'd deny it. "...Ok. T-Thank you."

Sebastian took the sippy cups to the toddlers and sat down with them. "Kiddos, you'd tell me if something is bothering you right? I can be trusted now! I'm a good human...You can tell me anything." He said solemnly.

Zoe and Zully received their water and stared at their dad. "Yes." Zoe deadpanned. "We want you to shut up."
Seb scoffed and stood up. "You're horrible and I don't like you anymore! Good luck finding someone to fix your hippo's leg!" He spat at the toddler, acting like a child himself, and left the room. Zoe gasped and ran after her daddy, apologizing and pleading him to fix her toy.

Zully sighed in relief, finally some silence to watch their favorite cartoon. The toddler poked their eye with their bottle, winced and rubbed their eye. AUGH! They did it again! They moved the sippy cup and finally managed to put it in their mouth. Zully sighed, it was such a pain to eat and drink while watching Tv! Almost instinctively, they closed their eyes as they drank.

You couldn't see Tv while drinking! It was so annoying!

The little child's eyes flew back open as soon as they finished drinking, and continued watching Tv normally, ignoring the screams coming from their silly dad and loud twin sister.

-.-

Stan was a nervous wreck. He was stressed at work (a campaign for a new product was coming and their client was an ass to deal with), he was tormented by the idea of the preparations to get married (Carla already got angry at him for 'not caring enough') and WORST of all: his baby boy had a boyfriend and he was going out everyday with that BOY and Stan didn't know him, hadn't checked if that mystery boy was good enough for Dillon, and Stan wanted to use his brass knuckles!

"Stan, you have to stop worrying." Carla told him. They were in their car. They had taken a few hours to see the place they were planning to rent for their wedding, it was some sort of big salon. They had decided to have their wedding here in New York, Seb and Wanda were in charge of decorations and invitations. Both couples would decide the catering service.

"I'm not worried!" Stan exclaimed, you know, like a liar.

"Dillon is a big boy and he can date whoever he wants. He knows how to take care of himself." The woman explained patiently, but Stan would have none of that. He snarled. "I just don't like the idea of some boy kissing and touching him!" He considered what he said before adding. "And not because it grosses me out he's dating a boy! I don't care about that! It just bothers me he's doing it now."

Carla raised an eyebrow. "You do know we started dating at 14 right? And that we did more than kissing and touching by the time we were Dillon's age."

"But it's different! Your father was also annoyed at first! Remember? It's normal for me to get worried!" He justified himself with a huff. Carla rolled her eyes. "You were eager to meet Dillon's crush just weeks ago when you thought they were a girl, Stan. What's different now? Does the kid being gay changes the way he would treat his partner or how he will be treated? Or because he's dating a boy he suddenly becomes 'your baby' and you think he's weak and defenseless?" She asked with narrowed eyes. Stan wanted to speak again, but she interrupted him.

"You wouldn't be worried and stressed and overthinking about someone touching Dillon if it was a girl. You know you wouldn't care. In fact, I'm totally sure you would be glad HE was leading that touching." She grabbed his hand and forced him to look up at her, his expression was troubled. "And I feel in some way it's part of how everyone is raised you know? Dads overprotect their daughters, want to keep them away from mean boys, and it's the exact opposite for their sons. They're taught to be with girls or they aren't real men. Which is really stupid if you think about it. Boys are told they HAVE to be with a girl and have sex to be considered real men, while girls are told that they cannot have sex or else they are a slut. So you end up with girls who refuse and boys
who keep pushing them to do it. And then no one is happy." Carla huffed.

"And right now, the second you find out Dillon's got a boyfriend, you're in that trap. You're
overprotecting Dillon now because he's dating a 'mean' boy, who, in your subconscious thoughts, is
only after Dillon for sex."

Stan pouted even harder because he didn't want to believe that's true.

"But. Dillon is an intelligent kid, alright? So try to trust him more. And don't let him see how
you're upset. He'll think you're upset with him." Carla poked his nose with a soft grin. "Now, we're
going to get inside because its time, see if the place is right for our wedding, and you are going to
smile and stop scowling like a grumpy old man."

"I'm not a grumpy old man!" Stan complained. He felt that what Carla told him was true right now,
but he couldn't help it. He was going to try to feel more comfortable with it…

But he wouldn't like it one bit!

"OWW!" Stan yelped when Carla fucking pinched his neck with her long ass nails! "What was
THAT FOR?!

"Smiling I said!"

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Dillon had never been so happy in his entire life. Well, ok, the best day of his life was when he saw
his dad for the first time in Gravity Falls, but this was the second best happiness he had had. He
was dating PHILLIP! PHILLIP ABBOTT! IT ACTUALLY HAPPENED!

Their French semester finished in the middle of August, Dillon got excellent grades, Phillip barely
passed, and now they had some weeks to spend together before school/university started again.

Mabel said those were their special 'fluff moments' and he needed to take advantage of it.

After a nice Saturday of helping at the hospital, Phillip, as broke as any college student, in all his
power, invited his boyfriend to a fancy lunch at McDonalds. Dillon thought this couldn't be more
perfect. "I think we can take the bus back and find a McDonalds." Phillip checked his phone for
the bus schedule.

"Nah, I'll call Aaron. I'm tired of giving my seat to old entitled ladies who don't wanna use the
reserve seats for them." Dillon texted his driver as Phillip laughed. Yeah, sure. He wasn't sure who
Aaron was, a friend? An uncle? Well, it was someone Dillon was gonna get to drive them around...
Like a Taxi?

Phillip realized it wasn't a taxi on the way to WD. The man was wearing a suit and he called his
boyfriend "Master". The best thing an Aber driver ever called Phillip was "My bro."

"Hey Aaron! This is Phillip! The guy who loves public transport!" Dillon jokingly introduced
them. Phillip blushed at the description and Dillon held his hand.

"Oh. So this is the boy you go with every Saturday." Aaron nodded. "Why didn't you tell me to
pick you up before? That would have been safer, you know your parents prefer my service."

"I was with Phillip, I was safe." Dillon hugged Phillip's arm and leaned on his shoulder. Phillip
blushed even more. Aaron grinned knowingly.
They were left at the McDonalds and after ordering, they couldn't stop staring at each other. Dillon's ice cream started melting on his hand, but he didn't care. Phillip was crushing his hamburger. "You're so cute...You know you have the most adorable freckles...Like kisses on your cheeks~" Phillip felt his cheeks were warming up. "Now tell me a cheesy thing too~"

Dillon smiled. "Your hair is just perfect, like glowing fire and your face seems like it was carved by the gods themselves~" the two teens giggled and Phillip held his hand. "I love you."

"I love you too." Dillon said and even let Phillip take a bite of his ice cream.

"So~ I'm curious. Why do you have a driver?" Phillip asked with a sexy raised eyebrow. Dillon shrugged. "Dad's too busy to drive me places. Mom's busy too. And they were both worried about me going off on my own without supervision." Dillon rolled his eyes. "So they thought having a driver would help. Not that they know I just have Aaron drive me somewhere and then walk the rest of the way."

"What does your dad do? I think you said your mom is an actress?"

"I think it's like, marketing? Advertisement? Publicity? No, that's not the right way to put it either." Dillon scratched his nose in thought. "You know StanCo? My dad's the CEO, he founded it."

Phillip's eyes widened. "Wow, wow wait. You mean StanCo? The company that's behind every single other huge company and brand?" Dillon shrugged. "I... guess? I don't know every company that uses dad's services? How do you know about it?"

"Well." Phillip thumped his fingers. "It sponsored a program at my college for future freshmen. My college also has admin as a career and I've been told the internship is hard as balls."

Dillon snorted loudly. "Yeah, my dad's a dick to interns. But he's a good boss...I don't know how
he manages it while also training, like, I can barely handle just school and some days in basketball!"

"Training? For what?" Phillip asked and Dillon sighed. "Because he plays football, duh. Haven't you seen him at least once? He plays in the New Eagle Patriots as cornerback. You know? Stan Pines? But to be fair, I think he's leaving the team next year or so to become a coach?"

Phillip gasped even louder than before. "WAIT. Your dad is Stan Pines?! THE Stan Pines The player?! I didn't know he was also a CEO?"

"Well, yeah?" Dillon didn't know what was the big deal, but Phillip was losing his shit. "How come I didn't know that, baby?!" Dillon smiled like silly at being called baby. "Well, babe, you never asked me my parents' names~"

Phillip ran a hand through his red hair. "Oh my fucking god~ So...don't tell he's the one who founded the research center in Oregon? I heard that was a Pines too? One of my friend's sister, who's studying bioengineering, applied for the internship but didn't get in... But that's silly. Why would your dad have a science center right?" He giggled nervously, feeling weird for ranting.

Dillon giggled. He's so adorable. "Yeah, no, that's my uncle Stanford. The National Institute of bla bla bla. I prefer just calling it the Mystery Shack Nerd Division, like my uncle Seb calls it. He had a tourist trap there."

Phillip massaged his temples. Too many names. "And your uncles are...?"

"Oh, my dad's triplets. Stanford is the oldest and Seb is the youngest, though it's just by a few minutes! I don't get why they're so obsessed with knowing who's oldest!" Dillon shook his head "There's also my uncle Sherman, he's their youngest bro."

"...Your Dad's a triplet?!!"

-.-

After Dillon explained the wonders of having such a big family, he invited Phillip home. "I'll present you to my parents when they're back! My little brother will probably be home but he won't bother us~"

Aaron picked them up again and took them home. Phillip was, needless to say, simply amazed when they reached the huge building complex.

"WOAH!" Phillip gasped. "You live in one of those?!" Dillon patted his head. "Actually my dad kinda owns the building but we live in the penthouse."

Aaron opened the door for them and grinned at the shocked teen. Phillip looked at him wide-eyed and the driver nodded solemnly. "This way, sirs."

"He called me a sir!" The ginger boy squealed. Dillon cackled at how blown away his boyfriend was by all this. He felt him though. He felt the same when they first moved in.

Diego was with granny Kari, she only came by whenever both of Dillon's parents were busy. Carla didn't want to have Diego grow up without his father like Dillon did, but Kari loved doting on her grandson and would always insist on babysitting. Kari wished she could spend as much time with Seb's twins though. She didn't see them enough!

Phillip was too distracted admiring the fine decorations and the huge windows to notice the woman
who received them. "Hi, Granny Kari!" Dillon smiled and hugged her. The woman smiled and kissed his cheek. "Hi, sweetie...And who is this distracted young man?"

"There's a chandelier!"

"He's Phillip...my-you know...boyfriend..." Dillon sent her a look and Kari understood. Her expression tensed up. "Dad told me not to bring boys into my room without his authorization first...Can you please not tell him?"

Kari stroked his freckled cheek. "Dillon, I'm his mother...I don't have to tell him ANYTHING." She grinned and Dillon grinned back. Oh, he loved her! "Thank you! We-We're just hanging out ok? Nothing is going to happen." Dillon assured her.

Kari coughed. Right. Well. "Go say hi to your little brother first. He missed you!" she told him instead. She was still wrapping her head around the news of Dillon's preferences. She wasn't sure how to feel about it. And she was SURE her former husband would have been LIVID to hear such news. Kari frowned. She still... part of her felt that boys liking boys wasn't right, but she could see how happy Dillon looked with this boy, how his hand would search out and gently hold onto the other boy.

She didn't understand this at all, but she understood that Dillon was happy. And... Kari had already seen enough unhappiness in her life, stood back in fear and allowed unhappiness to happen... so she wouldn't do anything to make Dillon unhappy. She had already failed Sebastian, failed her own son, she wouldn't fail her grandson too.

So Kari kissed Dillon's cheek and waved him and his (boy)friend off as they went up to Dillon's room.

"Are you liking this place so far?" Dillon grinned at Phillip, whose eyes were still very wide. "Dude, your house is amazing! Can I stay here forever?!" Phillip pleaded holding both his hands and pouted.

"You can stay with me forever~" Dillon pulled him close for a hug. Still no kiss. He really, really wanted to kiss him but it was too soon. "But Diego is a pain in the ass to live with, you wouldn't want to stay." As if on cue, Diego came out of his room where he had been playing with his toys, and slammed himself into his brother's legs. "Dillon!" The little toddler hugged his legs really tight, to express all his love and Phillip simply melted with love.

"OH god, your little brother is SO CUTE!" He shrieked. And so...not Dillon! They looked so different from each other!

"Yes, yes, hello to you too!" Dillon patted his curly dark hair. "Say hi to my boyfriend." He picked Diego up so he was face to face with Phillip. The ginger boy cooed.

"Hi, Dillon's boyfwiend. Do you kiss? Why do you kiss?! It's gwoss!" Diego said with a little baby frown. Phillip poked his cheek. "We don't kiss yet~ But it's not gross at all~ Dillon is so, so cute~"

Diego made a disgusted face and wiggled to be put down. "Ew. I'm going to pway now. And you can't pway! Because it's my game and yewll make it yucky!" He stuck his tongue out at his older brother and ran away laughing.

Dillon shook his head. He'd come back begging for Dillon to play with him in a few minutes! He took Phillip to his bedroom, and laughed again when Phillip gasped in amazement. 'My boyfriend's rich!' He was still trying to process he was in the house of stars! He didn't realize Dillon's family
was rich. It was kinda intimidating actually.

The younger teen smiled sheepishly, blushing now that they were alone, and said. "So...What do you want to do?"

"I don't know...What do rich people do...? Horseriding?" Phillip asked softly as if in a trance.

Dillon snorted. "Nah, I've never even touched a horse. My dad's rich, but we only got this place like... last year." He shrugged. "I didn't grow up rich. So all this is pretty new to me too."

"Oh...Is it because your dad was..." Phillip trailed off, realizing saying it must be too personal to mention casually. Dillon nodded though. "Yeah, when my dad and uncle were missing, I just lived with my mom in a regular house, with my granny, who is the one who received us downstairs."

Phillip gasped, horrified when he realized he didn't say hi to her. "I'm a terrible guest..." Phillip ran a hand through his hair as he muttered to himself.

"My parents weren't rich growing up either, so as much as my dad brags, I'm sure he's still dealing with it too. He is a greedy old man, mind you, the only one who will be totally used to it is Diego!"

Phillip chuckled and sat next to Dillon. The two laid down, snuggling to each other, and tried to brainstorm things couples could do. They didn't feel like watching a movie and while video games sounded tempting, it didn't scream 'special.'

"Maybe we should go bother Diego..." Dillon sighed. "I don't wanna stay here laying down all day! We'll start sweating and swim in our own sweat!"

Phillip laughed aloud. "That's not possible. And swimming in sweat sounds gross as fuck." And suddenly, Dillon had a brilliant idea.

"Pool. We can go to the pool!" Dillon put his hands over Phillips shoulders. Philip blinked. "Okay, one, you have a POOL?! Two, I don't have a swim suit."

Dillon had a very naughty thought before he shook it away. No. He promised. "Yes, we have a pool. And I could lend you a swimsuit." Phillip also had a very naughty thought, but decided to be quiet about it and accepted. Going to a pool inside a house seemed so cool!

Dillon let Phillip change in his room and he changed in the bathroom before leading Phillip to the pool, smiling widely. "Oh my god, we're going to a house pool!" Phillip squealed with excitement, but Dillon shushed him. "If Diego knows we are here, he will want to come too and ruin it!"

Phillip nodded. "Don't worry. I will be perfectly quie-OH MY GOD YOU'VE GOT A WATER SLIDE!"

Dillon slapped a hand on his face when he heard Diego come running down the hall to the pool room. "I WANNA GO SLIDE!" the toddler squealed. Dillon sent Phillip a dirty look when Diego appeared. "Grandma Kari! Take Diego away!" Dillon shouted. "I wanna stay!" Diego whined and Dillon argued back "No! Shoo!" And moments later, their granny appeared.

"What's going on here?"

"Dillon and boyfiend-man will go to the pool and I wanna go too!" Diego explained raising his little hands to be picked up to be changed into his swimsuit.

"But we came first, I just want to hang out with Phillip! I can play with Diego any other day!" Dillon argued. Phillip felt guilty for drawing attention but he couldn't help but stare at the water. So
cool~ He didn't understand sibling fights anyway, he was an only child.

Kari looked between her two grandsons before coming to a decision. "Alright, you can be together until I get Diego ready. He wants to play with you, and you shouldn't reject your little brother." She also wanted to keep Diego here so the teens couldn't do anything naughty.

Dillon massaged his temples as Kari took Diego's hand to go change him. Phillip scooted closer to him. "It's ok, I don't mind…" the ginger boy tucked some of Dillon's hair behind his ear.

Dillon was still pouting, clearly upset. "No, I mind. I just wanted to spend some time with you and Diego ruined our chance to have a nice first kiss!" He complained angrily and sulked, hiding his head between his knees.

He felt Phillip stand up but he didn't look up. Suddenly, he was picked up and dragged into the pool. "No!" Dillon blubbed underwater.

He swam his way up and gasped for air while Phillip purposely stayed underwater much longer before surfacing. Dillon glared at him, "What was that?!” Dillon tried to stay mad as he gazed at Phillip's face glistening with water droplets, the wetness making his ginger hair look much darker than normal. "I think any moment is a nice chance…" Phillip swam up and stroked Dillon's wet cheek with a thumb before gently rubbing his lip. "May I?" Dillon nodded quickly (eyes wide with a full body blush beginning to form) and, as he was being held by a tattooed arm, he shared his first kiss.

Now, Dillon could say he had never felt happier. He held Philip's head and tried to pull him closer. He didn't want this kiss to end. It unfortunately had to end when Diego came running towards them, but this time, wearing his dinosaur swim trunks.

To be fair, they had more time alone than Dillon expected to get from his grandma. And he guessed playing with his little brother wasn't all horrible, Phillip was happy playing with him (he really liked kids), he carried Diego on his shoulders, slid with him on the water slide or simply caught him in the water.

Dillon then came to a conclusion. Phillip was making points with the little brother so he had support when meeting his parents! He was a genius~

-.-

Kari didn't know what to think of Phillip. He was definitely handsome, though the heavy tattoos and piercings were a little questionable… She never understood why boys would do that, like when Sebastian pierced his ears as a teen. However, he was clearly a nice kid, Diego came back speaking wonders about him.

And he was a medical student. So he was also aiming for a good career with a well paying job, had a good head on his shoulders, intelligent and responsible with children. Which were all good points in his favor.

More importantly, Dillon was so happy with him… She didn't know how she felt about this, but she was sure glad this boy made her grandbaby so happy.

So Kari treated Phillip as if he was simply Dillon's good friend for now. She would… have to get used to this idea of boys dating boys not being a bad thing. Frankly, she didn't personally see how it could be a problem, the only thing holding her hack at this point was from how her parents and the community she grew up in always said that this was a sin.
It was the sort of thing where her first thought was 'This is bad'. This is much like how she'd reacted to Sebastian wanting to get his nails painted as a child. Back then she had stopped him quickly and told him that he couldn't do that. Not only because he was a boy and wearing nail polish or a skirt was something only girls were supposed to do, but because she'd been terrified of what the neighborhood would have thought about it. What Filbrick would have done about it.

Kari shook off this thought. She already decided that she would get away from that kind of thinking. Pretty clothing made Sebastian happy, and he deserved to be happy. Philip made Dillon happy, and he deserved to be happy too.

In the end, that was all that mattered.

So Kari sat with the boys and talked to them, chatting with them and getting to know Phillip. She wouldn't judge or reject. She would try her best to understand. And even if she couldn't, she would still support her grandson in every way she could.

Stan finally came home and was greeted with the sight of his kids and his Ma eating pizza. That was normal. What wasn't normal was the strange boy in the room with them, sitting right beside Dillon.

The strange boy with the tattoos and multiple piercings.

"Mommy!" Diego ran towards his mommy with a bit of pizza in his mouth. Carla picked him up, kissed his cheek and smiled down at Dillon and mysterious boy.

"Hello! You~ You must be Phillip, right?" She smiled politely.

Stan's scowl hardened.

Dillon stood up, holding Phillip's hand as the ginger boy shook with nerves. "Yeah. Mom, Dad, he's Phillip, my-my boyfriend." The curly haired boy smiled.

Stan fought against his instincts, but he failed terribly. His eye twitched and he glared at the sheepish teen. "H-Hi sir…" Phillip squeaked.

"Out."

Dillon glared at his scowling dad. "Dad!"

"Don't 'dad' me!" Stan said mockingly. "I told you NO BOYS HERE IN MY HOUSE!"

"But he's my boyfriend...We-We haven't done anything bad!" Dillon complained as he still held Phillip's hand reassuringly. "Ask Diego! Toddlers don't lie!"

Stan looked at Diego. "What did you brother do with this boy?"

"Phillip is the bestest in the world! He knows lots of games and he plays with me and doesn't call me squiwt or bug!" Diego defended the ginger boy and Dillon understood Phillip's technique.

Stan scoffed. "Still! No boys!" He pointed towards the door. Kari watched, unsure on when she should get involved, and Carla rolled her eyes. "You don't even know him, Stanny."

Dillon nodded. "And you said you needed to meet them first! You can't meet him if you don't get to know him! I brought him so you could meet him" He pointed out. Stan cursed mentally, dumb Seb teaching deals and bargaining and supporting your point in an argument to Dillon, and Stan
reluctantly agreed. They all sat down for the interrogation.

"Full name, boy." Stan asked serious. Phillip shrank back. A football star was angry at him for dating his son… "Phi-Phillip...Phillip Abbott, sir." He squeezed Dillon's hand.

"Where do you live?" Stan narrowed his eyes.

Phillip twitched. "Ah, I don't have to answer that, on account of my sense of privacy, but I can give you my parent's number if you want to call, and ask for our address from them, sir."

Carla nodded at that, it seemed logical, and she loved how his parents taught him that. She should use that one with Diego.

"What do your parents do?" Stan tacked on. He didn't like Phillip's answer, unlike Carla, and Phillip winced when he realized it. He took a deep breath.

"My dad's a surgeon and my mom is a psychologist…"

"Age." Stan snapped. This boy looked older than Dillon, which made all of Stan's protective instincts rear up.

'I'm 18-' Phillip winced at the look on Stan's face and added, sounding almost guilty, "A-and I'll be turning 19 soon…Mr. Pines, sir..." he admitted.

Stan blinked, shocked. "Excuse me? 19?! You know my son is 16?!"

"I just turned 17, Dad!" Dillon complained angrily, but Stan waved it off. "Yes, that!"

Phillip gulped. "Um...I-I know, we-we met at French class and-and that class is for people from 15 to 20…So, so I knew Dillon was somewhere around that...age…” He winced at the growl the man made.

"Are you being funny with me, boy?!"

"N-No! Definitely not, sir! I-I'm sorry…” Phillip bit his lower lip. Dillon held his arm again. "Leave him alone, dad! Can you stop attacking him?! He just answered your question!"

Diego puffed his cheeks, feeling everything was getting awkward and he pulled his granny's hand to go to his room. He was tired of hearing them fighting.

Carla patted Stan's tense muscled arms. "Stanley…” She warned him with an angry look. "Are you working or studying, Phillip?" She asked, hoping she sounded more warm and welcome than her husband-to-be.

"I-I'm studying, actually...I-I'm a medical student…” Phillip now feared to say the wrong thing. Dillon intervened. "He also volunteers at a hospital every week to help the kids. He gets really good grades at college and finished 2nd in his class when he was in high school! Phillip a-also plays the guitar!"

"I only had a few lessons…” Phillip winced. "You're not helping yourself here, man." Dillon hissed.

"And what do you want from my son? What are your intentions with my boy?!" Stan asked, secretly a little impressed but refusing to let that sway him.

"I…” Phillip squeezed Dillon's hand. "I really like being with Dillon. I want to be his friend, and
more. He's really cute, but more than that, he's patient with me when I fail at French, he listens to me talk about my studies and doesn't tell me to shut up... he's actually pretty good with the kids when he comes with me on my hospital visits...

Stan narrowed his eyes. "So that's where you have been going these days?" He turned to look at Dillon before looking at Carla. "Can you believe it?! Your son has been going to a hospital instead of working on his homework! He's a bad influence." Stan declared, stubbornly.

"I'll let you know Phillip is VERY intelligent and helps me with my homework!" Dillon argued. Phillip looked down, feeling like this had been a pretty bad start with his (possible, future,) father-in-law.

"Mrs. Pines, Mr. Pines, sir, I really like Dillon, I have never felt so happy with someone before. I just want to love him, get to know him even more, and I would never, ever do something to hurt him." Dillon smiled and hugged his arm. Carla smiled softly at how clearly in love they were and Stan simply growled.

"You better not! Because I have this!" He awkwardly searched into his pocket until he finally found his brass knuckles and waved his fist close to the ginger's face. "Tu comprends?" He hissed and Phillip paled a little. "Oui…"

Eventually, after assaulting the teen with more questions, Dillon had enough and called Aaron to take Phillip home. "Sorry about this. See you in class, Philly." Dillon intentionally pulled him in for a goodbye kiss, just to piss off his dad, who was definitely spying on him.

As soon as Phillip disappeared in the elevator, Dillon exploded. "I cant believe what you just did! What the fuck is wrong with you?! Couldn't you at least be nice?!” Dillon was so angry.

"I did say I was going to think about it!” Stan argued and Dillon screamed "AFTER YOU SCARED HIM! And treated him like some criminal!” The boy sniffled. "Why don't you like him?! You said you were ok with me dating!"

Stan sighed. "I'm sorry, ok! I just can't help it! I can't help but feel overprotective with you!"

"You just wish I wasn't dating a boy...Well, I'm sorry I'm SUCH a disappointment and I'm not a straight flirty sportsmen like you!” Dillon stormed to his room (now that his boyfriend was gone, he saw no point in staying with his family) and slammed the door shut, holding back tears.

Stan ran a hand through his hair and groaned. Carla shook her head and went to look for Diego. It was too late for him to be awake anyway...She would leave the both of them to cool down.

Stan needed to get some space, some distance to calm down. So he accompanied his Ma to her house, accepted her kiss, rolled his eyes at her, "Be nice to my grandbabies." and hung out for a little while before he was cooled enough to go back home.

Stan found Carla bathing Diego (he had been in the pool with Dillon and that Boy) so he went to their room and replied to some work emails until she finished her task of getting Diego ready for bed. Stan put on his reading glasses and leaned back as he worked.

"Stan~ Can you prepare Diego's milk?” Carla called from the bathroom so she could put their toddler to sleep faster, but Stan groaned. "Working, sweetie! Can't you do it, please?" he called down the hallway. Carla huffed in annoyance that Stan never helped with Diego when she was there. He was too grossed out by the diapers to change him when he was younger, and he was awful at preparing formula during the few times he actually bothered to help with that.
(Stanley was a very loving dad, but a very useless one as well. For some obvious reasons.)

He was still on the bed when Diego, bathed and wearing Pj's, came to say goodnight, and after Carla came back from tucking him in. She shook her head but didn't say anything. They talked about the places they went to see for the wedding planning, Carla really liked that salon with the yard, but Stan seemed distracted.

"I'm sorry, does our wedding bother you?" She put her hands on her hips and gave her fiance a narrow stare. Stan put down his glasses to rub his eyes. "I'm thinking about that boy ok? I don't like him...He's too old for Dillon."

"You're going to start with that? After upsetting Dillon with your stupidity." Carla managed to hold back from snapping at him. Stan huffed, shuffling deeper into his sheets. "Look, him being a boy is one thing, but he's like 19! That's almost 20! And Dillon is only 16!"

"He's 17, Stan." Carla deadpanned. Stan grumbled. "That's not the point." he folded his arms. "That boy is still too old for him."

"It's only two years, and I will be making sure the two don't do anything you and I did all the time at their age." Carla continued to deadpan. "And Phillip is turning 19. He's still only 18. Which is only one year of difference. Two at most with the birthdays being on different months." she rolled her eyes. "I agree that Phillip IS older. But as long as nothing happens between them until Dillon is 18, I don't see the problem." they were friends first and partners second, Carla could understand that, why couldn't Stan?

She also thought it was quite hypocritical of Stan to be forbidding Dillon from having sex at 16, considering Stan himself lost his virginity at a much younger age. Carla flushed a little just thinking about it. "It's double standards. If Dillon were dating an older girl, you wouldn't be so upset about it." she pointed out.

"It's different if it's a girl!" Stan protested.

"How? Because if Dillon were dating a girl we would have to worry about accidental pregnancies? And that's better than being with a boy?" Carla asked sarcastically. Stan huffed, "That's not what I-"

"Bullshit, Stan. You're just angry that Dillon's dating a boy." Carla nearly spat at him. "And I won't stand for it." she poked his chest. "Our big boy's in love. And I will not have you ruin this for him." she told him. "If Phillip does end up hurting Dillon, at least it'll be when Dillon is still living with us, so he'd be able to come to us about it. He wouldn't have to hurt all alone. But if you push him away like this, Dillon WON'T come to us about his problems anymore. And. I. Will. Not. Allow. That. To. Happen." She jabbed Stan's stomach with each word. "Do you understand me, Stanley Pines?"

Stan winced at each poke. "I'm not trying to-" he yelped when Carla poked his belly button (hey, it was sensitive okay?!) "I just don't want that older boy taking advantage of Dillon, okay?" He shivered. "I don't trust him."

"You only JUST met him." Carla rolled around on the bed and laid down further away from Stan, which made him wince. She was really mad this time.

"Babe..." "Good night." Stan groaned loudly and tried to wiggle closer to her. "Babe..please?" He tried grabbing her waist but she smacked his hands away. "Don't touch me. I'm angry with you!"
"...Carla? Come on, girl...I'm going to be sad all night."

"Good. Maybe you'll feel what your son is probably feeling." She curled up.

Stan fell asleep sad that night.

He searched for advice with his trusted triplet, who had known Stan's own son longer than he did. "You're being irrational man, the hell." Seb laughed after hearing Stan's complaining.

"But that boy-"

"Dillon loves him, Fez. Duh! You can't choose who you fall in love with, and listen to who is TELLING YOU THAT!" A former demon who used to love no one but himself. "He's just gay. Big deal. You know I like men too."

"But it's...different."

"You can't see me right now but I'm rolling my eye so much I think it's stuc-Ow! Ow! Its stuck!" Stan rolled his own eyes this time when Seb screamed. What an idiot.

"Ok, it's back to normal. As I was saying, that's bullshit. You feel it's different because you humans are weird and conditioned to think certain stuff, but you can unlearn that crap and see it as normal...Because Dillon's a great boy, I've known him since he was a baby, and he's gone through so much already and he deserves to be happy...He deserves a dad that is happy about who he is. And Dillon loves you too. Don't break that for him."

Stan sighed. "I want to be a good dad. I just don't know what to do."

The youngest triplet sighed. "I know you want to, I want to, and my kids are still learning to go to the bathroom on their own! Everyone-no, most people want to be good." Seb corrected himself and hummed. "Well, Linda used to tell me that apologizing helped. Have you apologized? To Dillon? To Phillip?" Seb pointed out. Stan groaned. Seb buried his face in his hands. "Stanley you fucking idiot! Go apologize to you son right now! Fuck!"

Stan felt so called out...So he switched brothers. This time, he called Shermie. That kid had kids when he was just a kid but he somehow managed to raise his adorable niblings, so he guessed Shermie did something right along the way.

Shermie wasn't dumb. When Stan said "Hey kid, so, what would you do if Dipper was gay?" he knew something was going on. He had a very good theory but decided to play along.

"Well...being gay is nothing wrong...I have a lot of gay friends!" Shermie shrugged. "And more than that, why should it matter? Dipper is his own person. He can do what he wants. Within reason."

"But...but if he was dating an OLDER guy? Wouldn't you be afraid that he only wants to take advantage of him?"

"To be honest, I feel that way with Mabel's boyfriends, but I can't really do much about it, man." Shermie shrugged. "I guess...I just gotta trust Mabel, she's old enough to choose who she wants to date...but well...she's also my baby, you know? I don't want her to get hurt and do grown up things that could end up making me a grandpa before I'm ready... With Mason it's different! He's a boy, you know? I mean, he should grow up already, you get what I mean?" He chuckled.

Stan hummed a bit, remembering Carla's words reflected in Shermie's words. Maybe he WAS
treat Dillon like a girl... He was still a boy after all... And, well, dating a boy didn't take away the fact that he could still be masculine and a real man!

"Thanks, Shermie. Ya helped me more than Seb did."

(Because Seb was more liberal and made Stan feel called out and attacked while seeing himself in Shermie's own thoughts was easier for him to reconsider a few things)

"Of course I did! I'm more amazing and cooler than him!" Shermie bragged. "... Don't tell him I said that, he's going to smack me..." The youngest brother pleaded. Stan cackled.

So, with that thought in mind, Stan decided he would take Dillon out for a men's only night. Diego wasn't included because he was a toddler. His summer was ending anyway and they haven't done many father-son shit. So he took Dillon out to play basketball. That seemed like a very dad-son thing to do.

A few days after the fight, Dillon found himself very surprised that his DAD, Stanley freaking Pines, was apologizing to him. "I was a jerk..." He said with a sad expression. "... I don't know how to feel about... things." Stan wavered. "But I made you feel bad, and I hurt you. And I don't want to do that. I never want to hurt you. So I'm sorry."

Dillon smiled a bit and threw him the ball, which caught Stan off guard while he was distracted and hit him in the stomach. They were having a one-one basketball game. "It's ok Dad... I-I mean... It really hurt 'cause it looked like you were gonna kill my boyfriend-" Stan winced. "... And I didn't like how you were so unhappy to meet him... But you know? I get it... You, old people grew up in different times and many don't understand... I know you're trying to understand and I appreciate that a lot, because... you still love me, right...?"

"Of course I love you!" Stan cried immediately.

"- And I know you just want what's best for me, even if you don't understand what that is yet." Dillon rubbed his sweaty neck. Ugh. Damn dad's genes. He hated sweating.

Stan frowned. He stepped back from Dillon, as if he was walking away, but he stopped and before Dillon could think about what he was going to do, he threw the ball from the three-points line. And scored clean. "Who're you callin' old anyway? Can an old man do that!?!" He complained and Dillon burst out laughing.

"Well, old man, we'll see if you still have it!" Dillon pulled off his sweaty shirt and threw it away. Stan smirked taking that as a challenge, and did the same, showing off his extremely hairy and sweaty chest. "Oh, you'll regret that, boy!"

The two played together, throwing the ball around and punching each other, all while laughing. Dillon was so happy his dad apologized; it was a start. Dillon was hoping dad would be able to accept all of him with time...

-.-

Seb finished clearing the toddlers' faces after lunch, helped them brush their little pointy teeth, and just then set them free to go play (or nap, whatever happened first). Wanda was working on a paper so he didn't want to bother her by asking her to help, but right now, he wanted cuddles.

The blonde laughed as Seb curled up like a cat, basically on her lap. "Twins are clean now." He informed her and hummed happily as his hair was stroked. "What would I do without you~?" Wanda grinned as she finger combed his soft hair.
"I love the twins, you know? A lot." He said seriously and Wanda nodded absentmindedly. "I love them too... You're a very good dad to them." For a former demon chaos god, Seb had a lot of love to give to his family.

"What do you think about trying to have another kid?" He asked, half curious, half serious, but Wanda jerked away from him as if he burnt her. He even checked if his fire hadn't somehow snuck out. Wanda shivered a little, unable to help the flash of fear at the memory of that horrible burning inside her. "N-nah, we already have two. We don't..."

"Wanda?" Seb was worried now, getting up and growing scared at the way she was trembling. "Wanda? Are you okay?" He was starting to get panicked himself. "I-if you don't want another kid, that's fine too. I mean, Shermie's only got two and he's fine with that. An-and..."

"No. It's..." Wanda hugged herself. "It's not like I don't want more kids. But I can't... can't go through that again. It was terrifying. I thought I was going to die. I thought the twins were going to-" she winced. "If we have more kids, there's a chance they'd get your powers too. And I just... can't do that. Not again. Never again..." She whispered that last part and absently touched the faint scar on her belly. Sebastian winced at this. "I'm sorry." He said quickly. Wanda shook her head. "No, it's not your-"

"It IS my fault though!" Seb leaned his head against her shoulder. "I'm sorry. Forget I said anything. I shouldn't- you shouldn't have to go through that again. Shit... it must have been so scary..." It'd certainly been scary for him, and he wasn't the one burning from the inside out.

Wanda winced. "It's NOT your fault. Don't ever say that. It's neither of our faults. Sometimes... things just... happen." She kissed his forehead. "And, I'm still glad I had the twins. I've never realized I wanted kids before. And now that I have them, I wouldn't trade them for anything." She felt Seb smile against her and lean up to kiss her back. "Alright. So, no more kids then?" he asked quietly.

Wanda considered it. "Well, no more pregnancies... but... you know... adoption is always a thing." She pointed out. Seb blinked. "Adoption? But..." it wouldn't be his kid... but... Seb paused. "That..." a child not by blood, but who would still be family...

And, Seb felt his eye begin to tear up as he remembered someone that he'd always wanted to have as his family. Someone he'd wished could have... maybe... adopted him...

Matsuda. His father in all the ways that really mattered.

"I-I get it... We could love a kid as we love the twins..." He rubbed his eye to get rid of the tears. Someone who was hurting, who lost their family... they could take care of them because their actual parents couldn't...

Wanda smiled as she got more into this idea. "You know, I... maybe when the twins are older... I... wouldn't mind getting another kid. Though adoption is a huge thing, we would have to get to know the kid, can't just pick and choose some random kid after all." She tried to joke, but her heart fluttered at the idea of having another child. A brother or sister for the twins. That... would be nice. They would need a bigger house though.

Her smile decreased when Seb failed to get rid of his tears. "Baby? Why are you crying now? Please don't cry..." She pulled him for a hug, and because those words always worked on distressed people, the man just sobbed harder.

"My-My... He-He loved me and-and I was so ungrateful and-and-!" Seb angrily rubbed his nose.
"Matsuda…He-He...I'm sorry…"

"Who's Matsuda?" She asked softly and Seb clenched his eyes tighter, realizing he hasn't talked about him till now. "He-He was like a dad to me...and-and he called me son...and-and he wasn't disgusted by me calling him Dad!...He-He actually loved me...he treated me so nice, he gave me food, he taught me how to-to sew...And I still don't deserve him...I haven't visited him...in ages…" Seb sighed defeatedly.

Wanda rubbed his shoulder comfortingly. "Would you like to visit him?" She wasn't sure if Seb had told her about this important man in his life. Maybe he did, when they were teens? But she either doesn't remember it or she didn't listen enough. She was dumb when she was a kid, but she was a woman now, and she cared too much about her soon to be husband.

Seb nodded and sniffled. "It's been decades since I visited his grave…"

"Oh." Wanda sighed. She hugged Seb to herself. "Do you wanna take some time to go and visit him?"

"...yeah."

"I'll book a flight." Wanda had a few cases she'd been wanting to tackle, but she could hand them off to a coworker. This was more important.


-A-

"Awe we visitin' Uncle Fez?" Zully munched the donut daddy bought them as Mommy carried them across the airport.

"No." Wanda said. "Then Uncle Sixeh?" Zully asked next.

"No, sweetie, were going to New Jersey, not New York or Oregon, and we're visiting someone else." Wanda rubbed their hair and Zully yawned before snuggling, donut finished. It was late, they were tired. Zoe had fallen asleep after asking to hug a pilot walking by the departure gate.

It was so adorable Wanda had taken a photo.

They boarded the plane, adjusted the twins in the seats next to them (they had to buy them their own seats now) and a few hours later, around 8pm, they arrived at Seb's hometown.

The twins woke up just in time when the plane landed and started sobbing when their little ears popped. Zoe liked planes, but she didn't like to get ouchies from planes! Seb and Wanda carried their sobbing babies, and most people were actually kind enough to send pitying looks. They were small after all, and they didn't understand why their ears pop.

The little twins quickly forgot about it though, especially when they had a chicken sandwich with fries for dinner in the hotel. They settled in their hotel room, which had a queen sized bed and a smaller bed they were supposed to share. Zoe was excited for this unusual trip and was jumping up and down on the bed as Zully tried to sleep.

"Zoe…" Wanda warned her. The toddler stopped jumping and quickly got under the covers. She hugged her sister tightly and squeeched them. "Ooww!" Zully whined loudly.

"Zoe!" Seb warned this time. "No bothering your twin. It's late." He went over to separate them and tucked them in, cursing the hotel staff for saying they couldn't bring 2 small beds!
As Seb and Wanda were taking off their clothes to get in bed, Zully started complaining again. "OW! Daddy! Zoe's kicking me!" "Not twue!" The girl complained and continued kicking her twin. "DADDY!" Zully shrieked and turned their head to bite Zoe's arm, which made Zoe scream.

"Quit it or I'll tear your leg off, Zoe!" Seb growled, knowing she started it. Zoe huffed, she didn't want to lose a leg, and settled down. The parents let out a relieved sigh when they heard the twins had finally fallen asleep.

"Oof. Finally." Wanda sighed and snuggled closer to her pillow, who was Seb. He sighed as well, but for a different reason. "Why have I been pushing this back for so long?" He whispered. "I haven't thought of him until yesterday and...he was one of the few people who cared for me, you know? I feel...bad!" He hissed. Damn incomprehensible emotions. It made him feel guilty, horrible, ungrateful, and so sad! He wouldn't care if it was another person...

But Matsuda was his dad...

Wanda kissed his neck gently. "I'm sure he'd understand...You were a child, you were scared, and you had no one before...You needed help. And you had to bring your brothers back."

"But I should have go, I was so selfish..." Just...like when he didn't visit him because of his stupid project...and because he wasn't there, Matsuda died alone, Seb never knew he was sick because he only thought about himself. He'd never been able to forgive himself for that... for leaving Matsuda all alone in his final days...

Wanda winced when she heard Seb started sobbing again. "Here. Cry here." She wasn't going to be able to stop him, he clearly had some feelings he needed to work out. So Wanda pulled Seb under the covers and buried his face in her chest to muffle his crying. Didn't want the twins waking up again. She stroked his hair and let him wear himself down and fall asleep. She stared at the ceiling and wished there was something more she could do for him. But all she could do at this point was be there for him. This was something Seb was going to need time for.

They woke up early. The twins were still half asleep as their parents carried them around town. Wanda said they needed flowers. Seb worried that he wouldn't be able to find Matsuda's grave. The twins still weren't sure what was going on. Wanda didn't know how to explain this to them. Nor did she really want to. They were only three years old. They weren't ready to learn about death.

"I want to choose!" Zoe made grabby hands towards the flowers. Seb nodded and allowed her to pick the colors. He was taking a lot of them anyway. Zully didn't pick because the child didn't care about flowers.

Once there, it took 2 workers and a call to the administration to find the tombstone. "Oh yeah, not really one of our oldest tombs, I was wondering when the guy was getting a visitor."

Seb deadpanned at him. "Thank you." He said as he lowered Zully and put them on their feet. The kids looked around. This was so pretty! It had flowers and balloons and trees and bushes! Was this a park?! Before Wanda could stop them, the excited twins ran away.

Seb wasn't paying attention to them, though. The passive aggressive worker was right. The tombstone was only decent because it was required, but it was still dirty and no flowers...Had been for decades...

Seb knelt on the grass and bowed in silence, head on the ground, ashamed to be here so late. Wanda knelt next to him and lowered her head in respect. Silently, Seb grabbed the big bottle of water they brought and he started cleaning the tombstone with his hand and sleeve until he could
clearly read Matsuda's name.

He put the flowers in the space and sighed. "Matsuda…"

"Zoe, what the-STOP!" Wanda cried embarrassed as she saw Zoe jumping over different tombstones, and Zully was pulling other tombstones' flowers. "That's disrespectful!" She cried as she gathered up her children and carried them back over to where Seb was kneeling. Zully blinked. "What's dis-wespech-full?"

"It means you're being mean to the other people who are here." Wanda explained. "Those other graves belong to other people, other families. You can't take their flowers or jump on them." The twins nodded, not really getting it, but not wanting to be in trouble.

"What's a gwave?" Zoe asked. All she saw were tall flat rocks. "A grave is where the dead are buried. It's a place where the dead person's family or friends can go to visit them and mourn or remember them."

She sat them down, but Zoe stood up and threw herself on daddy's back. "And what's dead?"

Wanda wasn't sure how to explain, but Seb looked up at Zoe and simply said "It means you're gone, forever. When someone dies we can't see them anymore."

Zoe didn't like this, and Zully was already pouting. "Gone fowevah? How long is fowevah? 4 years?"

"No. Forever. Forever is all times. Years and years and never again. We come here to remember them and talk to them, because humans mourn for their dead, but we can't actually...talk to them..." Seb looked down. "My father Matsuda, your grandpa, died a long time ago... I miss him."

The twins gasped, feeling how sad Daddy was feeling, and hugged him tight to get rid of the nasty sensation. "So, you're mourning your dad?" Zoe asked, trying to understand. She guessed mourning was like talking to dead?

Seb smiled them back. "Yeah...We're here to remember my dad, who isn't here with us, but...I'm sure he would have loved to meet you two..." He poked their noses and they giggled.

"So, he's also a grandpa? Like grandpa Elijah?" Zoe asked with a gasp. 2 grandpas! You could have more than one?! This blew her little mind.

Seb felt a clenching sensation in his chest. Grandpa...He never got to meet the twins...He would've been such a spoiling grandpa... "Yes, he's also your grandpa."

"So, if he is not hewe, he's living down there?" Zully asked, still confused and not understanding such a concept. Wanda ran a hand through their hair. "No, baby. He's not actually there, we just come here to remember him, but we can't actually see him anymore."

"Buh why not? Whewe's he then?" The oldest twin asked, lip wobbling. Wanda sighed. "He's in heaven, we can't go there but we can talk and he will listen to us, because he's hearing and watching us from there."

Zully nodded slowly, understanding a little better. They were still upset they'd never see their grandpa though...

"What's granpa's name?" Zully asked, feeling a little uneasy at the idea of someone going away... and how you couldn't see them again... weren't allowed to see them again... it made their chest
hurt and they didn't understand why. Zoe asked too. "There's Grandpa Elijah, and grandpa…" she looked down at the rock that daddy was kneeling in front of.

"What do that say?" She asked. Seb smiled as he wiped his eye. "Seiya Matsuda. So… grandpa Seiya."

Zoe sat on daddy's legs. "Hi, grandpa, Sei-Sei-ya. I'm Zoe, I'm twee!" She proudly showed 3 fingers. Wanda smiled a bit. "I have powews!" She shared. "And I take cawe of daddy becus you awent hewe. But that's ok." She told the rock. "I want to meet you, but mommy say I can't, but that's ok too because I know you were a good daddy to daddy, because he's the bestest daddy in the wowld! Even if he's weiwd."

Seb rolled his eye but smiled anyway.

Zully nodded. "I'm Zully, I'm twee too!" They introduced themselves. "I-I would have liked to hug you, like I hug my other granpa, but I'll send a mind hug!" Zully hugged themselves, which made Wanda coo a bit.

"Yeah...um, sorry for not coming sooner, Matsuda…" Seb said softly as he hugged the twins when they snuggled closer to him. "I...I was so scared before and...I felt so sad and guilty...But I got the help I needed you know? About time…" He chuckled softly. "I-I'm doing fine now...Thanks for everything you taught me...I-I studied and opened up a store that-that is doing really well…" He smiled tearfully. "I-I wish you could see it...You'd roll your eyes at my stitches though, even after all these years, you'd still say the technique I invented is silly…" He laughed a bit, and wiped a tear.

"I-I'm getting married too...with the greatest human on earth-" Wanda blushed a bit. "I-I wish you could be here…"

The twins got bored of sitting down and Seb asked Wanda to take them for a walk so he could have a moment alone. When his family was gone, he looked back at the grave and he could finally start sobbing freely.

"I wish you were my real dad, Matsuda...but, you're the best dad I've had in both of my lives. And you were the only dad that mattered. Thank you."

-.-

Despite how it hurt, Seb felt much better after visiting Matsuda. He would come more times, he promised. They eventually left, emotionally drained out but with a weight lifted off his shoulders.

It was so weird being in New Jersey again, he hadn't stepped a foot in town since he was 17. It definitely changed, it was more modern and most of the buildings were new. Of course there were parts still trapped in the 70s and the family was walking through those parts. Seb had wanted to see Matsuda's old house, and the family who was now living there was kind enough to invite him over with a smile. "Oh, it's lovely to meet the family who lived here before!" The woman said, giving more cookies to the twins.

Then, the twins claimed they were hungry and mere cookies wouldn't be enough for those ravenous little gremlins, so they walked away to find some local place to eat. However, either by pure muscle memory, or his unconsciousness messing with Seb, he walked straight for around a mile, turned right, straight, left…

Lead Paint District.
Zoe, who was looking at everything around her with the excitement of any toddler, suddenly noticed a pretty store with many, many toys! "Mommy! Mommy! Look! A guitar!" She pulled at Wanda's hand with all her might, and because Wanda was unable to control a toddler with that amount of strength, Zoe laughed and ran into the store, managing to drag her twin along the way.

Seb froze in the entrance when Wanda groaned and went after the twins, not knowing any better. "Zoe!" Seb looked up at Pines Pawn and felt himself trembling a little. He was standing just where Filbrick threw him out years ago. He looked up at the building. It looked old, of course that old stingy bastard wouldn't spend money on fixing it. The psychic sign on the window was also taken out...He wondered if Filbrick suffered when mom left him. Seb hoped he did, but he doubted it, that human was like a rock.

Seb also found himself unable to get any closer. He stood there, trembling at the doorstep. He took a step back, then another, and found himself ducking out of the view of the front windows. He couldn't go in there. He...just...couldn't. He trembled. Wanda and the twins were in there- his hands shook but he still couldn't get any closer to the door. He was worried that Filbrick might...might hurt his family...but apparently he was still a coward, still unable to actually confront his birth father.

"Hot belgian waffles..." He mumbled. He looked to his left, and to his surprise, the old waffles store was still there. Huh! He could use a snack. He sent one last shaky look at the pawn shop and quickly made his way to the restaurant. Wanda was going to be fine, and the twins too. She didn't know that man was Filbrick, she had never seen him, and Filbrick didn't know her. It was going to be fine. Filbrick was always nice to customers...

Wanda entered the pawn shop, the little bell ringing as she pushed the door open and caught the twins' hands before they could break something.

Because they were Seb's kids. Disaster was part of them.

"You can't run off from us like that, don't do that!" She scolded the twins as she shook them a little by their arms. "But...I saw a guitar, and I want a guitar...You said I could learn..." Zoe looked down to the floor, kicked puppy eyes and sad look on her face.

"Well, now I'm doubting it." Wanda shook her head and looked up at the owner, who was sitting behind the counter looking at them. She couldn't tell if it was with anger or curiosity, he was wearing dark glasses inside the store. Huh. Weird. "I'm sorry for that, sir...You know how kids are." She tried to joke. The man merely nodded. "Yes, children are a handful at times." he didn't move much, sitting tall and formal. "Feel free to look around, but if they break anything, you'll have to buy it." He tilted his head slightly to look at Zoe. "So she wants a guitar? We have a few, quite old but well maintained. I keep up their quality with constant cleaning and tuning."

"Oh, that's amazing, sir." Wanda said politely. "I think we can look for a bit, but she's just three, I don't think she could learn with regulars guitars, aren't they too big for her?"

The man shrugged in a polite form. "I'm no expert. It's up to you, I can only help you choose the best." He explained and Wanda nodded. Alright, seemed fair. She held on the twins' hands as tight as she could, because she seriously didn't want to pay for something they broke. There were creepy old dolls (Zoe wanted those), the guitars in exhibition (Zoe also wanted those), old fashioned car and train toys and antique teacup sets (Zoe and Zully wanted those). They just wanted everything.

"You aren't from here." The old man spoke up from the counter once again, voice deep and professional. Wanda shook her head. "No, we're from Pennsylvania, we came for my~ husband, he had some issues to solve here, he's..." Where was Seb anyway? "I think he stayed outside." she
was a little confused about that, but didn't think much of it. "We were actually looking for food when the kids wanted to come in."

"Ah. Well then, your husband is most likely getting some waffles from next door. They have very delicious freshly made ones."

"WAFFLES!" Zoe screamed. She loved waffles! The old man twitched a little at the loud sound. Wanda winced and shushed Zoe. "No screaming while indoors, it's rude to everyone else." She told her.

"Mommy, can I get a twain?!" Zully pulled at her hand as Zoe whined for waffles now. She wanted a guitar, but she remembered she was very hungry too! Wanda seemed like she was going to explode. She usually didn't deal with the kids alone. Seb was always with her, he knew how to handle them. "Sweetie, do you want to get food first, or look around the store first?" She asked Zoe. The girl couldn't make up her mind and just whined, pulling on Wanda's hand. Zully for their part, patiently waited for Zoe to finish so they could ask mommy about the car toy they wanted. It was so cool. Trains were cool. Things with 'wheels' were cool. They made things go fast! They were circles that could be used together with a bunch of squares to make something new!

Zoe whined harder. Wanda sighed. "Okay, you know what? We're going to get food first." She tugged the twins gently back towards the door. "Sorry sir, but she's going to be fussy unless I get some food for her."

The old man nodded. "Understandable, though you should discipline them better."

Wanda twitched. "I'll... keep that in mind." She didn't really like his tone, even though he wasn't being outright rude or confrontational. She quickly took the kids and left.

As the man guessed, Seb was next door, stuffing his mouth with waffles and ice cream. He was also pouting for being left alone. The people working in the store didn't seem to recognize him as their neighbor's kid (the one who was always screaming in pain), so he wasn't bothered.

Wanda noticed Seb also had other waffles with ice cream and even some chicken and waffle sandwiches. "I see you got lunch for all of us." Wanda made her way over. The twins were cheering at the food.

"I wanted to be selfish and just order for me, but well, I don't leave my men behind." He narrowed his eye and Wanda sighed. "We're sorry, we took more time than expected, but we're here now~!" She sat the twins down and kissed Seb's wrinkled nose. "The twins liked some things next door."

"Uh huh..." Seb said absentmindedly as the twins stuffed their mouths with food.

"Maybe we could buy them something? As a souvenir from New Jersey?" She suggested.

"Yeah, sure, if they want." Seb said non-committedly. Wanda sighed. "What's wrong, baby? Are you still feeling down?" She rubbed Seb's hand. Her fiance sighed. "It's just... that..." He grimaced. "I can't go in there. I can't... face him."

Wanda wasn't stupid, she only took a few seconds to put together what was going on here. "T-that man is your-..." Seb shushed her. "He- don't talk about him. I don't... I don't, can't deal with this right now."

Wanda frowned a bit, and whispered. "W-Why didn't you tell me? We could have taken the kids somewhere else, I didn't know..." Seb sighed. "I know you didn't, that's why I didn't bother, and it's not fair that we have to stop the kids from looking around just because of me." He took more
ice cream to his mouth and Wanda pursed her lips in thought. "I'm sorry…" She finally said. She didn't mean to make Seb feel upset. The man smiled and rubbed her hand. "Hey. It's ok. We finish eating, I wait here, you go buy the twins their toys-"(the twins were babbling about their toys as they ate) "-as much as he was an asshole, he takes his business very seriously, and I know they'll be in great condition, and then we go to the hotel, deal? But don't tell him about me. Please."
Sebastian looked at her seriously.

Wanda worried about how her face looked when she went back to the pawnshop with the twins. Their kids didn't know any better, and she was trying to remain as calm as possible, ("This is like a case, a court, keep with the diplomacy, be professional.") she kept repeating to herself, but this man tortured her boyfriend throughout his entire childhood…

And he had the balls to tell her how to deal with her children?!

He should be in prison!

"Oh, you came back. Are you going to get anything now?" The old man, that Wanda now knew to be Filbrick Pines, asked. Wanda gave him a polite smile and nodded, even as she held her children's hands close to herself.

"Yeah! We want our twain!" Zoe answered the question of the old man, because that was a polite thing to do. "And teacups, becuz is fun to pway!" She explained. Wanda tried hard to stay calm.

"We want that one!" Zully pointed up to a shelf with a free hand. "It's blue and brown! I love blue!"

Filbrick nodded politely and stood up to get the stuff for the customers. When he walked closer to the three, Wanda moved out of the way, pulling the twins a bit too hard. Zoe stumbled but luckily didn't fall. "Do be careful." Filbrick grunted. "Wouldn't want to break anything." Wanda nodded, wishing she wasn't so nervous.

"So… why you gots so much stuff?" Zoe asked, ever curious and uncaring of holding back that curiosity. Filbrick 'hmph'ed and responded "It's my job."

"And why you weah glasses? Thewe's no sun! You weah them ALLLL the time?" Zully asked. It was something that had bothered them since they entered the store.

"Zully~ don't bother him with silly questions…" Wanda warned and Zoe spoke up, not caring a single bit. "Maybe you wanna hide them? Like daddy, he hides his eye with an eye pash!" Filbrick looked back at the three of them and Wanda felt her blood run cold. "He-he-he los-um-hurt his eye just a bit ago, and he needed...needed to cover it to-to heal it…" She quickly explained, feeling nervous and clumsy with her words, something that never happened to her. Filbrick turned back to the shelf and Wanda relaxed. Whew. Safe.

Filbrick pulled down the trains and held it out to Wanda. "Be careful with it. Unless you're going to buy it."

"Ye-Yes, we will, um, let's just pay…" Wanda stared at the box and then at the twins. Like hell she was letting them go inside the enemy's place. "Can you please take it to the counter? I don't really want to let go of the twins…" Filbrick rolled his eyes behind his glasses, not that Wanda knew, but he agreed and took it to the counter.

Wanda's efforts were useless though, because the toddlers let go when she pulled out her wallet, and they walked around to look at more things. "Be careful." Filbrick warned them sternly. Zoe
giggled and sat down on the floor next to her mommy, close to the counter. She saw some markings, as if it was carved. "Look, mommy, what do it say?"

Wanda handed the money to Filbrick, shakily, and then bent over to look at it. It said 'STAN' with the N backwards… Oh… "Don't touch it sweetie, you might get splinters." Wanda warned, hoping the twins didn't cause any trouble. She just wanted to leave. Zully was looking at the glass cases. It almost looked like this one broke and got repaired badly. Zully remembered daddy telling them to never touch broken glass, so Zully, like a good child, didn't touch it. "It broke!" They still said aloud, though, because that was what toddlers did.

"A long time ago…" Filbrick finally gave Wanda her change back. He sighed. "My sons...they had been messing around here when they were children."

"Oh~ You have sons?" Zoe asked. "Whatwe dere names? How many sons you have? My uncwles all togetewer got...one...two..." As the toddler counted, Wanda smiled nervously, grabbed the bag, then the twins and pulled them to the door. "Thank you. I hope your sons are doing fine." She said before getting out of the store. She could finally breathe when she was outside.

"Mommy?" Zully looked up at her. Wanda sighed. "Sorry baby, I just didn't really… want to talk to that man very much."

"Why?" Zoe piped up. Wanda wasn't sure how to explain it. "He makes your daddy unhappy. And that makes me unhappy." she finally said. The twins didn't understand, but they saw daddy waiting for them and ran over to hug his legs. If daddy was unhappy, then it was their job to hug him until it gets better!

"Ah hah! There you are! Did you get your toys?" He picked them up and the four of them started walking away, leaving the Pines Pawn very far from them. "Yeah! Wan' see?" Zully offered but Seb shook his head. "Once we're in the hotel, ok? We can all play there." The little twins cheered, not really knowing they had visited both their grandfathers that day.

Chapter End Notes

We're delaying the wedding because we want you to suffer and create suspense haha

BUT MY GAY BABIES ARE SO HAPPY TOGETHER! AAAAAHHH!

Please comment! We love hearing what you think! :3
Chapter 14: Fulfilling the most disgusting human traditions

Chapter Notes

Blue: Hello! New chapter, fluff and funny!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The internship at the "Mystery Shack" research center (Ford had resigned himself to the fact that no one would call it by its real name) continued for the rest of the summer, and the excitement of having interns was dying down. Viola and Tyler realized the scientists were using them to print papers, get coffee, send messages, more coffee… Only Dr. Pines and McGucket took them kinda serious and taught them stuff.

They had been trying to ignore the weird incident where they almost died! And they preferred not to tell anyone about it. It was better that way. Tyler never ventured into the woods again, always calling for someone to drive him into town. Viola only went into the edge of the woods. She never allowed the treeline to cover up where she could see outside. It was too scary otherwise. Dr. McGucket was very understanding (and sympathetic, considering his own run ins with monsters in the woods) and took it upon himself to escort the children to and from the Center whenever they had to go into town. Aside from that, everyone treated that scary incident as if nothing had happened.

However, Stanford never stopped thinking about Bill. He tried to make it so it didn't affect him, but it was getting hard. After seeing that statue, the poor man couldn't stop thinking about the demon that tortured him.

Stanford was scared. He felt like he could go back to where he had been at any moment. He didn't want to sink back into paranoia and fear again. He had struggled a lot to overcome his PTSD, he just couldn't throw away all his progress!

He talked to Ashton again, worried after waking up from a gruesome nightmare. Ashton was glad Ford recognized he needed help before it was too late and after scheduling a few sessions, he asked Ford if he wished to restart his medicine treatment. After the 12 months of treatment, Ford had been feeling good enough to wean himself off them, because he didn't need it, but seeing how effective they had been on decreasing his symptoms, Ford accepted.

The dose was much lesser, Ashton didn't want to deal with addiction later! The really important thing was the therapy, not using medication to solve all his problems (though it certainly helped). Ford knew this clearly, that's why he trusted Ashton on the recommended dosage. He didn't want to have further issues.

The only problem was that SOMEHOW Viola found out about this. Fiddleford denied everything, but Ford was sure that his friend let something slip, accidentally? MAYBE! But he did!

So, after admitting to his intern what she already heard, Viola promised to keep quiet. She also volunteered to remind him to take his medication, as the pills had different hours than before.

Ford appreciated Ms. Se's help, and admired her...perseverance… but...
He had been working in his lab. His phone on the table and he was mixing up a substance for an idea he had.

BBBBBBBBBB

He almost jumped out of his skin when his phone buzzed. Ford picked it up. "Hello?"

"Time to take your pill, doc!" Viola's happy voice was heard.

"Alright." He hung up and looked for the little bottle. He put it on the table but before he could do anything else, his phone buzzed again.

BBBBBB

"Remember not to take anything else!"

"I know." Ford rolled his eyes and hung up. He reached for the bottle and-

BBBBBBBBBB

"You're working with chemicals!"

"I know, Viola! Listen, I have my pills here ok? Will you let me take them?!" He exclaimed and Viola agreed and hung up. Ford opened the lid and was about to take one pill out when-

BBBBBBBBBB

Ford jumped and the pills spilled everywhere. "What?!"

"With plenty of water!"

He closed his eyes, took a deep breath, and grabbed his phone. "...Thank you…"

-.-

Fiddleford had noticed that their interns weren't very friendly to each other since day one (and he'd thought it was just some normal bickering between children), but now, the rivalry and hate was getting out of hand. He wasn't surprised Ford hadn't noticed (he was oblivious to these things), but neither had the other scientists, because they simply didn't care, too busy with their own projects to really pay attention to the interns. Tyler was very condescending towards Viola, he interrupted her and spoke for her. The blond man didn't like his attitude and once called him to his lab for a talk.

"I'm not happy with your attitude." Fiddleford told Tyler straight out. Tyler paled. "W-what do you mean, sir?" He didn't want to lose his internship from upsetting one of the owners."Was-Was I too loud when commenting and asking questions to you and Dr. Pines? And, maybe I-I complain a little bit when other scientists, great scientists, ask me to bring them coffee, but that's only because I feel I could be learning so much more from you…” Tyler tucked his metaphorical tail between his legs, sucking in his pride.

"It's not that." Fiddleford gave Tyler a stern stare. "We try to be a supportive environment, encouraging all of our workers to pursue whatever they're passionate about. People work better when they're happy after all." Tyler was confused. "What do you…"

"Why do you treat Miss Se like this?" Fiddleford asked. "You go out of your way to put her down and insult her. You purposely go around trying to make her miserable. Why? Are you attempting to sabotage her?" He glared. "Because we don't take kindly to people sabotaging others."
Tyler's eyes widened. "N-No! Of-Of course not, Dr. McGucket…" He looked down. "I-I'm not doing such a thing, why-why would you say that?" He mumbled. He didn't like to be called out like this. No one had done it before. Fiddleford didn't drop his stern glare. "Because I ain't blind. I've seen the way you treat her. We're all partners here, we're a team, and we work together. I don't like bullies and certainly not a bully trying to ruin someone else's career. So please, do us all a favour and behave like a professional, know where you're working at." Fiddleford raised an eyebrow. "And most importantly, behave like a man, because if you're going to be a child, then I don't think you should be doing an internship here. Is that clear?"

Tyler gritted his teeth and his fists. "Yes, Dr. McGucket…" He walked away, fuming. Stupid Fiddleford, telling him what he could and couldn't do! He wasn't a child! How DARE HE! He BET Viola went off crying to him! She was a bitch! He was going to teach her for being a snitch!

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Viola couldn't take it anymore. She was done. She was tired of the daily harassment she had to endure just to have a decent day of work. Lately Tyler had gotten… worse. If that was even possible. He was sickeningly nice, it was so condescending. And creepy.

She was tired of it. She couldn't do it anymore. She wanted to go home. Tyler had been harassing her all these weeks and he treated her like trash. She wiped her tears as she walked towards Dr. Pines' lab, hugging herself. She just couldn't take it anymore. She had to talk to him. She wasn't strong enough to bear the insults, being called a useless idiotic bitch all the time…

"D-doctor Pines?" Viola tried very hard not to let her voice tremble. She didn't want to break down crying in front of the man she admired.

"Yes? Viola, come in." Ford let her come in and looked down at his notes. "I thought this was your day off?" Viola looked down at her hands.

"I-I want to quit the internship, Dr. Pines…"

Ford paused and looked up. "Why? Are we not providing you enough opportunities to learn or work experience?" he asked, a little worried. "Is the internship unsatisfactory in some way? If so, please tell me so that I may make the necessary changes." He really wanted the center to be the best after all.

Viola looked down and shook her head. "No, Dr. Pines… The experience I've gotten in the center was the best I've ever had… It was so enriching and...I've learned so much but-but I can't stay here… I-I know my school isn't like West Tech, I-I'm not worthy to stay here… I've been told so."

Ford blinked before taking a deep breathe. "Viola…I won't stop you if you really want to leave…but I can assure you that you are more than worthy." Ford stood up. "You are very intelligent and your worth is not determined by other people, especially not ones that mean you ill." Viola looked up, with tears in her eyes.

Ford walked over to the intercom device. "D-Dr. Pines? What are you doing?"

Ford was so annoyed. Viola was intelligent and sweet. Energetic as well. She reminded him of his oldest niece, and he wouldn't allow this behavior in his center. He didn't like bullies.

"Attention everyone, come to my lab immediately. If you have sensitive projects, please get to the point where you can leave it alone safely."
Violas eyes widened. No! No! She was going to look like a snitch! "No! Please, Dr. Pines!" She pleaded, feeling like she was going to cry.

Ford looked at her with a softer look. "You should have told me sooner that you were being harrassed. We don't tolerate this behavior in the center." Viola waited there, unable to move, until the door to Ford's lab opened and confused scientists and workers began to file in. She was too scared to stand there and ran to hide behind one of the workbenches.

"Sir? What's this about?" A scientist asked, scratching her head. Ford gestured for them to all stand over by the side wall. "I will inform you all of this meeting's purpose once you are all here."

The group of four scientists Ford knew best, Dr. Wexler, Clark, Poddar and Jerald, (he felt comfortable calling them friends, but they still kept their behavior professional around each other) were all huddled up in a corner, muttering theories of what was going on. They liked gossip, something Ford learned about them pretty quickly.

Tyler walked in looking down at his phone. It was his free day! What was going on?!

Ford looked around, checking that everyone was here. "Thank you all for arriving promptly. I will be conducting an experiment, as it were. Can all of you please face the wall and close your eyes?"

The people all shuffled around and got into place as their boss asked them. Viola was still mortified, reaching a hand out from behind the bench and tugging at Ford's sleeve. "It's fine. You don't have to-"

"Now, since you're all closing your eyes, this will be an experiment in which only I can see the results. This is part of the experiment, so relax and try to answer honestly for the accurate results of this test." Ford told them firmly.

"If you had breakfast today, please raise your hand." Ford started off simply. He made a note of the answers. Hm. So a few of them skipped. Perhaps he should ask them about their reasons later, see if maybe they simply couldn't find anything in the food hall that agreed with them, heck, Ford might have been using this roundabout interrogation to weed out Viola's abusers, but he was going to get other information while he was here. (And alright, he might be somewhat hypocritical about others skipping meals when he had done so plenty of times, but he was their boss and their health was his responsibility!)

"If you have gotten injured during work in the last month, raise your hand." Ford asked next. He continued on like that, asking simple questions and getting them all to relax, until they simply answered naturally, raising their hands to answer in the affirmative when it applied to them without thinking much on it. A few would hesitate before raising their hands, but Ford kept at it.

Finally, "If you think someone's school informs about their qualifications, raise your hand." Ford noted several hands raised, including Tyler. "If you think people shouldn't be allowed to work here because of these qualifications, raise your hand." A few hands went down but a few stayed up. Ford's eyes narrowed. It wasn't just about Viola anymore. He had more than just scientists working here at the Center after all.

There was the kitchen staff, working hard every day to stock fresh cooked meals for them all so they didn't have to waste time making their own food. There was the janitorial staff who worked tirelessly to clean all the labs so that things wouldn't contaminate their experiments. So if anyone actually thought someone's school or education mattered more than their actual work ethic, well… Ford had a lot to say on this matter. After all, Sebastian hadn't even graduated from school for the longest time, but that didn't make his tailoring work any less professional or high quality as anyone
"Dr. Baxter, Mr. Lodge, Dr. Mantle and Dr. Gio, please stay behind. Everyone else, you may go back to your work." Ford stated. The people all turned around and opened their eyes, only to pale at the expression on Ford's face. Many of them quickly made their way out the door, correctly guessing their boss was unhappy about something and wanting to get the heck out of there. The remaining four men (and Viola, still hiding behind one of the lab benches out of sheer mortification) stayed, worried about what this was all about.

Tyler looked up at his boss, waiting for him to talk. Ford had his hands behind his back and he seemed very serious about something. What was going on? "Yes, Dr. Pines?" Could he stop being so dramatic?

"Do you all think that one needs a degree from an Ivy League college to be allowed to work here?" Ford asked plainly. Dr. Mantle nodded. "This is a very important research center, it should only accept the best and brightest." He felt that was obvious. Ford's eyes narrowed. "So, our cleaning staff shouldn't be allowed to work here? The chefs? The secretaries?"

Dr. Mantle looked taken aback. "No, that's not what I meant. Just… the other scientist here should be from good schools. It would be dangerous to allow someone without the proper education to be near all these experiments, and if they were from some lesser school, they wouldn't have access to the facilities and teachers to-"

"So you're saying me and Dr. McGucket shouldn't be here?" Ford asked with a cold voice. They all took a step back, intimidated. Viola's eyes widened a bit. Was he really...They had never mentioned their school in public before and...he was doing it just now because some jerk bothered her?

"U-Uh…” One of the scientists stuttered. "N-No, of-of course not…” another one blurted out. "What do you mean, Dr. Pines? You-You certainly…"

"What I mean." He lowered his voice a little, making the men flinch a little. "Is that I am from Backupsmore, and I apparently didn't have the proper education or teachers, despite the fact that they helped me when no other college would do so, because I had nothing and no money. They supported my career and even gave me a grant to study my chosen field. They believed in me and did their best to help me get a proper education, even if they couldn't afford all the best teachers, they still gave me a place where I could learn. Backupsmore isn't some fancy Ivy League school, but it was my school. And I will not have you all tell me that all my effort has been for nothing, just because I was turned down from West Coast Tech."

The men were speechless, Viola had tears in her eyes, feeling so honored and happy someone was finally standing up for her and defending her school. She was doing everything she could not to cry. This was NOT the moment!

Dr. Mantle almost fainted, realizing how much he fucked up, and the others were staring at their boss in a mix of fear and respect. Stanford was very scary when he wanted to be, especially glaring down at them and speaking so authoritatively. He had a pretty deep voice.

Tyler let out a shaky laugh and shook his head. "...You...You're kidding...You MUST be kidding, sir...Someone like you couldn't possibly come from such a loser school like-" he was cut off the sheer intensity of Ford's stare. This was a man who survived in space for 13 years. A man who fought head to head with a near-all-powerful demon who invaded his dreams countless times. Tyler faltered and his legs trembled. "So you think Backupsmore is a 'loser' school?" Ford asked, deceptively calm. Tyler couldn't even say anything. One of the other scientists actually peed
himself a little bit.

"I-I...A little bit..." The older men stared at Tyler, thinking he was just utterly insane. How could he not realize he should just SHUT. UP?!

"But not you...you're cool Dr. Pines, just, other people who study there aren't as good as you! O-or Dr. McGucket! L-like, you guys are geniuses and-" Tyler tried to explain. But that only made Ford angrier. "Other people here? Like Miss Se?" he asked. Tyler nodded. "Y-yeah, like, she's just some frog girl. She's not good enough to-

"Pack your bags and GET OUT!" Ford thundered. Tyler's eyes shot open. "S-sir?!"

"Did I stutter? I said GET OUT." Ford pointed at the door. "Your Internship is hereby terminated and I will be writing a letter to West Coast Tech to inform them of how disappointed I am with your behavior and your attitude."

Tyler gasped "Y-you can't! My parents would kill me-

"This research center was built as a place to nurture and encourage people, scientists, brilliant minds and thinkers, to work on advancing humanity and changing the world. It's a place where we support anyone who wants to learn and make something new into the world." Ford said as he leered down at Tyler. "It is NOT, nor will it ever be, a place where anyone is allowed to insult, belittle or hinder and sabotage our fellow scientists. Someone like you doesn't belong here." Ford threw Tyler's words back at him. "So get out."

He turned to the other scientists. "And you all, I will be monitoring you, if I see any of you behaving in any way similar to that boy there, you're fired. Understand?" The other scientists nodded quickly, pale as can be and scared out of their wits.

Tyler let out an angry sob. "You'll hear from my lawyers, Stanford! I'm going to fucking ruin you for ilegal firing!!" The young man spat before storming out. Ford waved at him. "Hope they know how to read contracts and work rules~" He and Fiddleford had gone over the Internship terms very carefully while writing it up. He was given the right to terminate any Intern's contract at any time. Tyler stormed out of the room and shouted over his shoulder, "That bitch's probably fucking you, isn't she?! Figures! She'd be sucking your cock every day like the slut she is to keep her internshi-" he was cut off by Fiddleford, standing right outside the door, shoving an ear of corn into his mouth.

"I'll be sure to include 'makes sexually harassing statements about his fellow intern and boss' into your list of offences." Ford nodded at Fiddleford, thankful his friend shut the boy up. "In the meantime..." Ford walked over to the intercom and pressed the button. "Security, I need you to escort someone off the premises."

The other scolded men left the lab after making profuse apologies, and after Ford closed the door (secretly loving the sound of Tyler's indignant screaming as he was dragged out), he looked around. He wasn't really sure where Viola hid.

"Miss Se? You can come out. The coast is clear."

Viola came out of her hiding spot, unable to hold back tears anymore, and approached her boss. She wasn't sure why she was crying, but she knew one of her emotions was happiness, happiness for finally having justice and being freed from Tyler's awful presence.

"Th-Thank you, Dr. Pines...Thank you." Ford crouched (Viola was very short and he was very tall), and smiled a bit. "The problem has been eradicated. You have nothing to apologize for. Now
you can continue your internship until summer is over." Viola giggled wetly and sniffled. Ford sounded so formal sometimes…

She rubbed her arm awkwardly. "I know this sounds weird…but can I hug you? I feel like my thanks is not complete."

Ford blinked before nodding. "Um, alright sure." His first intern hugged him with complete gratitude for standing up for her and believing her, something that many women harassed at work didn't get. Ford wasn't sure what to do with his hands and ended up patting her head, awkward. "Ah, yes. Well. You're very welcome Miss Se. Ah…"

Viola laughed as she let go and stepped back. "T-thank you again, sir. I swear I won't let you down. I'm going to become an amazing scientist! I'm going to work really hard!"

"Just as long as you're having fun. I look forward to reading your papers in the future." Ford smiled.

Viola ran off, smiling so wide and feeling happier than she'd been in weeks.

And at the end of the shift, Ford had his four friends begging to know what happened (with more bets and money exchanging hands). He sighed.

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The summer was finally ending and the twins were finally enrolled in preschool. They had found a local place that Seb and Wanda liked for the twins. It was close in case something happened and it was very nice. Stan had also enrolled Diego in preschool, the two brothers wanted their kids to finish at the same time. When they told their oldest and youngest brother about this, Shermie asked how he managed to get him accepted even though his toddler wasn't 3 yet. Stan just grinned and declared that teachers really loved rare pictures of their presidents~

The two sets of parents had gotten a list of things their kiddos needed to have for their classes. Stan had sent someone to buy them, but Seb had to go by himself, accompanied by the twins. He couldn't believe the amount of stuff a 3 year old needed to go learn THEIR NAMES AND COLORS!

And multiplied by two.

The list included hygiene products like their aprons, plastic aprons to paint, table cloths, toothbrush, toothpaste, toilet paper, and work materials, like sketchbooks, notebooks with big lines, cardboards, (thousands of them), color pencils, huge markers, pencils, erasers, glue (tons of glue), kid scissors, awls, the list went on and on. "This is a robbery! The school will keep most of the things I'm buying and then ask me for more next year!" Seb complained to himself. Why didn't Stan make a school? He'd get tons of money robbing others like this!

The twins enjoyed shopping though, they didn't really know it was for school, they just knew they were getting cool stuff to play and paint with. They felt helpful as Sebastian read the list aloud and they helped bring the needed stuff from the shelves. They also got to pick the notebooks they liked the most. Then, because everything needed to be labeled before handing it to the teacher, Seb spent an entire evening labeling each individual pen and marker. Multiplied by two. This was just ridiculous! He hated this! And Wanda wasn't even here! She was working! Not fair!

AND when she came home, she saw all the mess and unfinished work her eyes widened really big and quickly gave him a lame excuse to NOT help! She was an ass! Fine. He'd get REVENGE later.
And Wanda will suffer! But he needed to finish this first…

After basic shopping, where the twins got very basic t-shirts and shorts to wear at preschool (because like hell was Seb sending them there with their pretty clothes just for them to RUIN them. He knew from experience that kids could get very messy at that age), and after giving the required materials to their soon to be-teacher, the first day of classes arrived.

Stan, Seb later learnt, simply hugged and kissed his smallest baby and went to work, and it was Carla who took him to the first day. He was so angry at him for that, not accompanying Diego to his first day of school! How dare he!

However, because Seb was a good dad to the offspring he created, he and Wanda were there to accompany their babies. Zoe was frowning a bit, holding daddy's hand with one hand as she held her little backpack' handle. Zully looked more nervous, shaking as they clung to mommy's leg.

"It'll be alright, baby, I promise." Wanda stroked their head. She had combed Zully's hair into two adorable braids and Zoe was wearing two ponytails. "You will have a lot of fun here! You and your sister will make new friends to play with!" She insisted and Seb added. "Yeah, like in the park! You like playing with kids in the park. Here it's the same, there are kids and you'll get to play and paint all you want!"

Zoe shook her head and laid down on the floor. "Don't wanna!" She pouted. Seb picked her up and put her on her feet once again. "Hey, we gotta go shopping, there's no food at home and we won't be able to have lunch if I have nothing to cook! Can you stay here until I finish shopping?" The two kids nodded slowly. "But-But you'll be back?" Zully's lower lip trembled and Seb couldn't help but hug them. "Of course I'll be back, of course! Don't worry about that…" Wanda kissed their foreheads as Seb rubbed their little backs.

"Thank you, guys." Wanda told them. They were handling this pretty well so far.

"But be back soon!" Zoe pouted, still feeling kinda nervous. She had never been so far away from dad, but they were big girls, and they could stay here and wait for dad. She looked inside the class and had to admit the place looked really fun.

"Another thing, yes? Don't use fire here, ok? This is a secret only we Pines-Friedmann can do, ok?" Seb said, using a very mysterious voice to keep the kids' attention. "We have cool powers those other silly humans don't! So we gotta keep it to ourselves...just-just so others don't feel bad about their powerless selves~" He wished they shouldn't have to hide though...

Zoe and Zully giggled and promised not to show unworthy humans their powers.

"Bye, daddy! Bye, mommy!" The twins waved as their parents walked away. Their teacher smiled at them and led them inside the class. Wanda sighed in relief and smiled at Seb, who was pouting now that the twins couldn't see him. "They're gone...They went to their first class…” He sniffled. Wanda kissed his cheek and bid him farewell. She had work to do. "See you in the evening, baby. Don't worry, they'll be fine."

Seb went back home. Yes. He didn't need to go shopping. He lied just to convince the twins to stay. Now that he was home alone, he could cry all he wanted. HIS BABIES! THEY'RE ALL ALONE IN THE EDUCATION SYSTEM NOW! He was going to miss them sooooo muchh! They were probably waiting for him to come back for them! Seb rolled around on the ground, screaming. He missed his baaaabies~! And they were probably missing him toooooo! He bet Zully was crying- his poor baby was always so scared around new people-
Back at Daycare, Zully was laughing along with their twin as the two ran around playing tag with the other children. So many new friends!

Seb whimpered as he curled up in the corner of the room. He needed to do something to take his mind off this. He pulled out his tablet to work on some sketches, heck, he was going to have to submit some stuff in for a fashion show he was planning to have… but he couldn't get into it, distracted as he was.

He wished he could see how they were doing, but spying wasn't an option when there weren't many triangles. Stupid square and circle centered world! He should get them a pendant to check on them too. It worked pretty well with Wanda! And he made sure Linda was safe in her new job. She seemed to have a new patient. He was very, VERY handsome, but Seb was trying to prove himself to be a better person so he wasn't actually spying. He tried not to see too much about their personal stuff. Seb merely checked to see that Linda was doing well and then left before the sessions with her new patient started.

"Stupid...mind...I-wanna-work!" He complained as he scribbled on his tablet. His phone rang—a distraction! And quickly picked it up. "Yellow!" It was Shermie, he was only calling to complain and rant (his wife forbid him from doing it at home with them). "Seb! Have you seen the candidates!?" Oh, this was a political rant. This should be fun.

"Nah, I don't vote, I don't care." Seb shrugged but quickly laughed when Shermie groaned. "Well, you should try to make yourself care a little more. Most of these guys are jokes and they'll be running YOUR country for the next 4 years."

Seb shrugged. "Well...then, just reelect the last one? Michelle's husband?" He could feel his younger brother deadpanning at him. "You can't reelect someone 3 times."

"It's been 2 times already?!" He put Shermie on free speaker to search for the candidates names and all he found were memes. VERY FUNNY MEMES MIND YOU! But they couldn't be true...could they?

"Ok, I think I saw this orange guy on TV, the hell happened to him, oh my god...I know this woman...aaanndd I don't know this other guy, but why is he called a serial killer? Anddd this grandpa looks nice?"

Shermie went silent on the other side. "Oh my god..." He whispered, stressed. "We're so fucked up..." Seb laughed. "It'll be fine, don't worry, at the end they'll end up voting for this woman or the nice grandpa. Then they won't do shit for the next few years, maybe build a road and that's that. I, however, I'm going through a very much more important crisis, Sherman, so if you could stop being so selfish and listen to my problems, it would be nice."

"Seb! This isn't a joke!" Shermie whined. "I'm worried about our choices. Things would be really bad if the wrong person gets elected- Shlump is a terrible human being and he's rising in popularity-"

"His NAME is SHLUMP?! HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA" Seb laughed hysterically. He almost fell from the couch, laughing so hard. "He has to win! Just for that stupid name!"

"NO!" Shermie cried. "He's a racist motherfucker- and he's like… really sexist too! Abi says she's seen him on TV even before this in a bunch of shows and even back then he was an asshole! He's assaulted women before! And then he just throws money around to try and sweep it under the table."
Seb stopped laughing and hummed in thought, that sounded horrible indeed. "Ok, I think I can check on their plans, I guess, but I still don't know if I'm gonna vote at all." Shermie smiled. "GREAT! I made a comparative chart on Excel for you to see their proposals based on economical, social, and political plans. I'll send it to the Stans as well, because they must be as politically unaware as you."

"Well, if all else fails, the reptilian shadow government would probably step in to make sure the elections go however they want anyway." Seb shrugged.

Shermie refused to believe supernatural creatures controlled their government. It was one thing to know they existed, other that they had influence on their world.

"Alright. I sent it. Now I can listen to your crisis." Shermie said, hoping his brothers would care more about the elections after reading his elaborate chart! He was always very dedicated to this.

"Well...The twins first day of daycare was today and I feel sad and alone…We're always together." Seb sighed and his brother chuckled. "Aw~ That's why you should work, you wouldn't have time to think about them."

"I work! But at home!" Seb scoffed. "Who would cook and clean around if I weren't here?" He shook his head. "But...it's not that, I watch them, I'm with them the most...I feel empty…"

Shermie giggled. "It's ok, Seb, I know how you feel, but you'll get used to it, I promise. And best of all, we have twins, we know they're together in there, they aren't alone in their first day.."

Seb had to agree that his younger brother was right. His phone buzzed and it showed he was being called from the store. "Hey, Shermie, speaking of my work, I gotta hang up, have a pending call."

"Ok, bro, see ya, calm down ok? And read the chart!" Seb rolled his eye, agreed and took the next call. "Yes? What happened?"

"Hey, boss, a box was delivered to the store, but we didn't order anything, it's for you." The woman on the other side said. "For me?" Seb blinked. Who would send him stuff at the store?

"Yeah, the paper pasted on the outside says it's for this location but the person it's 'to' says Sebastian Pines, and it comes from New York." She examined it a bit more. "Oh, and the one who sent it was some Jackson...I can't pronounce his last name."

What? Jack?! Why would he send him a package? "Ok, I'll go see it, thanks." He hung up and called "Kids! We're...."

Right...No kids until 1pm…

Seb picked up the box from work, talked to a few customers, who were very happy to see him present (he only showed up if a personalized dress/suit was supposed to be made), and then went back home, still wondering what was inside that box. Maybe it was a present! That would be nice.

Once he was in the living room, he tried to open the box like a normal person using a cutter, but failed, cursed and decided to bite it open. And now, finally (still spitting packing tape), he could see what was inside the box. On top of the 'thing', which was wrapped in bubble wrap, so cute, there was a letter. It read "From Jack to Will!" He rolled his eye at that. he guessed that name stuck. "Hi, Sebastian! It's me, Jack, I guess you already know that because my name is on the box, but whatever. I was cleaning my dad's house a few days ago and I found this box full of your old stuff, from when you used to live with us!"
Oh...So this is what's going on!

"I thought you might like it back. I didn't know your home address, so I sent it to your store, congrats on that by the way! I'm totally visiting someday when I'm in the area! I hope you're doing fine, my wife and Jamie say hi! -J.N"

Seb chuckled. This was totally Jack. He couldn't believe he cared enough to send this back to him. He worked for them for like, 2 years max, and they cared. They were nice people. He pulled out the stuff inside and he couldn't help but laugh aloud. Oh god, why would he need these clothes back?! One. These were too tiny for him now (as surprising as that sounded!), and two. It was so from the 80s, maybe 90s! He could donate them, or reuse the fabric, that was a thing.

He did find money though, that was awesome, and an old sketchbook (Burn it with fire! He drew everywhere didn't he? And they were sooo baadd) He also found his old blanket and THAT made his chest clench a bit. Oh. Wow. He wondered if his brothers still had theirs...The only reason he was holding this again was because he took his blanket to Matsuda's place at some point...He felt safer there than at home…

And then, an old photo.

He looked so young in this, maybe even younger than Dillon and the twins were right now. He was holding the camera (the old way to take a selfie) and grinning widely. He was hugging an old man next to him, graying hair neatly combed and a sheepish smile at the camera. Matsuda…

Seb ran a finger over the photo and smiled sadly. He looked so young here, and happy and healthy...Seb let out a sob, but he felt just so happy. He thought he would never see Matsuda's face again! "Oh circles...I had forgotten about that dimple there…” He giggled softly to himself. And he thought he remembered his face clearly…

Seb felt much better the rest of the day, he remembered the nice moments he spent with his Dad and then he remembered the time he spent with Jack when they were both younger. That made him want to write a letter to him as well! So he did, thanking him so much for this present, and told Jack he was getting married soon. He'd be honoured if Jack was there. Seb quickly went to the post office to leave the letter, (because if he didn't do it now, he'd forget) and then decided to make a yummy lunch for his family in preparation for when they returned.

He barely noticed when it was time to pick up the twins, with how happily distracted he was. (Luckily, he set an alarm on his phone to remind him.) "KIDS!" He roared when the teacher appeared with them, holding each one in one hand. "DADDY!" The blond twins roared as well and ran towards their dad to throw themselves on his legs. "We missed you!” Zoe giggled when Dad picked them and snuggled them. The teacher cooed. "They were very good girls today, Mr. Pines~ They were very helpful and nice to the other kids."

"Oh~ You were~ I guess you DO deserve Mac and Cheese right now!" Zoe and Zully screamed and pulled Seb's nose and hair in their excitement. "Ow!"

"See you tomorrow, girls?" The teacher asked. Zully wrinkled their nose at that but Zoe nodded. "I wanna paint more!" They waved at the teacher and were put in their car seats to go home.

"Daddy, you missed us?" Zully asked, kicking their little feet as Zoe tried to look out of the window. "No. I was glad you were gone~!" Seb lied with a funny voice to indicate it was a joke and Zoe laughed. Zully pouted though. Zully couldn't understand those pitch changes in peoples' voices (and had a little trouble picking up sarcasm), but Seb and Wanda didn't know about that. So Zully was a little confused. Daddy said he was glad they were gone, but that couldn't be true. So
"Why was daddy lying?"

"So, what did you do today? Did you like it?" Seb asked as he drove.

"YEAH! Why we didn't come before?!" Zoe demanded. "It was weally nice! I wiked it! We pwayed! And-And we painted! And we went to the swings! And we pwayed with many kids!"

Seb cooed and parked the car. The daycare was very close to their home. "And what do you think, Zully?" Seb turned back to look at his toddlers. Zully hummed and pulled at their messed up braid. "I wiked too...Eating my snacks was hawd though..." Seb freed them from their carseats and put them down.

"Why though?"

"Becuz-becuz kids all stood up and ran and played and taked their snacks to pway, but I don't know how they can wun and pway and eat at the same time!" Zully held Seb's hand as they walked inside the house. Zoe threw her backpack to the side and ran inside to say hi to her toys.

Seb laughed and picked up Zully, they were too far away from him. "Oh well, not all kids are as careful as you, pumpkin, you're adorable when you sit down to eat before going to play."

Zully shook their head. "No! I mean, they were running! And they were eating too! How can you eat and see?"

Seb stopped and looked at his child with a confused look. "What?" He knew Zully ate closing their eyes, but he thought it was just a tick? Something they did because they wanted to? "Baby, you can eat and see too, you know?"

"No! No one can!" Zully exclaimed very convinced. Seb was about to speak when Zoe came back, demanding his phone to search for a song.

"We sang many songs today, daddy! Find them!" She pleaded. Zully grumbled. "I didn't like the songs, though...Eveyone sing thewe! I don't like singing." They didn't understand it at all. The weird sounds going all up and down and everyone told them that they sounded weird when they tried to sing along.

"whAAATTT~?" Seb laughed. "What do you mean you don't like singing?! Gaasspp! How can you be my daughter if you don't like singing~ that's like a SIN!" He cried with mock offense. Zoe giggled. "A sin!"

Zully's eyes welled up with tears. "But...but you are my daddy..." They sobbed, with fat tears welling up in their brown eyes. Daddy always made these mean comments. Zoe always laughed and said they were funny, but Zully couldn't understand how they were funny at all!

Seb's eye widened when he realized he fucked up and quickly went to hug his kid. "Nonononononono! I'm so sorry, sweetie! I was joking! Ok? You're my daughter yes? You're my kid, my spawn, my blood, and my flesh and my bones!"

"Ew." Zoe said, but didn't look disgusted at all, she was smiling widely.

Seb picked Zully up, because they were starting to sniffle and sob, and kissed their nose. "I'm sorry. It really doesn't matter if you don't like singing, ok? I was just joking, sweetie..."

"How-How do I know when youwe jokin?" Zully rubbed their eyes. "It huwts..." Seb felt like a terrible dad for making his baby cry. "Well, there's...there's this way of talking, you change your
voice when you're not being serious about something...Like...It's different Noooo~ REeeaaallyyy~ from Noo! Really?!...You get it?"

"No." Zully shrugged. It sounded different, a little, but it was hard to tell. Actually, they couldn't really hear a difference at all, just a strange bit at the end, but they didn't understand.

Seb sighed. "Ok, you know what? How about we go eat lunch, yes? I made Mac and Cheese~ And then we can go eat ice cream!"

""YEAAH!"" The twins cheered and they ran into the kitchen. Seb shook his head fondly. It was very weird, but he was in a good mood, and despite Zully still eating with their eyes closed, humming happily (a rumbling sound with no real melody, more of a singular toneless rumble), Seb was sure this wasn't something serious. Zully just had trouble understanding sarcasm and music, everyone was different after all. Maybe Zully just wasn't the type of person who understood that sort of thing. Their lunch went excellent, and the twins were eager to go back to daycare again, despite the 'singing' that Zully still didn't get. Seb was so glad their first day of school went so well!

"Oh my god~ Our last first 4th period of our 6th day of school! We will never have a 4th period in our 6th day ever again!" "We gotta make it memorable!"

"Hey Dipstick!" A bunch of girls who were his and Mabel's friends ran towards him and took a photo of his confused face before running away shouting "Memories!" "We'll never see Dipper's confused face again!"

Dipper rolled his eyes. He was tired. Girls and some boys were going cray cray at being seniors. He got it, graduation was coming up, but they had to calm down.

"Eeeehhh~" A high pitched voice squealed behind him and jumped to his back, Dipper stumbled but he managed to remain on his feet and carry his crazy twin. " Dipper, can you believe we're seniors?! The place is so HYPE! It makes me SO excited!" She held herself up by hugging his neck. She tried nibbling his neck and Dipper cried. "Aahh! Don't bite me! You even have braces again!"

Mabel huffed. "Don't remind me…" Her wisdom teeth had come out and she didn't notice until it was too late. It had moved her teeth and the dentist said she needed braces again to fix the damage. Dumb teeth!

This did not dampen her mood and she continued talking to her twin. "I should get Smile Dip to celebrate~ Maybe get some to spike the punch, huh?!" She had contacts...

"No, Mabel, no hallucinogens in our graduation party." Dipper laughed and put her down on her feet. "Pshh! What's the worst that can happen? People could get possessed again but that's nothing!"

Dipper blinked. "Yeah, just possession." He deadpanned.

"Have you picked up your prom jacket?!" Mabel asked excitedly. "They accepted my design!"

"Yeah, I haven't, but I've seen it. I think it has a lot of fake glitter on it..." Mabel laughed. "Well, people voted for it! It's called a democracy, Dipper! It was invented back with the romans!"

"Athens, but nice try, sis." Dipper punched her shoulder gently. Mabel rolled her eyes before
gasping. "Oh right! Remember I slept at Jenny's the other day?! Bam!" She lifted her sweater's sleeve and Dipper gasped. She got a tattoo of a shooting star! The skin was still a little swollen from the procedure. Mabel even wrapped it in plastic to keep it from smudging as it healed.

"Mabel! Wha- Did you convince mom? I thought she told you no?"

Mabel hugged him by his shoulders. "Oh Dipper, you'll never learn will you? When there's no cops around, anything's legal!"

"I think Uncle Stan and Seb are a terrible influence." Dipper declared. Mabel rolled her eyes. "Well, at least I'm not wasting a year studying even more!" Dipper groaned. "It's not my fault you want to laze around for an entire year. At least I'm taking that year to further my knowledge before going to college, do you know what you want to do yet?"

"Uuuurrgggghhhhhhh! Stop tormenting meeeeee!" Mabel whined and blew a lock of hair out of her face. Dipper chuckled. "Ok, ok...That year will help you clear your mind, meanwhile you can busy yourself thinking about Sebastian and Stanley's wedding."

Mabel stopped abruptly and bumped against a girl, who didn't look happy at all about it. "WHAT?!" She screamed. Dipper grinned, finally knowing something before Mabel did. "Didn't you hear~? Uncle Seb and Stan are having a double wedding!"

Mabel leaped into the air and screamed. "OH MY GAWD! HOW DID I NOT KNOW THIS?!" She grabbed Dipper by his jacket and shook him back and forth. "I need a dress! And a suit for Waddles!"

"I doubt Waddles is invited." Dipper deadpanned as he resigned himself to being waved around like a rag doll. Mabel finally released him and scoffed. "Of course Waddles is invited! Grunkle Seb LOVES Waddles!" Mabel let out a squeak. She was so excited for this! A wedding! A DOUBLE wedding! That was like… DOUBLE the romance!

Mabel facetimed her uncle later in the day to complain about not being the first one to know. "I'm sorry? I told Shermie, I thought he would tell you."

"Dad sent two 12 year olds to an unknown uncle and was going to go on a flight without telling said uncle we were on the way." Dipper added. "He has a chicken's memory."

"So~?! Are there any specific colors?! I want to get Waddles a nice little suit!" Mabel squealed. Waddles oinked along with her.

"No. Absolutely not." Seb crossed his arms. "You're not taking that jerk to my wedding!" Waddles grunted. Seb narrowed his eye. "Nope. You won't be able to convince me." Waddles tilted his head to the side and let out another grunt. Seb scowled. "Hell no. I don't care what you say, you're not coming!" Waddles blinked at him slowly and squealed.

"Auuuuh! FINE! You can come! But you better not poop in the reception hall!" Seb growled at Waddles before turning to Mabel. "And he BETTER be on a leash all the time or we are serving him as a dish!"

Mabel squealed and hugged her pig. "Thank you, Uncle Seb! You're the best! I knew you'd agree! You DO love Waddles!"

"A dinosaur almost killed us for it, I tolerate him." Seb sneered. "A pterodactyl." Dipper corrected intelligently, wincing a bit when both Mabel and Seb glared at him.
Now that Mabel knew Waddles was invited too, she continued abusing her privilege as Seb's only niece. "SO~ Are you inviting everyone in town~? Can I invite my friends?" She fluttered her eyelashes. Seb groaned. "By town I'm guessing you mean Gravity Falls? Eehhhh I'm inviting Soos and Wendy. And McGucket. And I guess Wendy's family can come too. And Abuelita of course. And I think Soos would want to bring Melody. And Susan would probably want to come too…"

Mabel giggled. So, if Seb kept this up, he was going to invite the whole town. After Seb debated aloud if he should avoid inviting Bodacious T just to spare the guests from Wanda's side of the family, and Mabel screamed "You HAVE to invite Toby!", Seb shook his head. "Wait. Is this my wedding or yours, Shooting Star?"

"I'm your favorite niece! I get privileges!"

"I'm not letting Toby Determined anywhere near my wedding." Seb deadpanned. Mabel pouted. "Can you at least invite Candy, Grenda and Pacifica?" She paused. "And Marius. Imagine having a Baron at your wedding. So high class!"

"Sure I'll invite your friends." Seb grinned. "But this guest list is getting long. Am I supposed to just invite everyone?" He joked. Mabel cheered and pulled out her phone. "DON'T ACTUALLY INVITE EVERYONE!" Seb cried.

"Well at least you remembered to invite Dan. You know he helped me and Dip-Dop escape the government guys that day you brought the Stans back?"

"Wait, what?" Seb blinked. Dipper sighed. "Long story. But he bumped his truck against the car and after the crash we got out."

Seb twitched. "I want to hear more about that later. That was really fucked up for him to do. You guys could have died." He was going to have a talk with Dan...

"Oh! If you're inviting McGucket, you need to invite his wife and son too." Mabel pointed out.

"And what about Gideon, Shooting Star~? He is part of town too~" Seb teased with a smirk. There was NO way he was inviting the Gleefuls (and now that he thought about it, he hadn't seen them since the twins were infants), but it was incredibly fun to tease his niblings.

Mabel's face turned dark and she looked away. "Uuuuh… we parted ways and he said he was going to be better, but I still don't want to see him. He tried to kill us."

"So did Dan, apparently, but somehow that's ok?" Seb deadpanned. He wished he'd known this, it was so dangerous and his twin niblings had been smol babies!

"Well, I did purposely make him angry to try and make him hit us with the truck, that's different."

Mabel waved off. Dipper groaned. "We were pretty desperate." He paused. "Mabel's also really good at writing backward. I never realized it before that point."

"Right…" Seb nodded slowly, not understanding what writing backward had to do with anything. "Well, as long as Shermie doesn't know I think it's ok. He'd try to kill me for that."

Mabel started naming people in town (and Dipper and Seb realized she basically knew the names of everyone?!), and Seb rejected most of them. He didn't recognize (or remember) all the names, and as much as he would like it, he couldn't invite everyone. It was a double wedding, so it was also Wanda, Carla and Stan's guests.

"I'll send you the notes I made so you can reconsider!" She exclaimed and Seb rolled his eye
fondly. She knew how to abuse her privileges. He had a feeling Shermie and Stan wouldn't want daughters (since that would involve having more children, which they just weren't in the mood for) and Ford was out of the picture, so Mabel will abuse her powers until she was old and gray.

"Alright. I want you in a suit, Dipper! And bathed! And smelling like expensive perfume! No cheap ass cologne!" Seb warned the boy with a serious look.

Dipper rolled his eyes. "I know, I'll wear a suit! I'm not a child!" And he'd bathe because it's a special occasion!

"Sure you aren't, bye, pests~" Seb teased before hanging up. As soon as he ended the call, his own set of blond twins pushed the door of his room open and ran towards him giggling. They wanted to cuddle!

"Hey~ What were you two doing? I hope nothing's on fire!" He picked them up with his mind and the twins hugged him. "Nope! No fiwe!" Zully promised. "Who we're you talking to?!" Zoe demanded.

"To Dipper and Mabel, about mommy and daddy's wedding." He explained. The twins giggled. They were told mommy and daddy were making a party to show everyone how much they loved each other, and that made them very happy.

"Daddy, awe you excited to mawy mommy?" Zoe asked and Seb laughed. "At first I wasn't sure, but now, heck yeah! I'm very excited!"

"And how it will be? Like in movies?" Zully asked. "And mommy will weah a long cute dwess like a pwincess?"

Seb scoffed. "Mommy won't wear anything princessy. I have seen her options. They're pretty, elegant, but not pompous enough." Wanda didn't like those kind of clothes. "You make clothes! You will make heh dwess?" Zoe asked.

"Nah, but I'll make my own suit! The best, bestest suit in the history of suits!" He poked their bellies and the twins squealed and kicked their legs. "I'LL be a prince, excuse you~" He looked at Zully.

"And we will go too?"

"Of course you will! That reminds me, we gotta start looking for clothes for you two. What do you want to wear? A dress? Formal pants? A suit?" They shrugged and Seb sighed. It was ok. They still had time.

But meanwhile~

"Hey, do you wanna see how my suit's coming along?" It was his best work so far, in his humble opinion, and he had made very incredible things, (also in his humble opinion). He would sell the design later (this was his masterpiece and he planned to make it just a little bit more expensive than his usual designs), so other men could marry looking fabulous as well.

He took the twins to his work room, they weren't allowed to come in usually, but he was the one who offered. He tied their hands to their backs with his powers for precaution, they laughed (kind of used to this), and he pulled out his suit. "Ta dahhh~"

Zoe and Zully gasped in awe. "It's SO PWETTY!" Zoe screamed as loud as she could. Seb laughed. "Yes it is! I'm gonna look FABULOUS~!" Zully was grinning so wide as they stared at
Stan was checking over the wedding invitations. So many people. He wasn't sure if the building they chose for the reception would actually fit all of them, even when it was a HUGE place. But he had a checklist to make sure he got all the invitations he needed for this. The CEO groaned and rubbed his eyes. (His eyes hurt, he really shouldn't go around not wearing glasses. He wasn't 20 anymore.) So many names…

And worst of all, as it was a big event, they had to check the names and verify them with a copy of their ID. Ugh. For security reasons. Almost everyone had sent their copy…

"Hey Maaaa!" Stan screamed. "Can you give me your ID for a seeecccond!?!" He sat there, screaming, until his pissed mom finally showed up. "Are you 5, Stanley? Don't scream!" She said, annoyed at how childish he still was. Stan rolled his eyes and grabbed the ID and gave it a look.

Stan frowned. "Ma, your name is wrong, you know?" The old woman leaned closer and grinned. "Nah, it's fine."

"But it says Caryn! Not Kari!" He complained. Kari laughed louder. "Because that's my name, Stanley."

Stan's jaw dropped. "What?"

Kari muffled her laughter behind a hand. "Kari is my nickname." Goodness, she didn't realize her son actually thought-

"What?!" Stan looked so gobsmacked at this that Kari almost choked while laughing.

"How-How come I'm learning this now?! Why did you lie to us like this?! This is JUST like when you lied by telling us I was the oldest triplet! How COULD YOU?!" He complained loudly, which made the woman just laugh harder. Stan was so shocked and so pissed and BETRAYED with the news that he forgot about the guest list and called his brothers.

And to no one's surprise, none of them knew Kari wasn't their mom's actual name. He thought he even heard Seb cry? Kari found it all hilarious.

Carla had to pay up Wanda and Abi after the brothers discovered. For next time, she knew the safe bet would always be betting against the Pines brothers' intelligence. Sigh.

The date of the wedding was coming closer. Seb gave up on convincing his brother to look amazing. Fine. It was better for him to SHINE ALONE!

Stan had his suit ready, the place was rented as well as the services they'd be using. Curiously enough, it took the press a while to know about the wedding. And now he guessed it was a public thing.

One day, he found himself trapped in the living room with his Ma because Diego fell asleep on his lap and he couldn't move without waking him up, so he watched Tv with her, chatting lightly during commercials.

"So, everything's ready huh?" Kari asked. She occasionally remembered the day the triplets and
Shermie discovered her real name and still giggled from time to time.

"Yup, I guess we just gotta wait now...I hope we get nice presents, this is turning out to be more expensive than I thought." He mumbled, and Kari chuckled. "That would be nice, but the important thing is that you're marrying your loved one, it's a special moment..."

Stan gently rubbed Diego's back. "Ma...Did you really love Pa when you married him?" He asked softly. Kari smiled sadly. "I did, yeah. A HELL lot...I met him when we were both young and he was very nice, he seemed polite and responsible, and...he'd take me to dance, it was wonderful..."

And then it happened. He changed, he became violent and cold. To her, to their kids...

"Why do you ask? Are you afraid of compromise?" She teased.

Stan shook his head. "Ma, I've got two kids with that amazing woman, I love her...I was just...I don't know, thinking that maybe you didn't love Pa at all and..." he rubbed the back of his neck. "And I felt...bad that you had to go through that..."

"Oh, Stanley, you don't have to worry about me." Kari smiled. "I do, you're my mom." Stan rolled his eyes. "You've always cared about us, even after everything and...that we ended up being two more than you expected..." He shrugged.

"Well neither of you were expected." Kari admitted softly. "We thought it was just one boy at first, but the scan came back and the doctors were surprised to see two of you. And then... well, even the doctors weren't expecting Sebastian."

Stan grinned. "Well, we're awesome like that." Kari giggled. "You are~" She said before sighing. "If I'm honest with you, son, I was very worried when I got pregnant with you...Your father wasn't...very happy..."

"Ah, gee, I had no idea~!" Stan said sarcastically. Kari chuckled. "I still don't know why though, we were already married and all...He had a lot of trouble when we found out you were "two"...but he came to terms with it, he even chose your name~"

"Creative guy~" Stan nodded with mock appreciation.

"I think having triplets was too much for him..." of course it wasn't Seb's fault.

"Still. Even if he had wanted us, even just a little bit more, he wouldn't have cared. That guy's like stone, expressionless, he doesn't care about anyone...I have a feeling he'd only complain and be a jerk if he went to our wedding..." Stan grumbled.

"Are you...planning to invite him?"

"Oh, hell NO! I wouldn't do that to Seb! He made my triplets hurt." Filbrick could fuck himself for all Stan cared. "I'm just angry ranting about how little he would care"

Kari looked down, guilty that her sons hated their father so much, that they had to go through that...

"Oh no, don't do that, Ma!" Stan warned. "You don't have anything to feel sad for!" He pointed a finger at her, Diego still curled up on him. "We love you, ok? That's the only thing that matters!"

Stan shook his head. He wished things had been different. But they weren't. Things turned out this way, there was no changing that. His father was a jerk to them and nothing would change that. He was going to die a sad and lonely old man now, because neither of them cared enough for him.
Stan hoped he was satisfied with his life, with his choices. And yes, Stan was very bitter about it. He’d… he’d used to look up to their dad, what child wouldn't, after all? But he learned that he was wrong. Filbrick wasn't a man to look up to. Stan shook his head. No point in getting himself all angry over it. There was nothing they could do now.

At least he ended up with no kids, just like he wanted.

-

The triplets groaned loudly as their little brother continued babbling about politics. Someone make him stop! "I know you're getting married soon, but you know what else is happening soon? Elections!"

"Shermie, I already said I'm voting." Seb deadpanned at the screen. "Yeah, but you're doing it for ME. You should do it for your country~!"

Seb could see where Mabel's passion came from.

"And you two, dumbasses! Are you registered yet? Will you be part of the future of the country?"

"...Sherman, there are like, two people in that list...both which I don't like…” Ford said slowly, and his youngest brother looked livid.

"You can't say both are the same though!"

"So I'm supposed to vote for the lesser evil?"

"Yeah~!"

Stan rubbed his forehead. "I don't know, kid. I've heard stuff from both, but I'd say Haylie does sound kinda worse, you know?"

Shermie's eyes almost came out of its sockets as Seb stared at Stan with an incredible look. "Are you being serious?" Seb asked as Shermie screamed "ARE YOU KIDDING ME?! YOU'RE CONSIDERING IT?!"

"well...He IS a businessman~"

"Yeah, whose businesses FAILED! Has NO idea of politics and is a disgusting racist and sexist pig." Shermie ranted. Seb laughed, still feeling and hoping that his brother was joking. There was no way someone THAT outright awful could be running for president and doing well enough that he was actually one of the guys in the lead!

"Stan...I know you've been missing for 13 years...but there are things called PLANES AND BOATS!" Shermie stood up and put his face closer to the camera. "A million dollar wall is stupid as shit and a waste of money!" He screamed.

"Are you insulting me, kid?" Stan growled and Shermie grinned. "Maybe! Did you read ANYTHING I sent you?!" Shermie practically screamed in Stan's face. "Sherman, what IS your problem?!" The three youngest started fighting and shouting and Ford was really tempted to end the call, this was getting weird.

"Abuelita is an immigrant." Ford decided to speak up, and it made the three of them stop yelling and look at him. "I don't know their legal status, would you risk having friends, good people and good citizens, deported because they don't have a paper? Many countries allow people to enter
their countries with no problem." Ford shrugged. "Have you noticed this one has visas just for certain countries? We've been doing worse in space, trespassing, stealing, illegal possession of weapons~" Ford was smiling just a little bit. He wouldn't say he was proud about that...but he was proud they did THAT and survived!

Shermie and Seb shared a digital look and grinned. Wow. Their nerdy Goody two shoes bro had a CRIMINAL RECORD in space!? As they burst out laughing, Stan frowned. He was right! That Shlump guy could hurt Soos' family and Stan wouldn't allow that! If he had to, he would get his brass knuckles! Though... that probably wouldn't work in this case like it used to out in space.

-.-

The result were more than depressing, stupid and unfair, but they would try to ignore it in favor of the wedding...

A week before it, Wanda and Seb were together in the hairdresser, receiving coos from the women who thought it was adorable. The couple were getting their nails done together. They also shaved, especially Seb, much to Stan's snickers. His brother was so weird~

"Did you shave your whole body?"

"Yeah. Everything from the neck down."

"Ah, I see what you're planning to do after the wedding, huh?" Stan wiggled his eyebrows and Seb shrieked. "Ugh, you only think about that don't you?!"

"And I bet Wands does too~"

"Stop!"

The twins also got a manicure under Zoe's insistence and she loved her pink nails with a white heart. Zully wanted blue nails, because daddy was painting his a darker color too.

Their parents had their clothes ready, now mommy said they gotta choose a dress or a skirt for the twins to wear because it was a 'formal' event. Zoe wanted a pretty dress with a bow (or flowers!), but Zully wasn't sure they wanted a dress or a skirt...Daddy painted his nails so they agreed, but daddy wasn't wearing a dress or a skirt. Sure, he did at home sometimes, but only at home...

"Why don't you want to wear a dress, princess? It's not itchy at all and it's really soft and cute!" Wanda tried to negotiate.

"Daddy... daddy don't wear dwesses! He make them! Only gilws weaw dwesses!" Zully complained and stomped a foot. "But you're a girl, Zully..." Wanda muttered confused.

Seb sighed. "Hey, it's alright. We can get you a cute suit huh?" He picked them up and looked at Wanda. "I'm buying them a suit, you can go shopping for a dress with Zoe. They gotta go to the wedding with something they want." He said, and Wanda sighed but agreed. Seb was right, if Zully didn't want a dress, they could wear a suit, it didn't matter. She was supposed to be teaching them, as their mom, that they could wear whatever clothes they wanted! Wanda decided she was going to blame her mom for talking all week to her about the twins wearing pretty dresses. Wanda should have known she shouldn't listen to her mother's advice.

A few hours later, Seb met back with Wanda and Zully was skipping happily next to him, carrying their bag. "I have a suit!" They squealed, pure glee in their brown eyes. "I'll look like daddy!" Zully pointed at their dad, who was actually wearing a shirt and a suit jacket. Seb ruffled Zully's hair.
"This little girl's got a fashion sense, Wands!"

Wanda couldn't help but smile. Both their kids liked the clothes they chose, that made her happy as well. Seb helped Zully change into their suit so they could show mommy. It was a white shirt, a little dark blue bow tie, a cerulean blue jacket and dark blue pants. Zoe asked Wanda to help her change as well so Daddy could see her clothes too, and the twins proudly showed off their clothes. "OOhh~ Fancy~~" Seb smiled and took a photo.

(Drawing by Miz!)

"No offense, love, but they obviously got it from me~" Seb batted his eyelashes at Wanda as he posed.

Wanda rolled her eyes. "That's fine, they get their intelligence from me." She teased back.

Seb gasped loudly. "How DARE you?!" He screamed. Wanda simply laughed hard. She couldn't wait to marry this idiot!

-.-

The day of the wedding was here. They arrived at New York yesterday and were staying at Stan's place. They had hired a nanny for their three toddlers, who would get them ready while the parents
were busy.

"Good morning~" Wanda giggled, stroking Seb's sleepy face. "Urghh!" "If we don't wake up, we won't have time for anything~ You wouldn't want to be late~"

That made him wake up. "Wedding!" He exclaimed. Seb jumped out of bed and met his brother and soon sister-in-law to have breakfast. They were going to have a photoshoot before the wedding, first separate, then together and with their kids. For that, Stan cared enough to carefully shave his face. A professional makeup artist was coming for Stan's excited bride to help Carla with styling her hair and touching up her makeup. Carla wanted to look beautiful.

Seb wanted to do Wanda's makeup but they all told him that the groom wasn't supposed to see the bride before the ceremony. Seb sadly allowed Wanda to go with Carla to get her makeup done.

He did his own make up though. Just enough to look fabulous. Base, a bit of shadow, eyeliner, curl his eyelashes, mascara. He also defined his eyebrows too, and covered the small scar he got from when Filbrick slammed him too hard against the edge of the wall. He wouldn't hire a makeup artist anyway, he didn't like strangers touching him or being too close to him.

Dillon was sitting on the bed with Diego as he watched the two brothers get ready in HIS room. Mom and Aunt Wanda were in another room with the twins. He should be getting ready soon. He texted Phillip and asked if he was ready to be in the coolest wedding on Earth. Phillip replied with a literal 'no.' Dillon laughed. Looks like his boyfriend was nervous.

"Woah!" Stan gasped mid-tie tying when his brother came out of the bathroom and posed with his suit.

"Uncle Seb~!" The teen exclaimed. "That looks SO cool!" Diego gasped too. "Why is your suit not black like daddy?"

"Because I ain't no basic bish, Diego~" Sebastian grinned smugly at Stan who couldn't help the snort that escaped his mouth.

"Are you wearing heels?!" Stan exclaimed, realizing Seb was finally his height. He was wearing black shoes with thick and long heels. They looked kinda like boots. "Of course, how ELSE am I supposed to be tall?! DUH!" He rolled his eye. "And this~ Is not even the best part! But I ain't wearing it until the photoshoot and the wedding. Made two in case it got dirty or something." He opened the case where the 'best part' was neatly folded to give the men a sneak peek.

Dillon decided he wanted something like this for his own wedding someday. Phillip would love it! The thought made him blush.

"You're insane…" Stan laughed and Seb tied his brother's tie. "Sure I am!"

-.-

So...Wanda finally saw the project her boyfriend took so long to make. He looked gorgeous and wonderful…

And she shook away the naughty thought of seeing him without it at the end of the day. Bad Wanda.

Carla was actually amazed by it and high fived Seb. "You look great!" She said. "Well, you look totally amazing too, Flower~" He held her hand and bowed. "May I say how adorable you look?"
Stan and Wanda shared a look. "Um, can you like, not flirt with my fiancée?" Stan grumbled. Seb laughed when Carla pulled him closer. His smile turned more serious when he finally saw Wanda closer. Her hair was curled and braided as a crown. He hadn't been there when she went shopping, but he was SO in love with her dress. It was so her and so pretty and her beautiful shoulders exposed and the most beautiful heart shaped cleavage and her delicate golden necklace…

"You- you look beautiful…" He whispered, speechless. Wanda smiled and looked down. "You look amazing…” then Seb paused. "Wait, didn't you guys say that I'm not supposed to see my bride until later?"

Carla giggled. "Nah, we were just fucking with you."

"I hate you SO fucking much. I'd kill you if I could." Seb deadpanned at her.

Their photoshoot went really well. There were some paparazzi trying to get close ("You get used to it," Carla whispered to Wanda when she asked how Carla could tolerate this) and they took photos with their children. The toddlers were smiling because their parents were smiling, and they were very proud of their formal clothes. Diego and Zully were both wearing suits (Diego's suit was black though) and bowties, and Zoe felt special being the ONLY one with a cute dress!

Only Dillon understood what was going on though and it was so amazing to be present at his parents' wedding, that wasn't something you got often!

He was seeing Phillip at the wedding too (Mom forced Dad to accept), and he couldn't wait! Best day ever! He held Diego and the twins when Seb and Wanda had a photo on their own. Dillon couldn't wait for everyone to see his uncle's clothes. He brought HONOR to the community!

The photos they were taking right now was on some stairs and it perfectly showed off his uncle's suit. It was a white shirt with a black tie. A dark vest with little golden buttons and a beautiful white jacket with black lapels. One surprising thing was that he was wearing a TIE! Not a bowtie! His hair had been nicely combed and Dillon could see why Seb had left it to grow, his sideburns were slightly longer and his hair looked amazing.

The prettiest stuff though, was his veil.

Yes. Sebastian freaking Pines made himself a cape veil with some weird triangular patterns. And it looked freaking amazing!

The veil fell nicely on the stairs and as Wanda held a bouquet of roses, the photo was taken.
Wanda snorted once the photo was done. "You look like a peacock." she told Seb. He preened, "Of course! But I'm way more fabulous than some bird!"

"A pretty peacock…" Wanda purred and kissed him. The photographer took that as a chance to snap another photo. Sincerely, Wanda loved Seb's suit, he was so extra and she loved it. She was glad she was enjoying herself. Carla was so sexy with her tight, hip hugging dress accentuating all her curves, but Wanda was a simple woman. She liked her dress, it was comfortable and pretty without being too over the top.

Before they realized it, it was time to go to their wedding. The place they rented was waiting for them to party! Well, first they had to sign the marriage contract and THEN party. Seb seemed pretty excited to drink and dance. It worried Wanda a little bit. She'd have to watch him, good thing they remembered to hire a nanny to watch the twins and Diego in the party.

They were in a limo now and Zoe was trying to play with the windows. They distracted the children with snacks though, because they had to eat and weren't going to be able to wait any
longer. Dillon even got a sandwich for himself! That nanny was awesome.

Meanwhile, the guests were arriving to the loud and special were security guards dutifully checking the list, making sure only guests could enter and paparazzi and unauthorized reporters stayed outside.

Mabel was buzzing with excitement, they had a table, but she couldn't remained seated! "Where ARE they?!" Waddles was hiding under the table, his leash tied up on a chair. Her immediate family (Wanda's and Carla's too) was with her, bearing her. From the Pines side, it was her mom, dad, Dipper (and Pacifica) Uncle Ford and her granny but she went to the bathroom.

"Oh, no what if something bad happened?!!" Mabel frowned worried. Shermie rubbed her shoulder, feeling weird at how Carla's parents were staring at them. "Hey, sweetheart, look! More guests, why don't you go introduce yourself?"

"You're not distracting me with-OOhh! Friends!" Mabel stood up and walked towards her best friends, Candy and Grenda, pulling Pacifica with her. "Girls! I missed you!"

"We missed you too, Mabel!" Candy hugged her. "I love your dress!" She gasped and Mabel examined her friends and gasped. "Are you kidding?! You two look SO beautiful!" She exclaimed. "Hi, Marius~~ Looking handsome!"

Marius, still rocking the long hair (he looked even more handsome now that he was a young man and not a child), held her hand and bowed politely. "Guten Tag, Mabel. Hello, Pacifica." Marius nodded politely at the blonde and repeated the gesture.

"Hi, Marius, being a long time." Paz grinned. She used to play with him as little kids.

Grenda giggled, which sounded pretty loud. "There are a LOT of paparazzi outside!" Candy nodded excitedly. "They took photos of us!"

"Yeah, well, like, 3 famous people are getting married today and Uncle Ford is like a very rare hermit crab so they must be going crazy." Mabel pointed at Marius. "And this guy is here! Now they'll try to get in even more, lol~" Mabel checked her phones for updates of the outside world. Those guys were fast! They already released the news that Marius was at the party.

"Oh, my mother almost didn't let me come, she don't-doesn't really like me coming to the Americas like a commoner and drawing attention." Marius sighed at that. "-But they know Pacifica's family-" He nodded at the Northwest girl before looking at Mabel. "And they know your family from that...weird party in the former Northwest Manor." The Baron said and turned to Grenda. "The day we met-"

"AWWW!" Grenda hugged the slim young man until his face went red.

Mabel giggled. "Well, my uncles aren't here yet!"

The place was slowly filling in with the guests. So many different groups. Family of the brides, friends of the bride (those included Alex and Johnny), family of the grooms (they shared family so that reduced it a little bit, some uncles, cousins, just from their mom's side) but their friends' were the problem. Not only because there were a LOT, but because half of those guests were famous or recognized, so the event was becoming more and more famous as celebrities showed up. The actors and actresses that Carla worked with, professional athletes from Stan's team and some of Seb's rich clients… it was a pretty amazing VIP list.

This was exactly why poor little Phillip was standing in a corner, pissing his pants. He wanted
Dillon to come already.

The entire team of the New Eagle Patriots was here and he needed an autograph.

He looked around, hoping to find somewhere to sit, but nope, everyone apparently knew each other. As he scanned the room, he spotted a man with curly brown hair, looking down at his phone. Phillip, third in his class, intelligent medical student, thought to himself. 'Dillon's dad is a triplet. That means three. Stan is not here, so that's not Stan, and the other triplet is also getting married so that goes two. There's scientist triplet...the third, because triplet means three. And this man looks a lot like Stan, same face, therefore...'

Those must be Dillon's family!

Phillip cautiously made his way over. "Um… hello?" He called out hesitantly.

Dipper (Mabel kidnapped his girlfriend and he was left alone) and the adults looked up at the red-haired teen. "Um, hi, man."

Shermie looked up with a smile and Ford looked confused. "Well, and who might you be~"

"Are-Are you...Mr.-Mr. Pines' brother?" Phillip asked shyly, his entire face going red. Shermie and Stanford shared a look. "Yeah."

"Um...I-My name is Phillip, I'm Dillon's-Dillon's..." Phillip wasn't sure if Dillon was out to his family yet and didn't want to out Dillon before he was ready.

"Boyfriend!" A high pitched scream was heard and Phillip squeaked when a girl hugged him. "You're Phillip! I'd TOTALLY recognize that red hair anywhere! Oh my god, you're even handsomer in person!"

"Um, whos that?" Paz asked as she sat back with Dipper. "Girls, family, say hi to our new family member, Phillip! Dillon's new boyfriend!"

"Oh..." Shermie nodded slowly. "Greetings." Ford said before looking down at his phone. Kari came back from the bathroom and Phillip felt a sudden rush of relief. Finally! Someone he knew!

"Hello, Phillip." She nodded at him politely and Phillip, trapped in Mabel's hug, said. "Good evening, Mrs. Pines." Phillip was released from the hug and looked down at the excited girl. "And~ I don't know you..."

"I'm Mabel, your future maid of honor." She shrugged easily. Phillip blushed.

"The couples are coming!" Someone shouted and Mabel gasped loudly. "OH MY GOD!" She pushed Phillip aside with surprising strength, and screamed. "THEY'RE HERE!" Phillip rubbed his arm. Looks like Dillon's extended family were quite… excited?

The limo parked just outside the place. There was a red carpet leading to the entrance. There were huge security guards standing all along the carpet to keep the photographers and paparazzi out. Not even the rope barriers were keeping them behind. There was a lot of chatting as the paparazzi tried to get an interview. "Stanley Pines! Look this way!" "HI! Can I get your statement about why you chose a double wedding?!" "Your suit looks amazing! Did you make it yourself? Is it available in your store?!"

Stan got Diego out of the car and picked him up as he waved at the cameras. Dillon blushed and tried to hide his face. This was embarrassing. The driver got out to help the two brides get out. Seb
held onto the twins as they winced at the flashes of the camera.

"Stan! Stan! How're ya feeling!?!" Someone asked from the crowd and Stan smiled. "So freaking happy!"

"What are you wearing?!" "I'm wearing a suit!"

"Carla! Carla! Can you give us a few words?! "I'm so glad I'm finally here, marrying my long time partner along with two of my best friends!" Carla replied easily.

Seb smiled smugly as a group of photographers snapped photos of his cape veil. Wanda seemed a little overwhelmed by this. She had been in front of the cameras a few times, when Seb had a few fashion shows or interviews, but she wasn't used to this.

"Sebastian, did you make that?" "Wanda, what are you wearing?!" "ASK ME ABOUT MY CLOTHES!" Seb told the paparazzi. "I made my own suit! And yes, this is my new design!"

After a few photos, the couples finally entered the place with their children, where the person who was marrying them was already waiting. The soft music playing inside was changed to a more 'wedding appropriate one and everyone lowered their voices and stood up to receive the couples. The actual hired photographers followed them inside, recording and taking photos of them, the guests, the decorations, everything. Butlers, chefs and barmen started rushing because they knew that after the formal event, dinner followed. And after dinner, the party, and party meant drinks and alcohol.

There was a nice canopy and the legal documents they had to sign where there as well. Seb sent the kids off to the table with Shermie and the rest of their immediate family was. The nanny followed as well. "Hang out with everyone for now, mommy and daddy need to go up to get the boring stuff over with first." Seb winked at the twins. They didn't really get it (especially because dad had one eye and they didnt know when he was blinking or winking), but their cousins were here so they ran over to hug Mabel (who was the bestest cousin because she always had candy somewhere on her).

Diego had to be careful with his chubby cheeks though, Mabel liked to squeeze him and hug him a lot!

Stan and Seb had decided to buck most of tradition and instead of having the procession with the groomsmen and bridesmaids or a rabbi, they just wanted to get the formal affair over with so they could PARTY. So they offered their arms to Carla and Wanda with charming bows. The women, with silly, excited smiles, shared a look and accepted the offered hands. The soft wedding music started playing as the couples slowly walked over to the judge. Seb's train was longer than either of the brides, the light material fluttering through the air behind him like a majestic tail.

They stood in front of the heavily decorated table with the floral arch, a chuppah, above them (Seb liked this part of the jewish tradition, because it looked cool), and the music stopped. "Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. Today we happily stand in front of two couples who have decided to spend their lives together. Stanley Pines and Carla McCorckle and Sebastian Pines and Wanda Friedmann." The civil servant they hired smiled at them all.

"Mommy and daddy!" Zoe shouted from her seat and a few guests chuckled. The speech went on, it wasn't long and drawn out though, no one wanted to hear that guy, everyone wanted to get to the good part, the part where the couples got to make their speeches.

Stan proceeded to give a short speech about the day he and Carla met, how he'd bravely saved her from a purse snatcher. Carla giggled and responded with her joy that this day was finally here, and
how she'd waited over ten years for him after he was kidnapped, and how she'd always believed he would return. "I never thought I'd be here, marrying this girl I met so long ago...but I'm so damn happy that we're together and...and that you never gave up on my dumb ass." The audience 'awww'ed at that when the two hugged.

Seb launched into an extremely sappy and long soliloquy about how Wanda was 'the shining light within the darkness of my depression and loneliness' that made Wanda flush and whine 'It wasn't that dramatic!' While Wanda talked about how Seb had opened her eyes to her abusive boyfriend who had only been using her, and how she'd never been so happy, or dated any man who was as sweet and attentive as Seb was. "I'm going to cry...my makeup is going to get ruined..." Seb covered his mouth. Wanda held his hand and gently kissed it, and the audience 'awww'ed' again, louder this time. (Mom)Linda, watching with tears streaming down her face as she hugged Elijah's arm, was sobbing about her baby Seb. (Therapist)Linda had come too and was so incredibly proud.

"Well, we've heard very touching speeches, from two couples who have been together, loving each other since they were very young, but it would be nice to hear what their children, product of that love, have to say."

Mabel snickered at that. Hah.

The nanny handed Dillon Diego and the twins as the front tables of the immediate family walked to the front. Everyone melted at how adorable the toddlers looked with their suits and dress. "Zoe, Zully, what do you think about mommy and daddy getting married?" Seb asked them and crouched next to them to hold the microphone to them. Zully shrugged "I dunno." they said before closing their eyes and sticking a thumb in their mouth to bite. It made people coo and laugh, and Zoe hummed. "It's nice. You look pwetty and happy, and that make me vewy happy too." She said and the crowd was shedding tears of adorableness. "And what about you, Diego? About your mommy and daddy getting married?" Diego looked up at his Uncle Seb before looking at his mom and dad, who were grinning tense and hoping he didn't say something inappropriate or embarrassing. This was going to be recorded.

"Um...I'm happy too, like Zoe...but I want dinneh." Diego admitted, with the sincerity only a toddler had. The place erupted with laughter and applause for the brave babies. Stan was given the microphone and then he puffed his cheeks at Dillon. "And you, baby? What do you think about mommy and daddy getting married?"

More laughter. People were having too much fun with this. Even the civil servant snorted softly as he tried to keep his composure. Dillon rolled his eyes but grabbed the microphone. He wasn't a guy who liked to be under the reflector, it made him really nervous to be stared at, that's why he didn't like acting, but this was something very important. "Well...Um, I...I think it's...pretty amazing that...you're here...first of all...I-I was starting to think I'd never see you and-and now I'm not-not only being here with you and mom, but seeing you get married after-after you were gone for so long, it's-it's actually very-very...nice and special for me and I'm very glad you didn't marry before because now I get to see it..."The teen was shaking a little, and his voice dropped with emotion. Carla stared at her baby with tears in her eyes and even Stanley seemed touched.

"Also, I love the fact that you're getting married along with my uncle because I really love him and-and he was always there for me and-he holds a very special place in my heart...It makes me very happy to see him so happy..." Dillon smiled tearfully and laughed shakily. "I love you, guys."

The place erupted with touched applause and Stan pulled his son closer for a hug and some comforting pats on the back. Seb carefully rubbed his eye. "Oh circles, can we finish this? I'm seriously getting too emotional right now and it disgusts me." Wanda giggled at him and sniffled.
This was very emotional indeed. She hugged his arm as the ordainer continued his speech.

Finally, their rings were handed to them. They had been waiting in a red velvet pillow next to the civil servant. Stan grabbed his ring with one hand and Carla with the other. He gently put the ring on her delicate finger. Carla repeated the gesture with her own. Then, Seb imitated his older brother.

The papers were presented to them and they signed with their full names and shaky hands.

"I invite the witnesses over." The civil servant announced. A friend of Carla walked to the front and hugged Carla with a squee. Wanda's brother rubbed his partner's hand (another woman, seriously Junior?!) And walked over to hug his little step sister. He knew they weren't as close as Sebastian and his brothers, Wanda also knew it, but they loved each other despite not being related by blood, and he was very honoured to be her witness. Then, the triplets shared a look when their stupid witness was nowhere to be seen.

Mabel flicked Stanford's nose. "Uncle Ford!" she practically growled, nearly out for blood if this idiot ruined the best day ever. "Ow! Shit! Sorry." Ford scrambled to his feet and rushed off to the front, to the laughter of the assembled audience.

"We regret choosing you as a witness." Seb hissed as Ford smiled sheepishly and had the decency to apologize and congratulate his brothers with a hug. "I'm happy for you two." Seb hugged him back with a sniff. "Sign, you dumb owl."

Ford signed both papers with his neat handwriting and Carla's friend hummed in appreciation at the oldest triplet. Nice~ Maybe she could manage to talk and dance with him later.

Seb noticed how the woman smiled at Ford and shook his head in pity. Oh dear. That poor woman. Ford is not a normal human, you'll only scare him.

As the civil servant finished signing the papers himself, Wanda also looked at Ford and, unable to hold tears anymore she hugged him, her head reaching his neck instead of his chest like it normally did as she hung off him. Ford almost jumped out of his skin with that hug. His relation with the blonde woman had remained distantly formal all this time ever since...the incident. "Oh, you stupid man...I don't know if it's the emotions talking, but I actually feel like I don't hate you anymore..." She whispered. She also didn't want to start her married life feeling upset towards her husband's identical triplet brother. With how close Seb was towards his brothers, it would be like hating a part of him (the fact that they had the exact same face was also a factor).

"But if you hurt my babies again or even try to, I'm cutting your dick off and slapping you with it." Wanda threatened in a very quiet voice. Ford felt a shiver run down his spine, scared and knowing why Sebastian loved her. "Oh. Ok...I'm very glad you don't hate me anymore, though." He hugged her back. Wanda grinned. "Now and in the future, if you do anything to my children, I reserve the right to skin you alive, kay~?" Ford sweated and resolved to be on his best behavior around the kids. And begin researching a way to regrow skin quickly in case such a thing did happen.

Wanda was very scary.

The civil servant coughed to draw people's attention and everyone stood up straight. The witnesses stepped back and stood close to the couples. The twins and Diego were standing close too, but next to their nanny, and Dillon next to them, but wishing he could be getting a hug from his boyfriend. "Alright. Now by the power that the State has given me, I declare you, husband and wife. And husband and wife, to you as well." He smiled. This was a funny wedding.
A butler approached the couples with two glasses wrapped up in a napkin and placed it on the floor. Stan and Seb, grinning maniacally, both brought their right feet down at the same time to stomp over it. "MWAHAHAHA!" Seb just wanted to DESTROY! The glass crunched wonderfully under his high heeled shoes.

Stanley then pulled Carla in for a kiss and Wanda rolled her eyes before pulling Seb (who was busy destroying) down by his tie to kiss him. The place erupted in cheers and applauses. "Mazel Tov!" The guests shouted. Some people were crying. The little twins and Diego started clapping and cheering when everyone else started doing so and ran towards their parents to get kisses too. Laughing and with excited happy tears in his eye, Seb picked up his kids and hugged his three most important girls as Diego pulled at Carla's dress because both his parents were ignoring him in favor of kissing and he wanted to be picked up as well. A lot of photos were snapped of the happy couples.

Mabel wiped some tears away and turned to look at Dipper and Pacifica, who were clapping for the just married couples. "Please guys! Promise me we'll get married together as well! PLEASEEEEE!" She hugged her twin. Dipper turned bright red while Pacifica rolled her eyes. "Well, I get to decide the decorations." the blonde scoffed.

The two couples smiled at their guests and finally walked over to them to say hi and thank them for coming. Soos, who was sobbing on Melody's shoulder, finally managed to reach his friend and trapped him in a bear hug. "OH DUDE, I'M SO HAPPY!" "S-Soos! Can't BREAthe!" Seb hit his arm to be released.

"Dude, you have-you have inspired me to do something...Can-Can I do it?" Soos fidgeted nervously. Seb raised an eyebrow, curious. "Yes? Why do you ask?"

Soos took a deep breath before, to everyone's surprise, especially Abuelita who was calmly sitting on her table, he kneeled in front of Melody and pulling out a ring from his pocket. "MELODY I WANNA MARRY YOU TOO!" He all but screamed.

Melody gasped, shocked, and replied with a loud "YES!" Two collective high pitched screams sounded around the ballroom, Mabel's and Seb's.

"OH MY AX!" Seb screamed as Mabel threw herself over Soos to hug his huggable self. "FINALLY! DIBS ON MAID OF HONOR!" The teenager shrieked.

"DIBS ON BEST MAN!" Seb screamed with excitement. He took off his cape (he had gotten enough photos with it and people were starting to step on it) and wrapped it around Soos' shoulder. "I pass you the torch, Question Mark." Soos seemed very touched by the gesture. The people from town around them and even some strangers cheered.

The music became much more animated after that. The nanny took the little twins and Diego with her to finally get the food they wanted and the couples were congratulated by their happy parents before going around saying hi to their guests and taking photos with them.

Stan watched as Seb excitedly hugged a white haired man, who seemed just as excited, and smiled warmly. He really hoped his father was seeing this (since the wedding was being broadcasted on a few channels, as far as Stan knew). He hoped their dad could see how happy Seb was, how the pain he put him through hadn't stopped him from finding happiness with the woman he loved. How it hadn't stopped him from being with his real family...

(Yeah, part of Stan was a little vindictive, wanting Filbrick to see how happy they all were without him in their lives.)
Phillip hugged his boyfriend tightly when he finally spotted him. "Baby!" He cried in utter relief. Dillon rushed towards him and clung to his neck with a smile before pecking each other's lips. They didn't care that people were watching. "My parents are married now. I'm so happy." Dillon said, sounding like an excited little kid.

"Yes, and they look thrilled too." Phillip kissed Dillon's forehead. "I'm glad you're happy though." Dillon pulled back and examined him. Phillip was wearing a black suit and a purple tie. "Ooh~ Nice~ So elegant~" The freckled teen purred, which made the red head blush a little. "Thanks...My mom freaked out when I told her I was invited to some celebrities' wedding so she said I had to go with a good suit." Phillip explained sheepishly. This suit was kinda expensive, but now he had a good suit that would last him for quite some time.

"You could've come in jeans and you'd still look nice." Dillon nuzzled into the taller boy's arm. "And have all these cameras record me and then being nationally humiliated when this appears in those rich people magazines?! No thank you." Phillip moaned dramatically. Dillon snorted. How dramatic. "Come, I'll present you to my fam." Phillip allowed Dillon to pull him but he shrugged. "I arrived before you did, I already kinda met them...Mabel wants to be our maid of honor."

"O-oh." That was embarrassing. Thanks, Mabel!

The 2 pairs of couples finally, after what seemed like hours of chatting and photos, reached their own family. After a photo with them (toddlers included), Seb, Wanda, Stan and Carla could finally sat down to eat SOMETHING.

Carla's and Wanda's parents very casually migrated to other tables and sat down with their family. It wasn't like they didn't want to be with their daughters, but... only those two could handle some much Pineness together. They loved Seb and Stan... separately. Having all the Pines together was...well...

They were too weak to handle them all.

Zoe, Zully and Diego were sitting on the table, wearing bibs so they didn't get dirty as they happily slurped their pasta. "Twy!" They went to grab some food from the buffet and Seb put on a bib as well; he didn't trust himself to not ruin his suit with food. Carla and Abi rolled their eyes but Wanda giggled in amusement.

The teens decided they didn't want to be at the boring adult table (or be with the toddlers) so they went to another one just for them. Dipper, Mabel, Pacifica, Dillon, Phillip, Candy, Grenda And Marius. "The coolest table." Mabel called it.

Seb didn't care, in fact, he said "Leave! We don't need you! We have the babies!" he held up Zully, making the toddler squeal, as emphasis. They started chatting and catching up, talking about funny things from work or their kids. At some point, it was Ford's turn. "So, how's the science Mystery Shack doing?" Seb gave Ford a shit eating grin and Ford gasped. "You! It's your fault everyone calls it that! You've been telling everyone to call the research center that name, haven't you-you demon?!"

"What can I say, brainiac? I love pestering you! Your suffering is hilarious~" Seb leaned closer and with the same grin growing, slowly licked his brother's cheek.

"AARGH! Why you-" Ford looked at Wanda who was smiling and he took a deep breath. "I wont do anything, because your wife scares me." He angrily wiped his cheek as the family wheezed with
"Oh~ I like the sound of that~ wife~" Seb snuggled closer to Wanda and Ford, along with everyone not just married, rolled their eyes.

"But seriously, nothing interesting happened in that nerd center?" Stan asked, resting his cheek on his fist. Ford shrugged. "Well, I fired one of my interns. And..." Ford rubbed his hands together and seemed a little nervous. "...he went missing for a month."

""WHAT?!"" Everyone around the table screamed. Ford groaned. "Okay, so... from what I managed to piece together, Mr. Lodge stormed off into the woods after he was thrown out of the Center. And... he proceeded to get lost." Ford got a headache just thinking about it. Mainly because part of him felt a little bad for it. He didn't even realize Tyler was missing until the summer ended and Tyler's parents called the Center to ask about why their son hadn't contacted them in a while.

"What an idiot hahaha~" Seb laughed mockingly. Shermie, being the good younger brother, agreed with him. "Yeah! That's just dumb."

Stan rolled his eyes. "So? How did you find him?" He stopped. "You...found him, right?"

"Was he eaten by the gnomes~?" Seb had gotten hold of a few martinis from the bar, so he was tipsy already. "Did you find his BONES?!" Fire flickered in his hands and Wanda rubbed his back. "It's ok, take it easy." She told her husband.

Ford quickly assured them, "We found him! Fiddleford and I searched the forest, and Fiddleford told me that we should work on tracking equipment, possibly making some sort of directional device that would actually work in Gravity Falls, seeing as all compasses stop working properly in that valley." Ford nodded to himself.

"Not fun." Seb laughed. "So he wasn't eaten by gnomes! So he ATE gnomes! He was in the forest for a month, no?" He growled and gulped down his drink before Wanda could stop him. Let him DRINK! He'd gone TOO LONG without one!

Ford glanced down at his unfinished plate of food. "Eh..." He wasn't sure how to really explain what had happened...

"Well, it was Miss Se, the other intern, who found him." Ford admitted. "When she heard that he was missing, she offered to join the search. And she had a communication device, a more advanced walkie talkie that Fiddleford built, to relay where she was or-"

"So she had a phone?" Stan asked, raising an eyebrow.

"No, it's not- augh..." Ford buried his face in his hands. "Cell service in Gravity Falls doesn't work very well. The signal cuts in and out all the time. Especially once you're in the woods! Fiddleford and I built a device that would be guaranteed to actually work no matter where you were." Ford explained.

Shermie groaned. "Ok and then? Where was this kid?"

"Right. So Miss Se found him. Apparently Mr. Lodge was found by this...um, primitive tribal group of blond haired men who helped him survive all this time?" He said. "We found him living with them, singing in harmony and eating berries or whatever forest animal they managed to take down."
Shermie was so confused. Kari was confused. The other women were confused. Seb burst out laughing. "Severul Timezzz!" He turned around to look at the teens. "Hey Mabel! Remember when you and your friends kidnapped a boy band and tried hiding it from meeeh?" They couldn't. He was amazing and All POWERful!

"THEY'RE LIVING GREAT IN THE FOREST NOW! TOTALLY INTEGRATED BACK INTO THE WILD!" Grenda called. "Yeah, but sometimes they still steal trash!" Candy added. "We believe they want the thrill of escaping capture." Paz nodded. "It's nice hearing them sing in the morning. Better than those roosters at the farms."

"That's the only interesting thing that happened in the Mystery Sha-DAMMIT!" Ford exclaimed angrily. Now HE was calling it that! "Well we found Mr. Lodge and got him back to society. I do believe he is in therapy now." And Viola hadn't been sure if she should be sympathetic or amused as shit about it, which she confessed to Ford about before she left to return home. Tyler, with his almost blonde hair, was taken in by the former boy band as they thought he was one of them. Well, at least they did teach Tyler how to sing in harmony? So… that was something?

He should study them more. Their adaptation to living in the wild and behavioral evolution (devolution?) was intriguing.

Glasses of wine were now being passed around. Mabel tried to get some but the waiter offered her a glass of soda instead. "I have strict orders from Mr. Pines that no minor consume alcohol, I'm sorry." The rest of the teens snickered.

Ford grabbed one just to be polite and took a sip. Then he frowned a bit when he noticed something was inside, a little pointy glass thing was poking out of the wine. Out of curiosity, and for science, he gulped down the wine. He saw the pointy thing was a fin. There was a glass shark 'swimming' in the glass.

(It looks like this! xD)

"What?" Ford frowned. Did he drink the entire wine for this?! Dammit!

"AREN'T THEY GREAT!?!" Seb squealed. "THOSE WERE MY IDEA! He exclaimed before he gulped down his own glass. Wanda grabbed a napkin and gently wiped his mouth.

"Ok! Enough of this formal crap!" Seb snatched another drink from a tray. "I want to party! I was UNFAIRLY deNIED a mega ultra parteh as a demon!" He shouted, already tipsy. Stan snorted. Seb definitely was drunk by now. What a lighthead.

"Well 'unfairly' is a bit-" Ford started but Seb continued. "And this gotta be the SECOND BEST~" He stood up, pulled Wanda up and grinned. "Let's go, dance! You can't complain about your shoes becuze my heels ARE HIGHER and you're wearing ankle boots!" He giggled and pulled her to the dance floor.
Mabel, who had taken a poor photographer prisoner and forced him to take photos of her, her friends and Waddles in his suit, gasped. "OH MY GOSH THEY'RE DANCING!" She poked the man in the chest. "What are you doing here?! Are you waiting for an invitation, lazy ass?! Go do your job!" She pushed him away. The poor photographer was muttering to himself, "I'm getting paid a lot for this, I'm getting paid a lot for this…"

The dance floor was quickly filled up. At first, the twins danced with their parents. Zoe was jumping around at first, dancing and singing, and people recorded her because she was adorable. Zully was more sheepish, but with mommy showing them how to do the steps, it was easier. They danced very well, but they weren't following the music very well though.

The twins got bored eventually, and went to play somewhere else with their nanny. Now the adults could have real fun. The lights were dimmed a little, with the remaining lights being colorful and flashing like a dance club. The music was as loud as one. Seb lived to visit the bar and getting drink after drink. He really missed this!

It wasn't long until he was very drunk and was screaming as he danced around. Wanda was worried at first, but realized she should just enjoy this after realizing Seb was dancing in a very suggestive way, grinding and rubbing close to her.

Drunk Seb was amazing.

There was a small break where Carla and Wanda threw their bouquets to the single women. Mabel fought other ladies for one and lifted Waddles in the air to catch it. (She felt so proud of her little pig~) then the party continued. Then Mabel had to argue with the other women about the legitimacy of Waddles getting the bouquet. Since he was the one who caught it and not Mabel, it meant Mabel didn't get the bouquet, and also, Waddles was already married and therefore couldn't get the bouquet anyway.

Mabel felt the enthusiasm of her achievement die down as the party progressed and her group started dissolving. Dillon and Phillip were somewhere making out, her twin and Paz left to talk in a quieter place (or maybe make out too) and Grenda was laughing and dancing with Marius. She was left with Candy, who was playing on her phone.

"Hey, Can-Can~ how about we go find some boys we can dance with?" Mabel suggested with a smile. The two teenagers went off to search but it turned out there weren't many boys, and if there were, they were accompanied by a girl. Mabel groaned as she sat down and wiped another plate of food. "This sucks. What'll it take to find a nice single boy to dance with?" she complained.

"Um… I could dance?" a little voice spoke up and Mabel turned to see Zully blinking up at her. Mabel giggled. "I was looking for boys, but if you want to dance with me, we can do that too, a girls' dance, yes!" Mabel ruffled Zully's hair before taking their hand and having a good old time with her cousin. Mabel also stuffed her face with french fries, challenging the younger twins to an eating contest until they all passed out in the toddler room, cuddled together as they took a nap.

Candy had passed out as well from all the partying and Mabel sighed before snuggling closer to her friend. This wasn't as fun as she thought this would be. At least her family was having fun. Uncle Seb was a little demon in the dancefloor and-oohhhh~~ Uncle Ford~~

Susan, taking advantage of the six-fingered man drunk state (Seb dared him to do shots and Ford was competitive) had pulled him aside to dance with him. "Heeyy~ She grinned up at the confused man. "How're you? You don't visit the diner anymore!"

"...Who're yu?" Ford slurried, blinking at the blurry woman in front of him. He checked his glasses.
Nope! Still there! The world was just getting blurrier.

"I'm Susan! We know each other!" Susan didn't let this bother her, the man was clearly having trouble seeing straight.

"We do?" Ford giggled. "Then hii~" He waved and looked at his hand. "Wooaahh! I have seven fingers nooww!"

Drunk Ford was less self conscious. He was dancing with Susan, as she squealed at the attention. At some point, the two leaned closer, and Susan saw her victory secured when her lips brushed his, but her dance partner was abruptly pulled away from her. No!

"Woahh! Easy cowboy!" Stan laughed as Ford giggled and leaned against him. "I was dAncing!"

"Yeah, I can see that, but stay close huh?! I know you wanna get laid! But at least be conscious when that happens, am I right?! Stan barked with laughter. It took him, and Shermie surprisingly, a lot to get drunk, so they promised to watch their brothers in case they did something stupid that they'd regret later.

Ford blinked, a bit of sanity coming through. "Laid..." he shook his head. "No... that... what?"

Ford wasn't quite sure what was going on anymore. The room was spinning, the lights were flashing and the pounding music made it hard to focus. Stan rolled his eyes. "Look. There are women there. Women who just wanna dance, probably, and don't have a fixation on you. So go there and be a good boy."

"Don' wanna!" Ford whined. Stan held him by the arm, cursing Seb for daring this poor soul to do shots (though it was pretty amusing to watch him like this) and slowly took him to a table. "Ok, stay there and don't move until...you feel better." He told Ford gently. "OK~" Ford hummed as he slumped over onto the table, head in his arms. (Susan cursed her luck in the background.)

Before everyone noticed, it was morning already. Many people have left in the middle of the night, but the closer family and closest friends decided to stay. The teens, who had no option but to stay as their parents were here, all crashed in the twins and Diego's room, either on the floor or a couch. It was Mabel and Candy's idea. Phillip even stayed because his parents said there was no way they were getting close to that wedding, too embarrassed for it. They all settled in to sleep the night away.

Seb opened his eye the next morning and whimpered. "AAhhhhhhhh!"

Last night was CHAOTIC...He loved every second of it...

His head pounded and he whimpered again but the sweet groans of everyone else coming back to life comforted him in his pain. Wanda was groaning on his chest, the two sleeping on a couch. Seb rubbed his eye. He sniffed the air. Oh right~ Breakfast was going to be served. His head pounded again. Where were his kids? He totally ditched them yesterday. Seb snuggled back. No. He was tired. And cold. Wanda was wearing his jacket.

And Seb got the feeling he was forgetting something important, he couldn't think of it right now though, between his pounding headache and half asleep state...

Wanda groaned as she woke up. "Uugh..." She was a little annoyed. She just got married last night and then her husband passed out from drinking and she didn't get to have her wonderful wedding night like she'd been looking forward to. Well, it was fine. They could just have their wedding night fun in the morning instead... She could feel Seb stirring and leaned up to kiss his chin.
"Morning light weight~" She teased. Seb groaned. "Too loud…"

"Aww~ is my widdle Sebby hurting from a hangover~?" Wanda giggled as she got up, groaning at her back, sleeping on this couch was a bad idea. What had she been thinking? They had a perfectly good bed several rooms over! Seb whimpered. He forgot the other reason why he didn't drink much. Owie...

"You're too loud…” He groaned.

"DAAAADDYY! MOMMY! YOU SLEPT WITH YOUR CLOTHES ON!" The twins, whose nanny dressed them in Pjs last night, ran towards them screaming. "AAAAAHH!" Seb whined and held his head. Too loud! Brats were too loud!

"We're hungry." Zully yawned. Wanda, who was in a better state than Seb, took them to get food from the buffet. Seb looked up and rolled off the couch before he crawled over to Ford, who was still sleeping on the table. When he was closer though, he heard him whimpering.

Nice. Suffer with me, brother!

"I hate you…” Ford rubbed his head and Seb massaged his temples. "Don't worry, I'm hating myself too right now."

The people who stayed the night flooded back to get food. The teens looked tired as fuck, disheveled and the girls were barefeet. Stan met with his brothers and grinned at them, looking much better than them. "Hello~" Stan said cheerfully.

"Why aren't you looking like shit?" Seb complained.

"Because I wasn't a drunk ass last night and didn't decide to fall asleep on a couch or the table like an idiot...Would have woken you up but~ you looked soo comfortable there~" Stan, like a dick, grinned.

Seb and Ford flipped him off with double fingers.

Stan chuckled and patted Seb's back before whispering. "I'm sorry you missed your wedding night, pal. Wanda must not be very happy about it."

Seb gasped horrified, eye widening. OH. NO. Wanda wasn't going to have pity on him for this...

Chapter End Notes

>:) Seb has a rogue future ahead~
Please comment! We love hearing what you think!

(Edit)
Mizuuma: Hey there~ if anyone is over 18 and curious about Seb and Wanda's wedding night/morning activities.... well, you're gonna have to solve a code for it first!
It's a ridiculously easy code so.... >.>
Chapter 15: Life and love progress ever onward

Chapter by bluefrosty27

Chapter Notes

Hello people, hope you enjoy this beautiful chapter we did for you

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Soos' wedding was something much smaller and less of a spectacle, held in Gravity Falls. Still, it was an absolutely delightful event because he spent it with his family and friends. Seb had made his friend's suit as a present ("The best one you'll have, kid!") and when he spoke to Soos and Melody's family (much to Wanda's embarrassed amusement) he introduced himself as "Soos' best friend in the entire world, you can say I adopted him spiritually and taught him everything he knows. He's basically my brother, you know? I raised him!"

Soos didn't mind, in fact he felt so loved and appreciated with Seb's kind words, even if he knew he was trying to draw attention to himself, he was very dramatic, he needed attention to survive.

The ceremony was held in the open air, because the weather was much nicer, and it went amazing! Melody looked pretty in her dress and Soos looked very well dressed and handsome...After Seb groomed him, combed his wild hair and for the love of Ax, forced him to properly shave those scant few hairs on his chin.

Seb shed a tear as Mabel and Dipper cheered happily for their old friend. They were so proud of him. "Oh, I think it was just yesterday when they had a date fighting animatronics and a murderous video game girl~" Mabel sniffled.

Seb cried a little and noticed his triplets were very happy as well. Stan and Soos clicked incredibly well after returning from the portal and stayed in contact (there were things Seb guessed just didn't change, he caught Stan mentoring Soos at times, unconsciously acting almost like a parental figure for Question Mark) and he was holding back unmanly tears and claiming he was getting an allergy.

Meanwhile, as surprisingly as it sounded, Ford was smiling at his friends. That's what Seb called progress! First Ford thought Soos was a gopher, then Soos became an unwanted housemate and babysitter to make sure he was satisfying basic human needs, like food or sleep, along with Melody who visited regularly, and now the three were friends!

Seb wouldn't say he wasn't a little jealous, because he was, Soos had been his friend before, but he was happy his big bro had people he could rely on too. They cared even more about Ford's health and wellbeing now, they watched his mess of a brother while Seb and Stan couldn't, and because they were closer and there was more trust, Melody could snap at him or scold him!

"Now, I pronounce you, husband and wife~ You may kiss the bride~"

"Soos! Soos! Soos!" Seb and his twin niblings started cheering before Stan and Ford joined as well. Wanda and the twins clinging to her, rolled their eyes.
Wendy, unfortunately, couldn't make it to Seb's wedding, but they saw each other in Gravity Falls.
for Soos's wedding and she gave Sebastian the tightest hug she could give her former boss. "I'm sorry for not being there, man!" The young red-haired woman apologized profusely but Seb waved it off. "It's ok, Red, I'm not angry. What've you been doing?"

"I had an important exam." Wendy shrugged.

"You're studying?!" Seb gasped. "Yup! Cool, ain't it?" She didn't elaborate and Seb didn't plan to intrude and ask her about it unless she wanted to share. The two talked a bit, Wendy cooed at the blonde twins, talked with them and after Zoe asked, she offered to teach her how to use an ax, but only when she was older. Wanda didn't think she liked the idea of her already hyperactive daughter being able to use an ax...

Aside from that, and Waddles trying to eat the wedding cake, the wedding went perfectly.

-.-

The days kept progressing. The country was passing through some protests and movements against the...questionable person running the country... (Shermie was horrified to learn that Shlump won.)

But Zoe and Zoe didn't know about that. They were almost four, they had other things to worry about.

Like preparing their dolls for a very busy work day!

Because mommy was mean and didn't want to buy them cool doll sets because they had to "use their imagination" or something just as silly, the little twins had to create their own stuff. They used cardboards and papers and boxes and many recycled materials to build their stuff like little chairs and tables and food for their dolls.

Seb helped them a lot, but in their minds, they did it themselves!

Their dolls, a boy and a girl, were going to work as doctors, but first both needed to get their hair done at the hairdresser. They sat them in their chairs and leaned their heads on a cut bottle of water, working as a lavatory, so an imaginary worker washed both their heads. They had their mom and dad as reference, so both their dolls got pretty together with no problem.

Zoe grabbed a car toy they had as Zully finished dressing the dolls. "Can they get run over now?!" She asked her twin.

"NO!" Zully whined loudly and hugged the dolls to their chest. "YES!" "NOOOO!" The child shrieked loudly.

"Hey, keep it quiet or I'm putting you in a closet!" Seb empty threatened from his work room.

They made an agreement. After the dolls work saving many people, one of them would have an accident and lose an arm (Zoe was so excited to rip an arm off her doll) but then with cool technology like their Uncle Sixer have, she got a new metallic arm (Zully wrapped the pulled arm in tinfoil before they taped it back on.)

They were being very loud in their game and knew they were louder than allowed because dad came out of his work room to scold them. "Seriously! I'm working!" Dumb adorable brats.

"But we're pwaying." Zully explained as Seb grinned. "Welp, not anymore." He levitated them and sat them on the couch to watch a movie. After seeing the destroyed barbie, Seb put on A Toy's Life. "So you learn to take care of your shite." He told them seriously. These brats! He bought
them toys and they didn't appreciate it! They didn't know what was like to have nothing at all...

The twins quietly watched the movie until before the main characters were taken to the villain's house. Because at that point they got hungry. They called daddy, but he was working and really had to finish the suit (because a very important and handsome man paid him for it). So the twins decided to get food themselves.

There were fruits in perfectly reachable distance, but they didn't want that, they wanted real snacks. The best thing they found was cereal, but they couldn't reach it. Zoe puffed out her cheeks and raised a hand to wave at the cereal and candy bars she could see peeking out from the top shelf. How did daddy make that work? The floaty thing? Zoe knew she and Zully could do it too! She'd seen it! She'd done it before! Zoe waved her hand and hissed, squinting at the candy as she tried to make the floaty thing happen. But she couldn't get it. Zully glanced over at their twin's face. "You look like you need to poop," was Zully's only comment. Zoe made a frustrated sound. "Mm not pooping!" She shoved Zully a little, impatient at her own lack of progress. "I wanna floaty thing the candy!" She pointed up.

Zully tilted their head at the food. "But… how?"

"I don't know!" Zoe stomped her little foot. Daddy made it look so easy!

Zully held their own hand up and tried. There was some feeling there. A strange warm feeling. But instead of making the candy float, their hand caught on fire. Zully groaned and shook their hand. The blue fire wouldn't go out. Zully wasn't scared or anything, it didn't hurt at all. Zoe stared at her twin's hand. "You on fire." Zoe pointed out. Zully groaned. "I knooooow."

Zoe grinned. "Burn something." her eyes glinted with mischief.

Zully rolled their eyes, much like their mom did whenever daddy said something silly, and they climbed to the sink to put their hand under the water. They didn't want to burn anything after all. When their hand was back to normal, the child turned off the water and climbed down the stool with a hum. "We can use the stool to get candy!" They said, rather reasonably. Because basic logic!

Zoe gasped. "Yeah! And I carry you!" That made Zully change their mind. Nope. There was no way the two were climbing the stool at the same time with no support. THAT scared them. "I…" Zully gripped onto their shirt and wiggled. "I don't wanna fall."

That made Zoe pause. She didn't want Zully to fall either. "Ok, no carry. But… climb?" She didn't think they'd be able to reach, even with the stool. Zully frowned in thought and then looked around. Wait. "Stick!" Zully said with a grin. Zoe seemed confused. "Stick?"

And then Zully went back to their arts and crafts area to get the paper and tape. Zoe sat and watched her twin curl up the paper into a thin tube, a stick, and tape it shut. Then they made a second one, and a third, and taped them all together, making a long stick made of rolled paper. Zoe gasped. "How you know to do that?!" She shook Zully in her excitement. Zully shrugged. "I…" They frowned. They'd seen it before. Making things with paper. But… they weren't sure where. Maybe on TV. Zully looked down at the paper. They just knew that if the paper roll was smaller… if they pinched it just right… it would curl… and then…

Zully shook their head. Whatever. The candy was more important right now.

The toddlers ran back to the kitchen, the movie on the TV played on, ignored by the two of them as they focused on getting sweets. Armed with the paper pole in hand, Zully reached up with it and poked at the candy container. It was a large orange Halloween plastic pumpkin that their daddy
saved the candy in. A few candy bars were just laying around on the top shelf too, but Zully wasn't after them. Zully wanted the whole container. Because Zully knew their sister would want to get more candy after eating one bar, so they thought it would be faster to just grab the whole container.

So they jabbed at the container and it wobbled before finally falling. Zully squeaked and flinched. When they opened their eyes, not having been hit or hearing the container hit the ground, Zully saw the container glowing green and Zoe's wide grin. "I made it float!"

The older twin gasped and tentatively poked the floating pumpkin. It...it was ACTUALLY floating! Like Daddy did! Zully looked at Zoe who was wiggling with excitement, with her arms stretched. "How you doing it?!!"

"Don't know! I-I just really didn't want it to hit you…" She shrugged. Zully smiled gratefully at their twin before grabbing the container. As soon as they had it, the green glow disappeared.

Zoe actually had an idea. She tore the long stick Zully made, crumbled it and threw it at her twin. She tried to stop it before it hit Zully but it didn't work. "OW!" Zully complained and rubbed their eye.

Zoe shrugged. Welp, it didn't work. "Let's go watch the movie before dad sees!"

"Before dad sees what~?" Seb drawled, hands on his hips.

The twins screamed and Zully hid the container behind their back. Not that it helped, Seb could see it clearly. "How'd you guys get that?!" Seb gasped. That was HIS candy stash!

Zoe looked at Zully and they nodded. They knew what to say. Zully opened their mouth. "Zoe floa-" "IT JUST FELL! Because a squirrel entered and we chased it but then it escaped and made the candy fall!" Zoe said loudly.

Zully narrowed their brown eyes in confusion. Apparently they didn't think the same...

Seb rolled his eyes and took the container from them. Blood and flesh or whatever, but this was his candy! The twins pouted sad as their effort was wasted.

Zully nudged their twin and asked dad, "If we tell the twooth, can you give us candy?" Zoe pouted. But telling the truth was no fun.

"I can think about it…" Seb grinned, amused.

He wasn't giving them shit~ Mwahahaha!

"I made it float." Zoe confessed. "Like your floaty thing! But it was gween! And...it was very hard! I saved Zully. Can we get candy now?"

Seb thought about it. He wouldn't believe them if it was any other lie...But this did not sound fake, it was too specific and the twins have NEVER asked him how he made things float or if they could...It would be the last thing they would think about.

Besides, he'd already seen them manage it once. When Zoe managed to slow down Zully's fall down the stairs. So... perhaps they were finally old enough to begin learning to use their powers?

"You-You really floated it?" He examined his container and sniffed it. It did smell different from his own weird magic... Zoe's powers were green? Hm... his own powers tended towards yellow...
"Alright then. You guys are probably old enough for training now. If you're already floating stuff." Seb nodded to himself. "So how about this, if you guys can float this spoon-" Seb pulled out a few spoons from the drawer, "Then I can give you one piece of candy for each spoon you can pick up with your mind."

The twins gasped. So they just had to float spoons and then dad would give them candy?! The two immediately turned to the pile of spoons and started glaring at them, trying to make them float. Seb snorted quietly to himself. Well, this was ONE way to keep the twins occupied and quiet while he worked. The two were concentrating so hard they didn't even notice their dad slip out of the room with his candy stash in hand, munching on them already.

-.-

The twins rubbed their little heads, they were throbbing, but they had to make that spoon float like daddy did or else they wouldn't get candy!

They didn't tell their daddy their heads were hurting, they really wanted to do it!

...But...it was also hurting a lot…

They whimpered softly and with ashamed, sad looks on their young faces, they went to look for their daddy to help them stop the pain. They didn't want candy anymore...

"Da-Dad…" Zoe sobbed when the two were by the door.

Seb casually spun in his chair and laughed. "And? How many spoons could you lift?! No candy for...you then…” He trailed off when he saw the twins were crying and rubbing their heads and noses.

They were bleeding.

FUCK! "I-I am so sorry, I-I'm sorry, I'm sorry, shit!" Seb gasped and picked them up. He wiped their little noses with his sleeve, not caring at all about ruining it. He should have known!

How stupid! HE bled when he first practiced with his powers as a grown up, his twins were just babies!

"It hurts…" Zully sniffled. Seb hugged them to himself. He hurt them. This was his fault. He checked them rigorously, making sure they weren't more hurt because of him…They were fine. It was just a little bit of blood…but still. "Y-yeah...I know...It-It happened to me too...I'm sorry. It won't happen again, ok? I'm sorry...No more ouchies…" He kissed their foreheads and nuzzled them.

Zully rubbed their nose and cuddled against their dad's chest. They didn't want more ouchies. Their head hurt a lot! "Is something hurting now?" Seb asked as he kissed their foreheads.

"Head." Zully complained. Seb sighed, feeling like a terrible dad. How could he have been so careless! The twins were growing up, their brains were developing, that's why they could start moving stuff, but they were just 3, almost 4! Their brains needed more connections, to be more mature before trying this again or it would hurt with the effort. He didn't want them to hurt.

"I'm sorry...I'll make dinosaur nuggets." As an apology gift.

"With fwies?!!" Zoe gasped. "Sure~" The two giggled weakly (their pounding headaches dulling their joy somewhat) when Daddy blew a raspberry on their bellies and tried to nibble them too. "I'm really sorry," He apologized again. "It's ok! It doesn't hurt as much anymore!" Zoe exclaimed. "I
They ate their yummy junk food snacks before they started getting tired. Despite their complaints, Seb managed to make them fall asleep for a nap. They would need it, after he stupidly let them get hurt…He stayed with them for a bit more before going back to work.

That's how Wanda found them when she arrived from work. She was actually earlier than normal and was coming home with an expression that could be written as a combination of nervousness and excitement.

"Mommy!" "Wands!" The three excited Pines welcomed the woman. Seb in the entrance and the twins when their mom kissing them woke them up. "Hello~" Wanda cooed at her babies and kissed each one of them.

"You look happy," Seb commented as the blonde woman kicked her shoes off and sighed in relief. The twins imitated their mommy taking off their socks! Bye ugly socks! Free feet!

"Well I AM!" Wanda bit her lip with a grin. She pulled Seb for a kiss and it lasted until neither of them could breathe. Zoe and Zully let out a loud "EEWWW!"

"What happened?" Seb asked, he was very curious now.

"Well~ I didn't tell you because I wasn't sure about it, I wanted to be sure! So, you know, don't get our hopes up and all that!" Seb's eye widened, scared of what she was about to say.

Say you're pregnant! Wait no, don't say you're pregnant!

"So, like, around two weeks ago, I received a call and I was offered a very good job...Um, I thought about it for a while, I wanted to weigh the pros and cons about changing, for me, for you and the kids..."

Seb nodded slowly. "And~Did you choose something already?"

"Well~I think it's a very good opportunity for me...I'd get paid more and this Law Firm is a LOT more prestigious, you know?" Wanda smiled sheepishly. Seb rolled his eye. "So you accepted or not?! Come on, you're killing me with the suspense! Just tell me already, woman!"

"I...Yes! I-I accepted it!" Wanda squealed and Seb laughed excitedly. He picked her up to hug her tightly before giving her a congratulation's kiss. "I'm so proud of you, Wands." He whispered. Wanda, always thinking of ways to have fun with her husband, whispered back. "You can congratulate me in other ways too, you know~"

"What happened?!" Zully demanded and Wanda smiled. "Mommy got a new job!" "YAY!" The twins hugged their mommy's legs, and when she bent down to hug them back, kissed her cheeks. "You'll kick more bad people's ass?" Zoe asked innocently and Wanda raised an eyebrow at Seb. She had to admit that neither of them had the best censorship in the world, and they cursed a lot in front of the kids, but she couldn't believe Seb described her job like that to the twins!

"Yes she will!" Seb nodded, not seeing a problem here. "So~ Is this new job closer to home or it'll take you longer to get there?" The two sat on the couch and the twins climbed to their laps to curl up there.

"Yeah~ that's the thing..." Wanda giggled nervously. "This new office is in Oregon..." She smiled widely. One of the reasons she accepted was because she knew Seb was going to like the idea of moving there.
The brunet's eye widened at the confession and he gaped a little. "O-Oregon?" Wanda didn't see him smiling and that worried her a little. "Um...yeah...? I know it's a big change, but we can find another preschool for the twins and the company already offered me help with moving. I think they've been thinking of calling me for a while, they even showed me some houses on sale and they're in a very reasonable price range..." Maybe she should have talked with him before...

Seb was still frowning slightly. "So...You accepted a job to move to the other side of the country without asking me first if I wanted to move?" Wanda winced as Seb continued. "And you thought I would leave everything because of you? What about my store?"

"I-I know you have the store, but-but I thought you...you barely go and you stay at home to work anyway and..." The blonde was almost sure she knew enough how Seb thought. "-I mean, if you don't think it's a good idea...I-I can travel back and forth or-or, in a drastic case, just tell them no, and it's over, it-it's not really a big deal..." Wanda grabbed his hand. It actually was, because she really wanted the job, but she also didn't want Seb to be angry at her.

Seb, with a slightly narrowed eye, turned to look at the twins, who were frowning at how mommy was feeling. They didn't know, but the twins were able to feel how people felt when it was a very strong emotion and it made them sad when it was a sad emotion.

"Can you go to your room? We are going to have a grown-up conversation." The twins obeyed and Wanda flinched in on herself. Oh god, was Seb really that upset? URGH! She really thought this was a good idea! God dammit!

When the twins were out of sight, Wanda spoke. "Sebastian, I'm sorry, I was very inconsiderate and I really should have talked to you about this before. I just thought it would be a great opportunity for us, we could move to a house, you know how hyperactive the twins can get here in the apartment, and I-I was just thinking..."

Seb snorted softly. With tears in her eyes, Wanda looked up to look at Seb who was quickly losing it. "Hah! HaHAHHAHAH!" Seb laughed. "Hey, I was joking! I'd love to move to Oregon!" Wanda pouted as she angrily cuddled against his chest. What a stupid jerk! Making her worry like that!

"Are you sure?" She asked, just to be sure

"Yeah! I was just messing with you!" Seb laughed like the dick he was, and hugged her close. "I'd go anywhere for you, you know?" "But you don't have to do it just for me." Wanda whined. "But I think it's really good! I don't really have to be there in the store, I can go from time to time like I do now like you said, and I could even open another store there! And we'd be closer to Gravity Falls! And to California!"

"Are you sure you really wanna move?" Wanda pouted. "Because I don't want you to do this just for me..."

Seb rolled his eye. "I just said I was joking~! I'd really like to move!" He hugged her tightly. "I love you, I just want to see you succeed and I want to be with you, where we go, we go together..." Wanda was still pouting and Seb narrowed his eye. "Oh, come on! I'm being cheesy enough already! My past self is making me want to puke!"

Wanda finally snorted loudly and laughed. "Thank you, baby." "You're welcome!"

"Why did you send the twins away?"

"I spend all day with them. Give me a break!" Seb exclaimed dramatically. "Now~ Houses, yes? Which one is the coolest?! I want one with a big kitchen!"
Wanda was so glad this turned out better than expected.

"Dad, it doesn't fit." "Yes it does!" "You didn't ask mommy permission." "I don't have to! She'll love it!" "It doesn't fit"

Seb turned to look at the twins with a forced grin. "Do you really have to rain on my parade?! I bought you your junk food, your mission now is to shut it!" He smiled even wider. Zully opened their eyes as they swallowed and Zoe blinked. "It doesn't fit."

Seb had been tempted today and he gave in to his very hard to resist impulses. They were going to move, that meant new life and new them!

So he finally did what he had always wanted to do!

And bought a freaking $2000 piano.

The prize was very cheap, the piano was worth at least three times that, but despite being a pathetic human with offspring, he still had his old charm to make deals. He'd haggled it down from $5000, which he was quite proud of. A large, grand piano, smooth polished dark wood. Perfectly tuned, sensitive keys that sang under his fingers at the slightest touch… ah~

(Seb miiiiight have swooned over the thing…) 

The problem was, the instrument was quite big, and despite the kids' claims, it FIT, but it was… kind of in the middle of their living room.

"It doesn't matter if it fits!" Seb made a duh face to his 3 year olds. "We're moving houses anyway, remember? Closer to uncle Sixer!"

The toddlers clapped, excited about seeing their uncle Sixeh!

"And that house will be bigger and there'll be more space to put this beauty~" He patted it softly. "Now hop on! Sebastian will teach you how to play it!"

The toddlers climbed up the chair and sat next to their dad, who cracked his knuckles. "Come on, familiarize with the piano! Feel the piano! BE the piano!" Seb said dramatically to make the twins laugh.

They stared at the white and black keys and Zully tentatively pressed one. Then another one. Then another one before frowning a bit. What was so fun about this? It sounded all weird and the samey!

On the other hand, Zoe pressed some other keys and smiled widely at the nice notes. "Pretty!" She exclaimed. "Wanna learn!"

Seb blasted with Beethoven's Symphony n°5, and when he realized the twins were not understanding shit, he sighed exasperated ("noobs!") and tried to explain the basics and start with Twinkle twinkle little star. Easiest one and the ol reliable song for all beginners!

He started with Zully and he couldn't help the little grimace he made. He played a little part for them, even sang it so they could know how it should sound and slowly guided their little hand over the keys.

When he let the kid do it on their own, Zully pressed the correct keys but it just sounded...odd.
Very odd, Zully pressed the keys with no rhythm at all! As if Zully was just repeating the order, not following the rhythm of the song. Seb still praised them, because they did their best.

He kind of expected Zoe to do the same, thinking that maybe their baby brains were too young (like in the case of their mental powers), but he was surprised. Zoe only needed him to sing again and she played it just right. Her little fingers moving along the keys naturally. "Well, well, well, well, well! You're a natural, huh?!" Seb ruffled her hair. Zoe squealed and looked so very proud of herself.

Zully looked worried. What had they done wrong? Sebastian glanced over and winced. "Hey, you did pretty well too. I'm sure you just need more practice."

They tried with new songs and practiced for half an hour before Zully whined, distressed. No matter how well they followed Dad and pressed the right keys, Zoe pressing them was STILL BETTER! They didn't get it! They sounded the same! Why did Dad smile when Zoe played and not them!?

"Zully, it's alright...Not everyone can do stuff on the first try…" Seb winced when that apparently made it worse. Zully pushed away from him and ran to their room. They didn't want to play anymore.

"Zully! Wait, pumpkin, I'm sorry!" Seb stood up, leaving Zoe sitting on the chair, and went to talk to the oldest twin.

Zoe blinked. What just HAPPENED? She glanced at Dad's phone that was left behind and searched for a cartoon to watch. Dad had been pulling up melodies for them to play, so maybe she could find something to surprise him with!

Seb took a while to convince Zully to come out from under the bed. He didn't mean to upset her… "Zoe is more good than me...A-a-and you like her more for pwaying the piano like you…" Zully sobbed.

Seb frowned. But he wasn't comparing them!...He wasn't...was he? "Zully, I despise both of you the same...No matter if you can play the piano or not..." He joked, but it didn't make Zully laugh.

"Baby...princess...I'm sorry if I made you feel that way…” He wasn't trying to compare them, he was just excited Zoe could play too...He-He didn't mean to make Zully feel like she was less...He wasn't like Filbrick, he would never do that...But now he was doubting himself...he had hurt them before, when he just left them to try using their powers without thinking...And now he praised Zoe for doing something Zully couldn't...What if he was acting like him!?

The thought that he was anything like Filbrick made Seb feel sick to his stomach.

"I'm sorry, Zully. I didn't mean to make you feel bad. I don't care if you can or can't do something, all I want is for you to be happy." Seb sniffled, starting to cry himself. Zully wiped at their eyes. But that didn't change the fact that they were doing it wrong. And they couldn't understand why. Still, daddy looked really sorry, and Zully didn't want to feel bad either, so they crawl out from under the bed and into daddy's arms.

Seb cradled his first born and buried his face in Zully's soft hair. There was so much he still needed to learn. About being a good parent. Because he never wanted to be anything like Filbrick. Never.

"There are things you can do as well...Everyone is different and that's ok...Like, Sixer is very good at science, right? And Fez is very strong and athletic...I draw and make clothes, but no one is better
than the other... You can paint, and you're very careful with your drawings and you create very nice stories with your toys." He squeezed Zully like a precious beloved stuffed animal. "Even if you can't do something, that's ok."

Zully sighed. "Ok... But I still don't get why I'm wrong!" They insisted stubbornly. "Well, maybe you still need more practice. We've literally been practicing for ONLY an hour or so, kid." He chuckled softly.

"I don' wanna try today anymore..." Zully pouted. "That's alright too. You don't have to do it if you don't like it. When you feel like it, I'll be glad to teach you though" Seb assured them.

The two went back to the living room after another hug and found Zoe was still there, playing on the piano. Seb's jaw dropped. Zoe was playing the Puppy Cops theme song. "W-what? How did you-?!" Seb gasped. Zoe blinked up at him. "I just press the thing and it makes the sound. So I match the sounds." Zoe explained.

"Kid, that's actually amazing!" Seb laughed. He knew how to play because of his past self, no one taught him, but how could Zoe play it SO EASILY?! She was 3!

Zully couldn't praise their twin. One, because they still weren't in the mood, and two, because they didn't know what was so different from the ones they were playing.

Zully went to watch TV as daddy continued playing the piano with Zoe. He said he'd draw with them later...

That was how Wanda found them when she came back home. She was speaking on the phone with someone but at the sight of the huge instrument in the living room she gasped and hung up with a "Call you later."

"DUDE!" Wanda cried, looking at Seb in disbelief. "I can't believe you- a WHOLE piano?!" She cried. Seb raised an eyebrow. "You'd rather I bought half a piano? That doesn't make sense!"

Wanda glared a bit. "Its gigantic."

"It's majesticous! And we're moving to a bigger house ANYWAY!" Seb grinned.

"Yeah, but you could have told me! Maybe I could have...stopped your idiocy impulse!" Wanda groaned.

Seb crossed his arms over his chest. "Hmph! Like you told me about your job?"

Wanda rubbed at her face. "So you are a little salty about it?" Seb shrugged. "Nah, I just really wanted a piano, and if we're getting a larger house, why not? I can just carry it with my powers anyway so it's not like it'll be difficult to move."

"Yeah but you can't carry a whole ass piano to Oregon~! We'll have to travel with it and pay extra for it to not get damaged during the trip."

"...Oops?"

Wanda sighed. The twins went to hug her and welcome her back. Ok. Well, it was done. "How much did you pay for it anyway?"

"..."
"Pines?"

"...$2000…"

"WHAT?!" Poor Wanda shrieked.

"In my defense it was originally $5000! I made an EXCELLENT DEAL!" Wanda massaged her temples as Seb continued. "But hey! Tooootally worth it! Check this out! Zoe, come here! Play for mommy!" He floated the toddler towards the piano. Zoe squealed and kicked her little legs as she was sat down in front of the keys. Wanda raised an eyebrow while Zully puffed out their cheeks and looked away.

And then Wanda's jaw dropped when Zoe played the theme songs for several different cartoons. She turned to stare at Seb. "She…"

"She's a musical genius!" Seb gushed. Then he paused and went to hug Zully. "Which doesn't make you less than her. Zoe has her skills and you have yours. We just need to find what you're good at. Okay?"

Wanda guessed by the interaction that something happened. But Zoe was staring up at her, expectantly and with big eyes. "You liked it?"

"Of course!" She smiled and kissed her forehead. "You've been having classes behind our backs?!"

"Nope! I learned today!" Zoe giggled innocently. "Ill record you to send grandma and grandpa ok?"

"Yay!" Zoe kicked her legs, excited to play again.

Zully sighed, still feeling a bit sad. They wanted to know what they were good at already...That way, mommy and daddy would get just as excited and mom would show grandma and grandpa what they could do...Dad gave the two of them cookies.

But Zully knew they didn't earn it.

-.-

It takes them around a month and a half to prepare everything for their move to the other side of the country. They chose between the houses on sale in a very nice neighborhood and after some visits, the couple fell in love with one of them. It had a yard, perfect for the kids to play in (with a high fence for privacy if the twins started setting things on fire), and a big kitchen! Seb loved that. There were some spare rooms as well which they were already planning to use as guest room and work room.

When Zoe and Zully's 4th birthday came around, and they had a small party in preschool with their classmates (they weren't really friends, but the twins liked presents!), they were almost ready to move. They had paid off part of the house (they'd pay the rest once they were done) and most of their stuff were in boxes.

They visited Wanda's parents, one of the last visits before moving. Mom Linda (Seb still mentally distinguished her from Dr. Linda that way) sighed sadly. "Oh, I can't believe you're leaving…” She stroked Zully's hair as they nibbled on the chocolate cookies.

"Well, it's better for our family, this is an offer I couldn't pass." Wanda said and Elijah smiled slightly, proud of her. "We know, but it still saddens us, sweetie."
"Well, I have lived and worked from far away before."

Mom Linda pouted. "Yeah, but I thought you'd finally settle and stay with us! And you're talking my 3 babies with you!" She pointed at Seb and the twins, devouring cookies together.

Elijah rolled his eyes. "We get it, Wanda...but don't forget to visit us, ok?"

"We won't!" Wanda chuckled.

Their flat was sold before they moved. The boxes had been taken by the moving company and they were finally flying to Oregon. They were moving very close to Gravity Falls, actually, just 2 hours away by car.

The four slept exhausted throughout the entire flight, having it easier now that the twins were older, and when they landed, they stumbled out of the plane, still sleepy. They knew they better wake up, it was early and they had to receive the moving company in their new house.

When Seb stepped out of the airport, he inhaled loudly. "Aah~ I can smell the town's weirdness from here~ It calls me~" Wanda chuckled. How dramatic.

Their taxi parked in front of their new house and the toddlers aaw'ed. "It is more big!" Zoe exclaimed.

"Bigger, language." Seb corrected her. Then he groaned. No, he was becoming like SIXER! Noooo!

They had considered selling their cars and buying new ones, that way they avoided paying shipping. But Seb found out they could actually just have their cars driven across the US to their new home. Stan had told Seb about it, even hired someone to do it for them. Seb hadn't wanted to accept help but Stan told him it was better than selling their cars. As it was a big law firm asking Wanda to work for them, they had given Wanda some help with the move, especially with moving their stuff. They even took the piano for shipping (Wanda had to talk Seb out of carrying the piano above the airplane with them, that was just ridiculous). They had to wait for the truck to come, but they could show the twins the house in the meantime.

"WOOWW! There's a yawd!" Zoe ran around in circles before sitting on the grass to pat it. She liked this house already! Zully was placed on the floor and stepped in front of the grass. They saw a snail on the sidewalk and were going to pick it up when a foot stepped on it with a sickening crunch.

Zully wailed in horrified distress as Zoe cackled with laughter. Wanda picked Zully up to soothe them before shouting. "PINES! Your daughter just fucking killed a snail!" She almost gagged at the sight of the broken thing on the floor.

"Just a SECOND!" Seb was struggling with the key chains which had thousands of keys. "Urgh fuck me which one IS it?!

The neighbors curiously poked their heads out to see the new family moving into the neighborhood. They were being loud, but they understood moving was a stressful mess. The man finally opened the door and the four got inside.

"Come on, Zully, it's ok." Wanda put Zully on their feet. "Zoe killed it!" Zully, always so sensitive, pointed at their twin who was running around dad in circles. Zully had tears trailing down their round face as they sobbed.
"I know, I know sweetie, I'll talk to her about it ok?" Wanda kissed Zully's nose. "But first we want to show you your new room."

Zully sighed, nodded and grabbed their backpack with their essentials (their puppy toys, sketchbook, favorite colors and favorite book) and followed mommy.

Seb finally caught Zoe and carried her upstairs. He thought it was hilarious and Zully's horrified face was priceless, but he couldn't say it aloud or Wanda would kill him. (...did that make him a bad father?)

"Wooaaahhh! Bigger room!" Zoe kicked her legs excitedly. "Will fill it with my toys!"

"And where would you sleep?" Seb asked. "Under the pile on my bed! Zully can sleep in the yawd!" Seb's snickers escaped from his mouth as Zully whined and hugged a glaring Wanda. Oh, he felt bad for his oldest daughter, he did, but he totally understood the need to bother, it was part of his and Zoe's nature. It was not their fault to have annoyable siblings.

"Whewe are our beds?" Zully grumbled. "The truck will come in an hour, but we can explore the neighborhood meanwhile. Alright, princess?" Wanda kissed Zully's cheek. Zully wiggled their way down and mumbled something Wanda didn't understand.

Their mission was to find a park and a convenience store. They haven't looked for preschools, as their moving was kinda rushed, so finding a close preschool would also be nice.

They did find a store where they bought the twins ice cream. The owner was a nice muslim woman who kindly directed them to the closest park. Zoe said she loved the "towel" on her head and asked why she wore it. Seb and Wanda blushed with embarrassment but the woman just giggled. "It's a headscarf, a hijab, and I wear it because it's part of my religion." Zoe didn't really get it, but she thought it was really pretty and she told the lady this. She seemed quite flattered.

They played in the park for a bit (the twins judged if the games were as cool as the ones in their other park) before Wanda was called by the moving service, saying they had arrived.

"We didn't finish judging!" Zoe screamed, kicking and pushing at her dad to let go. "Don't be a brat, Zoe!" Seb groaned as he threw her over his shoulder. Seriously, his poor mom. He had to apologize again for being this crazy as a kid, he probably drove his Ma insane.

The truck was there, as expected, and Seb saw them slowly discharging the heavy stuff. "Hello, Mr. and Mrs. Pines. Did you have a nice flight?" The one in charge shook hands with them.

The couple nodded. "Heh, Mrs. Pines~" Seb teased Wanda, she rolled her eyes. "Oh, shut up." After that, they spent the evening accommodating everything, shelves, boxes with clothes and kitchen elements, the oven, tables, chairs, fridge, arming beds, the TV, couches, and much more.

"Be careful with that! They're worth more than you!" Seb shouted at a group of men moving his sewing equipment and his piano.

The twins were sitting in their room, eating Dringles and watching cartoons on Wanda's phone. They fixed up their room first and left the toddlers there so they couldn't bother them while they worked. And it worked, the twins were entertained with eating and watching (or in Zully's case, eating or watching).

Seb made some lemonade for everyone (because he was a nice, kind human!) and then ordered some hamburgers for everyone to eat, even the workers. The men seemed very confused, no one had offered them food before, they usually ate after work, but here it was this family inviting them
to have a break to eat and drink.

Huh.

It was dark when all their stuff had been assembled and moved to the different rooms in the house. Seb and Wanda were exhausted, but they were glad everything was done. Now they only needed to put their clothes inside their closets and they would be officially moved! They searched for the twins in their room to give them a bath and found them curled up on the floor with the video running. They were sucking their thumbs as well.

"Aaww, they tired themselves out~" Wanda whispered lovingly and Seb frowned. "Tired from what?! They didn't do shit around here!" He complained.

Adjusting to their new house was pretty easy. Seb was used to his old kitchen, but he could live. Besides, this one was MUCH BIGGER and he had many more drawers and places to put his pans and stuff. Wanda was at her new job now, she was very happy about it because she was in a very high rank, and he was very proud of her.

He planned to build a new store here, some other business wanted to do cooperative projects, but for now he had the one back in Pennsylvania in the hands of his employees. He could worry about it later though, because he only wanted to find a preschool for now. It'd been a few days and he wanted to get rid of the twins already. He loved them, but he needed his hours to work. He was working on a dress. His customized works hadn't stopped after they moved, people still wanted him to make their personalized suits/dresses and that made him happy inside. He had really made it, huh? He was finally recognized and famous for something he loved to do. Matsuda would've been so proud.

The bell rang while he was working and the twins, much like excited puppies, stood up and started shouting. "The door! Someone's at the door! Daddy!"

"I'm blind not deaf, kids!" Seb rolled his eye while laughing. He wondered who it was. They didn't really know anyone around here. He opened the door, feeling the twins hiding curiously behind his legs, and found a woman standing there with a smile, along with a small little girl. She seemed to be around the twins' age.

The woman, with short (and obviously dyed) blonde hair, seemed surprised to see him at the door, for some reason. "OH! Hello! My name is Carol Woods~ We live across the street!" She offered a hand to shake and Seb stared at it before slowly holding it. "Sebastian Pines. We just moved here."

"Oh I know~ We heard all that ruckus you caused last week~ Not to complain, or anything." Carol said, sounding a tiny bit passive-aggressive. She looked down at her daughter. "Amanda, sweetie, say hi to our new neighbors!"

"...Hi..." The little girl squeaked before hiding even more behind her mom.
Seb blinked and blushed slightly. He didn't want to sound like a pervert who noticed just *that* from the woman, but...Carol had big hips and thick legs... So the child could easily hide behind her mom.

With his cheeks burning a little, he waved at the toddler. "Hey~ Hello to you too!" He moved aside so the twins were seen. "Say hi to Amanda, kids." Zoe didn't move, but Zully managed a small smile at the girl. Amanda smiled as well.

"Oh, how precious! You have TWINS!" Carol squealed rather loudly and Zully tried hiding behind daddy once again. Forget saying hi! The lady was scary and loud!

"She's Zoe." Seb pointed at the girl with brown and green eyes. "And this little shy mess is Zully."

"OH You two are adorable little girls! How old are you?" Carol crouched in front of the blond twins, Zully frowned a bit. They didn't like...when people called them 'girl' very much. While Zully was trying to bury their face into daddy's pants, Zoe stepped up, because she was braver. "We're four." She showed their neighbor 4 little fingers.

"OH! Amanda is also four!" Carol squealed. "I'm sure you three are going to be BEST FRIENDS! You can come home and have sleepovers and tea parties and play dress up!"

Amanda bravely spoke. "...I have dresses we can play with..." she wanted friends to play. She was amazed to meet these two. She was an only child and had always wanted a brother or sister to play with, but mommy said that she had to 'watch her figure' whenever Amanda asked about getting a sibling, which she didn't really understand, but knew it meant 'no'. So she was a little amazed to
meet these two. Twins, her mommy had called them. That sounded so amazing! Having a sibling, 
not just older or younger, but the same! So that they could always be together and not have to play 
alone by themselves...

"Well, would you like that?" Seb looked down at his kids. Zoe nodded eagerly, Zully didn't seem 
too sure. Seb guessed it was because they didn't know her and that's ok. He wouldn't send them to 
some strange neighbor's house until he was completely sure they were good people. (AANNDD~ 
Probably spy them a little. For the sake of his spawn of course!)

"Oh! How silly of me!" Carol presented a tray wrapped in tinfoil. "Is your wife home? I guess she 
is because you are apparently taking a break from work as well! I made you lasagna! Moving is 
very tiring and I'm sure she'd appreciate not having to cook."

Seb snorted. Wanda appreciated not having to cook indeed. She hated it. "No, actually, she's at 
work, but thank you! I was about to start cooking."

"Oh, you know how to cook? That's so nice! And you are also babysitting for her!" Carol smiled. 
Seb blinked. How was he babysitting? The twins were HIS spawn. He was parenting.

"Eh...Actually…"

"Come on, Amanda, let's take this to the kitchen! I know my way, don't worry, houses here are all 
basically the same! I think you have the same layout, unless you've renovated, but I know you 
haven't, there would have been much more noise..." Carol entered the house, as Seb watched 
dumb-founded. "Wait! But I don't- nevermind you're already in." He sighed in defeat as the woman 
strode right inside his house like she owned the place.

Carol left the lasagna on the counter and smiled at the toddlers. "Hey, why don't you three go play 
while the adults talk?"

Seb didn't know what was happening. Did this woman just invited herself in? Zoe and Zully 
shrugged and took the dark brown haired girl to their room. A new friend was a friend after all.

Seb awkwardly pulled out some crackers and juice to offer to his unexpected visitor. He wasn't 
sure what was going on, but mama didn't raise no impolite bitch. (Well, actually, kiiiiinda? But 
Seb didn't want to make enemies THIS early on. He should at least live here for a year before 
pissing off the neighbors!) 

"Our kids seem to be getting along very well!" Carol commented as she immediately started eating 
the offered food. Seb looked in the direction they left. "The twins like making friends."

"So, you said your wife was at work, yes? What does she do for a living?" Carol asked curiously. 
"She's a lawyer!" Seb exclaimed with a proud smile. "A penalist specialized in gender, family 
violence and sexual assaults! I told Wanda, that's her name by the way, to apply to be a judge, but 
she prefers being closer to her clients and being in the field, you know? We actually moved here 
because she was offered a better position here!" Sebastian was so proud of her.

Carol gasped softly. "Really?! But what about your job? Are- Are you unemployed?!"

Seb chuckled. "No. I work from home. I'm a designer...slash tailor, and well, I have a store back in 
Pennsylvania but it doesn't really need me there. I can ship anything out as needed." Carol asked 
for the name of his store and quickly searched it on her phone. "Oh! Yes! I have seen the logo 
somewhere!"

Seb beamed with pride.
Carol then giggled. "It's funny. You and your wife have like, inverted jobs."

The former demon wasn't very sure how to respond to that. What did that even mean? He just laughed, because he learnt to do that when he was nervous. "Well...What about you? You have a partner?" After all, Seb wouldn't go around assuming, just because Carol had a kid.

"Oh, yes, of course I do!" Carol scoffed, as if offended at the idea that she wouldn't be married. "But my husband's working, like usual." She smiled, "He's a supervisor. I used to work at the bank, but stopped working when Amanda was born. Now I fully dedicate my time to her." Carol gushed.

"That's actually very nice. I also decided to work at home to be there for Zoe and Zully." He smiled.

"And they don't miss their mother?" Carol asked, frowning a little. "Well, they do, but we all learnt to live a few hours without her." He joked. Carol seemed actually sad that Wanda wasn't at home. Seb twitched. Why did people always have a problem with Wanda working full time? His Wands loved her work! She deserved to succeed!

Carol pointed at him. "Have you been playing pirates with the twins or something? You can take off the eyepatch now. It looks silly." She giggled.

Seb blinked. Wha? "Um... this... isn't a toy. I'm..." He floundered a little. "I lost my eye in an accident some years ago." It fucking EXPLODED!

Carol gasped, hands going to her mouth. "Oh no! That's simply awful!" She said sympathetically (though her tone made Seb feel like he was being patronized...) "Does it hurt?" She asked.

"...not anymore?" Seb was uncomfortable with this topic. He was tempted to lift it to show her the scars but again, not scaring the neighbors until at least a year.

"Well, I know a very good recipe for an all natural painkiller, I can make you some if you ever need it." Carol insisted. "In fact, I sometimes sell the remedies I make! If you ever need essential oils, I have homemade ones for very good prices!" The woman said proudly.

*Why would I ever need that crap?* Seb thought but simply nodded.

"They're very good!" She kept insisting. "When my baby is sick, they work amazingly!"

Seb grimaced in an attempt to smile. "So...let me guess, Amanda is not vaccinated." He was getting that sort of 'vibe' off this lady.

"No, of course not! I gave her one once and it was the biggest mistake of my life! She got a fever!" Carol gasped. "I should have known it would happen! Letting those awful doctors injecting all sorts of diseases into my baby like that..."

*Oh no~ Her body learning to fight a very deadly virus~ Great. I have to disinfect the entire house now.* The twins didn't have all their vaccines yet! Now he'll have to take them to get them sooner! Uuugh, scheduling their doctor's appointments was going to be annoying.

Seb's little interest in the woman disappeared after her stupid declaration so he spaced out as she spoke. Um...His work room was bigger in this house...He wondered if it would be more expensive to import his fabric to Oregon instead of Pennsylvania...He had to buy toothpaste too, the twins liked the dinosaur one, but they ate it so maybe he should buy another one...

Eventually, the three toddlers came running down the stairs. He vaguely noticed how Amanda was...
holding Zully's hand.

Great. Now I have to disinfect Zully's hand.

"Daddy! Can we go to Amanda's school?" Zoe pleaded.

"We're best frien...now!" Zully smiled and Amanda giggled madly.

"Oh yes! They should totally go to the same school!" Carol exclaimed.

"We-Well...I have to discuss it with Wanda first..." Seb started, but he knew he was going to end up agreeing. The way Zully was smiling at Amanda, not scared at all, meant that the kid really had taken a shine to her. And Seb wasn't going to disallow Zully from being together with someone that they liked. He would never try to get between his children and their friends, no way.

"Look, Amanda! We have a piano!" Zoe pulled her new friend to the piano sitting innocently in a corner. Zoe climbed to the seat and pushed the lid open. "You know how to play?! I do!"

Little Amanda gasped in awe and looked at Seb. "I can try?!"

No?! Your germs will be everywhere! "Well, sweetie..."

"Oh, of course you can, princess! Play with Zully!" Carol picked her daughter up and sat her in front of the piano. Zoe pouted. "I'm Zoe!"

Seb's eye twitched hard when Amanda started hitting the keys with no rhythm at all. He knew she didn't mean any harm, but UURGHHH!

Zully covered their ears at the cacophony of weird sounds (even worse than the normal weird sounds) and Zoe giggled. Yeah! Free playing was fun too! Then she started hitting the keys.

Seb couldn't take it anymore and grabbed Zoe's hands which also made Amanda stop. "Zoe, stop, you're going to damage it doing that." He told her firmly. This was a new piano! HIS piano! He didn't want it to be knocked out of tune already!


Carol pursed her lips. "Oh, come on~ They were just playing~ that's what this is for after all, isn't it?"

"No, actually. It's not a toy, it's a very expensive instrument. You must be careful with it." He couldn't help the soft warning growl that escaped his throat. How dare this woman decide what to do in his own damn house?!

"It couldn't have been THAT expensive~" Carol rolled her eyes. More growls threatened to escape the confinement of Seb's lips. Luckily for Seb, before he lost his cool (literally, he felt his arms warming up), Carol said she was already leaving because she had sooo many important things to do.

Ah, thank the Axolotl!

The twins waved excitedly at Amanda and as soon as she was gone, the kids babbled about how nice she was and how she liked to play with their toys and she said she'd bring her unicorn for an adventure the next time they hung out.

Great, now I have to disinfect the kids' toys too...
"Urrgghhh! Wanda you should have seen that woman! She was sooo annoying! And! URGH!"

Wanda laughed. "Sureee! Like that man you said was annoying because he walked too slow? Or like that woman who bought the last donut you wanted and you SWEAR she laughed at you~?"

Seb blushed. "I'm not saying your feelings aren't valid, you just tend to exaggerate sometimes, Seb." Wanda said calmly.

"But I'm being serious this time! She had this...I don't know, arrogant look and her daughter is not vaccinated and uuurghhhhh! I spent the day cleaning my little baby piano and the kids' bedroom!"

Seb was ranting on the bed at night, as Wanda chuckled and changed clothes to sleep.

"I bet that was a nightmare…"

"It was! And worse of all is that the twins liked that kid and are friends now, they haven't really made any friends like that in their old school… and I don't want to ruin this for them…" He mumbled. "Should they go to that same school? I read it's good and all but… I had to schedule a date to vaccinate them much sooner, because you know, if they go to that school, they'll be with that woman's innocent time bomb of human diseases~"

Wanda sighed. That was the only thing that worried her. "Um...If the school requires obligatory vaccination, then I think we could enroll them, then we make an anonymous complaint about a kid who isn't and she'll be forced to vaccinate or expelled."

Seb stuck his butt in the air and he hid his head under his pillow. "Urrghhh!" He wished he could just burn that woman and be DONE WITH IT!

"The twins were still whiny and bratty when he went to interview the school himself. It had pre-k, kindergarten and elementary. Unlike the preschool they had been going to before, this was a public school. But if Seb was right (psssshh, which he always was), it was a good elementary school.

Though, it was probably not the best idea to bring them here directly after getting a shot, but oh well, what was done, was done. The school said they had available places and said they would accept them! And they could start next Monday! Hurray!

"So, what if a kid isn't vaccinated? Will you like, kick them out?" Seb asked the principal, thinking about his babies' friend. The woman gave him a sheepish grin. "Well, we require an updated vaccination record, to prevent diseases spreading among the toddlers, sometimes some parents don't follow that. We keep insisting to them and they can be expelled after a warning period. Especially if other children start getting sick."

"Good." Seb deadpanned. The woman then handed him the papers he needed to sign and fill in the information about the twins. "Well, ignore the partner part, you can simply write your name on it."

"Oh so my wife doesn't have to come?" Seb asked. The principal bit her lip, realizing her mistake. "Oh, I'm so sorry...I assumed you were single...usually when a parent comes alone...Oh, I'm very sorry."

Seb nodded. Ah, humans and their stereotypes~

"It's fine...I guess I can come in with my wife tomorrow so we can both sign."
"Daddy, baphroom!" Zoe pulled at his sleeve, signalling that he also had to leave. The principal nodded, still feeling embarrassed. "We'll be waiting, your vacant spots will be reserved, Mr. Pines."

Seb took Zoe to the bathroom before leaving. That was weird…and not in the fun way, it was the uncomfortable weird! He hated that kind of weird!

He texted Wanda that she had to give her ass a break from work (yes, he wrote that) and come with him to enroll the kids in school. After messaging her, the three went back home. The twins were sleepy, exhausted from crying their eyes out from the shots they had to get, and Seb just wanted a moment of peace in his new house.

But his neighbor apparently had other plans. As soon as he parked, Carol appeared, dragging poor Amanda by her little arm. Seb honestly had nothing against the child, it was not her fault her mom was an idiot.

"Hey~! Sebastian!" Carol waved her meticulously manicured hand at him.

Oh god, no! Why him?! This was definitely a torture from the lizard. He probably thought watching him suffer was hilarious!

(In the space between spaces, the Axolotl snorted and curled up on himself even more. Did Sebastian really think he'd go through the effort of doing anything like that? He had important—sleeping—work to do!)

"Amanda!" Zoe waved, her exhaustion suddenly gone. Zully rubbed their eyes and waved as well. "Hi Zully! Hi Zoe! I brought my unicorn this time!" Amanda let go of Carol's hand and the three kids ran inside to play.

Just when Seb had already disinfected…His eye twitched.

"So~ I've been thinking about your eyepatch!" Carol basically guided him to his own house. She sat on the couch and he numbly took a seat in front of her. "Why do you even wear it? You could simply get a fake eye! Those glass eyes, you know?" Carol told him, like he was some idiot who hadn't thought about that before.

…I...

"I like my eyepatch…" Seb said softly. He'd worn it since he was 14, wearing one had become a natural part of him already. And he'd only ACTUALLY lost his eye a few years ago, and getting a glass eye felt… well… it wouldn't do anything about the scars around his socket. He was quite sure people would still be grossed out to see them. And the eyepatch was his 'thing' by this point. He liked it.

"Well, you should try it anyway though! People don't go around wearing eyepatches! It looks ridiculous."

Seb rolled his eye. God…Fuck you, Carol! "Maybe." He ended up saying, as a way to placate the beast.

"Where did you go anyway? You already know the area? You just moved in!"

...GPS exists…

"Eh~ I went to enroll the kids at school." She would freak out if he told her about the vaccines. "And well, I don't know this city, but I used to live in Oregon for quite a few years before moving
"Really?! You're from here then?!” Seb had the feeling her questions were somehow very specific and personal…Kinda weird, but not...really suspicious. "No, I just worked here, I lived in Gravity Falls, it's a town a couple of hours away."

Carol pursed her lips. "Nope. I've never heard of that place!"

Seb frowned, feeling the need to defend his weird town. "What? That's impossible!" He laughed sheepishly. "The town is actually more popular now and more people are visiting it! When my brothers came back…" That caught the woman's attention and he sighed. Here he went again. "Anyway," Seb sidestepped the whole thing, "One of my brothers is a scientist and he opened a research center in Gravity Falls. It was in the news." Seb shrugged, not really wanting to tell this woman all his personal life. He hoped this would be enough to satisfy her. Besides, if she really cared she could always look it up, there was a website for the Center and everything!

"You have brothers?" Carol asked, destroying Seb's hopes. Urrghh.

"Yeah…It's my triplets and I, and my little brother...whom I still call little for some reason even though he's taller than me and way into his 30s…” Seb trailed off as he thought.

"Oh my gosh! Four boys!" Carol gasped. "Your poor mom! Four sons must have been a handful!"

Seb nodded. "It was really something."

"And one of your brothers is a scientist, you said? That's very nice~ What do your other brothers do?"

"My younger brother works with computers, my other triplet plays football." Seb maybe overestimated how well known the three of them actually were? Stan was pretty much harassed daily by paparazzi, he was a public figure and it was known that he had brothers but maybe not everyone knew him?

And, Seb had been in the news a few times, but he wasn't that famous yet. And Ford's recognition didn't come from the uncultured peasants, but from the scientific community.

Maybe he didn't look like Stan that much and people didn't recognize him as his brother?

Carol seemed to put two and two together and her eyes widened in surprise "Wait...Your last name is Pines, right?"

Seb nodded and to his not amusement, Carol squealed a little. "Oh my gosh! Your brother is Stanley Pines, right?! Oh my! I can see the resemblance now!" She raised a hand to cover Seb's face a little so she couldn't see the eyepatch. "It was your eyepatch distracting me~"

"Ah...you watch football…" Seb wiggled away from her, flinching a bit. He didn't like unwanted human contact.

"Oh yeah! We LOVE football! We watch the super bowl together! We're TOTAL fans~" She grinned.

"Even Amanda?" Seb chuckled a little, imagining the unicorn-loving toddler screaming at the TV and seeing grown ass men slamming and tackling each other.

"Oh yes!" Carol's eyes were shining. "It's so nice to be friends with FAMOUS people~!"
"Friends? Bitch, I barely know you!"

"You know what would be SOO nice?!"

That you'd leave me alone?

"It'd be so nice if we could get an autograph from your brother~ It would make Amanda very happy~ She's a huuuuuuge fan!"

Seb grimaced. "Eh... When it's not a specific event for that, my brother usually charges for the autographs..." Yeah, Stan was a jerk, but he kind of got it, it was business. "I could ask when the next signing event it..."

"Oh, but you're his brother~ I'm sure he can make an exception for us!" Carol wheedled. Seb shrugged. "I don't want to bother him. He's usually really busy." Seb glanced around. When were the kids going to finish playing so Seb could make Carol leave?!

"Aww, but it's just an autograph! It wouldn't take that much!" Carol insisted. Seb shook his head. Linda had told him he had to be more assertive. The blonde woman huffed. "No, I can just wait for the next signing event. It's not all that important anyway." Carol (thankfully) accepted and Sebastian groaned internally.

Kids?! Hello?! Can you read my mind?! Please come save me! Seb begged inside his head. Sadly, the children hadn't gained the power to hear his desperate thoughts and continued playing merrily with their new friend.

He sighed, bored and annoyed as shit. Why was he even tolerating this woman?! He shouldn't be nice to people, this all just brought him problems! Ugh, he missed being a dick. Maybe he should ask Linda if being a dick would help with this horrendous, disgusting life. Since he went all weak and nicey, things have gone bad for him!

He glanced at his phone, smiling a little at Wanda's message of "I'll move my ass alright." and laughed. "Well! Look at the time! It's lunch time! I have to make LUNCH! To feed my KIDS! You should probably DO THE SAME!" He pointed at the door. Carol clapped her hands. "Oh I just had the more delightful idea!"

Noooooo~ Seb wailed inside his head. Don't you fucking dare! Ax help!

(The Axolotl muffled his pleas. Wasn't he the one causing his problems in the first place? And didn't Sebastian curse his name all the time anyway? He already brought the man back to life, he didn't have to do anything else.)

"We can make lunch for the kids together!" Carol gasped.

"...Here?" Seb asked, heart sinking and with a trembling voice, feeling he was about to cry.

"Yeah! Where else?! It'd be a nice way for our princesses to spend MORE time together!" She clapped her hands before calling. "Amandaaa!!" The toddlers came running down the stairs and they pouted.

"Nooo! Five more minutes!" Amanda begged her mommy. "Yeah! Pleaseee!" Zully insisted as Zoe pouted hard to convince the adults.

"Oh don't worry, we're going to have lunch here!" Carol cheered.
"YAAYY!" The innocent children waved their hands in the air.

"...Yay..." Seb deadpanned. He texted Wanda. "I'm a hostage in my own house..."

-.-

This.

This was worse than Seb thought it would be.

Zully was grimacing a little, but didn't seem to really mind either way. Zoe was making faces at her food. Amanda seemed used to it and was eating normally. Seb... was twitching in place. Carol had insisted on cooking, as some sort of 'payback' for imposing on him. (Well if she felt bad about imposing on him, she could have just LEFT!)

But... if this GODDAMN woman didn't kill poor little Amanda by not giving her proper immunization, she'd kill her of malnutrition WITH THIS DRY BLAND ASS FOOD SHE JUST MADE! Seb couldn't stand eating this... this... cardboard anymore. He pushed his plate aside and went to go grab stuff from the pantry. "I'm gonna go get some salt." Seb grumbled. Zoe threw her hands in the air and cheered. "Finally!" Zully flushed and pushed their plate away, looking guilty for wanting daddy's food and not this... bread? No, it couldn't be bread, Zully didn't see miss Carol using any bread when she made lunch.

"Is something wrong?" Carol asked, seemingly confused.

Seb grimaced. "No...But...Well, we're used to more...condiments and..." Fuckin taste! "And seasoned food...It's not you, just our tongues."

"It tastes yucky." Zoe said bluntly and Seb clamped a hand over her mouth. "Shut up!" He hissed. "Don't make the crazy lady angry." was left unsaid. Zoe, catching on pretty quickly for a 4 year old, nodded solemnly.

Carol tutted. "It's healthy for you! Too much seasoning adds all sorts of awful contaminants into the body. Oils and fats will make you break out in pimples! Natural food without any additives is more healthy!"

Seb blinked slowly. "Ah... sure... well, I like me my basil and salt." He didn't have time to cook again (and the food would go to waste if he did that) so he simply seasoned the whining twins' and his own food as best as he could before going back to eating.

To Seb's utter relief, Carol (who he basically smelt how offended she was with them for eating delicious food) finally left. He didn't even care that she didn't wash anything she used, he was just happy she was gone!

"Dad, why was Miss Carol's food so horrible?" Zoe asked when the two left. "Ah, I don't know...People are just insane, kid..." Seb shook his head.

-.-

Ok.

This was it.

He couldn't take it anymore!
They've been living here for almost a month now and Carol still continuously annoyed him. Amanda came home after preschool to play and Seb had to see Carol's heavily made up face until it was time for them to leave!

She was insufferable! She demanded free stuff from him, sometimes made him babysit Amanda, made the twins share their toys, even when they were not comfortable with doing so, and Amanda took Zully's stuffed puppy for days because Carol basically told her she could before Zully finally gained enough courage to ask for it back. His poor baby was worried sick for their puppy!

Today she had commented on Zully's new haircut, which reached their shoulders. She said Seb shouldn't cut it so short because their hair was curly and it shortened the length even more and it made them look like 'very weird, like a boy girl'. Zully had sniffled and said that they liked having short hair more.

"Can't you like, send her to prison?!" Seb pleaded to his wife after his nightly rant about the neighbor. "Like, I've never seen her husband, but he's one intelligent guy! Staying at work all day while forcing me to bear with his annoying wife!" He shrieked, arms catching up on fire. Wanda frowned. "Well, even if she's annoying, she hasn't done anything… illegal?"

"Wanda, you gotta do something about her or I'M going to do something illegal!" He growled. "I-I love how happy the twins are with Amanda, they're good friends…but-but I can't really deal with her mom anymore…I...Am I bad? That I'm not willing to sacrifice this for the kids' happiness?" He gulped down the lump in his throat. "That sounds like something my father would do…" He whispered.

Wanda smiled sadly. "Hey, don't say that, you're nothing like him...You just don't like that woman, it doesn't mean you're a bad dad, you're the best dad!" She hugged him and leaned her head on his shoulder. "Tomorrow I have a day off, I can accompany you and help you with her. Maybe we can clear things with her, tell her that she has her own house and should respect ours...Yes? Would you wike that?" She baby talked to him.

"You'll go insane with her, but sure, we can try…" The man mumbled before hiding his face in her chest.

-.-

"Who are you?"

"Look Amanda! This is our mommy!" Zully introduced their mom to Amanda, who was hiding behind Carol's legs again (but not like the first time) and Carol, whose eyes widened in recognition.

"Ooohh! Oh my gosh, I thought I'd never get to meet you! You're always working~! My name is Carol, your neighbor, it's a pleasure to finally meet you!" Carol looked Wanda up and down, "You're working too much, you shouldn't leave your husband to raise your children for you."

"ExCUSE me?" Wanda gasped. Seb nodded, satisfied with Wanda's shocked expression. Yup. It was Wanda's turn to suffer.

And so, Wanda Friedmann could finally experience what it was like to interact with Carol. She dealt with it with a straight face...but Carol was an ass, not even in court did Wanda have to stand this kind of bullshit...

"You know what would be so awesome?! To have a girl's day! We can take our little daughters to
the salon and have our nails painted and a hair treatment, you could totally use it, honey~ You'd look so lovely with a different hairstyle. Maybe go a little more fixed up for your job!"

"...I'm going to work, not to a fashion show." Wanda explained. "Besides, I go to the salon with Sebastian every now and then already." She should probably ask the place she went...to NOT go there.

Carol blinked. "With... Sebastian?" She glanced over at Seb. "Oh, that's very nice of you to accompany your wife."

"Accompany nothing, I need to get touch ups." Seb swept his hair back. "It takes work to look this amazing." Wanda giggled at him and held his hand. "Oh, and my hands. No one wants to go around with nasty ass nails...I haven't painted them in a while, no?" He looked at Wanda for confirmation. "Um~ Before we moved you didn't have them painted already."

Carol blinked. ...What? She thought Sebastian was a little strange from the beginning, with his unnecessary eyepatch, but...she thought he was normal! Was he... Carol narrowed her eyes a little. He seemed somewhat... camp... oh she didn't want to assume, and he had a wife and children so it couldn't be possible-Could it? But she'd seen stories of married men being...

She shuddered. She just hoped she was wrong! That would be...

They had to bear with Carol and her annoying comments ("there's a gay couple down the street! Just...so you know") all day and at the end of the day, Seb and Wanda collapsed on their bed. How stressful. "Ok, I see your point." Wanda admitted. "Is my hair really bad?"

"No! I love your hair! I bet she was jealous, as you're ACTUALLY blonde." Seb grinned. Wanda groaned. "How do you even know she's not a natural blonde?"

"Please~ Amanda's a brunette." Seb rolled his eye. Wanda sighed. "You know that means nothing. Her husband could have been blond. Or one of her grandparents...The twins are blond and that doesn't make you blond. That means nothing."

Seb rolled his eye. "Ok...but then I know because that color is fake as hell." Wanda grinned. There it was~

"You'll see she's just jealous of you because you're pretty whether you're in pjs or a dress, with or without makeup. And I've seen how thick Carol's makeup is, it's practically caked on." He made a face and Wanda chuckled. "Can you imagine her trying to prove she's somehow better than us by showing off how well she's taking care of Amanda and her husband? Maybe she'll even try to bake something and bring it over to gloat!" The two laughed. "But if her desserts are anything like her food! Bleerrghh!" The man stuck his tongue out.

Wanda chuckled and pulled Seb into bed with her. "hah! What a joke...But well, if something like that happens, you can fake getting a phone call from me to have an excuse to leave the room."

"My hero!" Seb laughed, kissing Wanda's nose.

-.-

Seb didn't want to be right, but he was right. Oh how he hated being right all the time~

Carol was here. With a pie.

Worst of all. She was here, with a pie. On a Saturday. God's day! The one day they should be able
to relax from the weekend and rest from Carol's annoying presence and being left alone! Oh, and her husband was here, a tall slim brunette who was either too blind and dumb to realize how annoying Carol was or was actually just faking everything and he knew, and he actually liked her that way!

"Oh, this is my husband, Rodrick! He had been sooo~ busy before but I finally managed to drag him here to meet our new friends~"

Wanda and Seb shared a look before shaking hands with the man.

They had to let them in and Amanda rushed to play with the twins, dragging a backpack with toys to share.

"So~ Carol told me you're brothers with Stanley Pines!" Rodrick grinned, seeming almost kind. "I was a huge fan way back when he first started and now that he's back to playing, I'm even more excited to watch him!"

Seb nodded. "Yeah, he's very happy to be back too."

"Hey...um, is it true that he was...kidnapped?" Rodrick lowered his voice a little. Seb smiled a little, instead of sounding intrusive like his goddamn wife, the man actually had the decency to look guilty for being curious about such a thing.

"Yeah, it is. But we're trying to put that awfulness behind us, you know?" Seb told them. Rodrick nodded. "Yeah, of course."

They went to the kitchen to cut the pie.

"Wanda~"

Oh god, no. Wanda smiled politely at Carol as she got plates. The twins and Amanda were playing and Seb called dibs on the husband. She thought it was super unfair, but she guessed Seb already spent too much time with Carol and deserved a break.

"So, you know this pie is a family recipe?! My mom taught me how to bake and cook when I was 9."

"Wow...That's very young..." Wanda nodded. "Well of course! How else would I know how to pamper my husband~" Carol gushed. "Ever since I was a child, I dreamed of finally getting married and having my own baby!"

Wow...That's so wrong on so many levels... there was nothing wrong with wanting to be married and have kids, but the way Carol spoke about it made it seem like she thought that was what all women were meant to do. Wanda nodded again, trying to erase what she heard from her mind.

"When did you learn to cook?" Carol asked with a raised eyebrow and a smirk.

Seb snorted from his place when he heard the question and Wanda rolled her eyes. "Like, when I met Seb? Maybe?" She wasn't really fond of cooking. Her cousins and mom had told her she should have learnt sooner to not live off instant soups and take out, but hey! She survived!

"But it doesn't really matter, Sebastian cooks and he's wonderful at that." She looked at Seb, who was blushing a little at the Rodrick's surprised look. "You cook?"

Carol frowned. "Oh...So let me guess, you can't bake either."
"Just premade cookies~" Seb grinned. "The best ones though!"

Carol gasped. "What?! Oh my, you can't make pie? Then what do you make for your dear children?"

Seb huffed. "I make stuff for our dear children and they love it!" Bitch please, no one made better pie than him! The look Carol was sending Wanda was so weird...like, smug even... Why? Was this some passive aggressive power play against her to see who was a better wife? It totally seemed like it. And if it was, it was very ridiculous. Wanda was the best partner and a perfectly loving mother to their twins. What did her ability to cook have to do with anything? She could heat up Premade food just fine. And the twins had plenty of pasta and veggies in the pantry that Wanda knew how to make.

It went like that for the rest of the day. Carol would point out things like some dust along the windowsill and imply that Wanda was letting her home fall into disrepair by not doing her job as the woman of the house. Wanda was getting very uncomfortable with all this (and Sebastian felt himself blushing, realizing he hadn't been cleaning right even stupid Carol noticed). Even Rodrick looked like he wanted to speak up, but the look that Carol sent him made the man back down.

Just when Wanda was going to just lose her shit at their neighbor, the doorbell rang and she took that opportunity to escape. "Oh! It appears that someone is at the door. I must go check!" Wanda said with a too wide grin, making a mad dash out of the kitchen. She blinked at the group of people on the front road.

"Oh, hello there. Sorry for dropping by unannounced. We're your neighbors." One man said with a kind smile. "My wife wanted to come by and greet you earlier but we thought you would need this time to adjust and unpack and then we just lost track of time." The man laughed, rubbing his arm. The woman beside him, his wife(?), giggled. "And the longer it had been, the more awkward it felt to just come over to say 'hi' but we finally got the nerve to come over."

"Oh, well it's very nice to meet you." Wanda smiled, hoping and praying that these neighbors weren't like Carol.

"Oh, um, I bought wine!" Another woman smiled and Wanda's eyes lit up. Oohh~

The other two couples there (Wanda would guessed they were all friends), presented themselves, and their little kids. The couple who spoke first didn't have kids yet (they were still trying for kids), but the other had one girl and the last one had an older girl and boy (older than the twins but still close).

Seb poked his head out when he realized Wanda had abandoned him, and noticed the group of people.

WAS HIS HOUSE SOMEHOW THE MEETING POINT OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD?! WHY DID EVERYONE COME HERE?!

"This is my husband, Sebastian. Seb, these are the other neighbors." The crowd cheerfully waved and Seb noticed the other toddlers and little kids. Then he grinned mischievously, an idea forming in his mind.

If he invited everyone in, Carol would feel replaced and soooo offended that she'll stop coming! And if the twins played with more kids maybe they'll become best friends with someone else and leave Amanda behind! So he had no reason to bear with her mom any longer!
Seb gently pushed Wanda aside and opened the door widely. "Oh please~Please come in! We'd love to receive you in our humble home~ The twins are upstairs I'm sure they'd LOVE to make friends!"

"Are-Are you sure?" "We don't want to impose…” These other neighbors were so much more polite. Seb liked them already.

"NONSENSE! The more the merrier! I used to plan interdimensional parties, ya know?! I'm the King of Hosts! Please make yourselves at home!" Seb bowed dramatically, winking at the crowd with a roguish grin.

"Didn't he mean international?" A woman asked while her husband shrugged.

Seb ushered the little kids upstairs, calling "Zoe! Zully! I'm sending you some tiny human offerings!" and pushed the crowd into the living room, with Wanda watching the proceedings with an amused expression.

Once there, the neighbors met with Carol and Rodrick, who had been waiting there, impatiently. "Oh, Carol!" One of the woman smiled. "I didn't know you were here, hi~ How are you?" The neighbors said hi to Carol and husband, and Seb was starting to doubt the other neighbors' sanity. Carol motioned everyone to the couches (Wanda's eye twitched at how that woman acted as if this was her own house), and all the adults started talking. Seb's leg was bouncing up and down frantically. A lot of people...a lot of strangers of questionable sanity in his house. They were friends with Carol! She'll like to come MORE now!

At least the slightly more kind-looking neighbors smiled at them and complimented their house, asked general things like from where they moved, their jobs, what they liked to do and talked about the neighborhood, some good restaurants around and places to go with their kiddos. Just simply chitchat that weren't pointed digs into their personal lives, unlike everything Carol asked about.

"The church has masses all sundays from 9am-10am and from 11am to 12pm, in case you missed the first!" A woman giggled as she explained. Seb sighed loudly. Religious people, huh? Nothing wrong with that, but he hoped they didn't try pushing their religion in his face.

"There are activities for the children under 10 while the adults are at mass, the kids like it, they have fun there." A man commented.

"Well...that sounds very nice, but we don't-" Seb started to say before he was interrupted.

Carol gasped. "Oh my gosh, I have an idea!" Seb knew that was a bad thing. "I can take Zoe and Zully with me! I take Amanda early so she can play longer! And then I can take them all back to my place so they can play!"

Seb twitched and Wanda looked at him before smiling sheepishly at the expecting neighbors. "Well, that sounds really nice, but~ we're like, kinda jewish."

Their guests' eyes widened a bit and Seb faltered. "Eh..." Wanda pinched his arm and leaned in to whisper. "Do you want Carol to take the twins every Sunday with her?" Seb sat up straight. "Ah! Yep, total jewish, yup! Very religious guys...Hanukkah...Synagogue...Torah...Shalom…” Wanda sighed and facepalmed.

One man gasped and grimaced apologetically. "Oh my god, and we came to bother you on a Saturday!" He winced. "We're so, so sorry." He held his wife's hand. She looked guilty as well.
Wanda smiled and Seb shook his head. "Eh, don't worry, you didn't know…” He looked at Carol. "But NOW you know for next time that our Saturdays are SO VERY SACRED!"

Carol blinked, too stupid to understand the indirect jab. "So...you're a jew right? So... why aren't you wearing your hat thingie?"

Seb gasped and patted his head, as if he was searching for it. "Oh no! It must have fallen under the wrong idea that all jewish people wear it all the time." He deadpanned, making Wanda snort. Seb huffed. He didn't even HAVE to wear it. He wasn't even religious. He was sure his family only celebrated holidays because it meant eating delicious food and presents!

A few of the other neighbors were giving Carol uncomfortable looks at how insensitive her comment had been. Carol, still oblivious, went on with, "You don't look like a jew." while looking at Wanda. The lawyer bristled with offence. "That's not a-"

Everyone was uncomfortable now. One of the other neighbors changed the subject before things could devolve any further. "Hey, I'm sure the kids must be hungry by now, it's nearing lunchtime. We should probably head home and feed them."

"Oh? I can just make lunch here-" Carol started to say before her husband (thankfully) took her hand and patted it. "Honey, I think we should leave the Pines alone to relax on their weekend." Rodrick said gently. Seb almost wanted to kiss the man in gratitude. Carol finally allowed herself to be pulled out of the house, after calling for Amanda. They (and all the other neighbors) left. Seb groaned. "I never want to let anyone else into the house again."

Wanda patted his back. "Well, Rachel, Huston and the others didn't seem all that bad."

Seb was going to throw himself onto the couch but reconsidered it and went to get the vacuum. No. Purge the strangers' disgusting presence from his house first. He wouldn't lay anywhere until it was back to normal. Ew. So much for sacred saturday, he was here cleaning up from undesired guests...

Wanda sat down and watched him clean. "You know~ You're always complaining how this day is soo boring."

"Well, it is, you're there like a ragdoll and I gotta do everything around here. Not even turning on a light? Seriously? If I obeyed this list of stuff, I'd just go lay there on bed and wait till tomorrow!"

Wanda laughed. "And yet this day saved us from having Carol coming here on weekends from now on, hopefully."

Seb finished vacuuming the couch and hummed. "Yeah. You're right. God bless himself!" He picked her up with his mind and floated her to the couch with a grin. "I'm technically not doing physical work~Poor farmers, they can't work today." He curled up like a cat next to her and Wanda stroked his hair. "I'll sleep here and use magic to pick up the phone to order some food because even that I'm apparently prohibited from doing!"

Wanda rolled her eyes. How dramatic. He just didn't like rules.

The twins came downstairs and ran towards their parents. "Mommy, we wanted to clean our woom but then we remembered it's Saturday and we can't~" Zoe explained with an innocent look. Wanda sighed and Seb snorted before laughing. Now THAT was a way of using the strict system for your favor!

"We really liked pwaying with our new friends." Zully giggled and clung to their mommy with a smile.
The two parents shared a look and sighed. They'd put up with more shit just for the sake of their babies. Seb would do *anything* for them.

Chapter End Notes

So new characters! All I do to bother Seb's existence~ mwAAHAAHAH! Please comment, we love hearing what you think!
Chapter 16: INTERLUDE DURING SUMMER 2017 Necessary nerd uncle-crazy niece bonding time

Chapter by bluefrosty27

Chapter Notes

hello! We're back! And we brought fluff!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Before summer of 2017, Seb received Mabel, Dipper and Dillon's high school graduation invitations. High school. They had finished high school! Why was time moving so fast? Seb couldn't believe it. Was it because he killed Time Baby? Was the flow of time going faster because of it? Because his kids were so big and his other kids were graduating from high school. He could remember when he first saw them as babies, so small and tiny and wailing nonstop…

He was invited to their graduation. As the seats were limited, only he travelled to California for it and then he'd go to New York for Dillon's. Mabel and Dipper looked so grown up, wearing their gowns and hats and holding their diplomas... They looked so happy… Dipper was given another diploma for being 2nd in his class and Mabel got a special diploma from the school, for being an 'honorable student' which was basically being friendly, kind, getting average grades and doing many activities.

Shermie cried the entire time. So embarrassing.

Mabel finally finished taking photos with her friends and teachers before joining her family which was waiting for her to get THEIR photos. "Aahh! Is my makeup still on?!" She threw herself over her mom, who laughed and examined her face before saying "Yep! You're still fine, sweetie." Sherman wiped a happy, proud tear.

"Oh my god! Guys, I'm so, so happy you're here for us! And I'm so glad Dillon's graduation is next week so you ALL could come for us!" She squealed. She wasn't wearing her graduation gown now, just a pretty red dress and short heels. Dipper was wearing a suit and Paz was holding his arm in a light blue dress. She had her graduation before them and Dipper travelled to be with her.

If that wasn't love, Mabel didn't know what was.

"Of course, pumpkin, we wouldn't miss it for anything!" Stan exclaimed. "AAANDD I came first because I care more and I'm the best uncle!" Seb declared proudly. Wanda and the twins weren't here, so he could be more immature than normal.

Abigail sighed. Oh here they went again…

"Oh yeah?! Who bought them presents?!

"Please~I don't need to rely on material things to be the best!" Seb scoffed and Stan said mockingly "Please~! You just can't accept that I'm the best uncle."

"What's Dipper's real name?" Seb raised an eyebrow and Stanley froze. Dipper turned around at the
mention of his name and Shermie snorted loudly.

"Uh…Diptholomew! I dunno!" Stan crossed his arms. Shermie and Abigail almost had a seizure from how HARD they were laughing, and poor Dipper just groaned and facepalmed. Did his uncle SERIOUSLY not know his real name after…what?! 4 years?!

Mabel also snorted and was very much enjoying watching her uncles fight over them. That was adorable! She looked to her right, and noticed Uncle Stanford standing there, unamused by his brothers' fight and Stanley's apparent lack of knowledge about their nephew's name. He was keeping his hands behind his back all serious and nerdy and he was alone! Sure, her other uncles were alone right now, but Uncle Ford was always alone and didn't have anyone to love!

Mabel cracked her knuckles. She wasn't an unofficial matchmaker for NOTHING! "Mabel's got a plan~" she whispered to herself…

-.-

It wasn't even a day after Dillon's graduation when Ford heard a happy Soos knocking on his lab's door. "Hey Dr. Dude! Look who came!"

Ford sighed tiredly, stood up and walked towards the door, only to be surprised by the super tackle Mabel gave him. "Hi, uncle Ford! I'm staying here for a month! Or the entire summer if it's necessary! Isn't that great?!!" She freed her uncle and Ford chuckled sheepishly. "Oh. Alright, that-that's ok…you can stay here for the summer...if you wish?" When the twins were younger, he hadn't really acted like a caretaker for them, busy with the portal, and you know, panicking over Bill. When his family stayed here he didn't have to take care of his niblings, just be there, everyone did the rest, so he was a bit clueless as to how to do this. Mabel was a teen now though, he was sure it couldn't be that hard to give her food and that stuff...right?

"Your parents know you're here?" "Yup!" "Ok then...I guess it's alright."

"GREAT!" Mabel squealed with a huge smile on her face. "We're going to have so much fun this summer!" Ford nodded slowly and looked around. Soos was gone by now. "Um...are you...alone? Dipper didn't come with you?" He didn't see the boy but he had sort of assumed.

The comment made the brunette girl's smile decrease a little bit. "Um...no, it's just me...Dipper is taking some classes and working and that adult stuff…" Mabel shifted from foot to foot. "I know you like hanging out with Dipper more than with me…" She rubbed the back of her neck sheepishly.

Stanford's eyes widened when he realized he hurt her. "No! NO! I didn't mean it like that, Mabel!" He winced. Ford knew that Mabel and Dipper had lived here for a whole summer, so having only Mabel here should be half the work, right? "It's fine if it's only you. I…" He thought about what to say, what Ashton had coached him on. "I don't know you very well, so… this… is actually a good opportunity to do so." He managed to save himself last minute.

Mabel beamed. "Yes! We should seriously get to know each other this summer!" Her smile turned sly. "And~ I will help you find a girlfriend! Or boyfriend! Either one works for me."

"Ex-Cuse me?!" Ford faltered. This was not what he had in mind!

-.-

Mabel installed herself in the attic. It felt a little lonely without Dipper here, but she had her (not anymore) baby pig to keep her company! "You can sleep on Dipper's bed. He'll never know~" she
told Waddles and he seemed thrilled to climb right up and roll around. Mabel grinned and snapped a photo to share with her twin. Dipper responded with a deadpanning emoji and a [Just make sure he doesn't poop on my bed!]

She let her uncle work, just a few hours, until it was lunch time, and went to bother him once again. "Uncle Foorrd~ You can't starve yourself in my presence! I made Mabel Juice! You never tried it but you shooooould~!"

Ford, inside his lab, massaged his temples before taking a deep breath. Fine. Ok. He will accept he couldn't get much work done while his niece was here. And he was SO going to get lunch, he had a cup of coffee right here! But Mabel was still demanding attention and because he was a good person, actively trying to be more social, he would listen to her and give her the required attention.

Ford joined everyone for lunch and Melody seemed very surprised with his tall presence. "Hey~ It seems Mabel's presence is good for you, Ford~!" Ford sent her a funny smile and sat down.

Mabel was quite content at how...friendly Ford was with Soos, Melody and Abuelita. They were housemates! It was so cute. And so, so different from when she first stayed here. Moody, hermit crab to kinda social uncle was a great improvement! She looked down at her phone and the list she had made of all the uncle-niece bonding activities she'd thought up for this summer. Dipper wasn't the only one who liked making lists of stuff. The difference was, Mabel actually knew how to adapt when things didn't work out the way she originally planned. She was really looking forward to addressing the things on this list though...

And that was how Ford found himself roped into Karaoke with his niece.

"Mabel, I know you like singing, but I am not very good at it." Ford winced as he held the mic. He hadn't sung in years, he… hadn't sung since he was a child and his brothers dragged him along to do so. Or music class in elementary school! And… He didn't like it very much...

"Oh, uncle Ford, uncle Ford~ Karaoke is not about sounding GOOD, it's about sounding terrible Together~" Her eyes sparkled. "Besides, singing saves lives!" Mabel shrugged as she searched for the right song. Ford rolled his eyes. "Right. And how exactly does it save lives?"

"When your dumb nephew raised the undead that summer we stayed here, we found in your journal, which you had written in with invisible ink like a big jerk, hiding important information, that you could defeat zombies with a…” Mabel didn't remember the word used.

"A perfect three part harmony?!" Ford asked incredulously. "You fought zombies?!!"

"Yeah! We even cured Soos! He got bitten."

So that was why zombies occasionally rose back...He always thought the zombies were a result from Weirdmageddon. But it appeared Dipper had raised the dead… and probably never recited the counter-spell to make them stop coming back, though the magic behind the spell was much weaker now, leading to only the occasional undead uprising. Ford made a note to look up what the counter spell was… and then remembered that they'd thrown the journals into the bottomless pit (he only wrote down the most scientific things in there to publish his research) so he would simply have to figure it out again on his own. Well, it wasn't much of an issue anyway, the magic was fading and the townsfolk had gotten used to dealing with them as well.

Mabel poked her uncle's chest. "Hey! How did you know singing killed zombies? Have you raised the dead too?" She raised an eyebrow. Ford winced. "I did. It wasn't pleasant. I actually found out how to rupture their skulls by accident, I was chased back into my house by them and in the
ensuing battle, I knocked over my radio and it turned on. I was quite lucky."

Mabel gasped. "You see?! Saved by music!"

Ford corrected her, "Saved by auditory vibrations within the correct wavelengths."

Mabel rolled her eyes. "That's what music IS! Accept it!" Ford sighed. "Ok. I'll give up."

"Done! I found the perfect song!" Mabel pressed play. Ford's eye narrowed even more as the music played.

\textit{All the single ladies (All the single ladies)}

\textit{All the single ladies (All the single ladies)}

\textit{All the single ladies (All the single ladies)}

\textit{All the single ladies}

\textit{Now put your hands up}

"I'm not singing that." Ford deadpanned.

"Are you a single lady?!" Mabel questioned. "I'm single, yes, but not a lady." Ford deadpanned again.

"You're just scared!" Mabel taunted. "You're scared of looking fabulous!"

"...I'm quite sure that's not the issue here." Ford rubbed his face. "I'm simply not about to embarrass myself by trying and failing to do something I know I'm not good at."

"Chiiiiicken~" Mabel teased. Ford rolled his eyes. "You're not going to make me give in from such childish tactics." Mabel just poked Ford in the side, making him jump, he was a little ticklish. "Chiiiiicken~" Mabel teased again.

\textit{Up in the club (club)}

\textit{Just broke up (up)}

\textit{I'm doing my own little thing}

Mabel waved the microphone in front of the man's face. Ford rolled his eyes. "You're not going to make me sing." He said stubbornly. Well, too bad for him, Pines stubbornness ran in the family and Mabel wasn't backing down either. "It's a bonding exercise. Didn't you say you wanted to hang out with me and bond?" Mabel switched tactics, something she learned from uncle Seb and Stan in manipulation, she began sniffling.

Ford, who was closing his eyes and crossing his arms, looked up at the sad sounds. Despite living in a pawnshop throughout his entire childhood, living with a father like his, with the brothers he had, and dealing with Bill Cipher, Ford learnt absolutely nothing about manipulation.

"Mabel…"

Mabel rubbed her eyes. "I-I just thought we could have a nice karaoke night...but well, I see I don't have anything in common with you, I can't even choose something you'd like to do with me…" The girl sighed and slowly stood up to turn off the machine.
Ford grimaced, not getting at all her sadness was fake as heck. "I-I am sorry, Mabel, I didn't mean to hurt you...If this really means a lot to you..." He sighed in defeat. Pines were stubborn, but they didn't want their family to hurt. "I guess we can sing this..." He clenched his teeth.

"GREAT!" Mabel cheered as she hugged him. She felt a little bad for manipulating him like this, but he needed to learn to loosen up and just do stuff without worrying over how embarrassed he'd get from it. If something made him feel embarrassed, that meant he was being held back from living his life to the fullest, right? So learning to get over his inhibitions was only going to be good for him!

Don't pay him any attention

I cried my tears (tears)

For three good years (years)

You can't be mad at me

"Cause if you like it, then you shoulda put a ring on it! If you like it, then you shoulda put a ring on it!" Mabel stood up and danced around her uncle as she sang. She didn't know the choreography but she moved around exaggeratedly, moving her shoulders and hips. Ford couldn't help but find it rather... adorable? Ah... he wasn't used to this feeling. Was this... enjoying himself?

He was pretty stiff at first, he really thought he couldn't sing and it's been decades since he sang, but when his attempts to sing weren't laughed at by Mabel, nor was he mocked for not knowing the words, he started relaxing, humming along to the tune whenever he really didn't know the words. Mabel chose many songs from the 80s and 90s, hoping that perhaps Ford would recognize a few.

Mabel's eyes widened as more songs from the old days played and her uncle got more into it. He was holding the microphone with both hands, very passionately, like when Dipper got into it as well.

He actually sang very pretty damn great! What the hell?! Why would he hate karaoke?!

The next song was from when uncle Ford was a teen, that's what he said at least, and he was smiling like a very happy owl. Mabel recognized the song because it was a meme, but the song was still nice. He hit all the notes perfectly and Mabel's jaw dropped. He was... actually REALLY good. What the actual hell?!

"Never gonna let you down! Never gonna run around and desert you~!" Mabel was quite sure her uncle had no idea that song was a meme. Well, she joined in singing, it was adorable and the song wasn't bad!.

They took a break to prepare snacks and Mabel narrowed her eyes at him with a grin. "You nerd liar! You can sing pretty damn well!" She poked him in the chest. "Why'd you say you weren't any good?!"

Ford blushed and awkwardly looked away. "Eh...It's very embarrassing to sing..."

"No it's not! You're great!" Mabel insisted. "Your voice is amazing~" She wanted to get him to sing together with the whole family now. "I bet uncle Seb would love to sing together with you."

Ford rolled his eyes. "Sebastian lived singing. I was dragged into it too many times. I'm not-" but Mabel interrupted "Then it'll be familiar to you! GASP! We should bring back Love Patrol Alpha from retirement in our next family reunion! Featuring Stanford Pines!" She giggled and hugged her
uncle's arm. But Ford shook his head. "No, Mabel, please. My brothers, especially your dad, would never let me live it down." Mabel pouted at this, but it wasn't going to stop her from making more plans! Yeeeee~ so many plans….

After they sang themselves into exhaustion, Mabel tried to teach Ford how to braid her hair. When Ford asked why he would ever need this particular skill, Mabel scoffed. "I'll have you know that ladies love a man who knows how to handle hair." She wiggled her eyebrows at him. Ford didn't get the hint. "...but why would I need to learn this?" He asked again, looking like a confused owl. Mabel sighed. Oblivious! This man really was a hard case.

"Well~ It can be a plus for when I set you up on dates~ Dipper learned to braid and thanks to me, Pacifica loves him!"

"Correlation does not mean causation, Mabel." Ford tried to explain, but Mabel wasn't listening. "And! If you ever have a daughter, which would be AMAZING! MORE GIRLS! You could braid their hair for school and send them off all nice and pretty. Or a son, if he likes long hair, that could happen too!"

Ford's cheeks were turning a bright red. Daughters?! Sons?! The idea of having kids made him feel a little faint. "I-I…"

"But don't worry, one step at a time. First we'll arm you with the necessary dating equipment, then the other fun stuff can happen, eh?!" She nudged him.

"Mabel, I am not dating anyone-"

"Good, which means you'll be free to go meet up with Susan tomorrow night." Mabel grinned. "I have a nice dinner date all set up~ Booked the restaurant and everything!"

"Booked the- Mabel, what?!" Ford gasped. "You shouldn't make plans about me without letting me know!"

"Well I'm letting you know now~ And I know you're free tomorrow night, I checked your schedule at work. McGucket said that you need to take a break and relax anyway, he said you've been working too hard."

That traitor!

Ford closed his eyes and took a deep breath. He wasn't romantic, he didn't know how to date… "You said...Susan? Like, the owner of the diner?"

"Yup! You know her and she obviously likes you!" Mabel cheered. "She does?!!" Ford didn't know that. "Yup! So it's easier! You can have a romantic dinner, dressed all elegant, chat about your likes and all that cute stuff. Open your heart to possible love~ Just use your natural charms!"

Ford didn't know how to do cute stuff! He-He wasn't like Stan who could flirt and wanted to draw women's attention! He had…never felt a serious attraction to anyone, like his brothers have… He didn't have charms...

But he guessed he could try? Mabel trusted him…

"Besides, Uncle Stan told me you almost kissed her at his wedding, so that means your subconscious is telling you something!"

"I almost did WHAT?!" He screamed, face flustered with utter embarrassment.
Ford was trembling in front of the restaurant. Mabel left him alone. This was F's fault.

This was also his own fault for not being normal in socializing and-and romance… Ford sighed and pulled at his collar. "Okay… just… just go in and… talk. Yes. That." He didn't move though, his legs still frozen in place. Really? It wasn't… this shouldn't be so scary.

He met Susan inside after managing to move his frozen legs. She smiled at him, one of her eyes closed, and Ford felt guilty. She liked him (for some...ODD REASON?!) but he was only feeling fear. "Uh, hello miss Susan." Ford managed not to stutter. She tittered and waved a hand at him, her nails well painted and manicured. "Hello yourself sweetie~" She grinned. Ford shuddered.

He stood in front of their table and there was a bit of an awkward silence before he remembered what Mabel had grilled him on and reach into his suit to take out the flower Mabel insisted he brings. "Ah, here." Ford said plainly as he held the (crushed and bruised) flower out, his arm straight, stiff and formal. Susan didn't seem to mind, giggling into her hand and taking the offered flower. "Aww thanks sweetie. You're such a doll~"

"I can assure you, I am not a small model of a human figure." Ford responded. Why did she call him such? Is that what he looked like? Dressed up in a suit, like a dress up doll? Like a toy?

Susan giggled at him. "Oh, you're so~ funny~ Well, will you sit down now or are you planning to stand there all night?"

Ford awkwardly sat in front of her and blinked at her with scared brown eyes. He looked down at the menu. You know what? He felt hungry, he could have something to eat and distract himself from this nerve wracking situation. Not even sneaking into that 2 headed monster's cave to get back their supplies while Stan was hurt back in space was as scary as this. And if he was eating, he wouldn't have to talk! Brilliant! He searched for which food item was the most difficult to eat, therefore, taking up the most time out of this d-date…

Susan was fluttering her eyelashes at him. Not that Ford noticed.

"So~ How's work in the Mystery Shack? I heard you all do lots of science stuff~" Susan asked, hoping to start a conversation.

"Uh huh!" Ford squeaked, not even bothering to correct her about the name. Breathe, Stanford. A voice in his mind, that sounded a lot like Stanley, said. "Lots of science. Yes. I'm working on very important experiments." He nearly tripped over his words. Why was this so awkward?!

The waiter came (he couldn't believe he was here working instead of at home. Just because his boss did that teen a favor…) and took their order with a fake smile. "Hello, what can I get you two tonight?" The waiter asked. Susan pointed at her menu, "Can I have the cob salad to start? And a steak?" she asked. The waiter dutifully wrote this down. "How would you like it done?"

"Well done, please." Susan smiled.

The waiter turned to Ford and repeated his question. "Ah..." He calculated and finally stated, "I would like the lobster." he knew they were hard and required work to break open to eat. So, it would be the best bet to take up his time.

Unfortunately, he still had to spend the time waiting for the food with Susan. He wasn't sure what to talk about. She started speaking again, and from what he understood, she had cats, lots of them.
"Ah…I...never had pets...But-But my brother Stanley had a possum when-when we were kids…"
He managed to tell her.

"Oh, that's so adorable!" Susan squealed. Ford shrugged. "I suppose, but looking back, it was quite
dangerous to keep a wild animal with a knife strapped to its back." Ford frowned. "In fact, I'm
surprised we weren't mauled." he was more surprised that he, the intelligent one, actually liked it
and thought it was a good idea. It was rather lucky for three dumb 10-12 years olds. "Well, I
haven't quite had any time for pets since. I have many delicate instruments in my lab, I can't risk
any contamination or damage."

"Instruments? So you're a musician as well?" Susan asked, grinning. Ford frowned. "No, not
musical instruments, scientific ones." He explained. It rather… annoyed him that she didn't get it.
It wasn't even all that different of a definition. And everyone knew he was scientist! She should
know! Still, Ford tried to make an effort to not get frustrated. "Well, I don't have time for pets
anyway."

Ford was very uncomfortable, but Susan also didn't seem to be taking a hint, so both were down for
suffering through this conversation.

Their drinks were served. Ford gulped down his. Dry throat.

"So… Your...eye...Um, did you…" Ford was curious, but he didn't want to hurt her feelings just to
get information. Ashton said that was bad.

"Oh, I got hurt with Sebastian, actually…" Susan touched her eye. Ford frowned, confused. "My
brother did that?"

This time, Susan was the one blushing. "Eh...Not exactly...When he first moved there were a lot of
science stuff in the Shack and I hurt my eye with one weird thingy." She wasn't going to tell him
Seb warned her but… whatever.

Ford winced. "Ah, I'm sorry?" Susan giggled. "It's fine. I'm used to it." The two sat in
uncomfortable silence.

Their food was here. Finally!

They ate in silence, awkwardly smiling at each other from time to time. Ford coughed. "Well...If it
was one of my old experiments...Maybe, I don't know, maybe I can look at what it was and...there's
a possibility we can revert it, if you want?" He offered awkwardly. He couldn't think of anything
that would do that though. Maybe Sebastian remembered, he had one awfully good memory.

"You would do that...for me?" Susan gasped softly. Ford shrugged. "Just, if I can find out what it
was..." Susan's smile creeped him out. So he decided to concentrate on eating. When he was done,
then it was paying and leaving. Then this whole nightmare was over.

"It's so sweet of you to come out with me tonight~" Susan leaned closer. Ford shrugged. "Well, my
niece insisted I should at least give it a chance." Not that he fully understood why this had to
happen. He didn't see a point in this whole affair.

"Well I'm sure you'll be glad you took this chance." Susan reached forward and laid her hand over
his, stroking his wrist. Ford shuddered. "Ah..." It didn't... feel bad, but he was unsure how to
handle this. "I-I suppose…" he pulled on his hand, "Ah, I need my hand back… the lobster
kinda…” He smiled hesitantly. Susan let go, watching him eat. "So, you have such… large
hands…" she rumbled with a sly look. "I like a man with large hands."
"I'm sorry, what?" Ford felt very uncomfortable. Susan simply batted her eye at him. "Oh~you know~" She leaned even closer. "Large hands~" she purred.

Stanford's anxiety didn't allow him to continue any longer. "Non Specific excuse!" He shouted as he stood up from the table before jumping out of the nearest window, instead of using the door. He didn't know, but his family had a tendency to use the window quite often.

Mabel didn't expect her uncle home so soon. "Hey! What are you doing here?! You should be smooching miss Susan!" She scolded.

Ford untied his tie and groaned. "I-I don't want to date anyone ever again!" He whined, reminding Mabel of her youngest uncle's childish antics. "But why not?"

"I-I-she...it looked like she was going to eat me! I-..." She held my hands, I totally panicked.

Mabel pouted at the saddened expression of her poor uncle and she went to hug him. "Aawww~ Don't worry, uncle Ford, we all have bad dates! Maybe miss Susan is just not for you and that's ok." She hummed as Ford sat on the couch. "Maybe you need to invite someone you deem attractive...Is there any cute girl at the center?"

Ford shrugged, feeling useless for this kind of thing. "How would I know...?" It wasn't like he went about rating his co-workers' appearances.

Mabel decided to let her uncle rest for a while and they completed more stuff from her list, like teaching him to knit, teaching him how to scrapbook and craft as many cute books as he wanted (he really liked that activity), and they made cupcakes they could decorate together. Mabel made waddles cupcakes, Ford did smiley faces.

But then, she talked to Fiddleford. He was Ford's best friend, he knew him better than her. "So, Uncle Fidds, what's Uncle's Ford type? The first date didn't go as expected and I think he needs to date girls more like him, you know?" She was in Fiddleford's lab, accompanying him. "How was he like in college?"

The blond sighed and adjusted his glasses. "If I'm honest with you, Mabel, I have never seen him talking to women during college...We weren't all crazy for frat parties and what not, but in the few ones we had...Ford was always very uncomfortable... Heck, here in the center is the first time I've seen him talk to women at all..." Fiddleford hummed in thought.

"Is there a possibility...he doesn't like girls? Have you seen any...hints?" Mabel asked with a raised eyebrow. She passed him the screwdriver he needed. She just wanted her uncle to be happy like his brothers were!

Fiddleford thought about it. "Naw, he doesn't seem all that into them neither. He's more nervous around women, but I think that's simply due to the fact that he's traumatized over women from when we were younger. He had a tendency to accidentally say things that insulted them. It didn't end pretty."

Mabel rubbed her forehead. She had so much to teach him. Maybe they needed a day to prepare him for dates? She helped Seb get over his fear of water, she could OBVIOUSLY get uncle Ford a date! He was handsome, he just needed help with the first step!

"So... any women here at the center that uncle Ford isn't afraid to talk to?" Mabel asked.

"There's Dr. Wexler." Fiddleford said, and when Mabel's eyes gleamed, he added quickly, "But she's got a girlfriend." Mabel slumped in disappointment. "Darn!"
Fiddleford chuckled. Poor Mabel, she was taking this very seriously. "Well, I think you just gotta keep trying." He didn't actually have much hope himself. Ford was a nice guy, but he wasn't the easiest person to get along with, anyone who wanted to get with him would have to be very patient with him. Most people would have seen the amount of work they'd have to put in, weigh the pros and cons of the investment, and just give up on Ford. Anyone after him for his looks would realize he had not even a single romantic bone in his body and would never be able to return their affections without being prompted to do so, and anyone after him for his mind would realize he would never think of them as much as he thought about his work.

It was a difficult situation all around. More than that, Fiddleford was sure that Ford simply didn't even think about a relationship as a possibility in his life. Now, if that idea came from himself because he didn't want anything romantic (which Fiddleford still didn't understand how it was possible) or because he thought no one would like him for his hands, Fiddleford didn't know.

Mabel didn't seem less determined. "You're right Uncle McFidds! I just gotta keep trying! Maybe even try to invoke the Love God! That would help! Thank you!" She hugged the skinny man before running away. Fiddleford shook his head fondly. He just hoped Ford wasn't getting scarred with all this.

As Ford worked in his lab, Mabel stared at the Bottomless Pit with narrowed eyes. Dumb Journals. Why did they have to throw them away!? Dipper wrote about the Love God in there! The solution to her uncle's romantic problems was just there! She was tempted to jump inside, but considering the journals had not returned like they all did, it was safe to assume they were already somewhere else.

There had to be some other way to contact the Love God… actually, wasn't he a musician? Could she look him up? What if… Mabel pulled out her phone and ran a few searches. Well. Would you look at that. He was still doing performances. Cool. She didn't find a contact number though. But she did find out that there was another Woodstick festival this summer. And he would be performing there. Yeeees~ a plan was forming.

But, the Woodstick festival wasn't for another few weeks! Uuuugh! Well, there was only one thing to do, work on her matchmaking skills on her own until then. The Love God would be a last ditch thing. She wasn't sure if he was still mad about what had happened a few years ago so… yeah...

Her next plan was fool proof! Mabel took Uncle Ford to a pool day because he was all cooped up in his lab and all their activities had been indoors. "So, I met a real merman in this very pool, you know~? His name was Mermando! I helped him go back to the lake! He was my first kiss!" (And Dipper's, but she promised not to tell anyone…)

"Fascinating. The fact that you met a merman, but...yeah, your first kiss is...nice too?" Ford tried to think of something to say. Mabel laughed at his awkwardness. So much like her twin. Dad used to complain about it, how Dipper was all awkward and so UNLIKE him because dad was sooo COOL.

"I..." Ford rubbed the back of his neck. "I met a siren once...um, we had a date-like meeting...She tried to drown and eat me, but it was interesting."

"Maybe you are more about paranormal beauties..." Mabel pensively muttered under her breath.

"What?"

"Nothing!"
So the pool was the best place to see cute boys and girls. She changed her uncle's glasses for dark ones and they sat down in two free chairs. "So, we have our dark glasses." "Yes." Ford agreed. "So, no one can see us watching people. Remember, I don't judge, everyone's attracted to people for different things. For example, I like watching boys with muscled arms. It's really hot!"

"Please stop."

"But not too much muscle. That's kinda a turn off. What I do like is guys with big butts!"

Ford was starting to wonder how he ended up talking about this with his young niece. "...Ok..."

"So, this is an exercise. You are going to look at the lovely ladies around here, or the lovely men, tell me what you like the most and then when we find the one you really really feel like talking to, you are going to stand up and invite them to hang out." That way it was him choosing.

"Ma-Mabel, sweetie, I don't think I can..." Mabel shook his arm as he trailed off. "Look! Look! There's a woman there! What do you think of her?"

Ford blushed as he looked at the woman with a scared grimace. Um...she-she...her bathing suit is a nice color?"

"Really? You noticed that from all of her?" Mabel raised a questioning eyebrow. That woman was very pretty! With her smile and her nice body. "Don't hold yourself back just because I'm here~ I know men~" She reassured her blushing uncle.

"Ah... her hair is... very... nice?" Ford winced. He didn't know what Mabel was expecting from him.

Mabel sighed. Looks like she had to take drastic measures...

Mabel stood up with determination and opened her mouth to shout at the top of her lungs, "WHO HERE WOULD WANNA DATE MY UNCLE?!

Ford was mortified. Then he was even MORE embarrassed when several women (and two men) raised their hands. He covered his bare chest and huddled in his chair. Nooooooo!

Mabel planned to get all of them to speak to her little naive uncle, it should be easy, just getting to know each other, but she SERIOUSLY didn't expect a group of women pushing each other ("I RAISED MY HAND FIRST!" "MOVE, BITCH!") and then having all of them fighting each other to get to know Ford. Some lifeguards had to get involved. Wow... looks like her uncle Ford was a bigger deal than she thought.

"...Maybe we should go home~" Mabel grabbed Ford's hand and dragged him back home. Ford wasn't even reacting, his face was so red Mabel feared he'd catch on fire.

"You know, that would have been a good idea if those women hadn't started throwing punches!"

"I don't want to do this again, Mabel." Ford spoke up with a stern tone. The girl looked up. "Your little games are driving me insane! We can do stuff together, bond or whatever! But I don't want you to try to manipulate me into dating women or-men! I don't like it! I don't want to be with anyone! I can't feel what normal people feel! I don't feel love, ok?! I don't want a partner! Please!"

Mabel's eyes widened. She could see tears welling up in her uncle's eyes. She...didn't mean to stress him out like this. "Ok, Uncle Ford...No more dates..." She nodded and the two walked back to the Shack in silence.
But she couldn't believe that uncle Ford couldn't feel love. That… would have been too sad.

-.-

….Well… that… didn't go as Mabel expected.

The Woodstick festival came and went. She managed to track down and corner the Love God. She scared the crap out of him and the poor cupid tried to escape, but Mabel begged for him to evaluate her uncle and find him his perfect match. "Everyone has SOMEONE! RIGHT?! Maybe he just hasn't found his ONE yet…" Mabel bit her lip.

The deity simply took one look at Ford and scoffed before turning away. "Can't pair up what doesn't exist." was his muttered response before flying away in annoyance. "Damn kid, at least she didn't steal my potions this time."

So… Mabel didn't know what to think. It… it couldn't mean that her uncle Ford had no soul mate. That… couldn't be true! That was… too sad. Maybe he was lying! He still seemed upset with her about that summer…Maybe he was trying to mess with her in return…But he did look at her uncle…

When Mabel turned her worried look onto said uncle, Ford didn't seem all that worried for what the god said. A little resigned… melancholic… but also… relieved. She couldn't understand it.

-.-

Mabel was with her uncle in the living room, silent and slightly uncomfortable. She was knitting in silence as Ford read a book. It'd been a week since the Woodstick festival, and two weeks since the pool date. The two sighed at the same time. Their attempts to get Ford a date were a disaster.

"Why do you feel uncomfortable with dating, Uncle Ford?" Mabel asked with simple curiosity. She really wanted to understand, it had been bugging her for a while, ever since what the Love God had said, and Ford's response to it. Ford didn't want to date, but she didn't get why! She loved dating, personally. She wanted, needed someone in her life. "I'm not going to try anything…" She clarified after seeing the face he was making. "I just… You felt so convinced you couldn't feel love? Everyone can, you know?" She pursed her lips adorably.

Ford sighed and put the book down. "I wish I could answer that, Mabel...But I don't know. I don't like men, as you keep insisting, but I...don't feel like I'm attracted to women either, you know? I...know that there's something wrong with me…"

Mabel crawled towards her uncle to hug him. "I don't think you're wrong, Uncle Ford…" She reassured him. "Maybe…" She sighed. She didn't know. "From my experience, I liked dating because we'd kiss~ and touch each other and that feels nice."

Ford rubbed his face, a little embarrassed Mabel was so comfortable telling him about this. "What do you expect from a date?" She asked.

Ford thought about it and couldn't help but shudder a bit. "Well, I definitely don't want them to touch me." Mabel listened carefully. "I-I mean, like a hug is ok, alright? But-but I feel everyone thinks that I would want to-to have…" He lowered his voice and whispered. "Sex with them." He sounded almost… disgusted at the idea.

"And-And that's all this dating thing is about!" Ford complained. "Getting to know someone that you like physically. But I can NEVER know if I'm attracted to anyone physically! Maybe personality! But still! It ALL leads to...doing it with them! And I don't wanna do that!" He exclaimed rather loudly, finally voicing what was bothering him.
The mere thought disgusted him, but he knew that was weird as hell, no one disliked doing...that. Stanley said it was normal to feel attraction to someone and want to fuck them. Stan even found *aliens* appealing! (Though Stan held back on spending a night in any of their beds because he had Carla, that was a surprising thing to witness.) But—But Ford couldn't see why. He knew that the urge to mate was a biological thing, but… he just *didn't* feel it. Heck, even Sebastian, who used to be a TRIANGLE demon, was able to feel a basic human need such as this, and yet Ford simply… couldn't. Would that make Seb more...human than him?

Mabel was nodding slightly, like a psychologist, a psychologist who stroked their patient's fluffy hair. "Umm...So you don't feel sexual attraction at all...but have you ever felt...like, ticklish and all warm over someone? That, maybe you saw and wanted to talk to them~ Or, spend time with them?"

Ford rubbed his head in thought. "Well...there...were some girls… back when I was a teenager." And if there had been boys, Ford had no idea how to recognize it.

Mabel's eyes lit up. Ok, so sexual attraction was a 'no' but romantic… possibly? "Well? Who were they?"

Ford looked down, a bit embarrassed. "First...Cathy Crenshaw, she-she was from my class in 5th grade..."

"Aaawwww!" Mabel cooed.

"I-I had a little crush on her, she-she raised her hand to answer a question that she got the answer to *before* me and I...It's so silly, I don't-I don't think that's even a crush..."

"Nooo~ it's definitely crush worthy! That made your little baby nerd heart go all crazy for her!" Mabel cooed even louder. "Did you talk to her?!"

"I tried… but I scared her with my hands..." That had hurt a lot. He quickly got rid of that crush. Forgot any possibility of sitting down with her during recess and solving multiplication problems together...

(...and really, what sort of person would even want to do something that… pointlessly nerdy with him? No one, that's who!)

Mabel's heart sunk a little. Oh. "I-I'm sorry… and the-the other girl you liked?"

"Her name was Maria Walters...She was in my Latin class and won the spelling bee contest...She spoke so *fluently* and she knew a lot about old history..." He sighed. "And she threw a cup of punch at me during a school dance."

Mabel hummed in thought before she was enlightened. Disregarding this talk of his past crushes, she was still thinking about what he'd said about not being physically attracted to people. "Stanford Pines, I know what you are!"

"...What I *am*?" Ford looked up at Mabel who was still hugging him.

"You're *asexual*! But you *do* feel attracted to people! Your type is Smart people! It's clear you like intelligent people! But not just anyone! Only certain people who's intelligence piques your interest! That's your heart deciding *what* type of intelligent girls you like!"

"I'm pretty sure I was just a raging mess of hormones back then." Ford sighed. Mabel shook her head. "No, but seriously. You might be asexual."
"But I am male." Ford responded. Mabel groaned. "No, you silly! I mean you're Ace. It's... it's like... I'm Straight. I'm a girl and I like guys, therefore I'm straight. Dillon is a boy and he likes guys, therefore he's gay. You're a man, but you don't like people in a sexual way, male or female, so you're asexual!"

The world suddenly made so much more sense to the girl. It would explain SO much about her uncle!

Ford blinked. "That's... a thing? There's a word for it?!!" So... he... wasn't just some... freak for feeling the way he did? Frankly, Ford had never discussed romance with his therapist. It hadn't been something he thought was important. "I... never knew that..."

"Well it is very much real! Like water!" Mabel assured him.

Ford let out a shaky laugh. Asexual. It...was a thing. He-He wasn't wrong for not wanting to have sex!

Mabel squealed. "Oh my god~Ok, this actually helps a LOT, you know? Now I know why you were so awkward!" She patted his curls. "But! Don't you go around saying you don't feel love. Everyone can feel love, Uncle Fordsie...You love your family and your friends!" Ford hugged her softly when she said that. "AND you are not aromantic, probably demi, but you definitely feel attracted to people! You're just picky." she added, "But even if you were aromantic, that wouldn't mean you were wrong or can't feel love. You can still love your family. And love is love. It doesn't have to be romantic." She poked his nose. "Sex isn't everything in life anyway, even if it feels GOOD."

"Oh, gosh, Mabel please I don't want to hear my niece talking about that! " Ford mumbled. Mabel laughed loudly.

"Well, now that our mental limitations are down, it'll be easier for YOU to realize when you have a crush~ I promise I wouldn't force you on dates anymore, but it doesn't stop YOU from trying! You just gotta grow a pair and talk to them! Talk to them about nerd stuff!"

Ford rolled his eyes. He didn't know how to do that, or if he was capable of it, but he humoured his niece for now. "Sure~ You know, I am in a very good mood today, lets go get ice cream!" Ford had a sweet tooth, he didn't show it often but those who knew him very well knew he was lucky to not have cavities.

"Two scoops?! With brownies?!!" Mabel gasped. "As many as you want!" Ford grinned.

Uncle and niece ran outside to get into Ford's car. Ford felt like a huge weight was lifted off his shoulders. Knowing he wasn't wrong, that it was ok to feel how he was feeling, it was such a relief and he couldn't stop smiling. Mabel snapped a few photos of the happy owl for later.

-.-

The uncle-niece bonding activities continued.

"So, I heard from Fiddleford that Soos showed him a lot of anime in preparation for your battle with Bill?" Ford settled down beside Mabel in the living room. She nodded. "Yeah, it gave him a lot of ideas for how to weaponize the shack into a robot," Mabel shuffled through her DVDs. Amazing that she still had them, considering most people just watched stuff on Netflex nowadays, but Ford didn't have Netflex yet. Heck, he didn't even have a flat screen TV. It was so weird that he ran a science center with all new technology, and yet he didn't even own a modern television!
But whatever. Mabel had some old anime DVDs she could make him watch with her.

"I'm surprised Soos hasn't made YOU watch anime with him. You're housemates! Don't you have like, sleepovers and you know, do fun stuff together?" The girl asked her uncle. Ford frowned a bit. "We live in the same house… that doesn't count as…sleepovers." He did have sleepovers in Sebastian's room with Stanley though, back when they were children, but still technically not sleepovers.

"PPFFT! Of course it counts! You two are friends now! Friends do that!" Mabel insisted.

"I...have never had a sleepover…" What with kids not inviting them anywhere and thinking he was a freak and all that. And… that time he was living with William didn't count, that wasn't a sleepover, it was asylum as they prepared for their journey.

Mabel pursed her lips. "Well~ You have the perfect chance now! Better late than never! You should have a movie night, build a fort here in the living room and watch scary movies and eat popcorn and junk food until you pass out. In fact, we should do that tonight!" She declared. Maybe not scary movies, but anime! "We'll invite Soos for an anime night! And Melody too! So we're an equal number of girls and boys! And you're friends with her as well! I saw you in their wedding!"

"Ahem." a soft voice called out. Mabel and Ford turned to see Abuelita sitting in her armchair. Mabel jumped. "How long have you been there?" Mabel could swear she didn't know Abuelita was here.

"She does that, I think she has powers." Ford whispered to his niece.

"Abuelita do you wanna watch anime too?!" Mabel offered. Now that Mabel knew she was here, she might as well! The old woman tittered. "Well, I wouldn't mind. It makes Soos happy." So with that decided, Mabel ran off to go tell Soos the good news about their evening plans. Ford followed her. Soos was so happy he practically sparkled ("Dood! I've got a whole collection of DVDs I've wanted to show Dr. Dude!") and the sight was rather adorable.

Ford snorted a bit at the nickname, he didn't even correct his niece for her improper grammar. At first he thought Soos didn't see him past something formal, as the brother of his friend, but then he realized Soos called Seb 'Mr. Pines' and Stan was the 'other Mr. Pines'. So it wasn't because Soos didn't see him as a friend, it was because he...just called them that, it stuck, like Seb calling Stan 'Fez' for some weird reason and him 'Sixer'.

"Ok! You tell Melody about the plans as well! Me and Uncle Ford will go buy snacks in town and then we'll start working on the pillow fort!" Mabel ran back to the living room to tell Abuelita they were going out for a bit, and then pulled her uncle outside. "You know, this is the perfect time to let me practice my driving!"

"You're learning to drive?" Ford asked. Mabel shook her head. "I failed my test. I am apparently too crazy behind the wheel! Pfft! Mom tends to exaggerate! Like Dipper! Dad thinks I did it just fine!"

"I'm sorry, but I don't trust your dad's judgement." Ford shook his head. But it couldn't have been nearly as bad as Mabel made it sound. "Alright, you can drive my car into town as practice." How bad could it be?

-Five close calls, one cop chase and half a heart attack later-

"Ground! Sweet merciful stationary ground!" Ford wailed as he flung himself out of the car and curled up on the sidewalk.
"Oh, come on! It wasn't that bad!" Mabel complained as she rolled her eyes. Ford stayed on the floor for a while more, making sure he was actually safe and not in the hands of this insane young woman, before he stood up. The scientist wiped the dirt off his sweater, marched up to his waiting niece and snatched the car keys off her hands. "Your dad's judgement sucks." He simply said before walking into the mall, Mabel stuck her tongue out and walked behind him. "You're just a boring nerd!"

"Obeying traffic laws is not boring." Ford said firmly. "Vehicle safety is very important." Mabel opened her mouth to continue arguing but Ford interrupted her. "And don't come to me with that 'No cops' bull crap. Stan and Seb are BOTH wrong and THERE WERE cops!" Mabel closed her mouth and pouted.

They separated to cover as much ground as possible and get as many junk food as they could for their sleepover. Ford put five family size bags of jelly beans in his cart. After being unable to buy them on his own (because Fiddleford told every store in town to not sell him jelly beans while he was in treatment) he was glad he could satisfy his need for candy and sweets independently. And basics like, fries and cheetos. He grimaced at the toffee peanuts exhibited. They kept selling this?! Never understood why Stan liked them so much.

Among the stuff Mabel got, she grabbed a premade mass to make homemade pizza and the rest of the ingredients. She also got some juice boxes and sodas. She met her uncle by the register to pay and they joined their chosen items. "You got jelly beans?" Mabel giggled. Ford opened a bag of them and slowly took some to his mouth. "Yes."

"Do you really like that much?" Mabel rolled her eyes when he repeated a monotonous "Yes". Maybe he was still upset she almost crashed against a tree? But she saved it just in time!

"Oh, you innocent soul. You definitely haven't tried Barry Potter's jelly beans." She shuddered. That was a dark time in middle school. Everyone was obsessed with them. She saw at least 10 kids throw up during break and lunch time in less than a month. The new ones were the Jellybean Japed, where you had two options: decent or incredibly disgusting.

"What's with them?"

"Oh no, I'm not going to ruin your favorite candy, Uncle Ford. I love you too much for that." Mabel patted his arm.

Ford nodded slowly, not getting it. "Ok...And~ What's Barry Potter?" Ford asked confused and Mabel gasped offended. Now that! She wouldn't tolerate. "Ok. Remind me to take you to the bookstore! You need to be EDUCATED! There's seven books you gotta read! And then we will have a movie marathon." Ford smiled. He liked to read!

They bought their snacks and took everything to the car.

Ford drove back home this time.

They watched several anime movies. Ford really like the Ghibli films, they were beautifully animated and the depictions of magical creatures, while inaccurate, were still fascinating.

Then they got distracted watching some of Abuelita's soaps. Ford, despite himself, couldn't pull his eyes away. "No Marie! Can't you see he's lying to you?!" Ford wailed at the screen while Mabel snuck off to get some more snacks.
She also grabbed something else on the way back.

Ford was still ranting at the tv, thoroughly invested in the dramatic lives of these characters (apparently, his love for dramatic soap operas was a thing he shared with his triplets), when he felt something brush his cheek. He blinked and looked over. "What are you doing, Mabel?"

"I'm gonna give you a makeover~" the teenager grinned. Ford shook his head. "Why?" He frowned. "I would not like to have make up on me."

"Ppfth~ fine~" Mabel rolled her eyes. Chicken. "How about a facial cleansing instead? It makes your pores feel really nice~"

Ford wasn't sure what that was, but Mabel was going to get one of these 'cleansing' herself. And Abuelita and Melody were getting one too. And from what he was seeing, Mabel was doing a great job convincing Soos.

He sighed heavily and gave up. Sure. Ok. Why not? He had been doing what Mabel liked all this time. He only wanted to spend time with her and show her he cared. If having this weird, sticky substance on his face did that, he'd do this.

Mabel first worked with Abuelita, squealing at how soft and granny-like she was. Melody helped applying the treatment to Soos (who nearly fell asleep at how relaxed he felt during it) and then Mabel turned to her scared uncle with a big grin. "Let's make you cute~"

Some minutes later, everyone was in the living room still watching the soap opera but with green face masks. Ford wanted to scratch his face but Mabel didn't let him. "No touchie!" She whispered and added another hair clip to his hair. She said his fluffy curls were getting in the way, so she pulled it back with hair clips.
He felt ridiculous, and didn't doubt he *looked* even more ridiculous. The scientist was so glad his brothers weren't here. They'd mock him until he died of embarrassment. Face masks like this were something his mother used to do. He smiled a little when he remembered his triplets and him.
sticking their tongues out at her in disgust when they were children, he would complain and Stan would-

"HAH! I knew she was faking her pregnancy to stay with Fernando!" Ford screamed, train of thought completely interrupted halfway through another episode. Mabel giggled. This was so much fun! And seeing this side of her uncle was so nice.

She curled up next to him and after his initial surprise, Ford hugged her close. This wasn't that bad.

-.-

Among all the weird activities Ford had done with his niece up until this point (She even wanted to go to the forest to hug a mountain lion! He had to convince her for 10 minutes that it was a bad idea), this was the least...weird.

Except she had described it as "Kicking his ass".

Mabel was wearing sport clothes and woke him up early to have a training session of martial arts. They were in the backyard of the house. (Ford hoped none of the other scientists could see them from the center's windows). Mabel claimed she had been practicing with Sherman before and she wanted to show Ford her fighting abilities.

"I wanna know space martial arts! How did you kick alien ass?!" Ford chuckled at her excitement.

"Well, I knew nothing about fighting or 'kicking ass'" Mabel laughed when he said that. "-Except from the little things I remembered from my boxing lessons as a kid. The training I got was basically Stan's training sessions for football." He had been very out of shape back then. Stan trained him to gain weight and muscle, or else he wouldn't have survived.

"So you're technically prepared to play football?" Mabel asked. "No. I am not and I don't like the idea of having other men throw me to the floor! Or the possible head injuries." Ford made a thinking face. "Though my tackling is actually very good. My specialty is pinning though. Restraining my opponent and neutralizing the threat with the least amount of damage."

Mabel rolled her eyes with a grin. Silly Uncle. Ford continued, "Of course, we had some help from a friend we made in space...He gave us some technology which made everything definitely easier and faster." They owed William a lot! "Like the translators. Stan and I wouldn't have survived without those. And the food scanner to test if anything was safe for human consumption." Ford still had it, in fact, he was thinking of letting Fiddleford have a go at that old thing and see about making more or making a new version that could be used to figure out people's food allergies. It would be useful.

(Ford took this time to realize that the translator and food scanner were essentially the things he'd wanted, back when he'd first began working on the portal, he'd wanted to go into space, into other dimensions, to get new technology that he could repurpose for changing the world... well, Bill had lied to him about the portal, but... He had met William, and that nicer demon had given him these, he had helped Ford achieve a small part of his original goal and dream, entirely by accident. And... Ford smiled fondly at that.)

"That's so cool! Fight me!" Mabel pulled his arm, unaware of her uncle's warm memories.

"What?" Ford looked back at Mabel. "Mabel, I don't want to hurt you."

Mabel's eyes narrowed. She kicked her shoes off and with a war cry, kicked her uncle's side. "Ow!" Ford cried, more out of surprise than actual pain. Mabel bounced around the man with her fists up.
"Come on uncle Ford! I wanna see how I measure up against a space adventurer!"

"No, Mabel, I can teach you some things, but I won't fight you." Ford winced. He was sure that if he ever accidentally hurt her, Shermie would kick his ass. And he didn't doubt Shermie could break some or most of his bones.

"Hyah!" Mabel kicked him again. "Chicken!"

"Mabel, stop." Ford watched her punch him in his stomach. She realized she couldn't hurt him and started doing it repeatedly.

Ford sighed. Nope. He already almost hurt one of his nieces, he wasn't going to repeat it. But… Well… when Mabel launched another attack at him, Ford deftly caught her leg and twisted, startling a yelp out of her as Ford pulled her down and had her land gently against the ground. Ford had to bend over a little but he got Mabel effectively pinned.

"You see? You could get hurt." He explained. "And this is me being super careful. If I got serious, I could hurt you." He shook his head. "I had been in survival mode for 13 years, Mabel, I killed and hunted different animals and alien specimens. My senses are enhanced from surviving, do you see how dangerous it is for-"

Mabel freed herself from his distracted grip and with a kick and elbow hit pushed him back. She also swept his legs out from under him. "Woo!" Mabel cheered when Ford went down with a yelp. "Don't underestimate me, suckah!" The young woman grinned at him, sitting on his chest.

Ford slowly got back up, making Mabel roll off him as he went, and found himself grinning as well. "Well, I admit you caught me off guard. But that's just because I'm holding back against you."

Mabel rolled her eyes. "What a chicken." But she guessed Uncle Ford could be dangerous if he really wanted…He survived in space after all! "Ok then! You just gotta defend yourself from Mabel's murder attacks!" Mabel said with full confidence.

Ford nodded slowly with a smile forming on his face. "Ok, I can do that." That way, he wouldn't hurt his niece and he could give her fighting tips. He took off his sweater and threw it to the couch on the porch. He was wearing a black short sleeved t-shirt.

"Aaarrghhh!" Mabel ran towards him. She tried punching him, but Ford easily blocked her arm. "You're being very predictable." He grinned. Mabel tried kicking him and he moved to the side. "Guard up, Mabel." Ford poked her side.

"Let me hit you!" Ford laughed at her frustration. "When you're facing an opponent, you must think fast! Find their weak spot~"

The girl obeyed her uncle and the two practiced for hours. She tried to hit him with all her might, and while it hurt, Ford didn't complain. He even taught her some wrestling holds he knew. Mabel apologized when she choked him too hard.

Ford rubbed his neck as he gasped for air. "That...was very good. Good job! Ow. I want your grip on my arm to be tighter though. One slip and your opponent can attack!"

"Really? But I thought this way my victim couldn't turn around..." Mabel said thoughtful. "How could they counterattack?" She asked innocently.

"Well...just like... this!" Ford trapped Mabel and picked her up. "Aaahhhh!" The girl shrieked with
laughter. "Let go, you tricky owl!" She wiggled her way out and Ford fell to the floor, laughing.

True to Ford's fears, his friends were all crowded in the research center's third floor, watching the scene unfold from the big windows. "The boss is pretty good. Maybe that's how he takes down the monsters in the forests."

"Well, he DID survive terrorists and 13 years on the run…"

"Five bucks on the boss."

"Stop making bets, Bruce!"

"...Six bucks on the girl."

Fiddleford rolled his eyes (they were so childish sometimes), and looked down at Ford and Mabel. They weren't actually fighting so it was pointless to bet. He smiled in content as Mabel had now started tickling Stanford with the shout "TICKLE ATTACK!"

"No! Come on, boss, stand up!" "GO GIRL!"

Ford looked so happy, and Fiddleford felt happy for him. Mabel being here was doing him good. He took time off work and was starting to eat regularly again. Soos and Melody helped a lot, but...this was different. He didn't know how to explain it.

Maybe Mabel was right and his old friend needed someone in his life, to remind him working wasn't everything. Having a partner might be good for him, not just because of romance, but because having someone who could be by his side, supporting him and loving him would work wonders. The man obviously thrived under the attention, even if he didn't notice it himself.

And then, Mabel found a way to insert romance back into the equation. Specifically, her own.

"Why am I here again?" Ford asked. Mabel giggled. "You're my wingman. Help me find a boy!"
"I am absolutely sure that this is not something I will be able to assist you with."

"Why not?! You're asexual, not blind~" Mabel giggled. "Besides, you can tell those boys just how amazing I am, and that he should totally date me!" Mabel adjusted Ford's sweater collar. Cute. The perfect wingman. She was sure he could tell those boys nice things about her, right?

She had convinced Soos to host a party in the Mystery Shack, but this time, for teenagers only. She didn't want little kids here! This was serious business. Ford agreed as long as they cleaned afterwards, but now he found himself trapped in Mabel's plan.

"I could...try?"

"That's the spirit!" Mabel cheered as she ran off to get her outfit and makeup on. She had to look absolutely amazing tonight!

Mabel was sitting in the bar, sulking. This didn't go as she expected. While it was incredibly funny watching Stanford act as wingman...he was terrible at it. Now the boys knew she threw 'very good punches' and 'her wrestling wrench was nearly at a professional level!' And she was sure most of them were scared and intimidated. None of the boys here were willing to be with a girl who could snap them in half. Damn cowards.

She wouldn't say anything to her uncle though, he was trying his best, and he seemed proud. She sipped her juice. She couldn't even drink! No alcohol at these parties since the guests were all underaged.

"Hey~"

Mabel turned around at the weirdly familiar voice and gasped softly. A boy around 15 was smiling at her. He was wearing a blue shirt and his white hair was slicked back.

"Come on, say something! I paid the offensively high entrance fee just to enter!" The teenager rolled his eyes.

"Gideon!" The girl finally gasped and watched the younger teen sit next to her. "It's...been a long time..." She smiled sheepishly. She hadn't seen him in years!

"Oh, tell me about that!" Gideon exclaimed. Mabel noticed he still had a very young voice, and it didn't match with his body, he had at least grown up and wasn't a stumpy little boy anymore.

"Every second you're not here is boring and feels like an eternity!" Gideon grinned at her, placing his hand over hers.

Welp. This got weird. Mabel grimaced.

"So~ Why are you here?" Mabel asked, pulling her hand away and curling both hands around her drink to keep them away from Gideon.

"Oh! I heard you were in town! I wanted to see you again! I keep missing you whenever you drop by for holidays and all. How are the rest of the Pines anyway?" Gideon asked, not really sounding interested in them, more like he was just asking to be polite.

"They're fine, fighting a demon didn't stop us from living our own lives! Dipper and I finished school-" Mabel shrugged, sipping her drink. "Oohh~" Gideon leaned in, making Mabel scoot her chair over a little to put some distance between them. "...And my little cousins are so grown up! Seb's kids turned 4 and they're-"
"Yes, yes, but tell me more about you! How're you doing, sugar plum?" Gideon asked.

"Okay, please don't call me that." Mabel glared. Gideon backed off and raised his hands to wave them in front of himself. "Whoa! Sorry Mabel, just a slip. Look." He put his hands on the table and sighed. "I just… I was a real brat when I was a kid, I know that. But I've grown up. And, well, you're important to me." Gideon ran a pale hand through his hair and side glanced at her. "I just wanted… to see if maybe we could try again? I just-

"Urgh… no!? You tried to kill my brother! You tried to kill my uncle! Multiple times!" Mabel stood up from her chair. "And you tried to kill ME!" She huffed. Gideon got up from his chair too. "Mabel- I- Look, I was just nine! I was a stupid kid! I'm sorry! I really am! I feel really bad for what I've done." Gideon tried to protest. "And I helped you too! I held off Bill's goons so your brother could get to your bubble and free you!" Gideon's breathing was turning agitated, scared. "Do you have any idea what Bill did to me for betraying him!?"

Mabel blinked. "What? You did?"

Gideon blinked as well. "Ah… yeah. Remember? When Bill trapped you in that bubble and…" A look of realization came over his face. "Your brother didn't tell you?!" He looked livid. "Why that no good, dirty lying, backstabbin'!" Gideon seethed, his accent coming through strong.

"Hey! Don't call Dipper that! We were busy with more important things than saying who did what! Sebastian almost died!" Mabel's gratefulness was wiped away.

The younger teen realized his mistake and bit back a curse. "...I'm sorry…" He said in a soft voice. "I… I just got angry. Thinking that, you never knew how much I cared for you...and you still had the idea that I… was a bad guy." He pouted with a very sad and pathetic face. "It just… it's been like, five years. I can't believe he didn't tell you, in all that time- he promised me he would!"

Gideon whined.

Mabel's glare softened just enough to not look pissed off, just upset. "I get it… but I don't like it when people insult my family, especially not my twin brother." She said seriously and Gideon nodded quickly.

"I know, I'm very sorry…"

"...But thank you. For helping me back then…" She smiled. "Sorry it took so long to thank you."

Gideon's face broke out into a smile. "Awww shucks Mabel, you're makin' me blush!" He took a step closer to her and Mabel sighed. "Just because I'm grateful, doesn't mean I'll date you."

Gideon froze and his eye twitched. "B-but… can't we at least try? I won't try to pressure you into marrying me this time! I- we can just… hang out again. Do each other's hair? You used to like doin' that."

"I thought you were a fun friend to hang out with." Mabel sighed. "But I'm not into you like that."

Gideon looked down and his fists clenched and unclenched. "Please, Mabel." He whined childishy. "I just… I want to have a second chance. I want to do better this time, please, just give me a chance-"

"No, Gideon…" Mabel glanced at her drink. "I don't like you, really. But, if you want to we can try to be friends." She offered with a small grin.

Gideon's lower lip trembled. "But...But I love you...I promise I can be better…” Mabel glared. "Just
because you love me, doesn't mean I'm required to like you back.”

"You think I'm not good, don't you?" Gideon trembled. "It's obvious you feel that way because you always thought I was a bad guy, because your brother never told you I sacrificed myself to help you!"

Mabel's eyes narrowed a bit. "So my opinions and feelings are totally invalid to you? I can't just not like you? It's only because of my brother? There has to be some reason why I'm rejecting you?" She laughed a little. "How entitled to me do you think you are just because we had a few play dates when we were kids!?"

"I never said that!" Gideon cried and Mabel shook her head. She knew she was pretty childish in her behavior sometimes, but she wasn't a child. Not anymore. "Leave me alone, Gideon. Maybe when you actually respect me, we can talk again." The girl stood up and tried walking away, but the younger teen whined. "Mabel, no~! Please! I swear I respect you!"

Mabel groaned as she tried to get away from him. When she wished boys liked her she didn't mean stress her out and being straight up creepy! Gideon caught up to her and stood in front of her, waving his hands erratically. "Wait, wait! Sugar pl-Mabel, please! I-I want to try to be friends, yes? You said we could try!"

"Gideon! Urghh! Nooo!" Mabel looked around to try to find a way to get away from this uncomfortable situation. Her eyes lit up when she noticed her tall and awkward uncle sitting on a chair. "UNCLE FOORDD~!" She called with what sounded almost like a whine.

Ford walked up to his niece and looked at her. "What's wrong? Are you hurt?" He looked at the boy with white hair. He recognized him as the kid from the Fearamid, the one caged up with them, who was also one of the zodiac members, but he didn't really know him. "Is everything ok?"

"Mr.-Mr. Author." Gideon squeaked. Mabel narrowed her eyes at the white haired teen. "Well?" Ford insisted with the serious expression he always made when he meant serious business. Like when he questioned Soos about his stash of chocolate that SUDDENLY disappeared!

"I-see you later, Mabel…” Gideon mumbled before quickly getting away from the older Pines. He would try again some other day! He promised to do better!

Mabel sighed in relief and smiled at her uncle. "Thanks for the save, Uncle Ford, I really didn't want to ruin my night talking to Gideon." She stuck her tongue out at the idea.

Ford looked in the direction the boy left and then back at his niece. "Do you need me to kick him? Is he bothering you?" He narrowed his eyes, feeling a protectiveness surging.

Mabel chuckled. "Nah, he's just an annoying kid, nothing to worry about!" She punched his shoulder with all her might. Ford laughed and unconsciously rubbed it. It didn't hurt, but muscle memory. He looked at her arm and gasped softly. "Hey!" He hadn't noticed it before! "You have a tattoo!" It was a smiling shooting star.

"Yup! Isn't it adorable!? I want Dipper to get a pinetree one! But he's boring!" Mabel grinned. Ford shook his head with a smile and leaned closer to whisper. "Look."

He tug down his turtleneck and showed Mabel his own tattoo. He expected a laugh, because this was something very stupid he did, but instead, Mabel gasped in amazement.

"Uncle Ford! That's so COOL!" She exclaimed. "And it's so freaking cute~! We're star tattoo
twins!” She declared.

Ford chuckled and just nodded. He wasn't kidding when he said he liked Mabel for how weird she was. It made her unpredictable and very interesting to hang out with.

"Selfie! Promise I will only keep it in my gallery for posterity!” She pleaded. Ford nodded (a gallery?) And Mabel snapped a photo, both of them showing off their incredible awesome tattoos. #party #tattoo twins #nerd uncle!

Mabel stayed the rest of the summer. And at the end, she had many more fun things to do with her uncle who also seemed to be having fun!

She helped in the lab and learned many sciencey things! Even more than in high school! Uncle Ford also taught her very cool science experiments that would have been useful back in school. (Though the school board probably wouldn't have allowed most of these because of 'safety' or something dumb like that.) They made an upgraded version of a bicarbonate volcano and almost caught the lab on fire. It was so cool!

One day, when they were playing with Waddles, Ford asked why Seb always claimed he fought a pterodactyl. Mabel then showed Ford the entrance to dino world but they didn't enter, despite Ford's insistence. "Uncle Ford, there are literal DINOSAURS there! And one almost ate us!” And they used a dinosaur for the battle before putting it back in, she doubted they'd be happy to see them after that.

"To be fair, with global warming those guys will be melted free soon enough and you'll be able to see them." The teen shrugged and Ford pouted.

She was right...But he hoped the Earth wasn't so fucked up just yet for that to happen. It'd suck to have dinosaurs roaming around...

She did take him to illegal mini golfing in the middle of the night. He sucked at it, but he claimed it was because he was nervous about breaking the laws. Then, to calm his poor heart, she presented him to the Lilliputians. "We saved him using the Shacktron!” Mabel pointed at her bespectacled uncle.

"Ooohhh! Hello!” The little creatures introduced themselves. "Greetings. I read about you in Dipper's additions to my journal!” Ford shook fingers with them and made some notes himself.

And then, the FUNNIEST adventure was proving to her uncle that the bottomless pit would spit them back out. Ford wasn't sure, his head screamed no, but his idiot heart said FOR SCIENCE! And so they went. They were prepared this time though, in case something happened. They had ropes, the grappling hook and walkie-talkies. Mabel also brought her fully charged tablet so she could show her uncle some cartoons and shows to pass the time if they ran out of stuff to do while waiting.

Ford put on a chronometer and the two jumped, like the idiots they were. Mabel entertained him by telling him about the time everyone fell in and they all shared some stories. To pass the time, Ford told her about some funny and crazy adventures he had with Stan behind the portal, like a world where everything was M shaped, a world where people aged randomly, and how lucky they were to get the stuff they needed and get out with their normal ages intact.

"You could have returned as babies?!” Mabel squealed. "That would have been so adorable!” Ford
frowned. "No. It would have been extremely dangerous. Imagine if both of us turned into babies? Or one of us. One of us as a baby meant the other had to take care of them, and I am in no way prepared to take care of a baby...or an old man! I'm sure Stan would feel the same~"

"Wow...now I have this adorable picture in my mind of you two coming out of the portal as kids~ Uncle Seb would have been the oldest~" Mabel flailed around in glee.

"And I'd be in school right now, living with my mother. Again. Yeah, no way." Ford made a dramatically disgusted expression and Mabel laughed out loud.

They were finally spat out of the pit and Ford looked at his chronometer. It marked a 0...How interesting...

Before any of them realized it, summer was coming to an end...

It was the first birthday Mabel had ever spent away from Dipper, and ironically, SHE was the one staying with her uncle in town, while Dipper was back in California.

She was 18 now...TECHNICALLY an adult! She didn't feel very different from when she was 17, she still loved many 'childish' things, and she was still herself! So... being an 'technical' adult wasn't... as scary as she'd thought it would be.

She got a birthday hug from everyone at the Shack and she got a new phone (from Uncle Fidds tech!), which was cooler than the old one she had, much to her excitement. "And this is for your brother, alright? Ford gave her another box for Dipper.

"THANK YOU!" She squealed and almost brought Ford down with the strength of her hug. "You're very welcome..." Ford patted her head. "You made this summer very...interesting..."

Mabel giggled. "Oh, just admit you'll miss me, old man!" She punched his arm. She was leaving in the afternoon so they had time for one more activity on her list.

Drawing together.

The last time the two drew was when Mabel was 13. And this time, Ford painted a hand turkey on her hand. The two laughed and Mabel snapped another photo that was going in her scrapbook later!

Mabel turned to look at her uncle and sniffled a little. "Thanks, Grunkle Ford...This summer was cool... I loved spending time with you." before Ford could reply, Mabel threw herself over him for a hug. She was very happy she bonded with her nerdy uncle. She'd always felt bad that she hadn't gotten to hang out with her third uncle.

"Thank you for visiting me as well...And I'm sorry we...we don't spend as much time together..." Ford apologized softly. "I am sorry I made you feel like I preferred Dipper over you. I love both of you all the same."

Mabel pulled apart from the hug after she'd gotten in her cuddle levels and with a thumb (the turkey's beak), poked his nose. "It's alright~ We got a whole summer for ourselves this time!"

When it was time, Ford took Mabel to the bus station and said bye to her and Waddles. "Don't worry, old man! It's not like you're disappearing again! We'll see each other again for Hanukkah! This time it's in Uncle Seb's house!"

Ford smiled. Mabel boarded the bus carrying Waddles and waved at him from the window. "I'm
selling Dipper's new phone!" She shouted.

"No you aren't~!" Ford laughed as he shouted back.

Chapter End Notes

please comment and see ya next chapter!
Dillon rubbed his eye as he leaned against his boyfriend's chest. Phillip was fuming but still delicately stroked Dillon's curls. "I'm sorry for ruining our date…” He apologized.

Everything had been so amazing before shit happened. But that wasn't going to ruin things for them, Dillon won't let it. They were going to have their one year anniversary together in a couple weeks and Dillon was sure Phillip was THE one. He didn't blame him at all for what happened earlier.

Phillip had come to pick Dillon up early and they hung around in his house a few hours (his mom gave them cookies and juice to snack on, god bless her) before going to the mall to go bowling. Phillip stopped Dillon from paying. "No, no. Leave this to me~" He was inviting Dillon on this date after all. Dillon rolled his eyes, "Fine, but I'm paying the next time we go out~" He teased.

They played for an hour and competed hard. Dillon turned out to be very good at it. "I wouldn't be surprised if you had a bowling court in your house!" Phillip complained with mock offense and Dillon laughed out loud. "What? Hahahaha! You're such an idiot!" He boldly gave Phillip a peck on the cheek, feeling confident after getting three strikes in a row and utterly demolishing Phillip's score. Phillip had grinned and kissed him back, and if the two got a little too distracted to finish their game, well….

Then, after their hour was done, they got back their shoes and sat down to order something to eat. The tables were in a different part of the establishment, but the bowling lines were still pretty close. Phillip couldn't help himself. Dillon looked so pretty with his hair slightly disheveled, his face flushed from playing and the big smile he gave him as he chewed on his nuggets.

So he leaned in to plant a kiss on his lips. They'd only been kissing each other's cheeks in public before, with the excuse that they were preparing for when they went to France, Dillon would even speak in French to divert people's suspicion about it.

Now, they were not very affectionate in public. Barely holding hands. It wasn't that they were ashamed of who they were or who they were dating. They were proud of their boyfriend...But sometimes it was scary. Thinking their country still had so many people who would hate on them for being gay, who'd like to see them dead just for something that simply… Dillon had always being afraid of how others would react to him. He wouldn't be so nervous if they only thought about it, but people acted out, they DID stuff... Even back when they were kissing while bowling, it was because each of the rented lanes had division tarps that could be lowered or pulled up to seperate groups if they wanted privacy. He was always cautious, careful to not draw attention to himself.
Phillip was less scared, but he was still cautious. And he knew that Dillon was scared. But he couldn't hold himself back. He just had to kiss him for reals, to show him just how MUCH he loved him... and despite his worries, Dillon kissed him back, the earlier teasing they did making him feel more relaxed.

And then it happened. A man with some children a few lines away from where they were seated stood up and complained to one worker. He was being so loud about it, about how this 'family friendly place MUST stop them from their disgusting display', that the teens turned to look at him.

"Do you have a problem, mate?!" Phillip snapped, squeezing Dillon's hand to assure him everything was ok. The man sneered (while his kids looked away embarrassed and one even tried to stop him) and pointed at them again. "I want them out! They shouldn't be showing off that disgusting behavior in front of kids!" "Dad~" "Stop~!" "Leave them alone~!" The kids begged, looking very uncomfortable.

"What's your problem?! This is a public place and we're not moving!" Phillip growled, standing up and facing the asshole. "If you have a problem with me and my boyfriend tell it to my face, homophobic pig!"

The worker, who was helplessly standing there and not knowing what to do, was trying to placate their anger. "Sirs, please, if we can just-"

The man stepped forward until he was behind the short wall separating the two areas. "You're disgusting, you know that, faggot?! You shouldn't be doing this perverted thing in public where MY kids can see you!" The man made a disgusted face.

"Which kids?! The ones who are embarrassed about their dad harassing two teens?!

"Sir, I'm going to have to ask you to leave..." The worker finally sighed. The man looked livid. "ME?! I am not leaving anywhere! I paid to be here! You can't let those fags stay here!"

"Screw you!" Phillip shouted and took a photo of the horrible man. He looked ready to throw fists (they were almost the same height) but Dillon's face made him stop. He was flinching in on himself, terrified, with bright tears glistening in his eyes. "You know what?" Phillip looked at the worker. "We're leaving. Fuck this place anyway. It's a shitty place if they let their customers get harrassed and insulted!" He grabbed Dillon's arm to make him stand up (they weren't paying for shit) and when they were at the door, he flipped the man off before slamming it shut behind him.

Phillip sighed as he snuggled Dillon. Maybe he shouldn't have been so aggressive? They were in a nearby park now, sitting under a tree. "I'm sorry..." He apologized again. Dillon sniffled and shook his head. "We didn't do anything wrong..." He whispered. "It's not fair..." Phillip gently kissed his forehead. No one was around, so it was safe.

"I know. It sucks."

"I was scared..." The younger teen confessed and Phillip bit his lip. "I'm sorry, I'll be more careful next time." Dillon pursed his lips. "No. I don't wanna...How are we supposed to demand respect if I act like a scared baby for showing my affection to you?"

"It's not our fault... But, well, sometimes it's safer this way, even if it sucks. Who knows what crazy lunatic we might encounter?" Phillip said as he snuggled Dillon.

"Maybe we should go out with a bodyguard... It'd be fun to see him punch them in the face." Phillip said jokingly before continuing. "I'd love to have a bodyguard! It'd feel so important! Like a
celebrity!" Phillip fantasized and Dillon giggled, nudging his boyfriend with a shoulder. "You are important, you idiot!" He was feeling much better now, Phillip made everything better.

Dillon called Aaron to give them a ride and they went home after leaving Phillip at his place. "Do you know if my parents are home now?" Dillon asked quietly.

"Not that I'm aware of, master Dillon. Do you want me to call to ask?" The driver asked politely, but Dillon shrugged. "Nah, I'll just check when we get home…" He looked at the window. "Aaron."

"Yes?"

"Do you like me?" "...I don't understand your question, master Dillon." The teen sighed. "I mean...do you think I'm likeable? Even if I'm gay? Do you think I'm disgusting for being gay?"

"I think you're a great young man and it doesn't really matter who you like. The only disgusting person is the one who thinks that" Aaron said firmly, without taking his eyes from the road. "Why?"

Dillon rubbed his arm awkwardly. "Some asshole bothered me and Phillip today…" Dillon said, still a bit down. "Oh…" Aaron frowned angrily. How disgusting! "I'm sorry to hear that, master Dillon."

"You know? Just Dillon, we have known each other for a while now." Dillon smiled sadly. "And...yeah, it sucks, but we did have fun before it happened though…"

He leaned back. It wasn't fair. Why couldn't people just mind their own business?!

They arrived to their house and Dillon smiled at his driver. "Thanks, man, see ya around!" He got out of the car and went towards the elevator. Aaron waved, wishing the kid came happy after going out with his boyfriend. It wasn't fair...

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Dillon waited until his parents were home and chilling to tell them what happened. Waiting was hard. He was so upset and angry for what happened. Phillip had sent him a few messages with kind words to cheer him up. He was a sweetie...He wished he had someone else to talk to though, but he wasn't supposed to talk about these 'emotional' things with his male friends (especially about his boyfriend and being gay) and Mabel was in Gravity Falls doing some uncle bonding and he didn't want to ruin it for her.

Dillon went on one of his social media accounts to check his messages and froze. The boy's eyes welled up with tears as he curled up on the bed and stared at his phone. "Do u wanna suck my cock fag? My dick would fit just right in-" Dillon immediately blocked him and angrily threw his phone away. His tears were already streaming down. This was too much for him.

He was going to take the flag out of his description...and maybe delete his photos with Phillip...He was sure he'd understand...

He felt so dumb for crying, he was a man! He was almost 18! But he was gay and disgusting! He was horrible and perverted, he deserved it! He deserved it for not being a real man! He should be straight and he wasn't! This was his own fault... The already upset teen broke down even more and he was full on sobbing now, the pillow muffling his cries. Self deprecating thoughts were not helpful to stop crying. (A small part of him knew that these awful thoughts weren't true. Not at all! But he couldn't help himself!)
He took a deep breath to continue crying when his door was suddenly pushed opened and Diego toddled into the room. "Dillon! You didn' say hi to me when you awived!" The freckled toddler exclaimed, hurt that his big brother ignored him.

Dillon rubbed his eyes and turned his back on him. "Go away, I'm not in the mood to deal with you!" Diego didn't go away; instead, he walked over to his brother and climbed onto the bed "You ok?"

"Do I look ok to you?!" Dillon spat at his younger brother, eyes red and puffy, and the toddler stared at him with wide light brown eyes. "No...You look sad..." the baby pouted.

"Oh my, another genius in the family~ Go annoy someone else!" Dillon pushed him away and Diego squeaked as he fell off the bed. He landed on his back and now Diego's little eyes welled up with tears. He sniffled, noticed his brothers phone on the floor and showed it to him. "It-fell...I didn' bweak it..." He said just in case his big bro got angry at him. He didn't break things on purpose, like Dillon's grown up tegos, it was an accident...

Dillon ignored him, still facing away from him and Diego tried rubbing his back. "Dillon...You huwt me..." He pouted with a sniffle.

Dillon finally gave in and with his fat tears falling down his cheeks, and a sad smile, he picked up and hugged his baby brother. "I'm sorry...I'm just being an asshole..." He rubbed his little back. "There...Mu-Much better?"

Diego nodded and rubbed his brothers back in return as he hugged him this time. "Mommy says hugs help when you feel sad...I'll hug you, then mommy and daddy can hug you."

"...Thanks, baby..." Dillon rubbed his eyes and managed a small chuckle with Diego's sighed heavily at his silly older brother. "I'm not baby! I'm twee! I'm a big boy!"

-=-

He had calmed down by the time his parents came home and he asked to talk to them privately later. He was NOT some scared baby! And he DIDN'T go running to his parents for every bad thing that happened to him (he wasn't Diego! He wasn't a baby who tripped and was sobbing over dad for hours...)...but this was different. He was scared this time, and he had felt terrible enough to actually have a meltdown. It wasn't something he could fix on his own. He trusted his mom and dad to help.

They were busy planning their trip. They were finally going on their honeymoon (it was a couple's trip, he knew Uncle Seb and Aunt Wanda were going as well) in a month or so and they wanted to leave their works ready before it.

"Ma, Dad, um...can we talk now?" Dillon hovered outside their room, watching them pack and organize.

"Oh, sweetie, yes, tell us." Carla looked up from her papers and nudged Stan to listen to their baby. Stan took off his reading glasses and looked up at him. "Diego told me he saw you crying earlier, are you ok?" Carla asked, worried for her firstborn. Dillon hadn't cried in front of Diego before and the poor toddler was very insistent on her and Stan hugging Dillon to make him happy again.

'That snitch...' Dillon grumbled in his mind.

Stan slowly pieced things together. "So you went out with that—" Stan paused and took a deep breath, "-with Phillip today...Was everything ok?! Did he do anything you didn't agree to? Do I
need to get my brass knuckles~?” Finally a good reason to punch a teenager in the face!

Carla glared at him as Dillon chuckled softly. Aaww, look at that old man trying his best. "No, but seriously, Dillon. Everything ok with Phillip?" Carla asked.

Dillon nodded, shifting from foot to foot. "No, no...Our date was...it was really nice...We played video games and then we went bowling...And, well, then...then..." Something in his expression must have betrayed him because both his parents sat up worriedly. "Son?"

Dillon sniffled. Ah shit, here it went again. "Can I get a hug...?"

"Oh, baby...come here..." Carla moved a little and Dillon climbed between the two of them, like he did for almost half a year straight after Stan first came back. He had slept between them. (He was 13 though, much smaller than he was now). Carla didn't care that Dillon was her height and she still cradled him to her chest like a baby as Stan watched worriedly. "What happened?"

"Well...Um, I-I should have known it could have happened...but-but we weren't doing anything wrong...It-It was just a kiss..." Dillon hid his face on his mom's chest. "And, and some random guy screamed at us...he-he said we were disgusting and...perverted..." He sobbed.

"What?!"

Stan growled. "He SHOUTED at you?!" No one shouted at his kids except HIM! How dared that guy?!

"I-I was so scared...I-I thought he-he was going to hurt us..."

Stan and Carla couldn't believe what they were hearing. Someone had the balls to insult their kid?! "Why didn't you tell me sooner?!" Carla cried, horrified to have only learned this now. "Baby, you should have told us!"

"It-It wouldn't have changed anything..." Dillon sniffled. "Phillip faced him though, he was very brave and he stood up in front of me."

Carla shook her head, worried sick for what he was telling them. Stan beat her in speaking what both were thinking, but in a less nice way. "It doesn't matter if he stood up or not!" He shouted. "That weakling twig wouldn't have been able to give a punch! Or take one for that matter if that stupid bastard had hurt you both!" Thinking some disgusting person could have hurt his son while he was helpless to do anything made him want to throw up.

"He's not a weakling..." Dillon defended his boyfriend but without much energy. "I-I was scared...Phillip was brave, he-he didn't let that man insult us, but-but I stayed silent like a coward..."

Carla sighed as she stroked his curls. "No, baby, provoking an insane person is not the best choice, you-you don't know what he could have done or..." She trailed off. She didn't want to imagine that anymore. She began to hum softly to calm her shaking baby and stroked his hair. "I'm sorry..." He whispered, feeling like an absolute loser for being so scared to stand up for himself. "No, it's ok, it's ok..." Carla assured him.

Stanley was so mad now. He wanted to kill that person! He wanted to hurt him for hurting his precious first born. He would shove hot metals up his ass and then use Ford's magnet gun to pull it back through his mouth!

(Huh... he picked up more from watching Demon Baby Fights than he thought he did...)
Dillon had fallen asleep, feeling warm and safe next to his parents. Carla looked up at Stan with teary eyes. "What are we going to do?" She whispered. Stan rubbed his wet eyes and gently stroked Dillon's head.

"I don't know…" Stan grumbled before thinking more deeply into it. Well. First he wanted to track down the guy who threatened his son. Even if the hot iron thing was 'illegal', Stan was a businessman, he knew all sorts of perfectly legal but no less damaging things he could do to that man...

-=

During breakfast, two days later, while little Diego was jumping up and down next to Kari in the kitchen, chanting "Eggs! Eggs! Eggs!", Stan and Carla sat down in front of Dillon to continue the conversation. "Me and your mom have decided to hire a bodyguard for you." Stan said with a serious face. Carla didn't correct his grammar. Dillon's jaw dropped. "A babysitter?!"

"Do you need hearing aids as well as contact lenses?" Stan huffed.

"No. Not a babysitter. A bodyguard. Baby," Carla caressed Dillon's cheeks. "If you feel scared and unsafe, we want to know that you'll be protected."

"But…" Dillon shifted in his seat. "I don't want some guy following me around everywhere! That's…" Weird. Annoying. It made him feel like a baby.

"Well that's great! 'Cause she's a woman!" Stan grinned. Dillon blinked. "Wha?"

Carla pulled out a profile sheet and handed it to Dillon. "The cover story will be that she's your personal maid. But she's quite skilled and experienced with protecting young clients. She specializes in children of VIP in fact."

"That's us! Were the VIP!" Stan grinned and used a thumb to point at Carla and himself.

Dillon looked down and had to do a double take. "She's… really pretty." He noted. She looked around mom's age. But with very toned muscles. Geez. Dillon stared. The profile said she was a soldier. And… she looked like she could snap a man in half. "How's she supposed to pretend to be a maid?!"

"You'd be surprised." Stan said seriously. "How intense a maid can be." He thought back to William and shuddered. That dress did nothing to slow the demon down when he chased Stan through the Death Star.

Stan shuddered but smiled a bit. He wondered how he was doing...

Diego sat down on the table, carrying his plate and looked at his mommy. "Wha you talking 'bout?!"

"That you and your big brother are getting a bodyguard to protect you from mean people!" Carla passed him his sippy cup with warm milk and poked his nose.

Dillon frowned. "Woah, woah. What? Diego too? So not only do I have to go around with a maid! But I have to SHARE it with Diego?! He doesn't even go places! He's not even gay!...As far as I know!"

"That's yucky! I don' wanna kiss anyone! And I go to the pawk! And to school!" Diego opened his mouth to show him his half chewed food. "Eeww!" Dillon grimaced and looked at his dad, who
shivered.

"I'm not made of money!" Stan complained as he flung his arms out (and a few $20 bills slid out of his sleeves before Stan hastily stuffed them back in), earning an eye roll from Kari. "Share with your little brother!"

Dillon groaned. His social life was going to be destroyed! His privacy, GONE! This was the worst thing that's ever happened to him!

"This is the best thing that's ever happened to me!" Dillon cackled as he watched his new 'maid' pin a boy to the wall, looking like it took her no effort whatsoever. Dillon had been at the mall, minding his own business when one of the boys from his school, a jerk who always shoved Dillon when he walked by him, who'd found out about Dillon's dating status and preferences from his social media, thought it would be funny to try and bother Dillon about it. They weren't in school anymore after all, so the jerk probably thought he'd be able to get away with messing with Dillon.

What that kid hadn't expected was the 5'10" woman coming out of seemingly nowhere to spin him around and pin against the wall. And why was she in a French maid uniform?!

"Sir, is this boy a threat?" Dillon's maid (Sasha) asked calmly, not even straining to keep the teenager immobilized despite his struggles.

Dillon grinned maniacally, a habit acquired from growing up dealing with his uncle Seb, and smirked at the struggling teen. "You know she can kill you by snapping your neck right?"

"Tell her to let me go, freak!"

"Maybe you are a threat and I should tell her to get rid of you~" Dillon was having too much fun with this. Sasha huffed a little at him and rolled her eyes. "I would prefer not having to." She pointed out. Especially since this boy writhing pathetically in her hold was only a teenager. Dillon sighed. "Yeah, fine~Don't snap his neck. Even if he's a pain in mine."

The boy pinned to the wall groaned. "Puns? Really?!"

"I take after my dad." Dillon shrugged before turning serious. "Ok. Sasha's gonna let you go now and I want you to leave me alone. Got it?"

"Fuck you!" The teen hissed. "You'll always be a weirdo! Even if your dad came back from his 'kidnapping'. Bet he just left to get away from your sissy ass!" He hasn't realized the seriousness of the situation yet.

Ok. That hurt. Kids have told him that growing up. And he didn't like people humiliating him for his sexual orientation. He would have just walked away, but he had the power now! Sasha was here!

Dillon sighed painfully and glanced up at Sasha. "So, snapping necks is a no-no, but what about fingers?"

The teen paled when Sasha's fingers wrapped around his left pinky. "Fingers are fine. You don't need all of them to live…"

"Noo! PLEASE! Let me go!" The teen screamed. Dillon tried not to enjoy it as much as he did, but seriously, that had been a low blow. "Then promise you'll leave me alone."
"Okay! I promise!" The boy wailed. Finally, Dillon gave Sasha the okay to release him and the teen stumbled off, rubbing his sore hands.

Dillon sighed. "He's not gonna try to sue me for hurting him, right?" He asked. Sasha shook her head. "He's not even bruised. He's got nothing he can use against you in court. I also snapped a photo of him, so he can't injure himself and lie about it being caused by me." She told him.

"Oh. That's… Good." Dillon was very glad Sasha was on his side. She was scary.

-=-

Dillon realized having a maid/bodyguard wasn't that bad after all. Sasha was very good at hiding her presence, even in the maid uniform (and when asked about it, she admitted that she watched a lot of anime about battle maids and thought it was fun, which… oooookay… Weird but… Whatever made her happy). The next time he went out to hang out with Phillip, he seriously couldn't have felt safer.

He presented the ginger boy to her and Phillip looked so thrilled that his dream of having a bodyguard came true. He wasn't even bothered about her dressing like a maid, in fact, he liked the dress!

Haha, that's gay~

Of course, when they went out, they had to take Diego FOR SOME REASON (Granny Kari said she was busy and had to meet someone) and he was stuck watching Diego in the mall's ball pit and eating a shitty ice cream with Phillip instead of going to the fancy ice cream shop he had been wanting to try for a while.

"Sorry Diego had to come too, he ruins everything.. Dillon sighed.

"I don' ruin everything!" Diego whined and threw a red plastic ball at him. Dillon grabbed it and threw it back at him, knocking him right in the forehead. Diego started wailing ("I barely touched him!") And Sasha sighed before going to check on the toddler.

"I...I'm an only child, but I'm pretty sure you shouldn't throw a ball at your 3 year old brother." Phillip took his hand and pouted. Dillon rolled his eyes. "He started it...and he's a pest~ I'm too old to be an older brother, you know? Too much of an age gap, even more than my dad with my other uncle, the green eyed one."

Phillip nodded in understanding. "Besides, my family has twins everywhere! Who told my parents to procreate only one kid at a time?! If Diego had a twin, he would have someone else to annoy!" The red headed boy snorted at Dillon's complaint. "Well~ I don't mind. I think your brother's adorable. I always wanted siblings myself, but mom and dad didn't." He shrugged.

"You can take him~" Dillon suggested and Phillip grinned. "I prefer taking you instead~" The older teen said suggestively, which made Dillon blush a little too much.

"O-Oh." He squeaked.

-=-

Sasha really wasn't that bad. Granny liked her and was entertained listening to Sasha's stories from when she was in the military. Mainly, Sasha planned out what route Dillon would take from and to the house to any other location, scoped out the area to make sure there were no threats and things like that. Aaron liked her too, and treated her with respect because he was a little scared of her.
Dillon didn't actually notice her half the time, she seemed to be able to just… blend in and pop back out when needed.

Unless she was taking care of Diego, then she would play the part of a maid/nanny. Diego liked Sasha a lot. She always did what he asked and played with him! Not like Dillon who was a meanie most of the time! The toddler was innocently unaware of what Sasha's purpose was.

Stan was happy to know that the bodyguard thing was working out. His babies were protected and safe and he and Carla didn't have to worry about dicks bothering either Dillon or his youngest little critter.

"Dillon told me Sasha protected Diego today," Carla told Stanley one night. "He said it was the coolest thing he'd ever seen. Apparently she flipped a guy to the ground."

"Hahah!" Stan grinned. "Good! What was the motive?"

Carla sighed. "They went to the park together, Dillon also went because your mom forced him to, and Diego was playing with his toys until some apparently bored teenager started kicking them. Dillon said he saw his group daring him to."

Stan growled. Diego was just a baby! He'd being an annoying teen once, but he had never messed with little kids! Carla nodded. "I know, asshole. So, he told me he was about to go shout at them, but when Diego let out the first sob, Sasha grabbed that teenager by the arm and I quote 'yeeted' the boy away."

Stan cackled. "I would actually pay to see that." Which was a LOT coming from the stingy miser.

"I'm glad we made this decision." The woman sighed and hugged his muscled body. "I feel more relaxed now. We'll be leaving for weeks so...I just know the boys will be safe while we're away."

Stan picked her up and kissed her lips. "I know…I feel the same." He stroked her cheeks and Carla nuzzled his big hand. "I'm so glad I had the idea to hire her." Stan boasted.

Carla's smile was wiped off her freckled face from her annoyance and wiggled to be put down. "Why did I marry you?!-EEE!" She was thrown to the bed as Stan roared. "Because I'm awesome!" Carla threw another pillow at him, but unfortunately she missed.

"You know, that reminds me of a joke!" Stan grinned. "Noooo! Shut up!" Carla groaned.

"My ex-wife still misses me~ but her aim is getting better!" Stan looked so proud of himself. Carla threw another pillow and smacked him in the face. "I will be an ex-wife if you keep that up." Carla pouted.

"Please~ You know you can't live without me~" Stan said smug. Carla rolled her eyes before grabbing Stan's shirt and pulling him down to the bed. "Well then, you better show me the reason I keep you around…" she said slyly, tracing her fingers down his chest.

Stan was thrilled to do so. He just had to lock the door first. Didn't want the kids coming in.

-.-

Seb and Wanda hated their neighbor with a passion. They've been living there for a few months, but they were very close to doing something illegal. Well, Seb was, the poor guy spent the day growling and controlling his flammable hands. However, they weren't ones to run away from their problems. (Seb, maybe if it meant less work, but Wanda didn't get to where she was now by being
a coward!) So they were going to deal with the situation like adults.

For now though, the easiest thing to do was run away~!

They weren't technically running away, they were leaving for their honeymoon with Stan and Carla, so it was technically planned already. Carol's annoying voice had nothing to do with the fact that Wanda asked if they could have their trip earlier (she found a much better offer) and the two agreed immediately.

Nothing at all!

The twins asked if they could come too. It was summer after all and after Seb guffawed and wheezed until he couldn't breathe, he knelt in front of them, put a hand on their shoulders and with a soft voice said "Never in a million years."

He thought of calling Ford to watch over the twins (and Diego, if necessary), but he remembered he was spending the summer with Mabel and he didn't want to interrupt that. Ax knew how needed it was for those two to hang out.

Seb also thought of calling Shermie. Seb took care of his twins for an entire summer (and literally died for them) and it would be a nice way of repaying the favor, Shermie watching HIS twins this time. However, he remembered Shermie was an idiot and he actually didn't trust him with his valuable, beautiful and treasured spawn. (How Dipper and Mabel turned out so well under Shermie's care, Seb didn't know.)

So he was actually clueless of what to do. Wanda offered to call her parents and ask if they could watch Zully and Zoe, and that sounded like a good plan, until Stan said Dillon and their mom were staying home and they could watch their kids. "I've hired a bodyguard for the boys, she's been watching them for a couple months. If you pay me-OWWWW! Alright! I can pay her a little more to watch the twins as well~!"

Seb considered it. The twins would love to play with Diego and hang out with him, besides, Stan's house was cool and they'd have more fun there than at his in-laws' house. And if there was someone there to protect them, even better!

Wanda agreed with him and so it was decided. They locked every possible entrance to their house (Seb had, had a nightmare about Carol crawling in through a window and building a nest in their living room, waiting for them to return… putting those essential oil room sprays into all their outlets… The poor man woke up screaming) and Wanda watched Sebastian carve with his pocket knife some triangles around the house, in and out, fences and even the sidewalk. "Wouldn't it be better to buy some cameras?" Wanda raised an eyebrow.

"And waste money? Please, I can watch my own house~ Just let me phone Ford and I'll add a protection rune as well!"

Wanda sighed. She kept quiet about the fact that Carol was human and therefore, wouldn't be kept out by any supernatural creature barrier.

(At least… Wanda was pretty sure Carol was human… there's no way anything but a human could be that frustrating to interact with!)

"-.-"

"Oh my gosh~" Carla smiled proudly as Wanda stared in awe at the penthouse. It was the first thing that came out of her mouth when they arrived. "You like it?! I chose the decorations! Stan
didn't do anything!"

"If I remember correctly, I paid for it!" Stan grumbled as he handled the two blond demons squealing over him, pulling at his hair and trying to poke his eyes. Carla grabbed Wanda's hand to show her around.

"Seb, help!" Stan held the twins out at arm's length, but that didn't stop them from kicking him.

Seb ignored him, hugging his youngest nephew.

Stan fell to the floor and screamed in a fetal position as Zoe and Zully nibbled on his arms.

Dillon grinned at his dad's despair as granny Kari rolled her eyes. "Zully, Zoe, don't eat your uncle~ I don't want to lose my son~"

Zoe sighed painfully and released her victim. "Fine~" Diego was put on his feet and he ran towards his cousins, excited to see them again. "Do you wanna pway? I have lots of tegos!" "Ok!"

The toddlers ran away and Dillon helped his dad stand up. He shook his head with a smile. How lucky, they were leaving tomorrow morning to Cancún. They had their luggage ready and everything.

He sighed. He wanted to travel to a nice place with Phillip too~

"It's nice that you two are finally going to your honeymoon, but leaving granny Kari and Sasha to watch those three on their own?" Poor them.

Seb laughed shrilly before patting his head. "Oh, they're not alone, you will be here to help!"

Dillon blinked. "Excuse me?"

"You're excused!" Seb exclaimed. "You'll be watching your brother and my babies! And if you don't, I'm going to murder you!" He smiled innocently.

Dillon pouted hard. "But it's summer! I wanted to hang out with Phillip!" He complained. Stan grinned. "Even better! Sasha can watch you one-two-watch you four that way! Spend time with your little brother! Family is way more important!" He pulled Seb for a fake hug. Dillon's glare didn't leave.

"No! Dad, I had plans! I won't be your nanny!" Stan ignored him as he pulled Seb to the kitchen, as a way to end the discussion. "Icecreamm~"

"Hang out with Phillip while watching the kids then." Seb shrugged. Stan stopped to look at his brother. "What?!"

"Deal!" Dillon shook his uncle's free hand, which caught on fire out of habit, and ran away before they could change it.

Seb looked at a shocked Stan. "Can I get my icecream now?"

"You don't deserve it…" Stan grumbled under his breath.

-.-

They didn't accompany them to the airport because no one wanted to deal with the kids crying their eyes out in public. Diego waved at them, because he was used to staying with his grandma like any
other day and Zoe and Zully were actually happy to stay, they barely spent time with granny and Diego!

"Be good, ok? No fire and no biting others!" Seb had warned the twins. "I'll be watching you~!

Sasha had assured them that they'd be just fine and she'd take care of their precious children. Kari also said she'd watch them.

Dillon grinned widely. His parents were officially gone! Sasha was in the living room reading a book and granny Kari was napping. He pulled out his phone and happily texted his boyfriend. "Hey, babee~ My parents left already, and you can stay here until they come backkkkk!" Phillip arrived in record time and didn't even have time to put down his backpack with clothes on the floor before Dillon caught him for a kiss. Dillon ran his hand over Phillip's chest, feeling him up, as Phillip cupped his face and tilted it up to kiss him better.

They migrated to Dillon's room and threw the door shut. Dillon was 18 now, they could do whatever they wanted~ though... they hadn't officially done it yet, the two were still too shy to go that far. Still, that didn't mean they couldn't do ALL sorts of other naughty things~

The toddlers got bored of playing with tegos, they wanted to do something. "I'm gonna ask Di'on to play wi' us!" Diego declared. The twins cheered and the group of toddlers went to Dillon's room. Diego was about to knock when he heard a loud sound coming from inside.

"Oooh~ yes~ here you go~" They heard Phillip's teasing tone.

The bed squeaked. "Phillip~" More squeaking. "It's... sooo biiiiig~" Dillon's voice sounded in awe. Phillip laughed. "Well, open wiiiide and I'll give it to you~" "Ahhhhh~" There was a muffled moan from Dillon for a few seconds before he smacked his lips and the bed squeaked again. "I love it~ yeeeeeesssss~" A thumping sound. "I love you!" a loud moan. "It's so gooood~"

Diego and the twins tilted their heads in confusion before Diego kicked open the door, like he always did whenever he barged into his big brother's room. They all stepped inside and froze.

Dillon sat up in a hurry and screamed. "DIEGO! GET OUT!″ Phillip looked over from where he had been sitting with Dillon's head in his lap. In his hand was a giant chocolate chip cookie that he'd been breaking off pieces of to feed Dillon. Diego squealed. "COOKIES!" which set off the twins as well. "'COOKIES! COOKIES!' Zully stopped their chant to add "Pwease?" like a good child.

Dillon groaned. "Nooo... now we'll have to share..."

Phillip chuckled and kissed him before motioning the kids to come closer. "I don't mind, I brought more anyway..." he handed some pieces to the kids, the pieces were the size of regular cookies! "Hello, I'm Phillip, Dillon's awesome boyfriend. We met in your parents' wedding, but you probably don't remember, what were your names?"

Zoe nibbled on her cookie and savoured it before swallowing. Then she walked over to Phillip, uncomfortably close and sniffed him. Phillip looked down at her as Dillon whined about Uncle Seb's craziness being a genetic thing. Then she smiled widely and hugged him with all her might. "I like you! I'm Zoe Pines! And my sisteh is Zully Pines!" Zully made a weird face at that. "We're four!″ She showed him 4 little fingers. "We're more old than Diego, he's 3! He's a baby!"

"M' not a baby!″ Diego complained.

"No, none of you are~ You're all big kids~″ Phillip poked their noses and the twins squealed,
enchanted. Dillon was impressed. If he impressed the twins, it meant he was VERY good with kids…

"Wha's a boyfrwend?" Zoe asked innocently.

Diego huffed. "It's a boy that kiss you in the mouth!" "'EWW!'" Both Diego and Zoe said at the same time.

Phillip laughed. "No, the kissing is just for fun. A boyfriend or girlfriend is like… what your parents were before they got married to each other." He explained. Zully nodded in understanding.

"So you an' Dillon are gonna get married?"

Dillon and Phillip flushed. "Ah… well, we don't know yet. Marriage is a very important decision. So we have to be sure we really want to get married first. That's why we're dating right now, being a boyfriend or girlfriend… or joyfriend if you're not a boy or girl, is what people do when they hang out together and maybe they'll decide to get married. But they don't have to."

"Ooooooh."

The toddlers were all enraptured. "So… so you are twying to see if, if you two wanna be mawied?" Diego asked. Like mommy and daddy? When they had that big party with all those people.

"Yup~" Phillip hugged a pouting Dillon to himself. "Phillip will stay with us for the summer, so...just...don't be annoying ok?" Dillon grumbled.

"Pway with us!??" Zoe pleaded, pulling at the older boy's hand. "Alright, alright~" Phillip agreed and he was pulled out and into Diego's room. Dillon sighed and followed them. That was what he got for getting a boyfriend who was weak for children!

At least he could see Phillip every day…

(And… a part of him did think this was the best chance to see how well he and Phillip would actually do if they lived together, if they ever considered marriage in the future…)

=-=

As soon as they stepped out of the airport, Seb knew this had been a terrible idea.

The fucking AIR was HOT! He felt the oxygen he was breathing burn it's way down into his lungs.

The four of them groaned loudly and started taking off their clothes until they were in tank tops. "HOLY COW! I didn't expect this place to feel like this!" Stan moaned as Seb frantically searched for water. Water! He needed dihydrogen monoxide or he would catch on fire!

The guy picking them up to drive to their resort rolled his eyes. "Ay, estos gringos…"

"Oye! No creas que no sé lo que dices, dude! Estoy muriéndome, pero no estoy sordo!" Seb grumbled. The guy laughed heartily. "Well in that case, welcome to Cancún. Don't worry. The resort has air conditioning." He continued to chuckle at them. "It will be more comfortable there."

"Thank you." Wanda was grateful for that. She hadn't expected the place to be this hot, on the equator or not. Still, the resort sounded wonderful right about now. They all piled into the car and the driver thankfully put on the air conditioner. They all thought things would be better once they got to the resort….

But no, it wasn't. As beautiful as the place was, the floor of their rooms were wet with
condensation from the air conditioner running while the window was accidentally left open. They groaned collectively. The person who accompanied them to their rooms immediately offered to clean up and recommended for them to leave all windows closed to avoid this happening again.

They all changed clothes and put on swimsuits because they couldn't stand having clothes on them any longer. Today was a relaxation day. They'd have time to explore, visit archaeological places, go have fun and go to parties later! They didn't have kids to worry about after all!

They decided to go to the pool. It was huge and it had a bar on it! So cool! Two thirds of the triplets laughed and jumped into the water, hoping it was cool and nice…

"OH MY GOD!" Seb wailed as he tried to get out a second later. The water was HOT TOO! IT FELT LIKE TAKING A SHOWER, FOR FUCKS SAKE!

Carla and Wanda sighed and left the two whining babies in favor of finding some chairs in shadow to relax in. "You know, I think I prefer having my honeymoon with you." Carla nudged the blonde who smiled mischievously. "Oh yes~" the two held hands and grinned at each other. Stan was sputtering in the background and Seb was still screaming at the pool for betraying him. Then Stan pushed Seb into the pool, because he was a dick.

At night things calmed down. The weather went from HELL to normal hot day and they could enjoy the pool with some delicious drinks. Wanda made sure Seb wasn't tricked by how sweet they were. He was her sweet little lightweight who must be protected~ They had dinner at the buffet in a fancy restaurant and the food was really good.

Seb had fun annoying the poor servers by pretending he didn't speak Spanish. They tried English but he still shook his head and acted like a very confused tourist. Then he'd shift to speaking in freaking German and it was hilarious how they called the only server who kind of spoke German to try to communicate with him.

Aaawww~ Look at them trying to do their jobs right~~~

Wanda was lightly kicking Seb under the table with an annoyed look. Leave the poor workers alone! They were trying their best! Seb wasn't stopping though. He had found out how he was going to have his small (and necessary) doses of chaos and evil in this trip~

Despite everything, it was a nice shared night for the two couples.

"For our kids that we left at home!" Carla toasted and everyone clicked their glasses!

-.-

Oh no! The toddlers were starting to realize their parents weren't coming back! Granny Kari was still in her own apartment, getting some clothes to stay with them, and Sasha was calmly watching a series as Dillon and Phillip tried to explain things to the kids. She was hired to protect them, she was not a nanny.

"Whewe's Daddy?" Zully pulled at their shirt with a pout. Phillip crouched. "Well...They are doing grown up things~ Those are boring you know? They'll come back soon, but meanwhile we can have fun! The 5 of us!"

"I miss Daddy." Zully insisted. "I know, princess, but we're here to protect you~" He ruffled Zully's hair and the kid frowned. "No princess!" They exclaimed.

"Oh, sorry, you're not a princess." Phillip apologized. Zoe giggled and ran towards him to get a
hug. "I'm a princess! You can call me princess!" Then Zoe paused and corrected herself, "No. You call me QUEEN!"

Dillon chuckled. "Does she have a baby crush on you? Hey, Zoe, that's my boyfriend~" Zoe clung to Phillip with a big smile. "She's like this with Dipper too..." Dillon warned. "...so if she likes you..." "OW!" "Yup, she'll bite you." Dillon laughed as Phillip winced and tried to pry the little girl off him. "No Zoe, don't bite me. I don't taste good!" He was surprised at how sharp her teeth were. What the heck? Was he bleeding? "I need to disinfect this." Phillip winced as he finally got a look at the marks on his arm. "Zoe, you really can't go around biting people. It's very rude." Phillip admonished her.

Zoe rubbed his arm as an apology. Phillip forgave her. So adorable! Kari was nowhere to be seen yet, Sasha went to sleep, and Diego was pulling at his brother's pants for his warm milk to go to sleep. Dillon groaned and sent Phillip to change their clothes while he prepared the 3 sippy cups.

"But-But they're girls, baby." Phillip twitched. "And?!" Dillon raised an eyebrow. "Well, they're girls and they're just four, I don't think it should be me taking their clothes off, you know? Besides, we just met, I just feel it's not proper..." Dillon didn't have the twin's parents here to ask permission from, and he would much rather have Dillon or Dillon's grandma help the twin's change clothes.

Dillon sighed. As always, he was right. Damn it. Such an intelligent pretty face! "Ok, you win. I'm putting on their pjs, you make their milk then." He grabbed Zully and Diego (not Zoe, she scared him) and pulled them to their rooms to get some soft Pjs~~

"Philli?" Zoe asked as she walked behind him. "He'll be back, don't worry...But he's gay and out of your reach!" Dillon told her firmly. "He's my boyfriend. So only I get to bite him!"

Phillip snorted loudly when he heard that loud exclamation. This wasn't that hard? They'd played and watched movies with the kids, had some time to themselves when the kids fell asleep and then Kari made them dinner. Now it was just preparing some milk and then they'd sleep! Haha! Easy! Taking care of children was easy!

And then it didn't seem all that easy...

Dillon groaned in relief when his grandma came back. "Finally! What took you soo loonng?" He moaned. Kari rolled her eyes. "Dillon, sweetheart, I have a life."

They had taken Diego and the twins to Diego's room. They put in a big bed for the twins there. They had never slept alone so they thought making them sleep alone in a guest room wasn't a good idea. They drank their warm milk from their sippy cups and everything seemed fine until Diego asked for his mommy.

The twins apparently understood more than Diego why their parents weren't here, but seeing little Diego burst into tears and sob made them upset (they were feeling his negative emotions) and filled their eyes with tears too.

Kari cuddled her youngest grandbaby and gently rocked him as he sobbed for his parents. Phillip nudged Dillon towards the twins. They were his favorite uncle/unofficial godfather's kiddos, he had to do something so they didn't feel bad. Even if he was terrible with dealing with this. Dillon wasn't sure what to do but he knelt down and pulled the two into a hug. They clung to him and sniffled. Phillip wasn't sure what to do, feeling awkward. He liked kids but he didn't know the twins very well yet and he didn't want to do anything without asking for permission first.

"Its ok, guys...I know you miss your parents...but we'll have fun while we wait for our mom and
"Yup. But we gotta sleep first though." The twins rubbed their eyes and nodded. Ok. They wanted pool. Diego was now sucking his thumb as he leaned against Kari's chest, more calmed and with heavy eyelids. Dillon jumped to the next bed to ruffle his brother's curly dark hair. "Calm down, buddy, you're staying with the coolest people! And among them all is your awesome big brother~"

Diego managed a small smile and hugged Dillon's arm. Now that he felt better, he could go to sleep. He had his big brother with him and he'd protect him. Diego admired his big brother and he felt safe with Dillon...

Phillip watched with a soft smile as the twins yawned and snuggled against their granny, who tucked them into bed and kissed their foreheads. He glanced at Dillon too and saw him tuck his brother into bed as well.

He sighed dreamily. Dillon looked so pretty taking care of kids...

...man, Phillip really wanted kids once he was all grown up… He flushed at the thought. His fantasies involved raising kids together with Dillon… and that was just...

The toddlers fell asleep, they said goodnight to Kari and then the teenagers went to Dillon's room. This time, Dillon didn't change in the bathroom, he changed next to Phillip, but he still blushed a little. The two climbed into bed together and hugged each other under the blankets.

"Good night~" Phillip kissed his neck softly, as he was hugging Dillon from behind. Dillon snuggled closer and sighed. "Thanks for staying with me…My dad would kill us if he knew we're sharing bed…But he doesn't have to know…"

He fell asleep in Phillip's warm embrace, imagining a married life with him.

".POOL! POOL! POOL!" The children chanted as they changed into their swimsuits. Kari was helping the twins while Dillon helped his brother. The cleaning staff had already drained, scrubbed and refilled the pool. The pool room smelled clean, without any odor of chlorine to be had. Phillip fanboyed over the room. "The window-walls let you sun bathe without getting cancer!" Since the windows were blocking most of the harmful radiation, they didn't need to wear sunscreen. Well, they could, but it was safe to go without since they were indoors. And Dillon was counting on that fact.

The staff even put out lawn chairs for people to lie in to bask. Dillon put a wiggling Diego down and the toddler squealed as he immediately ran to jump into the pool. Dillon was glad he got the water wings on first. Would have sucked if he had had to jump in after him. Urgh. Babies.

"Phillip! You coming too?!” Zoe grabbed his hand as he sat down on a chair. "Play with us!" She demanded. Dillon rolled his eyes. "What's up with Zoe getting baby crushes with every boy she sees?" He grumbled. And it had to be his boyfriend! But he wasn't jealous of a 4 year old. Not at all.

"Hey, Zoe~ Look at this shiny ball! It bounces on water~ Go fetch!" Dillon threw the ball into the pool and Zoe gasped in awe before running after it. Phillip looked at him with a raised eyebrow.

"What? She could have bitten you~ I was just protecting you~" Dillon pecked his lips. Then he remembered his grandma was still in the room and softly separated from the ginger boy.
Kari rolled her eyes. "As long as no hands go inside clothing, you're fine." She deadpanned. The teens flushed. Zully was pulling at their bathing suit, a cute sky blue one piece with fish on it, and carefully sticking their toes into the pool. "Hm..." They frowned at the pool suspiciously. The water was cool. A bit too cold for them right now. But the areas where the sun shone on the water was warmer so they toddled over to it and tested the water with their toe again. Much better!

...but Zully still wasn't ready to go in yet. They sat down on the border and slowly lowered a foot. They needed to go in slowly, carefully and-

"Come on!" Zoe laughed as she ran up behind her twin and shoved them into the pool. Zully screamed and sputtered. Betrayal! Utter betrayal!

Zoe cannonballed into the pool beside Zully and surfaced with a manic grin. Zully continued making a (∩_∩) face at their twin, thoroughly annoyed. "Granny Kari! Zoe pushed me!" Zully complained as they angrily floated in the pool thanks to their water wings.

Kari, laying down on a chair to watch them and pulling out a book to spend her time, just said "Zoe~ Please behave, you might hurt your sister." Ah, they reminded her a lot of Seb and Ford when they were kids too...(Though Ford didn't speak at that age, her adorable baby).

Diego just made his way towards his older cousins. "Let's pway! The fiwst one who reach the other side win!" The toddlers then got distracted with their game, anger forgotten.

Dillon smirked satisfied and sat in between Phillip's legs as he hugged him from behind. Phillip leaned a little on his shoulders and pecked his neck. "Do you want me to rub some sunscreen on you~"

"But there's no need, the place is-OOOHHH~" Dillon understood. He had a goofy grin on his face. "Well!" Dillon giggled, "I sure do need some protection from harmful UV rays!" He wiggled in Philip's lap as his boyfriend laughed and reached for the bottle. He squeezed out some of it and rubbed it between his hands before placing them on Dillon's shoulders, kneading him gently. Dillon muffled a laugh. "Are you going to rub it in?"

"A~ll~ the way~" Phillip purred, making gentle circles down Dillon's back, brushing his thumbs against the curve of Dillon's muscles and trailing the cream down his spine. Dillon shivered a little. Ooh~ Phillip was caressing him~ It felt so nice and Phillip's large hands touching his freckled back was just the best feeling ever.

Kari sighed. Oh, boys~ "Hey! Hands are getting too close to clothes!" The teens separated with a sigh. Damnit! Well, they could wait for tonight, when they could be alone in Dillon's room together. He was 18 now! His parents didn't get to say what he could or couldn't do!

Speaking of his parents, Dillon wondered what they were doing. Probably having fun on their honeymoon.

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"Ahahahahaha!" Seb cackled as he dropped chips from the balcony to hit the tourists walking in and out of the hotel below. Wanda sighed. "Seb! Quit it. Are you really that bored?"

Seb rolled his eye. "Well that guy is wearing socks with his sandals! And it's not even the type of socks that are SUPPOSED to go with sandals! It's a crime! A fashion crime! No one wants to see you, buddy!" He shouted in English at him. He waved a fist at him, but fortunately his wife just glared at them and pulled the man forward.
"There are socks that go with sandals?" Wanda paused at that, confused. Seb nodded. "Yeah. Japanese geta are usually worn with socks." He remembered Matsuda have some, though he didn't wear them often, only taking them out for special occasions when he dressed up in traditional clothing.

Wanda blinked and shook her head. This was getting off topic. "You should still leave them alone. What if they get mad and try confronting us?" That man looked really mad.

"Let 'em. I can take them on. I can take them ALL on!" Seb grumbled, he even punch his fist for emphasis. He grabbed another bag of chips and started throwing them again. Wanda sighed and grabbed the bag from him. "Hey! I paid for those!" Seb whined. Wanda put one of her hands on her hips. "And you're wasting food. Imagine people who don't have anything to eat and you're here just wasting it!" She scolded.

Seb blinked. That...That hurt. He remembered when he had gone hungry when he was homeless... "Ok, I'll stop..." He looked at the ground. Wanda smiled pleased but her green eyes widened when she saw Seb grab a few rocks from the decorations on the balcony. "These ones are free!"

"NO!" Wanda grabbed his wrist as hard as she could to pull him away. Seb growled as he was pulled away from the balcony.

"Sebastian, what the fuck has gotten into you?!" She hissed, upset and worried. Seb looked down at his feet and shrugged childishly.

He was just...itchy all over. He wanted to do things and he couldn't! He guessed he was just bored...He hadn't brought his tablet or his sketchbook. "I guess I'm bored..." At least with the twins he could play with dolls or play with trains all around the house.

Wanda sighed and dragged a hand across her face. "Well...The tour in the city is this evening, you gotta be patient." She stroked his cheek gently. "We could go to the water activities but you don't wanna go to the beach."

"It's scary." He didn't feel comfortable water skiing or snorkel or anything that implied going into the open sea without protection. He just tolerated the pool, BUT IT WAS TOO HOT!

"And you don't want to go play with Stanley."

"He's playing sports and sweating! I don't wanna sweat more than I'm already doing!" He pointed at his sweaty brow. He needed water, now that he remembered.

"And you don't wanna go to our room either." Wanda said and Seb groaned. "Because I didn't pay to go sleep on a different bed! I wanna do something! But-But not something BORING! AND-AND HUMAN DUMB! Maybe I should just go throw some rocks at non-human creatures..."

Being free of the twins was...actually very liberating. He felt he didn't have to be responsible for his little spawn all day, just-keep himself from not dying! And that was easier! Do more FUN STUFF!

He could do whatever he wanted now! No responsibilities! This was a vacation where he could throw away all his stress! He could mess with people! Make a little chaos! The domestic life he was living was great... but he... needed this. (And it wasn't like he was just imagining Carol's face on all the people he messed with! Not at all!) But seriously, Seb craved it. Destroying something. Violence! Well, not a lot of violence. Just a little. Just... something destructive and chaotic! Like... like filling that stupid WARM swimming pool with pasta! It was hot enough to cook! And then they'd swim in NOODLE POOL! AHAAAAHAAAAHAHAHAAAAA!
He started laughing out of the blue, which worried Wanda a little. Maybe the heat was affecting him a little? "Ok...no throwing rocks at anyone, ok? We...let's go to the receptionist and ask about other activities to do, yes? With air conditioning and no more sun for you..." She held his hands in hers and smiled, whispering to herself the last part. Seb huffed. "Fine~" He was still going to find out how to get noodles~ They must sell pasta somewhere...

Wanda got him down without any trouble, but finding an activity he liked was harder. He didn't want to get a spa treatment, for once. "Eh, I can go to the salon any time. Besides, it's too hot for the sauna! I'd die!" He complained. Wanda sighed. "Well there's some... light sports, they won't work you up enough to sweat?"

"Ew, sports. No." Seb grumbled, just being petulant at this point. Wanda sighed. She knew a certain activity that was sure to distract Seb for a while... but she thought she'd be nice and not ride him until he fainted for once. And where did that get her? A bored Seb who didn't know what he wanted to do. She was very much rethinking her original plan of what she wanted to do for the whole honeymoon (that being, having as much Seb-time as she wanted without her children getting in the way.)

He kept saying no to every activity she read from the book they were given, and it was starting to get a little annoying. Damn, she really SHOULD have her honeymoon with Carla and leave Stan to deal with his childish brother!

"...Petting zoo..." "If I can't eat them, then no!"

"Ok, that's it." The blonde gave him the book and sighed. "Don't you see I'm trying to make this something nice for both of us? I'm trying to please you and you're still acting like a bitch, William!"

Seb gaped and in a small voice he whispered. "You...you called me William..." "Yes I did!"

Wanda huffed. "Continue sulking if you wish..." Wanda glared. "I'm going to go and have fun on my OWN then!"

"Please, please don't leave me, I'm sorry." Seb walked after her, earning pitiful looks from the people behind the counter who had been watching the whole time.

Wanda sighed. "Look, I just don't know what to do. You don't like anything, you keep complaining, and I just... I just wanted us to spend time together. That's what this was supposed to be about." She had a lot of vacation days saved up from work, and she was using them ALL for this honeymoon! She wanted this to be fun. Just the two of them, well, occasionally Stan and Carla, but mostly the two of them...

Seb rubbed his arm. Fuck, he seriously couldn't stop messing things up. "I'm sorry...I...I just...don't feel so good..." Wanda touched his forehead. "Are you sick?!" Seb whined. "I don't know. I feel... uncomfortable. Itchy. Restless... I don't know. It's like... I just feel frustrated and I don't know why! But I just wanna... I don't know. I don't know what I want." He pouted sad.

Wanda sighed. "Well I can't help you if I don't know what the problem is." And so the two sulked.

Suddenly, Stan appeared out of nowhere and startled them. "Seb! There's a paintball war! Help me kick some butts! Carla even agreed to join if you're interested, eh?" He told Wanda.

"Paintball?" Wanda blinked. That wasn't on the brochure... when she asked Stan for clarification, Stan cackled. "Okay, so some other guests at the hotel really wanted to have paintball, and they organized a meet up just for that. They rented out a place a few miles away, the bus will be leaving
soon. So… if you two wanna come~" Stan grinned at the both of them.

Seb straightened up. "Paintball…” he murmured. "Um… so… would we be allowed to just… go crazy and shoot people?"

"Yup!" Stan laughed maniacally.

"And...that means I get a weapon and I can attack anybody and leave potential bruises depending on how hard I hit them?"

"Yup~"

Wanda wouldn't lie saying the look Seb made didn't scare her a little. "Oh, let's fucking do it!" He shrieked.

The war was intense from the start. Just wearing the protection equipment put Seb in a killer mood. He fucking hated green! He'd take this frustration out on every fuckin body HERE! He didn't even care when he got hit as long as he could shoot them as hard as he could. Carla and Wanda immediately regretted it, screaming the entire time when the enemies got too close, but Stan, who had apparently CAPTURED someone from the opposite team (was that LEGAL?!?) got his gun and now he had two of them, dodging paint bullets like a pro. Compared to fighting aliens? This was EASY!

Seb had reached the fortress of the other team and laughed maniacally when he shot them as many times as he could. "THIS IS MINE NOW, MADAFACKARS!" He cackled as he shot everywhere, splattering everyone and everything in paint. (And if he was using his powers to cheat to make it so all his opponent's shots would just 'barely' miss him… well…)

His own assigned team had a premature celebration before the crazy guy came for them too. "TRAISON! I'LL BETRAY YOU ALL!" Seb screamed around the field as he ran across like a madman. Wanda and Carla hid behind a wall and prayed for this goddamn game to finish! (At least Seb was taking out his energy?)

The guys behind the protective net, who were supposedly supervising everyone followed the rules, counted their very new green dollars one of the gringos gave them to make the event last longer and 'more enjoyable'. Ah~ tourists! The best source of income! They didn't even complain when that crazy man in the eyepatch ran past them, splattering them entirely with paint as he went. "AHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAH!

One of the organizers blinked. "How did he hit us through the net?!" That shouldn't have been possible…

"Nevermind that, he's still paying to 'buy' more paint canisters. So…” His partner shrugged. "It's worth it."

Ah~ Tourists~Especially tourists with dollars!

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Dillon pulled at his hair as Diego's wailing didn't stop. "DUDE STOP IT! I'M NOT GIVING IT TO YOU!"

The little bastard wanted his video game but- one, he didn't know how to use it! And two! It had blood and violence, Diego wasn't allowed to see that!
The twins were luckily playing somewhere else and not here in the living room making their eardrums explode.

"Phillip, baby, go see where the hell the twins are…" He was worried now. Phillip nodded and Dillon put a hand over his baby brother's mouth. "Sshhh! SSSHHHHHHH!!"

He was going to be a terrible parent, oh god, Phillip wouldn't want to adopt kids with him...

"DIEGO, listen to me. Let's-let's get something to drink first right? You want water?" He read somewhere on Rumblr you had to give brats water so they'd shut up. And it worked! Diego sniffled and drank his water from his sippy cup. "Wann' play with you…"

"But you can't play that with me!" Dillon tried reasoning. "It's for big kids only!"

"I'm a big boy!" Diego whined.

"But it's for even bigger kids, like Phillip and I...we can play something else, but let me spend time with my boyfriend first!" He pleaded. It was so unfair he was stuck babysitting...

"No! Play now!" Diego kicked his little legs.

"Um...Dillon, baby...the twins were playing in your room...and you might not like it...." Phillip's sheepish voice was heard and Dillon mentally prepared for it, even though he knew he'd cry at whatever they did...

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Dillon couldn't even form words. He turned to the twins, looking so very innocent as they both tried to pretend they weren't at fault. Dillon's mouth moved but no sound came out, he just couldn't even. He had to stop and take some time to breath. After he managed to calm down, Dillon found his voice again and asked, "How did you manage to eat my bed?"

"We dinnit eat it!" Zoe protested. "It's still there!" She pointed. Dillon rubbed his temples. Phillip knew this was serious, but his boyfriend's expression made him grin a little. "There are holes and bite marks all over the mattress. There is stuffing spilling out everywhere from my pillows and feathers from the mattress." He deadpanned.

"It wasn't us!" Zoe insisted. Zully was looking more guilty, wiggling back and forth.

"You've got feathers coming out of your mouth!" Dillon continued to deadpan. Zoe sputtered and wiped at her mouth, failing to hide the evidence. "That means nothing!"

Phillip sighed and knelt down to their level to look the twins in the eyes. "Are you two hungry? Is that why you ate Dillon's bed?"

Zully winced. "...'m a little hungry…"

Phillip ruffled their hair. "Well, how about we bake some cookies? I'm sure those would taste much better than Dillon's bed."

Zoe raised her arms to be picked up, acting all sweet and innocent even after she totally destroyed Dillon's bed. Phillip obliged though, because she was adorable. "Hey, want me to carry you too?" The teen addressed Zully. The small child shook their head, "I'm not a baby." they grumbled before
they followed him to the kitchen because they wanted cookies as well.

Dillon massaged his temples. Oh god, for god's sake!

Well… baking cookies was fine. It was actually kind of fun. He could put the kids to 'help' counting the chocolate chips. That'd distract him from the fact that his mattress GOT EATEN HOLY SHIT!

He wrote to his older twin cousins to just...tell them that the twins ate his fucking bed. Dipper didn't reply but Mabel answered almost immediately. "AAAWWW! THEY'RE HUNGRYYY~~"

"I can't believe this!" Dillon wrote back. "I mean, have u ever heard of kids eatin BED?!!"

Dipper finally replied. "Well the Z's are uncle Seb's kids, they're are crazy as he is. And ive seen kids eat glue tbh"

"Adorable you mean!" Mabel typed back. "I'm gonna bother uncle ford, see ya!"

Dillon went to meet his poor boyfriend who was calmly listening to Zoe babble and plan their day. "Fiwst we make cookies and we eat them and then you play dolls with us and then, then we watch Puppy cops in-in the tableh and then we paint! And then Tasha bathe me and~"

"Wow, that's a lot of things, don't you think, Zoe?" Dillon walked over to them to hug Phillip from behind. Their granny was out so it was just them and Sasha somewhere chilling. She made it very clear she wasn't going to babysit and Stan had replied with a "Oh, don't worry! Dillon and Philli-boy will do that!"

At least they didn't have to cook or clean, some maids came to do that. However, entertaining 3 very different toddlers felt somehow harder. Zoe was too active and needed constant supervision, Zully was calmer and needed softer games so they wouldn't get scared and Diego was loud and demanding. A brat. But at least Dillon lived with him his entire life and Dillon could get away with disciplining him (or tossing the toddler into his playpen/prison when he didn't want to handle the kid) And the two could shout at each other all they wanted, they were brothers, they could do that all they wanted, knowing there was no real hard feelings between them in the end.

He feared shouting at the twins would lead to him in the hospital (from pissing Zoe off) or Zully coughing her lungs out for crying so much.

Phillip turned to kiss him. "We can do as much as we can, but we have a lot of time, we don't have to rush things, Zoe." he told the little girl.

"No, we gotta do everything~!" Zoe punched the air and started jumping around the kitchen. Dillon sat Zully and Diego at a table and gave them a bag of chocolate chips to count while Phillip and he prepared the dough. Zoe would bring the ingredients to them. That was the plan. They even told Zoe that if she didn't help properly with making the cookies, she couldn't have any of them.

Then she started sulking because as a 4 year old, she only heard what she wanted to. And right now, she just heard her mean cousin Dillon telling her she couldn't have cookies. Her brown and green eyes welled up with tears as she curled up on the floor and bit her thumb.

"Oh god..." Dillon ran a hand across his face. "Dillon! Dillon! Here's ten chips look!" Zully called loudly. Zully saw Diego playing with the chips, but it was ok, he was a baby, he was just 3, they were older!

While Zully waved their hand at Dillon, the poor teen sighed and nudged Phillip. "She loves you,
talk to her.” Phillip chuckled. "These kids're adorable.” As he knelt down beside the sulking Zoe. "Hey Zoe, you okay?"

"...want cookies…” she muttered, lying on the ground. Phillip nodded. "We all want cookies. And if you help bring us the ingredients, we'll all be able to get cookies."

Zoe continued to pout. "Dillon said I can't have any." Dillon sighed. He said IF she didn't help!

Phillip sighed. "Well… if you help us make the cookies…” He pet her fluffy hair. "I'll share my cookies with you." Zoe looked up at that. "Weally?” Phillip nodded. "Of course. But! Only if you help us make the cookies."

Zoe sat up, grinning. "Yay!” Phillip smiled back, "Well, can you get me the flour? It's that bag over there with the red label." Zoe nodded enthusiastically and ran off to grab it.

Dillon raised an eyebrow. "If you give her your cookies, then what're you gonna eat?"

"I'm gonna take yours~" Phillip batted his eyes at the other teen. Dillon pouted mockingly and rested his chin on Phillip's shoulder. "Nou~ Then I guess I'll have to eat you~” He purred before turning to bite his cheek. Phillip yelped but his anger was placated by a soft kiss on his lips.

"''Eewww!''" The three toddlers whined. No matter if it was mom or dad, or boys, it was disgusting to see grown ups kissing!

"Can we do cookies now?!" Zoe asked, carrying the bag of flour a little sideways so some of it had spilled on her arm and the floor. The teens separated and sighed. Now they had to clean the mess...

While they prepared the dough, following the recipe Philip found on his phone, Zoe was sitting on the kitchen counter, watching the red-head mix the dough and Dillon cleaning some stuff.

His hair was so pretty~ Maybe she should throw flour at him so it stopped being so pretty! That would be funny!

"Zoe!” Dillon scolded when she threw flour at them and it covered his laughing boyfriend's face. "No! Don't do that! You're making a mess!” Zoe growled slightly at him but looked down. "Sorwy."

"Its ok...but be more careful next time, ok?” Dillon went to pat her hair, but she looked up and showed him her pointy, sharp teeth, so he pulled his hand away. That reminded him of a friend's dog that never let anyone pet him...

They continued working. Dillon put on some music and to his amusement, found Zoe moving around with it. Huh. So she liked music. Zully, who was now washing their hands to help with making the cookie balls, was wrinkling their nose, but Dillon guessed she just didn't like the music.

"Dillon! Dillon, how many is 10 chocolate chips down but repeating it 11 times to the left?” Diego called from his spot on the table, where he had been 'playing' with the chips. Dillon frowned.

What?

"Huh?"

"I-I mean, I didn't want to count Aaalllll the chips, because I dont know what's after 40...So, so I put it in rows?" The toddler tried explaining. Phillip laughed at Dillon's confused face (he wasn't even looking at Diego) so he went to see what was going on. "Ok, buddy, so you said…”
"10 chocolate chips repeated 11 times." Phillip glanced at what Diego did and smiled a little. "Do you know how to multiply?"

"How is he going to know how to multiply if he doesn't know how to add?" Dillon exclaimed. Phillip looked at Diego who was STILL expecting his answer.

"Well, your brother just planted a multiplication problem." Phillip said, impressed. Clever kiddo. "It's 110 chocolate chips, Diego. If you count 10, and then jump to 20, that's is 2 times 10. Then 3 times 10 is 30 and so on~ Multiplying is a lot easier than counting one by one isn't it?"

Diego nodded, slowly taking in the information. "Yeah…" He put out another line of 10 chips and pointed at it. "So… 10 chips repeated 12 times is 120?" He asked. Phillip nodded. "Yup. The 10s times table is pretty easy since you just add a 0 to the end of the number." He paused and thought about it. "Wanna learn how to multiply other numbers too?"

Diego nodded, delighted by the idea. Counting things much faster was cool! Phillip talked him through different numbers and what they would be called, "The set of ten after forty is fifty, like five-ty. And after that would be…"

"Six-ty!" Diego cried in delight. "And… and then seven-ty and eight-ty and nine-ty. And then a hundred!" He knew the word for a hundred. He heard that word a lot. Dad said it a lot. Daddy also said "franklins", that must be a different way to say a hundred!

He also knew one hundred and ten (110) since Phillip told him earlier, and then a hundred and twenty (120). This was easy! "What do I do when it's ten repeated twenty times?" Diego asked. Phillip grinned at him. "Then it becomes two hundred. Because it's a hundred, twice."

"And after that it's three-hundred? And then four-hundred?" Diego asked. Phillip nodded. "So what's one hundred repeated ten times?" Diego asked. "Well, then it becomes one thousand." Phillip was pretty impressed by Diego's quick understanding of the subject. Actually… Phillip pulled out some paper and wrote out the numbers 100, 1000, 10000, 100000 and so on, pointing at them and telling Diego what they were called. Diego frowned as the numbers got longer, but continued repeating them to himself.

Zoe was bored as shit by all these numbers. They made her head hurt. Zully was a little interested but wasn't all that invested in learning. It was cool, but they just wanted cookies.

Phillip helped Diego arrange all the chocolate chips into rows and columns. "Okay, so… how many chips do we have?" Phillip arranged them into columns of 10 until he ran out and was left with a few chips off in their own column.

"736!" Diego cheered after glancing down at the chips. Phillip paused. "How… did you know?" the seven columns of ten were one thing, but the rest of the chips had been placed in a 6x6 formation. Diego pointed at them. "It's six chips repeated six times. So that's three-ty-six. That means thirty six."

Phillip's jaw dropped open while Dillon paused in his mixing to stare slack jawed at his baby brother as well. Zoe and Zully didn't seem to get what was so strange. "You count really fast." Zully patted their cousin's shoulder. Phillip swallowed and then asked, "What's 4 repeated 5 times?"

"Two-ty!" Diego responded, looking confused at the expression on Phillip and Dillon's faces.

"And… what's 7 repeated 9 times?" Phillip asked next.
"Six-ty three." Diego was getting annoyed now. "But that's not the chocolate chips! We're counting the chips, wemember?" He pointed at said chips, wanting the cookies now. Phillip nodded and swept up the chips to toss into the batter Dillon was mixing. "No problem Diego, we're gonna make the cookies now." Phillip smiled at him, ruffling his hair.

They showed the children how to scoop out the dough and dump onto the baking tray to make the cookies, the kids really liked this part, and while they were distracted, Phillip and Dillon got some time to talk.

"Dude. Your little brother's a genius." Phillip deadpanned. Dillon looked disgruntled. "But he can't even dress himself! And he still thinks the cartoons are real people!"

Phillip laughed. "Well he IS three years old." He glanced over at Diego, giggling as he and Zoe just grabbed the cookie dough with their hands to splat onto the baking sheet. (They all washed their hands before this.) "But seriously dude, he picked up on that real fast. Has he gotten tutoring?"

"Well, no, but he watches a lot of those educational kid's shows. Maybe he learned from them?" Dillon stared at his brother. "It's still really impressive that he could do that in his head so quickly though."

Dillon was impressed AND kinda jealous. The kid was here acting like a baby human calculator and then it was him, who couldn't even tell the alphabet without singing it first.

"Yeah, it is." Phillip nodded. "You should tell your parents, maybe get your brother a proper tutor? If he's interested in learning more about this kinda thing?"

"I'll text mom later." Dillon decided. The two young adults went back to the table and helped the kids with the cookies. They were going to end up really lopsided and lumpy, but as long as it tasted fine, none of them cared. Phillip finally slid the trays into the oven and set the timer. "Alright, we're done for now." They went to the living room to wait for the cookies to bake. "When will granny come baack?" Zoe groaned as she sat on Phillip's lap (Dillon's eye twitched).

"I'm booooreedd!" Zully groaned loudly. Diego was entertained with math. Math was ok, but Zully couldn't be bothered. It seemed like...something normal?

"We can watch something?" Phillip suggested. "Puppy Cops!" Zoe squealed and hugged the redhead.

"They've watched too much tv already, my mom says Diego can't have more than a certain amount of screen time a day, and I guess Uncle Seb does the same." Dillon winced when the little girl glared angrily at him and hugged Phillip's neck tighter. The red-head wheezed.

"Ok, ok we can... color stuff?" Dillon suggested. Zully nodded excitedly. They liked doing arts and crafts. It was relaxing. Dillon went to go get the coloring books while Phillip pried Zoe's hands away and gasped for air.

"Gah! How are you so strong?! You're 3!"

"I'm four!" Zoe proudly showed off 4 little fingers with a hand on her hip. "Well, that clearly makes a difference…" Phillip coughed.

Dillon came back with some books and crayons and the 3 toddlers all laid down on the floor to draw. Diego pleaded for Phillip to teach him more math like grown ups did (on paper), Zoe ordered Phillip to stay with her.
Dillon sat down next to Zully, because he knew he was safe with their little kind soul. "Hey Zully, what 'cha drawing?"

Zully looked up from their paper, scribbles of colors decorating the page. They looked back down at it but didn't respond. Dillon peered over the kid's shoulder. There were… shapes. All different kinds and all different colors. Squares, circles, triangles, pentagons… "Oh. Are you into geometry?" Dillon joked, though a part of him wondered what he would do if Zully also turned out to be some kind of super genius like Diego apparently might be. Zully looked back up at him, confused. "What's geo-mer-tree?"

"It's when you learn about shapes. The angles, length and dimensions of them. Measuring and stuff like that." Dillon shifted and laid down on his belly next to Zully. The child frowned at this response. They didn't like the idea of that for some reason. "Nah." Zully shrugged, going back to their drawing.

"Well, can I draw shapes with you?" The toddler agreed and gave him a crayon. They drew more shapes, or well, Dillon was drawing them now, Zully was staring and making sure Dillon was doing it correctly. "That's not a square, that-that side is wrong…" They whispered as they pointed at a very lopsided square with wobbly sides.

Dillon pouted at his square. "Well, then it's an irregular shape." Zully grabbed another crayon and scratched out Dillon's square. "No i-egulars, those shapes are too sad."

"Okok…" Dillon winced at their hard stare. Maybe he had been underestimating Zully's creepiness. They were Zoe's twin after all. "Well, look at this, then." He grabbed a ruler and tried drawing a normal triangle before he added an eye and a little hat. "Your dad draws this all over the place, it's funny no? Its a triangle with an eye!"

Zully stared at the drawing before smiling a little. "Daddy draws this?" Zully traced the sides of the little triangle, looking fond.

"Yup! When you have a piece of paper, guard it! Because otherwise you'll end up with a silly triangle drawn by Sebastian Pines!" Dillon laughed. He remembered as a kid when he tried asking his uncle for help with homework and the man had simply doodled all over his paper. Good times.

Zully giggled madly and with a black crayon gave the shape legs and arms. "Now it can walk! And say hi! Look Dillon, its waving!" The kid waved their hand at Dillon. The teen grinned and ruffled their hair. He took that back, Zully was definitely easier to be with. Heck, Zoe was clinging to Phillip right now and trying to lick him.

"Dillon, help me!" Phillip pleaded. "No one can help you!" Dillon told him solemnly.
"AaaAAahhhh!"

Dillon wondered how the twins could be so different.

"Sssshhh! 'M doing math!" Diego whined as he held his crayon tightly.

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Back in Cancun. The two couples had gone through their city tour with a small group from their resort. Seb bought a cookbook with local recipes and he was looking forward to cooking them at home.

There were so many vegetables in here! The twins were gonna hate it~! Mwahahahaha~
They went to a restaurant to try out the food here, outside of the resort they were staying in, Carla said they could get a better idea of what real traditional food was like in a smaller family run restaurant than in their high price hotel restaurant. Seb still had red paint on his face from paintball (the only shot that actually managed to hit him) and Wanda was trying to wipe it off all day. No success. He wanted his paint. His battle scar from the war he fought and nearly lost!

They had a good time and the food was great! The good thing about travelling without kids was that they could order actual food instead of chicken nuggets. The servers spoke to them in english because they heard them speaking when they first entered, so Seb couldn't annoy them with his no-english joke. At least they went back to the usual comments of "Oh, how nice! You're twins!" And "Double honeymoon sounds so nice~!

After the early dinner they had together, the couples split off from their group go check out different locations that had caught their eyes.

"We gotta meet back with the guide in a couple hours, guys, so let's not go too far." Carla reminded the triplets who were pulling them slightly, big smiles on their faces. The women gave each other wry smiles. Yup, they married two giant babies. But they wouldn't change that for the world.

"I wanna buy stuff for the twins! And fill the house with souvenirs!" Seb declared. There were colorful sombreros everywhere, cute little guitars, masks, aztec and mayan ceramics. It reminded Seb of the shack, but at the same time not. Their souvenirs in the US were different. Maybe he should buy Soos something~ And Pinetree and Shooting Star and everyone!

Wanda smiled a little. He was more hyperactive than usual, but at least he was back to normal. Happy and giddy, excited about life and everything in it. Not all moody and wanting to harm others. Maybe he really had been stir crazy at the hotel.

Seb was good. She knew he wouldn't harm others just because…

Well… Seb had told her he'd been a demon in his past life. And he was human now, but sometimes… Wanda shook her head. That didn't matter. Seb was Seb now. He wasn't that weird triangle guy.

A few minutes later, Seb had his backpack filled with souvenirs and Carla had to nudge Stanley to buy some.

"In space, the best 'souvenirs' you could get were those you grabbed for free!" Stan grumbled as Carla took his money. "Well, you're not in space, don't be a greedy old man!" She rolled her eyes. "You're rich. You can afford this." She told him. "Really, hoarding it all isn't gonna do you or anyone else, any good."

"Hey, I bought the penthouse didn't I?" Stan grumbled. And sure, he miiiight have been inspired by William's place, what with the pool and huge living room with the giant tv and all the other cool stuff. The only thing Stan's new house didn't have was the shifting hallways and secret passages… actually… Stan was lost in thought, thinking about how cool that would be, even as Carla took over carefully selecting souvenirs for their family and friends back home.

The people selling waved kindly at them when they walked away. "I'm thirsty" Seb declared after 5 minutes of walking. "Can we go find somewhere to buy drinks?"

Stan gave him a mocking glare. "We literally told you to buy it before! You're acting like a child~" "I wasn't thirsty before! And I'm not!" Seb whined.
"PERISH" Stan grinned and smacked him on the back of his head. "DON'T HIT ME!"

Seb growled and shoved his brother away from him. "DO\N'T HIT ME!"

The two devolved into slapping at each other. The two sane people groaned. "Do you two have to do this right here? Right now?" Carla rubbed her face. Wanda sighed. "I know you're both hot and uncomfortably sweaty, but that doesn't mean you should go around picking fights with each other."

"Great! I will pick up fights with strangers then!" Seb shouted at a random passerby in Spanish. "Hey you! Wanna fight?!" The poor man walked away faster from him.

"Hey look, a store! I'm sure there's water there!" Wanda held Seb's arm and pulled him inside. Stan flinched away from Carla's glare and pulled a bottle of water from his backpack to drink it. "Seb is sometimes so weird..." Poor Carla facepalmed. Seb gasped at Stan. "You had water this whole time!? And you didn't share?!"

"It's fine, Seb, let's go buy you some water." Wanda pulled him into the store, both of them moaning in relief at the air conditioning.

They bought water and some snacks to have when they were back at the resort. Carla and Stan waited for them by the entrance. Seb and Wanda talked to the cashier for a while and Seb's face changed immediately.

"What happened over there?" Stan asked once they walked in their direction. "He says his sister's bar's just a block away! And in a few days there's going to be a party and they invited a band and there's gonna be music and lots of drinks! We should go! I got a card!" He waved it in front of Stan.

Stan blinked at it before grinning. "Drinks? I'm in!"

Carla shrugged. "It could be fun. But don't go overboard." She didn't want to deal with both Stan and Seb drunk. The two of them ended up hyping each other up until it became a huge mess.

With that happy thought in mind, they went back downtown to meet their tour guide who was waiting for the group to return. They were going back to their hotel now. The only one who didn't fall asleep on the ride was Wanda, who ended up stroking Seb's curls as he nuzzled her shoulder. It was fine... He behaved well during the city tour. Maybe he just needed to release energy like the twins did...Him wanting to hurt those people at the hotel and then in paintball was just...him being excited, right? It was just a weird one time occurrence. It didn't mean it would happen again...

She held his hand which was resting on her thigh and winced when she left it there too long. It was hot as hell, as if it was a hot pan! She searched for the wattle bottle to pour a bit over his head. It helped cool his body a little. This was definitely something she will need to deal with now that they were married...

(Honestly, sometimes she forgot that Seb was magical, but then things like this happened. Wanda could hear the water sizzle and steam as it touched her husband's skin. Well, hopefully they could take a cold shower later. She never thought she'd want to do such a thing).

-=

Diego liked this math game. But you know what else he liked? His mommy. He wanted mommy and daddy. He was very sad and not even getting a hug from granny helped. When he got tired of playing, he spent the days sulking in a corner or sobbing.

Dillon liked his brother and cousins. But you know who else he liked? His boyfriend. He wanted to
spend time with Philly! He hadn't been able to spend real time with him and it wasn't fair! His dad wasn't even paying him to babysit!

Worst of all? Grandma was abandoning them. That's right. As if things couldn't get any worse, Kari was called and she said she wanted to visit an old friend back in New Jersey who was sick. Dillon didn't want to sound like a douchebag telling her she shouldn't leave them alone with the kids...so he just complained in silence.

"I'll be back in a few days, baby." Kari kissed his forehead, hugged Phillip and snuggled the three pouting toddlers. To no one's surprise, Diego started sobbing and it took Dillon (and Zully's kind words and her plushies) to call him down. The twins were upset Diego cried, but LUCKILY they didn't.

Now, alone with Phillip and Sasha, the only person who could allow him some quality time with the ginger boy was her. And she wasn't been very cooperative these days...

"Sasha, please?" Dillon begged. Sasha raised an eyebrow. "I am not a babysitter. Specifically, I'm not going to let you go off to who knows where, outside my sight and protection, just because you want to spend some alone time with Phillip." Dillon groaned. He could be alone with Phillip without Sasha hovering somewhere around him as long as he was at home, since it was safe here, but Dillon was getting stir crazy. He wanted to go out somewhere together with Phillip. But any dates outside involved Sasha and the children following along.

Their visit to the amusement park was hectic. The twins kept trying to run off and it took so much energy to keep all the children with the group. Diego was always a bother to be with too, and Dillon couldn't deal with one more temper tantrum from that kid. He knew Diego was just three and missing mom...but COME ON! He wasn't even trying to make it easier on them! He had complained about wanting ice cream and THEN That it wasn't the right size! Sasha didn't even interfere, it was Dillon who had to do everything.

Phillip, bless his soul, was so kind (or just oblivious because he was an only child). He liked the kids and actually seemed to enjoy spending time with them. It was beyond Dillon how Phillip had so much patience.

"I'm sorry we're stuck here..." Dillon sulked into his embrace. "It's ok, I'm just glad we get to spend time together, you know?" Phillip kissed his forehead. "Urgh, you're so nice." Dillon grumbled.

Phillip grinned and showed him his phone. "I've been researching things we could do with the toddlers. Basic origami will keep them entertained and exercise their little brains. It will be good for Diego. From what I've been able to learn about young children, the reason Diego's so restless all the time is probably because he's smart. His mind is going super fast and he has nothing to put his little brain into doing. So, getting him into crafts, workbooks and possibly puzzles, would help a lot. Have you called your mom to tell her about Diego's mathematical talent?"

Dillon shrugged. Sure, genius. Diego was just a brat...The brat that got everything he wanted because he got to grow up with both mom and dad. "I left her a message but she hasn't replied..." She probably didn't have wifi...or was too busy being child free to remember him. Dillon bit his lip, trying very hard not to feel angry with her about that. The logical side of himself knew that it wasn't his mom or dad's fault that he never got to spend as much time as he wanted with the both of them. Mom was a single parent, working to pursue her career, and dad was lost in...well, space. They...they weren't always there for him when he was growing up. And... Dillon knew it wasn't their fault.
But a part of him was still mad. It was unfair. It was so unfair! And watching Diego get spoiled rotten by his parents, having dad HERE for him- and… Dillon was just so mad at his little brother. Their parents were only on vacation for a month. Dillon was angry that Diego was making such a fuss over their parents being gone for a month, when Dillon had to deal with dad being gone for THIRTEEN YEARS. It just made him so incredibly angry, seeing the way Diego whined about it.

'I had to live without dad for almost my whole life! And then, when he was finally back, I had to share him with you! So why can't you stop being such a little bitch and whining about just not seeing mom and dad for JUST a month?!' Dillon fumed.

"Are you ok, baby?" Phillip asked softly as he noticed Dillon's expression turn dark. He stroked his cheek and the younger boy nuzzled his hand, blinking fast to get rid of the dumb tears threatening to spill down his cheeks.

"Yeah, just, I guess I'm just a little tired…" He gave him a small smile.

Phillip pressed his forehead against Dillon's, kissing his nose. "I can tell that's not it. You're not good at lying." Dillon managed a laugh at that. Funny. Considering his parents were an actress and a businessman, the ultimate liars.

"I'm stressed, Phillip. I don't wanna babysit anymore. And Diego is just so annoying."

"He's a sweetheart~" Phillip insisted.

"Ok! Defend him then! Go watch that fucking stupid fish show with them if you like him so much! I'm going to my room." Dillon pulled away from him, upset even his boyfriend was on his side.

"Dillon, what's wrong?" Phillip winced, realizing he'd upset his boyfriend somehow.

"Nothing! I just don't want to fucking see any fucking toddler right now?! Is that too much to ask?!

"Dillon, the tv does-doesn't wowk." Diego's voice sounded behind him and Dillon cursed, his patience reaching its limits. "Big brother! The tv-" "Who CARES?! Just go do something else then!" He turned to his brother, losing control of himself. "Leave me the FUCK alone!" He screamed before he turned and stormed off.

Phillip was left in shock, staring after his boyfriend. Diego on the other hand…

"U-uwhe…" Diego's large eyes teared up and he started sniffing. What did he do? Why was his big brother angry at him this time? He didn't do anything, he didn't break the tv...Mommy said to ask Dillon if he needed help. He was his big brother. He knew everything...

Zoe and Zully ran up to them to see why no one was fixing the tv when they saw Diego sniffling again. "Why you crying this time?" Zoe asked, sounding very passive-aggressive at her younger cousin as she put her hands on her hips. Zully ran up to Diego and started patting his head. "It's okay. Do you… do you want a hug?" Zully, the pure, sweet angel, asked as they hugged Diego anyway.

Phillip finally reacted and ran a hand across his disheveled red locks. Fuck. Ok. He got this.

He managed to calm Diego down with an explanation that Dillon was just angry right now, not angry at Diego (Phillip lied through his teeth) but just wanted to be left alone right now (Diego seemed to accept that answer, though Zoe and Zully were frowning at him suspiciously). He solved the problem with the tv (a wrong button was pressed) and told Sasha to stay with them while he
went to talk to Dillon. All of this had taken a while, so he hoped his boyfriend had cooled down enough to talk.

"Baby~" Phillip knocked. He looked at the floor and saw his backpack. "Why are my things out here?"

"Go the fuck away." Was a muffled reply. "Go home! I don't want to see you right now!"

"But it's late and my parents aren't home. I don't have a key either." Phillip sat down on the floor and leaned against the door. "Do you want me to sleep on the street?"

"That's YOUR problem!" Dillon shrieked, but Phillip couldn't help but laugh. "Please, baby, I'm not leaving...I care about you, if I did something, please forgive me. But I want to know what I did to upset you..."

After long minutes in silence, the lock clicked and Phillip heard a soft, "Ok, you can enter, asshole..." Phillip stood up and looked at his boyfriend, worried. "What's wrong? Something obviously upset you. I don't know what I did, but I'm sorry."

Dillon winced. "It's not... " He sighed and rubbed his face. "It's... not really your fault. I'm just... a stupid bitch."

"You're not a bitch, and you're not stupid." Phillip corrected him.

"Yes I am..." "No you're not..." This went on for a while until Dillon looked up and mumbled. "Only a stupid bitch would feel jealous of a stupid possibly genius 3 year old who can't even tie his shoes on his own..."

Phillip seriously didn't mean to laugh. But he did. And that only caused Dillon to glare at him and tell him to fuck off again. "Oh, nooo! Wait, baby. I'm not laughing at you~ It's just...You don't have to feel jealous of Diego for that! You're intelligent too!" He went to sit next to Dillon, who was still pouting. "You're just as amazing!"

"It's not about him being some kinda genius or not! Who the fuck cares if he's like Stanford! That'd only mean he'll be awkward as fuck and a pain to deal with!" Dillon sighed. "I'm upset because- because he's annoying!"

"And the twins aren't?" Phillip asked, trying to figure out the core of this problem.

"They're my cousins! It's completely different!" Dillon reached up for a hug Phillip gladly gave him one. "I...I think I just haven't gotten over my jealousy when I was 14 and Diego was born..." He whispered. "I went to therapy for this...Fuck, I want my money back..."

"Well..." Phillip snuggled into his arms. "I'm not a therapist, but I am trying to be a doctor so..." He kissed Dillon's cheek. "Wanna talk about it?"

Dillon let it all out. His frustration, his insecurities, his feelings from being half-orphaned for most of his life. At some point he started crying into Phillip's shoulder. "A-and the other kids would make cards for their dads for Father's Day du-during class, and I didn't have anything. I didn't h-have a dad! And-And everyone was mean! O-or- when the other kids talked about going c-camping with their dads o-or learning fishing? An-and I never got to do ANY of that! I-I, Uncle Seb was there, but he wasn't my dad! As much as I wanted him to be! So many times! And he wasn't even everyday and eve-even if dad's here now, I...I can never have that childhood with him!" Dillon's breath hitched as he unloaded everything. "A-and Diego doesn't even know how lucky he is! And I hate it so much! And he complains every single day about everything and how
much he misses our parents! I hate it!"

Phillip stroked Dillon's hair and rocked him gently. "It's fine to feel like that. It's fine to get angry sometimes."

"B-but he's my BROTHER! I'm su-su-supposed to love him!"

"And I'm sure you do." Phillip told him. "But even if you didn't, that doesn't make you a bad person."

Dillon sniffled. "Really?" Phillip nodded. "Yeah. Just 'cause someone's family, doesn't automatically mean you have to love them. Sure, you're normally supposed to, but if you don't then you don't. And you shouldn't have to force yourself to feel things for people that you don't. It'd be fake as hell if you did that anyway."

Dillon buried his face into his chest. "I...I don't hate him...I think I don't...but I can't fucking deal with the things he does, you know? Like, he's too annoying!" He crossed his arms. "Always asking me stuff and demanding things and just being a spoiled, cry baby brat!"

Phillip smiled a little. "Well, he IS just 3 though...Toddlers are freaking nightmares as they are!" He read a lot about child development. Young children literally didn't know anything about the world, they hadn't experienced it yet, hadn't learned anything yet. That's why the adults were supposed to take care of them. And Phillip wanted to be a Pediatrician. He wanted to be able to help children. And he had to learn about them for that.

The ginger boy gently stroked Dillon's freckled cheek with a thumb."Diego doesn't know anything. You're his big brother. HE looks up to you, he knows he doesn't know many things, and the only thing he's sure about is that YOU do. Because you're his big brother, you're the smartest guy he knows." Phillip nudged Dillon. "I'm jealous of you, you know? I've always wanted siblings."

Dillon snorted and managed to joke, "Then you can have him."

"Nah, it should be more of a time-share. I get him Monday to Wednesday, you get Thursday to Saturday and we'll alternate on Sundays?" Phillip joked back. Dillon snorted and flopped onto his bed.

They didn't realize when they fell asleep, but being in each other's arms felt amazing. Dillon felt guilty for standing up but the light was on and he didn't have powers like his uncle and cousins to turn it off with his mind.

He opened his door and the hallway was dark. Huh. So Sasha put the kids to sleep? That was great...He was about to close the door when he noticed a paper on the floor. It was one of Diego's drawings. From what he could get out of this mess of a drawing, it was a drawing of Diego and himself holding hands. His brother even tried spelling their names. Sure it was all weird, but he could recognize the D's and I's and O's.

And the deformed hearts around them. Dillon sighed and closed the door, drawing in hand.

Diego surely made it difficult for him to stay annoyed at him...He smiled a little bit and cuddled back with Phillip. How stupid, trying to kick him out. He'd miss sleeping with him when dad was back to kick Phillip out...

-.-

Phillip did end up getting the activity books for the toddlers. The kids loved them. Zoe liked the
coloring book and the puzzle, refusing to let anyone help her with them (even if she colored outside the lines or put the pieces in the wrong place). Diego loved the simple math problem workbook. He couldn't read it, but he could recognize the numbers and solved the equations quietly, except for the occasional "Dillon, I did it! Look!" When he solved a particularly problematic exercise.

Dillon nodded at him. His feelings were not erased overnight, but he was ok enough to push them back like a man. "That's good, kid. Keep it up~" "Okie!"

Zully was entertained with Phillip now, doing origami with him. Zoe allowed her twin to borrow her Philli for a while. "They're treating ya like a piece of meat!" Dillon teased and Phillip dramatically put a hand on his forehead. "I'm a human too, ladies!"

Zully was obsessed with making fishes. Phillip had chosen the Easiest ones so it didn't end up frustrating the poor baby. Zully was making LOTS of fish. They said they'd give one to everyone in their family. When they were done, they demanded new animals and Phillip chose a cat. He'd follow the instructions and have Zully copy him.

"And now...if you fold this here, it should be a-fudge!" Phillip cursed as his large fingers crushed the paper. This isn't a cat! This was a...a poor deformed radioactive blob! Zully however did not fucked up the procedure as Phillip did and proudly showed him their cat. "I make one!" Zully was very proud of themselves. Phillip laughed. "Well, looks like you're more dexterous than I am." He ruffled their already tangled curly hair. As Kari wasn't here to help, no one had combed the twins hair. He really should though, it was all messed up...

Zully pulled at the book Phillip brought. "I wanna do more!" They patted the book for Phillip to find another design. "Ok, ok sweetie. I'll find a HARDER one ok?" Zully squealed. "But then, I'm combing your hair."

"Noouu!" Zully put their hands over their head and Phillip grinned. "No comb, no more origami." Dealing with kids was hard, but he liked it. He loved kids, but he understood Dillon's resentment. Zully groaned but agreed.

(He hoped this won't be an obstacle for them to adopt in the future if...if they decided to form a family…)

As Zully followed the steps to make a doggie, Phillip sat behind her to comb their curls as soft as he could. Dillon was sitting on the couch looking at his phone, but the sight of Phillip being so paternal was much, much better. He smiled at him. Oof, it was kind of a turn on to be honest...

"I finished! Look!" Zoe pulled at Dillon's arm. He rubbed his arm (ow!), and looked at her badly colored drawings. "Good job, Zoe!"

"Wiii!" She squealed. She gasped when she saw HER Philli combing Zully's hair. "ME TOO!" She screamed as she ran over to shove her twin out of the way, wanting Phillip to comb her hair too.

"Dillon, I'm hungwy." Diego told his big brother. "I wanna eat." Dillon sighed heavily and announced he was heating up lunch. He was so glad he didn't have to cook, mom had hired a cooker to come everyday to make meals. There were also canned food and instant meals but...Dillon didn't trust himself with food, he only knew how to boil an egg...

He sat the toddlers with them and Sasha watched in amusement as the teens tried to keep the toddlers from getting distracted. Right now, Zully was telling them about preschool and how much fun they had with their friend Amanda.
"Oh, your friend?" They grinned like the dicks they were. Zully nodded innocently. "She's very nice! And her hair is brown and soft! And her plushies are cute."

"Oh my god, gay baby." Phillip whispered in awe. Dillon chuckled. "We don't know yet~ But how cool would that be?"

Dillon looked at Sasha. The woman was eating quietly. "So, dear Sasha. I'm fucking tired of being cooped up at home. Can we leave the house? At least for a bit?"

"If it's all of us, I see no problem. I will set up a route." She responded. Dillon sighed loudly and agreed. Fine. Ok. But he needed to get out of the house or he was going to explode.

Besides, they could go to the park. Sasha will HAVE to prioritize watching the kids over them and then he'll have some time alone with Phillip~

-.-. Stan rubbed his brother's back as the two walked by the seashore. It was a nice evening. The weather wasn't scalding hot and they were walking barefoot by the wet sand, it reminded them of when they were kids. It would have been a nice day if it weren't for the fact that their wives were extremely pissed at them. Well, Wanda was super pissed at Seb, but because Carla was a WOMAN, so she sided with her bestie in how men were the absolute worst and now she was pissed because Wanda was pissed.

"You gotta calm the fuck down, Seb." Stan said, super calmly. "I haven't seen you this crazy since...what? We were 12? I thought you had gotten over it."

"What?! I can't be myself now?! What if I want to have fun on my own fucking trip I paid for?!" He crossed his arms, pissed.

"Wanda is super angry at you right now."

"Urgh! I just climbed a pole! Big deal! Everyone was doing it!"

"...No...just those dancers...and you got in a fight with them...And you were dragged out of the park..." They had been to an adventure park and it was supposed to be all fun, games and drinks. But Seb had been vibrating all day...just to bother others. He had been making other people trip, get wet, made them slip, and the more dangerous ones were him making the rails for the zip lines stop working, or making those on them shake as if they were going to fall.

If it wasn't for Wanda using her...lawyer magic to talk them out of calling the cops...Geez.

Seb's eye flickered from red to yellow to normal as he growled.

"Are you missing the twins?" Stan asked him. "I think they help you control yourself." He laughed. Seb stuck a hand in a pocket as he wiped his sweat with his other hand. "I love the twins, Fez...And I do miss them but...but I've never felt...so...free before. So...So happy to do what I want! !-I feel like I can be me..." It was so weird, he couldn't quite understand what he was feeling...he just knew it was...liberating. To stop being a fucking lame human...When was the last time he had used his powers for fun?! The only time he could think of was with Pinetree and Shooting Star! And that was almost 5 years ago!

"You're not being you! You're just...messing with people! And as amusing as other people's suffering is, you're bothering Wanda AND Carla and I can't have her angry at me during our honeymoon, you get what I mean?"
Seb blushed a little as he nodded. "Yeah..." Stan patted his back, feeling like a winner for getting him to understand. "So, lets all calm down and be ourselves in a non-destructive way, ok? I'll buy you a beer."

Wrong words. "How do you know I'm not being myself?!" Seb hissed. Stan groaned. "Because I fucking knew you since we were born! And even before that!"

"You don't know me, Fez... At all..." Seb said seriously. Stan sighed. "If this is about being a demon alien thing, that doesn't matter. You're still you, my little brother. Sebastian Pines."

"Well, maybe I'm not..." Seb mumbled. "You only know the brother that has been scared EVERY single day, you only really know the part of me that had been abused for years! Stan, I'm not fully human, I'm not! I've tried every day to push it back! I'm not a fully disgusting human being...but I'm not a sweet, saint either...I'm not a kind, pure baby! And it ticks me off SO MUCH when my mother-in-law calls me that! She doesn't know anything about me! And Wanda doesn't EITHER! I've tried for so long to be good and just accept I failed...but I can't ignore just how...amazing it feels to cause chaos and make others suffer..." He smiled a little. It was a bitter expression. He loved his family, he really did. But living the domestic life was...stifling. He couldn't help but think back to the days he ran with Rico's gang, scary as it had been, and finding himself missing it.

"Being scared of everything had me blind. And now that I'm ok with myself...being a dad has limited that for me, having to set a good example?! Forcing the twins to follow stupid rules just because someone says they have to?! Being kind to people I wish I could kill! Me?! Are you kidding! Look who you're talking to!" Seb hissed. Circles, just thinking about Carol's stupid face made him want to set something on fire. "I don't want to have to hold back and play nice anymore. I want to do whatever I want! I don't..." Seb struggled to find the words. "I don't want to have to hide that part of me that just...wants to be a monster." He admitted, feeling torn up inside. He hated being a monster, because he had been afraid that everyone would hate him for it. But...it was getting to be too much now. He was itchy in his own skin, those whispered dark thoughts that used to come from Bill2 weren't here anymore. They were his OWN thoughts now. He and Bill2 fused. They were complete, one being again. And everything that Bill2 had always wanted, the violence, the chaos, that was what Seb wanted too. He realized that now. That those awful things were all him, himself. And he'd simply denied it so hard (wanting to fit in, wanting others to stop hurting him for things he couldn't control) they got split from each other. But he was whole now, whole in a way he'd never been allowed to fully realize or appreciate. He wasn't busy being scared all the time anymore. And now...

"Seb." Stan stopped, placing his hands on his brother's shoulders. "You're not a monster."

"I AM!" Seb screamed back. "You don't understand! I've always been a monster! I've just...never been allowed to be ME!" Because he had cared more about other people and what they thought. "But here no one knows me, it's not even my country...And-And I can be free for at least one month!"

"And then what?" Stan crossed his arms with a gruff voice. "You go back home to suppress all-all this?! That you've been apparently keeping to yourself?" Stan laughed humorlessly. "Seb, you really can't be serious..."

"Oh, I am! I'm very serious! Linda said I had to be myself. I wasn't a monster because Dad said I was...I am a monster because I want to be. He's still doesn't define me!" He smiled brightly.

Stan rubbed the back of his head, unsure on how to handle this. He couldn't even call Ford for help...
"What about your daughters?" "What about them? They have my powers, they're not my clones. They can be what they want, like I said, I actually listened to Linda~ My powers doesn't make who I am. Bill's been waay gone before I ever got his powers... and the twins too, they have powers but they're not monsters because of them." Seb mumbled.

"You know Wanda is very worried for you..."

"That's her problem..." He mumbled childishly. Who told her to marry him?

"And, now you're making ME worried...I know you're kinda crazy, I know that, I know YOU, even if you think I don't...But I know you aren't a monster, Seb. I know."

Seb rubbed his arm. "If I'm not a monster, then what am I? A human with fire powers who can't get burned and can grow 4 arms and change into a horrible form? Who was raised by...by the nicest mom, and learn basic respect for others, but who still has the twisted thoughts of a FUCKING demon inside his mind? A demon, mind you, that had killed people and tortured others to get what he wanted? A human that-that doesn't have a clear past life and who's constantly fighting to know where does Bill end and Sebastian begin..."

Seb growled and closed his eyes. God...He should have stayed dead that summer...He never knew when to quit...And now he had to sort this mess inside himself for the rest of his life. Stan sighed and hugged his brother, he didn't normally like to do this kinda touchy feely stuff, but this was his brother. And Seb was confused. At least, Stan was pretty sure he was just confused. He was probably just stressed and trying to find some way to let it all out without knowing a healthy way to do it.

Yeah, that was it.

-.-

"Urgh, finally we're getting out of the house." Dillon sighed in relief at the knowledge that they would be seeing the sky and feeling the breeze soon. "I know right~ I really like the kids, but I was getting kinda worn down taking care of them. Especially Zoe. She's been holding me hostage these days! She's a little crazy~" Phillip rubbed his face. She was very clingy. And super jealous whenever he paid attention to Zully instead of her.

"Hahaha A little, yeah~I really don't like when she bites me...Her teeth hurt!" Dillon rubbed his arm, wondering if the antibiotics he took would be enough to save him from infection. "And they're just baby teeth!" Phillip mused. "I know right? She's kinda weird...and very loud, even louder than Diego, and he's annoying as he is. Well, at least you'll have her out of your hair for a few hours." Dillon nudged his boyfriend, happy to be able to hold hands with him without being interrupted by a baby shriek. The two boys laughed together.

Zoe stepped back from Dillon's room (having heard their muffled conversation) and looked down at her untied sneakers with a pout.
She wasn't crazy...She really liked Philli, but he didn't like her…” the little girl went to find Sasha so she could help her tie up her shoes. She didn't need them! They were mean!

They were not driven to the park, they could walk. Dillon and Phillip actually preferred it that way. On the way to the park, Zoe refused to hold any of the boys' hands, she only wanted Sasha. She actually had more strength than the boys to keep her from running away so the adults were all fine with this.

Not that it mattered. Zoe was walking slowly and quietly...That was weird. Diego was holding Dillon's hand and Zully had Phillip who wondered why the other blonde wasn't fighting for him.

"She just dumped you." Dillon whispered with a grin. They settled in a picnic table the park offered. "Hey kiddos, why don't you go play? Sasha will watch you~" The woman sent them a glare and the two raised their hands. "We'll just stay here, well within sight, I promise." Dillon smiled innocently. Sasha rolled her eyes but accepted that. "Scream if you need me." She told them before taking the children over to the playground area. Diego wanted to go on the swings. Zully waved at the other kids and Zoe climbed the slide.

Dillon sent them a look and shrugged. They would be fine. He cuddled his boyfriend and took a deep breath of fresh air. Aah~ "I love being out...especially with you~" He kissed his nose.

Phillip pulled out his phone and snapped a photo of him kissing his cheek. "Same~ Hey, photo for my mommy~ She says she doesn't know anything about me~"

"I love your mom, and her cookies!" The two giggled and kissed each other lips softly. And then, to ruin their moment, a girl walked up to them to tell them to stop being gross because "There were children present." and she "Didn't want her sister seeing."
"I'd be more worried kids saw your ugly homophobic face, bitch." Phillip shot back. "The fuck you think you are, son of a bitch?!" She slapped the red headed boy who stood up to throw fists.

Dillon groaned loudly. Who knew there were so many assholes in the area. "Leave us alone. I'm not in the mood to deal with you! Sasshaaa!" He screamed. "This bitch just slapped Phillip and she wants to attack me!"

The girl yelped when she was pulled back and pinned to the ground. "I suggest you back away, ma'am." Sasha told her firmly. Dillon didn't even see Sasha approach. Damn. She was really good at this. The girl's mom came to complain, and just as easily, Sasha stopped her from coming closer to them. Woo! Go, Sasha!

After Sasha scared those awful people away, Phillip, a dramatic bitch, made his way to the playground to pick up his charges with his head high. "Let's go, kiddos! Let's find a park without mean people!" He looked around and to his cardiac arrest, no blonde twins or curly haired freckled boy.

"Kids?!" He searched everywhere. They weren't in the jungle gym. Or the swings. Or the see-saw. Or that metal spinning thing he still didn't know the name of. He was going to throw up. He ran back to his boyfriend and bodyguard. "Please tell me you have the toddlers!"

"What?!" Sasha screamed and went to check again. They HAD to be there! Dillon grabbed Phillip's arm. "You mean my brother is not there?! Or the twin?!

"N-No! I can't find them!" The older teen screamed. Dillon's eyes widened as he looked up, hoping Sasha returned with them, but at her desperate look, his stomach sank.

Nononononononono! He really couldn't have lost them! He had problems with Diego and-and Zoe wasn't the easiest girl to be with if you were short on patience but he REALLY didn't want anything happening to them! "We gotta find them!"

The kids were gone.

Chapter End Notes

So honeymoon isn't going as well huh?

and those dumb bois lost the kids even with their bodyguard!

Please revieww, we want to hear what you think! :)

PD: note, to clarify, the part where Seb bribes the paintball guys to let him paint kill people is not intended as a stereotype, its something that sadly reflects many ppl in latin america. Im latina and i experience it first hand and i've studied about it too so, look at it as a social critic, like a lot of things in this story, thank you and I hope you enjoyed the chapter!

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Mizuuma: Also. Frosty was too embarrassed to put it in the main fic, but I wrote Seb and Wanda's wedding night XD (morning, technically) and it IS smut. So don't read unless you're18+
(It'll also require deciphering, because why not?)
kwwsv://dufklyhrirxurzq.روع/زرنف/21443407
Chapter 18: Normality was never an option

Chapter by bluefrosty27

Chapter Notes

Blue: Hello! I'm finally free from college! Finished my second year omfg! Also, I took longer cuz I haven't finished the drawing, enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Zoe was sulking behind the slides. The kids here were mean! Just like Dillon and Philli! They wanted to play with Zully and Diego but not her! The little girl noticed Sasha wasn't watching them anymore so she left the games.

Zully noticed their twin leaving so they called Diego and the two went after her.

"Watcha doing? Sasha is there!" Zully pointed back at Sasha pinning a screaming girl AND her mom (when the older woman came over to scream at them).

"I don't care...I wanna leave, Phillip and Dillon dun like me..." She sniffled. Zully hugged their twin. "Dats not twue! Dillon's our cousin!" Diego nodded. "Yeah! Dillon shouts a lot, but he's a good brother! I just..." Diego wiggled. "I always do something wrong and make Dillon angwy. But he still loves me!" Diego was sure of that. Because how could that be not true? They were family! And family loved each other! Like Daddy loved Uncul Seb, and uncul Ford and uncul Shermie!

"Big brothers are just like that." Diego told Zoe with all the seriousness the three year old could muster, imparting upon her the wisdom of the ages.

"I don't have a big brotha, just a twin sister." Zoe sighed, disregarding Diego's sage words. Zully huffed and crossed their arms. "Zoe! I told you I didn't-" they started to complain before Zoe interrupted with, "What's that?!"

Zoe was still feeling sad. However, she started feeling less sad and more curious when she sniffled something delicious in the air. She ran after the smell while Zully and Diego had no other choice but to follow the other toddler.

The smell took them to a man selling hotdogs. Zoe inhaled loudly and sighed. Aah~ That smelled so good~ And she was hungry. She liked food. She raised her arms at the dark skinned man. "I wanna hot dog...Pwease." she added. Mommy and daddy told her to always say please if she wanted something from someone. Well, Mommy said it was 'manners' (whatever the heck that meant) while daddy said it was a good way to make people feel bad for not giving you what you want if you said 'please'.

The man looked down at the cousins and grinned. "Well, hello there, sweetie. Sure, tell your mommy it's two dollars."

Zoe looked at her twin and cousin, who shrugged helplessly. "Um...my mommy is not here...And daddy isn't here too...They left me and Zully...'cause they had a hunny-moo or something."

The hotdog man blinked. "Oh. Ah... then... who's looking after you all right now?" He glanced
over at the other children. He didn't see any adults nearby who looked like them… shit, did these kids wander off away from their family?

"First my granny but she had a fume-er-ral then my cousin but he doesn't like me so I left."

"Well, you should go back to your cousin…He might be worried." The man told them, getting rather worried about the safety of these children now. He was considering closing up shop for a bit to try and help get these kids back to their family.

"No. We're fine." Zoe insisted, eyeing the hotdogs hungrily. The toddlers compromised with hot dog man. They'd go back to their guardians (they were in the park, Diego told the man), if he gave them a hotdog. The man agreed as a selfless act for 3 hungry children (seriously hoping they would remain safe). Zoe's hand almost caught on fire but she wasn't some baby who randomly caught on fire! She could control it now, and shook her tiny hand with his without making fire. Then hot dog man shooed them back to their guardians with a stern look, like a scolding (worried) dad.

"Let's go find Dillon." Diego told them responsibly as he chewed and walked. Zoe shook her head. "No, I wanna explore."

"But we promised!" Zully pouted. "It was a deal, you shook!" Zoe sighed. "With no fiiree! Duh~ And I didn't say WHEN!" She sounded so much like her dad it was unreal. Zully frowned. "No. We're going back to Dillon." They were a little worried about the idea of being alone without an adult. They were always with someone.

Zoe sighed heavily. "You're no fun…" She dragged her feet but let Zully take her hand and pulled her back towards the play area. They played as they waited for Sasha, but she wasn't here.

"Dillon!" Diego called after climbing the tallest slide. "Big brother!" He couldn't see him! What if he left him?! Oh no! What-what did he do?! He shouldn't have left!

"They're not here…" Zully whispered. Zoe shrugged. "Can we explore now?"

Diego was panicking. "Oh no! Dillon is lost!" He wailed.

"He's not lost~" Zoe waved a hand. Big kids couldn't be lost. "We are!" Daddy said something about staying with him otherwise they'd be lost kids and a monster would eat them.

So far she hadn't seen a monster, but monsters ate kids at night, like the boogeyman, everyone knew that, duh, so they had until bedtime to become not-lost. Zully and Diego didn't like her answer and proceed to cry like babies. Oof. How were they her sister and cousin again?

"Staahpp! The toddler waved her hands to calm the crybabies down. "I know what to do! Don't wowy!"

Dillon, Phillip and Sasha were frantically searching through the entire park, screaming the kids' names. They were on the other side now, searching the trees and bushes. They could have wandered off pretty far from the playground! Dillon was trying very hard to keep his shit together, but Phillip's panicking wasn't helping his own nerves.

"YOUR DAD IS GOING TO KILL ME!" He wailed, closing his legs in the process. Mr. Pines would kill him! And chop his dick off. Now he had a motive for murder!

Sasha didn't comment how little she cared about that. She was going to get fired, and her honor and
credibility were on the line! She should have been watching those babies! But these bigger babies needed her too. Ugh-- there were too many charges for her to keep track of!

"We must call the police!" Phillip screeched, pulling at his hair and actually managing to yank some of it. Dillon and Sasha's eyes widened and shushed him loudly. "Do you even know who you're dating?!!" Sasha hissed.

Dillon covered his mouth with his hands. "No one can know we lost the children. If a paparazzi hears about this, it'll be on the news and my dad and uncle's reputation will be on the line!" He hissed softly. "We fucked up enough right now, let's find them!"

Dillon felt horrible. He...He told Phillip they'd get rid of the kids going to the park...He didn't want anything happening to them. Please, please god, keep them safe! He was sorry for what he said, he-he shouldn't have said it, he wanted his baby brother and cousins back!

Phillip noticed his boyfriend's expression and reached to peck his lips. "Let's continue I-I'm sure the-they're ok!" He gave him a nervous smile.

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"M' not ok…" Zully moaned, tired as they walked behind their twin. Zoe was leading their small group, happily skipping and ignoring the looks the adults gave the small humans walking alone. Zully looked around at the unfamiliar streets. It wasn't even a little bit familiar from when they came to the park! "Uncul Stan's house is not here...You lied!" Zully growled.

"Oops?" Zoe grinned as she shrugged. "I wanted to explore!" Seriously, Zoe's resemblance to her dad was scary. Diego rubbed his head as he thought about what to do. "We could...go back from where we came from." He suggested his older cousins. Zully looked around at the street and cowered. "Zoe, I want to go home."

Zoe looked at her twin, pouting. "You want to go home because-because Philli and Dillon don't say you're-you're weird…" She stomped her foot down. Zully frowned, "What do you mean?"

Zoe growled. "They don't like me. I heared Dillon telling Philli I'm weird and-and that they don't-that I'll be out of hair...in the park..."

"Out of hair?" Zully and Diego made the most confused expressions toddlers could make. Zoe waved a hand. "I don't know! It means they don't like me!" That was all she really understood. And she didn't like it. She felt her face scrunch up and turned away, wiping at her face. She wasn't gonna cry over it. She refused to.

"But Dillon wouldn' say that." Diego defended his big brother. "He said you were annoying too!" Zoe told him harshly. Diego shifted from foot to foot. "That...That means I was bad and he got angry at what I did, and he says I'm annoying all the time! He gets mad and then stops being mad after a while." Mommy said not to take Dillon seriously, he was a teenager, and she said teenagers were weird and said mean stuff without thinking. He still loved his weird teenaged big brother!

"But I didn't make Dillon or Phillip angry! Why is he angry at me?" Zoe whined.

"Maybe because you don't wanna take us home..." Zully sassed their twin, earning a nudge in the ribs. "OW!" Zully scowled, rubbing their side. "You deserved it!" Zoe huffed. The two shoved each other a bit, slapping ineffectively at each other with their tiny baby hands.

Diego's eyes widened when the twins started pulling at each other's hair out of the blue.
He was so glad he didn't have a twin...

Their fight and screams caught the attention of a man who, after making sure they were the right kids, approached them...

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It was useless. The toddlers were nowhere to be seen. They must have been kidnapped. They were taken, someone took the babies and there was nothing they could do about it! Dillon was full on sobbing as he clung to Phillip. They were gone and it was his fault! He wanted to go out so Sasha had to watch them! Even though it was their, HIS responsibility to keep an eye on them! God, he was a monster! Now he was never going to see his brother or cousins again!

They were going to go back home, call the police and check the streets by car this time. It'd been around 2 hours and their already desperate selves were about to explode. Sasha was very agitated, snapping and grabbing passerby to interrogate them about seeing any children that matched the description. There was a hotdog seller who had seen them and it gave them so much hope, but then it was destroyed when he told them it was about two hours ago and he saw them go back to the park.

"FUCK! And-And we were on the other side!" Dillon wiped his runny nose. "They must have thought-we-we left them!" He rubbed his eyes frantically. Oh god, god dammit. Where could the kids be!

That's when his phone rang. It was an unknown number.

He shakily picked it up but Sasha it took from him. "Who's this?!" She asked, tone cold and controlled.

"I know you're searching for the Pines' kids." The deep voice spoke on the other side of the phone. Dillon and Phillip crowded around Sasha to listen as well.

"Who the hell is this?! How do you know about the children? How did you get this number?!" The bodyguard growled at the mysterious voice, only for them to chuckle gravely.

"I don't need to explain myself...But you do need the kids' back...I doubt you want this to be leaked to the media...The poor little kids of the football star and fashion designer gone missing…"

"How-How do we know he has them?!" Phillip hissed at Sasha, who asked the man the same question. There was some shuffling sounds and then Diego's high pitched voice cried out "Dillon! I wanna go home!" "I want my daddy!" Zoe screamed as well. Zully was sobbing in the background.

Dillon's eyes widened as he put both of his hands over his mouth and he breathed heavily. Phillip pulled him close for a hug. Then the man laughed again. "I want 1 million dollars in two hours...Leave the money at the edge of the park with no cops...Or I won't give back these beautiful, beautiful children...It's a shame you lost them…"

"What kind of cliche crap is that?!" Phillip screamed at the phone. Sasha slapped a hand over his mouth. "Alright. One million dollars? In cash?" She asked. The man on the other end chuckled. "Of course. See you soon..."

He hung up.

Then Dillon started SHRIEKING and fell to his knees, trying to get some oxygen into his lungs. This couldn't be happening, nononononononono! This couldn't be happening! This had to be a
nightmare! "How-how the fuck are-are we supposed to get 1-1 million in two hours?!!" He gasped for air. He was going to faint.

Even if he had the code for his dad's cards, they'd be alerted by the huge amount of money being withdrawn. The bank would call Dad, Dad would call him and he just COULDN'T TELL HIM HE WAS PAYING RANSOM FOR HIS SON AND NIECES!

He laid down on the sidewalk and cried. It was getting dark. (Another of his great ideas to come so late…)

"What do we do?" Phillip shivered. What was going to happen? Sasha sighed. "Well first off, we may need to call Mr. Pines." Dillon looked up with scared eyes. "No! Dad would KILL me!" Phillip added, "And me too!"

"And me, but what do you want me to do, kids?" Sasha scolded them. "We fucked up, but we gotta fix it now. We have to think about what to do. It's your brother and cousins we're talking about." She said seriously.

Dillon knew she was right...Some kidnapper had them and was doing who knows what to them! They gotta bring them back...and tell mom and dad...Even if it meant having to face the two triplets. They went home as fast as they could, running as fast as their legs could take them. They couldn't waste any second!

Aaron was drinking coffee in the lobby of the building. "Oh, I was wondering when you'd return..." The three ignored them as they rushed for the elevator. FUCK! It was at the top floor! MOVE IT YOU PIECE OF SHIT!

"Where are the kids?" Aaron asked but quickly raised his hands to placate Sasha's anger. "CAN YOU SHUT THE FUCK UP, AARON?!" Then, the three got inside the elevator and went to the top floor. (Why did they have to be in the penthouse suite?!) The elevator's door opened and the three rushed inside. They needed to call the police! And-And start calling Stan and Seb! Hopefully they had signal! Maybe they should call their hotel?!

Phillip quickly went to the kitchen to get some water or he was going to faint, Sasha was pacing in thought and Dillon ran towards his room to get his charger because his phone was dying, running past the children eating Dringles in front of the TV. "Dillon!" Diego waved.

"NOT NOW!" Dillon snapped back instinctively.

Dillon screeched to a halt and turned to point at the kids, sitting on the couch and looking perfectly unharmed. "You?! You guys?!" Dillon screamed. What? Where?! HOW?!

"Dillon? What's going- OH MY GOD!" Phillip walked in and saw the kids. He dropped the water bottle he was holding and placed a hand over his heart. "Shhh-hoot! You guys!" He staggered over and dropped to his knees. "Are you alright?! How'd you get back? Are you UNHARMED?!" Phillip gasped out.
Sasha came into the room, spotted the children, and went on high alert, glancing around suspiciously. "So the kidnapper got into the house…” clever. Very clever. Probably trying to steal her boss's bank information somewhere.

Dillon ran over and wrapped his arms around all three of the toddlers. His mouth moved but he didn't know what to say and could only sob in relief.

Sasha went to look everywhere, she wasn't going to let that man escape! (Or if he left, she needed to know what was missing), and left the two boys with the toddlers.

Dillon was still sobbing like a baby, and Zoe thought it was getting very awkward. Only daddy cried a lot! Dillon wasn't allowed to! "You're ok...You're ok, oh my god!" He sniffled and kissed the three toddler's chubby cheeks, much to their whines of disgust. Phillip also wanted to hug the kiddos, they were the reason he almost had a heart attack at the age of almost 20, but Dillon needed it more, they were his family after all. "I'm so sorry, I didn't mean to lose you! I'm so sorry!" Dillon continued to ramble. Zully whined when they dropped their dringles from the strong hug. No! Their snacks! Darn it!

Finally, after what seemed like hours, Dillon pulled back. His brown eyes were puffy and red and he was looking directly at the babies. "Are-Are you ok? What-How did you get out? Where-Where's the man?"

"What man?" Diego asked confused. Dillon stroked his brother's chubby cheek as his heart slowly slowed down. He was here. He was fine. His baby brother was safe.

Sasha returned to the tv room with a serious expression. "There's no one else in the house, and nothing seems out of place, yet…" She crouched in front of the twins and Diego, holding their small baby hands. She wasn't showing it, but she was just SO relieved the kids were with them here.

"Zully, Zoe, Diego. I need you to remember the man who brought you here. I need you to remember what he looked like." She told them firmly. Zully stared at the floor in despair as they saw Sasha stepping on their dringles. They sighed in defeat.

"Well...He was bald, but he had a black beard." Zoe shrugged. Diego nodded and giggled. "He was wearing a suit too! With a red tie!" He pointed at his neck. "And he's a pretty brown color!"

Dillon and Phillip shared a confused look as Sasha took in the information. "What else?"

"He has a blue car...and...it has Uncul Stan's name on it?"

…

*What?*

"And his name is Aaron Miller, you bunch of idiots." A deep voice called behind them, making Dillon and Phillip scream high pitchedly while Sasha jumped and got ready to fight. They turned around and saw the Pines boys' chauffeur standing there, arms crossed and deadpan look.

The toddlers giggled. Aaron gave them all a thumb's up and the three grinned back.

"AARON, YOU ALMOST KILLED ME!" Dillon roared at his driver, hand on his heart as he realized it was him who got the kids back.

"Yeah, well," Aaron rolled his eyes as his voice went back to normal. "Let this be a lesson, Dillon.
This time, I happened to see them walking around and got them home safe, but I won't always be there on time." The man glared. "You're the older brother. You're an adult now. Your parents left you here and in charge because they trusted you to take care of them."

"I'm only 18…" Dillon whined. Aaron sighed. "And who was it who went around claiming 'Woo! I'm an adult now! So you can't tell me what I can or can't do anymore?!' after his birthday?"

Dillon winced and Phillip sent him a funny look. Fair point. "I was just excited, baby." He whispered at his boyfriend.

Sasha rubbed the back of her neck as she looked at Aaron, feeling stupid. "Thank you, Aaron...For-For bringing them home."

"Driving them is my job." He said, and with a sassiness Dillon didn't know he had, he said. "Watching them is yours." Sasha accepted the taunt like a woman.

"Wait. Then... why did you pretend to be a kidnapper instead of just telling us that they were safe?" Dillon wailed. Here, Zoe huffed. "Because I'm mad at you." She told him. Aaron nodded. "The young lady told me all about it. You really hurt her feelings. So the four of us decided to scare you a little. It was also a way to make you realize how dangerous leaving the kids can be..."

"What? But I didn't-Zoe, what do you mean?" He asked his cousin. Zoe played with the hem of her t-shirt. "I heared you talking with Philli and you said I was weird...and that you wanted to get off my hair." Zoe pouted. "I'm-I'm not weird! That's a bad word to tell people! My daddy says it's not nice!"

Dillon was still confused, until he remembered the moment before going to the park. She-She heard, he didn't know she had been there…

"Oh..." He winced. "Zoe, I'm very sorry for calling you that…" Zoe crossed her arms. "And you said Diego is annoyin! And that's not nice too!"

Dillon covered his face as the children and Aaron looked at him with serious expressions. "Guys, I'm happy you are safe! I'm sorry for everything, I just know you were not kidnapped, can we like, not think about bad things anymore?" He smiled sheepishly at them.

Zoe stood up on the couch, hands warming up. "No! I want you to say sowy!" She demanded. She was using a lot of self control to not catch on fire. She was being serious!

Dillon massaged his temples. Ok. Fine. "I'm very sorry for saying you're weird, its kinda true, but I didn't mean it in a bad way. I also think your dad is weird, very weird, but that doesn't mean I don't love him very much." He explained. "And, Diego, I love you, but we aren't age compatible, it's obvious you can be annoying..."

Phillip didn't know apologies worked that way.

"I also don't have much patience, but-but I'll try to be a better older brother and cousin…" The repentant teen smiled. Zoe stared at him with narrowed eyes before she finally huffed. "Fine. That's an add-a-cake apowogy." She graciously accepted.

Phillip cooed. How precious. There wasn't anything more adorable than little kids trying to say big words. "I also want to apologize. I shouldn't have agreed with my jerk boyfriend. Is it an adequate apology?"

Zoe hummed in thought and raised her arms to be picked up. Phillip obliged as she snuggled with
Dillon guffawed. She changed crushes! He was wheezing.

Now that everything was back to normal, Zully pulled at Sasha's hand. "You stepped on my dringles... Can I get more?" they pleaded.

"How about we all have dinner and forget this horrible day happened?" Sasha picked Zully up to take them to the kitchen. "We can see about the dringles afterward. If you all eat your vegetables." She added.

Dillon and Phillip couldn't agree more with her. All that crying left them hungry.

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The day of the party arrived and the two couples were so freaking excited. Finally some partying here. They'd learn how people here partied! All the great music and the amazing drinks they consumed. This was also a very important part of learning about a culture! Stan had been quite insistent on this. "Why, back in space, I tried ALL sorts of alcoholic drinks! There's one that makes literal steam come out your ears!"

Great now Seb wanted to try them! He was sure he'd drank all sorts of things like that back when he was a demon, but he didn't really remember what they tasted like, it was so long ago.

They brought decent clothes for this very reason. Wanda was wearing a short dress with short heels while Carla had a short skirt and tall heels to be taller than Stan (who claimed Carla was wearing stilts by this point). Meanwhile, the brothers were wearing button up shirts. Seb wasn't wearing a bowtie, as it was too formal, but he was wearing a white shirt with dark jeans and a light beige summer vest.

They got in pretty fast, while other people waited outside. Whether it was because they were tourists or because they were white, they'd never know. Stan and Wanda got distracted one second and they had already lost the former demon. Damn it!

Seb smiled handsomely at the bartenders, who smiled back and he kindly asked for the best drinks they could intoxicate his body with. "Like strong drinks?" One of them, a pretty woman with her hair done up out of her eyes, asked with a smirk as she made the drink. "I like good drinks, and those happen to be strong."

"Seb!" Sebastian cursed when he saw Stan approaching him. Fuck. He wanted to get at least ONE real drink! At the hotel he'd been tricked and every drink he got was alcohol free! Even though he specifically told the bartender, Stan or Wanda came and fucking ruined it! Was it too much to ask for a little drink?! ONE!? "I ain't watching your drunk ass tonight, Seb. Take care of yourself!"

"You should always be there for me!" Seb shouted at him as he left with Carla. "Not when I'm with ma wife, behave!" Wanda was awkwardly rubbing her arm, feeling very nervous about this. It was a party, it was music, like at their wedding, but Seb was being all weird, even when he wasn't drunk. It made her uneasy. "Seb? Want to go dance instead?" She suggested. She was fine with him drinking, but with how much of a lightweight he was, she worried for his safety.

"Yeah, sure?" He smiled a little before screaming "AAHHH! I'M SWEATING IN THIS HELLHOLE!" He wiped his forehead. "I wanna dance! But then I'd sweat MORE!"

"We can get cold sodas," She suggested, laughing a little at his expressions. "Ok, fine. I fucking hate this body. I can't drink!"
"Aaw, poor baby." She fondly teased him and the two went to get some drinks. They sat down on the stools and Seb's leg jumped impatiently. As they waited, he hugged her from behind, grabby hands resting on her hips and rubbing her softly. He rested his chin on her shoulder and nuzzled.

Wanda smiled and bit her lip. Well, Seb was being weird, but this was nice. He was usually too awkward to be touchy.

"I-I feel itchy…" The brunette moaned, feeling like he was about to explode. He received his soda and drank it in just a few large gulps. "L-e t's go d-dance, I-I wanna d-do something!" He pleaded. Wanda noticed his stuttering and was a little worried, but agreed and led him over to the dance floor where people were flailing around (tourists) or dancing to the music (anyone not drunk).

Everything was fine for a while. They were dancing together, and despite how Sebastian's hands were shaking a little, and he wiped sweat from his forehead (well, on that part she couldn't blame him for, she was starting to sweat as well), they were having fun.

Then, more people started joining and Seb passed a lump in his throat. This place was getting smaller wasn't it? He didn't like people touching him, he hated strangers touching him! Wanda fell on top of his chest as someone from behind her pushed her. She laughed a little, smiling at the brunet, who didn't find this funny at all.

"Disculpa, preciosa." The man apologized in Spanish. Wanda nodded but Seb pushed her behind him (even when they were almost the same height), and faced the man. "¡¿A quién mierda llamas preciosa, hijo de puta?!" Seb snarled.

"Calmate gringo de mierda" He pushed Seb a little. "I didn't mean it that way-" the man growled a little.

Seb exploded. He grabbed the man by his shirt and knocked the man with his head. He stumbled back, groaning in pain. Wanda's eyes widened in shock as Seb rolled up his sleeves and advanced towards the man with a grin. Finally something he could do!

Stan heard some people cheering for a fight. "¡Pelea Pelea Pelea!" And he grinned. Oh he wanted to see those idiots fight! He took Carla with him because he wasn't leaving her alone here and pushed his way through the crowd.

His smile fell when he realized one of the men was HIS idiot!

"¡Ayudenme! ¡Está loco!" The man pleaded for help as he tried to defend himself and punch Seb as well. "¡SÁQUENMELO DE ENCIMA!"

A group of men managed to grab onto Seb, cursing at him for being a fucking gringo who only came to fight with them, and the bruised man managed to stand up, stumbling, and bolted towards the door. Seb growled at the people holding him and to their surprise, he bit them.

Stan, Carla and Wanda ran after him when Seb laughed and followed his prey. He caught him outside and once again had pinned him to the floor and was slamming his head against the concrete. "Get the fuck off my wife, you got it?! She's MINE! MINE! YOU DON'T TOUCH WHAT'S MINE!" He pulled out his pocket knife and panting, feeling his body burning with adrenaline, he slowly cut his cheek as the man screamed and struggled.

"Seb! Holy fuck!" Stan managed to wrap his arms around his brother and pry him off. Carla was pulling the other man away and apologising. "Go! Run! Leave!" Carla told him, looking back at her husband and brother-in-law with worry. The poor beat up man stumbled away but couldn't
make it far. Seb growled like an animal, struggling against Stan's hold.

"Seb! Seb, CALM DOWN! ITS ME!" Stan winced when he realized Seb's eye had turned red with a white pupil. His fangs had also grown. "SEBASTIAN!" Stan was forced to slam his own brother against the wall to calm him down and the impact made him confused and at least it changed his eye color. "The fuck, Fez?!"

And that was when the police showed up.

The beaten up man threw himself in front of the police, promising he would plead guilty and confess if they got him away from that monster.

For security reasons, as they didn't know what happened, the police handcuffed Sebastian to take him to the station and figure out what happened.

Seb didn't stop smirking and didn't say a single word.

It turned out, Stan discovered, that the man wasn't all innocent as they thought. He had been targeting bars and clubs to steal phones and jewelry for a while and escaping the law.

Seb, a FUCKING LUCKY BASTARD, could then claim self-defense and it was easier to handle his situation. Stan was hoping Wanda would say something, she knew more about this than him (he only knew a little bit to know how to find contract failures), but she was… just there, sitting with her hands on her lap. "Hey, man…My brother is a good guy, you know? He doesn't have a criminal record-" (because they brainwashed the US government to forget about it, lol) "-he was just defending his wife, it was suspicious how that guy bumped against her." Stan explained to the police. They all nodded along, that man was actually a criminal they were after, so there was a bit of leeway. But at the same time…

"Regardless, he pulled a knife on that man. That was incredibly dangerous. We appreciate that we could catch the thief, but vigilantism is illegal." The man responded.

Stan ran a hand through his hair. Urgh. That was true… "Look...we-we're just visiting your beautiful country, you know?" He tried with a sheepish grin. "We'd hate this put a stop to it...Isn't there a way to fix this? He did help you with that guy." He glanced at Seb. He was in a temporary cell, laughing as Carla cursed at him for being an idiot. "I wanna take a selfie here!" Seb squealed, reaching through the bars for his phone, which Carla was holding onto with a look that could kill.

"He's an idiot...Forgive him…” Stan sighed. "I'm very s-sorry about him. He's been a little excited all day...My brother, I'll tell you this, he...had problems growing up. He's like a child, he doesn't think things straight most of the time." Stan lowered his voice for the exhausted officer. "-but he is good, really. And he's changing. He was just defending himself."

The policeman sighed.

--

Seb was playing with the taxi's window as Carla and Stan glared at him. Stan was sitting on the front, also trying to glare. Seb blinked at their glares. "What?"

"CAN YOU FUCKING QUIT IT?!" Carla roared.

"Urgh, finee-" Seb crossed his arms. The two women glared at him and he sighed. "What?! The fee wasn't that much anyway!"
"Are you kidding me?"

"But I caught a bad guy! Isn't that good?!"

"You could have gone to jail!" Carla hissed. "But I didn't!" Seb chimed in.

"I'm going to kill him!" Carla growled and Seb laughed loudly. "To late, Flower! I already died and came back! And I've tried sooo many times I think I'm indestructible by now."

The poor taxi driver was so scared and confused with what he was hearing....

They paid the man when they reached their hotel and awkwardly parted ways to go to their rooms. Wanda was still ignoring Sebastian, and Carla hugged her tightly and whispered something to her that the brothers couldn't really hear. However, Stan grabbed his brother's face and forced him to look up at him. "Don't make things worse than they already are...Don't do anything more stupid, I'll remind you, just as Carla is your friend, Wanda's mine." He warned with a serious look.

Seb blinked at him and slowly stuck his tongue out at him before blowing a raspberry. Stan growled and pushed him away, tired of dealing with him. Seb entered his room after Wanda, who was quietly taking off her earrings and wiping the make up off her face. "Wanda~ Are you tired? Wanna watch a movie? I'm not tired." Seb bounced on the bed.

Wanda threw her shirt to the floor and turned around with a glare. "Do you think nothing fucking happened?!" Seb flinched a bit from her glare. "Are you angry at me?"

"NOoouu~" The blonde cried sarcastically. "I'm FUCKING HAPPY you ended up arrested for FUCKING fighting with a fucking stranger because you've been acting like a FUCKIN ASSHOLE THE ENTIRE TRIP!" Wanda shouted. "The fuck is wrong with you?! I left you alone all these days, I didn't want to ruin this, I KNOW you get crazy sometimes, but this was the last straw, Sebastian! I'm SO FUCKING DONE with you acting like-like a-"

"Like a what?" Seb hissed softly, walking over to her. He wasn't much taller than her, so it wasn't as menacingly as he wanted. "Like a monster?" He gently lifted her by her chin, but Wanda quickly pulled back and glared at him. "Yes. Like a fucking monster!"

"Well, hate to break it to you, darling, but I'm AM a monster!" Seb shouted back at her before laughing. "I'm done, I'm fucking done with acting like a good person WHEN I AM NOT!"

Wanda looked at him with a confused and angry look. "The fuck is that supposed to mean?! You're not a bad person, even if you're being really awful right now!"

"It MEANS that I've realized...that...I've been denying who I was for so-so long~ I've tried to be good before...but I'm not like that. Being without the kids have made realized that...there were SO many restrictions!" He laughed. "And I've realized I don't have to act all nice and chummy with everyone. I don't have to be a good person to people I hate! I don't have to follow all the stupid rules! I'm not a good person, Wanda! I don't like it! It makes me angry! It makes me itchy! You don't know what it's like to feel all this energy bubbling up and being unable to take it out! AND THE WORST is that we gotta tell the kids to hide their powers too!" Seb seethed. The fire was inside him, burning under his skin. He wasn't in Gravity Falls anymore where he could just blow off some of it in the forests, making lame ass little flames for the twins wasn't enough! Moving lame ass fabrics with his mind wasn't enough!

Wanda wasn't taking it. "Your powers are dangerous, and the kids don't know how to control them! I don't want them getting someone hurt!" there would be so many terrible consequences.
"SO we gotta hide for someone else's sake?! Honey, I don't give TWO SHITS about anybody else! No, you know what?!!" He made his second pair of arms and flipped his middle fingers around the room. "I give THIS MANY SHITS!" He burst out laughing.

Wanda just stared at him, unimpressed. "Seb. I don't really want to deal with this right now." She was tired, cranky and just wasn't up for unpacking all this right now. She flopped onto the bed. "I'm still mad at you. We can talk tomorrow."

Seb blinked as Wanda rolled over and he could only see her back. "What?! I was in the middle of a rant!" He whined. Wanda didn't respond. Seb snarled. "Are you IGNORING me?!" Wanda didn't respond. If Seb was going to act like a childish brat, she was going to treat him like one. And when kids were being brats, ignoring them was the best course of action. Don't give them the attention they wanted.

Wanda screamed when she was suddenly pulled up, wrists trapped in glowing yellow arms. "I said I was talking!" Seb shouted at her. "I am NOT going to let you ignore me, do you understand?!!"

Wanda glared but remained silent, staring at him absolutely unmoved. No. She wasn't going to give him the satisfaction. He was being an idiot. Seb growled when Wanda continued to not respond. "Hey! Say something! Weren't you going to yell at me?! Try and tell me how wrong I am for wanting to BE MYSELF?!"

Wanda remained silent, but her glare spoke volumes.

Seb trembled, gripping onto his wife as he just got more frustrated. There was something he wanted, but he couldn't figure out what it was, only that he was angry and annoyed and just wanted to scream and break things and-

-and Seb froze when he saw the tears building up in Wanda's eyes, even though she remained silent. Seb's own eye shot up to where he was gripping her, how tightly he was holding her. Seb immediately let go, pulling back with horror. He...

Wanda fell back on the bed, rubbing her wrists as tears dripped down her face.

Seb could only stare at the red marks on her wrists, his fire suddenly feeling ice cold. "W-Wanda-" his eye was wide. Did he do that? Did he... Hurt her?!

Wanda didn't speak, even then, just turned away from him and went under the covers, though Seb could hear the way her breath hitched. Seb felt like crying himself. "W-wait- I didn't- didn't mean to-" he curled in on himself, staring at his hands in horror. He didn't mean to. He didn't-

"Wanda I'm sorry! I wasn't-" Seb trembled. Oh shit. He hurt her. He... oh god... "I d-d-di-didn't me-me-mean t-t-to-" his stuttering got worse and worse as he felt his eye burn with tears of his own.

"...I know...You were just being yourself, right?" Her voice came softly from under the covers.

"No! No! I'D NE-NEVER hurt you!" Seb cried.

"...you said it yourself, you're a monster, right?" Wanda huddled down into the blankets more.

"You don't care about anyone..."

Seb trembled. "N-not like this! I care about you! I-I care! I'm-I'm sorry!" He didn't mean to! He really didn't! No matter how mad he got, he would never want to hu-hurt Wanda! He'd never hurt his family!
But Wanda didn't say anything more. No matter how much Seb begged for her to please turn around and look at him. No matter how much he apologized. Seb ended up crying himself to sleep, not knowing that Wanda was doing the same.

"...I'm leaving."

Seb whimpered. "L-like... you're going out?" He asked. Wanda still wasn't looking at him. She would turn to face away from him whenever he tried to get in front of her.

"I'm leaving you." Wanda said simply, no emotion in her voice. As it she were stating basic facts. Like she was saying that up was up.

Seb felt the walls collapsing around him, his entire world destroyed. "N-No...No, please..."

"I didn't marry a monster." Wanda continued to say, still without any inflection. "And my children shouldn't have to be raised by a monster." She walked over to her suitcase and began packing.

"No, please! PLEASE!" He reached for her, but his hand quickly stopped, scared of hurting her. "I-I'm not. a monster... but that wasn't true. He WAS a monster! He h-hurt Wanda! He really was a-

"I don't like you like this. I-I won't stay with someone who's going to hurt me, who doesn't care about anything but himself." Wanda closed her suitcase and walked towards the door.

Seb couldn't breathe. No. No this couldn't be happening. "No, please! Please! I'm sorry! I'm so sorry!" He begged, tears streaming down his face. "It was an accident! I-I need you...please..."

Wanda didn't say anything more to him, just closed the door behind her. Not even slamming it. Seb ran for the door and tore it open but Wanda was nowhere to be seen. He was alone. Alone again and because of his own actions.

Like pushing his brothers into the portal. Like running away and leaving Jack behind in the destroyed car. Like working on his stupid science project instead of taking care of Matsuda.

He was alone again.

And it was all his own fault.

Seb screamed. He was such a horrible person! He deserved to be alone! He hurt Wanda! He was disgusting! He-He was such a horrible and disgusting monster! He deserved to die, he should have been killed by Bill, he didn't deserve to live!

"-eb."

Seb wailed. He HAD to be alone! Because he only EVER hurt the people he cared about. Linda was wrong...He deserved all the punishment he went through...Filbrick was right...He'd always been...

"-eb!"

Seb choked and gasped for air in between his sobbing. He gasped again when he felt someone shaking him.

"Seb! Wake up!"
Seb gasped for air and opened his eye, blinking through his tears. "-hhh-" he wheezed. When he finally caught his breath and blinked his tears away, he saw the beautiful, beautiful face of his wife staring down at him.

"WANDA!" Seb sobbed and immediately clung to her, resting his face between her shoulder and chest. "I-I'm so sorry! I'm so disgusting! You shouldn't have married me!"

Wanda sighed. "Don't be too clingy, I'm still upset." She warned. She woke up this morning, still angry over the fight last night, and had found Seb crying in his sleep, mumbling and looking very distressed. She was still mad at him though.

"I'm sorry! I'm sorry! I didn't mean to hurt you! Please don't leave me!" Seb continued to cry into her. Wanda sighed. "There are a lot of things we need to talk about..." and she didn't want to deal with any of that. She just...wanted a nice trip without the twins. Was it too much to ask? Having Seb acting normal for a month?!

Did he have to go all weird? She had thought after talking with Linda he had gotten over all his monster shit and what not. She didn't understand what had made him suddenly go insane! He mentioned something about the kids. What did them have to do with anything? Them being 'restrictions' to his normal self?

That didn't make any fucking sense. But Sebastian had the mind of a child. He literally couldn't think in grays, could he? Just black or white. She sighed as Seb hugged her. She didn't want to lose him either...she married this idiot because she loved him. And she still loved him...

Wanda knew that rough patches in marriages were a thing, arguments would happen. And if she really wanted to put in the effort (and she DID) then they would have to work this out.

-.-

Dillon found himself buried under the kids. They were all having a bonding day after yesterday's heart attack inducing incident.

It really made Dillon sit down and think about what it really meant, to be an older brother, to be an adult, to have responsibilities outside his own personal pleasures.

If he could have things his way, Dillon would just want to spend time with his boyfriend, cuddling, kissing, more... naughty stuff, but he couldn't just have fun for himself all the time. He had responsibilities. And it wasn't something he could or should foster off on someone else. He was Diego's big brother, him and no one else. And Dillon had a responsibility for that.

His uncle also entrusted his kids to him, and even if Granny Kari was here (she was still gone at the moment), it was still his job to make sure they were ok.

"Hey brats, you know I love you right? Even if you're 3 pieces of insufferable babies." He smiled at them, and the three giggled. "I love you too!" Diego hugged his back, as he was sitting on him, and Zoe stood up to pat his curly head. "We love you too... I will make you pretty! I'll give you cute hairbands!" She pulled some colorful hairbands out of nowhere and started wrapping locks of his hair with them.

"Phillip! Sasha! I'm being attacked!" Dillon wailed dramatically.

"'Sorry, you're on your own.'" The two remained seated as Dillon despaired.

-.-
Wanda and Seb spent the next day basically ignoring each other, wanting to give each other some space after their fight...their, actual real and serious fight. Neither of them liked this, but they still had no idea how to fix this.

The only thing Seb asked Wanda was if her wrists hurt. He had hoped that had also been part of his nightmare, but it wasn't. He did hurt her, like the disgusting monster he was. It wasn't as bad as he remembered, but he still hurt her.

"A little." She replied, which made Seb die a little inside and rub his aching hands. He was truly horrible...Why did admitting who he was hurt so much?! He knew he wasn't good, if he was good, he wouldn't have so many horrible thoughts in his head, he would be a good human if he didn't have those thoughts...he wouldn't have hurt Wanda...but if he accepted being a monster...It didn't feel quite right either…

Why did his mind have to be so messed up? Why couldn't he just...follow the stupid rules and be miserable in silence?! Without hurting the ones he loved…

(Maybe because Bill couldn't...Bill was always angry and wanted more, he was restless for power) Seb worried sometimes he was too much like him...

The only thing he knew for certain was that he was horrible...Whatever he was, he couldn't go back to what he had been doing...acting as if he was a good person...He couldn't...

Seb was scared of himself around Wanda and had been sitting alone on the beach all day, burning sand and then making it disappear. Wanda had been in their room, watching soap operas she didn't really understand or sitting by the pool. Neither were fully ready to talk about what had happened the night before.

Stan and Carla found themselves trapped between that silent and uncomfortable moment. They tried convincing the upset couple to talk to each other, but it didn't work. The following day, they had their last tour (to Chichen Itza) and at least they talked to each other, but it still felt tense.

Stan watched Seb steal a necklace from a distracted seller and going after Wanda to give it to her. The middle triplet sighed. Look, taking stuff for free was his thing (especially in survival mode). Seb and Ford were there to tell him not to! He couldn't break this ancient agreement! He paid the seller and when he confronted Seb about it, unfortunately Wanda heard.

"What a piece of shit." She hissed before stomping away. Seb had glared at him and now his little brother was angry with him as well. Stan sighed.

It was in the middle of the tour that the intense hot day was blessed with rain and the temperature dropped. Everyone got soaked, and Stan saw his brother's seething mood cooling down as well. He looked tired and every time his arms tried catching on fire, the rain stopped it. "I wanna go…” He whispered sad and Stan tiredly wrapped an arm around him to take him to the bus. Carla was with Wanda.

"What do you want, Sebas? What's going on with you?" The middle triplet asked him softly.

Seb rubbed his arm, feeling itchy and uncomfortable. "I...I don't know…” He admitted. He didn't like feeling this way. His head hurt, his stomach hurt. He just wanted to lie down and not think about anything.

-.-

For their very last day (everyone was glad they were going home soon), they were visiting a water
park which had extreme games. Seb had been looking forward to it since day one...if it wasn't for the fact that he woke up feeling like crap.

His head hurt, his legs hurt, his bones hurt and he felt the sour burn of bile in his throat. Seb whined and curled in on himself as his stomach growled. "Ooow...I think I'm gonna have my period..." He moaned. Was this what periods were? Wanda woke up in time to hear the stupid comment and sighed. "How will you have it though? Through your dick?" Any other day, her hand, feeling mischievous, would have travelled between Seb's legs to find said body part, but she didn't feel like doing that kind of teasing.

Seb groaned again. "It hurtssss!" He sobbed and curled up even more, tears in his eye. Wanda's expression softened and decided to hug him softly, realizing it was serious. She put her warm hands over his belly. "Its ok...I got you..."

The feeling just got worse. He barely had tea for breakfast, the thought of food made him nauseous. His skin was burning, he was shivering and he was sure it was a stomach bug, if the multiple times he had gone to the bathroom were any indication.

And today was extreme games day…

"Go without me…" He weakly waved Wanda away. "I'll be fine…" He whispered, sad and in pain.

"No, you are sick. I'll stay with you." Stan and Carla were worried too. If he felt like this later on, how was he going to board the plane? At least Wanda was volunteering to help him. That was progress. They were sure the other couple still loved each other. Frankly, Carla had sort of knew something like this would happen eventually. Couples didn't always agree, and Seb and Wanda were such different people…

They had only been back together for a few years (which was her fault), and this was the first fight/conflict she heard from them. She only hoped her two friends would be able to work this out.

They told the poor sick guy the park was the least important thing (Seb had wanted to go and he was so sorry he ruined it for the rest of them). They were going to leave him rest for a few hours to see if he improved.

And maybe this could be a way for them to spend some time together again.

As Wanda gently put wet cloths on his forehead to cool him down, she listened to him as his fever got even higher and he started babbling incoherent, feverish stuff.

"Fla-Flatlan can sssuck my dic...k…" "Of course..." Wanda rolled his eyes. "Liam...they killd hm...I'll kill them!" "That's mean." The blonde replied without paying much attention.

"I don CARe!"

"Sure you don't." Wanda sneered a little. She was still annoyed at him.

"Wanda...Wandaa~~~ Wanda Friedmann~~" he giggled. "You are SUCH a...a idiot~" She pouted at that, really? Insults now.

"You know I can easily leave you here to agonize by yourself?" She asked with a raised eyebrow. Seb simply laughed and wiggled. "You married a monstr...I-I feel so fucking sorry for you...You're going to hate me...you think...I'll keep doing what YOU wan...you don know me...Sebastian's weak...not me...My names Bill...NmBill...not Sb..Bill...Bill..." Seb slurred before he finally fell asleep.
Wanda was horrified, feeling her heart beating in her ears. It felt as if he was possessed...Maybe he was? What if...he was possessed? And what if that is why he's acting all weird? She reached for her phone and texted Stanford.

[Hey, u know about weird things..how usual is a possession? Is it an actual thing?] She had wifi in the hotel so her message sent without problem. Texting felt so weird. Then she focused back on Seb. She felt...sad. On one hand, she wanted to help, he was feeling horrible and she loved him...on the other, she felt guilty for that cynical part of her telling her she shouldn't. She was still angry and he didn't deserve it. He hurt her, not on purpose, but he still did.

But she still loved him. And she knew Seb wasn't actually a bad person. He wouldn't be such a hard working idiot if he was. He wouldn't have always given in to her wants and desires if he wasn't. And for the first time, Seb wanted to try being a little selfish. She couldn't blame him for that, but even selfishness had its limits. And if Wanda had to be his moral compass, she would do it.

So Wanda worked to keep his temperature down as his fever wore on, even getting a bucket for him to vomit in once he got nauseous enough. She brushed his hair out of his sweat coated face and got a warm bottle for his stomach. She would still help him. Because she still loved him. Even if this fight they were having were having made her worried. But frankly, if was naïve to think they would always be happy and sunshine and rainbows. Life was life. And conflicts happened. But she would talk to him once he was better, they would figure this out. See if this was something they could work out.

She finally got a text back from Ford [Oh, yes. Absolutely] That was such a relief... And he told her about checking the eyes for glowing or something like that. Well Seb's eye was normal, if glazed over from his delirium. So maybe he wasn't possessed. Which worried her more. Wanda sighed. She was going to call Linda. Ask her to see about Skyping Seb for some sessions again. Stanford had his sessions with his own therapist over the computer, perhaps Linda could do the same?

Seb woke up a couple hours later, claiming he felt much better. When Wanda tried asking if he remembered anything, he told her he didn't, he shook his head and said "I wanna go…" And he pouted. He had nothing else to puke out anyway.

Stan wasn't so sure about this, but Seb did seem a little better so they ended up agreeing (mostly because that way their money wouldn't be totally wasted). And he seemed much calmer now that his fever was down, even though it hadn't quite gone away.

They were fine on the bus ride to the park. Seb's face was not as pale as it had been and he even joked around about his body finally learning its lesson and obeying his will to get better to go have fun. The group left their stuff in some lockers, got changed into their swimsuits and now they were ready to have fun. Wanda hoped that being only in his swimming trunks would help him. "How about I get some drinks?" Carla winked at Wanda while she and Stan went to a nearby bar.

The two watched them from the information desk where Wanda was asking for a map. Seb leaned against the surface and passed the lump in his throat. God...The sun was so hot today...He rubbed his head as black spots clouded his vision.

"Sir? Are you ok?" The woman behind the counter asked worriedly as Seb gasped for air. Wanda looked at him. "Seb?! Sebastian, can you hear me?! Don't faint on me!"

Seb rolled his eye backward and fell forward as his legs gave up under him, fainting on her. Wanda groaned. Shouldn't have taken him, he really should have still been in bed! She barely caught him when he went limp."Sebas! Stan! Stanley!" Wanda shouted, scared when he didn't respond.
Stan and Carla came running towards them and he picked up his triplet bridal style. Before he could shout for help, a paramedic dressed in white appeared with a stretcher and told him to lie him down. Then, the three worriedly followed the man to the park's infirmary. Wanda vaguely thought about how fast the man was here as soon as Seb fainted.

Stan crossed his arms over his chest. "Your pulse dropped, it scared us!"

"I actually feel better now..." And that was true. He had felt horrible and when he fainted, ah~ All the pain left.

"You had a decompensation...Probably from yesterday's dramatic weather change and that caused your general sickness today." Stan repeated what the doctor told them.

"Hot weather is not good for you, baby..." He mockingly cooed and Seb whined in embarrassment. "No~"

Wanda shoed Carla and Stan away. They were going to be fine in here, they could go have fun. It was their last day as well and they shouldn't waste it in the infirmary. "Come on~ Just go, Carla, seriously. We gotta go back and pack after this, so just go!" She smiled at her friends.

"No! Tell them to suffer with me!" Seb whined, reaching for his brother who waved at him and left him.

Wanda put a hand over his and stared down at him. They had a bit of privacy with the curtain around them. "We gotta talk."

"I'd rather not..." he flinched on himself. A nurse brought him a bottle with a pink liquid and told him he had to drink it. Hahah! Mysterious liquid!

"Sebastian...I don't like to fight with you..." She told him softly and kissed his hand. She noticed it was scraped and bruised. It was recent, so he'd been hitting something. She ignored it. She was trying to find peace right now.

Seb leaned closer to her as she sat down on the bed with him. "I love you..." he whispered. "And I hate to fight with you as well..." Wanda made him...happy...He didn't want to lose her, or lose his daughters. They were his family. That nightmare of her leaving was terrifying. The idea of being left all alone again was... it made him feel like there was something sharp buried up to the hilt inside his guts, twisting and dragging up to his heart.

It hurt even more than the blades Bill turned him into a skewer with.

"I can see you're troubled with something, and I don't know what it is, and you don't know what it is either...Maybe you should talk to Linda again...I'm sure she can help you understand." Wanda
pressed her head against his, worrying over his still warm temperature.

Seb pouted. Well, he WAS feeling bad right now, with these weird, confusing thoughts...and complex, always indecipherable emotions..."Well, I guess she can...I can write to her." Wanda smiled at him and pulled his face closer to peck his lips. The first kiss since the arrest night.

"We'll get through this, ok? We have to..." The blonde whispered as she hugged him. Things weren't good right now, but she knew Seb, despite his claims that she didn't. She knew that even if he was a 'monster', he was also a good person. Even if he didn't believe it.

"-.-

"MOM! DAD!" Dillon actually pushed the twins out of the way to hug his parents who were about to tiredly drop themselves down on the couch. Some workers of the building left their bags on the floor and retired. Seb and Wanda were still on the first floor, waiting for the lift to come back down because it was already too packed.

He literally sobbed and threw himself on them, they huffed as air was knocked out of their tired forms. "Oh my god!" He squeezed Stan's neck. The man looked down at his oldest son with surprise and ruffled his curls. "It's ok. Woah, I didn't disappear this time..." Stan chuckled.

"Please, please never leave me to babysit again!" Dillon cried, nuzzling his dad's chest. "I don't wanna be an adult yet, I'm a baby!" He was scarred from the experience, ok? Stan stumbled back as his 5.7 ft son clung to him like a monkey.

Kari (who came back from her trip days ago and wasn't aware of the heart attack inducing experience because no one was going to tell her), chuckled as she held the twins' hands, looking around eagerly for their parents.

Seb and Wanda appeared in the elevator, tired looks on their faces until they saw their small babies. "Princess!" "Pumpkin!" The twins squealed and ran towards their parents, sobbing as they clung to them. They have missed them so much!

"Please never leave again!" Zoe whined as she cried and bit her dad nervously. Staying with Diego and Dillon and Phillip and Sasha and Granny was fun, but they missed home now and they wanted to go back to their normal life again! Seb picked Zoe up by her feet and held her over his shoulders, making her scream loudly with joy. Zully was more subdued, but no less excited to snuggle up to their mommy. Wanda looked over and sighed before taking Zoe from Seb. "Don't dangle her like that." She scolded.

Sebastian responded by lifting Wanda into the air with his powers. (Dillon was glad Phillip wasn't here right now.) Wanda yelped. "Put me down, Sebastian!"

"Make me~" He grinned.

He grabbed Zoe back and held her against his shoulder upside down. Zoe didn't notice the looks between her parents and continued laughing as she swung from side to side.

Zully did notice though and flinched a bit. Seb finally put Wanda back on her feet, just in time since Phillip walked into the room.

When Dillon finally released his parents, Phillip approached his boyfriend's parents carrying little Diego. The red haired boy smiled at them. "Hello, Mr. and Mrs. Pines! Good to see you back! Everything went fine?"
"Mommy! Daddy!" Diego wiggled to be put down and clung to Carla's legs first. Stan had noticed how comfortable Diego had been in the teen's arms though and he nodded slowly with a small smile. He approved of that. (Okay, maybe Phillip wasn't too bad. But Stan was still gonna be wary of him, for now. That was his job) "It was...really something..." He glanced at his brother and his wife though. They were fine for now...

Oh hot belgian waffles...He hoped Seb didn't fuck up.

-.

After settling back down into their lives, and after Stan thought Seb was fully recovered from whatever the heck had been wrong with him during their vacation (not that Stan knew Seb was still struggling with it, he was just more afraid of Wanda leaving him and being a bad father to the twins so he was stamping down on his urges.) Stan brought up the idea of going to the school reunion.

"No. " "Come on!" "Go fuck yourself, Stan." "But it's going to be fuunn!"

Seb ran a hand over his face. Fez was once again with this STUPID idea of going to a DUMB class meeting! He already said no years ago! Stan didn't take no for an answer, did he?

"...Please for me?" The grown ass man pouted. Seb narrowed his eye as Ford crossed his arms. "No. Because every time you say that we end up accepting!"

"...Please for me?" Stan pouted harder, almost comically. The other two grimaced, fighting with all their might, but had to give up when Stan pressed. "I can get you a deal with a designer from England AND make the Mystery Shack international~"

"Ok, fine!" Ford threw his arms up in the air, shouting as Seb huffed loudly. "I'll take it, but it offends me!"

-.

The class reunion was, of course, in New Jersey. Just like a few years ago, it was an old classmate who contacted Stanley to tell him about the meeting. She had beaten him up in telling him to not forget to tell Ford and Sebastian. That had been new, but he was still going to try to get them to go anyway, so it didn't change anything. It was actually better this way since it meant that they would be expecting his triplets to come along.

It was a no-partner meeting, so the only people invited were the actual graduates who studied there. Seb was worried about leaving the twins and Wanda, the house would fall apart without him! Carla, since she WAS from their class, came as well. Seb thought it wasn't fair. Carla told him to suck it. They travelled to their old state in first class (according to Seb, the only good thing about this whole thing), and once there, felt himself tugging at his bowtie. Truthfully, he didn't want to be here.

If he remembered correctly, a third of these people here as kids mocked him, another third bullied him and the rest were from the percentage of "too scared to go near him or wanted to ignore him". He glanced up at Ford, who had his hands nicely folded behind his back. He was sure Ford was thinking the same. Maybe this was a waste of time. "Why did we have to come again? I have much more important things to do." Ford beat Seb in asking Stan, who pulled them closer for a group hug.

"Because~ We know that all the people here, except for a few groups of friends, like Carla's" (The
woman has already gone inside to search for her long time friends) "-didn't really… treat you two very well while we were in school~ And what better way TO FLEX on them than shoving your accomplishments in their faces~?!") Stan's eyes glistened with smugness. "So we're going to go in there, eat all the free food we want and show those suckers just how amazing we are and how stupid they were for being bitches to you two!"

"I...I don't know, Stanley, I don't really feel like I want-" Stanford was cut off by Seb's evil laughter. "Oh, let's do it, baby!" Bothering the people here WOULD make him feel better… Seb's petty side was going to rub the salt ALL over those fuckers!

The meeting was being held in the gymnasium, which had been turned into a party room, much like Prom (Not like Seb knew how it looked like). Their school looked exactly the same, it was surreal. But at the same time it left them with a sense of familiarity. Stan wondered how much (or little) was invested into repairing this place. He bet his graffiti in the bathroom stalls and carving on desks were still there.

They found a table and sat down. Seb and Stanford scanned the place. Ford grimaced a little, realizing he couldn't recognize half of the people around them. He'd blame it on his social skills. That he never got to actually meet someone...Or maybe it was them, since they were dicks to him and he never bothered learning their faces.

A few people he recognized were Stan's former high school team who approached them to say hi. None of them continued playing after school, and it showed. Seb looked at them up and down with a judging face. Hah! Athletic bodies from teenagehood gone?! Now what else you have to show off? Beer guts and skinny ass arms is what!

"Stan! Oh god you finally decided to show up!" One of them laughed and punched Stan's shoulder playfully. "Feel blessed with my presence, I just made this boring reunion cooler!" The middle triplet crowed.

Ford and Seb shared a look and they raised their eyebrows at the same time.

"OH hi! Stanford, Sebastian! It's been like, ages, guys!" Another man grinned at them and reached for a handshake. Ford didn't move and with a narrowed eye, Seb bristled, tensing up and glaring at them, waiting for the other man to attack.

"...Oh-kay? No handshake...Well, it was nice seeing you again, guys, see ya around. I'll be over there with my group if you need anything." The man, whose name Seb couldn't remember, walked away and Seb frowned as soon as he left.

"This doesn't feel right..." Seb commented, shifting from side to side nervously as he looked around. "Is-Is this some kind of joke...? That-Ker-Prank'D type of jokes?" He suddenly didn't feel like being all petty. If this was a prank he had to be careful or everything would be used against him! Stan scratched his head confused. "Why do you say that?"

Ford picked up pretty fast what Seb meant, unsurprisingly, because he was nervous as well. "That they're being nice."

And Stan felt his chest suddenly clenching. Just because someone was being nice to them it didn't mean they were plotting something! "I think you're exaggerating." He tried to reassure them. Sure, the people here weren't the nicest, but that was when they were kids! It was well over 20 years ago! Like, 30 years ago!

"Nah, I'm getting out of here. I'm not going to fall for their tricks again!" Seb tried to stand up but
Stan gently but firmly grabbed his arm. "Seb..." He tried. "If people who were mean are suddenly being nice it only means that they either want something, or they're trying to lure you into a false sense of security before attacking!" Seb hissed, eye burning. They already did it to him in elementary, made him think he was invited to play with them only to be attacked with wet and sticky paper balls and gum. Nope. He didn't trust people. It was stupid. He had been stupid. He couldn't trust these people. Humans were disgusting!

"Let me go or I'm burning you." Seb warned with a shaky voice. Stan sighed and changed his grip from a grab to a hug. "Seb," Stan said softly. "I'm here. I won't let them do anything to you, or Ford."

"I don't care about Ford...I care about me..." Seb whined. Stan snorted softly. "Well, I care for both of you idiots. And if they do try something, I'm punching all of them. Got that?" Seb sighed and threw his head back. He guessed. Stan always did everything in his power so kids didn't bother them at school, and they were back at school, so it was his JOB. AND he dragged the two of them here! So it was kinda his fault.

"I guess. Now let me go, you're embarrassing me."

And so the three stayed together. They got some drinks and were chatting and laughing at their table ( kinda ignoring everyone else), Carla came by to annoy them with her friends a couple of times but overall, it was just the three of them...like it used to be.

Seb started relaxing, realizing no one wanted to prank him or hurt him...or Ford, meh. But they were STILL being nice and he didn't get it?? They treated him like SHIT! They literally made him feel like shit. Some of them even told him to go die so they wouldn't have to see his gross face! Some people here had literally bruised him more times that he could count, had tied him up, locked him somewhere, wrote things on his face...Why were they acting so nice now?

A woman he didn't recognize approached him at some point, squealing. "Oh my god! Sebastian?!" She ran up to him before he could act like he didn't see her and she hugged him tight. He tensed up. "OH my god! It's been so freaking long since I last saw you!" She pulled away. "You remember me?! Rita, we shared classes like, millions of times! I also met your wife once! Like, she was...um, super nice and I bet she's wonderful and she's so pretty now! I saw your marriage on TV, let me say, you're SO original and I'm amazed by your designs!"

Seb tried hard to keep up with how fast she was speaking...Right...How awful. She saw his wedding?! "Yeah..." They were standing up, trapped Seb as he was getting a drink, so she dragged him to the table she had been in.

Um, guys?! I'm being KIDNAPPED!

She was still chattering excitedly at him about how she'd seen his designs and simply loved his dresses and was SO thrilled to see him again. Seb was still wondering who the fuck this was. He just stared at her blankly and tried to remember. His memory was good, but there was so much his brain could hold if he didn't give a fuck about the person. "Hey." Seb interrupted her talking about how she'd gotten into fashion design too and could totally help him out, if he was interested in a partnership. "Aren't you that girl who kicked sand in my eye and called me a faggot?"

She gasped. "Wh-What?! N-No! I didn't do that!" She cried. Seb snapped his fingers and pointed at her. "Nah! I know who you are now! You're that girl who called me a freak after seeing me with my lip bleeding and you spread that rumor that I drank people's blood in 8th grade!" The woman paled deadly white.
"I...I'm so sorry for that...I was just super dumb and we were kids, you know? We all did very stupid things..." She winced.

Seb nodded his head very slowly. "Right..." He backed away from her. "I'm seriously very sorry, Sebastian..." She was frowning desperately and Seb realized what this was all about. It was the second option. They weren't nice to play a prank, they wanted to get stuff from him, like...Iván did... and he seriously didn't know which one was worse... "You're only talking to me because I've made a name for myself in the fashion industry and you want to leech off me." Seb pointed out. The woman flushed. "What?! How can you even say that?" She cried in offense. Seb shrugged. "Well, I know for a fact that I haven't seen your work around anywhere. Nor have I heard of you. Which company are you even with? Which brand? Do you even have one?" He verbally jabbed at her.

The woman jerked back at each sentence. "T-that-" She shook. "I-I'm with a company! I'm doing well too!" Even if she hadn't been able to sell any designs... Seb could pick up on that unspoken comment. He scoffed. "Right, well. I'm not in the market for any new workers or partners at the moment. Now if you'll excuse me, I'm getting another drink." He turned on his heel and stormed away.

Stanford was slowly breathing, trying to keep his breathing under control. Stupid Stanley! Where the fuck was he?! So much for staying with them, huh?! Sebastian got lost in the crowd and Stanley was pulled away by Carla's friends who were singing loudly and kinda drunkenly. He rested his chin on his hands and sulked. He hated parties...He didn't even want to see these people, he didn't want to come, but Stan insisted. He wasn't friends with anyone here. No one had wanted to be his friend, and after he actively stopped trying, he was the loner who was always clinging to his triplets. He had friends in Gravity Falls. Did they seriously come all the way up here to chat with his brothers? They could have done that anywhere!

"Hey, lonely guy~ Mind if I take a seat?" That sounded friendly, but it pissed Ford off a little, because of the sad train of thought he was having. He looked up and saw a smiling redheaded woman who sat next to him without warning.

Who was she? He barely knew them as teens, how was he supposed to recognize them as adults?!

"By your blind look I'll say you don't remember me, but that's fine~ my face isn't in the papers regularly~ I'm Cathy!"

Ford blinked. "Crenshaw?" He guessed. "The only one~" He blushed a little. Right. Of all the people here it had to be this woman!

"He-Greetings..." he extended a hand to shake, before pulling it back and hiding it behind his back again. Nope! The woman noticed the gesture and reached for his hand. "Please, don't think I'm like how I was when we were kids, it was decades ago, everyone grows up and mature." She shook hands, to Ford's shock.

"So, how's you been? I saw your work and wow, you're simply a genius." She chuckled. "You've always been, to be honest, I knew you'd be great!" Ford rubbed his neck. "Thanks...How...are you?" He asked, not sure what to say in this case. After all, what was he supposed to say to the person he used to crush on until she screamed when he tried to hold her hand?

"Im ok. I work as an Industrial Engineer... Supervise production in a company, but too much about me, how are you? Are you married? Any kids?"

"U-Uh, no, just...my niblings." Ford admitted. "Ah, I bet you're the favorite uncle!" They talked for
a bit more, Ford discovered she got a divorce "because Jeffry was a dick" and her daughter was just
starting college. Ford sheepishly told her he hadn't even dated anyone, being too busy with his
work. He blushed hard when she gasped in shock, kind of dramatically. "How can you be single?! You're very handsome! Only a dumbass would ignore you. I know I used to be one..." She sighed.
"Your work is important, but don't you get lonely? You always did spend all your free time on
school work..." Ford shrugged. He didn't see why it was such a problem.

"It would be nice to hang out! You know, catch up with the other~ Like, I was a horrible kid and I
feel horrible for what I did...I'd like to try again...to actually get to know you." She sighed.

Ford looked around the place. He didn't want to socialize! Where were his brothers?! But Cathy
seemed pretty earnest and Ford didn't want to be rude and shoot her down on just talking. She was
trying to reach out to him, and Ford shouldn't always assume the worst of people...

"I can do that, yeah." Ford sent her a small, awkward smile (weapons and fighting monsters was
still easier than human interaction). Cathy reciprocated with a big smile of her own. "Let's go get
some drinks."

Eventually more people joined on the table. They all seemed to want to know about his life, and
his work, and "Oh wow! You must earn A LOT!"

" Eh...I guess?" Ford rubbed the back of his head. He got paid really well for his research papers
yeah but he wasn't as obsessed with money as Stanley was. Cathy laughed and waved a half drunk
cup at them. "Oh please~ Do you know who you're talking to?! This man right here is a genius!
And very handsome too~" She grinned at Ford, who blushed slightly as this comment.

Meanwhile, as promised, Stan was showing off his little brother to everybody. After Seb freed
himself from that woman, he found himself surrounded by STUPID, FAKE BITCHES who wanted
to talk to him. He couldn't believe they were being nice just because. Everyone here just wanted to
be on his good side because it was convenient for them. Well, too bad! Everyone here was on his
bad side! FUCK THEM!

He had been SO close to their table when Stan grabbed him by his arm and dragged him to his
group of friends. No, no~! Seb didn't want to talk to these people anymore! "So there we were at
our wedding, right? Two drinks on my hand! Seb here daring me to go!" Stan punched his brother's
arm as he exhaled the smoke from his cigarette. He wasn't one to smoke too much, but he could
take one if offered.

Seb narrowed his eye at him. That dumb Fez. He smoked with his friends since high school. He'll
snitch on Carla, she didn't like Stan smoking! That's if, he found her... Seb couldn't tell where
Carla was, there were so many people-

He looked around to see if Sixer was suffering like he was. He found his oldest brother absolutely
surrounded by women all cooing over him. Seb's jaw dropped. What?! What?! WHAT!?

He slapped Stan on the back, knocking his cigarette out of his mouth. "DUDE! Check it!" He
pulled on Stan's face and the middle triplet's jaw dropped as well. "WHAHT?!" Seb nodded.
"Yeah, my response too."

The two stared as Ford chattered about some nerdy science thing... and the women all nodded
along, most of them not really understanding but wanting to seem interested. One of them was
simply gazing dreamily at Ford with a blush on her cheeks. "Wow... this... is really happening?"
Stan scratched his chin.
As they watched, some of the women began subtly elbowing each other to try and get a better spot closer to the oblivious scientist. One of them rested unmoving though, the one on Ford's right with light brown hair and green eyes.

"They're going to eat him..." Seb whispered, horrified by the unusual sight. He was still convinced these people were just using them, so those women definitely wanted something from him! Why else would they be circling his brother like sharks?! There was one sitting way too close to him!

(If it wasn't a job or money, they were trying to go for something else his naive, innocent brother couldn't give to anyone!)

"Stan, we gotta help him!" Seb pulled at his arm. Stan shook his head to get rid of his shock. Pulled out another cigarette (because the other was rudely knocked out!) and lit it up with a smirk. "I think he's doing just fine~ Lucky him, he's single. All the ladies want a piece of 'im!" He blew the smoke at his brother's face.

"Eewww~" Seb whined and waved his hands around his face. He didn't want that getting inside his meatsack, thank you. Fine, if Fez didn't help, he'd help Fordsie on his own! And so he marched up to the table.

"Stanford Pines. I came to rescue you." Seb declared, standing next to Ford. Ford looked up at him and smiled. "Hey, there you are! I thought you disappeared."

"I wish." Seb hissed. He looked at the women, no recognition in his eye, but all of them waved with a huge smile. "Hi, Sebastian!" "Oh my god, you look great~" "It's being so freaking long! How are you?!"

"I have a wife, stop." He huffed and looked at Ford again. "Can we go now? I'm bored."

"Whaat? But the meeting has just started!" The green eyed woman next to Ford looked at Seb with a pout.

"And you are?" Seb raised an eyebrow. "Cathy Crenshaw, it's so nice to see you again, Sebastian."

"Uh huh."

"Yeah and Stanford was telling us about his job!" Another woman smiled. "You're so lucky to have such an intelligent brother~ I'd love to have someone as intelligent as him in my life~"

Seb grinned as he looked at Ford. "Yeah, I wouldn't call him intelligent...Moveee~" He pulled at Ford's arm but he didn't move. Ford shook him off. "Let me go, Sebastian." Cathy glared at Seb with a look that made him step back a few steps. "I'm attempting to socialize." Ford explained in a quiet voice.

He looked at a woman "You were telling about the latest project you've been working on." Ford said before looking up at Seb. "She's an ecologist." he explained. "Yay..." The woman clapped, thrilled to have been included. Seb pulled a nearby chair (making the man at that other table yelp as he fell to the floor) and moodily sat behind Ford. "Fine, but I'm going to supervise."

Cathy hummed before nodding. "Yeah, please Diana, tell us!"

"Oh, right!" Diana smiled, glad that she caught his interest and started explaining how she specialized on climate change and how she worked on measuring the alteration in precipitation and temperature and other boring things Seb didn't care about.
He seriously wanted to go back home. He was so bored! He could either go hang with Stan's friends who were smoking and talking about games and sports, or be here, in science class. He missed Wanda, at least he'd feel less annoyed with the world if she was here with him.

Or maybe he wouldn't...With how she was suddenly trying to force him to be 'kinder' and 'nicer' when he had already decided he wouldn't follow anyone's rules, an anarchist! But Wanda and her stupid rules-!

He sighed and dug his nails into his hand and scratched it hard to have something to do, leg moving up and down as his body itched.

Ford, on the other hand, seemed very interested in what she was talking about. Her job sounded so important and it made him think a lot about his own research. Yes, technology was amazing and all, but it couldn't be done from exploiting the planet... He remembered what Mabel told him about the dinosaurs underground melting sooner than later. The declining health of their planet and all sorts of awful things happening to the environment.

In what world where they are going to live in a couple years if everything was getting polluted and contaminated? If the air was full of toxins in some parts of the world? Bill told him he would be the "man who changed the world"...Maybe it was another one of his lies, but it didn't mean he couldn't do it!

"You look pensive~" Cathy casually held his hand. Ford didn't even notice and smiled. "I am thinking... And Diana just gave me an idea!" He missed the way Cathy glared at the ecologist when he smiled at her.

He had to talk to Fiddleford! They were going to save the planet! With science!

Sebastian had enough. He was too bored. He winced at his red hand (skin damaged but not enough to bleed), and then stared at some other people and grinned evilly. They bothered him, it was just fair he repaid the favor~
"Ow! Miss, he pulled my chair!" "Silence, Sebastian!"

He pulled a chair back with his powers and a woman fell back, screaming. Some people laughed, others helped her and she huffed in annoyance as she searched for who did it. Seb grinned. Oh, this was fun.

"Ow! You're hurting me!" "That's what you get for being a freak!" They pulled his hair harder.

He yanked at the hair of another woman with his powers. She screamed and pushed the one who fell. "Why did you pull my hair! I didn't pull your chair, bitch!" "I didn't do anything!"

"They-they kicked my stomach..." The nurse sighed. "You must have done something, it's your own fault."

He pulled a table towards a walking man. The sharp border perfectly hit him in the stomach and he wheezed in pain. The drinks and some snacks there spilled and nicely landed over another person who gasped as they tried to clean their ruined suit.

"Why don't you fucking get rid of your disgusting eye before talking to me again?! Ew!"

He grinned widely when a woman screamed, the top of her dress magically loosened and yanked down. "Oops~" Seb chuckled softly. Someone got rid of her disgusting zipper~ She covered her chest and one of her friends turned around to punch at the first man behind her. "The fuck is wrong with you?!" He roared. "I didn't do anything!" "Oh, you were always a pervert, Louis!"

He broke her horrible heel, just for the heck of it! She fell over and pulled down a tablecloth while screaming.

Now, who was going to get accidentally burnt for smoking and drinking? Eenie~ Meenie~ Miney~

Seb squeaked when Stan dropped a hand onto his shoulder. "Seb! What are you doing?" Stan hissed at him. Seb tried to look innocent. "What? I was nowhere near-"

"Bullshit. Seb." He did this exact same thing back during their trip. "If you're THAT bored, just... go meet up with old friends or something?" Stan tried. Seb seethed. "What friends? My bullies? Your friends who spoke behind my back?! Everyone here hated me. And I don't like them either. I didn't want to come here, I never did, you just made a deal with me..." Stan winced. "Seb..."

"No. No! I'm DONE. I'm leaving! I should have never come!" Seb huffed and shoved his brother off him before storming off. There was nothing here except people who irritated him. Everything about this irritated him. He just... couldn't deal with it. He couldn't just... pretend that none of these people had been utterly awful to him as a child. He hadn't even heard any of them sincerely apologize for traumatizing him to the point he needed fucking therapy! Seb hissed between his teeth. He wasn't going to forgive them. He didn't NEED to. Linda once told him that accepting that awful stuff happening to him and moving on was NOT the same as forgiving the people who hurt him. Forgiveness isn't something to be given just because 'it's the right thing to do' because that was bullshit. He didn't have to forgive them. He wasn't going to be forced to. He stormed off, slamming the door behind him as he went back to the hotel room they were sharing.

Stan rubbed his face. How stupid...He just thought, he assumed...Seb had been all sensitive and emotional right now...He was going to apologize when he returned to the hotel after this...

Seb made his way to the hotel, he was just going to walk back. He didn't care about anything. It was late and cold, but he couldn't care less. If someone tried to rob him he'd just kill them. He wasn't in the mood to deal with them.
Why did he have to come. He had left this place to never come back (except for Matsuda), this place wasn't a fun place for vacation! He lived the worst years of his human life here, he lost his Dad here...

(Even prison wasn't as bad!)

Seb couldn't help the sad humorless chuckle that left his lips. His family always seemed to be adopted...Liam, Matsuda...He was tired. This place drained him, wanted to bring him down and kill him, like it originally planned. If not at the hands of Filbrick, then of his bullies who were lucky the Axolotl was keeping him from dying...

He slumped on the sidewalk and took a deep breath with his eye closed. Well, at least Ford was having fun? Maybe he could forgive them, he technically excluded himself. He could have made friends, people didn't hate him for existing.

He was tempted to go throw some rocks at Filbrick's window and running away, or maybe even burning the place, but he didn't have the energy. So, against his vindictive and evil self, he just went to his hotel. Calling Wanda made him feel better. Despite their little disagreements, he still loved her, and a LOT.

She was even nice enough to not tell him 'I told you so'. "I don't even know why I agreed...The only good thing that I got from that school was you." He grumbled as he complained. Wanda took it as a compliment. "Love you. See you tomorrow." "See ya, say hi to the girls for me…"

Stan did apologize for forcing Seb to come, later that night when he and Ford returned from the reunion. It didn't really make Seb feel any better.

What DID make Seb feel better was teaming up with Stan to tease Ford over all the women's phone numbers he'd somehow acquired. Poor Ford didn't understand why they were making such a big deal of it, he was simply going to talk to Cathy and Diana about their work! And his therapist HAD told him to socialize more. Wasn't this good?!

"Dude..." Sebastian deadpanned at him. "You know those women just want to get into your pants, right?" At his lost look, Seb sighed exasperated. "They wanna bang you, fuck you, *copulate with ya*~ In more nerd terms..."

"What?!" Ford blinked like the owl he was, not quite comprehending. "But we're not dating!"

"Pfth! We're adults now. Ya don't have to date someone to wanna fuck 'em." Was Stan's eloquent reply. Ford turned red and hid his face in his hands. "T-that can't be it! I haven't even given off any signs that I was interested in them!"

The two younger triplets sighed. "You poor, poor baby." Those women really were going to eat him alive. Seb even used his powers to look up those women, see what their ulterior motives were... and... yeah. A lot of them had married right out of high school or college and gotten divorced years later when they realized things weren't working out between them and their husbands. And now they were looking for a nice man to get together with. In their youth they'd gone for the 'bad boys', the sport stars, handsome hunks, the alpha male types... and things hadn't worked out between them. So now, they wanted an intelligent and... meeker kind of man. And his poor, innocent triplet had caught their eye. Ford had always been somewhat shy and timid, but he was respectful. That, along with the fact that he grew up to be incredibly handsome and successful meant that to those now single women, Ford was the perfect catch.

Seb shook his head. Humans were scary when trying to find a partner. Yeesh. And all for sex! How
primitive, really.

He tried to warn Ford about it, but his brother merely said that perhaps he could actually give this a try… *maybe*. He couldn't deny that… maybe he wanted to try things with Cathy again… just… to try it out, see what all this crazy dating thing Mabel has been telling him was all about. His brothers had all talked about how wonderful having a partner was. And even if Ford didn't really see the appeal himself, he figured that as a scientist, he should test it out.

Seb let him. It'd be fun to see him inevitably fail~

Chapter End Notes

So poor Dillon almost died that day XD

And Ford...no comments *sigh*
Chapter 19: Christmas Special

Snow came early this year.

Dillon, freezing even under his 2 jackets, watched his little brother run and throw snow around. He still didn’t like babysitting, and he was freezing to death here, but like hell he was taking his eyes off Diego after his near heart attack from losing his brother over the summer.

All to win good boy points to make his parents agree to Dillon and Phillip’s plan…

Phillip was doing the same with his parents. He didn’t have little siblings to babysit and act good, but he was cleaning around the house, he volunteered to take out the trash without anyone asking him to, and even volunteered to help in his parents’ church to wrap donated gifts to kids from a foster home. He thought their church was cool, it wasn’t one of those conservative, old-fashioned and discriminatory ones, the priest was a young man and he was kinda cool and accepted everyone (though his methods to get close to the younger ones were kinda cringy when he tried to be ‘hip to the jive’), but Phillip wasn’t one to go to church all the time.

Still, it was all done so his mom’s friends would go “Aaawww! You have such a nice son~!” “He’s such a handsome young man!” “So sweet and kind!” And once his mommy heard just how amazing he was and how lucky she was to have him as her son…. well, Phillip wanted to ask for something big from them.

At some point, his parents realized he wasn’t doing it just from the kindness of his heart from being infested by Christmas spirit. “What do you want, kid?” Jerry deadpanned at his son as he handed them all some hot chocolate with homemade cookies he made himself during dinner.

“Me~~~? Can’t a very busy boy decide to spend some time with his dear mom and dad??” Phillip put a hand over his chest, faking offense.

"You aren't one to do things without being asked" His dad huffed. "Excuse me, I'm going to be a doctor, the epitome of selfless servitude~" Phillip whined.

His mom snorted into her mug. “Really, if I was seven I might fall for that.” She wiped her face neatly. “So what do you want, Philly?”

The red headed boy huffed and dropped the act. His arms fell to his side and he took a deep breath. "So~You know how I've been dating Dillon for like 2 years now~"

"No. You can't get married at this age." His mom, Sam, frowned.

"What? No! We don't wanna get married yet!" Phillip wrinkled his nose. "I mean like, you know Dillon is really amazing and he makes me very happy. You have met him, and his parents know me, Mrs. Pines was very glad I babysat Diego while they were out."

And they lost the boy, but he didn't plan to mention that!

"So~ Dillon's family isn't traveling for the holidays so Dillon and I were thinking if we could please, please, please, please, PLEASE spend Christmas together? I mean, both our families? Here?" Phillip grinned widely.

Sam and Jerry blinked at him. "Aren't they like... Jewish, Phillip?" Jerry raised an eyebrow.
The young man made a face. "I mean, yeah?? But people still celebrate Christmas? Not religiously, just as a holiday? I mean, it represents a time to share and be with family, and even if you don't believe in the story behind it, we can still celebrate it!" He argued to his thoughtful looking parents.

"Please?" Phillip begged. Jerry sighed. "Well… as long as his family is okay with it. I don’t… wanna offend them.” Sam nudged her husband. “Hush you. I think it might be nice to meet Dillon’s family. Our boys have been together for a while now, I’m surprised I haven’t met them.”

"So is that a yes??!!" The younger red-headed man squealed and his dad massaged his temples. "Alright. Fine…I guess we can invite them over…"

"YYYYEEEEESSSSSSSSSS!" Sam laughed at her son's enthusiasm and watched as Jerry grabbed his shirt to pull him closer.

"BUT. I want your boyfriend's direct family, yeah? Not his entire army of family. Not his triplets." Jerry said sternly.

"But I like Dillon's uncles!" Phillip protested.

Sam thought about it before replying. "I think it's better if we meet Stanley and Carla first, before meeting the rest of their family. I’d prefer if this was more direct and personal." She explained calmly. “If you and Dillon want to stay together or get more serious, it would be nice to get to know my future siblings-in-law.”

Phillip flushed. “Moooom~!”

Jerry rolled his eyes. "What a baby~ Now bring me more chocolate."

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Once Phillip confirmed it from his side, it was time for Dillon to do his part. All his good deeds led to this very moment.

While Stan was very confusedly trying to understand Diego ramble about the plot of some children cartoons, and his mom laid on him and checked her phone, Dillon sat next to Stan and smiled.

"Holy god, guys, you know?! Soooo random~~ Phillip has JUST told me out of the blue that his parents are inviting us over for Christmas! Isn't that so cool?! It isn't like I've been planning this with him for months or anything!" Dillon grinned.

"For Christmas?" Carla asked as Stan covered Diego's mouth to stop babbling. "We don't have to buy presents, do we? We're already wasting enough money for Hanukkah with your mom's side!"

"Phillip!!" Diego squealed, pulling his dad's huge hand off his face. He wanted to hang out with his brother's boyfriend some more. Phillip was fun! And Christmas? Diego saw Christmas stuff on TV and his cousin Mabel liked to celebrate the gift giving part, and that was really cool because he got presents! but Diego never had a real Christmas before.

"I wanna cel-brate Christmas with Phillip! Why dun we have Christmas?" Diego questioned his parents with a very serious look on his young face.

Stan grimaced and looked at Carla so she could respond. "Because we celebrate other things, Diego.” Carla said plainly.
"But why!"

"Because we do." Stan grumbled.

Diego wrinkled his nose. "But if we don't cel-brate Christmas, Santa is never going to come..." At his sad pout, Stan softened a little. "Well, I told you he skips our house because your nice dad and mom already give you presents, right? So we don't have to celebrate it."

"But...I want to get a present from Santa too..."

Dillon coughed loudly. "Eh hem!!" He glared. "We were talking about ME~!" He wasn’t sure why his parents still kept up the idea of Santa, even when they didn’t even celebrate. Also, he wasn’t sure if his dad was just being stingy by pretending Santa didn’t visit because they already bought presents.

“We heard you, honey.” Carla chuckled. “You want us to meet Phillip’s family.” Dillon flushed. “Y-yeah. I just thought… it would be fun… you know, hanging out with them for the holidays.”

“Is your grandma invited?” Carla asked with a raised eyebrow. Dillon nodded. “Of course! Granny is the matriarch of the family! She HAS to come.”

Stan and Carla snorted. Matriarch indeed. Carla knew that Kari could still boss Stan around whenever she wanted. Or any of his brothers for that matter.

It'd be fun to see that someday~

"Well, I think meeting them is a great idea, I don't know why we haven’t done that yet. We didn't invite them to our wedding?” She looked at her husband, who shrugged like the useless man he was, and groaned. "Why didn't we?"

"Phillip says his parents would have been too embarrassed anyway. You know, 'famous party'." Dillon rolled his eyes. Sure, the wedding was pretty wild, but it wasn’t that bad... was it?

"Well, I guess we can make up for that for Christmas, yes. But we're still going to your grandparents’ for Hanukkah." Carla agreed and Stan had no other choice but to cross his arms. "Ok fine, I guess! But I'm not giving more presents!"

Dillon squealed and hugged his parents tightly.

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Stan parked in front of the Abbott's house with a grumble. It was nicely decorated with colorful Christmas lights. The first thing he had noticed was that it was a good neighborhood, then that the house was very nice and big. Good. Point for ginger boy.

Diego held tight to the present for Phillip (because he wanted to give it to him, much to Dillon's annoyance), while Carla held the presents for his parents.

Stan was glad they were only three! Carla couldn’t believe he was this stingy about things like this. He literally had money coming out his sleeves!

"I hope you behave!" Dillon poked Diego's belly as Stan picked his smaller kid up. Diego scoffed. "YOU behave! I'm good!" the four year old sassed back.

Dillon poked his stomach again, this time with two fingers and harder and Diego smacked him in
the face with a whine. "Ow!" Dillon glared at the toddler. "Hey! Stop it you two or we’re going home!" Carla called back to them and Kari sent them a glare.

The boys quickly settled down and tried to look innocent. Stan sniggered before Carla nudged him. “You, however, will still have to go and meet Phillip’s parents even if the boys get sent home.” Stan settled down too, not wanting to be left alone with the Abbotts. They were only staying for the whole afternoon and evening today on Christmas. They planned to leave around or before midnight, only because Dillon wanted to stay longer and Carla didn’t want to impose on the other family for too long. Also, Diego was probably going to fall asleep long before that. So frankly, their time here was dependent on how long Diego stayed awake. (Hence why Dillon insisted on Diego taking a nap beforehand, so he would be awake much longer.)

So the group of five walked over to the door and rang the doorbell. It took a few seconds for it to be flung open and reveal an older ginger man standing there, looking awkward but trying to give a true smile.

"Hello, you must be the Pines. I'm Jerr-"

"Babyy!!! Merry Christmas!" Phillip squealed when he saw his boyfriend standing at the door and rushed to pick him up, holding him by his waist. Phillip easily picked Dillon up and kissed the tip of his lips. "Merry Christmas to you too~" Dillon purred. "We did it."

"We totally did it!" Phillip put him back on his feet and held up a mistletoe. "You know, this is a very, very important tradition in Christmas...Will you help me fulfill it?" Phillip raised an eyebrow in a way that made Dillon moan internally.

"Oh, I'm sure I can try my best~" He leaned closer to get a better kiss when suddenly both boys were abruptly separated from each other by Stan's broad figure. "HeLLO, Phillip kid! Nice house! You’ll let us come in, won't you!?"

Dillon glared at his dad as he handed him a squirming Diego, who was wrapped in lots of jackets, mittens, a scarf and his hat. He looked like a marshmallow, with how puffy he was.

"Dillon, help me! Want them off!" Diego wiggled his arms to prove they were useless. He wanted to be freed from his cloth prison.

Stan was slightly taller than Jerry and he smiled at him. "Stanley Pines." He introduced himself with a handshake. Jerry smiled back, “Jerry Abbot.” Stan noted that the man’s handshake was firm but not too tight. Eh… acceptable.

"I-I've seen you play, big fan." Jerry admitted.

"Oh really?" Stan raised an eyebrow. Was he just trying to flatter him?

...well that was fine! Stan loved having his ego stroked.

"Oh please, don't stay there standing there! Please take a seat!" Sam came out of the kitchen in a hurry, nudging her husband on her way for not inviting them in, it was rude to leave guests on the doorstep out in the cold.

"You must be Carla! Hi! It's a pleasure to meet you! I’m Sam." Sam hugged the curly haired woman and Carla returned the gesture, their interaction much more friendly in nature. "Oh, I know! It's great to finally meet you!" They separated and Carla presented her mother-in law. "Kari Pines, she's Stanley's mother."
Then more hugs and smiles were given.

"Oh yes, Phillip talked about you, Mrs. Pines. What was the word you used, honey?" Sam looked at Phillip, who was struggling not to laugh while Diego tried to drag him away to color with him and Dillon trying to pull Diego away from his boyfriend. ""Matriarch!"" The two older boys said at the same time. Kari burst out laughing, well it was true.

"Diego, come on! I struggled a lot to make this possible!" Dillon complained, trying to pry his little brother off his boyfriend. "But I wanna play with Phillip!" Diego whined, holding on to Phillip’s hand like a vice. "Find your own boyfriend!" Dillon scoffed. "Ew!!"

Phillip sighed dramatically. This was what he got for being so irresistible~ He reached out his free hand to take Dillon’s. “How about we all go in, take your jackets off, and play together?” He truly had the patience of a saint. But he broke his calm vibe by laughing at Dillon and Diego’s identical deadpan expressions. “Come on you two.” He rolled his eyes and walked off, a Pines boy on each arm.

Stan and Jerry blinked at the exchange and, as his son was trying to do, Jerry invited them to take off their jackets and please sit down. He led the adults towards the living room and Stan's quick brown eyes were scanning the place for goodies. Not to steal, he didn't do that anymore~ But to know stuff. Material things were everything!!

So far, those couches, the rug and the decorations on the glass table looked expensive. So they were pretty well off. There were… dozens of nutcrackers, lining the tops of cabinets, tables, the ground as well. Stan raised an eyebrow. Who the heck owned this many nutcrackers? There was a well decorated tree in the corner of the living room, surrounded by more nutcrackers.

Sam gasped and ran back to the kitchen to bring the cookies she made for everyone. Carla and Kari accompanied her to the kitchen to help her, so Stan found himself alone with Jerry again.

"Hey...so, what do you do for a living?" He started a polite conversation as he casually followed Diego with his eyes. Wouldn't want that clumsy boy breaking something and having to pay for it. He was examining the Christmas tree, so, so far nothing bad. “Also. Ah… what’s… with the nutcrackers?"

Jerry burst out laughing, loud, as Phillip groaned embarrassed and hid his face on his boyfriend's chest. Dillon raised a curious eyebrow at him.

"Oh it’s a funny story really.” Jerry grinned. “When Phillip was younger, we took him to see that ballet, and he really loved it. So much that he begged for a nutcracker for Christmas. From everyone. Us, his aunts and uncles, even to Santa.” Phillip was covering his face, “Daaaaaaaad!!”

“So we all got him a nutcracker. And the next year, Phillip wanted nutcrackers again. So we got more. It continued for a few years until he finally outgrew it, but at that point it’d become a tradition, so we just keep getting nutcrackers for Christmas.”

Dillon was trying to hold back his laughter as Phillip practically sobbed on his chest, his face extremely red from embarrassment. "DAAADDDDD!"

"What? You were adorable!" Jerry snickered. "You liked to have them in your room too!"

“When-When I was six!! Y-you arranged them all in my ROOM yesterday! Christmas Eve! While I was asleep!” Phillip cried. “I woke up to find myself surrounded! They were ALL staring at me!!!” He was almost terrified out of his mind!
"""HAHAHAHAHAHAHAAAA!!"""" Dillon and Stan couldn't hold back laughter anymore and just wiped their happy tears.

"Oh my, I know what I'm dressing as for Halloween now…” Dillon whispered at his boyfriend, who screamed again.

"I just thought the ballet dancer was cuteee!” Phillip sobbed. Curse that dancer playing the nutcracker being so goddamn handsome for baby gay him!

After he finished laughing at Phillip, a healthy dose necessary to cope with him dating his boy, Stan got back on topic. “So, what do you do? You're obviously quite well off to afford all these nutcrackers.” There were some large ones here, and Stan could smell the expensive wood and craftsmanship.

"Oh, I'm a surgeon."

Right, Stan finally remembered Phillip telling him that. But he liked having the confirmation. Also, He HAD run a background check. But hearing it from the man directly meant Stan could judge him. How confident he sounded, how proud of his career he seemed...

Good. Stan liked that.

"Mr. Phillip's dad! Santa comes today or he came in the morning? You said Phillip asked for a nutcracker!” Diego looked around. "Your chimmey is closed!! How will he come?!!

“Oh, don’t worry. Santa’s very resourceful.” Jerry grinned. “He can get in using maaagic~”

“Dad…” Jerry’s grin made Phillip groan. Jerry shrugged. “Well Santa IS magic. That’s just how it is.”
Diego “Ooooh”ed. “So he’s a wizard.” He scrunched his face up to think, "Maybe he makes portals! Like the one my daddy and uncle Ford used to go to travel into space."

Stan stood up, laughing loud and awkward as he waved at his youngest. "Hah! Diego, why don't you go check on your mom huh!!?? I think she’s got cookies!"

"Ok!" Diego skipped away to find his mommy and Stan looked at Jerry with a nervous look. However, the other man didn't think much about it. "He has a very wild imagination."

"You have no idea."

Dillon sighed in relief as he stroked Phillip's locks on their spot on a couch. He needed to have a talk with Diego about keeping his yap shut. Real magic and stuff was a secret. Though… Dillon looked over at his boyfriend. He… he could tell Phillip, once he was sure Phillip wouldn’t freak out over something like that.

He had to prepare him for the news, wouldn't want him to have a panic attack.

Finally, Stan was saved when the women came back with snacks and drinks. Diego felt very useful helping to carry two plates. How cute, in fact, Phillip cooed at him for it.

They didn't need to move to the table as it was just snacks, but Jerry finally decided to help by serving hot chocolate for everyone. Everyone sat down, Diego happily took a seat between his big brother and Phillip, but the ginger boy gently reassured Dillon with a hand squeeze.

As Diego nibbled on a cookie and admired the cute Christmas decorations, Sam thanked the Pines for accepting their invitation this holiday which was the perfect time to share and see their families together. "Please enjoy! We'll have lunch after this, is that alright?" Everyone nodded. Kari was sipping her hot chocolate elegantly, lounging on her chair like the queen she was.

They started talking about themselves and their families, while Diego just munched cookies and the young couple happily nuzzled each other. After he finished, Diego was covered in crumbs and stood up to play with the toys he brought.

"Diego!" Carla warned but Sam waved it off. "No, let him be, he's just a little boy~" She cooed at him. "I miss when Philly was that age, he used to be so cute~"

"Excuse me, used to ??" Phillip gasped. "I have to disagree, Mrs. Abbott, Phillip is still pretty cute." Dillon said solemnly. "Thank you, baby!"

Stan and Jerry rolled their eyes at the same time.

"Eh, so, you have siblings or something? You must know I have 3 brothers" Stan asked just to change the topic. "Carla doesn’t have siblings, but cousins are cool too. Holidays are always pretty loud!"

"Yeah, we spent Hanukkah with them a few days ago actually, it was nice." Carla complemented.

Jerry and Sam looked at Phillip before looking back at the Pines. "Well, I have 2 siblings, Sam has 4 siblings…"

"Oh really? You didn't tell me you had a big family too!" Dillon narrowed his eyes at his boyfriend who sighed. "Well, we don't really…see each other."

Stan frowned a little bummed out and glanced at the other parents. "You’re on bad terms with
them, huh? Yeah, I know what that feels…" He grimaced at the thought of what his extended family thought of him and his triplets. Yeah, he didn’t visit his dad’s side of the family. Ever. Not once, he didn’t have to. Heck, he didn't even know if his father was alive!

The mention of their family made the table go silent and the awkward silence was making everyone uncomfortable. Luckily, Diego came back bouncing and pulled at his mom's sweater. "I'm hungry!!"

"Oh! Don't worry, you little sweetheart! You're going to eat now!" Sam cooed at him. Now that the cookies were eaten, they decided to move to the dining room for the real lunch. Sam didn't want to leave the adorable child waiting.

"He's very well-behaved for a 4 year old." Sam congratulated Carla.

"HAH!" Dillon couldn't help but exclaim, earning a slap on the shoulder from Phillip. "You have no right to say anything." Carla laughed. "You only behaved when you felt like it. This-" She motioned around. "Wouldn't have been possible with you at Diego's age."

Diego sent his brother the smuggest look a four year old could make. Everyone chuckled a bit and it was Dillon's time to blush.

"I thought you were hilarious." Stan reassured him but Dillon sneered. "How would YOU know? You weren't even here." He said like a brat because he felt embarrassed. Phillip squeezed his hand with his eyes wide while Carla and Kari glared at the teen.

Stan nodded slowly. "You're right, you're right… I don’t think I should comment about it if I only saw some videos…Hey! Now that I remember, I bought champagne, Carla where did I put it? I didn't leave it in the car, did I?" He stood up with a smile. Everyone relaxed, seeing as he didn’t seem upset about Dillon’s slip. For his part, Dillon winced. “Dad-- I didn’t mean it like that…”

“It’s fine. It’s true after all.” Stan waved him off as he headed to the kitchen. “Where’s yer bottle opener? I’m gonna need that once I find the champagne.”

Everyone looked at each other. Kari, who knew Stan best out of everyone, sighed and stood up. “I’m going to talk to him.” She told them all before heading out. She found her son in his car, with his face buried in his arms. “Stanny?” Kari opened the door and slid in beside him. Stan breathed, “I…Is it wrong that I want to punch Sebastian and Ford right now? There is so much I missed… so much I can never get back…” And part of him couldn’t help but blame his triplets for that, just a little. Ford for being stupid enough to build the damn thing, Seb for shoving them all in. (And William’s note on how 13 years had already passed on the other side, and they couldn’t be sent back until they were time synched, that also sucked. Fuck the time-bullshit, he would have been fine with screwing up the timeline!)

Kari sighed and gently rubbed his shoulders. "Beating yourself up about it or blaming your brothers won’t change the past, Lee. It already happened, and you have your sons NOW." She said. She could understand what he was feeling. Maybe she didn't disappear, but it surely felt like it. She didn't help her sons when they needed her the most, and she blamed herself about it every day… But she tried not to. Right now she had them together, she had her sons and she'd try to be there for them now.

"So what? I just nod along to everything Carla says about Dillon? Ma, I don't know my son!" He ran a hand through his hair. "We've been together for-like--FIVE years! I know it's not my fault and all that shit, but... you saw how Dillon reacted to it, I'm not entitled to talk about his life, not most
of it anyway. He got angry at me for even trying to…"

Stan didn’t usually talk about this. He had been more than grateful with how GREAT Dillon reacted to seeing him after so long… They just went with it after that, both of them trying to act as if they knew each other since forever so neither of them had to think about how much they had hurt from not being together.

But sometimes… Stan couldn’t help but feel like he was a failure as a father. His son was already an adult (even if he was a teenager, 18 couldn’t possibly be an adult! He was still a kid! Still just a kid! And… that just ended up reminding him about how Seb had been kicked out of the house even younger than Dillon was now. God he was just a kid…) and Stan had missed… everything. He didn’t see Dillon’s first steps. His first words. His first birthday. Never got to hold him in his arms and rock him to sleep after feeding him… (or other stupid girly shit that Stan was embarrassed to admit to himself he actually wanted to do.) Dillon was already pretty much a teenager when Stan finally got back. 13 years behind that portal. He was already big enough to not need Stan looking after him all the time.

Stan grimaced as he realized that even though he was here NOW, and had Diego, whom he COULD be with as he grew up, he was always busy with work and didn’t… actually spend as much time with him as he rightfully should.

He was always working, earning money. He had to. He wanted to give Diego and Dillon the best life. Stan grew up poor, well, not exactly poor, but they never got to get everything they wanted. They had to share their clothes, their rooms, their toys. He wanted Dillon and Diego to have things all for themselves. He wanted them to be able to afford to get anything--

(Though, Stan admitted, he was still pretty stingy. He couldn’t help it. He grew up with his father always talking about wasting money and then behind the portal he had to manage his and Sixer’s money and resources to keep the both of them alive… he…)

"Urgh, I'm such a mess…" Stan groaned loudly, wishing he was actually drinking the champagne. or smoking. Or doing anything but thinking. Kari pulled him closer to her and he allowed it. His mom silently held him and even kissed his cheek, which made him chuckle. "Ma, I ain't 10 anymore."

"But you're feeling sad...So I'm holding you." She wiped his cheek and Stan frowned. "Hey! I'm not crying!!"

"Oh don't mind me, I'm practicing for when you decide to stop acting like a robot and show your emotions." Kari wiped it again, making Stan roll his eyes. Really, why were her boys so adverse to it? Filbrick. It all came back to her former husband.

"I'm not a woman...or Sebastian, Ma, I ain't crying. You know what? I'm fine now. Thanks. Let's go back inside before they think I'm crying."

Kari sighed and allowed him to leave her embrace. "Your son adores you, Lee… Dillon waited for you with fervor, and he still loves you with that same passion…"

Stan nodded. "Ok…thanks." He didn't sound all that convinced. Kari pulled him in for another hug. “You don’t have to keep beating yourself up about it.” She had to bury her face in his chest. “You know I missed you too. I never got to see you grow up either.”

“What?!” Stan blinked. “Yes you did. It was Sebastian who you didn’t--” He shut his mouth before he could finish that sentence.
“I watched you grow from a child into a larger child.” Kari managed to chuckle. “But you’re more responsible now. Even if you pretend you’re not. I’ve seen how late you stay up to do your paperwork. When you refused to ever do your homework.”

“That’s different, Ma.” Stan grumbled. “Keeping track of the finances and stuff is just…” He sighed. “That’s--” He couldn’t really think of what to say.

“I missed 13 years of your life.” Kari whispered. “You and Stanford went through things I could never even imagine. And Sebastian still hasn’t told me what happened to him when he…” She sniffed, pressing closer to her son. “And then Shermie was disowned-- I-- I missed ALL of your lives. All of you.” Her shoulders trembled. “I missed so much…”

“Ma…that… that wasn’t your fault…” Stan could feel his shirt getting wet. “Those were Pa’s fault--”

“And I let it happen!” Kari sniffled. “I couldn’t protect any of you. I lost ALL of you!” She didn’t get to see Sebastian grow up. She thought Stan and Ford were DEAD for 13 years! She didn’t get to see Sherman become a proper father! And she could never get those years back. She couldn’t ever make it up to them. For being a bad mother--

Stan held his mother this time, feeling his eyes betraying him as they got wet, but he blinked that away. “It's ok, Ma...You-You said it yerself. Can't help lookin’ back at this since we couldn't control it, don't you think?”

"Easier said than done, baby." Kari smiled a little at him before wiping her tears. "But I try, I really try...And, I guess we just...need to remind each other, to-to remember that we're together now. " Stan nodded and hugged her. "Sounds like a plan."

Both mom and son shared one last hug before Kari hummed. "You didn't bring champagne, did you?"

"I needed a moment to myself. Do you think I actually brought something??" Kari leaned on her sons’ chest to start laughing out loud. Clever.

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After Carla quickly made sure Stan was fine (she had scolded Dillon in private by dragging him into the kitchen. "Your father loves you, Dillon and you know it's not his fault he wasn't here. I'll whip your ass if you ever comment something like that again! You got it?!"), the middle triplet excused himself for being SO clumsy and forgetting the bottle on the counter of their house.

They finished lunch and Jerry joked that he'd bring the drink this time as he got a bottle from a cabinet. "Next time, it's on you."

"Sure thing!" Stan grinned.

Diego had tried climbing into his mom's lap after eating, he was so boooored, but Carla told him to behave. Dad saw him and put him on his lap and kissed his forehead. That was yucky!! Now he had his drool on him!!

As all the adults were telling stories, Diego wanted to tell a story too so he started telling everyone the interesting stories he read at his preschool. Dillon was drooling over Phillip's shoulder where he was fake sleeping. "Well, you sure read a lot! That's very good!" Jerry praised the toddler who beamed happily.
"Yeah! They teach me a lot in my school! We do lots of things! We don't play too much, but we learn to read and the numbers too! And to add! I like multiplication but they don't teach that, Phillip teached me that! Daddy says my school is the best and I like it a lot!" Diego squirmed in his dad's lap who hugged and tickled him gently.

"Is he in a specialized school?" Sam cooed and Carla nodded. "Phillip made us realize he might need further education to help him develop his abilities." That made the ginger boy blush a little.

"It's a school for nerd babies. My brother would have killed for a school like that, or not, Ma?" Stan laughed and Kari nodded with a smile. "Stanford would have loved it as a little boy." He was always bored by the classes.

"I'm bored…" Diego complained again, leaning against his dad's broad chest. "Well, you brought your toys, go play with that" Stan told him.

"But I played with that already!"

"Oh! How about we find some of Phillip's old toys to give you, huh?" Sam offered to the curly haired boy who immediately jumped off his dad (making him wince a little as he crushed him), and started squealing. "Yeah!! New toys!"

Phillip's eyes widened a little. Excuse me. Was his mom offering his toys away?! Dillon, now with his eyes open, grinned and kissed his agape mouth. "That's what it feels like to have siblings…"

Stan bought Diego new toys, but Diego also got Dillon’s old toys, and wanted to play with some of Dillon’s current toys because it made Diego feel like a big boy, even though he didn't know how to use most of them.

After a few minutes of searching around Phillip's boxes, the toddler came back to the living room and dropped a bunch of Deyblades and Dakugans to the floor without. The. Proper. Care. It made both boys wince hard. Right in their childhood.

"M-Mom??" Phillip called his mom, worried Diego would mess with them. His mom only replied with a "Dear, it's Christmas. You have to share, baby Jesus would have shared. You haven’t even played with them since you were 10." His mom waved it off as if it wasn't a big deal.

"How does it spins??" Diego pouted, not understanding. He picked one up and tried to spin it like a dreidel, (he played with those in his grandparents' home for Hanukkah!) but it just fell over.

This forced both teens to forget their cuddle time and kneel on the floor to play with Diego. Phillip didn't want his old toys to get broken and Dillon didn't want Phillip breaking up with him if Diego broke anything. So they had to find the board to set the Deyblade on, since it would be too dangerous otherwise. Diego squealed when the top spun. It was so cool!

Phillip and Diego got so in the game that they forgot they were playing with Diego, and the toddler ended up cheering their battles.

The adults shook their heads but left them be. Everything was picked up and they settled back with a glass of drink. Just enough to pass the time, and to still be legal to drive back home. Stan tried negotiating with Carla on who'd drive back, but he ended up losing and now she could have a few more drinks...Damn it.

Jerry put on some Christmas carols to create a festive environment, and they continued chatting and getting to know each other. At one point, Sam pulled out the photo album because what things would moms love more than to embarrass their kid in front of their partner's family??
"This is Phillip as a baby~~"

Phillip's head turned around almost 180 degrees and his eyes widened. "M-MOM??"

Why had he been so humiliated today?!! Why?!! He hated those photos and his parents knew it!! This was supposed to be a perfect day to be with Dill-

"OH MY GOD, I WANNA SEE!" Dillon jumped from his spot to the couch everyone was sitting in. "Babyyyy!" He squealed. It was Phillip as a little baby, wrapped up in a blanket like a little taco, his ginger hair all stuck up like a candle as he stared off at something he was seeing with his big baby eyes. He was being carried, but Dillon didn't think it was either of his parents. He asked about that.

"Oh, that's-that's his baptism godfather…"

Phillip tried to ignore them speak as he played with Diego. The blush wasn't leaving, and on his pale skin, it was quite noticeable

There were a lot of photos of him as a baby, a LOT, even dressed up in costumes, like a bee or a dragon. Then even more of him as a toddler, playing on the swings or with some kids. "Are those his friends?" Dillon asked with a coo.

"No, cousins." Jerry told him. Phillip was eating some chocolate in the next photo and he got it all over himself. Dillon needed to see an actual recreation of that one…

Then there were a few holiday photos. Dillon could recognize Phillip and his parents, there were with a bunch of other red heads, so it was definitely family. "Ah, an old Christmas, Phillip fell asleep under the table and we couldn't find him."

Dillon glanced back at Phillip and giggled. He didn't have to be embarrassed! He was adorable as a little child!

There were more photos of him as a child, and Carla was starting to wish she had brought Dillon's as well! There was one of an older looking Phillip, a young teen, on a hospital bed making a peace sign along with a black man dressed as a nurse. "He got into a stupid fight, remember son?" Jerry asked.

"Totally! Best fight ever!" Phillip bragged. Dillon snorted. He knew the reason about that fight, the struggle Phillip had felt about his sexuality led him to be angry with everyone for a while before he came to terms with himself.

After the Thanksgiving in that same year, the photos started stopping, and skipping some years. It was just the three of them.

Carla smiled a little. "I liked this one the most. Reminds me of a photo Dillon has with Seb, his, you could say godfather." She carefully went back a few pages and found it, Phillip of around 11 or 12, smiling widely as he hugged a blond man.

Sam winced, turning the page back. "I would love to see your own album." She said, effectively getting away from that particular photo. She had flipped past it before, but Carla had caught a glimpse and wanted to see it.

Dillon grinned. "Too bad, Mrs. Abbott! It's not here and I can't be embarrassed today!" Carla pouted, disappointed she couldn't share her oldest baby's moments too. Then, Dillon stood up and went over to his boyfriend, who was still playing with Diego, but looking kinda spacing out.
"Hey~ Why haven't you told me about your godfather? You look super close to him?"

"Well...We don't talk anymore, remember? We don't see our family anymore..." Phillip smiled at him, because he wasn't one to snap at someone when he was feeling sad or angry anymore (having mellowed out a lot as he got older, growing from the angry young teenager he'd been), unlike Dillon who did it most of the time when he was feeling that way (he was a firey person, got it from his parents).

Dillon sat down next to him and held his arm. "Yeah, I know you said that...But why haven't you told me before? I didn't know anything about your extended family...You know you can trust me, right?"

"I know, baby, I just didn't think it was important." Phillip kissed his lips to reassure him, but Dillon didn't look too sure.

"HEY! I just remembered~ Sebastian created an online folder for me to see Dillon's photos and videos! Hey Phillip, wanna see Dillon as a baby?" Stan called, pulling out his phone to search for the photos.

"Oh, yes please!" Phillip was all for changing the subject, and seeing his boyfriend's embarrassing baby photos.

"What?! DAD, NO!"

"DAD, YES!"

Dillon tried to wrestle the phone from Stan but the man laughed and easily held the device away from him. "Here's Dillon when he spilled baby food all over himself~ here's Dillon when he tried to fling himself off the swing set and nearly gave Carla a heart attack--"

"I still haven't gotten over that." Carla grumbled.

"AAWWW!" Phillip squealed. The photos were in disorder so from toddler Dillon it suddenly changed back to a little infant Dillon held in Carla's arms as he drank his milk.

"AAAHHH!" Dillon shrieked, completely embarrassed as everyone laughed and cooed.

More pictures of baby him eventually changed to a slightly older him in less embarrassing situations. "This is Dillon during Halloween!" Stan explained as he pointed at the little boy dressed as Batman.

Sam frowned confused as she stared at a man that looked a lot like Stanley but with an eyepatch. "Um...that's..."

"Oh, that's one of my triplets, Sebastian. He watched over him, he's like Dillon's godfather." Stan explained with a small smile. He noticed that the Abbots all stiffened a little at that.

"The best~" Dillon called from his spot where he was covering his face. Diego climbed to the couch and gasped. "Uncle Seb!" He looked so young here! "This is Dillon?"

"Yes, sweetie. He's your age here." Carla kissed his chubby cheek. Diego looked so confused. But Dillon was big! It was so weird to see his big brother...like a kid. It was so wrong!

Phillip turned back to look at the pictures in the phone. More photos of Dillon and his family, some videos of him playing or throwing a funny tantrum, and more of his cute boyfriend getting
along with his cool uncle.

An uncle that truly loved him.

Phillip stretched and squeezed his boyfriend's shoulder. "I'll be taking my toys back to my room before-before your brother takes them home..." He joked and went to his room, just carrying two Dakugan decks.

Dillon frowned in confusion and followed him. He didn't need to see his photos anyway. Phillip was acting a little weird.

He followed his boyfriend back to his room, grateful that Diego wasn't following him for once, and found Phillip on his bed with his face buried in his pillow. "Phillip? Are you okay?"

Phillip breathed into his pillow, face hidden, but Dillon could hear how shaky his breaths were. "I-it's nothing." The ginger said, even though it was clearly not nothing. Dillon slowly made his way towards the bed and after a bit of hesitation, climbed on. "What's wrong? Was it something we did? I know I was complaining about my baby pictures, which is unfair 'cause I was really enjoying yours and--"

"That's not it." Phillip managed to chuckle, finally lifting his head out from the pillow and wiping at his eyes. "All this just... reminded me of when I was younger. And... all the other Christmases I used to spend with my uncle." He hugged the pillow, expression strained. "I loved my uncle. He was the best. We used to play whenever my parents were busy with work, which was pretty often. So he babysat me a lot growing up."

Dillon carefully placed an arm around him and Phillip leaned against him. "But then... I came out to my family that I was gay. And... well..." he grimaced. "Uncle Frankie didn't take it well." None of his aunts and uncles or grandparents did. Only his mom and dad were okay with it.

"He actually reacted... very bad... I could say he took the news the worst... And, of course, his rejection hurt me the most..." Phillip sniffled and took a deep breathe so he wouldn't start crying. He was already tearing up but he really didn't want to cry during Christmas of all times.

"At first, he stopped calling me to play or hang out, and just told me he was busy when I called him, then he stopped picking up... One day when I saw him, he didn't want me to hug him and he just told me to stay away from him because... well, he thought I was disgusting and sick..." The ginger boy used his boyfriend's shoulder to wipe his tears. "That day I kept insisting and well, he slapped me... And no one had ever hit me before, not even my parents... And like an idiot I-I kept apologizing to him!"

Dillon stared at him, looking horrified. "What... What?!! How dare that bastard!!! Phillip had loved him!!! And he betrayed him like--"

"Why didn't you tell your parents?!!"

"Uncle Frankie is mom's brother, I-I guess I didn't want to make them upset... They themselves were still processing that I was gay... Maybe I could have made things worse, who knows?" Phillip sighed.

"Because I was an idiot, I-I didn't want to lose him, you know? I-I was REALLY close to him, and-and it really, really hurt me... that-he didn't want me anymore... I kept apologizing to him, begging him to talk to me again and that he was still my godfather... all I got for my trouble was a few punches..."
"Can't you fucking understand, freak?! I don't want to have ANYTHING to do with you ever again!! For me, it's as if you didn't exist! I'm not the godfather of a fag!"

Dillon hadn't realized the luck he'd had. His family had totally accepted him for how he was, even Granny who took a little longer, now fully accepted it (and even when she hadn't, she'd never stopped loving him)...And Phillip...his sweet baby, had been shut down by everyone in his family, especially the uncle he loved the most...If uncle Seb had done that to him...Dillon didn't know what he'd have done…

"Well-" Phillip sniffed and gave his boyfriend a small smile. "Then I didn't have to see him again, my mom and dad got fed up at their family's comments about me, they weren't very subtle about it and just told everyone to never contact them again...Mom never found out about him hitting me though…” Phillip absent-mindedly took a hand to his cheek, remembering that bad memory. Dillon wrapped his arms fully around him.

"I wanna beat up your uncle." Dillon huffed, blinking away the stinging in his eyes. Phillip grinned and reached up to kiss his pursed lips. "Dude, it's ok...I haven't seen him since I was like 14 or 15...The memory just hurt me a little."

"That makes it worse!" Dillon pouted. Phillip shrugged, nuzzling into Dillon's chest. He was still growing, Phillip wondered if Dillon would end up as big as Stan, it would be nice, being cuddled by him if he did. "I like your family. Your uncles are cool. Well, I haven't met them too much, just talked to them a little in your parent's wedding, but from what you've told me, they're all cool." Phillip sighed. "I'm a little jealous."

Dillon managed to grin a little. "We can share them if you want~ And~ If you marry me, they'd be officially your uncles too."

Phillip laughed and raised an eyebrow. "Is this a smooth way to propose to me~?" Dillon leaned his face closer to his and kissed his lips. "Maybe~"

Dillon hadn't seen Phillip so sad before. It was utterly horrifying to see how his boyfriend, who was usually so optimistic and calm, with his beautiful light hazel eyes so red and puffy. No. Never. He didn't want to see that sight ever again. He'd make sure of it!

Their kiss got a little more passionate and roaming hands started exploring each other's bodies. Dillon knew a few things that his boyfriend enjoyed~ Phillip pulled him closer to him, thighs rubbing against each other. It seemed to work~

The door was suddenly pushed open, and both jumped away from each other, as if burnt. Diego was there, as always, breaking their heated moments, and he yawned. "Dion, I'm sleepy… I wanna sleep here."

Dillon's lips pressed tightly into a thin line of displeasure at this interruption while Phillip burst out laughing.

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While the boys were having their heart to heart, Carla had picked up on the tension. She was sending Stan looks and he nodded back subtly. "Hey Jerry, I'm kinda curious about your stash. Can I check it out?" Jerry was all for showing off, for fun. So he and Stan walked off to the cellar where Jerry had his wine collection. Once the men were gone, Carla turned to Sam. "Are you alright? You seem… upset. Did we do something? I-I noticed Phillip left, I hope we didn't offend you or him in some way" Carla pre apologized, much like Dillon did with Phillip.
Sam shook her head. "I'm very upset, but not because of you, dear...It's just...urgh!" She growled and Carla and Kari shared a look.

"It's that stupid photo...I am so pissed at that stupid asshole!...Sorry for my language." Sam apologized, blushing slightly for cursing on Christmas! But she couldn't help it.

"Is this...about you being distant with your family?" Carla asked tentatively to which Sam responded " Distant is a very generous term. I removed myself from their lives and I cut them from ours. I hit them with a metaphorical baseball bat very, very far away!" She fumed.

"Carla, how...how did you react when Dillon came out to you? Or-Or he didn't? And-how did your family reacted to Dillon being gay?" Sam hadn't had much help herself, hadn't really talked about it. She was a psychologist, she knew her son wasn't sick or perverted like some people liked to claim, and she didn't like how her previous church used to tell her that... Now here was Carla, a mom like her, with a gay kid, she could ask how the other woman took the news.

Carla blinked. "Oh well...Um...Of course it was something...I won't say I expected it? Because I didn't, sure, Dillon never liked a girl at school before and that sounded weird to me since Stan is his dad and he's the biggest flirt I know, but maybe he was different...Also, a co-worker at the theatre had an incredibly accurate gaydar and he told me Dillon was gay. I didn't pay that much attention, Dillon was like 12 at the time, so…” Carla rubbed the back of her neck sheepishly, but Sam was listening attentively, nervously playing with a strand of blond hair.

"Stan's brothers are...very pro...not ordinary things…" Carla grimaced, trying to explain, and Kari couldn't help but grin. "They took it very well, Sebastian is actually pan, from what I managed to understand from his ramble, and Stanford is a scientist and he didn't think being gay even made his top 10 weirdest things he had seen...I guess thats good? And Shermie, well, Shermie is ok with whatever his big brothers are ok with. Though, also, he’s just a very sweet man. Kind." (Except in politics, the bastard went crazy then). Carla looked at Kari for confirmation and she nodded. That was very true. She was so proud of all her sons.

"And...your family?" Sam asked, having noticed that Carla hadn’t mentioned her own extended family yet. Carla shrugged. “They don’t really like it, but they’re willing to just… ignore it? Pretend it isn’t a thing?” Carla rolled her eyes. “I’m not all that close with most of my cousins. So it’s not a big deal, not seeing them or speaking to them. They’re… pretty conservative.” She shrugged. “Luckily, my parents are okay with it now. It’s a little awkward, but they’re trying their best to be supportive.”

Sam nodded with her gaze down and it took the two Pines women a second to understand why Sam was asking this. "Your family...Your family didn't take Phillip being gay very well, did they?" Kari whispered.

Sam broke down into tears but managed to keep it together to just let out a tiny sniffle. "No...Not at all...My-My Philly didn't have the luck to have such a supportive family…” Her and Jerry's family, everyone, with the exception of one or two cousins, completely shut off from Phillip's life, and if they didn't, they only came to their house to very passive-aggressively insult him.

"Phillip came out at the beginning of October to Jerry's family, he was very confident about himself and proud, it-it took him a lot to come in contact with himself and his true feelings...before Thanksgiving...after it didn't go too well with Jerry's family, he was a little more hesitant with my family, but he had been hoping his godfather, my goddamn BROTHER would be there for him...For that Christmas barely anyone came when we invited them...Frank didn't come...He refused to...Philly only knew he was traveling.”
She had called her stupid brother, ordered him to come for Christmas because his little nephew would be waiting for him to come. "Frankie please...I know you are shocked, but don't make him feel like you hate him, I know you don't...He's just a child."

"I don't hate him, he disgusts me. And he's not a child if he has so confidently told everyone how he wants to be fucked in the ass."

That single comment broke Sam's heart.

"Oh my god, that's awful, I'm so sorry..." Carla had no idea what else to say. "I'd have punched someone if they said that about my boy".

Sam nodded with a sad smile. "I did, actually. There was this cousin of mine that was always saying shit about gay people, then she said something about Philly and Jerry had to pull me off her as I was pulling at her hair..." Sam said, kind of embarrassed for such behavior but knowing full well she'd do it again.

Carla nodded in appreciation. "Nice!" She would have done the same! Kari smiled at her, admiring the blonde woman for her bravery.

Sam sighed and rested a cheek on a fist. "Yeah...Worse thing is though, that Frankie didn't only ignore Phillip, he hit him a few times." Sam's free fist clenched tightly as the other women gasped.

"Phillip thinks I don't know, he only thinks Jerry and I finally got tired of our family... but I know Frankie hit him..." She remembered seeing him the last time that bastard hurt her baby. It was in her OWN house!! How dare he?!

"I threatened to sue him if he ever contacted me again, and I asked for a restriction order just in case he ever tried anything! Fuck him! If he ever goes near my baby again I'll tear his balls off!" Sam seethed.

Carla reached for her and wrapped her arms around her, that was the only thing she could think of to do, giving support. "I know we don't know each other that well yet...but you can ALWAYS count on our family for anything you need...We love Phillip a lot, he's a very gentle boy, Dillon loves him and Diego adores him." Carla smiled. "And, well, from how things have been going between our boys, chances are we're gonna be In-Laws at some point. I'd... I'd like us to be friends as well."

Sam blinked at the other woman. "Really? Well, like, I'm not against the idea but what exactly do you mean?"

"I dunno. But I can give you my number, we can chat if you want. Hang out when we have free time? Be there to talk if anything happens? Maybe even organize some more family meetings" Carla shrugged with a smile. Sam laughed. "That sounds pretty good actually. Thanks, Carla." The brunette woman smiled as well. She really meant it, not because the boys were, in her mind, gonna get married at some point, but because she actually liked Sam, she was really nice, and whether they liked it or not, they shared the experience of having gay babies, and it was always nice to have someone to share your thoughts with.

"Do you think Stanley is getting along with Jerry?" Sam asked, addressing both women. "Jerry is a little bit grumpy when he wants to be and seems serious most of the time, Stan seems much more relaxed?" Sam asked, genuinely worried that their husbands wouldn't get along as well.

Carla and Kari snorted with laughter at the same time. "Oh, don't worry, Stan can be grumpy when
Jerry showed off his stash of beautiful wines that he collected throughout the years, it included other types of alcoholic drinks, but he liked wine the most. Stan crossed his arms with apparent attention, but he was waiting for the moment to tell Jerry about HIS stash.

“Well, that’s very impressive I must say, but you should take a look at mine.” Stan shrugged. Jerry raised an eyebrow. “Oh really?” Stan hid his grin, trying to look nonchalant as he bragged. “I own a few floors of my apartment building. So one of the floors is dedicated to being a wine cellar.”

Jerry couldn’t help but gape at this new information. Wha-What?! Was that even possible?! He quickly regained his composure though. “Oh well, I forgot to mention though, a great uncle owned a vineyard. I used to accompany him a lot before he died. He never had kids but it really surprised me that one day after he passed away, his lawyer told me that I was given over half the shares for the vineyard. I can sit in on decisions with the other shareholders and I get a cut of the profit from wine sales.”

Jerry buffed his nails against his shirt. “So~I get my own bottled wines for free from the vineyard after every harvest season. I can even get specialty ones in different flavors.”

Stanley hid his tight fists in his pants and grinned. “Well, I was not expecting that information.”

Jerry shrugged. “Well, I don’t like to brag or anything~But still, it’s not like having one floor dedicated to wine.”

“hAH! I’d trade that one for owning a vineyard.” Stan said sincerely. Come on, Pines! You gotta think in something awesome as well! “But still, this is not a competition, right?”

“No! Of course not!” Jerry grinned and he poured him one of the bottles in a glass. While they were drinking, Stan finally spoke up. “What do you think of beach houses?” He tried. Carla had been a pain in the ass about that specific thing and he had said no for various reasons (money), but if it got him some points ABOVE JERRY--!!!

“I’ve got a small one over in New Hampshire. It’s not exactly a beach house, but there’s a large lake, a forest… a little cabin that we go to when we want to have a quiet vacation…”

Stan nodded in understanding. “Oh well, Carla and I were thinking of getting a beach house, she’d told me there are nice condos and that it’d be good for Diego, you know?”

“Yeah, you should!” Jerry encouraged. “It’s great to have a place you can just go to relax, you know? And the beach and lake has stuff to keep the kids distracted. We took Phillip there a lot so he’d stop being so annoying back when he was younger. Nothing helps a preteen work off energy like swimming around a lake.” He loved his son, but Phillip was insufferable as a kid, nothing like the mellow young man he was now.

Stan thought about it. With what Sebastian told him about Dipper and Mabel when they were 12, he suddenly worried for how active Diego might get once he was a preteen. Having a place where they could just… go, would be nice. Heck, Stan remembered all the fun he and his brothers had along the beach as kids. It… it might be fun… to go back to that.

“I’ll think about it.” Stan nodded at Jerry. “Do ya smoke?”

Jerry thought about it. “I can take one, but we have to go out to the balcony.” He grabbed the bottle and Stan took the glasses. They made their way out of the cellar and towards the balcony. Before they could leave though, he felt a little hand tugging at his pants. “Daddy.”

Oh right. Diego existed. He thought the kid was with Carla like he should be!

“I’m sleepy.” Diego whined, leaning against Stan’s leg.

“Aw, well, you see that couch over there? Go sleep there.” Stan shooed him, but Jerry laughed. “Go to Phillip’s room, Diego, you can nap there.”

“Ok...” The small toddler yawned and made his way to his brothers’ boyfriend room. The adults continued on their way to the balcony. “It’s getting dark out.” Stan noted as he tapped on the box to get a smoke out. “It’s winter, it’s supposed to get darker, quicker.” Jerry shrugged, accepting the offered cig.

“Hm.” Stan grunted. He was right. “Don’t tell Carla. She hates it when I smoke.” Jerry nodded. “I won’t tell if you don’t tell.” He managed a small smile.

“Ah, wive’s domination…” Stan sighed as he exhaled a puff of smoke. "Learnt to do this in highschool. My triplets hated it too. I didn't do it much before, but I got more into it after my brother and I, you know, disappeared and all that." And hell, some of the drugs out in space were WILD.

Jerry frowned a bit. "I'm sure...old habits die hard." He inhaled his cig. "Weren't you a doctor?"

"That’s exactly why."

After a bit of silence, Jerry felt a little awkward. "I'm sorry you went through that, it must have been hard all those years.” Everyone heard the news about the Pines brothers being kidnapped and imprisoned for many years, escaping and being on the run for a long time.

"It was hard as hell...but hey, we made it, got some cool scars, and I'm with my sons now..." Looking at the present, not the past. Jerry patted his shoulder and smiled, the chilly wind making his slightly graying red hair blow around wildly.

"Your son grew up fine, I approve of him, Phillip chose a good partner." Jerry gave him a teasing grin. "But he better keep his hands to himself."

"Hah! Gay or not his good tastes come from me~ And I can say the same ‘bout your Philly boy!" Both laughed and clicked their glasses, completely oblivious that the young couple had left Diego sleeping on the bed and they were making out in the guest room instead.

Stan leaned back on the balcony. It’s been years since he came back, and sometimes... it still felt weird to be home. When he looked up at the night sky and saw the same sky, when he’d gotten used to seeing a different sky every time. All those places he’d gone. All the people he met, friends, enemies, all sorts of aliens...

He kinda missed the adventure, sometimes.

He spaced out and wondered if Ford missed it too. He doubted it, Ford spent most of that time screaming with nightmares, sure he learnt a lot and he loved that (nerd), but he was sure Ford was happier in the Center.

"How is like being jewish?" Jerry asked out of the blue, bringing him back. Stan crushed his cig. "Eh, I don't know, we aren't overly religious and all that shit." Who would after seeing what they
"If the boys get married, would it have a Jewish style or a Catholic one?" Jerry wondered.

Stan choked on the fresh smoke of his second cig. He hit his chest a few times. "Kinda early to think about that, isn't it?!" He wheezed. The idea of his baby getting married… having to give Dillon away to some guy-- Stan wasn’t ready for that.

Jerry snorted. "Well, I doubt they’re gonna tie the knot so soon. They’re still in school after all. And Philly plans to get his masters and doctorate. So we’ve got plenty of time before those two settle down together." Jerry wasn’t sure how to feel about it yet either. He did enjoy Stan’s company, which was good, if they were going to be family someday. Well, whatever happened would happen. As long as his son was happy and safe, that was all that really mattered in the end.

But now changing subject~

"Dillon just finished high school, what is he going to study?" Jerry asked.

Stan froze and thought about it. "Eh...I...don't know? He's taking a year off...I don't know if he knows yet." Stan didn’t mind Dillon taking a year off, heck, Sebastian didn’t go to college for years and years but he was doing great for himself, so obviously you didn’t need to go to college immediately. And if Dillon wanted a year to ‘find himself’ as the kids said these days, Stan was fine with that.

"Well~ Phillip has known since he was young that he wanted to be a doctor~ I guess he took it from me." The bragging started again. It seemed their friendship would consist of that.

Stan pursed his lips. "Well, I'm sure Dillon would want to join in with my business!" Stan exclaimed. That only made Jerry grin wider.

"It's ok~ He doesn't need to know yet anyway, I'm sure he'll find something he likes, it's the most important thing," Jerry reassured him. Stan privately thought that making a profit was the most important thing, but he kept quiet for now. "Well, I don’t mind Dillon relying on me for now, but...” He felt odd to say this, “...I know he’s gonna move out eventually. And… I don’t know, I don’t feel like I’m ready for that.”

Jerry smiled at him kindly. "I don't think anyone is ready for that...Sam cried when Phillip graduated high school, thinking he was going to leave to some far away school. Luckily he is studying here in NY, so we have his adorable presence every day." Jerry chuckled. "But we charge him a liiiiiittle bit of rent. It’s mainly just chores, but sometimes he helps pay for the internet bill." Jerry shrugged. “He has a part time job after all.”

Stan blinked. Neither him or Carla were thinking of doing that...He grinned. But it sounded like a GREAT idea! Getting paid by his kid!! He started laughing and Jerry got a little worried.

In another room, Dillon pulled away from Phillip’s lips and gazed off into the distance. “I sense a disturbance…” He said solemnly. He held that for a few seconds before shrugging and going back to making out with his boyfriend, he had slipped his hands into Phillip’s shirt and was quite enjoying himself. Phillip was holding his face up so they could kiss better and their bodies were pressed close to each other.

Leaving Diego in an unfamiliar room to go make out was the best idea they’ve had!

And the best part was this room had a lock so they wouldn’t be interrupted! Dillon moaned softly at the way Phillip’s hands were caressing his chest. He threw his shirt off, so his very freckled
chest was exposed and he could feel Phillip’s hands better. Things were going to get saucier, but there was a knocking on the door and Dillon heard his mom calling out, “Hey~ It’s gonna be time for dinner soon. Are you two decent?”

The boys broke apart. "MOM!!" Dillon screamed.

There were some snickers behind the door. Phillip awkwardly fixed his disheveled hair and ran a hand over his shirt and pants as Dillon grumpily stood up to get his shirt.

“You’re lucky your father’s not here right now~” Sam sing-songed through the door. Phillip wailed this time, “Mooooom!!!!”

They heard both their moms laughing before their footsteps went down the hall.

They pouted, sad that they were still interrupted. Maybe if they hadn’t spent so much time with Diego they could have done more things...alone.

Sam turned to look at Carla as they headed towards the kitchen. "Jerry and Stanley would get heart attacks if they knew."

"Definitely!"

The boys came out, looking pissed and their moms each kissed their cheeks like the babies they were.

At some point, Diego woke up from his nap and had more energy to annoy his brother endlessly. Dillon seriously considering giving him to Mabel, as she loved him so much.

Dinner was less awkward than lunch, as the parents got to have moments to really talk to each other. It was more animated in general. There was a comfortable sort of camaraderie as they passed the plates and bowls around so everyone could serve themselves. Diego chattered on and on about the fun activity books Phillip made for him, so much better than the boring workbooks at preschool.

Little Diego loved the attention, like any good Pines, so of course he loved it when Sam and Jerry congratulated him.

Suddenly, Sam gasped. "Oh my god, I totally forgot about the presents!" Carla gasped and looked at Kari. "Right! We also brought presents!" (Though Stan had complained about doing so.) Each boy had told their boyfriend what things their parents might like, so the presents would be nice for everyone and not super generic.

Phillip grinned warmly as Diego gasped when he was told he was getting a present. Phillip pointed at the tree and the toddler flew towards it to find his present. "This one?!

"Yup! Open it, bud!"

Diego tore the paper like a savage and gasped. MORE BOOKS!!!! YES!

"What do you say, Diego?" Kari reminded him. She failed with Stan, she could try with Diego.

"Thank you Mr. and Mrs. Phillip's parents!!" Diego told them all sincerely.

Dillon gave Sam their present while Phillip gave Carla and Kari. Both received loud kisses on their cheeks. Jerry happily handed Stan his own gift and Stan grumpily gave him the present Carla made
him buy in return. Phillip started taking some photos because he couldn't believe they haven't taken photos earlier!!

Diego had climbed onto the couch with his mommy and began showing her the books he got, the little boy was beaming with excitement. Stan hummed and confirmed his beliefs of Diego being a complete baby nerd. Why was he more like Ford?! Ford better have kids like him someday to compensate this robbery.

Before it got even later and their parents decided it was time to finish the day with goodbye hugs and pats, the boys disappeared but quickly came back dressed in some blue and red Christmas sweaters. "What are you even doing?" Jerry asked.

"Oh, well... we wanted a cliche photo of Christmas wearing sweaters while kissing under the mistletoe!" Phillip showed the little plant he planned to tape somewhere. "Would you help us?" This was why they planned this whole thing. They wanted their photo together!

Sam laughed but helped her baby boy when he gave her pleading eyes. The mistletoe's string was taped to the ceiling so it would hang dramatically above the boys. "Ok~ On the count of three, sweetie. One~ Two~ and Three~"

Phillip and Dillon smiled at each other before softly leaning towards each other and kissing their lips. It was all very gentle and sweet, unlike their making out session in the guest room, that was more passionate and desperate.

The photo was taken.

Dillon loved it. Phillip played around with some settings to enhance the photo before posting it on his social media.
“Thanks babe,” Phillip leaned his head against Dillon. “This was a pretty nice Christmas.” He kissed his cheek tenderly and held his hands.

"It was the best Christmas I've ever had...We should repeat it next year, huh?” Dillon grinned and pecked his lips again.

"I'd love to repeat this...Maybe it can begin earlier...invite your family so Diego is entertained and we have more time~?” Phillip whispered and now HE pecked his lips.

Stan and Jerry's eyes twitched at the obvious flirting.

"I'd love to have more alone time with you..." The gay boys kissed once again and they shrieked when they were violently pulled away from each other.

While Jerry held Phillip by the collar of his sweater, Stan threw Dillon over his shoulder, his head facing back, and the man laughed loudly. "Well, look at the hour!! We gotta go now! Good bye! A
pleasure to meet you all!!" He waved at everyone and trotted towards the door with Dillon being carried away.

The women laughed loudly as Diego frowned, not understanding what was going on.

Dillon lovingly waved at his boyfriend and the ginger boy smiled and waved back.

This was a great Christmas, he wouldn’t mind celebrating it again next year.

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Chapter 20—Learning about love and the masters of child raising

Chapter Summary

Curiosity and things learned

Slices of Life and Family

Chapter 20—Learning about love and the masters of child raising

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Ford knew he wasn't very good at all this...love thing... But he didn’t know he sucked so bad!

There were problems right off the bat.

The distance.

With Ford in Oregon and Cathy in Jersey, they mainly chatted over the computer. While Ford didn’t have a problem with that, quite enjoying the talks they had, Cathy seemed disappointed they couldn’t really go on dates. Also, she wanted to get to know him, but all Ford could think of to talk about was his projects (carefully hiding all the details, he was still paranoid about people stealing his ideas).

“No, I mean… what do you like to do? Outside of work.” Cathy asked him, looking a little exasperated. Ford blinked. “Ah…” Well, the only thing he really did outside of work was hanging out with Soos watching anime or playing DDD with Fiddleford. And, while Ford was an oblivious idiot, even he knew that such things would only get him teased by Cathy. He certainly got teased by that a lot during school for being a nerd.

“I… take walks in the woods and mountains around town.” Ford finally responded with. Because he liked to visit all the local cryptids now and then to get an update on how they were. Most of them didn’t like him much, calling him a ‘Nosey know-it-all’ and Ford felt that was fair considering he HAD captured a few of them to examine back when he first came here. Also, that hand-witch was very… clingy whenever he went anywhere near her cave so he tried to avoid her.

“So you like the fresh air and exercise after being cooped up in your lab?” Cathy asked. Ford shrugged, not sure how to respond. Ford wasn’t sure what Cathy wanted him to say. She always seemed like she was waiting for something.

“Why don’t you ever ask how I’m doing?” Cathy finally asked him one night. Ford blinked. “Well, you seem alright. You haven’t told me if anything was wrong.”

“That’s not the point. You should wonder how I am. You should care enough to ask.” Cathy frowned. “And you never ask about my schedule and when we might be able to meet up in person to hang out.”

Ford blinked. He never thought of that. “Do you… wish to meet up in person?”

“Yes! Of course I do. Talking with you is all fine and good, but don’t you ever… want to be with
me?” Cathy asked. “It feels like you’re not invested at all in our relationship.”

“I’m… sorry?” Ford tried. Cathy just sighed. “Stanford…” She asked quietly, “Do you like me?”

“Ye-yes. Well, I don’t dislike you!” Ford stuttered. “I--we talk every night. And--”

“We talk alright, but we’re not communicating.” Cathy told him simply. “You’re a nice man, well meaning and much more polite than my ex-husband, but you speak to me as if it’s an obligation. It never… feels like you actually want to connect with me.” She sighed. “Like you’re just going through the motions because you think you should.” She didn’t sound upset, more… resigned. “You don’t… have to date me just because you think you should.” She said finally. “It’s a waste of both our time if you don’t actually like me that way.”

Ford was quiet. He… wasn’t sure what to say. He really… wanted to protest, but her words struck something in him. He… was dating Cathy just to try it out, and perhaps… he really wasn’t interested in her. He was a grown man now, not a hormonal teenager who developed and lost crushes on a whim. And his feelings toward Cathy now… she was… just someone he talked to. He never felt like he was looking forward to their nightly chats, more like it was something new to add to his already busy schedule. He called her like clock-work, not out of a desire to see her, speak to her.

“…I’m sorry.” Ford said finally. Because what else was he going to say?

“It’s alright. I got this feeling a while ago.” Cathy sighed. “We should break up. You aren’t feeling it, and I’m too old to put in the effort needed to make us a ‘thing’. I’m not going to waste my time with a man who doesn’t like me back.” She wasn’t angry, or upset. She was an adult now, she knew when to cut her losses. She’d wasted years with a husband who didn’t work out for her, and she wasn’t going to waste anymore time with a man who wasn’t even interested. “Goodbye, Stanford.” She told him.

And then the call dropped and Ford sat there, staring at the screen and feeling… nothing. He wasn’t upset that they broke up. He wasn’t happy. He didn’t feel anything at all. Aside from maybe a little relief that he had his evenings free for himself again. Ford finally closed the lid of his laptop and sighed.

Maybe romance really wasn’t for him.

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Contacting Linda was hard as hell. Seb even worried something had happened to her. He tried locating her with her pendant and there she was…nothing was wrong…

Then why wasn’t she picking up??!

She was talking with that deliciously handsome man he saw a few years back. Really? What problem could he have?! He was handsome and judging by his suit, he was also rich! He could fuck off! Seb needed Linda more!

After MILLIONS of attempts to contact her, she finally picked up. "Linda!! I'm so glad you aren't trying to ignore me! I need your help!"

"Oh my god...Another one…" She muttered under her breath, but Seb heard her. "Whatcha mean? It's me, Seb?"

Linda sighed. "Hello Seb...A...former demon...Oh my god, I think I understand what you were
...Are you ok?" Seb asked confused.

"Yes, yes! Don't worry... Just, getting used to all this supernatural stuff..." Seb decided to ignore that. "Okay, well, anyway, I think I'm going insane, doctor, and I need your help with these confusing emotions and my identity."

"Not the only demon who asks me that..." Linda mumbled under her breath. "Sebas, I'd love to help you... but I'm really busy nowadays... I'm not sure I can handle online therapy sessions."

Seb bit his lip, feeling his eye welling up with tears. But...Linda was supposed to help... "Wanda is going to leave me... She'll leave me if I don't solve this..." He whispered tearfully. "You're my only hope!" He sniffled.

Linda winced. "Okay..." She thought about it. "Seb," She said finally. "There are some exercises you can try on your own to talk out and realize what you're feeling. Have Wanda there with you, if you want. It would help." She ran a hand through her hair. "And if you really need the help, I can recommend you to some other therapists. But..." She could hear Seb almost crying on the other end, and she felt her heart hurt. "Okay, what's the problem you're having? I can try to see what the issue is?"

So Seb gave her a very brief and confusing (but somehow easy to follow?) explanation of how he felt pent up with energy that he couldn't keep in and was lashing out in ways that the people around him claimed were 'bad' and he felt like he WAS bad and should BE bad because--

"Okay. Well..." Linda rubbed at her face. "If you're having thoughts about doing 'mean' things to people, stop and talk to yourself about why you want to do such things to them. Do they really deserve it, would you be happy with anyone who did that sort of thing to you. Maybe talk to a mirror or a stuffed animal about all the terrible things you get the urge to do and try to explain why you feel that way." She was a little worried, but not too much, everyone had fantasies about doing bad things to people when they got annoyed or frustrated. But most people had the self control to not go through with it.

Sebastian... had a very spontaneous attitude and didn't always remember to not go with his first thought. That had always been a problem he struggled with, he had ADHD after all... "If you have too much energy build up, from your... 'magic'," (and that was really magic, wasn't it? If Seb was truly a demon or former demon?! Good grief!) "...then perhaps you need a way to expend this energy of yours? You mentioned it wasn't a problem back when you lived in Gravity Falls since you could go out and use it up all the time? So... maybe you need more physical activity to burn it up? Go out hiking, or go to the gym? I'm sorry, I'm not an expert in magic." Linda never thought she'd have to talk about something like this.

Seb hummed in thought. But the gym sucked! "Ew, sweat... but... I get what you're saying... so... talking to myself and seeing what to do instead of doing bad things, right?"

"Yes. You can start with that. I don't think its an identity crisis like you put it, Sebas. You know you're not a bad person, but no one is perfect either. You like chaos, that's just how you are. And everybody gets thoughts of wanting to kill a bitch... But you need to channel it through something else so it doesn't affect the people you care about... And anyway, doing 'bad' things doesn't automatically mean you're a horrible being or-or the Devil! Hahaha! Trust me! I know that!!" Linda sounded strained for some reason.

"Ok..." Seb smiled a little. That was a lot to do, but he'd do it. So Wanda would be happy with him
again. Maybe he'd learn to ignore the rules governing them once again and push them back, he needed to find a way to get rid of these thoughts.

Sometimes he missed Bill2… At least then he could blame all the thoughts that came from him and his shrill voice. These thoughts were his own and it stressed him out. He wondered if Ax would kindly return him…On the long run having Bill2 would be a terrible idea, and he knew it, but he was confused at the moment.

"Thanks, Linda...I'll transfer you the money for this session later."

"Oh no, Seb, its ok. Don't worry about it!" Linda smiled behind the phone. Seb was a sweetheart when he wanted to be. Trying to pay for 8 minutes of speaking.

"Oh, doctor~ why are you ignoring me~I've been here for a whole minute already!" A deep british voice called behind the woman and Seb heard her sigh. "I gotta go now, Sebas. Don't hesitate to call me if you need anything else."

“What? Who are you talking to? Do you have someone else?!” That sexy voice called out again from Linda’s end of the phone. “I have patients other than you, you know that, right?” Linda scolded back.

"Bye…” Out of curiosity, Seb opened his Eye and checked the office again and grinned. So THAT'S handsome guy's voice~~

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Seb put Markimoo, his giraffe plushie, in front of him and he sat in front, cross legged. He decided he'd try this alone first...He was afraid of talking to Wanda. Right now, anything was a possible motive to start a fight.

"So...I don't know what to say…” Usually speaking to himself was easier than this. "It'd be easier if you were alive... Are you alive?" Seb narrowed his eye at his giraffe. He exited the room to spy on the plushie. No movement. He stayed there, but nothing. "You're good…” He made his way towards the twins’ room and spied on THEIR toys, completely forgetting why he'd been talking to his plushie in the first place.

Wanda had taken the twins to the mall so he was home alone, spying on some toys. He screamed when a Glarbie doll dropped to the floor from one of the shelves and he ran back to his room.

When Wanda returned home with the twins (they went to buy winter clothes), she found Seb playing, but more importantly ...

"WHY ARE MY TOYS HERE!!!!!" Zully screamed as LOUD as they could and their eyes turned blood red. The toys were positioned everywhere and Seb had duct taped weapons to them. The 4 year old was pissed their toys were being handled like that. Zoe just giggled. "Toy war!” She squealed.

A bear was thrown at her with an explosion noise. "Catch him, Zoe!! He's a dangerous criminal and deserves to be punished!!" Seb gasped.

Zully almost fainted when their sister put the bear in her mouth, dropped to all fours and shook her head around as if she was a wolf. “RrrrGGGhhhHHH!!!” Zoe ran after her dad to play.

Wanda looked down at Zully who sat on the floor crying. She picked them up and softly shushed them. "Daddy gonna kill them!!" Zully wailed. Wanda winced.
"We'll get more, I promise." She kissed their forehead and covered their eyes when a crocodile doll flew by, on FIRE. Wanda groaned when Zully continued to make distressed sounds. Dammit Seb!

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"...I can explain..." Seb whimpered under Wanda's glare. Wanda didn't let up. “Do you even know why I'm mad?”

“...because I destroyed all their toys and now we need to buy more?” Seb asked hesitantly.

“No.” Wanda sighed. “I’m mad because you made Zully cry.”

Seb flinched at that. Oh. He hadn’t… realized… “B-but Zoe loved playing with me.”

“And Zully didn’t.” Wanda told him. “They’re very different children. Zully’s sensitive. You know that!”

"I know...Its ok, I'll buy them more toys! Even better than before!" Seb tried to say. "...I burnt off my magic in a not harmful to humans way though...so that's good."

"I don't care if it was burning down a house! And it's not about the toys! It's about the girls! Don't you see you always make Zully upset with your violent games?? Zoe may like it, but you can't leave Zully out! Or do you prefer Zoe over her?"

"I don't have preferences between them... Are you insinuating something?" He narrowed his eye.

“I’m just saying you like to play in a way that excludes Zully. I’ve seen you and Zoe playing on the piano together, and Zully sits out because she doesn’t know how to do music as well. You know she feels like she’s not good enough whenever that happens?” Wanda asked him. Seb flinched again. “I…” He didn’t think it was that bad. He talked to Zully about it! He did! He told her that he loved them both the same and it didn’t matter if Zully couldn’t play the piano!

But apparently he just hadn’t noticed his daughter feeling bad.

"I’ll apologize to her. I Promise...Just...Don't get angry. We said we wouldn’t fight anymore..."

"It’s not about you and me anymore, it’s about our kids, Seb." Wanda rubbed her forehead. "First of all, you should have been doing the doll exercise. Not playing with the girls' toys, even LESS destroying them. And that made Zully upset. I'm just telling you to realize your attitude needs to change, because it's also our daughter you're hurting…” Wanda sighed and walked out of the room.

Seb's face was red with embarrassment. He didn't mean to...He got carried away...

They would have talked more but the doorbell rang. Wanda went to go get it, and had to hold back a groan when she saw Carol. “Oh. Hello Carol.” She tried her best to be polite.

“Hi~~~ Wanda~!” Carol grinned. “I have an appointment at the salon today so I thought Amanda would like to come and hang out with the girls today~”

Wanda twitched. ‘We’re not your fucking babysitters!’ she screamed inside her head. But her poker face didn’t let any of these thoughts show.

"Actually. We're kind of in the middle of something important here, it's a family…”

But while Wanda was saying this, Carol had already turned and left. Little Amanda stood on the front porch, innocent smile on her face. Wanda twitched again.
"...thing..." Wanda held back her own murderous impulses. What kind of mother just fucking LEFT her child at someone else’s house?! She managed to calm down when she felt Amanda lightly tugging on her shirt. “U-um... thank you for letting me come over, missus Pines.” Amanda told her with a shy smile. Wanda felt herself soften. As angry with with Carol as she was, she couldn’t blame poor Amanda for any of it.

"I hope you brought your toys...the twins are... in a shortage of them..." Wanda let her inside. Amanda blinked. She adjusted her bag. “I bwought a few things.” She told her. Wanda nodded and watched Amanda head upstairs to the twin’s room. Once she was out of earshot, Wanda groaned and collapsed on the couch. Seb, having watched this all while hiding behind the sofa the second he realized it was Carol at the door, peeked out. “So...”

“Not. One. Word.” Wanda growled. Seb wisely ducked back behind the couch. Right. Well. At least on THIS thing, they both agreed on. Fuck Carol.

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“Amanda!” Zoe squealed as she ran up to hug her friend. Zully was still sniffling. Amanda hugged Zoe back before looking over at the other twin. “Awe you okay, Zully?”

“No! M-m-my--” Zully’s face scrunched up and they whimpered.

Zoe sighed. “Our toys had a war. And there were no survivors.” She said solemnly.

“What?” Amanda was confused. Zully wailed again. “T-they were on FIRE!” Amanda didn’t quite understand, but when Zully held up a burned and torn open Alligator, she gasped. She didn’t get what was happening, but she understood that Zully’s toys were broken!

Zully continued crying and Amanda went over to hug them. “Do-don’t cwy...” Amanda sniffled herself. Having your toys broken was awful! She patted Zully’s back and held them close. Zully hugged Amanda back and cried until they calmed down somewhat. Amanda looked over at the burned alligator and then a determined look came across her face.

"What if...we make drawings? To wemember them?" Amanda suggested. Zoe gasped and grabbed from their shopping bags some new markers mommy bought them. "We can use this to draw! Mommy bought us clothes too! I have boots now!" She informed Amanda proudly.

Zully sniffled but accepted that. The three toddlers laid on the floor and started drawing. Amanda helped Zully set up a memorial for Mr. Dinkleberry and Mrs. Jolly FooFoo and Sir Fang of Botswana and...

Seb and Wanda spied on the toddlers. Seb knew he had destroyed those toys...but hey! "I'm helping them bond with a friend." He whispered to Wanda. "Over loss~"

Wanda rolled her eyes so much her green irises disappeared for a second. Then she pushed Seb away and sighed. She was going to make a list of everything that got destroyed and see which stores would have something similar...

Back in the twin’s room, Amanda and Zully looked at the memorial they built. The drawings of Zully’s toys were taped to the walls with a pile of the burned remains in front of them. Zully rubbed their eyes, wiping the tears away. “I’m gonna miss them.” They whispered. Amanda looked down at her feet, frowning. Then she went over to her bag and pulled out a worn Lemur plushie. “Here.” Amanda said, handing the Lemur to them. “This is Pear. He’s...” She took a deep breath. “He’s my favwite. B-but...” Amanda watched Zully turn Pear around and stare at her. “...you can
have him. S-since you don’t have any toys anymowe…”

“...Amanda…” Zully gasped. Was she… was she really giving them her favorite? “You don’t have to! Daddy said he was gonna buy us new toys, since he bwoke them.”

“But you have nothing to pway with wite now.” Amanda pointed out. “So… so you can have Pear until you get mowe toys. Oka--” Amanda was cut off by Zully running to her and wrapping her in a hug. She toddled, almost falling over at the sudden action. “Zully?”

“Thank you, Amanda! I’ll take good care of him! I pwomise!” Zully told her, tears running down their cheeks. Amanda smiled and hugged her friend back.

Zoe just made gagging sounds in the background. Uuuugh~ that was so sweet her teeth hurt!

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Wanda was sitting with Seb now. It'd been a few days since the funeral of around 20 plushies, and she was now making sure Seb did at least one of the things Linda told him to do. He was facing Markimoo, tied to the chair, and Wanda was sitting by the door.

"I want to see you talk to the giraffe, Sebastian!"

"Call me 'baby' again or I won’t!"

"I will when I feel like it! Now start or I’ll call you other things!” Wanda wasn’t really threatening him, more like scolding him.

Seb huffed and stared at his toy. "Well...Hi...I don't like Wanda not calling me baby...I miss it...but I guess that's my own fault for not knowing how to control myself...She is probably going to leave me...even when I'm trying…” He tried looking back at Wanda, but his neck could only turn so much.

"I need to burn my energy, I have too much Weirdness building up inside me… I had fun with the plushies but I made my daughter upset...Because I’m careless and I can't think straight and I always end up hurting the people I love…” Seb rubbed at his face with his shoulder. “And I don’t want to hurt the people I love. I need… I need to find a better way to use up this energy. I don’t know what’s good though. I can’t just set things on fire in the forest, I can’t fight the Gremlobin to work off stress. I can’t even go and beat up a unicorn for being a fucking cunt.” Seb chuckled a little at that. “There aren’t any here. And beating up a unicorn would have been so much fun! Those assholes deserve it anyway. Or gnomes. Those are just the perfect thing to bother if you're bored…”

Wanda listened quietly, fiddling with her hands.

"And...I know I gotta change, because...It's not wrong to be me...but...maybe not in excess? And- And doing something doesn't make me completely bad...maybe just a little...And I need to just show a little of that...because it's part of me...I just want to find the perfect way to balance it...And...that Wanda accepts that I'm not-I’m not exactly like what I've been acting like before…” He sniffled. "I just want her to love me...knowing that I'm NOT going to go back to hiding, that I don't like rules...and that I'm a little bad...but that I will try to keep it controlled...for her, because I-I love her…”

Seb heard light footsteps and then felt Wanda’s arms coming around to hug him from behind. He leaned back into her embrace. “Am I doing good?” He asked.

“It’s a good start.” Wanda told him. She nuzzled into his soft hair. “We can work on it. I DO want
you to be comfortable enough to be yourself. Just... everyone has to find a balance in their behavior. Even me. So... we'll work this out. We'll make this work. Alright, baby?"

Seb smiled even as he sniffled again. "Yeah. I will! I promise I will."

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Around the time Ford finished experimenting with his love life (and putting an end to it when Cathy broke up with him, Seb was decent enough not to laugh at that), Sebastian had his own stupid (but no less stressing) human problems to tend to (aside from the issues with Wanda).

One of them was Zully and Zoe throwing a tantrum over veggies today. He didn't know what came over them, maybe they were possessed, but he couldn't care less right now why they didn't want to eat. Above their ear piercing screams, food everywhere and broccoli on fire surrounding them like a summoning trap (every wood element in the house was fireproof, so fire was just lazily chilling around them), he was holding two phones to his ears and trying to solve a bigger problem at stake.

"CAN YOU BOTH SHUT UP?!" He screamed at the twins, who just screamed louder. "No! Not you, sir, I was talking to my daughters...wait a second sir please...Now YOU idiot! What am I paying you for?!"

He was talking to both his manager and the guy organizing the event he was participating in. He was offered a seriously good spot in a fashion show months ago to show a new collection and he had been working on it. Now, his stupid manager decided to tell him TODAY! The DAY before the event, that one of the girls modelling broke her stupid ankle!

Today!

What was he supposed to do?! There was no time to find someone new who would be able to fit the dress! He would have to contact people and get them to travel here and refit the whole dress just for them and there wasn't enough time for that!

He couldn't breathe, the walls were closing in on him, he was dying, he was sure of it.

"You need to find a model, anyone at all who can fit, Mr. Pines, for the presentation tomorrow night."

"But we can go with one dress less, I'm sure no one will notice with the other artists there! I-I my designs aren't even the greatest..."

The organizer chuckled, oh, so humble. "Sebastian~ I'm sure you're aware of your reputation being on the rise! You're the new face there and for that very reason you must have a complete presentation. Besides, you surely understand we are on a tight schedule and we have to show the promised designs!"

Seb ran a stressed hand over his face. Why?! Why did he have to agree?! Why did he have to be reborn?!!!!!

(The Axolotl shifted in his sleep. Damn, Bill cursing him always woke him up, what a jerk. He was the one who asked to be brought back. Twice . He had no one to blame but himself. Briefly, he found himself a little jealous of that other Axolotl who had that sweet, obedient Bill... and then he recalled the memory that Axolotl shared with the lot of them of his Bill poking him non-stop for years because they were bored and shuddered. Okay, nevermind, he didn’t want that Bill either. One waking him up like this was enough!)
Zoe had enough of dad ignoring her and Zully and kicked him in the leg. She had fat tears streaming down and an angry crying face.

"OW! SHIT!" Seb startled and almost dropped the floating phones. "Ok, that's it! I'm tired of seeing your identical annoying faces!! To YOUR ROOM!!" The twins were just sobbing. Daddy had said they could eat nuggets today but he FORGOT! And he gave them yucky veggies instead! They were so upset at this betrayal but daddy wasn’t listening to them! He just kept talking on his ‘fones’!

Do you know about one of those days you just can't deal with yourself and everything is annoying and you feel like crap? Well, it wasn't only Seb experiencing a bad day. The toddlers were too. They couldn't nap today, preschool was stressful and they couldn't even play with Amanda after school since her mom didn't bring her over today. And to top it all off, they didn't get dinosaur nuggets! So they were cranky. They couldn't help it. They couldn't control their emotions yet.


"AAAAAHHHHH!!!!" Father and daughter screamed at each other as Zully just sobbed. The men on each phone were listening to the screams awkwardly.

"GO EAT!"

"I'll thwow up!!" Zoe threatened. "If you throw up, I swear I'll force you to eat your vomit!!!" Seb threatened back.

"Eh...We'll call later…" The manager said and the two men hung up at the same time.

Zoe rubbed her eyes and just sat down on the floor, tired and defeated. Puffy eyed and exhausted. Seb was heaving. He threw the phones to the couch and also sat on the floor for a second before laying down.

It wasn't long before the twins crawled toward him to lay down on his chest. They were upset with daddy, but daddy was the only one who could cuddle them right now. "I don't wanna nothing." Zully sniffled.

"You know what? I feel you. I don't wanna nothing as well…" Seb closed his eye. "I'm stressed and tired. There's a problem at work and your screams are not helping me you know? I can get very bad headaches in this body."

"We're tiwed too...Bad day…" Zully tried to explain, remembering when mommy complained about being tired because of a 'bad day at job'. That meant she wasn't happy and none of them were happy right now.

Seb sighed. Ok…"How about...we make a deal, huh? You need to eat your vegetables, no buts...but we can try to have a less poop day by watching a movie and we can eat in the living room for tonight, yes?"

The twins considered it before engulfing their hands with fire to shake with daddy.

They watched an old Garbie movie Mabel had shown the twins and they loved it. It had shitty animation, but eh, early 2000's CGI will be like that. The twins asked dad to feed them their veggies and he agreed just to not fight anymore. "You can't hope for someone to do stuff for you all the time though. You gotta think and solve your problems yourself…" Seb told them. The twins rubbed their eyes and opened their mouth to get some broccoli and asparagus mixed with chicken.
Solve your problems yourself…” Seb muttered as he stole some food from Zully's plate while they had their eyes closed. Hey~

That gave him an idea.

“Solve my problems myself…” Seb stood up, looking off into the distance. “I must go.” He said, grave and dramatic, before he marched off. The twins glanced at each other in confusion before Zoe suggested they finish dinner by themselves. They were big kids now, they could eat by themselves. Zoe also snuck more veggies from her bowl into Zully’s while their eyes were closed. Because she was kind of a bitch like that.

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Seb worked tirelessly through the night and called his manager the next morning to tell him he found a model. His manager and the coordinator were glad he found a solution, though he hadn’t told them what it was. “You found a model?” His manager asked. Seb sent back a “Yup! Everything’s gonna turn out just fine. Now leave me alone to work! I have a bit more refitting to do!”

So they stopped bothering him about it. Let the artist work his magic, as the case may be. Seb also realized he forgot to put the twins to bed, but miraculously, he found the two of them curled up asleep on the couch. They finished their dinner, didn’t brush their teeth obviously, but at least they were fine despite Seb getting too absorbed in his work to check on them.

Wanda hadn’t come home last night, staying overnight at the office for some work, so at least Seb could sneakily float the kids off to their beds without her realizing he forgot to do so the night before. Oops~

When Wanda came back home it was very late (or early, since it was the next day), but she found the lights on and got a little worried. Everything was turned off at this hour, Seb and the twins should be sleeping by now. She heard muttering coming from his working room and she followed the noise. "Seb?"

"Can't talk. Just work!" She guessed Seb also had the right to work till late into the night like she did...It made her sad though, she wanted him to sleep more. She worked hard so he didn't have to. "Ok, see ya upstairs then~" She understood, she also got disorganized with work sometimes. She'll ask what's going on later.

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When she woke up, she found herself alone in bed. Seb had passed out on the floor of his office. "Baby, what happened?" She asked him with a yawn. She knelt and shook his shoulder. Seb awoke with a jolt. “H-wha?!” He groaned and crawled into her lap, snuggling against her. “Sleep more…” He mumbled. Wanda chuckled and stroked his hair. You’re working too hard. What was so important?"

Seb, eye still closed so he could continue resting, answered, “Well one of my models broke her ankle, like an idiot. And I had to refit an entire dress for a new model for the show tonight.” Thank goodness it was tonight! Seb could sleep in today and be fully rested in time for the show! Speaking of which...

“You don’t have work today, right?” Seb clarified. Wanda nodded. “Yeah, I got all my work done yesterday just so I’d be free tonight for your show.”
“Good! You’re kind of needed.” Seb nodded, nuzzling into Wanda’s lap. “The guest of honor as it were.” Wanda laughed. “Sure, baby. So who’s your model?” Seb told her and Wanda’s jaw dropped. “What?!”

“That’s why I need you to be there!” Seb told her. “Please? I know I should have told you first, but I didn’t have time-- I had to refit the whole dress! There just wasn’t time to--”

Wanda placed a hand on Seb’s head and stroked his hair. “Shhh, it’s okay. I’m not mad that you didn’t tell me first.” Seb relaxed. Glad this wasn’t another arguable thing. “Of course I’ll help you.” She leaned down, curling around her husband. “This show is important to you. I want it to go well too.” She kissed his nose. “But for now, you should get in bed. Rest properly. I’m going to check on the girls and then…” She kissed his nose again. “…I’m going to need a nap if I want to be awake for tonight~” She was sad she didn’t get to cuddle him last night. Seb grinned and kissed her back. “Alright.”

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The twins weren’t sure what was going on. Mommy was making breakfast today! And daddy was nowhere in sight. “Your daddy’s really tired from working. And mommy will be taking a nap too. So…” Wanda hugged the two of them. “Do you two mind playing quietly today? Mommy will just need a few hours.” She worried a little, leaving the twins alone without supervision, but… “And if you are really good, you can come to daddy’s fashion show tonight~” She was technically bullshitting. The twins would be allowed to come either way, but they didn’t know that.

“We’ll be good!” Zully exclaimed. They wanted to see the pretty dresses Daddy made! They pulled their sister for a hug and Zoe wrinkled her nose when Zully gently patted her cheek. "We'll be good." The kid sent their sister a look, eyes slightly turning red, that made Wanda wince.

Wow. As sweet as Zully was, she was definitely Sebastian's child….

Wanda took a nap with Seb. He was dead to the world and didn’t feel her snuggle with him, but at least she could have some time with him. The twins watched TV for a bit, but with the same attention span as their dad, they got bored and searched for their daddy and mommy. Zoe wanted to poke daddy awake. She wanted to play the piano! But Zully made her reconsider said action. If she bothered dad, he’d be tired for work, and he’d get angry at them and wouldn’t take them to the show.

So they climbed onto the bed and curled up as well. Napping was always nice. Even if it was for babies and parents~

Wanda and the kids woke up a couple of hours later and let Seb rest a little more. She got the twins ready, with a pretty dress and a pretty suit and then she got ready. She needed to look nice today, she had to support Seb with everything.

---

The place was PACKED. People everywhere. Photographers and reporters for various fashion magazines milling about, chattering and shoving each other to find a good spot. This was Seb’s first big show. He was nervously making some last minute touch ups to the dress in the changing room. At least this dress didn’t have to go out until nearly the end of the show. He would have a little more time. Wanda was fidgeting, a little (okay, a LOT) nervous about it all. “You… really want me on that stage?” She asked, biting her lip. Seb nodded even as he touched up her make up. She had to look perfect. “I wouldn’t trust anyone else to be up there with me for this show.” He smiled at her and Wanda grinned back, feeling a little more confident.
It was in moments like this that they forgot fights or discussions existed.

“Don’t worry.” Seb told her, brushing her hair. “We’re going to do fine.”

Outside their personal changing room, the other models were already outside, walking the stage. Seb was keeping a close ear on the music, he knew which song went when, and which song would indicate it was time to head out. Wanda looked down at the dress. It had a long train, much like Seb’s suit for their wedding. Long enough that someone had to hold the end up to keep it clean and not trip over. Hence why Seb needed the two of them to be on stage together. (Seb was going to hold the train for his original model, but the situation had changed and this would work out better anyway. Because it was Wanda!) That was only a precaution though, Seb had designed it to be super light and fluttery so best case scenario the train would simply flow behind them as they walked. Still, Wanda had to admit it was lovely. But…

“Do I really have to wear heels?” Wanda asked. Seb rolled his eye. “I’m wearing heels.” He pointed out. “And they’re not that tall, besides, if you place your weight on your toes and not the heels, you can walk just fine.”

Wanda was going to make a joke about how Seb knew this information but the music changed and Seb stood up. “It’s time.” He said, wide grin on his face.

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The photos were snapped, the crowd cheered as the lovely ladies strutted their stuff out on the runway. Everyone was anticipating the final dress though. It was said to be the best one in this collection. The music changed and everyone held their collective breath as the spotlights focused on the stage.

From behind the curtain, a smooth leg adorned with a set of lovely high heels stepped out.

The curtains were flung wide and the model was revealed in all their glory as they strode forward confidently, rocking their hips as the fabric flowed around them like ribbons. Everyone’s jaws dropped.
The twins, sitting front line with a nanny, squealed loudly. "Aaaahh! That's Daddy! That's Daddy!!" He looked so pretty!!! They had never seen him wear a dress or a skirt outside of the house!

The photographers were now trying to get more photos than ever. The organizer and manager were gaping, this was totally unexpected! They didn't know the new model was HIM!

Seb posed in front of the runway, showing every part of the dress as Wanda held up his train for him. The camera flashes went off like wildfire all around the runway. Between the lights and the noise, Seb didn’t notice anything except the audience as he posed.

He was confident as he finally turned and sauntered off the stage while the crowd went absolutely nuts. They were cheering and clapping at Seb’s bold decision to wear the dress himself. After the applause died down, all the models, Seb included, came back out on stage to do a final walk around before it was time for Seb to get on the mic and talk about this line with everyone.

One reporter immediately shouted, “Why’re you wearing the dress?!”
"I'm wearing a dress because I like it, and because I think separating clothing between sexes is just silly. Clothes are just there to protect your delicate human skin from the elements and look pretty! So I see no reason why people can't wear whatever they want. Also my clothes are for every person out there who wants to look amazing! Whether it's a man, a woman, or any other gender!" He smiled at the cameras. "Besides," He posed again, sticking his smooth leg out daringly as people 'whoop!'ed at him. "I make it look good." He purred sexily.

Wanda smiled like a very proud wife as the twins (who were now up on stage and holding Seb’s train for him) giggled and tried reaching for their dad. She glanced around to see people's expressions and so far, everyone seemed pleased, surprised and amused. She was glad. She had her doubts herself, but Seb seemed confident and he had always wanted to do this. Besides, it seemed he caused quite the impression, which was good to become well-known.

After the event, Sebastian met with his family again. He was wearing an open shirt, pants and a jacket, but his face still had make up on. "Daddy! You looked pretty!" Zoe squealed and raised her arms to be picked up. Seb picked her up and nibbled her cheek. "I'm always pretty!" He snuggled closer to Wanda who softly kissed his cheek. More photos were snapped.

Reporters crowded around Seb to get photos and some words out of him as his manager felt so blessed when his phone started going crazy with calls. Sebastian's insane stunt actually worked!!!

Seb was going to have so many commissions. And his manager was practically seeing dollar signs. (If Stanley ever met Seb’s manager, the two would probably get along).

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"Fiddleford! Have you received the new applications for the internships next summer?" Ford asked his best friend while they had lunch. Fiddleford's eye twitched and put his tray down on the table. "Yes. Some."

Ford smiled and sat down next to him. "It's quite early, but alright. We should start checking them." He had come to like the idea of the interns. It was a very interesting summer, and he liked transmitting all his knowledge to uneducated (but no less curious) minds~

Fiddleford didn't think the same, not as much anyway. After the craziness with Tyler and Viola, he wasn't sure he could go through that again. He was surprised they didn’t get sued by Tyler’s parents for losing him. To be fair, Tyler was an adult and he did sign the contract...but still ...

"Are you sure you want to go through...something like that again?" The blond winced. However, Ford nodded eagerly. Fiddleford sighed. "Fine. But they're yours this time. I don't want to get interns next year..."

Ford shrugged slightly. "Alright. I'm sure someone else would like to be a mentor to future scientists!" He smiled. He was going to ask some of the other scientists if they wanted to be part of the program as well.

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"And no one wants to work with the next interns!!" He complained to his brothers in a video chat. Stan wheezed, hitting the table as Seb was in his living room, watching the twins play. "Well, your last intern was kind of an asshole, no one wants to work with assholes." Seb shrugged. He smiled, getting a sudden very bad joke, but contained himself from saying it.

"Well, no one DIED! And Viola is a lovely girl. I still get texts from her. She sends me photos of
frogs and toads. I have come to realize how productive--"

"Sixer, I seriously couldn't care less about your interns." Seb leaned back in his chair as he floated a fabric towards him to cut. Ford glared at him. "Thanks, Sebastian. You're so supportive."

Seb's eye turned yellow with a red pupil. "You're welcome, Sixer!!"

------

Despite how much of a bother it was to breathe the same air as Carol, the twins were doing great at school. They participated in class and they were learning a lot. Amanda being there was actually very good for them, it gave them confidence and security. They had a friend they could play with, even if the other kids grouped off without them.

The other good thing was that Amanda was vaccinated now! Seb was so freaking glad! She wasn't a time bomb of human diseases anymore! Wanda and him pressed a complaint to the school, anonymously, about an unvaccinated girl. They were informed when Carol presented the updated vaccinations to the school and they could sigh in relief. Their babies had been born premature so it made them more nervous about their health than normal.

However, more problems began when the school started calling Wanda. They had told them to call Seb, as Wanda was always in meetings, but they were used to calling the mommies in case something happened. Still, Wanda passed the message along.

Seb had gone to the school and found his kids covered in glitter and paint. All over their clothes.

His eye twitched.

"Thanks for coming, Mr. Pines."

"Yeah. Hi…" He waved at the principal before glaring at the twins. "Your mom and I work our asses off to buy you clothes and look what you've done!! You ruined them!" He cried. "I'll send you naked next time!"

The little blonds just giggled.

The principal coughed. "That's not actually why I called, Mr. Pines...I wanted to tell you that Zoe and Zully are very hyperactive girls with no sense of boundaries. They've snuck into the elementary children's classroom and painted some of the walls…"

Seb snorted with laughter.

"We wanted to suggest you have a long talk to them about things they can't do. They can't be this destructive all the time! We must know you'll tell them this can't happen again."

Seb rolled his eye. He didn't see an issue with his babies having fun (it wasn't like they hurt anyone, just painted a room and probably made it better), He dragged a looong groan before looking back at the principal. "We'll see what we can do about it…" He hardened his look. "But you should respect that my daughters are just like this! We won't get rid of what makes them happy and special just because you want them to be silent and passive and follow dumb rules! We'll just balance it!" He crossed his arms.

The principal wasn't sure what to say. "Mr. Pines, with all due respect, your daughters defaced school property and there's generally a fine for that. The only reason we're not making you pay for cleaning is because they're only four, but if this happens again, the school would need to be
compensated for the loss of the supplies they used, and the fee for hiring the cleaners and--"

But Seb had stopped paying attention. He was caught up in his memories of whenever Filbrick complained about having to pay for whatever Seb had broken in school as a child. How angry Filbrick had been about having to spend more money on him. How he loved to beat Seb up for that, telling him how useless and a freak he was. Seb twitched. He was shuddering now.

"-ster Pines? Are you listening to me?" She raised an eyebrow.

"I'm not going to punish the girls for expressing themselves." Seb glared. "I'll pay whatever fine you want me to. I'm not going to tell them they can't have fun or that they need to follow rules that don't make sense at all!"

The principal blinked. "That… is not what this is about, Mr. Pines." She sighed. "Your daughters broke into the supply closet, stole the paint and smeared it all over the walls of a classroom. Having fun or making a mess during art class is fine, but they snuck off during recess and defaced school property. As a parent, you should explain to them that stealing and using things that aren't theirs, and destroying things that aren't theirs, is a bad thing." She sighed again.

"Mr. Pines, I know that as a parent you want your children to be able to express themselves and do what they want, but society has rules that they would need to learn to follow. Think about their future. If they don't learn this now, they could get in a lot of trouble when they grow up. It's just innocent finger painting now, but what of when they're older? Graffiti? Damaging public and private property? Breaking and entering? Theft? Murder? These are all things that need to be nipped in the bud, do you understand, Mr. Pines?"

Seb grinned and stared directly at her blue eyes. "Society has rules indeed…” His eye slowly turned yellow. The principal shivered and despite trying to look away, she found herself unable to.

Zoe was peeling the paint off her as Zully stared at Seb with wide eyes. What was daddy doing? They jumped when both daddy and the principal dropped to the desk.

"Dad?” The child called. They were about to stand up when Seb perked up with a gasp for air and grinned. "I'm so glad we're on the same page, dear." Seb stretched out his hand, as the woman blinked confused and looked around. What happened?

Seb grabbed his kids' hands and led them to the car. "Daddy, why did Mrs. Erickson and you fell asleep?" Zully insisted. Seb strapped them to the car (safety first!) before saying "I'm just making sure no one will bother you or your sister again, at least not for stupid things like this."

There were things he still considered bad, maybe hurting others without any real motive or hurting children, he left her with those thoughts. But thinking his precious kids could ever be wrong and become monsters just for a little bit of fun? Nope! That's gone now. He even crushed that door very well so she couldn't even think about it again. And he got rid of this memory as well... He considered he did her a favor. She was more open-minded now and less dramatic!

And if anyone had an issue…

"Hey, if you two wanna paint somewhere they say you can't, make sure they can't prove you were the ones who did it." Seb told the two of them. That was good life advice, in his opinion.

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The school had other complaints about the twins. Zoe played rough and she intimidated the other children. That's just who she was! And she didn't want to look like a meanie, she just wanted to
play like the others, but no one ever wanted to play with her. And because of that, they avoided Zully too because the twins were always together.

So the only friend that they had at school was Amanda. And even then…

"Amanda! Wanna play with us?" One of the other girls asked. Amanda was about to go over but then she looked back at the twins. "And Zoe and Zully?"

The other group of girls made a strained expression. "...just you." One of them said. Zoe scowled at the car toys and blocks she was playing with.

Zully frowned as well and hugged some of their toys. They wouldn't blame Amanda for going to play with the other girls if she wanted.

"Nah. Me and Zully are helping Zoe build a city for her to destwoy." Amanda shrugged and turned to go back to the twins. The other girls scoffed and turned to leave. "If she wants to play with the weirdos she can." They mumbled.

Amanda paid them no mind. She didn't play with meanies anyway!

She and her friends played together, building a nice little city before Zoe roared and rampaged through it, biting the toy cars in her mouth, shaking and tossing them around as she went. "Raaawwrrrr!" She flopped around, knocking over the buildings.

Amanda and Zully sat back and watched her. "So do you wanna build another city?" Zully asked once Zoe was done. The other blonde shook her head. "Nah, can you build a beach this time? I wanna go swimming."

"But we don't have water!" Amanda tilted her head to look under a shelf where some of the cars rolled after Zoe spit them out.

Zoe waved a hand. "I got it. Let's just make a beach and let me take care of the rest!"

Amanda smiled. Zoe was so creative, she knew how to do so many cool things. She looked at Zully, dutifully picking up the blocks to make a new scene. And Zully was sooo good at building stuff! The twins were fun. She didn't see why other kids didn't want to play with them.

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Wanda was called, and this time it was her that went to the school, Seb had been busy.

And she was pissed.

Zoe's clothes were wet, and they had been even more wet before Wanda arrived. She was sitting on a chair with Zully, and Amanda was sitting on the other chair. Huh. That was new.


"Oh, thank God its you." The principal sighed in relief. Every time Sebastian walked into this room she...felt like she blacked out for a few moments. At least with Wanda she'll be able to actually talk!

"Kids. What happened?" Wanda asked the twins. Zoe shifted from side to side. "We made a beach..."

"In the classroom!" Zully added.
"I filled my water bottle, and Zully's and Amanda's with more water so I poured it on the floor because a beach has water. We built waves too!" Zoe explained proudly. "Oh, and I'm wet like in the beach!"

Wanda grimaced. What?! What was she thinking?! She turned to look at the principal. "They poured the water on the mat, the water reached some cables that made the plug and the lights in the class and the next few ones explode and burn down...The firefighters came and checked everything, it wasn't that serious. But it could have been." The principal looked so tired. She...knew the twins got in trouble and they were brought here. She knew she was supposed to think they were wrong with all their mischief...but she couldn't, even when others clearly did think so.

Besides, every time something like this happened, she couldn't remember, for the life of her, what she talked to Sebastian about. She only knew they had been there because she saw the Pines leaving.

Wanda sighed. "I'm SO sorry. They...have very...creative ways of having fun." That was an understatement. "I'll pay for the repairs, I'm so sorry...Seb and I will talk to them, this won't happen again..." She looked at Amanda before whispering to the principal. "Oh please don't tell Carol, she's my neighbor and I won't be able to deal with her." Wanda massaged her temples. "We'll take responsibility for it all."

The principal sighed. "Alright. She hasn't even responded to our calls...we're going to call again after this to tell her to pick Amanda up. The firefighters told us to keep the kids away while they worked. So all the children are being picked up early."

Wanda rubbed her face, stressed and wondering how Seb dealt with this every time he...

Actually...

She knew every time Seb had gone to the twin's school, because they always called her first, but when she asked him what had happened, he'd snuggle the kids and pinch their cheeks. "Just a misunderstanding and some things daddy already solved~"

"Can I talk to you? It'd be just a second." Wanda asked the woman. She asked the kids to wait outside and once alone, Wanda asked "What have you told my husband? I don't really know what the twins did the other times...Seb said it wasn't serious, but he tends to...not know what ‘normal’ is sometimes."

The principal sighed. “Truth is, I don’t quite remember what I talked to him about. I suppose it’s because I’m tired, but I think I might have blanked out during our talks.”

Wanda twitched. Dammit Seb! “Oh, I’m sorry to hear that. I hope you get more rest.” She was going to have a LOOOONG talk with Seb tonight. “I’m sorry again for the twins.”

“Oh, it’s alright. Kids will be kids, but they are quite...energetic. I think they need some better way to work out their energy, maybe try some physical activity to tire them out so they wouldn’t be so eager to cause trouble?”

‘They weren’t the only ones...’ Wanda thought. "We’ll find them something to do. I promise." She smiled weakly before shaking her hand. She barely listened to the twins talking about their funny day, she was thinking on how to confront Seb.

She had no idea what kind of...demon...voodoo magic shit he’d done, but she KNEW he did something!
When she got home, Wanda cast a bored look at Carol’s house and found her watering her plants. "The school called. You gotta pick Amanda up." Wanda mumbled at her.

Carol looked at the twins and put her hands on her hips. "Well, you picked up the twins, why didn't you bring Amanda too?"

Wanda suddenly wanted to have fire powers too. "I can't take your kid out of the school?? There are laws. I'm not her guardian so I can't take a child who isn't my own, nor do I have permission to do so." Wanda told her firmly. She needed Carol to tell the school that she was allowed to take Amanda, it was just a safety thing! Otherwise any random person could claim to be a family friend and simply abduct a child!

Wanda preferred not to pick her up though. Amanda was a sweet little girl, but if she or Seb did a favor to Carol once, she knew she'll take advantage of that.

"And if you’ll excuse me, I am busy." Wanda ushered the toddlers inside before closing the door. The twins saw Daddy talking with some women and a man and they rushed at him, not caring that they were talking about adult things. "Daddy!" The two cheered as they hugged his legs.

"Hewo! How was school? Had fun?" Seb asked his kids as the women cooed. "Let me finish talking with Mr. Manager and these lovely ladies about a deal and then I'll be all yours~" And so Wanda waited until they left. Seb was smiling and she almost hated to ruin this. Almost.

"Sebastian. We gotta talk." Wanda glared. Seb cursed. That meant trouble...

"W-what’s wrong, Wands?"

"Oh, it’s nothing, just… what did you do to the principal?" Seb twitched. "Ah… noooothing?" His attempt at innocence was entirely transparent. Wanda had seen better lies in the courtroom. Really, Seb was shit at lying. "Sebastian Pines, what did you do to that poor woman?" Wanda got right up in his face, the sternest lawyer voice she’d ever made coming out as her husband was sweating nervously.

Seb bit his lip. Why did this body make him suck at lying?! As Bill he had no problem!! "Nothing! I didn't hurt her! I swear that can't hurt her!" He put his hands over his mouth. FUCK!

Wanda raised her lawyer eyebrow. "Oh really? Then what does 'that' mean?"

Seb gave up. No point in lying now. "Look, she was being annoying, ok? She thought the twins could turn into murderers just because they were painting somewhere they shouldn't! I just made her relax a little! It comes from the boost of my powers I'm having~ I'm improving. It's been awhile since I did more than little telekinesis stuff!"

"What did you do?"

"I just erased some of her memories, so she forgets the twins did something, and changed her old perspective a little so she can't think such lame things are wrong! Don't worry, even I can recognize when some things are truly wrong, like hurting others or putting others in danger with no reason. She'd be able to recognize that!"

Wanda's brain stopped working for a second, trying to understand what she was hearing. And when she finally reacted, she lost it. "YOU WHAT!!!!??? YOU MESSED WITH HER MIND?!!"
Seb flinched a little. "Just a little, nothing bad! I swear! It doesn't hurt her!"

"Sebastian-what-the FUCK!" She couldn't even process this. "NO!!"

"What? Is it ILLEGAL to enter someone's mind??"

Wanda felt her heart stopping. "Well it's not RIGHT!"

"Is it written somewhere I can't!?? Then no! it's not illegal!! I did it for the twins!"

"No! You did it because you want to continue messing with others! Because you want others to work for you!! You only care about yourself!!"

"I don't! I did it for Zoe and Zully!! They’re such WONDERFUL babies! Wanda, they’re our babies!! Shouldn't we make sure they're happy?! All the time?! They gotta be themselves! People telling them they're WRONG! ALL THE TIME! IT’S UTTERLY SHIT!!" He screamed. "THEY SHOULDN'T HAVE TO GO THROUGH THAT!!"

"They shouldn't have to go through their father literally modifying a woman's MEMORIES so they can do all the mischief they do!! It's WRONG! Do you know what they did today?! The lights exploded!! The firefighters WENT TO THE SCHOOL!! And ALL because YOU don't want to tell Zoe the way she plays is wrong!!"

"She's not wrong!! She's just a baby!! She is learning! She-She’s just having fun!"

"They could have gotten hurt today! Do you know how fucking stupid flooding the floor is?? I wonder who they learned that from! The man who teaches them to play by burning stuff?!?!?!"

"I'm not going to punish them for those things!" Seb screamed, tears welling up in his eyes. "Fil-Filbrick always hit me for those things! He hit me for the smallest thing I did!!"

"I don't care if you got scared when your dad grounded you!! If the twins do something wrong, then they have to learn it was wrong! We can't let them think they can do whatever they want!!"

Seb wiped his tears and unbuckled his belt with a soft growl. "Fine." He went towards the door. "Wait, what-what are you doing?!" Wanda grimaced.

"You said you don't give a shit about how Fi-Filbrick hurt me for this type of thing...So I'm going to 'scold' them, as you so nicely put it...I-I'm going to grab a 4 YEAR OLD and-and beat the shit out of them for wanting to play in a different way...I'll beat them up until they never think of doing that again, until they’re too scared of me, of everyone else, until they feel like a total piece of shit for ever daring to be different than the rest, until-until they’re crying because that's the only thing they can do with-with their backs bleeding and-and begging for the pain to stop...because you don't care...because I used to be like them...and everyone thought I was horrible!!"

Seb hit his own leg with his belt in frustration, hard, while sobbing.

Wanda was covering her own face as loud sobs shook her body. Seb dropped his belt and looked at his wife with his sight completely blurred with his tears. Wanda's breath hitched and she hugged him tightly. Seb immediately hugged her back, trying to disappear into her embrace.

"Oh god, Seb, I'm sorry...I-I didn't mean it that way…” She cried into his chest. “That’s no-not what I meant at all!!” The two grown adults sobbed into each other’s arms. They didn’t like this. They didn’t like arguing with each other. They didn’t like being mad at each other.
When the two of them were done crying out their fear, they could finally stare at each other. Wanda wiped Seb's tears away. "Sebas...baby, I'm sorry...I do care how you felt growing up...I know that really scared you and that...your father was horrible to you..." She whispered. "I swear letting Zoe and Zully learn they did something wrong doesn't mean hurting them..."

"I...I don't think so..." Sebastian rubbed his eye as Wanda sniffled. "Do you trust me?" Seb whispered.

"What?"

"Do you trust me?"

"...Yes" Wanda finally responded, though she still had some worries. Seb took in a desperate breath. "I... I won't mess with people's minds again, I promise... But-But I won't force the twins to conform to other people's ideas of what is right. I... I want them to be able to play however they want, be whoever they want, without feeling like they're wrong for being who they are."

Wanda ran a hand through her face and took it to her disheveled blond hair. "Ah, Seb...But...Listen, I love the twins just as much you do...but I think there are limits to what someone should be allowed to do, even if it's just for expressing themselves. I'm all for them playing however they want, but not when it impacts the safety of themselves or others or causes problems for other people--"

"It's other people's fault for having a problem with it!" Seb shot back.

"No, Seb..." Wanda sighed. Damn. How could she make him understand?

Wanda thought of something. "Ok, then how's this? If Carol wanted to come over to our house and express herself by sticking scent plugs for her handmade essential oils into all our outlets, how would you feel?"

"Fuck that bitch! Get outta my house what are you even doing?!" Seb responded immediately before he paused. "Oh." He said finally, understanding what Wanda was trying to say. Wanda knew she won, but she continued anyway, just to grind it in and make sure that Seb fully understood. "If you say that everyone should be able to do whatever they want and be themselves, that has to apply to more than just you and the twins, are you saying that you'd be okay with anyone else doing the same? Would you be fine with Carol ignoring laws and rules and coming into our house to do whatever she wanted?"

"Noooooo!" Seb wailed.

"Also, think of your niblings. You said they were always getting in trouble when you were taking care of them. They were being themselves too, but it put their lives in danger."

"Damn Dipper raising the dead..." Seb mumbled.

"You also tried to get them to stop. What did you do?"

"We...had different harmless activities...like, watching Tv or playing at home...sometimes fireworks...many fireworks..."

Wanda smiled, knowing the idea was sinking in. "You see? It's ok to be yourself, but you can't allow it to be in a way that affects others... Maybe... just like we're searching for something for you to do, a less destructive way to unleash your extra energy... Maybe the twins need a way as well...We can enroll them in sports!"
Seb hummed in thought. He hated to admit it… but Wanda was right. Zoe and Zully HAD Weirdness too, and while Zoe was like him and up for unleashing Hell on anyone whenever she wanted, Zully actually tried to contain it until she couldn't anymore and went along with their sister's crazy schemes. And while Seb was all for that, knowing that allowing such a thing would be like agreeing to let Carol do it as well (because to say that only he and the twins were allowed to do this while Carol wasn't, was hypocritical… And while Seb was a hypocrite sometimes, he understood that if he ever complained about Carol, Wanda would just tell him that he can't stop her without being said hypocrite) totally sucked!

"Ok fine. You win. We will find those critters something to do. As long as I don't have Carol's stinky oils all around my house!" He crossed his arms. Fuck Carol. Wanda managed to chuckle and kissed his pouting lips before hugging him. "I'm sorry I said I didn't care...I'm sure that what you did wasn't bad, and you definitely didn't deserve to be beaten for it… and if you had had the right attention you would have done better."

"Eh, I was a piece of shit as a kid, I actually shouldn't compare myself to the girls, I was completely sure of being Bill at their age… But yeah, doing stuff instead of being locked in the house had always been a cool concept."

Wanda took a deep breath. Disgusting Filbrick… she really wanted to try and bring him to court but Seb hadn't wanted anything to do with him at all. Besides, apart from testimony, she didn't have much evidence.

Seb awkwardly pulled from the hug and stood up. "I'm gonna serve dinner I guess…"

Wanda didn't want to stop him, she was tired, cranky and worried about her little family's future. But at least she got Seb to realize the issue. Now, she just had to find a nearby gym with activities for children and man-children. She snorted at the thought. And well, perhaps she could take this time to get into a healthier routine herself, that was always good!

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Well, at the end she didn't have to think much about this place. After they tried a few places where the twins were not accepted, either because they were too young or Zoe was "too violent" (that made Seb growl), Stan was a godsend and told her about this new gym a friend of his was opening.

"Seb doesn't like gyms." She said tiredly. "Ignore that whiny bitch, I'm sure he'll love this one!" Stan laughed.

So, they gave it a try. It was 10 minutes away by car and they lied to Carol as to where they were going. It had places to park so that was a plus. Stan had not said why was this so special, but…

"OH MY GOD~~~" The brunet squealed at the sight of the huge climbing wall and made grabby hands. "Ah! Ah!" Seb squealed.

A woman approached them and after covering one of her eyes to block Seb's eyepatch from her view, she exclaimed. "You're definitely Stan's brother! Hi!! Welcome!" She showed them around the facility, pointing out the amenities and activities that people could use. "We even have classes." The woman told them all. Zoe was interested in all the colorful equipment, Zully was impressed by how big this place was, and Seb had to be pulled back to keep from rushing to the rock climbing wall.

"So I've opened some other gyms in other cities, this is my fourth one, and as you can see, it's different from other gyms as it offers more extreme sports. The climbing wall is for both adults and
kids, though it's always available for them in different schedules. We also have traditional machines and classes for the kids, like yoga, gymnastics…” She continued explaining. "By the look on Sebastian's face, I can tell he really hates the climbing wall." She joked.

"What can the children try now while I supervise him?" Wanda asked the owner. She giggled and checked her phone. "Gymnastics class started 15 minutes ago, but I can tell the coach to let the twins get in to try."

“That would be wonderful.” Wanda was very grateful for this. “Come on you two, wanna learn gymnastics?” The two cheered. She led them off to the other room before coming back to make sure Seb didn't hurt himself trying the wall. From the smile on his face, Wanda was really hoping this gym thing would help out whatever hyperactive unrest was inside him.

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Seb was having the time of his life!

The wall was covered in colorful handholds and whenever he slipped, he used his powers to catch onto the wall again, even when they forced him to use a harness. The subtle use of his powers wasn't much, but it did ease a little of the tension inside, and the thrill every time he felt that falling sensation made his heart race in such a wonderful way!

“Hey, you're good at this.” The coach grinned a bit at the laughing brunet. Seb beamed at the praise. “Yes I am!”

Meanwhile, Wanda fixed Zully's little ponytail and crouched in front of the twins. "Now, listen, today's just a day to try. You don't have to do everything perfectly. Just try having fun." Wanda explained with a smile.

“Ok!” The little blonds grinned.

"Hey, girls! Come on, join the girls." The teacher pointed at the group of children stretching and giggling.

Wanda waved at them and Zoe ran towards the group of girls. Zully took off their shoes and looked at the girls before glancing at the 3 boys on the other side. They smiled a little and walked towards the group they felt they'd feel more comfortable in.

"Hey! Zoe, go with the girls!" The coach grabbed their hand and led them away from the boys. "I'm Zully. And I wanna be there." Zully pointed at the boys.

"No, it's better if you stay with the girls. Boys are much rougher and we don't want anyone getting hurt." The teacher smiled and went over to start giving instructions. Zully pouted a little. They could be rough too! Playing with Zoe was VERY rough and they survived that! They still obeyed though, they didn't want to get in trouble. So Zully walked over to the other girls and pouted at everything. Still, once the activities started, they quickly forgot their annoyance and had plenty of fun learning to try to how to balance in all sorts of poses, how to stretch properly... sure, they fell over a lot, but it was still fun!

Zoe growled in frustration when she couldn't stand on her hands like the older girls. "I can't!!" She complained. The coach smiled kindly. "It's ok, if you continue trying, you'll get strength to do it." She sulked though, watching others who could do it and not her. At least Zully couldn't either but her sister didn't seem that bothered about it.

The best thing was the game at the end though! Weren't they had to run and someone chased them.
No one could catch her!! And when it was her turn, no one was safe from her! That was the best part of this gym-astics. Zoe cackled wildly as she slapped someone to ‘tag’ them. Zully on the other hand, didn’t like that game too much. When it was done, everyone put on their little shoes again and their parents, sweating from all the exercise they had been doing as well, picked them up.

The coach said she was going to take them to their mom. Zully grabbed the woman’s hand as Zoe skipped behind them. Mommy was sweating and her ponytail was a mess! She looked like a disaster! That was fun! “Where’s daddy?” Zoe asked. Wanda sighed. She had left him at the climbing wall to do something less...extreme...so she didn’t really know how he was doing.

“I don’t know, let’s go find him!” Wanda thanked the coach and approached the climbing wall part. “Seb! The twins finished! We gotta go!” She exclaimed, looking around to try and find him. At least three deadpanning people looked at her and pointed up. She gasped a little at the sight. The wall wasn’t straight, it had a complete irregular shape, with some blocks were people could easily sit. Seb was looking upside down at her. “NEVER!”

“We were going to pull him down but he took off the harness…” One of the instructors sighed tiredly. “We were very worried he was going to fall, but he’s… really good at holding on.” They told Wanda. The blonde groaned. She knew he was probably using that ‘magic’ thing of his to stay on. “Seb! Get down here! We need to go home!”

“NEVER! I live HERE now!” Seb called down, shaking his fist at her like a brat. Wanda buried her face in her hands. Well... at least he was happy. Then she paused. Telling Sebastian to do something directly wasn’t going to work, was it? Instead, she switched tactics. “Oh. Okay then.” She shrugged, taking the twin’s hands. “Well, you heard daddy. He lives here now.” She shrugged again. “So... say bye to daddy. We’re going home.”

The twins blinked. Zully frowned. “So we’re leaving daddy here?” They asked. Wanda nodded. “Yeah, since daddy lives here now.” She began to walk toward the doors. The twins were somewhat confused, but waved up at Sebastian as they walked away. “Byeee daddy~!” they called out.

Seb blinked. They... they were leaving? Without HIM?!

But-But...he drove! It was his car...!

“Wanda?” Seb called down. Wanda turned when she got to the doors and smiled. “Byeee Seb~ We’ll come to visit you next weekend for our next gym day.” She grinned. To Seb’s growing horror, Wanda let go of one of the twin’s hands to raise his car keys into the air. Right! He left his stuff with Wanda when he went to climb!

“Wanda... but... but...” Seb whimpered. “Y-you’re not gonna leave me here... for real?!”

“Well, you don’t want to come down, you live here now. And I need to get home. I have work tomorrow.” Wanda said simply, sounding like this didn’t bother her at all.

"NoooOoo!!" Seb cried. To the horror of the coaches, he turned around, swinging down from the block, used some of the handholds to adjust his position, and jumped the rest of the way down to the large safety mattress under the wall. "Wait! I'm coming too!" He ran towards her and the twins and hugged them. "Don’t... don’t do that... I-I really don’t want you to leave me...” It reminded him of his nightmare. Wanda looked exactly the same, so relaxed, calm, as if it didn't bother her at all.
The blonde smiled, unaware of what her husband was thinking, and patted his back as the twins tried to climb up his legs. Then she looked at the owner, who was raising an eyebrow at them. "We loved this. We’ll all start next weekend." She told her. Then she turned back to Seb and hugged him close. "I wouldn’t really leave you. I’m just messing with you. Besides, you have to work tomorrow too...The living room is a mess.” She joked. Seb didn’t stop hugging her though. Wanda shuffled her way outside, not sure why Sebastian was being so clingy.

Once the Pines were outside, one of the coaches of the climbing area stated. "Everyone saw how he jumped like 3 meters right?” the other coaches shrugged. ‘He IS Stanley Pines’ brother after all.” Maybe athleticism ran in the family?

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While Zoe was tolerating the classes because she could run around and *accidentally* push others, Zully was in love with the gymnastics class. Sure they were just learning, but they loved everything about it. They liked stretching, making poses (contorting into different shapes) tumbling around on the mat, learning to do cartwheels...

The only yucky thing was being with the girls. The boys and the girls had different exercises (and Zully wanted to try out the boys ones too!) Everyone made them go with the girls everywhere! Even at school there was a bathroom just for girls or boys! Even though they all could use the bathroom at home whether they were a boy or girl! Why was a bathroom for boys at school and at the gym different? Was it another color? They liked all the colors! They heard older girls being dared to enter the boy’s bathroom, that it was horrible and weird…

Their twin didn't care about the boys bathroom, in fact, she didn't know why they cared so much. "I wanna try their bathroom." Zully pouted. "Then do it." Zoe told them during one of their tea parties with monsters who drank dirty water with mud from the yard. They had very deep philosophical discussions once they were alone. "I can't, the teachers telled me not to." Zully wilted in on themselves. They had trouble disobeying direct instructions, unlike Zoe who would just ignore everything the teachers told her.

"Then go without them knowing?" Zoe raised an eyebrow. Zully sighed and sipped their juice. "Mom says that bad." Zoe snorted, leaning back into the grass and groaning loudly. “So what? Mommy doesn’t have to know! That’s why you go when they don’t know! You know?!”

Zully shook their head. They didn't feel like disobeying...They needed their energy for gymnastics! Zoe sighed and rubbed the grass. "Why's the grass green? Why can't it be pink?" She complained absently.

"Don't know…” Zully mused and ran a small hand over it too. They laid down with their twin and stared at the blue sky. Why was the sky blue anyway? Who got to decide it? And why it turned black at night? Or orange? Or even pink sometimes? So many important questions that weren't taught at preschool!!

"We should ask dad!" Zoe said before they ran inside.

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The kids were growing up very fast, they were endlessly annoying, curious about everything! Seb was always close to exploding at their squeaky "Whys?!” And "Hows?!" When he asked Stan about Diego, he shrugged. "He has some children's books he can read if he has questions, they do wonders~ Do your twins know how to read yet?"
"Eh~ Some words and small sentences." He couldn't see his brothers face, but he could feel Stan’s smug grin on the other side. "Diego already knows how to read~~ Specialized preschool~" And Carla said all the teachers told her that Diego was incredibly gifted for his age. Something about having a real knack for numbers. Heh. Maybe Diego would grow up to do stuff with stocks? Hey, a guy could dream.

"Yeah...well...Shut up!" Seb responded. His kids made fire! That was way cooler than being good at SCHOOL stuff! Hmph! He didn't care if they couldn't fully read yet, they would do it when they were ready. Besides, he didn't need to put them in a specialized school to avoid talking to them. He tried to answer their questions the best way he could, even if it annoyed him, because that's what good dads did, they didn't ignore their kids, they spent time with them and tried teaching them whatever they wanted to know.

Even if they were awkward as hell.

"Mommy, daddy! Where do babies come from?" Zoe and Zully climbed into their laps and stared at them innocently.


"Humans!" Zoe giggled, kicking her legs.

This was going to be a weird talk, but they were ready, they had been preparing for this precise question. They read a book! "Well, what do you think?" Seb asked them first, to get an idea of how their own thought process went for this subject.

"Umm... Charlie from class said-he said he will have a little sister! And that his mommy has a baby in her belly...How?" Zully tilted their head and Zoe gasped. "You EAT babies?!" Was that how the baby got in their belly?! Or maybe- "Did she eat a Baby seed and now the baby is growing in her stomach?! Like how you eat a watermelon seed and have a watermelon in your stomach?!"

Seb burst out into loud, genuine laughter, he even shed a few tears and Wanda snickered. "No, sweetie. Um...A baby grows in a woman's womb, not her stomach, and it develops there."

The twins hummed in thought. "And how?! How does it gets there?!!" "What's a womb?"

"Um..." Seb shrugged. "There are looots of ways a baby can form. For example, mom and dad...get their bodies VERY CLOSE to each other and...share an egg and sperm to make a baby~ Like we did to make you two!" The twins giggled. "Egg like from a chickin'?" "What's a spwerm?"

"Well, a female can create a very little egg inside her once she's old enough, and a male can create sperm. Which is like tiny little tadpoles." Wanda rolled her eyes when Sebastian snorted loudly. "They go inside the egg and a baby is made."

"...I'm confused." Zoe whined. So egg like a chicken, but then its a frog tadpoles-- but then they go together like--

"Like Triassic Park?!" Zoe gasped. "So we're DINOSAURS!!"

Seb broke down laughing hysterically. Yes! His babies were dinosaurs! Wanda chuckled. "Kind of. But you ended up as humans. But anyway, often times you get a baby from a man and a woman combining their egg and sperm." She wasn't going to leave it at that, though. "But sometimes they get it from someone else. Like gay couples. They can't have kids, because to make offspring you need an egg, which comes from a woman, and a sperm, which comes from a man. So if there are
two men who want a baby, or two women, they ask for someone to kindly lend them an egg or sperm so they could use it to grow a baby for them, or if they're women, one of them grows the baby after receiving a sperm."

"So only girls grow babies?" Zully asked with a little frown. Wanda nodded. "Yeah. It grows inside them, until they lay them out like a really weird egg."

Or extract them...like burning tumor babies...

"Why?"

"Because males don't have a womb."

Zoe pressed. "And how from the sperm and the egg you pass to a baby?! And how the two gets there?! In-In the...Woom?!" She was trying hard to understand.

Seb opened his mouth to SAY it, but Wanda pinched him before he got any funny ideas. "Tone it down. I don't want them traumatized." She warned in a soft voice before looking back at the kids. "Well, sharing them is a very...intimate grown up thing. You know...how we all have private parts?" The twins nodded. "Well, women and men have different private parts to make an egg or a sperm so when two grown ups get very close, they connect their private parts and form a baby."

She let them complete the picture, just like the book said. When they were older they could get more details. The important thing was not lying to them.

The twins finally seemed satisfied for now and nodded. "Ok!" The two exclaimed.

A few days later, they were called by the school because some really horrified parents, including Charlie's parents and Carol, were complaining about the twins telling their kids that to make babies, grown ups 'rubbed their private parts together very fast and that way a perm and an egg became a baby in the mother's woom' And Zoe asked Charlie if he could "Ask his parents how fast they rubbed it to create their sister."

"I mean...they're not wrong?" Seb mumbled to himself as the other parents completely lost it. "They're too young to know that! How could you!?!" Carol seemed so hurt and disappointed in them. Seb secretly got a vindictive thrill out of it.

Wanda actively ignored her and looked at the principal. "What were we supposed to say? That a giant bird dropped them off on our doorstep?! We explained it in an as modest and objective way as possible. Do you advocate for lying to the children? Telling them about the stork?!"

"YES!" A group of moms cried and the Pines-Friedmann sighed. "Well we didn't want to lie to them. That would only make them distrust us once they're older and realize we lied." Wanda glared. The other parents were still quite distressed but the principal stated that Wanda and Sebastian had done nothing wrong. So they were able to leave and the other parents couldn't do shit. Hah!

At home they had to explain that just like it was done with private parts, it should remain a private thing and talked about only with mom and dad~

Wanda told the incident to her parents, and to her surprise, both her mom and dad burst out laughing and told her that she'd used to badger them with questions like that too. It embarrassed her a little to learn she was just as curious as the twins were now back when she was a child.
The private talks lasted for a while. Their babies were still very curious about everything and they wanted to ease their questions, besides, they were worried that the kids would go out getting in trouble at school again if they didn’t get the answers they wanted.

Seb was wondering if it was this normal for kids to ask so much about this. According to Carla, Diego only cared about coloring inside the lines and Seb was sure as hell he didn't give a shit about that when he was 4. (Maybe because he was planning his revenge against the lizard and the Stans).

But here he was. Talking about bodies and dicks and eggs to his toddlers.

They needed a bath, they smelled like nasty babies, but they didn't want to get a bath. He told them that bacteria would grow on them and eat their flesh. Zully agreed to bath after that, but Zoe just said "I wanna be a skelton!" And Seb had no idea how to respond to that.

"Let's all go take a bath, nasty little humans." Seb took them to the bathroom (ignoring Zoe's protests), took off their dirty clothes covered in glue and glitter from school and put them in the bathtub with warm bubble bath water. He also got some toys for them to play with and not bother him too much.

"You get in too! Or bactery will eat you too!" Zully pulled daddy's hand. Seb rolled his eyes and agreed. Ok, he could use a bath too, and it would give him the chance to wash the twins better.

So now he was sitting on the tub with the kids, trying to wash their curly wet hair while they squirted water at him and splashed around. Urgh! This wasn't a pool day!! Damn it!

"Ok, song, song, we're gonna sing a song ok? I know you sang it in class!" Seb cried as he rubbed water from his face. Zoe clapped as Zully groaned like a broken lawn mower. They really didn't like singing.

"Head! And shoulders! Knees and toes!" Zoe finally sat down to point those body parts and Seb
finally caught her to wash her hair. "And your eyes?" He asked. "Where are the eyes!!" He cried dramatically.

Zully and Zoe giggled and pointed at their eyes. "Aaanddd ears?!!"

"Here!" They grabbed their little ears. Zoe was shampoo free now and Seb caught Zully to do the same. "Andd where are your mouths?!" Zully giggled and pointed at their eyes again, but quickly realized their mistake and pointed to their mouth instead. "Here!"

"Right...because we have a mouth, we don't eat with our eyes...or have to close our eyes to eat." Seb said slowly. Zully nodded. "Yeah." What a silly question.

"Good." Seb sighed. She'll learn it eventually. It was just a weird baby habit, like, sucking their thumb! Yeah! It'll go away... (Hopefully, his own baby habit was biting his hand and it never went away...)

"And...Where are our private parts?" Seb asked. The twins pointed down at the water. "And what's its name?" Seb asked next. "A-Agiana?" The twins struggled to say the name.

Close enough.

"Good! And who can touch that?" Seb asked them seriously. ""Only me!"" The twins said in unison with their own serious looks. As the twins were getting curious, too curious, Seb and Wanda thought they might as well teach them other basic and important things. Seb didn't want anything happening to them, they had to be prepared for anything. "And what do you do if someone else tries?!"

"We tell mommy in-miadetely to put them in pwison and daddy to burn them!! And when we're older, we can burn them too!" The twins responded.

"Pfft why going to school, you're both so intelligent allreadyyy~" Seb cooed as he poked their chubby cheeks. The twins squealed and laughed. Seb managed to rinse their hair free of shampoo and set about washing himself too, brushing his wet hair away from his face. Hm... he should get it trimmed... Seb rubbed his face, at the hair growing along his chin and remembered he had to shave his body soon, his leg hair was already growing back. Damn hairy human body!

He spaced out and started mentally complaining about hair and how having XY chromosomes was a curse to be disgustingly hairy. While he did so, the blonds played around and 'helped' to wash his neck and back.

Zully rubbed his tattoo and frowned. "The marker isn't coming off!" Seb realized Zully was looking at his back and quickly grabbed them to put them in front of him. "Tattoos don't come off, they are in your skin...like a mole. Or a birthmark."

"I like the dwawings you have!" Zully declared with a grin. "I saw a star! And glasses and a twiangle in the middle and a tree and-"

"Yeah, yeah, many shapes, I'm clean already let's get out." He first grabbed Zully by their armpits and swung them out of the tub. He had to stand up to reach their soft bathrobes and he missed the look Zully gave him, or rather the lower part of him. The bubbles in their bath hid everything but now that Seb was out, and the bubbles slid down off his body, Zully noticed something weird.

"Ok, there you go~" Zully's hair was wrapped up in a towel and Dad put them in their bathrobe. Then Dad did the same with Zoe, who didn't want to get out now and had to be wrestled out.
When both of them were wrapped up, Seb reached for a towel to wrap around himself as well.

"Daddy…” Zully called as Seb wrapped a towel on his hair. "Yeah?"

"That thing is your private part?" Zully shamelessly pointed at the towel he wrapped around his waist. Seb blushed a little at her bluntness.

"Well…yeah?"

"Why?"

Why? Why was it his? Or why did he have it? What??

"Um, you have one type that girls got, I have another? For men?" This was getting weird.

Zully frowned. So that made you a boy? But they didn't have that!

Zoe complained she was cold and demanded to get changed already. Seb was about to open the door when Zully spoke.


Seb.exe has stopped working.

Finally, he managed to reboot and sighed. “Zully, you’re a girl so you have the girl’s private part. Daddy is a boy, so he has the boy’s private part.” He was feeling rather awkward at this point.

“But I want the boy’s part!” Zully insisted. Seb blinked slowly. “Oh…” He wasn’t sure how to handle this. “So… why?” He finally asked. Zully pouted. “I wanna be like daddy!” Seb relaxed at that, thinking that Zully was simply being cute and wanting to be like their cool dad. He chuckled and ruffled Zully’s head towel. “Well maybe when you grow up.” He teased. “But right now, you both need to get into your PJs and go to bed.”

“Okay!” Zully was much happier to hear that they could be like a boy when they grew up. They couldn’t wait for that!

Seb shook his head, wondering why this had even come up in the first place. Zully was such an odd child.
Chapter 21: Zully Pines?

Chapter Summary

Learning what is wrong or right
Watching pasts that come to light
He doesn't notice what it means
The AXOLOTL scrubbed it clean

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Slices of Life and Family

CHAPTER 21

-Zully Pines?-

"Aaww! Stan went to meet Phillip's parents for Christmas!" Seb cooed at the news. They had gone to Wanda's parents' house for the holidays this time. As much as he loved her family as well, he missed seeing his niblings and his brothers. "Really? That's so nice!" Wanda smiled and reached for her phone. She'd ask for the details from Carla. Wanda bet she was glad to meet Dillon's mom after how long their boys had been dating.

And maybe Stan did something dumb (like Seb normally did), and she could be a virtual shoulder for Carla to complain about her idiot husband on.

The twins were happy to go with any family as long as they got presents and they returned home with a bag full of toys. However, Zully complained about most of them ("I don't want a kitchen, we already have one! And I don't like cooking too much anyway!" "...I don't want more babies!" "...I don't wanna headbands or earrings...I don't wear them...") The child felt bad for feeling bad though, their family gifted it to them, and mommy and daddy said they had to be grateful...but Zully wanted toys like their older boy cousins got, like cool remote cars or more action figures, they had too many dolls already! Zully loved their dolls, but it wouldn’t be bad to get a dinosaur action figure too...

Amanda listened to her blond friend complain with a serious expression on her face. For the first time in forever, the twins were hanging out in Amanda's house. Carol was downstairs on the phone and while Zoe ran around in circles in the bright pink room, Zully was laying on the bed, staring at the ceiling. "And I think getting some of those transforming robot guys would be cool too."

"But those aren’t cute at all." Amanda finally replied. "But they’re cool!!" Zully responded. Zoe jumped onto the bed while grinning at them, "I think they’re cool too!" She liked the robot toys because they would be more fun to break. Dolls were too soft, they broke easily. But shattering a robot into a bajillion pieces? That’d be a challenge. Amanda shrugged. "I like dolls more...and my mommy says girls like cute things." She said simply. "But if you like robots, that’s good too, because we like different things, like the teacher said."
She didn’t really get it, why mommy always said that all girls had to like something. Mommy was probably right, but mommy was probably only right about Amanda, since Amanda was mommy’s daughter. But Zully and Zoe were missus Wanda’s daughters so they probably liked different things. Teacher said that everyone is different and that’s what made them all special. So if the twins likes robots, that was fine too. Hm… “I don’t have any robots though.”

“We can build one?” Zully pointed out. In fact, that sounded like an awesome idea. Zoe squealed. “YES! BUILD A ROBOT!”

They brainstormed what things a robot needed before running to the kitchen to get their supplies. They'd need cardboard and boxes and duct tape and light bulbs for the eyes and hands and claws and guns! So it was a fighter one!

"Not guns!" Zully scoffed at their sister. How silly…

It didn't take long for them to get their materials, Amanda knew where to find them and in the trash there were cardboards too! But it also didn't take long for mommy to find out and scolded them for playing with trash.

"We are building a robot!" Zoe hugged the beater she was planning to use as a hand. “It’ll be big and-and have GUNS!”

“No guns!” Zully scolded their sister again. Zoe scoffed. “Guns make everything better. That’s what uncle Stan says.” Amanda looked back and forth between her friends. Every time they talked about their uncles, she really wondered what what up with their family. They sounded fun. Weird, but fun.

The woman put her hands on her hips and looked down at the kids. She snatched the egg beater from Zoe who let out a "Hey!

"No. No robots! I want you to go play silently upstairs with your dolls and not with trash!” Carol scolded them. "Are you boys? Only boys get all dirty from playing in the trash."

"I like getting dirty." Zoe shrugged innocently. "And I'm not a boy." She argued. “I can be a girl and still like getting dirty!” Carol scoffed, as if that was the most stupid thing ever, and shooed them back upstairs, ruining their robot plan.

"You should learn from Amanda and your sister to be a better behaved girl. You won’t be able to find a good husband acting like a savage." Carol patted Zully’s head condescendingly, making the oldest twin sigh with a sudden sadness. Missus Carol's words made their heart hurt a lot…

Once upstairs, Zoe scoffed. "We will build our robot at our house!" She reassured the small group. It didn't make Zully feel better.

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Wanda was summing up her case in her office. She needed to finish writing her evidence to prove her client was not at home at the moment of the accident, so, her stupid boyfriend claiming she attacked him and left him that bruise was just wrong. Stupid man, she was so going to destroy him and his lawyer. The blonde was so concentrated on her job that she missed the first ring of her phone. She missed that call but luckily they called again and this time Wanda managed to pick up.

“Hello, Wanda Friedmann.”

“Good morning, um...Mrs. Pines?” Wanda grinned. She didn’t change her last name (“Sorry, honey, but you didn’t go to law school.”) but it was still nice to be called Pines. “Yes, that’s me?
Who’s this?”

“We’re calling from Zully and Zoe’s school...The twins were involved in a fight and the principal wants to talk to you…” Wanda sighed tiredly and ran a hand across her face. Oh god! Zoe, what did you do this time!? “I’m at work now, but I’ll call my husband and he’ll be there as soon as possible.” The secretary nodded. “Alright then, we’ll wait for him. Thank you.”

Wanda massaged her temples before quickly calling Seb. He was at home working so he surely could go see what the problem was now. Seb also groaned when she finished explaining and after a “Ugh! Zoe, what did you do this time!?” He said he was going to the school. Wanda just hoped it wasn’t something too serious...She didn't want problems with Seb later.

Seb arrived at the school and went directly to the principal’s office. He already knew his way around the school...He knocked and saw the twins sitting on the same chair, holding hands and the other boy with an ice pack on his face. Good thing his parents hadn’t come yet….

He sent a look to his blond spawn who stared back at him, not even having the decency to look sorry. “Hello, Mr. Pines, thank you for coming.” The principal sighed. “What happened this time…” Seb stood behind the twins and looked at the principal. She sighed again and sent a look to the twins. “Well...surprisingly, it wasn’t Zoe this time.”

“...it wasn’t?” Seb’s jaw dropped.

“No, I was surprised as well, it was Zully this time…” Seb’s eye widened a bit. HUh. He didn’t know Zully had the guts to get in trouble! “They were at recess, and Zully suddenly punched Georgie in the face before she slammed him against the wall. Then Zoe joined in the beating...but it was Zully who started it…”

Zully stuck their thumb to their mouth and closed their eyes to suckle. Zoe huffed. That wasn’t true!

Seb covered his mouth as he looked directly at the principal, nodding slowly. He was hiding a huge grin behind his mouth. Oh my gosh, this was hilarious...He was so proud~

“I already told them is not right to hurt people and that we have to talk to each other.” She glared at the twins who flinched on themselves. Seb sighed. “Ok, but did you ask them what happened? Zoe, Zully, why did you punch this kid? Did he bother you?”

Zully nodded shyly but the principal shook her head. “She said he was bothering her and she punched him. But even so, it’s not right to respond with violence, Mr. Pines, and you have to tell them so.”

“Zoe, what happened with your sister.” Seb asked, ignoring the principal. “She-She told him to stop, but he didn’t! And he was making Zully very upset and angry and she even said please but he continued so Zully punched him and I helped because Zully is my twin and we’re a team.” Zoe declared with a grin. Seb smiled a little, reminded of his own childhood. Stan had gotten in trouble for protecting them too.

“That’s not true!” The hurt boy whimpered and Seb turned around to hiss at him. “Shut it, I’m not your father so I don’t have to listen to you, you strange crotch goblin!”

“M-Mr. Pines!” The principal gasped.

“Ok, there you go. They said it was the boy’s fault. He was bothering them and they asked him to stop, and he didn’t. I’m sorry, but if they were defending themselves from him then I have
nothing to tell them. I don’t stand for kids bothering and bullying others. If Zully asked him to please stop, and he didn’t then he was obviously messing with her and distressing her on purpose.” He growled at the kid with the ice bag and the other toddler flinched on himself. “But fine, are they suspended?” Seb asked, tired of having to come by the school so often.

“No…” The principal said, a bit shocked by his response. She was hoping he’d agree to scold them. But, well, if his daughters were being harassed by a boy and he wanted them to learn that they should be allowed to fight back, she… couldn’t really hold that against him.

“Good. If you want me to talk to them, I’ll give them some ice cream and tell them to continue defending themselves from annoying kids as long as they’re just defending themselves. Can I take them home now?” The woman was so taken off by his response. The look the man sent her also freaked her out a little, his eye seemed to be turning red…

The boy’s parents arrived at that moment and the mom immediately went to coo and hug her poor baby boy who had been hit. “Look at what your little monsters did to my baby!! They’re too aggressive!” Zoe growled and made a biting motion with her little pointy teeth at her.

Seb rolled his eye. “Welp, I’m leaving with my monsters now, if you don’t mind. If you wanna talk about your kid harassing my children to the point where Zully felt she had to hit him to defend herself, then you can get a date with my manager, I have a tight schedule to keep.” He grinned and handed the furious dad a card. “I won’t deal with your bullcrap in front of my kids.” He motioned for the twins to follow him and the toddlers quickly stood up and followed daddy like ducklings.

He strapped them in their carseats and went to sit down on his own seat, but he didn’t start the car yet. “Zully, Zoe.”

“Yeah?” “Are we getting ice cream?” Zoe asked innocently. Seb rolled his eye. “We can have some at home, but we have to talk ok?” And then he finally drove them home. Some scoops of ice cream later, Seb was sitting on a chair, staring at the twins who were sitting on the couch. It reminded him of his very serious and mature talks he had with them when they were a few months old and always destroyed their pacifiers and bottle nipples. Wanda said reasoning with them didn’t work because they couldn’t understand, but now he could definitely have a talk with them!

“So...you know I told you I didn’t care if you hit other kids, right?” The twins nodded. “But ONLY if they were being annoying or bothering you first?” They nodded again. “Ok...So, I’m always going to protect you, ok? No matter what, I’m always on your side.” Because that’s what good parents did.

“But I want to know if it was really self defense. I mean, I also have the need to beat the sheep out of many annoying people (like our neighbor) but I don’t, because humans use ‘words’ and ‘reasoning’,” he quoted with his fingers with an annoyed look, remembering Wanda’s (and Ford’s) words. “And seriously, hitting people who deserve it is actually pretty fun! And messing with them! And you know what else would be fun? Rearranging the places of someone’s organs! Imagine if their heart ended up in their butt!” He laughed loudly.

The twins weren’t very sure where this was going and they stared at their dad with confused brown and green eyes. Seb realized he got distracted so he coughed to clear his throat. “What I’m trying to say is that, there are annoying rules that people like your mom make other people follow, and in one of them is that you cannot hit someone unless they started it because...hitting others without reason is not ok and it can get you in trouble...you can’t do that…” It PAINED Seb so much to teach the kids to follow rules, he didn’t want to follow rules, but here he was, indoctrinating his kids...He sighed. This sucked!
“Did that boy REALLY hurt you? Did he hit you first or something like that? You can lie to anyone but me.” The man asked seriously. Zully’s eyes welled up with tears as Zoe pouted. “Can—Can I get a hug?” The oldest twin whimpered and Seb nodded. He sat in between them and let them hug him. Zully rubbed their eyes before speaking. “He—He didn’t hit me…”

Seb sighed a little. Ok… “So you hit him… why?”

“Because… Because he kept holding my hand… and he refused to let go even when I said I didn’t like it.” Zully confessed, feeling very sad they disappointed Dad. That boy didn’t hurt them, but they thought it was ok to hit them because they were really bothering them. And it made them really uncomfortable and unhappy.

They were at recess. Everyone was in the playground, on the swings or slides. There was a group of kids playing pretend and Zoe and Zully joined them after getting bored of the slides. Georgie had declared himself the king and started saying who had to be what. Some boys declared they were knights or warriors, the girls all said they were princesses. “I wanna be a knight!” Zully exclaimed happily, raising their imaginary sword in the air.

“No, no, you can’t be a knight! You’re a girl! Girls can’t be knights because boys are knights.” A boy explained to the blond twin. “I can be a knight if I wanna! Or—or a wizawd!” Zully pouted. Those had magic and they had magic! Then, Georgie came over and grabbed their hand firmly. “No, I want you to be my Queen! And we will get married!” He squealed.

“NO!” Zully pulled at his hand, but the kid was holding on tight. “No! I don’t wanna!! Don’t wanna!! I’m a knight! Not a q-queen!!” Their eyes were starting to well up with tears. Zoe jumped in front of Georgie. “I wanna be queen! Because Queens have all the powers! Like Elsa!” She smiled widely. Georgie stuck his tongue out at her. “No! You can’t be queen! You’re scary!” he turned back to Zully, who was still trying to pull away from him.

“You’re my Queen! Because girls are princesses and you gotta marry me after I saved you!” “NO! NO! NO! NO!!! LET ME GO!!! Please!” “NO!” Zully wailed, tugging and thrashing. Georgie whined and tried pulling Zully towards their new castle. Zully was getting desperate now, and after a quick change of eye color to red they freed themselves and punched the kid in the nose. He staggered back, wailing, but Zully didn’t stop there. After a scream, Zully threw themselves over him and started punching him repeatedly in the head, in the eye and the stomach. “I’m not a princess! I’m not a princess!! I don’t wanna marry you!! I’m not a princess!!!!”

Zoe grinned widely at the beating and joined in to kick the kid in the stomach with all her might, it was like kicking a ball that screamed!! The other kids screamed and some went to tell their teachers to stop the fight. When the teacher came, Zully was slamming Georgie against the wall.

Seb rubbed Zully’s back as they finished explaining what happened. His poor baby was unsoothable, wailing their heart out. “I—I’m sorry, I’m sorry…” Seb raised their little hands and checked their wrists. Yeah, the red marks were the kid had grabbed her were still there under their sleeve. “He didn’ huwt me but I hit him!” Zully wailed.

“No, baby, you had every right to free yourself. He was holding you without your permission, NO ONE can touch you without your permission, ok? It was fine what you did, you did great, I promise…” Zully just snuggled closer and sobbed as Dad stroked their hair. Zoe pouted as she watched her twin cry.

“I—I did… I did good?” Zully looked up with puffy red eyes. Seb nodded and kissed their forehead before cleaning away their tears. “Yes, pumpkin, I promise you did fine, I’m proud you defended
yourself from him, no one can touch you like that if you don’t want them to, ok? Or you, Zoe.” He added, looking at his other girl.

“I-I HATE it when-when they tweat me like a girl!” Zully whined loudly, hitting Dad in the chest in their frustration. “I don’t like it!!”

“Well, those kids literally live in the middle ages like you were playing. Girls can do anything they want! You don’t listen to those buttholes!” Seb scoffed.

“NO! I don’t! I don’t-I don’t!” Zully stumbled with the words to explain just how FRUSTRATED they felt right now. “I-I don’t WANT to be a princess or-or marry a boy!! I don’t wanna!”

Seb winced when their arms caught on fire. “It’s ok, Zully, you don’t have to be a princess or marry a boy if you don’t want to! I swear! You-You can be anything you want, yes? What do you want?” He asked softly.

“I don’t wanna be a girl!!” Zully all but screamed.

Seb blinked and stayed silent for a few seconds. She-She didn’t want to be a girl? What? “You don’t want to be a girl?”

“NO! I-I wanna...I wanna be a boy…” Zully rubbed his eyes, completely exhausted from this horrible poop day. “I don’t wanna be Zully anymore…” The poor child was so exhausted and their... his voice sounded broken and tired... He...He wasn’t Zully...He didn’t want to be a girl, he didn’t want to be a girl anymore, he wanted to be like Dad, not like mommy. He-He was a boy...

He ...That... felt much more right than she...He...Like dad, like his uncles, like Dillon, like Dipper...He was tired of being a girl, he wanted to be a boy, like the other boys at school, he felt more like them. He knew girls did girl things and some of them were fun...But he wanted to be a boy and do boy things too...

Seb gaped at the words he was hearing. What-What did that even mean? She-She, why did Zully want to be a boy? He didn’t understand...

“So you will be my bwother now?” Zoe asked her twin innocently, lifting her head from where she was resting on Seb’s shoulder. Zully hummed softly. Brother...That...that felt much nicer... almost familiar. “I wanna be your brother, not sister.”

“Oh! Like Dipper and Mabel!” Zoe squealed. “Daddy! We’d match Dipper and Mabel!” She squealed excitedly, punching Dad’s shoulder as he still tried to understand what was going on. That one time when they bathed together and Zully said...she (he?) said that he wanted to have...his private part...

“So you wanna be a boy now?” Seb asked softly. Zully looked up at him, with big bright eyes. Zully had wiped away his tears and now he was just waiting for him to say something. Zully was waiting for his daddy to support him...

“Will that make you happy?” Seb asked. He had wanted to do so many things as a kid as well. He had felt so weird and wrong when he discovered his mom, the only person he trusted, said he couldn’t wear a skirt, or makeup or earrings or paint his nails... That didn’t make him a girl, as far as he knew, maybe Zully wanted to do other stuff and this way ‘he’ felt more comfortable. But Seb wasn’t sure. Maybe he was wrong...Maybe Zoe was right and they...were like the older twins...a girl and a boy...He only knew he had to be there for Zully and support them, whatever they wanted to be.
Zully nodded firmly. “I...I wanna be a boy...like you...I’m a boy...” Seb nodded as he processed that and smiled before pulling the two kids into a tight hug. “Ok...I understand...” Zully leaned in to whisper into his ear. “I- I always felt I wasn’t a girl...I- I get it now, because-becuz I’m a boy, I felt it here...” He touched dad’s chest, where his heart was. Seb felt his throat closing and his chest clenching a bit. “I love you so much, baby, I love you...” Zoe let dad hug Zully first, because she- -he had been crying before. And Zully was a boy now! Ok! She knew Zully was weird sometimes! And NOW she understood! It was because she was actually a boy! And boys were just so weird!!

“I-I don’t wanna be called Zully... I should have a boys name, I don’t like my name...” Zully looked up at Seb who pursed his lips in thought. “Well then...what name do you want me to call you?”

Zully shrugged. He hadn’t thought about it yet... “Dunno...I need to find one...” Seb chuckled. “We can call you Zu, meanwhile, as you look for your perfect name~” Zu’s eyes widened and he nodded.

“Oh shit, mommy!” Seb nodded. “Yeah, I’ll tell her to call you Zu too...and we’ll stop calling you, princess. You don’t like it, right?” Zu blushed a little and nodded. Yeah, he didn’t like it, he never liked it...

Seb rubbed his nose against his daug-SON. He'd fight anyone who wanted to bring down his baby. Anyone who would tell his SON that he couldn't be a boy if he wanted to! Seb still didn't fully understand, but seeing how happy Zu looked, he realized it didn't matter if he couldn't understand, as long as he still gave Zu his full support.

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"Are you serious?" Wanda sighed tiredly and massaged her temples. "He told me that...” Seb whispered. As he promised, he said he was gonna talk to mommy about it.

"Can you, like not call her a he? She's our daughter, I mean, why doesn't she want to be called Zully? Did someone say they didn't like her name? Or she couldn't do something as a girl? Is that why she wants to be a boy?" Wanda groaned.

"An ass kid said Zully couldn't be a knight, but I don't really know why she-um-he wants to be a boy... She-URGH!!" This was confusing. "Zully says sh-he will think of another name that he likes better.

Wanda really couldn't get it. Why was their daughter asking them to call her a boy? Was this just a phase? "I mean...we can't go around telling everyone she's a boy! It doesn't even make sense!" She pouted. "And I like her name." She was quite sad that Zully didn't like it.

Seb grimaced. "Ok, I know but...it really makes Zully happy..." He reached out to cup Wanda’s face. “Look, maybe this is a temporary thing. But even if Zu just wants to try out being a boy right now, there’s nothing wrong with that, right? So why not let him do what he wants? I...” Seb bit his lip. “When I was a kid, my mom said I couldn’t paint my nails or wear skirts.” He didn’t really blame her, people probably would have bullied him even more if they saw him. But... “...and I don’t want Zu to think that sh-he can’t do the things he wants, I don’t want to be the one to tell him that he can’t do something. I don’t want to be that kind of father.”
He squeezed her cheeks, making her lips pout comically. "And you're the best mommy, because you want them to be happy and if this makes them happy AND hurts nobody while he’s expressing himself...then we should just go with it, no? for Zu." He squeezed her cheeks even more.

Wanda pulled away from him with a tiny smile. "I...I guess you're right this time...As long as it makes her happy...Besides, maybe she's just tired and wants a change, right?" She suggested.

"Yeah, maybe that’s it...but remember to say he now~" He poked her side. Wanda squirmed.

Seb was so glad their talk didn't end up in a fight again!! Maybe all this sports stuff was taking effect! (He loved rock climbing. He was forced to go with the rest of the program which included weights and sit-ups and stuff. Sure he cheated with magic, but the little he did was causing a great effect on his body. He even got a bit of muscle!!)

Wanda squealed when she was pulled towards the bed for a hug and while she snuggled him, she couldn't help but worry a bit… Hoping it wouldn't last...What would her parents think? Wanda really didn’t want to have to disagree with Seb about wanting Zully to be happy, but Zully was her little girl. Wanda couldn’t wrap her head around the idea of sweet little Zully wanting to be a boy, of all things.

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This time they weren't called from the school before it ended for the day (small miracles), but the teacher had to explain to Seb the twins'....situation...

Seb felt faint.

"...What did...What did you do to your hair, Zu?" Seb, about to lose it, put a fist under his chin.

“I cut it!” Zu grinned wide, hair a mess of uneven tuffs and curls. Seb wanted to cry. In fact, he did. “B-but we could have cut it at a SALON!” Seb wailed. “I-i-it would have looked NICER!!”

"It looks nice! I helped!" Zoe told her dad with her hands on her hips. Seb sent the teacher a tearful look and she sighed. "I'm sorry, we didn't realize they did this until I checked on them…"

"Ok…" Seb then had to take Zu to their usual hairdresser, who gasped in horror when she saw Zu's beautiful hair all cut. "What happened?!"

"Zu wants it short…” "Like a boy's hair! Like Dillon’s!” Zu said with a big smile as they climbed to a chair. Daddy’s hair was short sometimes and long sometimes. But Dillon’s hair was cool.

At this point, because of the random short and long strands of hair, Zu's hair would end up being shorter than Seb’s once they trimmed everything neatly. And Seb was getting his hair trimmed already. (Heck, if he was coming to the salon anyway, why not get his hair trimmed? He dyed it recently, and getting the ends snipped wouldn’t hurt.

Zu didn't mind it, in fact, as the woman cut his hair and Zoe ate chips next to him (feeding him some from time to time), his smile never left his face. "I missed my hair like this!" He shook his head side to side. It was so light! His neck could feel wind!

Seb took a photo of Zu to show it to Wanda, and waited for her answer, before looking up at his kid and poking his nose, making him squeal loudly with laughter. ““Now I look like you, daddy!”

Seb nodded. “IDENTICAL!” Even though his hair was longer than Zu’s.
Wanda replied to his message when they were going home, and he made the mistake of playing the audio on the car. “What? Oh god, what did she do to her hair??” Was her cry of despair. She loved combing Zully’s hair!!

Seb winced a little before trying to glance back at Zu, trapped in his carseat. “Don’t worry. Mommy’s just surprised.” He assured him. Zu pouted but accepted the answer. “But… I don’t look bad, right?”

“Of course not. You look very handsome.” Seb assured him. Zu rubbed his short locks of blond hair, feeling up the now curlier curls. If daddy said so, then it was true, right?

Once he had sent the kids to play somewhere else, or do homework, or just get out of his sight, Seb called Wanda. She was rightfully surprised. The photos he had sent her were one before the haircut and some after. “Zoe tried helping Zu look more like a boy…” Seb explained and he heard Wanda sigh.

“Ok...It’s-It’s fine...If Zu likes it that way…” Seb nodded and bit his lip. “Also...Zu didn’t realize but you called him a she before and he heard that…”

“...sorry. I’m just... not used to it.” Wanda frowned. It had been a few days after all. Nor did she really think Zully knew what she wanted for sure yet. Sh--he might say he’s a boy right now, but they weren’t even five years old yet. How would they know? But... Wanda took a deep breath. If referring to and treating Zully like a boy made them happy, she was willing to do it. Even if she still didn’t believe Zully would know for sure. Perhaps they’d change their mind once they were older. Still, she would try harder and also read up about this. Whatever this was.

Seb had looked it up and said it was called ‘trans’ and Wanda’s first thought was about transvestites, since that had been the term she’d learned growing up. But apparently that word wasn’t used anymore? She didn’t know anymore.

She was distracted at work, barely hearing her assistant saying she had to travel for a meeting. "What?! Noo~" She complained. "Sorry, Mrs. Friedmann, you agreed to it a month ago, I was just reminding you that it’s in a week." The assistant raised an eyebrow.

Wanda groaned. She had totally forgotten.

She was distracted the rest of the day, but at home, she put all her attention to receive her babies. ""Mommy!!"" They cried and ran towards her. They hugged her legs and Wanda had to admit, once she’d calmed down and wasn’t startled by the change, Zu’s haircut didn’t look all that bad, it was all curly and adorable like Seb’s hair was.

"Wow! Zu look at you~~" She cooed at her oldest baby, who giggled sheepishly and shifted from side to side. "So handsome~ Just like your dad~"

Zu turned to look at Seb, who nodded. "See? I told you!"

The toddler was thrilled.

Just a couple of days later, they received a letter from the school. Much to their relief, no, the twins weren’t in trouble, but there was a parents meeting for the kindergartener parents to talk about violence and misconduct...The Pines had a feeling it was about them...but oh well.

They called the nanny for that night, and left to the school as early as they could. If they didn’t,
Carol and his husband could catch them and tell them to go together. If they went earlier, they could sit with someone else and avoid the Woods altogether! Perfect plan! Seb and Wanda were happy to put as many other parents between them and Carol as possible. They would look at Carol with a fake sad pout and point around them like ‘Oops! Sorry!’

The parents were sitting in their children’s classroom, which was given some bigger chairs instead of the tiny ones their toddlers used. Seb looked at the walls with the children’s paintings and grinned. The one with lots of red scribbled all over people representing blood was definitely Zoe’s ~ Ah, such an artist. The one with triangles around the borders was Zu’s. He drew triangles like him! He had definitely seen him draw triangles everywhere too.

And he was just awesome! Zu wanted to be like him~ That was definitely why Zu drew triangles everywhere.

The meeting was boring, the teacher basically explained that they wanted the kids to be well behaved when they entered 1st grade and that the school was starting some anger management courses to curb violence among the kids. They didn’t quite put it in those words, but that was essentially what they wanted to do. Seb was kinda annoyed by all of it, but Wanda nudged him. “It’ll stop other kids from messing with the twins too.” She pointed out.

Seb hummed and at the end agreed. They were already sending the twins to gymnastics every weekend, they were not violent! They just had tons of energy to be adorable! They didn’t need to go to the courses if they didn’t need it or want it!

There was a brief break before the teacher offered to receive short personal questions from the parents about their kiddos. Some parents piled up in front of her and she sat with them at her desk and listened to them. As Wanda and Seb drank coffee and Seb stole all the cookies, a kinda familiar woman and man walked over to them.

It took Seb a few seconds to realize this was the mother of the boy that Zully beat up. Seb frowned at them, not wanting to listen to the woman complain about the twins again. The woman stopped in front of him, eyes narrowed. Seb prepared himself to ignore her, if he started a fight here, Wanda would be mad.

“I’m very sorry for what my son did!” The woman said quickly, bowing her head. Seb startled. “Wha?”

The woman looked up at him and winced. “I asked my son about what happened, and he told me he grabbed your daughter’s hand while they were playing and refused to let go even when she asked him to. I have already explained to him that what he did was wrong. I am very sorry for what he did.” She bowed her head again. “I’m still upset that your daughters beat him up, but I understand why they did. She had every right to defend herself. I apologize again for what Georgie did.”

Seb blinked at the woman, unable to comprehend what was happening. Someone was… actually apologizing to him? Admitting that they were in the wrong?? What… what?!

Her husband nodded slowly and pulled out the card Seb gave him. ”We were going to call, but preferred to apologize in person.” He said.

Wanda smiled at them and thanked them for talking to their child, she assured them that they also told the twins about only using violence for self defense. After some goodbyes, Seb hummed in thought, eye narrowed. Huh. He guessed not every other parent was a bitch.
Zu was proud of his new hair and had shown it around class. Amanda gasped, a little upset because she loved combing Zu's longer hair, but Zu liked it better short.

"If you like it...I like it!" The blue-eyed girl blushed a little bit when Zu smiled and hugged her super tight.

Most kids didn't mind, they just shrugged and smiled. "Nice!" They complimented. Zu wasn't crazy like her sister, they'd play more with her and Amanda if Zoe wasn't there.

Some girls who were enemies with the small group of friends just said it looked horrible on her and that she looked like a stinky boy.

"You are stinky! With your perfume that smells like poop and garbage!" Zoe defended her brother with a snarl. "And good thing Zu looks like a boy because he's a boy!"

The other little girls giggled. "That's not true! Zully is a girl! You play with dolls, you're a girl!"

"No I'm a boy!!" Zu shouted.

"Nuh uh! Miss! Miss! Is Zully a girl or a boy?!" The toddler asked their teacher.

"She's a girl, Tulip..."

"No, I'm a boy! I'm Zu now!" Some kids giggled at his declaration and the teacher bit her lip, not knowing how to handle the situation. “Well, if you want to be a boy, that’s fine too.” She said carefully, unsure if maybe this was some elaborate pretend game. “I’m sure you’re very proud of your new haircut.”

"I-I am! I look like my cousin Dillon!" Zu smiled at the teacher. She managed to calm down the toddlers and class continued normally, but she remained thinking on what Zully said.

A few days passed by and because the blond toddler still called themselves a boy, the teacher asked Wanda for a meeting. Wanda, stressed from work and her upcoming trip, told Seb (after she complained for the last time to stop calling her at work and that Seb had a more flexible schedule) and the two met with the teacher.

After that, a new question surged. Should they make this public? No one but them called Zu a boy, they haven't even told their family yet. But Zu was getting upset about how no one called them a boy except them and Amanda. Seb thought it would be great to tell everyone, so they would know to say ‘he’ like Zu wanted. Wanda... was unsure. “What if people have a problem with it? What if Zu gets in trouble because of it?”

“Then what? We just... hide it?” Seb scrunched up his face. “Lie about it?”

“Well, we’re already making them hide their powers--”

“That and THIS are two different things!” Seb cried. “I don’t want Zu having to pretend to be something he doesn’t want to!” And Zu seemed really upset by everyone calling him a girl and not letting him talk about being a boy. Seb didn’t see why this was such an issue. Why did anyone care if someone was male or female? They were all humans in the end!

Wanda bit her lip and let out a sigh. "I don’t know, Seb...I mean, Zoe says she's a dinosaur and that doesn’t really mean she is one, even when we treat her like one so she has a fun time. We really
don't know what Zu wants, he’s literally 4! Did you know who you were and what you wanted to do with your life when you were in preschool?"

At Seb deadpanning face, and a "Of course I knew, I have the mind of a trillion years old demon", Wanda let out another sigh before forcing a smile, one she used to try to negotiate.

"Hey...how about we keep this between our family for now? Maybe tell your brothers and niblings, I'm sure they'd accept it better than my parents...And then, when we know more about what Zu is doing and if he isn't just playing around, acting like his beautiful and handsome daddy~ Then we start telling others." She compromised. Seb shrugged, he really didn’t want to start a fight, so he agreed… for now. If Zu got upset then things might change. He just wanted his child to be happy with who he was, whatever that turned out to be.

"Ok, I think we can do that...So, no fight, right?" Seb tried. Wanda nodded and motioned him to get closer for a hug. "Come here, baby ~"

Seb grinned and relaxed, glad they managed to compromise and talk about this without fighting! Wanda cuddled him and suddenly gasped. "Right! By the way, I'm traveling in a day, I told you, right?"

"You what?"

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Seb watched with a pout as Wanda packed a suitcase. "Don't leave."

"Please, baby, don't look at me like that. You knew I was going to travel a little in this new job." She sighed. This was the 2nd time she did it, and she never left for more than 3 days.

He only pouted harder.

"You're going to leave me with those kids all alone?" Seb complained, making Wanda roll her eyes. "You can deal with them better than me. It's just 3 days, I'll be returning Monday morning. I promise. Just follow a normal weekend routine. Go to the gym with the twins, play, cook."

Seb grimaced. "But...But you...Are you sure you're coming back? I-I see too many clothes for 3 days…" He bit his lip.

"Come on, Seb." Wanda sighed. "This is not about you, I'm not leaving you, I have work…” At his scared face, she sat next to him to hold his hand. "I'm not leaving you, Seb...Seriously. I love you, and while we argue...We are handling it better no? The gym is helping all of us. Talking it out is helping too." She kissed his cheek before standing up to continue packing.

"...Will you wear your necklace?" He asked. "I wanna know you're safe."

Wanda agreed before smirking. "Will you spy on me doing other things~?" At that comment, Seb chuckled sheepishly. "If you want me to~"

Wanda leaned up against him, purring. "I’ll be sure to put on a show~"

Seb was bright red, he almost felt like there was steam shooting out his ears. “A-aaaaa-haahah???” Wanda laughed at his expression. God, he was so fun to tease.

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The weekend felt eternal. The twins didn't have to go to preschool so Sebastian was forced to find a way to entertain them. At least he could watch Zu a little more. His baby was just...the same? It was confusing. Could a pronoun actually make him happier? What was different from himself doing "women stuff"? He didn’t even do anything different from what he always did. Why didn’t he feel like a female for that?! Who determined what was female or male?!

"Daddy, you ok?" Zoe looked up at him. "You look like you can't go poop." She imitated his grimacing face.

Seb laughed. "I'm ok, just thinking...Humans are more complicated than I thought..."

"We are humans?" Zoe asked with big eyes. Seb grinned. "Unfortunately...but the craziest!"

Everything was still... normal, boring. Boring lunch. Quiet neighborhood.

He couldn't believe he was saying this, but he missed Amanda and Carol. The woman hadn't come to bother him in a while and he wondered why! He was bored!

Sure, they went to the gym and they had fun there...but everything was just so...annoyingly ordinary.

So close to Gravity Falls and yet so far...Sigh.

It was weird how quiet the house felt without Wanda here, even though she was already away most of the day, and the kids were as rowdy as usual. Seb supposed it was the empty bed that was the issue. He felt lonely without her sleeping beside him. It felt... cold. Seb shook his head. Wanda was coming home, that’s all that mattered. He even checked on her through the necklace and she was doing well. (And she really WAS at a work meeting, not secretly leaving him, like he’d half feared.) Seb shook away these thoughts. Not important.

That's how the three spent their weekend. Now it was Sunday night and Wanda would finally be coming home on Monday.

He was on entertaining duty, he didn't want them to watch tv or videos on the internet all day because that will make them stupid (according to his book on how to raise human babies) so Seb was sitting in a tiny chair next to Zu. He didn't mind too much. He had done this with the older twins and Dillon when he visited them and he had humiliated himself even more in other occasions.

Besides, it was good to spend time with your kids. That's what good dads did. He had 3 dads (4, if biological isosceles dad counted), and only one of them actually cared for him.

Anyway, Zu was drawing with him and Zoe was on the piano, practicing as she sang a song from the Aristocats. That was a fun movie, Seb had to admit that he rather liked it as a kid.

"Do mi so do, do so mi do

Le vrai musicien répète avec ardeur

De savantes gammes et des arpè-è-ges

Mais il faut qu'il sache que sa voix doit sortir du coeur~

En chantant ses gammes et ses arpèges~"

Was he teaching her songs in French? Yes. Yes he was. If they had powers like him, they might as
well be polyglots like him. He wanted to play a prank on Wanda too.

Imagine her face when he told her his ability to speak different languages was inherited by the kids! HAHAHA!

"I did good?" Zoe asked her daddy, looking incredibly small sitting in front of the piano. "You're doing fine, sweetie. We'll practice pronunciation later~ Qu'est ce que tu penses, bébé?" Seb cooed at Zu who was concentrated on coloring inside the lines.

"Je ne sais pas." He shrugged and continued drawing. Seb leaned to look at his drawing. There were several triangles, holding hands. Seb blinked. Huh. Reminded him of his own drawings as a kid. "What 'cha drawing?" He asked. Zu shifted his weight from side to side. "It's... a family." He said finally. Seb nodded. "Oh?"

"It’s… brothers and their mom and dad." Zu told him. "But… the big brother goes away. He... “ Zu frowned. "He was… different. The dad said that he couldn’t be with them anymore…”


"No.” Zu looked melancholic. “It wasn’t good at all.” He considered his drawing before his fist tightened around his color pencil until his knuckles went white. Then he loosened his grip and relaxed again. "But, back when they were together, things were good.” He said quietly. Seb leaned down, ignoring the throbbing pain in his chest. “Yeah? Did the brothers have fun? When they were together?"

"A lot! The big brother was really, really smart! A-and they knew all the coolest stories and games to play--" Zu said, brightening up. "--and they were weird sometimes, but they were always really nice and--"

Sebastian grinned softly and reached for the gray crayon and drew some shapes reading a book. "I bet big brother also read to them a lot?" Seb carefully colored the bigger triangle he drew.

"Yeah! He read all the books they had! And then he wrote his own books so there’d be even more!" Zu’s drawings were all lopsided, irregular. Seb thought he didn’t have the fine motor control to make perfect equilaterals yet. That was fine. The irregulars were better! They were all unique! The former demon proudly looked on at his son’s drawings. He liked the yellow triangle. "You know, yellow’s my favorite color." He told Zu. His son giggled. "I like yellow too!"

"Yellow's the best color in the world!" The two curly haired father and son high-fived.

"Help me draw more of the family!" Zu demanded. They drew more of the family, in...happier situations than Seb had never lived as a mortal little Shape, but Zu liked them so he indulged him.

It was also weird how he drew the mom as a shape too but well... Zu was a kid so Seb guessed it made more sense to him.

The drawings became a practice to draw more shapes and learn about angles and degrees, while he went from Zu to Zoe from time to time. He had to pay attention to both of them after all.

"So how many degrees do a square's angle have?"

"90!" Zu exclaimed as he drew a happy, but very lopsided and not-at-all 90 degree-y square. He laughed and make it a dark blue. “Squares are boring ~” He grinned. Seb laughed too. “They sure aaaaare~”
"You know what's even more boring?? A pentagon!" Seb drew a regular pentagon and made it have a silly look on its eye. Zu grimaced. "The more sides they are, the more BORING they are!"

"And circles are the WORSE!" Seb threw his hands into the air. "Stupid know-nothing-know-it-alls who keep sticking their non-existent angles into everyone else’s business!"

Zu nodded vigorously and stuttered to express that he agreed with daddy in everything, but he didn’t know HOW! He reached for his juice box and drank it as fast as he could, eyes tightly shut.

"They're not good shapes! They take people away! I don’t-I don’t like them! And-And drawing them is not nice too!!" Zu huffed. He drew a circle and then scribbled over it in black, jagged and violent strokes. And then he scribbled blue all over the page. "There. Now he's dead." He said with satisfaction. Then, in a more sober voice, "Now they're all dead."

Seb's sole eye widened in satisfied surprise. "Damn~ Zully, I didn’t know you had it in you!"

"It’s Zu! Daddy!" the child pouted, eyes turning faintly red before fading back to brown. "Sorry! It was a slip!" Seb apologized. Zu looked down at his drawing again and the rest of his anger trailed away. He looked almost sad. "...they’re all gone.” He sniffled. “It’s not fair...” Seb sighed and wrapped an arm around his son, pulling him in for a hug. “Yeah. It wasn’t fair at all.”

So lost in his own memories, Seb never thought to question why Zu knew all this.

Even when he was glad those assholes were gone...He...he had to admit a part of him (a very divided part of him, from Bill's remains of decency and actual feelings) that he missed some parts of it. His old friends, his brother...Many assholes died, but innocents, dumb, flat minded idiots, but still innocents, died as well.

"At least...We know their souls are safe, the Axolotl guards them." Seb smiled faintly. The one good thing that stupid lizard did.

"The Axo-Ax-lot? Is...Is that the god Mrs. Carol told us we would like to meet?" Zu asked.

Seb's thoughtful expression changed to a mad scowl and Zu giggled at how funny daddy looked. “Has Carol been trying to CONVERT you?!” Seb seethed.

"What does that mean?" Zu asked innocently.

Seb took a deep breath. "If anyone asks, you gotta say you're jewish, that's our cover religion, so its bad if someone comes to you trying to change that and tell you to change your religion to theirs. Carol has another religion, and if she’s trying to make you follow her religion instead, that means convert."

"Oh. Then yes. She took us with Amanda to learn stuff in a funny big building. They talked about someone named God who was in charge of taking good people to Heaven."

"WHAT?!" Seb was so incredibly pissed at the sheer GALL that woman had!

Zu didn't care about it, he was still thinking about what daddy said before. "So...Daddy, when someone is gone forever...The Ax-lot will keep them safe?"

Seb took a deep breath, rubbed the bridge of his nose before exhaling. He'd deal with Carol later. "Yes, baby. The Axolotl creates souls and he makes sure souls continue a cycle. Some souls get reincarnated, some just move on and go to..."
"Heaven?"

"Um, yeah, you can call it that, but no one actually knows what it’s like." Seb certainly never saw it. And he died multiple times!

"Do you think the Ax-lot got grandpa Matsuda?"

Seb blinked, having never had that thought before. "I think...Yeah, he must have…” He had no way to ask him (unless he wanted to die again to see him). "I'm sure he moved on." He sighed loudly.

Wow. This turned all deep and serious all of a sudden…

"Z-Zoe, how are you doing?" He listened to the sounds of the piano again (he had been so distracted the sound was blocked from his mind), and heard her playing Moana with help from a ThemTube video.

"I found another one. I was calling you and you didn't answer me!" She stuck her tongue out. Seb shook his head to get rid of the last minutes of weird conversation he had with his 4 year old son. "Oh~ I’m sorry~~" He grabbed Zu by his armpits and carried him towards Zoe who was still sitting in front of the piano. The twins shrieked as Dad squeezed them with his love.

"Dad! I can’t breathe!" Zoe grunted.

“You can breathe just fine~ Otherwise you wouldn’t be able to talk~” Seb laughed, rubbing his face against hers. He thought of something fun all three of them could do together. "Mommy’s not here~ How about we watch a movie before going to sleep?"

""YAY!""

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It didn’t last long. Zoe and Zu were nodding off in front of the Tv after half an hour. It was a long day for two 4 year olds. The two were tired but refused to admit it. "Come on, kiddos, how about I read you a bedtime story, huh?" He picked them up, one in each arm and nuzzled them.
"Aaw~ Looks like the little monsters tired themselves out~ How about I sacrifice you to the boogeyman, huh?" They were just so tired they didn't protest or complain. Seb carried them up to their room and changed them into their pajamas and helped them brush their teeth. The two refused to brush their own teeth and Seb used his powers to levitate the toothbrushes into their mouths. At least the kids were awake enough to rinse and spit. He wiped their little faces clean and tucked them in before going to the bookshelf to find something to read to them. Mabel and Dipper had
given them both a bunch of books for the holidays, so Seb might as well read one of them.

“Green Eggs and Ham.” Seb read, doing a double take. Ah… weren’t eggs not supposed to be green in this dimension? Ah, well. Ok then.

Half way through the story the twins passed out again and Seb gladly skipped out of the room to leave them rest. He wasn’t too tired yet (and he felt lonely on the bed all alone, which made him feel dumb for being so dependant), so he spent a few hours in the living room, designing and humming to himself.

When he felt his weak vessel’s exhaustion slowly show up, he stretched and yawned. He planned to go to his room to get ready for bed but that plan went out the window when something flew at him from out of nowhere and he was forced to throw himself to the ground to avoid getting hit by it.

“The FU--!?”

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Chapter End Notes

Mizuuma: It begins
Chapter 22: Friends Old and New

Chapter Summary

Family isn't always about blood, sometimes it's an alternative version of yourself from another dimension

Slices of Life and Family

Chapter 22

-Friends old and new-

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"--UCK?!" Seb yelped as he twisted on the ground and made his way back to his feet. The blur slowed and he finally got a good look at them.

Of course, Seb’s first panicked reaction was attacking the intruder with a cushion. He was definitely asleep right now because there was no way this was happening again. A glowing yellow triangle floated right there in front of him! This couldn’t possibly be real. Bill was dead. Bill2 was gone! He wasn’t real!!

"Begone, demon! This is a GOOD (kinda) Jewish household!" His pillow passed right through the triangle. The demon groaned as it righted itself and looked up, glowing brightly when they finished reorienting themselves. "SEBAS!! IT'S ME!" The triangle squealed. They materialized a physical body (still triangular) and floated in the air before him.

Seb dropped the second cushion he grabbed and his confused face morphed into one of excitement when he recognized the demon-alien. "NO fucking way~" The brunet laughed and wrapped him (her?) in a hug and didn't let go for a good few minutes. "Miz! It-It's you!! Holy shit! It's so good to see you again!" Seb pulled back to smile brightly at his friend.

"It’s GREAT to see you too--!!!” MizBill giggled. Then they paused and squinted at him. “Your hair! It's not blond anymore?!” that being the first change he noticed on his friend. Didn’t he still have yellow parts the last time he came to check on him? "Hair grows~I decided to change it a bit a few years ago. I still dye the ends for special occasions though.” Seb explained with a shrug. Like his fashion show. But it was a temporary thing, and he had to get his hair cut along with Zu after that horrible haircut Zoe gave him, so he was fully a brunet again.

MizBill accepted that answer (even though they secretly thought the yellow looked good on him) and looked around, realizing this was an unfamiliar house which was definitely not the Shack and definitely not in Gravity Falls. Huh. So he could leave the barrier around the falls (if one existed here that would affect him) by simply spawning outside the town. Neat. That meant he could probably teleport in and out. "Why are you even here? Why not in the Mystery Shack? Where are Pinetree and Shooting Star?!!” MizBill asked, mildly worried that Ford had kicked Sebastian out of his home. Wait. But Seb said years, didn't he? Whoa, how long had it been since he’d last been here?
"Mabel and Dipper? Wha-Ooh! They’re at home, they—"

"Daaaddyy!!!!" A little voice sobbed. MizBill’s eyes widened. Holy cow~ "You didn't!!!!!!" Seb smirked proudly and went upstairs, telling the demon to stay out of sight. MizBill shrank and hid in Seb’s sleep-robe pocket. Pocket Bill for your convenience!

The triangle was taken to a room where a little blond child was crying, while the other child, a little girl, rubbed her eyes tiredly. "I-I’m sorry..." The crying child hid their head against Seb's chest. "Accident...I didn’t reach the bathroom..."

"It’s ok, Zu, come on, I’ll get you changed ok? Zoe, go back to sleep." Seb motioned to the other child and she tiredly obeyed. MizBill was squealing internally really, really loud. How did this happen?! Well, s/he knew HOW, but...WHEN?! Little babies! (Something deep inside him throbbed, but he pushed it down and ignored it.)

His friend was an uncle the last time she saw him, but he was a dad now!

MizBill watched from her pocket as Seb sat the child on the toilet and cleaned them. Well, MizBill noticed they were a girl before quickly looking away. Probably not appropriate to be watching someone else’s children. She'd raised her own kids but a naked Cyclopian was very different from a human child. (That throbbing pain came back, but faded when he ignored it.)

"Why are you still crying?" Seb asked. "I’m not angry." He assured the sobbing kid.

"Bi-big kids don't have accidents..." Zu whimpered. Seb nipped that in the bud. "Anyone can have an accident, ok? I'm not getting angry about it." Seb had accidents as a little kid, and no one helped him. He didn't want Zully to go through that. Seb finished cleaning them and dressed them in some other nice spiderman pjs.

It was adorable as fuck! Miz had to use all her self control to not rush out and hug the child. Seb took Zu to his own room and laid them down on the bed. He'd change Zu's blankets in the morning. Too tired right now.

When Zu fell back to sleep, MizBill floated out of Seb's pocket and gave him a shit eating grin. "You have some explaining to do, sir..." Miz also took that time to flick clean the sheets in the other room. Can't have the children sleeping in filth after all. The sister was still sharing a room in there.

"Sooo~who's the mother?" Miz made a mental note to stalk the children's dreams tonight, give them a wonderful time. Wouldn't that be fun?

"My wife?" Seb raised an eyebrow.

"Don't play funny with me, Pines, I’m serious!" Miz deadpanned and crossed her tiny arms over her triangular body before doing a double take. "Wait, WIFE??!!" Kids were ONE thing, marriage was ANOTHER. Seb laughed silently and sat down on the bed next to his baby.

"You got married and I wasn't here!! Oh my Ax!" MizBill shrieked, disappointed with the news. Now she'd have to look into his memories to see how it went!!

Sebastian chuckled. "Her name is Wanda Friedmann." He sighed, half enamoured and half tired because he still hadn’t slept yet. "...I don't think you know her...unless you stalked my memories that one time." Miz smiled guiltily at his raised eyebrow. "We met again...and got married around a year ago along with Stan and Carla! It was fun. Mabel cried a lot."
He left Zully on the bed and left the room, heading back to the twins’ room. “Married a year ago...” Miz blinked at the sleeping child as Sebastian carefully picked Zoe up from her bed. "So you had the kids before marriage?" She waved her hands "Not that there's anything wrong with that. I mean, I've had kids and I ain't married..."

"Yeah, before..." Seb smiled, remembering with a blush how Wanda told him she couldn't resist being without him anymore. They were very intense weeks together...He decided to bring Zoe into his room too. She didn't like sleeping alone and if she woke up alone shed get scared. Now he had his 2 toddlers on the bed with him. They were so tiny they barely occupied space. Then his brain caught up to Miz’s words.

"Wait, you have kids?!!"

"Yeah, one adoptive, two co-parented kids and one actual kid, get over it." Why was everyone so surprised when she said she had kids?! Miz scoffed, carefully pushing away the distress that threatened to rise up inside her. Seb raised his hands in defeat. "No, I was just surprised..." He grinned. "Hey, check this out." He lifted his eyepatch for Miz to see and she gasped.

There was no yellow eye!!! There wasn’t even an eye there.

"What happened? I thought you couldn't get rid of it!" Then again, had Seb tried just...removing the dang thing? Seb winked. "Where's the surprise if I told you?" Miz huffed, her small triangular body flickering rapidly. "I can find out easily!" She pouted. Seb laughed.

The man pet the toddler's heads as Miz giggled. “Well? Names~ gimme~” she made grabby hands at the kids. "She is Zoe." Seb stroked the girl’s long hair. "And sh--he is Zu...well, his original name was Zully, but he hates it and he’s thinking of a name he likes better..." Seb sighed. “Well, I guess Dipper did that with ‘Mason’ so I suppose we’re continuing the tradition of nicknames.” Miz raised a nonexistent eyebrow curiously.

"We're just going along with it...I don't personally mind...Wanda is having a harder time since she liked 'Zully' as a name, but she has never forced Zu to do anything he didn't want. She’s doing her best and I love her for that..." Seb explained. "It’s like when Zu cut his hair short. Wanda freaked a little, as it had never been that short before, aside from when Zu had it shaved for surgery, but Zu wanted it short so we went with it.” Plus he had to fix that abomination of a haircut that Zoe gave her twin.

Miz, sitting on Seb’s arm with a hand over his, absently played with Seb's ring as she listened. "Well, maybe Zu doesn’t want to be fully identical to Zoe? I’ve heard that some twins like to try and differentiate from their siblings." She patted his hand reassuringly.

Seb smiled before he perked up, changing the topic completely. "Oh right! I brought back my brothers... thank you for helping me with that...Though, now that I think about it, if I had a double wedding with Fez you must have figured that out..." He mumbled and the triangle giggled, adorable distracted human. "Ah, it was nothing! How's Fordsie and Stan by the way? I hope Ford’s not being a jerk to you anymore." Miz nuzzled Seb’s hand. Seb laughed quietly "He was a jerk for a while but after a bunch of misadventures and therapy...he and I finally made up. We're super good now! The twins even like him a lot."

"Aw~I'm glad." Miz beamed. "So..." She floated down and bounced on his leg in excitement "Can I meet your wife? Are you gonna introduce me to your little family?"

"Sure! But tomorrow...erh, later actually?" God, it was so late. “The babies need to sleep and you’re lucky it's Sunday..." He gasped softly. "Wanda arrives home tomorrow...later today, too!"
Perfect...you'll meet her then..." The man slurred as he sleepily fell onto his pillow. Miz snickered at Seb’s sleeping face and tucked her friend and babies into the sheets as she eye smiled. She changed into a slightly younger version of her Miz form (appearing around 12 instead of 14, so she was even smaller than usual, so she could fit with the group of sleeping Pines) and curled up next to Seb. Sleeping also sounded nice…

(Miz realized much later that just getting in bed with people without asking first was probably a bad idea, but they'd gotten so used to sleeping with someone nearby.)

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Poke. Poke. Miz groaned. "Daddy!! Daddy look!! There's a girl here!!" Zoe said loudly, trying to wake up her passed out dad. "Did the stork bring us a new sister?" Zu asked innocently. Their classmates told them that storms brought children. But mommy and daddy said that the mommy made a baby in their stomach. But this wasn't a baby, it was a bigger girl! So maybe the stork brought her? Miz groaned and buried her face under the pillow. Seb was also trying to get back to sleep. He was too tired for this. "Sebastian Pines...Why-Why is there an unknown girl in our bed!!?" Seb's eye shot open at that voice. Oh shit Wanda was home?! He sat up, still tired and confused, and he saw the semi-suspicious look on his wife's face. "I can explain!"

"You better. I'm absolutely sure this ISN'T what it looks like, I'm relatively sure you wouldn’t go around kidnapping children..." Wanda pouted at him (knowing full well that he had been wanting more kids and only agreed they shouldn't because Wanda was still kinda traumatized from her first pregnancy). "But still. Explain."

Miz took that time to roll over out from under the pillow, her long hair falling across the sheets. "Hm...why yes I would love to sample your sausages...so juicy and thick..." She drooled slightly as she held onto her dream of delicious hot dogs made from all sorts of different meats and animals across the multiverse.

Seb grumpily covered her back up with some pillows, annoyed at her strange babbling, twins giggled and buried the dark haired girl under the blankets. New sister! "Hi, Wands~" Seb stood up and walked towards the blond to kiss her lips. Wanda melted. She missed Seb while she was away for her job. "She’s just an old friend, her name’s Miz. We met a bunch of years back? Heck if I remember." Seb assured.

"An old friend? But she’s just a child...is she...a magical friend?” Wanda asked, somewhat uncertain. Maybe this girl was a supernatural creature? "Yeah, you could say that." Seb grinned and kissed her again. "She decided to pay me a visit all of a sudden at 2 am! The best visit time! She actually wanted to meet you and the twins." the man was smiling with excitement and the blonde woman chuckled. How did she even think Seb would kidnap a kid? (Much less a little girl.) She knew her man and she loved her excited puppy.

"Mommy, can we keep our new sister?!" Zoe asked. "Is she fireproof? If I burn her, will she get hurt like a normal human or she won't hurt like Zu and dad?"

Miz grumbled when she got covered in pillows and blankets. "Nyaa!" She complained as she sprouted antlers and a tail, shifting back into her dragonewt form. She pushed the twins off her and gasped for fresh air. "Are you trying to suffocate me?!" She whined. The children gasped at her. "She has a tail!" Zu squealed as they began pulling at it, to Miz's annoyance. Zoe climbed behind her and grabbed her antlers. “Pwetty!!!” She squealed. “I wanna bite it!”

"Zoe. What did we say about biting people?" Wanda sighed tiredly. This was all Seb’s fault. """You don’t bite people unless they are mean."""" both Father and kids repeated. Wanda rolled her
eyes. Just for fun, Miz allowed her powers to sweep out, materializing large leaves and vines, wrapping herself up in a cocoon of foliage. (There was nothing stopping her from using her powers here after all) She curled up inside her shelter and sighed happily. Now she could sleep without anyone bothering her...at least until the children try to burn it down. From what they've said, it appeared they inherited Seb's Weirdness.

"Miz? Pway?" The little kids pleaded as they tapped on the large leaves. Wanda took a step back in surprise. What sort of creature was this? Then she noticed the fire flickering to life in her daughter's hand. "Sebas! Zoe is going to burn the bed!" Wanda exclaimed and Seb grimaced. He grabbed her hands and after a bit of concentration, he managed to absorb her energy into his, effectively turning off the flames.

“Don’t play with fire, sweetie.” Seb shook his head. “We can burn things LATER.” Zoe nodded slowly, looking down at the floor. Seb noticed his babies were sad and he wouldn't let anyone make them sad, but he couldn't force Miz to...IDEA! "Hey, honey. Have you eaten?" He asked Wanda innocently

"Nope. Just had an orange juice on the plane."

"I'll make breakfast! Miiiiiiizzzz~ wanna join us for breakkkfasst?" The brunet man grinned. The leaves unfurled "Food?" Miz asked eagerly as her tail wagged back and forth. Seb laughed. "If you want food you'll have to come downstairs with us~" he sang. Miz looked at the soft bed. But sleep~ But food~ Decisions!

"Alright fine~" She got up and adjusted her dress. "But I demand ground beef hash! Haven't had any in ages!"

"Eh, I'll see what I can do." Seb shrugged. Miz noticed that despite how he hadn't changed much, there were a few little gray hairs mixed with his brown curls. (She only caught them because of her enhanced vision. They weren’t really overt, not yet. If Seb had noticed, he would have screamed and dyed his hair already). He didn't have those before. She pouted at the sight of them. Even Seb was growing older.

"Who wants ta help dad make breakfast for a dragon?!" Seb asked. In the back, Wanda was wide eyed “A Dragon! This girl?!"

"ME!" The twins giggled and threw themselves over Seb. Wanda decided not to worry about the logistics of a dragon being in her room. “Yup! And a powerful one.” Seb decided this was an easier way to explain Miz’s powers. Wanda sighed and ran a hand through her blonde hair. "I'll change my clothes, honey, see you downstairs." Wanda announced and Miz made the leaves disappear before also following Seb downstairs.

Miz was still thinking about the gray hairs, she frowned at this small reminder that Seb was mortal. It made her feel uncomfortable. But...Seb WAS human… even despite his powers…

She followed behind Seb and his children, reaching out to hold onto his shirt and trying not to feel sad that her friend was on a ticking clock. Fuck Time…

The children were placed down on the floor and with determined looks, they stared at their little plastic cups to bring them down with their minds. Miz watched with a smile as the cups slowly floated out of the drawer and towards their waiting hands. They shook a little, almost falling to the floor, but the kids managed to do it. Pretty impressive for toddlers.

Seb sighed in relief and opened the fridge to look for meat to prepare what Miz wanted. "It's funny
how your kids have powers." Miz commented. Seb had been worried for a bit as he watched the kids but there were no nosebleeds this time. Thank circles for that.

"Oh yeah, it's a pain in the butt." Seb replied. "They're still learning how to use them, they're getting better... but twins and powers aren't a good combination." He was also nervous they'd get hurt. Hed prohibit them to use them just so they wouldn't get hurt...but they had the right to use their powers. The only thing he could do was help them learn.

Miz laughed, unaware of Seb's mental dilemma, and crouched to look at the toddlers. "Hi kids! I know your dad already said it, but my name's Miz! It's nice to meet you!"

"M' Zoe, and this is my brother Zu! Can you pwepare us chocolate milk?" She asked, pointing at their milk and the powder. "Zoe!" Seb scolded. "Sure, kid." Miz grinned and went over to grab the container. She took the cups and looked at the chocolate powder. "How many scoops?" She took notice that Zoe called Zu her brother, hm~ good to see she was accepting his choice.

"All of it!" The twins cheered. "Nope. Just one! No sugar so early!" Seb glared. Miz stared right at Seb, unblinking, and deliberately put two scoops of chocolate in each cup. "MIZ!" The man groaned as the twins squealed. That was going to be the most chocolatey and delicious breakfast ever!!!!

"Oh hush! Let their auntie Miz spoil them!" Miz pinched Zu’s cheeks. They were so chubby and adorable gosh!!! "Auntie?" Zu asked as they tilted their head in confusion. Aunts are old people and this girl looked younger than his cousins Dipper and Mabel. Miz grinned. "Yup~I'm your father's Soul sister. That makes me your aunt. Technically."

"What's a Soul sistah?" The twins asked as they sipped from their cups. Miz wagged her tail back and forth. "Seb and I are dimensional counterparts. So I'm sort of his sister."

"Ooohhh" The children nodded. Seb smiled as he warmed up the ground beef in a skillet. While he never really thought of it that way, the idea of Miz being his sister was… nice. He never had a sister before. Now where were those potatoes...

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Wanda came downstairs, moaning in relief. She exchanged her suit for sweatpants and her pajama shirt. The twins clung to their mom as soon as she entered the room. "Mommy, auntie Miz will make dad give us icecweam for breakfast!" Zoe grinned innocently. Wanda looked at both Seb and Miz, deadpan expression on her face. “Oh will he now?” She drawled. "I never agreed to that." Seb defended himself. "Don't lie, Zoe, it's not nice." Wanda scolded lightly. "But we could make a deal!" The girl offered with a huge grin. Miz stared at the child in surprise. "A deal you say~" Miz practically purred.

"No..." Seb warned her. "No making Deals with my children, Miz."

"Pfth-I already made a Deal with Stanley. It's not like it'll be anything bad..." Miz side stepped over to the kids and pulled ice cream cones from behind her back. The tops were dipped in chocolate and sprinkles. "Quick, eat these before your parents notice." She whispered. The blond twins nodded solemnly and ran away to the living room to eat while Seb grumbled about hyperactive kids and sugar. Miz scoffed “Sugar highs are a LIE spread by the fun police trying to stop people from treating children to all the sugar their twisted little hearts desire!”

“The twins are still hyperactive.” Seb informed her. “And sugar really influences them. I don't want to explain to the firefighters what happened...again.” Wanda shuddered at the memory before
looking over at Miz with a smile. "So your name is Miz? I’m Wanda, Sebastian’s wife."

"Yup! It’s so nice to finally meet you!" Miz looked the woman up and down. She pouted in confusion. "So… you’re obviously non-canon. That’s pretty cool."

"….excuse me?" Wanda raised an eyebrow. Seb was face palming in the background. “Miz~” Seb whined. He didn't need her confusing Wanda. He confused her a lot already with his past. “So…how did you two become friends?” Wanda asked with a smile, trying to ignore the weird statement. Seb frowned when he finally noticed the thing Miz said earlier. “Wait. When did you make a deal with Stanley? My brother? Or your Stanley?” Seb questioned.

Miz rolled her eyes. “My Stanley STILL isn’t born yet. I made a Deal with your Stanley when those two fell into my Nightmare Realm 13….wait no...18...19 years ago?” She rubbed her chin before turning to address Wanda “And I met Sebastian when I fell out of his Mindscape Exit door and landed on him.” Wanda blinked slowly and finally looked at Seb. The man sighed. “Yeah…I wouldn’t make that up even if I could.” Wanda nodded. “Alright. I don’t get it but I guess it’s fine?” The lawyer chuckled nervously. She hadn't met many of Seb's friends. There were the people in Gravity Falls who all seemed to love him, but she never hung out with them. This would be her first time officially getting to know one of his friends. Though, how long was she staying and why had she been in bed with her husband? Wanda knew Sebastian well enough to know he wouldn't be doing anything uncouth, but a young woman in his bed was still… not normal.

“It was while I was taking care of Shermie’s twins, remember I told you? Gravity Falls?” The blonde nodded. Yeah. She remembered. A creepy triangle threatened her not to go there and then the plane she was supposed to go on caught fire. It was pretty distressing. “Ooh!! How are Pinetree and Shooting Star by the way?!” Miz asked excitedly. “They must be all grown up now. Is Dipper just as handsome as the one we met with Bee Bill?” Wanda listened curiously as she took out cups and utensils.

Seb laughed. Bee Bill! HAHAHA! “Pfft Yeah~ They’ve grown up a lot! And they're both beautiful. They're gonna go to college next year! They took their time off after high school to ‘explore' and 'find themselves' but they told me they were gonna start applying now.” Seb looked at Wanda. “By the way, when they graduate from college, and they WILL, we're invited and we’re going!” Wanda rolled her eyes, because of course they were going, she wasn’t going to say no to that.

“Dillon has grown up a lot too and Diego is obsessed with nerd things like Ford” Seb continued.

“Diego?” Miz asked. “Fez’s second kid.” Seb clarified. Miz grinned. “Frankly I'm surprised he hasn't gotten any more than that.” Wanda snorted. That was what she always thought, but Carla was very careful with her birth control now, especially with how much she enjoyed her fun times with Stanley. And frankly, Wanda was the same with Seb. Wanda was soon lost in her recollections of her own fun times with her husband...

Miz blinked. “So what about Fordside?”

“What was he even working on again?” Seb looked at his wife for help and Wanda came back from her bed fantasies. The blonde hummed. “He’s researching the properties of some crystals he found. Asked me about the legal consequences if he tried it on a human guinea pig.” She laughed. Seb nodded “Yeah, nerd stuff.” Miz pouted. “So...no lady friend or kids?” She was a little disappointed. Would have been fun to tease him about that.

“Nah.” The couple shook their heads. “Trust us we tried.” Wanda nodded. “But he doesn't seem too keen on dating…” she heard he started dating a woman from his old high school but they broke up
not long after.

“At first I thought it was because that siren traumatized him but I’m starting to think he just...doesn't like people that way.” Seb said as he prepared the meat. Miz hummed. Well, she couldn't really say anything against such a thing. If Ford wasn't interested then he wasn't. Though...she had to wonder if Ford was asexual like she was or aromantic? Even if he wasn't settling down with a family of his own, she did hope he wasn't lonely. You don't need a significant other to be happy but you should at least have friends. She knew that from firsthand experience.

“He got angry at us for taking him to a party, geesh! He didn’t talk to us for like, two weeks.” Seb complained. Miz tilted her head in confusion. “What? Did you guys try to get him drunk?”

“Eh…” Seb grinned sheepishly. “Stan said it would be funny…I had to leave earlier so I didn’t see what happened, Stan said he had fun though!” Miz rolled her eyes. “What if something bad happened? Don't let your brother get drunk without supervision.”

“Yes, mom~” Seb groaned. “That's big sis to you, young man!” Miz huffed. Sure, Seb was technically older (past life plus current one), but since he reincarnated, it all reset and now he was younger than her! Wanda laughed, amused. She loved to see Seb smiling and relaxing like this.

“Mommy! Daddy! Water! We want water pwease!” The twins came into the kitchen laughing, covered in chocolate and sprinkles. “Thirsty.” Zu added. Miz tried to look innocent. The parents looked at the dragon girl with narrowed eyes. She tried to whistle innocently but didn’t know how to whistle and just made a “Whoosh”-ing noise. Wanda took the twins upstairs to change their clothes while Seb finished the required breakfast for Miz. She ate happily when the food was ready and despite having ice cream, the twins had to eat normal food too.

Seb was tasked with entertaining the twins while Wanda rested, travelling was tedious and demanding, so she said bye to Miz and went to take a nap. “Play?” The twins tugged on Miz’s dress. She grinned. “Sure~” she formed little flowers and made them animated so they would run around and dance in the room. The children were thrilled. The kids ran around, chasing the escaping flowers and Sebastian sat down to watch them and draw. “Will you stay longer this time?” he asked finally. Miz shrugged. “Maybe.” She pulled her legs up to her chest and wrapped her arms around them. “I...kinda need some time away from home…”

Seb smiled gently. “If you need to get away for awhile, you’re welcomed to stay with us!” Miz smiled and leaned against him. “Well, I can promise I have more than enough to pay you back. I’m not gonna be a burden.” she closed her eyes and sighed. Smiling all the time was getting tiring, she hid her face against his side so he wouldn't see her expression drop.

Seb tilted his head to the side. He didn’t comment, if she wanted to tell him she would, and simply stroked her long black hair. “You aren’t a burden...you need to understand that...I swear it will help.” It helped him. To know he wasn’t a screw up, a monster, a freak, a burden to his family.

She huffed and nuzzled his side. “Yeah, whatever…” he was warm and she was still tired. She'd been working too hard these past few weeks. Coming here was a nice break from her work. Part of her had wanted this to be a way to take her mind off things but seeing Seb’s kids was bringing up all the emotions she was trying to push away.

Miz stayed curled up next to him and the brown-haired man simply stroked her hair as the twins now ran away from the flowers. They had sprouted teeth and were hissing as they chased the children down on their tiny root feet. Seb sweatdropped. “Miz…”

“It's fine. What's a little fun without some unsettling horror?” Miz waved a hand dismissively.
“I don’t think that is-” He was cut off when Zoe growled at the flower creature, got down on all fours and snapped it in half with her teeth. “-nevermind.”

“Look! Daddy! I killed the bad flower!” The little girl proudly announced her kill after spitting out the remains. Seb laughed. “That’s great, pumpkin.” Miz flicked her fingers and spawned an Acorn-like creature this time. It wobbled around on short, stubby legs before toppling over, its legs waving helplessly in the air. Zu pouted and helped the little creature to stand up again. “There!” he smiled happily.

![Acorn creature](image1)

The Acorn made a thankful squeak and tried to walk again, falling over pathetically onto it’s belly with a soft whine. It turned its large watery eyes to stare imploringly at the children.

![Brushed Acorn](image2)

“It’s useless.” Zoe frowned at it. “Can we eat it?” She asked curiously as she bit her hand. “No! He’s mine now!” Zu grabbed the little acorn and ran away to their room. They had a baby stroller for their stuffed toys. He would give their new pet a tour! The little kid put the curious creature into the stroller and wheeled it around the house.
“This is the kitchen. Mommy an’ daddy make yummy food here...mostly daddy though.” Zu said. The acorn put its little hands on the edge of the stroller and squeaked cheerfully. “Zuuuu! I wanna pway with it too!” Zoe whined and went after her twin. “No! You will eat it!” Zu grabbed the acorn and ran away. “No!!” Zoe stomped her foot down and turned to look at her distracted father. “Daddy! Tell Zu to share the acorn!”

“Kids...share…” Seb said as he drew with one hand and stroked Miz’s hair with the other. He didn’t look up from his work, hyper focused on his tablet. Miz was purring quietly as she got some quality headpat time. Zoe pouted and wiped her tears. She stomped towards their room and opened the door. “Daddy says you have to share!!” Zu pouted and hugged the acorn to their chest. “Mine.” The acorn snuggled with them, letting out a soft, content squeak.

The girl whined with tears in her heterochromatic eyes and flames came to life in her hands. “Share or I will burn you!” Zu narrowed his brown eyes and put the acorn on the floor. Zu’s own flames enveloped their little palms as he growled. “He’s mine! You’re jus’ gonna hurt him!”

Downstairs, Seb only realized the kids were fighting when it was too late. The sprinklers they had installed turned on and soaked everyone. “Fuck.” Seb sighed tiredly as Miz jumped, startled from his lap. “Wazzah?” She shook her head to chase off her sleepiness. “Huh?” She asked, no less confused as the sprinklers continued to rain down water.

The twins came down crying, startled by the water that attacked them, but more because despite the water, Zu still held the acorn to his chest and didn’t let Zoe have it. Seb took a deep breath and went to turn off the sprinklers. Miz waved her hand to evaporate the liquid so the house wasn’t soaked. “Sebastian!!” Wanda screamed from upstairs. She had been sleeping when the water suddenly poured down. Although she saw the water evaporate, leaving their furniture dry and clean, she was still quite upset.

Miz sighed and knelt in front of the children. “What’s going on?” She asked gently. Zoe wiped her tears and pointed at Zu who was guiltily looking down at the floor. “Zu doesn’t wanna share the acorn and it’s not fair!! I got mad and I wanted to burn him!”

“But-But Zoe didn’t want to play with him, she wanted to hurt him and I didn’t want him to be
hurt.” Zu also didn’t mean to make their sister upset. Zu didn’t like it when she cried. Miz smiled sadly at the small babies. “Well first off, you should apologize to each other.”

Zoe and Zu turned to each other and sniffled. “I’m sowy…” they both chorused. Miz nodded. “Ok, so when you have a disagreement, you should talk it out. Zoe, you start.” The little girl pouted. “I wasn't gonna hurt the acorn anymore...I just wanted to pway…” she frowned “It's not fair if only Zu gets ta pplay with it…”

Miz nodded, satisfied. “And what about you, Zu?”

Zu looked down and hugged the confused acorn. “I’m sowy I didn’t want to share because she killed the flowers… but if she won’t hurt him, then we can pway together!” Zu smiled and offered the acorn to her. Zoe took it and hugged it to her chest. The twins were at peace now and went to play with their new friend, not caring about their wet clothes, while two exhausted parents came downstairs completely wet and caring quite a lot.

Miz grinned and flicked her fingers, drying the rest of the house and inhabitants fully, don't cause problems you can't fix right? “No worries! The kids made up.” Seb sighed in relief and smiled at his wife. Wanda grumpily groaned. “What even happened?!”

“I made them an acorn and they fought over it but they’re sharing now!” Miz grinned. Maybe she should have made two? Naw, they need to learn that sharing is caring. Wanda triedly dragged Seb to the couch and curled up on his lap. “Thank you, Miz…” she wasn't sure what the fuss was about an acorn but she was too tired to deal with that right now.

The girl pouted, seeing her pillow being taken away. But Wanda was Seb’s wife so she got first dibs. Miz wondered if she could get Stanley to give her headpats...Miz didn’t care either way and climbed over to the two humans before falling asleep pressed against Seb’s other side.

Wanda frowned but Seb just stroked her hair. “Don’t ask...um, dragon thing.” he knew Miz snuggled, she'd done that while they were at that hotel, but this was more overt, like she was deliberately seeking closeness. Well, he wasn't going to deny her that if she needed it.

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Sebas said Miz could stay as long as she needed. Wanda was a little more reserved on that end. Was this going to be okay? Having someone living at their house with them like this? "Seb, where is she going to sleep?" Wanda asked quietly. Seb shrugged. "She can sleep with us!" He said. Wanda leveled a deadpan stare at him. Seb blinked. "What's wrong with that?" He didn't see the problem.

"That...it's...ours?" Wanda rubbed her arm. "We let the twins sleep with us." Seb pointed out. Wanda sighed. "They're our kids."

Seb frowned. "Well... I guess. Then... I can ask Miz where she wants to stay." He turned to his soul-sister and asked. Miz looked up from where she was helping the twins clean up after themselves ("Put away your toys when you're done playing. It's more efficient to find what you want afterwards.") and thought about it. "I can hang out in the twins' room?" To which the kids cheered, "Yaaaay! Sleep over!"

Wanda groaned. "That..." she could see that none of them understood why she had a problem with this. They simply didn't think of it. "Miz. You're probably a very nice girl. But you're also... a stranger.” She said this looking at Seb, hoping he understood what she was trying to say without sounding too direct or demanding. This was Seb's friend...but...one thing was hosting one of his
brothers and another was hosting a complete stranger to her!

The twins pouted. "No sleepover?" "How about the guest room?" Seb suggested, suddenly remembering they did have a room there. Their dear neighbor, in one of her invasions to their house, had exclaimed that room could be used by Amanda when she stayed with them. But Miz frowned.

She looked down and wrung her hands before looking back up at them. "...alone?" She asked in a small voice. Seb paused. Even Wanda had to blink. "Is..." the lawyer tried to collect her thoughts. "...is there something wrong with sleeping alone?"

"..." Miz looked uncomfortable. "...I don't like sleeping alone." She finally told them. Wanda had to process that. She took in Miz's expression, her stance, her obvious discomfort with the idea. Wanda was a lawyer. She was trained to read people. So she softened and knelt down to be on Miz's level and tried to understand. "Why don't you like sleeping alone?"

Miz shuffled in place, shifting her weight from foot to foot. "...it's cold." She mumbled. "And... lonely. And... I don't like it." And it was only an issue when she slept. She just... didn't like sleeping alone. She always had Xanthar by her side. Or brother, back when she stayed with him. They didn't need to be snuggled with her, though she liked it, she just needed someone in the room with her.

"I... I don't..." Miz gnawed on her bottom lip and frowned. She was trying to figure out how to explain this. "...it's scary." She told them. That wasn't precisely the full extent of her feelings but it was still correct. And Miz didn't know how else to put it. Wanda nodded, frowning as she thought this over. If she ignored the fact that this girl was an actual dragon, and took her words and body language into mind... Wanda sighed. "Alright. Do you need to be in bed with someone else to not feel scared?"

"...being in the same room is enough." Miz admitted. Wanda nodded. Okay then. She could work with that. "Alright. I can see about an air mattress or something." She told Miz, carefully putting a hand gently on the girl's head and petting her the way she saw Sebastian do so. Wanda could feel Miz relax, looking less distressed at this news and the gentle touch. Wanda felt herself smile. Okay. So. It looked like her observations weren't wrong.

Miz was a lot like Seb. Like Seb had been. Lonely and afraid. And damn if Wanda couldn't help but want to help Miz like she did with Seb. She'd missed the signs with Sebastian all those years ago, and he suffered so much all alone because of it. She didn't want that to happen to this girl too.

"Okay. Stay as long as you need. I'm gonna go find some extra bedding." The blonde told her. Whatever doubts Wanda might have had melted away under the beaming smile Miz let out. As if Wanda had just given her the greatest treasure she'd ever heard of.

Wanda straightened up and turned to look at her husband. Seb grinned at the twins. "Sleepover!" "YAY!!!!" Wanda wondered how this would all work out, taking in another stray, but the smiles were worth it.

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The weather was slowly turning warm, and his babies were turning 5.

Seb and Wanda were just mildly panicking. Not only would they officially start kindergarten but their birthday was close. Miz settled in well in the past few weeks. Sebastian actually hadn't told Stanley or Ford about her yet, having been quite distracted. He still didn't know why she decided to
visit him now, but he actually didn't mind. He had only seen her for a few 'days' years ago and now he was getting to interact more with his friend. Miz insisted on earning her keep, even when Wanda told her she didn't have to. But apparently cleaning helped Miz relax so Wanda finally relented and allowed the girl to do as she wished.

Miz handled all the chores around the house, Wanda had never seen the place so...spotless. And Seb already cleaned everything quite well. Wanda worried about Miz doing the chores but the girl had said she wanted to do it and Wanda allowed it, unsure if this was some kind of magic thing too (like the elves in old legends who would fix up things around a household if you gave them food). Currently, Miz was decorating the house for the twin’s surprise birthday party.

“Thank you for your help, Miz.” The woman put on an earring. She couldn’t get a day off earlier. She only had shift till midday at the office today. “Seb and I are so grateful!”

“No problem Flower-crown.” Miz assured her. “Have fun at the office. I’m gonna try to keep the kids distracted until you get back so we can do the cake and presents.” Wanda kissed her cheek (having done so on accident last week while kissing the twins goodbye and Miz hadn't complained, in fact she seemed almost... Miz and Wanda had both frozen. “Oh my gosh, sorry, I just--” Wanda had sputtered but Miz had placed a hand on her cheek and stared wide eyed at the blonde woman. “I’m so sorry! I won’t do it again, I--” But Miz interrupted with “It’s fine! I… I… kinda… liked it…” And Miz had seemed so surprised at her own admission. So Wanda had continued doing so. It didn’t hurt anyone, and it made Miz happy, so she didn’t see why it would be a problem.) and waved before closing the door.

Seb suddenly appeared and checked if everything was perfect. “How is it going? I’m gonna wake them up now. Can I?” he asked Miz.

“Yup! This is almost ready!” Miz waved a hand to finish the last of the decorations. Cheating with magic was fine for occasions like this!

“Ok! The pancakes are in the kitchen...Wanda left already?” He pouted and Miz patted his arm as a show of comfort. “Yes, but she’ll be back by midday.” She reassured. The man sighed before nodding. He had called the parents of the twins’ friends (very few from school because Zoe didn't get along with a lot of kids, and the rest from the kids in the neighborhood, mainly because the twins would raise HELL if he didn't invite their best friend Amanda, and Seb didn't want to face Carol ALONE so he invited the other kids to bring their parents to use as shields against her) and they confirmed they were coming. Perfect! Best of all: His brothers, all three of them, confirmed they were coming! Plus his niblings!! Ahh!!! Sadly, his mother couldn’t make it due to her health (she caught a cold during the changing weather), it wasn’t bad, thank Ax, but it was better not to move their mom around while she was recovering. Stan had been reluctant to leave her behind but Kari had told him to go spend time with his brothers. Seb worried about the fact that his mother was growing older, unknowing that Miz worried about him growing older.

While Seb happily went to wake up his kids, Miz stared at the green and blue balloons. She sighed. Not the time to dwell on that right now. Besides, she was gonna get to see Shooting Star and the others. She went to the kitchen to check on the state of the cake. It took a lot of begging to let Seb allow her to bake the cake herself.

He told her she was not allowed to make it shaped like a cute animal. Miz had pouted angrily, annoyed that her plan to surprise the children by cutting open a rabbit cake and have molten chocolate dyed red come flowing out was ruined. RUINED!

...Huh… okay, yeah, maybe that wasn’t such a good idea now that she thought about it… (well, Zoe would have loved it.)
Still, she hoped they liked her cake. It was still in the oven, she was making multiple layers and her powers meant she'd be able to stack and decorate it without trouble. (Not like she was bad at baking, they all tasted fine, they just didn’t look all that nice unless she cheated, a little.) The only problem was making sure the twins didn't eat it before the other guests got here.

She was opening the oven to check on the three pans when she heard the children thumping down the stairs. “Happy birthday you little gremlins~” she greeted them, her tail wagged happily. The twins were yawning but had excited smiles on their faces. The acorn, which the two had named Sir Bedazzle of the Forest, was running along behind them with happy bark-squeaks.

It had grown slightly since she had first created it and could run without toppling over now. It still liked to flop over just to make the twins pick him up, lazy little guy. Seb and Wanda were quite glad with the weird pet. It only demanded love, but you didn't have to feed him, walk him or clean up after him like a real dog. The most he needed was water and sunlight. And occasionally cleaning off sugar water trails. Seb was glad their home had wooden floors that were cleaned easily.

The kids lit up when they saw the pancakes. Fluffy, drizzled with honey, chocolate and surrounded by blueberries and chocolate chips. Miz had even put a dollop of whipped cream on top after Seb left to finish them off. The two kids gasped loudly. “I'M GONNA STUFF MY FACE ON IT!!” Zoe squealed and ran into the kitchen shouting. Miz grinned proudly. “Best birthday everrr!!” Zu shouted and immediately sat down in front of the tower of pancakes to eat. “Thank you, Auntie Miz! Thank you, Daddy!!”

Seb lovingly kissed his little monsters' foreheads and chuckled when Zoe smiled with whipped cream all over her face and eyes. Miz was already wiping Zu’s face with a napkin. “Slow down, kid, you're gonna choke.”

“But it’s too yummy!!” Zu pouted. Seb laughed and also cleaned Zoe’s face. “Of course it’s yummy! Your awesome dad made it!” Today the twins could be pampered and spoiled, so they were allowed to go watch tv or play while he and Miz picked up. Usually they had to help put tablecloths and dishes away.

“The Stans and the twins are seriously coming?” Miz asked the man excitedly. She never did get to meet Seb’s Shooting Star and Pinetree last time so she was excited for this. Would they like her? They’d better like her. And she couldn't wait to see Ford and Stan again. Oh right, they wouldn't recognize her as Miz huh? Seb suddenly remembered “Right, you need to hide your tail and antlers when the guests get here.”

“....why?” Miz frowned. She'd been walking around with them out all this time with no issue. It felt more comfortable.

“Well...” Seb scratched his head. “The other families don't...really know about the whole...magic thing... and this isn't Gravity Falls so you can't just..” (Seb felt like a hypocrite to say this, and frankly he didn't like the idea of Miz having to hide herself either. But he could only imagine what Carol would do if she found Miz. Maybe try to cut off Miz's antlers to grind into essential oils or some shit.) Miz frowned. “So?” Seb looked a little uncomfortable at the slowly worsening mood of his friend. “W-well it's just...we normally keep the magic stuff a secret from anyone not in the know...” it hurt him to have to say it.

Miz scoffed. “Nope. Not gonna do that.” She flicked her fingers and all the dishes and clothes were immediately cleaned and floated carefully back into the cabinets. Seb winced. “Look, I know it's not really fair but it's easier and-”
“Even if I pretend to be ‘normal’, what are you planning to do with Sir Bedazzle? You know he gets scared when he's alone.”

“He actually looks like a stuffed toy so…”

“And what about yours and the twins’ powers?”

“Wanda and I have talked to them really seriously about that. They don't show their powers to anyone who we haven’t cleared first.” Seb replied. “Please!!! The guests are gonna have heart attacks if they know about this!” He lifted her up in the air with his mind and pouted. “I also have to hide mine all the time. Which SUCKS but Wanda doesn't want me being taken away by the government.” Miz was crossing her arms with an angry pout. Seb tried to think of anything he could do to convince her. “Please Miz? It's only for one day.” Miz sniffed and turned her face away. Seb sighed. “What do I need to do to make you agree to this?”

“Well~” she grinned wickedly. Seb immediately had a bad feeling. “Whatever it is, I don’t think it’s worth it.” He said quickly. Miz laughed. “It’s nothing bad. Just...if I'm going to change my form for the party anyway--can I be some one else for the party?”

“...I'm still a little uneasy about that smile you've got…” Seb whimpered. Miz skipped back a few steps before glowing as her form changed. She grew taller and Seb's eye went wide when the glow faded and he saw what form Miz had chosen for herself, rather, himself.

“Why...are you an incredibly attractive man?” Seb groaned as he saw Miz, now in his Xin form, twirling around to check if all the changes were in place. Xin grinned. “Well I don't want to be treated like a child. Wanda knows I'm actually much older than her so that's fine but these other parents are going to assume I'm a kid and I don't want to deal with their condescension right now. I'm just not in the mood for it, maybe some other time.” The now full grown adult (appearance-wise) said as he crossed his arms over his chest.

“.but why are you a guy?” Seb was getting a vague sense of deja vu, especially after Zu had went and said he was a boy.

“Well…” Xin blushed. “It's been a while since I've been male so I figured I might as well…” he twisted his head to look at his back, making sure his tail was gone. The brunet man nodded. “Alright, whatever...just, don’t use magic…”

“Sure Sebas~While in this form my name is Xin.” Xin pointed out helpfully. “Ok.” Seb nodded. “I’ll tell the twins later.” He took a deep breath. “Are you ok, Seb?” Xin noticed how tense his friend looked. “I am nervous...Kids these days aren’t that mean, right?” He had been awake all night, terrified of the idea of no one showing up, or the twins crying, or something terrible happening.

“Pfth-all children are awful monsters.” Xin rolled his eyes. He picked at his shirt, hm...maybe he should wear a button up? A t-shirt was too casual right? What did normal human men wear? Xin’s form was normally dressed in flowing robes and chinese long shirts. Seb had a button up. But Seb also liked suits, which was too formal for a birthday party for 5 year olds.

“I mean, I know every parent in my kids' class, as well as their kids. I wouldn’t have allowed them to get close if I didn’t…” Seb mumbled. It was weird, because the twins barely spoke about those kids. Aside from Amanda, none other kids have ever come over to play before. They sometimes played with the other kids around the neighborhood whenever he took the twins out to the park. They seemed nice enough, but he was paranoid!
“So...what's the problem?” Xin didn't get it.

“I've never had friends as a kid.” Seb looked down. “I don't know how kids who aren't siblings play with each other!” the twins liked Amanda, but Seb didn't really know much about how they played together. He awkwardly wiped a tear. “I don't want them to be sad! I don't want those kids hurting them!” Xin walked up to hug Seb, his clothes changing between different colors and styles as he went.

“They'll be fine. We're gonna be here the whole time. We won't let anything happen ok?” they were the same height now. The brunet nodded. “Yes. You're right...” he nodded and smiled at the handsome demon-dragon. Xin scoffed “I'm ALWAYS right!”

“Ugh. Shut up.” Sebas pushed him away laughing. “I'll take a shower and get ready...Can you watch the twins?”

“Sure! Go take a shower, you smell awful!” Xin teased. “I don't!! You're a jerk!” Seb childishly stuck his tongue out and went upstairs to his room. Xin rolled his eyes. And people thought he was a child.

While the twins played with Sir Bedazzle in the other room, and Xin distractedly cleaned the mess the little kids made, the bell rang. Xing bustled over to open the door. “Good morning!” He had finally decided on a butler uniform. His long hair was now braided back neatly. The man on the other side adjusted his glasses awkwardly with a six-fingered hand. “Hello, I wasn't aware Sebastian hired a butler for today. I'm his trip-”

“OH MY GOD!” Xin squealed and tackled Ford into a hug. “Fordsie!!!!” He nuzzled the taller man cheerfully. “Ahhh! Look at you! I haven't seen you in so long! How have you been?” Since his tail wasn't out currently, Xin just wiggled his hips back and forth as if he was wagging his tail. “Uh! Um, I am sorry, but I don’t know you.” Ford frowned, quite flustered at this stranger invading his personal space. It wasn’t uncomfortable, just weird. He pried the man’s arms away from him. The twins heard the voices and curiously ran towards the door to see who it was. It was Uncle Sixer!! And...a man dressed up as a butler. Seb had forgot to tell the children about Miz now being Xin.

“Hi, Uncle Fordsie!” Zu smiled. “Who is this man?” he asked, innocently pointing at Xing which made Ford glare at Xin menacingly. Because if the twins didn’t know this man...

“Uh oh.” Xin managed to squeak.

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Seb happily came out of the shower and barely had time to wrap the towel around his waist when Zoe burst in the bathroom. “Daddy! Daddy!”

Seb still awkwardly pulled the towel closer to himself. “What is it, Zoe?”

“Uncle Fordsie is here and he’s pushing a strange man against the floor really, really hard!” The girl grinned. Seb’s eye widened. “Oh shi-ooot!” He cursed as he raced downstairs with just a towel on. “Wait Sixer! Let him go! He's a friend!” He cried as he ran downstairs with Zoe following him.

Xin wiggled. Wow. Ford was really good with the pin, the taller man didn't grab his wrists but instead had pinned him down by his forearms. His heart was pounding from the panic of being held down and frankly he was amazed he was holding it together (but this was Ford, Seb’s Ford, who Seb said was better now, nice and friends again, a proper BROTHER! That meant he should
register as ‘safe’ but he was also pinning Xin down-- but the kids were there-- but-- safe-- not safe-- don't lose control--) so Xin’s feelings were somewhat confused. Then Ford’s grip tightened until it was almost painful and pulled Xin's arms up above his head, pressing down on his back and pulling him back until his spine popped and...oh... oooh~ Xin let out an involuntary pleased moan before he could stop himself. He twitched and the movement caused his arms to ache so...pleasantly. “Sh...ooh...” he gasped. Ford didn't seem to notice the change in Xin’s demeanor and pressed Xin harder against the ground. “I don't know who you are but—”

“Oh yeees~” Xin moaned. His sides were beginning to hurt and the mild pain sent odd sensations through his body. But that ache in his spine where it was being pulled until it popped just felt—

“Harder please~” he gasped, not quite understanding what this feeling was but… enjoying it?! He was on the edge of panic, but not quite enough to spill over into anything dangerous. It was an odd feeling.

Ford heard that breathy exclamation and he immediately let the man go, weirded out and blushing. Xin laid on the ground, panting, somewhat disappointed. “Who are you?!” Ford grimaced. Finally, Seb flew into the room and threw himself over Ford, pushing the taller man away.

“Sixer!!” Seb hugged his big bro and looked up at him. “Don’t hurt Xin, he’s a friend! I forgot to tell the kids but they already know him!” Ford narrowed his eyes. He looked at the weird man who was struggling to stand up from the floor (“Wow...almost as good as head pats!”) and back at his brother. “You are naked.” He commented intelligently.

“Yeah well, if you hadn't attacked my friend I could have changed.” Seb grinned with a blush and adjusted the towel that had fallen past his hips and close to the danger zone. “I’m so glad you’re here!! KIDS! Have you said hi to your uncle?!” He shouted to the air. “Yeah! He was busy pushing the man!” Zu pointed helpfully. Then the twins ran towards their Uncle. Zoe made grabby motions and Ford picked her up gladly.

“ The man ? Really kid? I live with you for a couple weeks and you don't recognize me just ‘cause I changed my sex?” Xin grumbled as his tail and antlers popped out. Seb only said to hide them from people who didn't know about Weirdness after all.

“Miz!” They gasped. “But you’re a boy now! And a grown up! How?” Zu asked confused. Xin scoffed. “Didn't you know? Dragons can change sex whenever they want.” Xin bullshited easily. And it wasn't technically a lie since dragons COULD in fact shapeshift. Seb rolled his eyes. “Don’t teach my children untrue facts.” Seb frowned at his kids, who were obviously buying it.

Xin gave Seb a smug look, “I'll teach them whatever I want. And this dragon can change sex whenever he wants!” Xin retracted his dragon parts and fixed his disheveled clothes. He blushed a bit. Geez, he knew his… pain tolerance was odd but, oh geez~

Ford was easily fooled into believing Xin’s bullshitting, he hadn’t learned to recognize a lie even after all these years, though to be fair, he was too interested in the idea of meeting a real DRAGON to really question it. “You’re a dragon?” He was so excited to ask that he didn't notice the little girl in his arms hitting his cheek softly. “Uncle Ssixxer!! What presents will you give uuuuuss!?” Zoe whined. Xin suddenly rushed off to the kitchen “My cakes!!” he almost forgot!

Two thirds of the Pines triplets watched the dragon go and Ford finally realized Zoe was trying to call his attention when she shrieked loudly and burned his neck. “Ah!” Ford yelped. “ZOE PINES!” Sebastian shouted and grabbed the girl from Ford’s arms to put her on the ground. “No! Zoe, you just don’t burn people, even less if they’re your family!” He shouted at the girl. “What were you thinking?!” Zoe looked down and sniffed. “Sorry daddy…”
“Sebas, don’t shout at her. It’s alright, I was just surprised, I’m not hurt.” Ford smiled and crouched in front of the remorseful girl. “Do you want to see the presents I bought?” The girl was happy again almost immediately and the twins clung to Ford. Seb pouted. He didn’t like when his brothers didn’t let him scold the children when they did wrong. He didn’t care that he was exactly the same with Mabel, Dipper, Dillon and Diego!

Xin pulled out the cakes, sighing in relief that they weren't burnt. A tiny bit over done but he could still work with that. He didn't need an oven mitt, this body more than capable of handling the hot metal. Right, decorating...Xin waved his hand to summon the jam and frosting. Might as well get all the Weirdness out of the way before other guests showed up.

Ford picked up the huge boxes he brought with him and proudly handed each one to his nieces. His triplets knew how bad it felt to be given a present to share, as if they weren’t different people. The Pines brothers made sure to show their niblings they cared. “Open them!” The man with glasses smiled. “I’m completely sure you kids will like them!” The children tore the colorful paper off eagerly and Seb's eye widened when he saw what it was. “Drones?!” He gasped. The kids were squealing as they shook the boxes. Sebastian walked over to hiss at Ford. “Sixer they're five!” he groaned.

“It’s a good present! You don’t need to be old to know how to use a remote control!”

“You’re paying if something gets broken.” Seb mumbled before going upstairs to put on clothes.

Ford didn't see what the problem was. He watched the twins tear the boxes open and “Oooh~”ed at the machine inside. He smiled, ready to show them how to set them up but gasped when the two ran to the kitchen. “Miz! Look at what we got!” Zoe squealed. “Can you show us how to make them fly?” Zu added. “Wait, what?” Ford muttered. “Kids, I can teach you how! I-I built them!” He ran after them. Now that all his brothers have had kids, he was taking the title of ‘cool single uncle’ seriously. He didn’t want to be Just Uncle Ford!

The twins looked at Xin decorating the cake AND cupcakes. He looked up when the two ran in and grinned. “Oh hey. Drones. Ooh~ they're the three propeller type. Is that…” the dragon blinked and leaned closer. “Solar powered as well? Nice~”

“Can you show us how to use them Miz? You know everything!”

“Please~I know LOTS of things. And, while I look like this you have to call me Xin ok?”

“Ok Xin!” Zu nodded, he figured it was like how he was Zu now and not Zully. But more intense! That was so cool!. “Can you show us?” though Zu was actually more interested in Miz being a boy now. That was so cool. So… people could just… choose to be a boy or a girl if they wanted? Or did only dragons get to do that?

Xin looked at Ford pouting by the door. He looked so adorably sad that Xin had to be merciful. “I’m a little busy here, but I bet your brilliant Uncle Fordsie also knows how to make it work.” he carefully squeezed the icing out. Wanted to make this as perfect as he could without cheating first. “Yes, absolutely.” The man nodded. The twins grinned and each one of them took a six-fingered hand, just like their daddy’s, to drag him to the backyard. There were chairs outside for the guests too, and a table where candies and snacks would be. Daddy said not to put them yet because the twins would eat them all before anyone came. The twins knew he was right, they would, but that didn’t make it less fun.

“Ark! Ark!” Sir Bedazzle raced towards them, bark-squeaking happily. “What the-?!” Ford gaped at the creature and stared at it as it ran around them. “What IS that?!” Zoe picked it up and showed
it to her uncle. “He’s an Acorn puppy! His name is Sir Bedazzle of the Forest!!!”

“Sir Bedazzle for short.” Zu added. “He’s our puppy!”

Ford lifted his glasses and leaned closer to the creature. “Fascinating…”

“Miz-um- Xin made it for us!” Zoe pointed at the man in the kitchen. The acorn blinked up at Ford with dark, curious eyes. “Ark!” It said with a cheerful wiggle. Ford poked it’s cap. “It feels just like a real acorn…” he said in awe. “Wait, that dragon made it for you?” Ford looked over to the kitchen where said dragon was twirling his fingers to make the frosting stay on the way he wanted. “No! Don't melt! Auuuugh! You're just forcing me to use my powers now!” The man ranted when one section of the cream began sagging. “Curse you physics!”

What was odd was the sense that Ford knew that man...but for the life of him he couldn't remember from where. Surely he would have remembered meeting someone like this!! Even disregarding the fact that the man was apparently a DRAGON, he was very...unique. Ford thought back to those pleased moans when he pinned the man to the ground in what he knew was a painful hold and flushed.

Weird. Definitely weird.

“Can Sir Bedazzle come outside with us?! Please!” The twins knew they weren’t supposed to take Sir Bedazzle outside. Dad and Mom said so…but Uncle Ford didn’t know that. Ford, naive to the manipulative nature of children and unable to resist those little eyes, agreed and took both the twins and the acorn outside.

The second they vanished from view, Seb came downstairs, elegantly dressed, which made Xin smile. “Hey there handsome~” he teased, letting his eyes roam up and down the other man. And Xin had to admit it. The Pines aged like wine! How old were they anyway? They didn’t look any less hot! Seb rolled his eyes. “I’m married.” He put his hands on his hips. “And you’re my soul sister/brother.” That didn’t stop Xin from purring “I know how to share.” Xin liked teasing, even if he wasn’t actually interested. Getting a rise out of Seb was so much fun. Seb would have thrown something at Xin for being a damn troll if he had anything throwable nearby. “Where are Fordsie and the twins?” Seb changed the subject instead, realizing Xin was just messing with him.

“He took them outside to teach them how to fly the drones I think.” The black haired man informed him before resuming his work. Perfect cupcakes…even if he had to cheat because baking was hard~

The actual birthday cake was done and in the fridge. It had to be kept cold so the whipped cream didn't melt before the party. The cupcakes however, would be served during the party as soon as the guests arrived. Xin individually decorated each one to look like a different BakeMon (Backpack Monster, it was something the kids were really into).

“Do you think I should trust Stanford ‘I give crossbows to 12 year olds’ Pines with my children?” Seb asked as he stared at the cupcakes. “Can I have one?”

“No, those are for the party AND the kids.” Xin shook his head. “And, did you trust Ford with the mystery twins?”

“Eh...No...Fuck. I’ll be right back.” Seb walked fast out to the yard. Xin shrugged and fixed the Pikachu’s ears. He still found it hilarious that no matter what language or dimension, a Pikachu was STILL a Pikachu.
Seb went outside and gasped when he saw Sir Bedazzle running around the yard. “No! We can't let people see him moving around!” The twins were distracted with their new toys and their uncle so they didn’t see Seb picking up the puppy acorn with his mind. He was not chasing the...nut animal…

“Why are you outside, Sir Bedazzle?” Seb narrowed his eye at the little creature who whimpered, ashamed at being scolded. “Ok, don’t look at me like that, really. You’ll make me feel like an asshole, you know you can’t.” He held the creature towards him and coughed to call his brother’s attention.

“Oh! Hey Sebastian!” Ford grinned. “Daddy has clothes now!” Zu giggled. “Yeah, Daddy has finally put on clothes.” Ford teased his younger brother. “Very funny, Brainiac.” Seb pouted. “Explain to me why Sir Bedazzle is out of the house?” He showed the acorn to the kids and his brother. Ford blinked. “Is it...not allowed outside?” He asked.

“Not when there are going to be guests who don't know about Weirdness here.” Seb hissed. “This isn't Gravity Falls. The people here wouldn't be able to just ‘Nevermind all that’.”

“Aww…” the twins said sadly. Sir Bedazzle also let out a quiet “Waaw~” sound. Ford looked a little sad as well. “Why do you have to hide it? Why not just let people know?”

“Because they might…” Seb looked down at the twins, so innocent. He didn't want them to think that their powers were bad. He didn't want them to grow up hating themselves for what they were. “…they might not…” Seb sighed, pained. “Kids...do me a favor and put Sir Bedazzle in his house ok?” The kids grabbed their pet and ran inside to leave the acorn on his tree-like house. When they were out of sight, the two adults could talk more freely.

"Sir Bedazzle is a freaking acorn, Sixer, if you haven't noticed. How would a normal person react if they saw a moving acorn?"

Ford blinked. "I see you point."

"Besides. Normal people don't react good to unusual, or magic things. Be that Sir Bedazzle or… you know, us." Seb bit his lip as he turned his eye yellow to emphasize his point.

Ford twitched. His hands were folded behind his back. “Yes. I… see your point. It’s hard, isn’t it? Living outside Gravity Falls?’

Seb shrugged. “Yeah, kinda.” He nodded. ”’Specially when the kids get excited. You know fire is really unpredictable. Though they have better control of the fire than their telekinesis…Kids are kids though and they forget not to use them outside the house sometimes."

"Maybe...you don't have to hide it, don't you think?” Ford asked. He did publish his (severely censored) papers on the supernatural being real, and had the research and data to prove it. Though, it wasn’t exactly widespread knowledge despite the huge stir in the scientific community.

"Haven't you heard what I said?” Seb pulled his brother's ear. "People might not like them for who they are...the twins could end up hating themselves and I do not want that for my kids!” He hissed. Seb was venting, letting his long hidden anxieties about this bubble up to the surface. He might have gotten much better about his mental health, but he was still healing, it was an ongoing and unending process. So right here and now, he couldn’t help unloading all his fears onto his oldest brother now that he stupidly open the window for him to do so.

Ford winced. “Why would people hate you for having powers--”
Seb huffed. “Don’t you remember WHERE my powers came from?!” He formed a triangle with his hands and held it up over his eye, making Ford flinch back. Seb lowered his hands, scowling.

“What do you think they will think about _me_ , about _them_ , if I told them their powers come from a _demon_?! The kids don't know and I don't plan to tell them!” Seb said, slumping his shoulders and curling into himself. Ford winced. “Okay, while I see your point, I doubt it would be that dramatic.” He knew his brother wasn’t the same Bill who’d mentally abused him for years. Ford knew that. He even knew there were other Bills out there who weren’t the same as that awful Bill they’d been forced to kill (heck, he lived with William for a week. And that version of Bill had been nothing but kind, even with how badly Ford had reacted to him).

Shaking those thoughts away, Ford told his brother, “Your kids are special. They have gifts.” he tried to say but Seb glowered at his eldest brother.

“I spent two thirds of my life HATING myself.” Seb hissed. “I thought I was a FREAK. A MONSTER. And I will NOT have my children go through the same!”

Ford flinched. Right, that. He was a little ashamed to realize he never thought Seb had really felt that strongly about it.

“Just think about this for a second.” Seb sniffed. “If _we_ were bullied and humiliated for a stupid extra finger. If I was called a monster for a stupid blind eye that, thank the Axolotl, my children don't have...What do you think will happen to Zoe and Zu if people knew what they could do?! This is not something you can freely show, Ford! But I also don't want them to think their powers are bad or something wrong that needs fixing! So I just... need them to hide it. Because that's just how it is!” Seb wiped his tears. God, and this all started because of the stupid puppy acorn.

“If I had my powers growing up I would have been killed.” Seb muttered darkly.

“That’s not true.” Ford tried to protest.

“The government wanted to cut me open when they caught me!” Seb cried. Ford flinched. Yeah...he...forgot about that.

“Ok. Fine. You want to keep your children's powers a secret. I...understand.” Ford couldn’t help but think that if he’d been able to publish his paper about his universal theory of weirdness properly— If the government hadn't decided to hush it all up and even bribe him with a HELL of a lot of money to keep quiet about a majority of it (all the ‘magic’ was taken out and it was simply written as mutations from the government chemical dumping site causing very unique new species to be created), that the paranormal world would have been seen as ‘normal’ by now. Seb was going to say more but the kids came back out. “Daddy. Can we have food now?” Zu asked. “There's some chips we can pour out right now. The other guests should be arriving soon.” Seb smiled at them.

“DONE! Yes!! All the Starters for 7 generations! Woo!” Xin’s shout was triumphant. “Even made 5 Pikachu's for fun!” The Pines laughed at the happy scream from the ‘dragon’. “You can eat, but not too much. Or else you'll be too full to eat the rest of the food.” Seb told the twins after thinking about it. This was the same with Mabel when they were kids. “Haha!” The twins laughed teasingly. “Bol' of you to as-soom we can get full!” They ran away and Seb blinked. Where did they learn that expression?! It must have been Miz...

...now that he thought about it, the kids have also been saying things like “Big mood.” and “Daddy is a Tsun-Tsun.” Which were definitely things they learned from Miz. He sighed. He really was getting old. He didn’t understand kids.
The triplets settled down in the yard, too lazy to go back inside, and just began talking about life. They had grown up, physically and mentally. The traumatic experience they shared (and the professional help they had received) made them reconsider lots of things and now they were best friends once again, just like Stanley wanted. Seb was so concentrated on trying to understand Ford’s new research back in Gravity Falls that he didn’t see the blur of pink before it was too late and it was over him.

“GRUNKLE SEB!!” Mabel squealed. Seb fell over as she pulled the two of them to the ground. “Sh-Shooting Star?! When did you get here?!”

“Just now!” Mabel laughed as she got up and pulled her favorite uncle back to his feet. Seb frowned. “But I would have noticed you coming through the house...Xin would have announced you were here…” Mabel scoffed. “I didn't come through the house, silly! I jumped your fence.” she grinned, her mouth braces free but with retainers.

Seb groaned. “What have I told you about climbing over my fence?”

Mabel made a funny face and spoke in a weird voice “Dur, Mabel you can't climb the fence dur hur, you might break it.” Seb rolled his eye as Ford was muffling his laughter behind a hand. Really, no respect these days. “Hi Grunkle Ford!” Mabel waved at Ford while draping herself over Seb’s shoulders.

“Hello, Mabel.” Ford said calmly, the slight twitch of his mouth giving away his mirth. Seb looked around. “Where's your brother?”

“Ah, Dip-Dop and Dad are at the front door like losers~” Mabel snorted. Speaking of which, back inside the house, Xin heard the doorbell ring. “Coming!” He called out as he made sure all signs of his powers were hidden. He opened the door with a cheerful “Good morning~”

“-Told her millions of times she shouldn't- Oh. Wow, I didn't know Sebas had a butler.” Shermie blinked in surprise at the attractive man who opened the door. Xin grinned at them. “You must be Black Belt and Pinetree! Come on in. The main party is happening in the backyard, I was just about to set the cupcakes out.” The two men thanked Xin and stepped inside. They knew their way through Seb’s house. They always divided holidays between them. The best were at Ford’s of course (because everyone loved being in Gravity Falls)! Xin gave Dipper an admiring look as he walked past. “Dang those Pines genes. He really IS as cute as the other one…” Xin mumbled.

When Dipper and his Dad got to the yard, they saw Mabel thrown over Ford as she talked about a cute co-worker in the place she worked in. “-and we even talked and he didn't run away!!”

“Yup. She climbed over the fence.” Dipper nodded to his Dad. “SHERMIE!” Seb laughed and stood up to hug his little brother. Little brother who was almost as tall as the Stans but little brother nonetheless. “Pinetree!!” Seb squealed. “Why are you so damn tall, kid?! Who gave you the right?!! When did you grow up?” Seb dramatically put a hand on his forehead. “I still remember your prepubescent voice daydreaming about Red…” He loved bringing that up.

Dipper pushed his uncle away with his face crimson red as everyone laughed at him. “Shut up, man!!” He growled but ended up laughing. He had gotten over Wendy ages ago... But people still liked to tease. He rolled his eyes.

“Who wants cupcakes~” Xin sang as he came outside with a tray in his hands. He was rocking his wide hips side to side as he practically danced out of the kitchen. His long braid bounced with his movements. “Guys, this is Xin. He’s an old friend of mine who's helping me with the twins’ party.” Seb introduced him with a proud smile. “Oh. Not a butler?” Shermie nodded, embarrassed.
Seb laughed. “I have no idea why he's dressed like that, to be honest.”

“It’s because I figured a maid outfit would be frowned upon.” Xin pouted. “A shame really. I have the hips for it...” he placed the tray of cupcakes on a table and wiggled said hips, to the embarrassment of the other men in the yard. He really did have nice hips. Mabel gasped at the young man. He was so handsome...no cute boy at work was like him! Nor would any of them want to wear a maid outfit. A shame really, like Xin said, Mabel thought it would look AMAZING.

“Where’s Abigail?” Stanford asked. “She had an emergency at the hospital and needed to stay behind.” Shermie said. “Speaking of which...where’s Wanda?” Seb smiled sheepishly. She was always working. Wanda once said she wished she could work from home like Seb did.

“Working...but she is coming for the party.” He nodded. Dipper frowned as he looked around. “And where are Zoe and Zully anyway? Like, this is their party? They should be out-“

“RAWR!!” said twins suddenly leaped out from under the table to tackle Dipper’s legs. They then pretend to eat him. “Om nom nom!” Mabel immediately took out her phone to record the adorableness for posterity as the adults laughed. “Help! Two monsters caught me!” Dipper dramatically fell to the floor as his little cousins ‘ate’ him. “Father!! Help me!” He extended a hand towards Shermie but the green-eyed man was too busy laughing.

“Muwahaha! No one can save you now!” Zu cackled. “I’m sorry, son...they are too strong for me to fight off!” Shermie apologized.


“Xin...please don't teach my children about bodily traumas.” Seb deadpanned as he rubbed his face. It was only okay when HE did that. Xin scoffed. “They need to learn someday, why not start early? You know, I taught my kids how to skin their kills when they were only 12.”

“Well...that’s creepy as hell...So I will just erase it from my mind...” Shermie nodded and looked at his daughter who was already uploading her video to her social media with lots of hearts and happy faces. “Mabel, sweetie. Don’t jump the fence next time.”

“Ok, ok...” She puffed her cheeks. When it was done, she looked up. “When is Uncle Stan coming?!“

“Wait. You have kids?!” Dipper was asking Xin once he finally got off the ground, the twins having run off to grab a cupcake. He looked a bit young to have kids at least aged 12 (since his statement implied they were older than that now). Well, his parents had them young, so maybe it was like that? But Xin looked like he was in his mid twenties? Maaybe late twenties? It was hard to tell with Asians.

Xin shrugged. “I had several kids.” He grinned “Adopted them mostly.” Ford was still staring at Xin. Why did he feel so familiar? Also, it seemed everyone else had missed the man's use of the word “Had” but Ford, who paid careful attention to wording nowadays (even if he still didn’t always understand what they meant), didn’t. It was bothering him so much! He wanted to ask! The man even said he knew him but for the life of him, Ford didn’t remember ever meeting this man!

Mabel and Dipper gave each one of the younger twins a present. Mabel gave hers to Zu because he was the oldest, and Dipper gave his to Zoe. The twins wanted to open them right there, but Xin said it was even better when they had a pile of them so they just put them in a special area for presents.
“Kids, what do you say to Uncle Shermie?” Seb asked and the twins hugged their green-eyed uncle 
“Thank you, Uncle Shermie!”

The guests slowly started coming. A few parents and their kids arrived to begin running around the 
backyard, so the older twins, feeling really out of place in a kid party, just sat aside with their 
phones and earbuds, much to Shermie’s annoyance. Xin answered the door and even took some of 
the guest’s jackets, having too much fun playing the part of a butler.

Wanda finally arrived in a panic, kind of disheveled from her rush, but she had managed to escape 
work! Woo! She kissed Seb and then, greeted her husband’s family with a surprised smile. She 
paused when she saw Xin. “When did we get a butler?” Xin groaned. “Seriously Flower Crown? 
You too? You’d think a lawyer like you would be able to put two and two together…” Really, asian 
girl, asian man, and they looked pretty similar to each other too!

“…Miz?!” Wanda gasped. “How did you…why are you…” her mouth moved but no sound came 
out. “You're a man now?” She said at last. Xin whined. “Why does everyone make such a big deal 
about me being male now?”

“Wait…you're...not a guy?” Mabel looked confused. Xin gave her a smirk. “Oh I am 100% male 
right now. If you want proof I can-”

“NOPE!” Seb slapped a hand over Xin’s mouth. “We are ending this discussion right NOW!” The 
teenage girl blushed a bit and tucked a loose strand of hair behind her ear. Damn. That smirk…

Shermie looked mildly offended that Xin would so openly flirt with his daughter right in front of 
him (though Xin hadn’t realized this was considered flirting, having just been joking around) but 
was also confused. From what Wanda said, it sounded like Xin had once been female…and now 
Shermie was confused. “I don't get it…” Shermie sighed. Wanda groaned before motioning the 
family closer. “Well, when I left for work this morning, Miz or...I guess he's called Xin now, was a 
12 year old girl…” Everyone gasped and Seb decided he didn’t want to deal with this right now. 
“I’ll go greet the kids’ parents…” He informed them all before walking off. Why were humans so 
hung up on male or female anyway?

“How is that even possible?” Dipper asked and Wanda smiled excitedly. “Miz, Xin is a dragon!” 
She whispered, but the kids were laughing and shouting so loud it wasn’t actually necessary. “So 
I'm just assuming this is some type of dragon magic.” The Pines family looked over at Xin walking 
around the yard, serving food to the other parents. “It's very nice to meet you, Mrs. Green. Shame 
your husband couldn't make it. Would you like a mini-sandwich?”

“Oh thank you very much, sir. I wasn't aware the Pines family had a butler.” The woman laughed 
lightly. Xin grinned charmingly, making the woman swoon slightly. “Oh I'm actually a family 
friend. I just really like the outfit.” The two chatted in a lighthearted way but Seb, who was 
greeting Mr. Stromboli, easily picked out how Xin was secretly drilling the woman for 
information. He sighed. Of course.

After Wanda finished gossiping to the family, Dipper had that same curious look as Stanford. A 
donkey! His Uncle was friends with a freaking dragon, that was amazing! He had went through a 
phase of being obsessed with dragons as a young teen (like some alternative version of Mabel’s 
obsession with Unicorns). Getting to talk to Xin would be so amazing! Meanwhile, Mabel didn’t 
care if he was a girl that morning. People sometimes changed genders (that was perfectly fine with 
him!) and he looked too handsome for her to ignore right now! Ah! Hormones!

As one, but with different intentions in mind, the mystery twins both went up to Xin as he headed 
back to the kitchen with his now empty snack tray. Xin was humming to himself as he piled more
sandwiches onto the tray. Hm. They were going to need more soon. He wondered if he could get away with ‘magically’ duplicating the ones they had left? He sensed only Shooting Star and Pinetree nearby so he shrugged and went for it, copy pasting the sandwiches a couple times to refill the tray (not like the humans would be able to tell if something had an identical molecular makeup, right?).

He also made a pile all for himself, he was hungry and these were roast beef! (He’d learned of a way to ‘cheat’ the system to make food and then eat said food in a way that used less energy making the food while receiving more energy than he spent making them when he ate them. It involved setting some of the atoms to ‘auto-click’ together based on the guidelines of the blueprint so he wouldn’t have to spend energy on those parts. Then he simply used dust and other useless or unwanted substances as the base mass to be torn apart and restructured into the new object! Easy! And there was no grossness involved, since the literal molecular make up was being altered.)

“Wow…” The twins gasped. “Hey...you’re really good with magic!” Mabel smiled at Xin, feeling her face heat up when he turned to look at them.

“Hey kids!” Xin smiled and moaned when he bit into a sandwich. Delicious...aw man he loved Earth food. He shoveled another sandwich whole into his mouth, letting out another pleased sound. Miz’s form did much the same when eating food she thought was delicious, but she let out cute squeaky hums instead of deep moans like Xin. Jan’s form hummed a melody when he got food he liked, his triangle form made a rumbling sound, and William’s form let out a squealing sound. It was simply how those vessels ended up expressing themselves.

“Hi! Can I ask you like, a million questions about dragons? It’s...for homework.” Dipper grinned and pulled out his phone to write there. Why didn’t he bring his notebook?!

“Um, shouldn’t you two be outside at your little cousins’ birthday party?” Xin asked with a raised eyebrow. His next sandwich was eaten a little slower, small bites as he had to keep his mouth empty enough to speak to them. He licked some mayo off one of his slender fingers.

Mabel was staring at Xin’s mouth as his tongue lapped up the white sauce. He finished the sandwich and reached for another. She wanted to say something but was too mesmerized by the way he began sucking on one of his fingers when the juices from his sandwich dribbled down his hands. She held back a nervous giggle as he pulled his now clean finger from his mouth with a wet pop.

Dipper hadn’t noticed. “Well they're children and I love my cousins but they're too much for me sometimes.” They played rough, well, Zoe did. And Zully would follow their sister’s lead. He tapped his phone. “So...ah, what kind of dragon are you? That’s not a racist thing to ask right?” Xin laughed. “Naw. It's fine. I'm an Eastern dragon, obviously. I'm specifically, a cosmic dragon.” He picked up another sandwich between his fingers, the bread was fresh, he’d magicked them up himself, the sandwich was filled with slices of roast beef, lettuce, tomato and mayo. Each sandwich nearly bursting with filling, the roast beef a lovely shade of brownish-pink, cooked and cooled to perfection.

He lifted the snack to his lips and bit down, teeth pressing through the crisp lettuce and sliced tomatoes, juices flowing out as he tore off a piece of the sandwich and chewed. The tomato juice soaked into the bread and mixed with the mayo slathered on each lightly toasted slice...

In her 18 years of life, Mabel had never seen someone eat a sandwich in such a hot way...

“Alright, next question, um, how big is your actual form?” Dipper asked, completely oblivious. Mabel made a choking sound. Xin hummed as he chewed on the piece in his mouth. He swallowed, a faint Adam’s apple bobbing along his throat. “Well, do you mean big as in how long I
am or…?” Mabel made a strangled sound. She thought something she shouldn’t have! Stupid Lizzy giving her these ideas! (Lizzy was the type of friend who emailed you the links to the steamiest fanfiction or fanart she found and then laughed at you for sinning as you read it and couldn’t look away!) “Length and your height please.” Dipper typed into his phone. Eastern dragon, meaning there are a western variety as well. Cosmic as in… what exactly? Xin shrugged. He’d only taken full dragon form a couple of times. “Well my female form is as long as a School bus and around as tall as I am now at the shoulder… but my male form is much larger. And I can grow as well—”

“Bwah!” Mabel blurt out before covering her mouth. The two men looked at her but she laughed totally not suspiciously. “I just thought of a joke that one of my friends told me the other day.” She quickly made up. The two shrugged and went back to their own conversation. “So you get larger? What do you mean by that? What triggers it?” Dipper typed down.

Xin held up a finger to indicate for Dipper to wait. He ate the other half of the sandwich and moaned again as he chewed on it. Some more tomato juice happened to leak down his fingers and Xin brought his hand up to lick along his palm. Long, firm strokes with his tongue following the trail of liquid that gravity pulled down his hand. He smacked his lips, sucking on each of his fingers for the faint traces of mayo on them.

“Well…” Xin answered as he pulled another finger out of his mouth with a soft sound. “...I've got shapeshifting powers that react to my mood. So if I'm angry or get excited I can grow up to three times my usual size.” Mabel managed to clap her hands over her mouth this time. An internal squeal ringing out in her head. “Fascinating.” Dipper, still completely oblivious, wondered what else to ask. “Do you shoot fire like a western dragon or do you shoot some other substance?”

“Aughhh!!” Mabel shrieked. “There's no way you're not doing this on purpose!!” She slapped the phone from Dipper's hand. “You're not allowed anymore questions, mister!”

“Mabel, what the heck?!” Dipper cried as he knelt to get his, thankfully, unbroken phone. Mabel huffed. “So hi! I'm Mabel!” She said (only partially hysterically). “So dragon huh? Having met unicorns who were nothing like what the storybooks say, are there any glaring misconceptions about dragons you'd like to clear up?”

“Well I haven't really met a western dragon in person to say for sure but I have it on good authority that they don't kidnap princesses. They DO however kidnap princes.”

“Gasp! Really? Why?” Mabel asked. Xin rolled his eyes. “Because princesses are way more difficult to kidnap. Plus they make awful prisoners. And the only reason they even kidnap royal children is to ransom them for gold so taking the heir is more valuable than the political marriage tool.” Xin wasn't even lying, he’d flickered through plenty of information about other dragons. “That…” Mabel paused. “…is much more pragmatic than I thought…”

“So, do Eastern dragons have any cliches that are inaccurate to real life?” Dipper asked. Xin grinned “We're not ACTUALLY rivers. Love the movie, but it's inaccurate. We can claim areas of land as our territory though.”

“Ooh~” the twins both said.

The teens listened to Xin speak with different expressions on their faces and different intentions on their minds. Dipper was loving the new knowledge he could brag to Uncle Ford about, and Mabel really, really wanted to kiss this guy. (Once again, damn horny thoughts!) Was her flirting technique defective on older young men too? She pouted.
Meanwhile, Seb and Wanda were happily talking and thanking the parents for coming and bringing their kids, it meant a lot for Zoe and Zu. The twins were happy with their friends (and the presents they got) so they couldn’t be happier.

“Oh, but we all know my little Amanda is the best friend of the twins!” Carol bragged as her husband nodded, just happy that Amanda was happy. He liked the twins, they always made Amanda smile. (He knew his wife was quite overbearing and had frightened away most of Amanda’s other friends, so it was nice to see that Amanda finally had people who were willing to stay.) The guests nodded slowly as Seb and Wanda's grins turned tense.

“I’ve always said your girls are lovely!” the woman said with a smile, “It’s really brave you have been letting Zully dress up like a boy. It seems to be a fashion these days.”

Wanda looked at Seb for help, the lawyer was unable to reply to that, and the brunet hardened his look. “Zu says they feel happy with those clothes so we will let them decide however they want to dress. Whether that is in ‘boy’ clothes or ‘girl’ clothes, that’s fine for us too. I don’t think it matters how the kids are dressed as long as they’re happy.” He said aloud. (And not fucked up, he thought in his head) Some parents kind of agreed (one of them had actually seen Seb’s fashion show and thought it was very progressive of him) and Carol nodded. “Ah well, as long as she isn’t going to be a tranny or something like that, I guess it’s fine…”

Seb felt his hands burning, itching to burn the transphobic woman to ashes. Wanda noticed his expression. “Ah, Seb, why don’t you go inside to get some more drinks for everyone?” Seb nodded stiffly before turning to walk away, muttering under his breath as soon as he was out of earshot about dumb parents and their prejudices. Zully said sh--he wanted to be a boy, Seb was Fine with that. But he didn’t want to out his son in front of CAROL of all people. Circles, he hated that woman.

He walked into the kitchen to see Xin chatting with Dipper and Mabel. Xin looked up with a smile but noticed Seb’s mood immediately. “Oh. Is there someone at the party I need to set on fire?” He grumbled. The twins both looked up and saw their upset uncle. “Grunkle Seb? What's wrong?” Mabel asked. Seb grabbed a sandwich and chewed on it angrily. “Dumb people piss me off.” That woman tried to insult his baby using slurs to insult transgender people at the same time… he should have stopped her! But Seb didn’t want to start an argument during his baby’s birthday party.

Seb knew about the idea of transgender people now (he did some research), he also remembered how Linda had asked him if maybe he wanted to be female once. And, well, Seb wasn’t sure. He didn’t care one way or another if he was male or female, but if… if Zully was trans, well, Seb was going to accept it with open arms and be fucking proud of his baby for it!

“You should have gone to my school.” Dipper joked. “You’d die from frustration there at all the dumb people.” Mabel hugged her not-blond-anymore uncle. “It’s ok, Uncle Sebas, you’re with us! Your incredible and favorite niblings!” Xin had his eyes closed, which Seb had learned over these past few weeks was how Miz hid the way she flickered for information. Xin opened his eyes with a frown. “Oh…”

Seb hugged his niece, oh how he missed it when they were small, and ruffled her curls. “Thanks, Shooting Star…”

“Ah! Uncle Seb, you know how long I spent fixing my hair?” She pouted. “Like, a minute.” Dipper grinned teasingly. “You woke up like that, liar.” Mabel grinned and flipped her brother off which made him laugh easily. Seb pouted at their behaviour. They were babies. They shouldn’t do that…
okay fine, they were 18 but STILL.

The doorbell rang and Mabel looked at Xin with a smile. “I’ll get it!” she offered. “It's probably uncle Stan!” she went off but noticed Xin was coming with her. “Um…” she blushed at how close he was. “I haven't seen Stan in ages—I wonder if he would recognize me? Ford sure didn't…” Xin laughed. “Wait, you knew them?” Mabel looked surprised “But why didn't they tell us about it? There's no way Uncle Stan would hide the fact that he knew a dragon!”

“Because your uncles are ungrateful idiots who never talked about me to the rest of you.” Xin rolled his eyes. “Also, I wasn't a dragon back then...” Xin tutted as Mabel opened the door. “What do you mean by 'not a dragon'?” Mabel didn’t know how someone could just not be what species they were.

“Exactly what that sounds like—hello fish face! Long time no see!” Xin greeted Stan at the door. He was standing next to Carla and Dillon, while carrying Diego on his shoulders. The man looked like he wasn't sure if he was being insulted or not. “Uh...do I know you?” Xin grinned at him. “I know it's been over 18 years on your side but how could you have forgotten about MY delightful self?” He made a gesture at his hips, “Maybe if I was in a maid uniform…”

Stan was a bit confused until suddenly it somehow clicked. "HOLY CRAP!” Stan shouted, startling his family and niece before he started to laugh loudly. Stan picked up on the reference and put it together within a few seconds, Xin enjoyed how quick he was on the uptake. Ford still hadn’t figured it out yet. “William?! What the heck are you doing here?!” He laughed. He placed his little son on the floor and opened his arms for a hug. Diego gasped when he saw Mabel and tried to hide but the teen was already squealing and picking him up. “Let go!” Diego whined as he thrashed and tried to escape.

“I got my dimension door working and thought I'd drop by for a visit.” Xin laughed as he hugged Stan, nuzzling into his chest. “Though I'm going by the name of Xin right now. Or Miz when I'm female.”

“Yeah, how...did you get that body? You didn't possess anyone right?” Stan knew that was how their Bill Cipher got a human form. Xin laughed “Of course not! I created this body from scratch.” Everyone else was completely lost. “I am so confused right now…” Dillon sighed and pulled on his headphones. Well, it didn't sound too important. Stan laughed and pulled the teen’s headphones back down to his neck. “This is an old friend. He helped me and Sixer way back when. In fact we wouldn't have survived when we fell through the portal if he hadn't taken us in and gave us supplies.” Carla smiled at the man. He helped her Stanley when they were lost on the other side of the portal?

“It’s ‘Sixer and I’, Dad. Language.” Dillon teasingly corrected his Father who shut him up with a “Don’t ‘Ford’ me, kid.”

“Mommy, Mabel is crushing me! I’m dying!” Diego shrieked. Mabel hugged him even tighter. He was a mini version of her uncle and he was too adorable! Stan grinned at William, wait no, he was going by Xin now. “So...ah...not to sound racist but why are you Chinese?” Xin burst out laughing. “I identify as Chinese. Though I can change whatever I look like.” He shrugged. “Being a shapeshifter has its perks.” Mabel waved her arms “Ok, Xin's not human, that's fine, I already knew that he was a dragon, but I am still kind of lost as to how you two met…” She said as she carried her little cousin.

“Dragon?” Stan looked at Xin with a raised eyebrow. Xin shrugged. “I shapeshift on a genetic level. I am currently 100% genuine dragon.”
“Oh. Neat.” Was all Stan had to say about it. “So I'm guessing Sixer still hasn't figured it out?”

“Nope. Been dropping hints and everything. Ugh, someone that smart has no right being so dumb.” Xin huffed with his arms folded.

“Ford is a fuckin’ idiot…” Stan laughed but Carla smacked his shoulder playfully. “Don’t curse with Diego right there.” Stan rubbed his muscled arm and turned to look at Mabel. “Can I get a hug, pumpkin? Sorry for ignoring you. Got distracted with Xin here.”

Mabel let Diego go and threw herself over her uncle. “Hi! It’s ok!” She hugged every one of them, wanting to give Diego another hug but the boy whined and tried to kick her in the shins. Carla and the others entered the house as Xin directed them to the backyard where the party was happening. “I made cupcakes. Hopefully there are still some left.” Xin told them. Diego ran off immediately because CUPCAKES while Dillon chased after his brother. The kid broke everything he touched...

Stan and his wife strode towards the side of the yard where his family was talking. Seb and Dipper had returned and Seb had his head on Ford’s lap as he complained about awful people who needed to get their shit together. Ford patted his head. They needed FACTS and SCIENCE. Not dumb fake, made up ideas to justify their hate.

“The party starts now!” Stan announced. “For it is I, the ALPHA triplet!” he posed dramatically. The Pines brothers shared a look. “Excuse me, who are you?” Shermie asked. Dipper and Mabel, who came with Stan, laughed at the pout on Stan's face. The brothers acted so much like kids sometimes. “Oh come on!” Stan complained. “I’ll go find my niblings. I am sure they’ll appreciate me!” He made a weird face as he stuck his tongue out. Shermie, Seb and Ford laughed loudly.

“Who wants more sandwiches?” Xin sang as he came out with a fresh tray. “Xin, you don’t need to do this.” Seb told him. “You know you can just come sit with us, right?” He didn't want to take advantage of his friend. Xin scoffed. “It's fine. It doesn't bother me. Besides, this way I get to talk to everyone.” He grinned at Ford. “Hey Fordsie~would you like one of my yummy treats?”

“Eh...Sure.” The man grabbed a sandwich and nodded. “Thanks.” He said, weirded out from being called Fordsie by a stranger. Xin pouted when the man was too oblivious to be flustered (teasing wasn’t the same as flirting, Xin just enjoyed getting a rise out of people), ruined his fun, and walked off to serve the other guests. Stan sat down next to him, tired of his oblivious brother and smacked him lightly. “That’s William, poindexter! You know? Portal? You kicking sand in his eye?”

Ford's eyes went wide. “What?! No, but he?! She?! But...how? And...he's? She's? Ngh?!?” He sputtered intelligently. Seb laughed. “Miz likes to shapeshift. And apparently chose a different name for each form...and species.”

Dillon, after looking for the twins and leaving Diego with them to play, sat down next to his cousins, incredibly glad they were his age and he wasn’t the only teen around toddlers. “So...this have anything to do with your summer in Gravity Falls or...?” Mabel was frowning as she watched Xin walk around. “I think it does but I don't know what it's about.”

Dipper frowned as well “I guess our uncles didn't tell us everything…”

“Urgh! Dumb old men and their secrets!” Mabel groaned. “I thought we talked about this!” She complained. “How’s Waddles by the way?” Dillon sat cross-legged on the chair and Mabel smiled sadly. “My baby boy is not a baby anymore…” She sighed. “We are so fucking lucky Waddles was a small pig and didn’t grow up much. Mom would have gone crazy.” Dipper laughed. His phone buzzed with a message and he opened the chat. He grinned down at his phone.
“Oohh!! Who wrote to you?!” Mabel asked loudly. “Is it PACIFICA?! YOUR GIRLFRIEND?!”

“Shut up!!” Dipper hissed and put a hand over his twin’s face. “I don’t want our uncles hearing and bothering me!” he smiled despite his annoyance. “Besides, she just says she wishes Zoe and Zully a happy birthday!” Mabel escaped the grip with a whine and looked at Dillon. The two grinned conspiringly and began teasing Dipper. “So~how’re things going with you two anyway?”

“Any dates? Any kisses?” Dillon gasped. “Or...have you...HELD HANDS!”

“Gasp! The indecency!” Mabel had a hand to her head and dramatically fell back into the grass. Dipper deadpanned. “You both suck. You know we’ve already been together for a while!” They laughed and rolled around in the grass. Hoping to change the subject, Dipper teased back “How about you Mabel? At least I HAVE a girlfriend.”

“Psh~the boys just can't handle me. I'm too good for them~” Mabel scoffed. Dipper raised an eyebrow. “Is that why your last boyfriend ran away screaming when he saw you in the hallway?”

“Oh Frank is such a sensitive one.” Mabel sighed. “I just need to find someone worthy of basking in my full glory!” The two teenage boys laughed loudly. Mabel was a special one indeed. Dillon felt like he should update them on his own status. “Well, me and Phillip have finally met each other's parents...”

Mabel squealed. “Details! Now!” Dillon had told her that he started dating someone, but she hadn’t been able to get much out of him about this cute redhead boyfriend.

“His folks are nice and they approve of me. And Mom and Dad seem to like his parents too, so at least that wouldn’t be an issue. Which is great. I really like Phillip. He’s so sweet, and he has a great ass.” The twins laughed. Xin bustled past them to head back to the kitchen for more food while both Mabel and Dillon took that time to watch him go. “Speaking of great ass...” Dillon grinned. “I know right?!” Mabel squealed, glad someone else noticed and she could talk with them about it.

“Can we just, not talk about guy’s butts?!” Dipper complained. “Sure. Tell us about Pacifica’s butt if you want.” Mabel teased and Dipper groaned loudly. “You guys seriously are the worst!”

The younger pair of twins and Diego approached their family with huge grins. “Hi Uncle Stan! Hi Aunt Carla! Diego says you brought us presents.”

“Kids!” Wanda scolded. Seb laughed. “It's their birthday, let them have their fun.” She sighed. “Sorry about this, Carla.” The other woman scoffed. “It's fine. Kids will be kids.” She knelt down to ruffle their hair. “We have your presents right...here.” she pulled out two boxes. The twins squealed and took them “Thank you, aunt Carla!” they squealed before running off to put the presents in the gift area.

Xin was back out with more food. Wanda frowned. “I'm sure we don't have that much food in the house.” Sebastian laughed. “He's probably magicking them up by this point.” he glanced at Ford who was still staring at the dragon in shock. “T-that's William? How? Why? Ngh?!” Seb and Stan rolled their collective eyes. Looks like the idiot was still processing. Xin came over to them with the tray, he had different types of sandwiches each time. “Food! Eat! Fatten up!” he grinned.

“You want to eat us, huh?” Seb commented as he grabbed a chocolate. Chocolate sandwich, how did Xin even pull that off? “Of course! Right now you’re too thin. Barely a snack!” Xin joked. “I’ll go offer the other parents more food too.” he absently bent down to pick up a fallen plastic cup and
Mabel and Dillon watched him go and moaned, leaning against each other. Mabel rolled her head along her cousin’s shoulder. She loved having a gay cousin she could talk about boys with. Dipper was a dumb dumb and never wanted to. “Man, I hate to see him go but I love watching him walk away~” Mabel said. Dillon sighed. “Have you tried asking if he’s single? For you, I mean!” He was already dating someone after all.

“He said he has kids.” Mabel sighed. “That doesn’t mean anything.” Dillon pointed out. “He didn’t say he was with anyone right?” He didn’t see a ring either, though that didn’t mean anything. “But I can’t think of anything charming and witty to say when all I can think of is pinning him down and having my way with him~” Mabel whined.

Dipper blinked. “I am still here... You know what, I think I’ll hang out with the kids. They don’t think about disgusting stuff like you.” He was about to leave but it seemed the kids were already here. “Uncle Ford pinned him down this morning.” Zu chirped as he popped up suddenly from behind them. The teens startled and looked back at the blond birthday kid.

“Uncle Ford?!” Dillon cried. “OUR Uncle Ford?!” Zu licked his lollipop and nodded with a huge smile, showing off his fangs. “Yup! Xin was happy about it for some reason. I know, because he was smiling.” The kid said innocently. The three teenagers blushed profusely. “O-oh.. I didn’t realize uncle Ford was…” Dipper looked like his entire worldview had been shattered. “Wait, they were doing this where the kids could see?!” Dillon gasped.

“Um, baby. What else did you see?” Mabel asked and Zully hummed in thought. “Well, uncle Ford pulled Xin to the ground and laid on top of him, holding his arms down and Xin was making weird sounds…” The teens gaped. “Oh! I even heard Xin say ‘Harder!’ but it looked painful to be held down like that...I’m gonna play with my friends now! See ya later!” Zu skipped away happily and the teens stayed there frozen.

Finally Mabel asked “So... does this mean Xin’s gay and I don’t have a chance or?”

“Aaaauuggghh!” Dipper screamed into his hands. “I won't be able to look at him without imagining that now!!!”

“I just can’t believe they did this in front of the children. That’s irresponsible.” Dillon shook his head. “Yeah! At least go to a room or a bathroom! Like Tiffany did with that football player during senior year!” Mabel huffed. She looked at Ford who was talking to his brothers. “I never thought Uncle Ford would do that, to be honest.” she pouted. Wasn’t he asexual? Well, technically, being Ace had nothing to do with being capable of sexual stimulation– but Mabel didn’t realize her uncle was into that sort of thing. He seemed utterly unmoved by all the women Mabel threw his way. Oh. Maybe he preferred men? Hmmmmm...

“I guess now we know why he never showed any interest in anyone. His heart was set on the sexy dragon he met on the other side of the portal. He must have thought he’d never see him again and was so happy to finally be with him again that he pinned him down...” Mabel sighed, once again, something came up to take the sexy men away from her. And she couldn’t even get mad this time.

Dipper frowned. “If they met on the other side of the portal, how did Xin get here? Also, they mentioned that Uncle Ford actually didn't recognize him at first...so why would he still do such a thing with a stranger?”

“This looks like a job for the Mystery Twins!” Mabel declared. “Or~ we could just ask Uncle Ford
what happened.” Dillon rolled his eyes. Mabel pouted. “Aw~ruin my fun…”

“Well, solving this mystery actually sounds way more fun that just asking Uncle Ford.” Dillon pointed out. “My phone is almost dead anyway. Can I join the mystery twins mission?” The teenage boy asked. “Of course!” Mabel grinned. “Our honorary triplet!” The boys chuckled. Dillon was only one month older after all! “Alright, mystery triplets. We’ll solve the mystery of why Uncle Ford has been in the closet for so long and why he didn’t remember Xin.” Mabel grinned. “Actually, does it still count as a closet if we already know he’s Ace? Er… why Ford had been hiding the fact that he DOES like someone?” She tried instead. “It doesn’t roll off the tongue as well.”

“And how exactly is he here if he's from another dimension.” Dipper said, “And how does Uncle Seb even know him?” Dillon added. “And whether or not Uncle Ford had actually met Xin while he was a girl…which…actually has some unfortunate implications…wasn't Xin’s other form a 12 year old girl?” Mabel frowned. “But that CAN’T have been how he met him. Uncle Stan recognized Xin but he called him William…”

“So Xin has more forms he can take…and apparently uses a different name for each one…” Dipper tapped his chin. “That's so confusing.” He pulled at his hair in frustration.

“But William is a guy's name, so Xin must have been a guy when Uncle Ford first met him.” Dillon pointed out. “So uncle Ford really does prefer men! That's one mystery solved!” Mabel threw her fist in the air. “Now we just need to figure out why Uncle Ford would f-fu-ravish Xin when they met…” Dipper stuttered. He was blushing hard.

The cousins hummed. “Well, wouldn’t you?” Dillon ended up saying after a while. Mabel gave him a high five and Dipper blushed a bit more. “Stop.” He whined. He didn’t know if his sister and Dillon had done that with their partners already but he wasn’t eager to know. “Maybe we should find Zoe to hear her testimony. We had Zully’s.” Mabel suggested. Dillon nodded. “Good idea.” The teenagers got up to find the birthday girl. She was sneaking another cupcake from the much dwindled pile. “Hey Zoe!” Mabel greeted. The girl gave them a wide grin, face covered in frosting. “Hi Mabel! Dillon, loser!” She happily greeted Dipper. The boy scowled, hating to be bullied by a toddler. Zoe had been teasing and bullying him ever since she was a baby! Mabel said it was because Zoe had a baby-crush on him. Dipper didn’t know what the heck that meant until Mabel told him it was like when the 5 year old Wendy thought he was cute. It made him feel proud, and very awkward. And still very annoyed that Zoe decided to show her love by bullying him. Mabel told him it was because Zoe wanted his attention, and that she’d probably grow out of it as she gets older. (Dear Journals, Dipper sure hoped so.)

“So we just have something we want to ask.” Dipper began. “Can you tell us what happened this morning when uncle Ford met Xin?” Zoe blinked innocently and laughed. “It was really funny.” She said. “Me and Zully came in to see Xin hugging uncle Ford. He looked really happy but we didn't actually reck-on-nice him because Xin used to be Miz and she was a girl but then Uncle Ford grabbed Xin’s arms, pushed him into the ground and Xin made some funny sounds.” The girl took another bite of the cupcake. “So daddy was in the shower and he forgot to tell us that Miz was a boy now and that's why we didn't reck-on-nice him. But we knew who he was when his tail and antlers came out.”

“But what else did uncle Ford do? Was he JUST holding Xin down? Did he do anything else?” Dillon pressed. Zoe licked the frosting. “Well...he had his leg between Xin's. And he looked a little angry but Xin was making happy sounds so I don't know…” she shrugged and shoved the rest of the cupcake in her mouth, smearing frosting all over herself. “Do you want to come play with us?”
Zoe asked her older cousins. “We are going to play Cops and Robbers.”

“Uh~!” Mabel squealed. She wanted to play! The boys nudged her to bring her back to reality. “Right. The mission. Sorry, sweetie, but we can’t right now. Maybe later, ok?” Zoe shrugged and ran off to play with her friends, but not before hugging Dipper to smear the frosting on his jacket. The curly haired teen screamed "ZOE!!" as the toddler ran away laughing. This wasn't love! This was pure hate!

Dillon sighed in relief, ignoring Dipper's angry whining. “At least we know they weren't fucking…”

The twins sighed. “Ok. So. They didn’t have sex, so maybe that means Xin isn’t gay, right?” Mabel asked hopefully. “Focus, Mabel.” Dipper scolded. “We still need to find out why and how the Stans met Xin.”

“Well, Dad told me that when he was lost they met lots of aliens and people...some were bad and some helped them.” Dillon said. “They met behind the portal. Which means Xin is from another dimension, which we already deduced.” Dipper concluded. Mabel opened her mouth to sing the intro of one of her favorite cartoon but Dipper lifted a hand. “No. Not right now please.”

She crossed her arms. “Killjoy.”

Dillon grinned at his cousins. “Um, how can Xin be here now? They built another portal?”

“No way. Too dangerous. Besides, it sounds like Xin has been living with uncle Seb for a while now. There’s no way we wouldn't have noticed another portal opening.” Dipper wished he had a pen to chew on. “So perhaps Xin got here through some other means?” Dillon suggested. “Maybe there's more ways to travel through dimensions besides a portal?” The teens sat down to ponder. Mabel went to grab snacks and party favors from the table, receiving weird looks from the other parents went she took a silly hair band from the table. It was supposedly for the children.

The boys watched Mabel for a while before jumping at a sudden question from behind them. “What’cha doing?” Xin asked curiously. “I noticed you kids weren't really participating in the whole party experience.”

“Eh…” Dipper smiled sheepishly, pushing Dillon away as the boy blushed and stuttered. “Well, I think we are a little too old to run around the yard...except probably Mabel.” Xin chuckled. “What nonsense! You can still play! Just look at your Dad and Uncles!” They looked in their direction and saw Seb and Shermie arm wrestling. “You fucking cheater! Powers aren’t allowed!” Shermie cried as Seb bent his arm. “SUFFER!!”

“You see?!” Xin smiled and Dipper laughed. “We are thinking about something though, trying to solve a mystery.”

“Oh! Well, I know you are awfully persistent Pinetree!” The man winked. “Just don’t go around scaring people, I’ll keep an Eye on you!” He waved and left. Dipper frowned at the familiar words and froze when he realized something. “Dipper?” Xin poked his arm. Mabel came back with lots of slap bracelets and snacks to eat, sitting between her brother and cousin. “What’s up, Dip Dop? You look weirder than usual.”

“...you said Uncle Stan called him William right?”

“Um...Yup!” The girl bit the sandwich prepared by the handsome dragon. “...And Xin changes forms? And can create stuff?”
“Yes?”

Dipper paled. “Mabel...I-I don’t think Xin is a dragon…”

“Well he said that he is currently, a dragon. I think he told uncle Stan something about creating a body from scratch?” Mabel shrugged, not really getting all that mystic mumble jumble stuff. “Mabel! I-I think Xin...Xin is Bill…” Dipper whispered. “Who?” Dillon asked. Mabel frowned. “Impossible! Uncle Seb erased him from his mind. And Uncle Ford even admitted Bill was really gone after going all cray-cray and getting his therapy to calm down and properly investigate.”

“Well, not OUR Bill. But... another Bill! From another dimension. Like how uncle Seb was a Bill from another dimension.”

“Another Bill?!?” Dillon questioned but was still ignored. Mabel hummed, stroking her chin. “Could be! But why would a Bill be here at the twins’ birthday party?”

“I think we should worry about his intentions. What if he’s a Bad Bill?!” Dipper pulled at his hair before running his fingers through it, his birthmark showing through when he brushed his hair back. “Should we tell our Uncles?” Mabel suggested nervously. She thought the Bill drama was over! That isosceles jerk will never leave them alone will he?

“Guys!” Dillon groaned. “Whoever he is, he's been living with uncle Seb's family for a while now. Plus, he hasn't done anything wrong right? The twins like him a lot.” Dillon pointed over to where Xin was being wrestled to the ground by the pack of toddlers.

“Curses! Children! My ONE weakness!” Xin cried dramatically.

The twins, already in mild paranoid mode, (developed after finally getting over the apocalypse they lived for an entire week), looked nervously at the toddlers tickling the man. “Ahahahaha! Body spasms!!” Xin squealed.

Dillon could never understand what they went through, but maybe he could try to convince them to think rationally? “I'm sure uncle Seb would know if he was dangerous. I'm sure all our uncles would have noticed. Also, my dad is ok with him and dad's the best at this kind of thing.” The teen said proudly. The twins hummed. “Well, Uncle Stan really IS the best reading people…” Mabel agreed. “Maybe he...he is a good Bill, like Uncle Seb.” Dipper finally smiled nervously. “Yeah...that must be it.”

“Good.” Dillon nodded satisfied. It was a good thing he inherited his father’s common sense, this family lacked this particular ability. “Now, can you explain to me more than just the basics? You’ve never really told me the full story on this.”

“Ok, well you see...It was that summer we stayed with Uncle Seb in Gravity Falls, the summer Uncle Ford and Uncle Stan came back…” Dipper rubbed the back of his neck. “We didn’t JUST find weird stuff that summer…”

“We stopped the Apocalypse!” Mabel announced. “Uncle Seb did...actually.” Dipper added sheepishly. “But a lot of things happened. We’ve told you about Bill, right? The demon could shapeshift, turned himself into Soos once just to fool us. He was really dangerous and we still had nightmares for weeks afterwards.”

“He also possessed Dipper. That created Bipper!” Mabel explained. Dipper groaned. “Do you HAVE to keep calling him that? It sounds like a ship name and it’s creepy as fuck!”

“Pfft! That’s utterly disgusting! Besides, if I shipped you with Bill it wouldn’t be Bipper...it would
be...Bill dip!” Mabel exclaimed. “How does that sound, Dillon?”

“Eh...No comments.” The older teen shook his head when he saw Dipper’s murderous glare. “Ok, so a bad triangle.”

“With one eye, a bowtie and a top hat! A fancy jerk.” Mabel nodded. “Right...What does Uncle Seb have to do with him?” Dillon asked. The twins looked at each other. They weren't really sure how to put this. “Eh...Uncle Seb used to be Bill in a past life, but not OUR dimension’s Bill. He was a Bill from another dimension where he was evil but then died and was reincarnated as a human here so he could learn the true meaning of love or something?”

Dillon blinked. “So that’s the demon that Uncle Seb got his powers from-- or rather, he has his powers because he… used to be that demon? ...But he isn’t anymore?” He’d heard that uncle Seb was a demon in his past life or something, but the fact that he was apparently the same demon who had tormented everyone? Or an alternative version of him? Eh… weird.

“Uh huh…” Mabel bit her lip nervously. “Ok. I guess his powers come from his past life?” Dillon asked casually. “Yes…” Dipper frowned. “Aren’t you...upset?”

Dillon popped a chocolate in his mouth. “Why should I care what or who my Uncle was before being my Uncle? I mean, Uncle Sebas was like, a father to me before my dad came back. He always helped me and showed me that he cares about me? What kind of stupid person would really care if he used to be a demon or not?”

Mabel and Dipper both looked away, ashamed. Even when they had spent nearly the whole summer with Sebastian having fun and being loved by him, the instant someone pointed at him and said “That man used to be a demon.” they both began to doubt him. Dipper especially felt bad, since he had just blindly followed along with whatever the Author said, without fact checking or thinking for himself.

“Yeah. You guys were kinda dicks.” They all jumped when Xin was once again behind them. “Ah! Don't do that!” Dipper gasped. “Do what?” Xin asked innocently. His hair and clothes were disheveled and Mabel silently cursed how it still made him look sexy. It's so not fair! He definitely created this body to be hot on purpose! And that butler uniform just made everything worse!

“That! Like, come out of the blue and scare us!” Dipper pouted. “But scaring people is so much fun~” Xin giggled, wiggling his hips unconsciously. “So what're you kids up to besides talking about me?” He grinned. The cousins all gaped and blushed a bit. “You knew we were talking about you…?” Dipper asked, embarrassed to be caught out like that. “I know LOTS of things. Especially if they’re about me.” Xin sat down next to them. “How can I help?” he wiggled his butt and sighed. “It's so uncomfortable NOT having a tail while I'm in this form…” he grimaced.

“So...are you Bill Cipher?” Mabel asked bluntly. Xin laughed. “I haven't exactly been hiding that. Anyone who's met ANY version of Bill would be able to tell.” He pouted “Anyone except Ford apparently. Ugh… the most blind…”

“Woah...so, you really are a demon…” Dillon ran a hand through his dark brown hair. “Do you also look like...a fancy jerk?” He asked with a sheepish grin. “I like to think I do! The fancy part, not the jerk part.” Xin grinned. “Though to be fair, you don't really have a lot of accessory options when your whole body is a triangle. Believe me I tried.” He DID manage to get the maid outfits to work, through sheer force of will.

“Why are you living with Uncle Seb?” Mabel asked. “Shouldn’t the universe explode or something?” Dipper asked. Xin smiled softer this time “Well we're both a special case in terms of
what we are. The whole dimensional instability of alternative universe selves meeting only happens in certain specific dimensions, and is due to them all sharing the same Soul markers. One of the things with reincarnation and such is that the AXOLOTL removes the Soul markers so someone can start anew without being connected to their past self anymore. Even if it's the same soul or even the same memories and such, they are...freed.”

The Pines cousins “ooohh”ed in understanding. That made sense. “That’s why Uncle Seb can be around you?” Mabel tilted her head. “Yup! Besides, didn’t that evil Bill from this dimension touch Seb without annihilating him too?” Xin grinned. Not exactly true, but not exactly false either, it was more that the whole ‘counterpart annihilation’ only happened in some dimensions depending on how unstable their Reality was. “And you know how all alternative dimensional selves are like you but a little different? Well I have a special ability that most Bill Cipher's don't.”

“What is it?! Tell us! Please?” Dipper begged. Xin made a show of looking around to make sure no one was listening in before he leaned closer, “I can travel to alternative dimensions without needing a portal.” Xin whispered. “Woowaahhh.” The cousins’ brown eyes widened. “So have you travelled to a dimension with ice cream puppies?!” Mabel squealed. “....I got chased out of that particular world because I kept eating them...” Xin admitted sheepishly. “Ice cream puppies!!!” Mabel threw herself over her twin, squealing. “So...if you’re a nice Bill, you won't cause Weirdmageddon in your dimension?” Dipper couldn't imagine another 12 year old him getting traumatized...

Xin shrugged. “I’m not planning to but I haven't even met my world's version of the Pines family yet. It's still eons away...” he looked a little sad. “I'm younger than the other Bills I've met. So...I can't really promise I won't go evil down the line...” Mabel pouted. “Don't go evil! You're a cute guy! You can’t turn into a jerky triangle!”

“Most of us weren't planning to go bad...” Xin admitted quietly. “I've seen the others...they're awful, terrible people...and they're so much like me. They were good once too. Well, some of them... depending on your definition of good. Blue claims he’s a true neutral, which I don’t really get, but whatever~” He played with his hair, combing his fingers through it, “And then they snapped. Something happened that finally broke them. Broke them so bad that they stopped caring about being kind anymore...”

Xin shivered. “That's actually why I'm here. I couldn't...I couldn't handle what was happening back home. I was afraid I might break. So I ran away and came here to hide out with a Bill who found a Happy Ending...” he closed his eyes “...and maybe I could try and stop myself before I went over the edge...”

The teens pouted sadly. Mabel crawled closer to the man and slowly opened her arms to hug him. “I’m sorry...” She whispered. She leaned her head on his shoulder. He took a shuddering breath. “The worst part is I don't...know if being here really helps. I'm happy to see Seb again. I love being around him and his family but...it keeps reminding me of the very reason I ran away in the first place.”

“...What happened? Why did you run away?” Dipper asked. Dillon looked down. He thought he knew... it pained Xin to be around Seb’s family because...he missed someone in his own...

“I want to kill Time Baby.” Xin said absently. “I want to tear him to pieces and scatter his molecules to the far reaches of the multiverse.” He laughed bitterly “That damn bastard keeps taking things from me.”

“Time Baby... wasn’t he the baby with the Glabnor or something?” Mabel asked Dipper. She wasn't quite sure why Xin wanted to kill that baby though. “Seriously guys, you’ve met everyone!” Dillon protested. “I am starting to regret not staying with Uncle Seb that summer!” Dipper was
staring at Xin seriously. “Why do you want to kill him? What did he do?”

“He EXISTS.” Xin hissed. “He won’t let me change the timeline, or turning it back to save someone from dying-- or--” He trembled. “And he demands that things have to move forward, time goes on. People get older. They grow old and die and leave me alone. Over and over.” Xin was blinking back tears now. “Oh.” Dipper looked away. That...sounded really sad. “Who did you lose?” He wasn't sure why he asked, he wanted to take it back the instant the words left his mouth. Xin didn't answer for a while, turning his head to watch Zoe and Zu laugh as they chased each other across the backyard. “...my children.” He said at last.

The teens fell silent and could only whisper a soft, sad “Oh no…” Mabel hugged Xin a bit tighter. Her lust crush wasn’t important right now. This poor man needed comfort and she was going to give it! “I’m sorry…” Dipper apologized. He really shouldn’t have asked! How stupid! Xin went limp in Mabel’s arms as the feelings he had been trying to suppress came back at once. He let out a quiet sob. “Why...did they have to refuse me? I could... I would have made them immortal. I could have bound their Souls to their flesh and healed them day by day, reversed entropy for them over and over so that they could be with me forever...” He turned tear filled eyes to Dipper. “Hey... if I offered you immortality, would you take it?” His voice cracked. “Don't people WANT to live forever?” Dipper winced. “Well...living forever is...” he scratched at his hair. “It sounds cool but it would be scary...I couldn't stand living forever and watching all my friends and family die…”

“And how do you think I feel?!” Xin shrieked. “I never asked to be immortal! I never asked to be ME!” The teens frowned worriedly, they didn't know how to help Xin...It must be really painful to live like that... Mabel decided to continue hugging the man and patting his hair. “Do you want us to call uncle Seb?” Dipper offered. Their uncle knew Xin better. He must know how to help. Xin shook his head. “It's fine I don't...he's...he's happy now. I don't want to get in the way of that.” The teens all looked at each other. “Are you sure?”

Xin didn't seem to be listening to them anymore. “The only people I actually got to agree to stay with me forever weren't actually told they would be immortal. Because that's the only way I could trick them into it…” he wiped at his tears. “But Pyronica said she wanted our kids to actually CHOOSE. And...” he let out another sob “...they didn't choose ME!”

He buried his face in Mabel’s sweater and sobbed. The kids weren't sure what to say. “Why are you crying?” Everyone looked up and saw the pouting blond twins hugging the plushies they were playing with. “Miz... Xin...” Zoe frowned. “Are you hurt? What happened?”

“Do you want a hug?” Zu offered. They didn’t like to see Xin crying! Xin was always so happy and made him and Zoe happy...

Xin sniffled. “I'm fine. I just...” he didn't want to cry in front of the children. “I shouldn't have gone for an adult form...” he sighed. “So much easier to cry when I look like a kid...” The smaller twins sat down next to their cousins and put their tiny hands over Xin’s arm. “Is ok if you want to cry.” Zoe reassured. “Daddy and Mommy says it helps you feel better.”

“And it hurts when you don’t show you are sad because then you get more sad.” Zu added. Xin picked up the children and cuddled them to his chest. “You guys are just...” he sobbed. “It's not fair...I hate this...I hate knowing that people like you keep dying because the world is unfair.”

“We won’t die!” Zoe assured. “Only old people die.” her sibling nodded “Kids don’t die!” Zu said. The teens coughed awkwardly but didn’t say anything. Xin laughed and cried at the same time. “But mine DID!” He buried his face in Zu’s hair. “They got old and died. Everyone does!” The little twins whined, sad. That sounded too scary...
“Hey… would you guys want to be immortal? We'd stay together that way...” Xin asked the twins. There was a longing expression on his face. It sent chills down Dipper's spine. “Um...I don't think you should...” the teenager warned.

“Yeeess!!” The younger twins nodded excitedly. If they were immortal, they could play forever and ever and have all the time to watch Tv and play with Sir Bedazzle! Also, all the hugs and kisses from Mommy and Daddy! Xin grinned wide as a soft blue flame flickered to life in his hands. Dipper flinched. “Then… is that a Deal~?” Xin whispered, his eyes glowing faintly.

Dipper almost forget this man was actually Bill Cipher...

Dipper picked up his cousins who were about to shake Xin’s hand. “Let’s go find your Daddy, ok?” Xin growled a bit at the teen as he took the whining children away. Mabel patted his back. “No. You...can't do this. Not when they're too young to understand.” She was a little worried. It almost looked like he was ‘turning to the dark side’ and she had to stop him.

Dipper carried the kids and took them to his family. “Hi!” The birthday children waved and everyone waved back. “You should be with your friends, kids.” Wanda said. “We were with Dipper and Mabel and Dillon and Miz-Xin!” Zu grinned. “Oh, ok! Hanging out with the big kids, then?” Ford laughed and picked them up to hang upside down, grinning at their squeals of laughter. “Uncle Seb, we-we need to talk…” Dipper whispered to his laughing uncle. Seb raised an eyebrow. “What's wrong?” Dipper motioned him to step aside. When they were away from the group, the teen rubbed his bare arm. “Uncle Seb, we know Xin is Bill.”

“I-I can explain, Dipper!” Seb said quickly with a grimace. “No, no it’s not that. Do...Do you know why he’s staying with you?” Seb shrugged. “I don't know. She just said she wanted to hang out and be away from home for a while…” Dipper sighed. “Well we were talking to him and ah…” He winced. “…he said that his kids just died of old age and I saw him attempting to sort of trick Zoe and Zu into a Deal of Immortality with him…”

Seb hissed. “Shit.” Dipper nodded. “Do you know how to talk to him about this?” Seb sighed. “Don't worry. I've got this…” he walked over and saw a clearly distressed and angry Xin. Mabel and Dillon were speaking to him softly and trying to calm him down. Seb sighed. “Uncle Seb, we know Xin is Bill.”

“Xin. Come on. We need to talk.” Seb motioned for the man to follow him back to the house. Xin looked upset but wiped his tears and stomped after Seb as they went back to the house.

Mabel and Dipper watched them go. “Do you think he’ll be ok?” Mabel asked worriedly. Dipper sighed. “I hope so.”

Should we have left it alone and not brought the subject up?” Mabel winced.

“...I think it's better that we make Xin deal with this now instead of having him snap later.” Dipper said firmly. “I think he's been trying to deny it and hide his pain...which can't be good for him.” Dillon nodded “Denial never works.” The three hoped uncle Sebastian would be able to comfort Xin properly.

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Chapter 23: Revelations

Chapter Summary

On multiple levels

Slices of Life and Family

Chapter 23

-Revelations-

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Seb led Xin back inside and then to his room just to be sure no one would hear or see them. “Do you want to change back?” The brown haired man asked. Xin stared at him tiredly before sighing and shrinking back into Miz. She began to cry, high pitched wails that reminded Seb so much of his own children's cries and he felt his heart clench painfully.

“Come here.” He picked her up easily, her small frame easily fitting in his arms. She was a little larger than Mabel when she was 12. He carried Miz over to the bed and sat down, holding her close. She wrapped her arms around him and sobbed. “Dipper told me what happened.” He said softly. She continued crying. Seb pet her hair softly as she clung to him with her little hands. “You should have told me.” He almost cried himself, just imagining what she must be going through. The idea of losing his own children nearly made his heart stop with fear. “You should have trusted me to listen…” Seb sniffed and hugged his friend even closer. “Miz, we both have gone through some shit... I could understand…”

“But you...you were ha-happy! You have your beautiful children and...and...I d-didn't want to push my problems on you!” Miz wailed. “It's stupid anyway! I wasn't allowed to save Pynelope--but Quackers and Pyrone… they had long, happy lives. They died happy!” she shook her head. “I should be happy! I should be proud! But I'm just...selfish!”

“It doesn't matter what the circumstances are. Losing your children would always be painful.” Seb told her gently. “Losing family IS painful, Miz and it’s ok if you’re sad.”

“B-but you...you were ha-happy! You have your beautiful children and...and...I d-didn't want to push my problems on you!” Miz wailed. “It's stupid anyway! I wasn't allowed to save Pynelope--but Quackers and Pyrone… they had long, happy lives. They died happy!” she shook her head. “I should be happy! I should be proud! But I'm just...selfish!”

“I'm MAD!” She corrected him with venom, “I wanted to destroy EVERYTHING!” Miz stared up at Seb with glowing red eyes filled with tears. “I wanted to kill Time Baby and tear all of Time and Space apart!” She gasped. “The only reason I didn't was because Ax pulled me into the Space between Spaces and kept me there!”

Seb nodded slowly, stroking the crying girl’s back. “Time Baby is a jerk...but unfortunately, as much as I liked destroying him twice, he is kind of important to the universe…” He said softly. “And your Ax did the right thing...it would have taken too much for Time Baby to reform and he would have thrown a huge tantrum...” He didn’t hate the Axolotl, not anymore, despite the fact that he was a huge pink asshole. But he kind of knew what he was doing.

She cried. “...I decided to leave. I thought it would help…” her eyes had faded from red into yellow, which was still unnatural for her Miz form but Seb preferred it. “...and I thought seeing you
would help…” she looked guilty “...but I got so jealous…”

“You got jealous…” Seb repeated as he rocked the girl back and forth. “Of the twins….” She didn't expect him to have children. Miz sniffed and wiped her tears and snot on Seb’s shirt. “They were twins too… and I just miss them so much… I’m sorry…”

Seb leaned back with the girl on his chest, just like he did with Mabel first and then with the twins. “I’m sorry I never asked, Miz… but keeping things to yourself doesn’t help…” Very wise words from Linda dear. “Just look at my brothers and I!” He tried to joke. “How well that went for us.”

“I don’t want to lose you... I don’t want to lose you or the Stans! It’s not fair! Why were you reincarnated as a stupid human?!?” Miz wiped her eyes with her hands. “...well, at this point Bill2 would say something like ‘That’s why you should hate everyone’ or ‘Kill them and you won’t suffer’ That was his favorite, but I fused with him so he’s gone now…” Seb tried to lighten the mood. “To be honest, Miz... I don’t know what to tell you, Bill killed everyone when he lost Liam so I’m definitely not suggesting that, but I know it’s incredibly painful…”

“It is!” Miz growled. “And it's not FUCKING fair! It sucks so much! I had to watch them die. I held Quacker’s hand as she slipped away-- I held Pyrone as he--” Seb nodded. “I know…” He didn’t know how to help with that. He was not immortal anymore, he didn’t have the Axolotl keeping him alive anymore...death was something that would inevitably happen to him…

He pushed it back. Not the time to have an existential crisis. “But... just because they died doesn't mean... it wasn't worth it.” He said slowly. “You said they were happy right?” Miz nodded. "Not Pynelope though, she got killed and I wasn't allowed to save her…” Seb reached up to brush some of her tears away, looking so much like a Dad it made Miz smiled slightly to herself. “Well that sucks, I'm sorry that happened. But the others got to spend their lives with you. I think it's... not bad? It's sad and painful but I'm sure your children would have wanted you to remember them and be happy.”

“...I know you're right... but I'm still mad.”

“Grief isn't something you just get over, just like that, it takes a while.” Seb sighed. “Maybe it would even take years. But it gets better. And you still have other people who love and care for you, no?”

“...” Miz hiccupsed. “...Xanthar... a-and Pyronica…”

“Yes?” Seb urged her on.

“Te-Teeth and... and Ammy and K-Kryptos…” her breath kept hitching but she continued on “...PaciFire and Hectorgon and 8-Ball and Keyhole... Queen and Facey a-and Toobie... and Jessie and Tina... Ax... and Blue…”

“You've got me too. You're not alone. And even if I'm mortal, I PROMISE you, I will always be your friend. Even until my dying days.” Seb held her close. After becoming a father... and seeing Miz so small and fragile... he couldn't help but wonder if, perhaps, he should try adopting her for real...

“...I love you, Seb…” Miz admitted quietly as she hugged him, curling her fingers around his shirt. He pet her head and smiled. “I love you too, Miz.” Her breathing slowly evened out and the girl fell asleep. Seb debated if he should put her down to sleep and return to the party or stay with her. Well, if she woke up all alone it probably wouldn't be good. Seb sighed and tucked her into the bed, one of her hands still gripping onto his shirt. Looks like he was going to be staying here.
He yelped when Sir Bedazzle jumped onto the bed and over them. He had felt Miz angry and was scared to approach but now it seemed safe. Seb sighed. It looked like the twins left the acorn in his room. It actually made sense. They were inviting their friends to their room to play so if they wanted to hide their pet, this would work best. Smart kids. He pulled out his phone to text Wanda and tell her what happened. He was going to stay with Miz until she woke up.

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Wanda felt her phone buzz and pulled it out.

[Sebby]: Hey. Sorry but I'm gonna be stuck inside the house for a bit

She raised an eyebrow. What did he mean by that? She typed out a reply.

[Wands]: what's going on?

[Sebby]: Miz cried herself to sleep. I'm staying wyoh her until she wakes up

[Wands]: oh no what happened?

[Sebby]: apparently her children passed away and she's been bottling up her grief this whole time

Wanda nearly dropped her phone. Her heart felt like it was clenching painfully. Oh no. That was awful. She imagined losing the twins and had to physically stop herself from running up to hug then and make sure they were safe. She and Seb were overprotective of the kids since they were born premature and it scared the hell out of her and Seb.

[Wands]: oh my god is she alright what happened? Take all the time you need. The poor girl...

[Sebby]: Thank you, baby. We will be there to sing the twins happy bday though!

Wanda sighed and put her phone away. She hoped Miz was alright. She had become fond of the dragon girl. The blonde worried about her, especially after how much Miz loved the twins, helped care for them and made them so happy these past few weeks. She was also curious about Miz’s children. Dragons probably didn't age like humans but Miz did seem young for a mother…

Oh right. Shapeshifting. She forgot. Wait… was Miz the mother or the father? Wait...was Miz a boy or a girl? Wanda groaned.

“What's wrong Wanda?” One of the other mothers asked. Wanda quickly pasted on a smile

“Nothing, just...a situation came up so my husband will be stuck inside for a while.”

“Oh, work I guess?” She smiled. “Men and their office calls.” Wanda kept her smile but tensed slightly. “Seb works from home actually.”

“Oh? What DOES your husband do anyway~?” The other woman, a friend of Carol's, asked. Wanda smiled at the thought of her dear Sebas’s work. Her baby, her amazing handsome and talented baby~ (how he could draw so well while she drew stick figures since she was 3, was still a mystery to her.)

“He’s a designer and tailor. He sells his dresses and suits. He also gets personalized works and sells designs to other companies.” Wanda explained. Carol hummed slowly. “But you work too, and you work all day… when do you even see the twins?”

“We have a few minutes of video chat during my breaks. I'm really thankful Sebastian can stay
home to look after them.” Also, ever since Miz showed up she would sometimes teleport the twins into her office during her breaks or vice-versa. Just a few minutes so that she could hold her children.

“Oh god…” The other woman seemed genuinely upset by this. “So you have to leave food for them to heat up?” Wanda shook her head. “Sebas takes care of everything. He makes breakfast, cleans and god, he should be a chef because his cooking is splendid! He’s even teaching me his secrets.” She laughed.

Some of the women seemed really perturbed by the fact that it was Seb who took care of the house. Wanda huffed internally. As if her husband was useless at taking care of their kids! Stupid gender roles. “It’s the only way I can be able to do my job and make sure my kids are cared for.” Wanda defended herself. The other woman sputtered. “Well can't you just take less hours?”

“I would lose my position if I did that.” Wanda frowned. “Seb and I talked about this. He didn't want the kids to prevent me from advancing in my career. Besides, he does well with the kids and I can rest assured they're in good hands.”

“I simply don’t get it… how could you prefer your career over your own children?”

“I don’t prefer my career over the twins.” Wanda hardened her green glare. “I am a professional, I studied and worked hard to get where I am, I’m teaching my kids to think for themselves, it’s better for them, to be independent.”

“I think you are neglecting your kids as a mother.”

Wanda huffed. “I'm always on hand if they need to call me. They know how much I love them.” She stood up. “Excuse me.” She smiled tensely and walked away. Oof! How stressful. She was envious of Seb getting to hide away in the house.

The party games were starting. She had considered a Piñata but Zu seemed sad that the cute animal would be beaten to death until it spilled its candy innards, so the Piñata they got was just a triangle shaped paper maché thing that was filled with candy. Yes, it did look like the creepy triangle guy who bothered her in her dreams all those years ago. Yes, it would be very therapeutic to beat it with a stick. The Stans, along with the other set of twins seemed quite eager to beat it with a stick as well.

Wanda thought she should tell Sebas, but she didn’t want to leave the kids, so she stayed. She was going to call him for the birthday song later. “Ok kids! Who wants to destroy the triangle?!?” All the Pines except Shermie stood up. “ME!!” The teens sent one worried looks toward the house. Wanda decided to reassure them. “Don't worry. Seb is staying with Miz for a bit. She cried herself to sleep.”

“Aw…” Mabel looked sad herself. “But is he...er? She's going to be ok?”

“I don't know. But I'm sure she'll feel better now that she's not keeping her feelings bottled up.” Wanda smiled. “Besides, Sebas is with her. He always makes me feel better. I'm sure he can help her too.” Dillon, Mabel and Dipper nodded. Yeah. Uncle Sebas was the best. “He’s the greatest uncle.” Mabel agreed with a huge smile. “Uncle Seb always made me feel better too. Xin-um...Miz will be super fine with him.” Wanda smiled at her niece. “Now come on. Let's beat that Triangle.” She grinned.

The first tries were of course Zoe and Zu (who seemed a little apprehensive about beating the triangle at first, but his twin's enthusiastic grin was infectious) who hit the triangle with huge
fanged grins, but couldn’t make the candy fall. Later some other kids tried before Mabel and Dipper decided to have fun too and participate. They didn't manage to break it but Mabel knocked off a corner. Even Stan and Ford (who had been lost in thought for the whole party) had a turn. Ford seemed legitimately sad he didn't break the Piñata. Eventually, Stan managed to break the triangle and the children squealed before throwing themselves to the floor to fight for the candy. War started.

Stan grinned. “Haha! Take that, smart guy!” Wanda winced when Zoe pushed a boy to the ground and screamed “CANDY!!” with a growl. Her kids were so much like Sebas...

All the kids finished collecting their candies and surprises, happily bringing them to their parents for safekeeping. Even the twins and Dillon brought it to their Moms and Dads to keep. “Don’t eat it!” Mabel warned her dad with a glare as she put hers and Dipper’s candies next to him. Dillon was more intelligent and put it in his mom’s purse with Diego’s. That way Stan wouldn’t eat it because Diego would throw a tantrum if he tried. The perks of having a little sibling!

Wanda found herself laughing when Zoe and Zu raced up to her. Her eyes widened slightly when she caught sight of a mild blue and yellow glow. The twins were using their powers to hold more candy. She quickly took their treats and whispered. “No powers in front of other people.” They dropped their magic. “Sorry, mommy.” They seemed a little guilty. Wanda sighed and hugged them both. “It's ok. Just be careful, alright?”

“Where's daddy?” Zu asked, finally noticing their father's absence now that the excitement died down. Wanda sighed. “Miz was not feeling well so daddy took her inside to rest.”

“Is Miz-Xin sick?!” If they'd gone inside to check, they would have found him curled up sleeping with Miz and Sir Bedazzle in his parents’ room. “I don't think she's sick. She should be back by the time we bring out the cake.” Wanda smiled and ruffled Zoe's hair, making the toddler giggle.

Wanda sincerely hoped Seb's friend was alright. Miz had been so excited to make the cake. She claimed to bake and decorate a unique cake for every birthday for her family (she also complained about having to ‘cheat’ with magic to make the cakes look how she wanted them to). And now Wanda was reminded of why Miz had to leave the party and found herself worried. Did Miz bake cakes for her own children?

Well there were several more party games to go. She hoped Miz woke up in time for the cake. It just wouldn't be right to cut the cake without her. Wanda led the kids to the musical chairs area. She should stop worrying, her children were incredibly perceptive and she didn't want to upset them.

Despite fighting hard to win, Zu lost against one of the other kids in the final round, it was the kid who won on the chairs. The next game had every mom anxious and competitive: Scavenger Hunt. Ford and Stan volunteered to help but they were asking for stuff like Plutonium and Sicilium or a 4 leaf clover or golden medallions. Dipper and Mabel kicked them away and started asking for normal things this time, like a dollar, an earring, a wedding ring, a sock and the kid who got them first would receive a little surprise. The twins got super competitive and practically threw themselves over their older cousins, but their friends also got presents.

Wanda called Seb to see if he was awake. She heard a groggy “Nughugbl?” on the other end. “Hi honey. Is Miz feeling up to coming down for the cake and presents?” Sebastian looked over at where Miz was stirring sleepily. “Miz?” He asked gently. “They’re going to light the candles. Do you want to get up?”

“Ngh! My cake…” Miz was awake in an instant, rolled over and ‘poofed' into Xin's form. “Don't
let them cut it without me!” He tried to get up but got tangled in the sheets. “Fuck!” Sir Bedazzle bark-squeaked, amused and licked the man. “Not helping Sir Bedazzle!” Xin groaned. Seb resumed the call. “We’re coming, Wanda. Get the kids all together.” Wanda sighed in relief. “Ok, baby. Love you.”

“Love you too~” Seb made kissing sounds at his phone and heard Wanda laugh on the other end. He hung up the call to look at his bed when Xin had managed to thoroughly tangle himself in the sheets. He heard the dragon panting in exhaustion from all his struggling. “Need help?” The lump on the bed wiggled a bit before a sheepish voice called out “…maybe…”

Seb laughed and pulled at the sheets, he finally got Xin out, his hair and clothes rumpled, face flushed and panting. Seb decided it really wasn't fair for Xin to make his vessel so pretty. ‘I'm so glad Wanda didn't see you like this when you first came. I don't think I would have been able to convince her I didn't sleep with you…” the brown haired man muttered.

“Huh?” Xin blinked at him innocently and the older man laughed. “It's nothing. Come on, can you fix your clothes?” He helped pull Xin up and the dragon brushed his hair away from his face and tugged at his shirt. “No time for that! Cake!” Xin rushed out the door and Sebastian shook his head. Really, the priorities of that man...

“Mommy we want cake! Cake! Cake! Cake!” The twins chanted around the table. Soon enough, all their friends were chanting, even Mabel joined in the chanting of the toddlers, making her twin die of embarrassment. “Aunt Wanda please!” Mabel begged. ”'"Cake! Cake! Cake!'""

Wanda laughed. “Don't worry, kids. The cake will be out soon.” To her relief she saw Xin coming out with a large multi layered cake on a tray with five candles. He looked a little disheveled but otherwise fine.

The cake was covered in white whipped cream icing and then drizzled with mesmerizing chocolate, caramel swirls. There were blueberries lined all around the edges with strawberries sliced into little roses and then drizzled with chocolate as well decorating the top. There were little dollops of whipped cream tastefully placed along the spaces between the fruits to tie the design together. Finally there were two triangular pieces of chocolate with ‘Z's written on them with white chocolate and some chocolate shavings as garnish.

“Cake!” The children all cheered. Xin giggled. “Everyone back off. Wouldn't want me to drop it right?” All the kids gasped and parted like the red sea to let the man through. Sebastian came out of the house as well, hair and clothes slightly messy from sleeping in them. He had tried to clean himself up a bit more but a few of the other mothers noticed the two men, who had been suspiciously absent for the past few hours, coming out of the house with mildly messy appearances...

Carol and the other moms watched Seb walk past. “You know, Sebastian makes dresses…” She said softly, insinuating what they were all thinking with any sense at all. “Wouldn’t be surprised if he was inside with his friend…” Another mom whispered. “Well...Sebastian is...different...and his friend IS a bit effeminate…” and incredibly shapely, they all thought, jealous of Xin's curvaceous hips and butt. “Have you noticed Sebastian wears makeup?” One of the mothers pointed out.

“I thought I was the only one, oh my god!”

“And Wanda told me she's always away at work.” Carol whispered. The other women gasped. “But...they wouldn't! Would they?” The women all glanced at the blonde woman handing Seb a match box which the brunet took with a sheepish grin. He acted as if he could turn on the candles with his fingers.
“I hope not...Wanda is a nice woman...despite not always being with her kids…”

“So her husband is alone at home all the time with just the kids?” Another mother asked. They all huddled closer in their gossip. “Should we tell her?”

“No. She might get offended. Besides, we have no proof.” Another woman said. “But if it IS true….” Carol glared at Sebastian. The women all quieted when they saw Xin move a little closer to where they were.

“Xin! What took you so long?!” Zoe whined as her parents lit the candles. Xin laughed. “I fell asleep and then I got tangled in the blankets.” Zoe pouted “You always get caught in the blankets,”

She was talking about how Miz’s antlers would pull the blankets and get tangled but the women were all listening closely. “Don't worry, Seb helped me get out. I would have suffocated otherwise. And then you wouldn’t have cake.” Xin teased.

“I’m glad Daddy saved you because we wanted cake!” Zoe nodded with a smile. The kids and Pines family surrounded the table as the twins, Seb and Wanda stood behind the table. Xin was watching excitedly, moving his hips side to side. “Alright! One! Two!-” Wanda exclaimed.

Zu interrupted his mom. “Wait! I-I have to say something first…” Seb and Wanda shared a look. Zoë held her twin’s hand and the child shyly smiled at everyone. “I-I have decided that-that I'm not a girl, and I-I don't want to be one anymore, so, so I-I don't want to be called Zully because that's a girl's game...I don't want to be call Zu anymore...Um, I want to be called Zachary or-or Zach.”

"Yeah!" Zoe totally supported her twin. “He's my brother now!” She said proudly.

Everyone fell silent, completely shocked and frozen to their place at the child's declaration.

Seb and Wanda paled dramatically, staring at the shy little blond in front of them. Wanda gaped and covered her mouth. Seb bit his finger, completely loss how to react. It wasn't the first time they heard Zully...Zu...Zach...saying they felt like a boy...but it was the first time the...question on hand was brought up publicly.

"Zu--Zach," Sebastian corrected himself. "Okay, yeah, that's a good name too. But couldn't this have…” he leaned down to whisper "...been a private declaration?" He looked at the other parents uneasily. Wanda was kneeling as well, holding Zach's hand.

"Zu--Zach," Sebastian corrected himself. "Okay, yeah, that's a good name too. But couldn't this have…” he leaned down to whisper "...been a private declaration?" He looked at the other parents uneasily. Wanda was kneeling as well, holding Zach's hand.

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Zach squeezed his mommy’s hands. “I thought I-I was weird because I wanted to be a boy. But when Xin turned into a boy, and told me that sometimes people can just change if they wanted to, I know it now. I'm not the only one feeling like this.” Zach looked up at his mom with a very serious expression for a five year old. “I’m a boy. I don’t want to be a girl. I don’t feel like a girl.”

Everyone was still silent. Some parents were horrified and some were even staring at Xin. Others were confused, others understood, and the kids were just not understanding why they weren't singing already to get cake. The Pines family was at a loss, they just didn't know what to say.

Seb crouched in front of Zach, who was shifting from foot to foot, looking at his sneakers. "Well, it was very brave to tell everyone.” He didn't want to make his son feel bad for his announcement.

Seb smiled and hugged his dau-SON to him. “That’s great that you know now. So, you’re a full fledged boy now? That’s cool. We can go shopping later if you want any new clothes or--”

"I want cake though…” The child said innocently and Seb laughed. “Alright.” he kissed Zach’s forehead. Zach already had some ‘boy’ clothes, rather, it was just pants instead of skirts. Wasn’t much different from Zoe’s clothes, she didn’t like skirts much either.
Wanda forced a smile on her face, for her kid's sake…What...Why right now…?

She was incredibly worried about the reactions of the parents around them. But it made her baby happy to tell everyone… Wanda ran a hand along her face. Ok. She needed to talk to Seb about it and WHAT to do from now on.

The other toddlers shrugged, nodded and clapped. They just wanted cake.

Dillon finished processing the info and smiled. Yeah! LGBT Baby! "Well, what are we waiting for, Uncle Seb? We gotta sing to your son and daughter!" Zach looked up and gasped at Dillon, feeling his little chest warming up so much at being called a son.

Seb lifted Zach and Zoe into his arms and the rest of the family went along with it. Some of them didn't get it, some (Ford) didn't see what was wrong. They could talk later. Right now the children's birthday song.

“Happy birthday to yooooou~” The mothers and few fathers stayed silent for the song, which was for Zoe and Zu--ach Pines. Mabel was singing as loud and obnoxious as she could. Stan, in his competitive nature, was trying to outdo her.

“Make a wish, kids!” Wanda said softly, putting her hands on their shoulders. The twins thought of something and blew out their candles. Everyone clapped and cheered. After a few photos from a really excited Mabel, taking pictures of the incredible cake, and the happy family, Xin was able to cut the cake.

The (gossiping) mothers watched their kids scramble and entertain themselves until they got their piece of cake. They were frowning as Zach was picked up by Sebastian’s triplet with glasses. “The Pines’ family is weird, huh?” A mother commented in a quiet whisper. “That teenage girl acts like a child, and is always shouting…” She shook her head. “I wouldn’t let my daughter act like that.” They nodded in agreement. “Exactly, me neither! And Zoe is such a beautiful girl but she’s so aggressive sometimes…have you noticed?”

The mothers nodded. “I’m afraid they’re letting their kids get out of control.” Another mom said. All turned to look at the Pines corner where the other triplet of Sebastian (The women were surprised how strong the twins gene was in that family) was drinking an entire juice box as everyone cheered. “CHUG! CHUG! CHUG!” Stan finished the drink with a victory cry and Stanford stopped his watch. “New record, Stanley!”

“My turn!” The youngest brother grabbed for a juice box and the older twins cheered loudly. “Go dad!!”

The women grimaced. They were so childish. “They clearly don’t know how to educate their kids properly…” they shook their heads in despair “Like Zully! The poor girl!” Carol put a hand on her face sadly. “This is really wrong…it’s one thing for clothes and another for different names! And now they’re going to let her be a boy?! You can’t just teach kids that you can suddenly turn into a boy or a girl! It’s not normal! What is the world coming to?!”

“What kind of parents let their daughter call herself a boy?!” One of the other mothers complained. "I think they are letting them do whatever they want, they even say they're jewish but I haven't seen them being religious!" "If they were, I doubt they'll do this kind of thing...A true religious person doesn't let this gay trend influence them…”

“I hope they aren’t one of those liberals…” Another one muttered. “The same man who wears makeup and takes advantage of the fact that his wife is working, which he should be the one doing
instead, to make out with their butler!” Carol exclaimed. “So that butler of theirs is a woman?”
Another woman frowned. “That can’t be a woman, even if he’s quite feminine, women and men
have different shapes. That has to be a man…” One mother hummed. “What if Sebastian is really
gay?!” She gasped. “Poor Wanda….” They sighed. “She's such a nice girl. How unfortunate she
had to marry into this family…” This group of mothers wasn’t all of them, there were others who
had gotten uncomfortable with the conversation and excused themselves earlier. They didn’t think
there was anything wrong with little Zully being a boy, but they kept quiet out of fear of being
mocked by the others.

“Hello Madames, would you like some cake too?” Xin interrupted their conversation. He held a
tray with little plates of delicious (and magically health boosting) cake. If Seb and his family were
mortal then he was going to ensure they would live as long as they could, never taken down by
disease or cancer.

“Oh, no thank you. I'm watching my figure.” Carol turned him down, still suspicious about what
exactly this butler was. A woman? Dressed as a man? Surgically destroying her body to become a
man? How disgusting.

Xin looked her up and down. “No offense ma’am but you look unhealthily skinny. Are you
underweight?”

“My health is fine.” Carol rebutted. Xin held out the tray again. “Well I assure you the cake is
delicious. What's wrong with a piece?” One of the other mothers had taken a bite and practically
moaned. “It's not too sweet! And it's so soft and fluffy?!”

“It's a Chinese style sponge cake. The only major sugar is in the frosting.” Xin explained. “The
fluffiness of the sponge absorbs the flavor of the stuff around it.”

“Oh. Oh. So good~” the woman moaned as she ate another forkful. “The bottom tastes like
chocolate...and it's so moist…”

“I poured in some cocoa and non-lactose milk mix into the bottom of the pan and let it absorb into
the sponge for a few hours in the fridge, somewhat like a tiramisu. It stops the cake from drying
out and makes the flavor soak into the cake itself.” Xin was quite proud of that.

“You made the cake? It's gorgeous!” One mother exclaimed. The other mothers except Carol,
were now reaching for cake. They loved it. “And this is dark chocolate right? I heard it was
healthier but I didn't like their bitter taste.” One commented. Carol continued to refuse. Even the
other mothers were trying to get her to try the cake now. “Oh come on Carol, it's a party. Live a
little. It's just one slice.” Another mother sighed.

“How about this, you can have half of a slice? That way you won't eat as much?” Xin suggested.
He pouted at Carol and the group of gossiping mothers couldn’t help but swoon, male, female or
not, he looked like a handsome young man. “Your husband already had two.” Carol looked over to
see that, yes, her husband was already digging into another slice.

“Oh, ok fine.” She sighed and grabbed the offered plate. She took a bite and she had to hold herself
back from moaning. God! This was amazing! She closed her eyes in pleasure. Xin smiled. “I’m
quite proud of my cakes. I made one every year for my children's birthdays.” He said fondly. And
disregarding his magic cheats to shape the cakes into looking nice, the taste had always been the
result of his own skill.

“Oh. You have kids too?” Carol asked. “Had.” Xin’s smile slipped from proud to a melancholic
nostalgia. The other mothers shared a worried and sad look. Had?
Xin shook his head. He had to listen to Seb, he was right. He had to remember his kids and be happy for the time they spent together. “One of them passed away a few months ago and the other two a few years before. I...actually had an emotional breakdown earlier. Seb held me as I cried myself to sleep. S-sorry, not trying to bring down the mood...” he cleared his throat. “I’ll continue offering cake...” he nodded politely and walked off with the tray. The women watched the black-haired man leave and most of them sighed in relief. “Sebastian wasn’t cheating on Wanda!” One of them whispered, incredibly relieved. “I know right?”

“And he lost his children...I don’t know what I would do if I lost my baby.” Carol hummed. Well, maybe she was wrong about them on this one thing, but they were still much too lax as parents!

The women watched Xin attempting to feed cake to the triplet with glasses. The taller man was flushing and his family all laughed. “Come on, William...” Ford mumbled, embarrassed. “Everyone is watching...”

“Who cares!? They should admire our beauty, Uncle Ford!” Mabel laughed and posed. “Come on, Fordie~say Ah~” Xin giggled as he wiggled and reached up to try and pull on his chin. “Why do you need to be so tall?!” The dragon whined as he was forced to get up on his toes, which ended up with him leaning against the other man.

The smaller twins ran towards their family. “Daddy! Can we open our presents?!” Zoe pulled on his pants. “We are Dying!” Zoe and her brother were too impatient to wait any longer. Seb grinned “Sure. Come on everyone! Present time!” he called out loudly. The kids squealed and surrounded the family near the present area. It was piled high with gifts. The twins sat down on the floor and scanned the pile to see which present they would open first. It was such a hard decision!

“No one is going to top my present!” Ford shouted from the background, followed by a “Shut up, Brainiac!” The kids finally decided to grab the first ones in the pile. They were pink but each one had their own names on them. They tore it open to reveal two pretty dolls. You could color their dresses and decorate their hair. “Uuhhh!!” Zoe squealed. “Pretty!! Thank you!” She'd color them red! As if they were bleeding!!

Zach smiled a bit. He guessed it would be fun, it would be like making dresses like Daddy. “Thank you.” he said politely. Xin knelt beside him to examine the doll. “You know what? I'm sure your father would be able to make some tiny suits for them.” He whispered. Zach grinned. Yeah. Then he could cut it's hair and it would be a boy too.

They went through the other presents. The twins loved the walkie talkies from Stan and Carla. “Oh dear, they're going to use those to talk to each other even while sitting next to each other, aren't they?” Wanda groaned while Sebastian laughed. Dipper and Mabel got them Lego sets. A princess castle for Zoe and a dragon cave for Zach. The little boy immediately cackled and claimed his dragon was gonna kidnap the princess. Then Zoe claimed the princess would bite the dragon's neck and kill him! Dipper and Mabel stared at Xin with sheepish looks. He just laughed at people's disturbed looks over Zoe’s morbid nature.

They went through the pile of presents. Every time Zach received something clearly intended for a girl (a nail polish set, which wouldn’t be that bad because Daddy also painted his nails if the colors weren’t so pink with stickers of flowers and hearts) his expression would turn a bit strained. Xin pulled the boy into his lap and whispered. “They didn't realize you're a boy. Don't worry, I can magic these afterwards to fix them alright? I can make them whatever color you want.”

Zach sniffed and nodded. The Pines also noticed how the child’s face fell at the feminine presents. Wanda bit her lip, torn between her worry and her baby's sad face, and Seb frowned. He was immensely grateful for Xin holding Zach and cheering him up.
Of course there were a few presents from parents who clearly knew their children’s friend (having heard from their kids that Zully had declared herself a boy at school) and got him more neutral or even ‘masculine’ toys, that made the blond boy’s eyes light up. Seb made a note to remember those parents and give them a proper thank you later. And possibly get to know them better. He needed more adult friends outside the family anyway.

Eventually, when the presents were almost done, Amanda approached the twins with her presents for them. “My daddy went back to get them ‘cuz we forgot them at home earlier.” They were neighbors after all. Zoe and Zach opened the presents, and the boy pouted once again, clearly getting more and more upset. It was a set of lots of hair bands, laces and hair clips with different designs. Zoe loved them though.

“Mommy bought them.” Amanda looked a little guilty. "But we could use them for art too?" Zach frowned. “But I'm a boy.” He insisted, looking annoyed that missus Carol still got him this. Carol frowned and interrupted them. “No. You're a girl. You were born a girl and so you ARE a girl.” The woman frowned at Wanda and Sebastian “And your parents shouldn't be encouraging this pretend play of yours.”

“Now wait just a-!” Seb had to be held back by his wife who was frowning but didn't want to start a fight in front of the children. The older set of twins and Dillon glared at the woman as Stan looked for his brass knuckles and Ford for his gun. “But I AM a boy!” Zach cried, his breathing getting faster and his brown eyes welling up with tears.

Carol’s husband was also trying to hold her back. “Honey, can we please not…for ONCE--” but the woman wasn't listening. The other mothers looked uncomfortable as well. Many of them didn't agree with Carol and even the ones who did, thought it was very mean of her to scold the child for it. This was something she should be talking to the parents about, not trying to make a child cry on their birthday!

“If you're a girl then you're a girl and that doesn't change! You can't just say you are a boy!” Carol raised her voice and even Amanda flinched away from her mother. She wasn't sure what was wrong. If Zully wanted to be a boy then what's wrong with that? The teacher at school said they could be whatever they wanted.

Carol turned to look at Seb and Wanda. "And you two! What are you doing, letting your daughter do this?! So if she says she feels like a dog she's suddenly a dog too?! Or a tree! Because she can suddenly feel whatever she wants, huh?! Are you stupid?” Carol spat.

"The fuck is wrong with you, woman?!" Dillon shouted, ready to throw fists, but Stan grabbed him by the arm and held him back. Stan grimaced. “Look lady, that and this are not the same. Zach can do what he wants as long as it ain’t hurtin’ anyone. And being a boy ain’t hurtin’ anyone.” Stan glared. “Unlike you, going around and yelling at a kid during his birthday!”

"You are hurting your own daughter! PERVERTING her!! And I wouldn't trust you all, seeing how you all seem to believe in this horrible idea! No one can change their gender! There are only two! Not imaginary ones where you feel like being! And you're born as what you are! Just as God intended! You are just sick!” Carol hissed.

“That's not true! Xin used to be a girl but now he's a boy!” Zach said loudly, holding back tears with a strained expression. He didn’t succeed, the tears spilling down his round cheeks as his breathing hitched. He wasn't a dog! He didn't feel like a dog! Why was Mrs. Carol being so mean to him?! She had been nice to him before… He-He didn't want to be a dog…he would be good…

The whole party went silent. A lot of the other parents were very tense, this was so awkward. Carol
had made that poor child cry. Hell, some of the other children were crying too at all the yelling.

The tension was broken by a soft “...Fuck.” From Sebastian who was running a tired hand across his face. Xin looked at the panting child, not knowing how to react to this. “Well...yes, but my situation’s a little different...” Xin explained. “I was born both male and female but-but none of that matters!” Xin turned to glare at Carol. “If I choose to be male, I’ll be male. And if I want to be female, then I’m female. And you don’t get to decide FOR me. Just like you don’t get to decide FOR Zach!”

Zoe snapped when she saw her twin cry. “You shut up! Zach is my brother! He is! And no one cares what you think!” Zoe defended her twin with a snarl, showing off her little fangs as her eyes slowly turned red. “I will bite your face if you don’t shut up!!” the toddler charged at Carol and Wanda quickly picked up her daughter to try and hide Zoe’s glowing eyes against her chest. “Shh, Zoe, no!”

Zach sniffled at the looks he and Xin were receiving. He didn’t like it, he didn’t want people to look at him that way, it was as if he was, he was ...a freak, sick... wrong... He angrily pushed past Xin to run back inside the house, sobbing. The dragon took off after him. “Zu--Zach, come back!”

Seb grinned at the guests with an unnerving smile, it wasn’t a happy expression. “Alright...I’m gonna count to three...and I want everyone off of my property...or I am going to burn this damn lawn down with ALL OF YOU INSIDE!!!” His hands itched to burst into flames but Stan’s hands on his shoulders kept him from exploding. “I am so sorry...tha-thank you for coming but please...” Wanda grimaced at the shocked people. She was blushing slightly at the mess but took the time to glare at Carol. “Get out.” she told her directly.

The fence actually had a gate which was unlocked from the inside and swung out so the guests could leave. Many of the children were crying or distressed at all the yelling. They didn't understand what it was about but their friend Zu was sad and Amanda's mom was really mean. Their parents were still stunned. A few of them, the ones who’d given neutral or masculine gifts (one of whom was the mother who'd apologized to Seb a while back for her son Georgie’s behavior), hung back to give the family sympathetic looks. “Don't worry. Your son is a beautiful child.” They assured Wanda.

She smiled gratefully. “Thank you.” They nodded and picked up their own children to leave. The gate closed and Wanda sighed heavily. Zoe was sobbing angrily in her arms. “Is not fair!! Why can’t they just call Zach how he wants! He’s happy that way!!” She wailed. Diego curled up on his mom’s chest. “Why did she shout at Zul-Zach?” the youngest Pines asked, remembering like a good boy that Zully said to call him Zach now. It was incredible how someone as young as 4 years old could understand this simple fact but those grown ups couldn’t.

“...Because she wants to hurt him and she doesn’t understand...” Carla explained softly. When Dillon told her he was gay, she opened her mind even more, she had to. She researched about it to be able to understand and help Dillon through it, to let him know she understood and loved him. She kind of knew what was happening here, but it was never not a surprise.

“Your cousin IS a boy but some can’t see it.” Seb was fuming. He wanted to burn everything. “I’m gonna sue her. I’m gonna sue the fuck out of that woman! And I’m going to watch her rot in fucking jail for being such an asshole and hurting Zu!!”

“Sebas, calm down...” Shermie tried but the older man growled. “How the fuck do you expect me to calm down?! She made my baby cry!!” He shrieked. This time both his arms were consumed entirely in blue flames as he raged. “I am going to kill her!!” He shot fire at the stupid present that caused everything to happen and Dillon ran inside to get a fire extinguisher. The Stans were trying...
to calm their triplet. “No Seb. Murder is a bad idea.” Stan soothed. “That’s the angry part of you talking.”

Seb sobbed and clung to Stan to cry his eyes out as Wanda and Zoe were comforted by Carla. “I don’t want Zu to feel sad…” He wanted Zu-Zach to be able to express himself, to be whoever he wanted to be without idiots bringing him down and telling him he was something he wasn’t. Like everyone had always told him what he was or wasn’t. Seb wiped at his face angrily.

“We should find Zu-Zach, you know, to show him his family is right here.” Dipper suggested, rubbing the back of his curly hair. He understood what it was like not to feel ‘manly’ enough. Of course, his little cousin’s case was completely different, but Dipper didn’t want Zach to feel left out. Seb had been there for him when he had a manly crisis, he should do the same for his child.

“Oooh! I like that!” Mabel squealed. Seb wiped his tears from his eye while Wanda and him shared a look. Yes. They should go with their baby. The hoard went inside and were met by a barking acorn. “Holy Moses what is that?!?” Shermie cried.

“Sir Bedazzle of the Forest…” Wanda and Seb said at the same time. Zoe picked him up and hugged him to her chest, pouting and still upset. Mabel crouched and patted the acorn’s head. “He’s so adorable!!”

“Is that…an acorn?” Dipper leaned closer to inspect. “Xin created it.” Ford told the group and everyone got it. Right. Magic and weirdness!

They found the little boy curled up next to Xin as he patted his head and whispered soothing things. “Baby…” Seb whispered. Wanda and Zoe entered the twins’ room first. Zach looked up and saw his three uncles and their families also coming in and he smiled. “Hey…”

Xin smiled softly. “Here.” He picked up Zach and handed him to his dad. The dragon had spent this time telling the child that there was nothing wrong with him. Poor baby had been inconsolable, claiming he lied and he was still Zully, just so he wouldn't get shouted at again. "I-I lied! I-I am girl…I'll be good..." His eyes full of tears and his expression told Xin otherwise though.

"Don’t let that stupid, ignorant bitch tell you who you are, Zach.” Xin told him. “You say you feel like you’re a boy? Then you’re a boy. And if you change your mind and want to be a girl instead? That’s fine too. But don’t lie to yourself. Be who you want to be. It’s your choice and no one else’s.” He told Zach that there were plenty of dumb people in the world and sometimes they would say mean things, but Zach had to ignore them because they were WRONG and had no right to make his life choices for him.

The Pines crowded around the boy sucking his finger and Wanda pulled his hand out. “If Daddy is putting chili on his fingers to stop biting them, you’re going to get that too.” She joked, kissing his hand. “I don’t recommend the dark path I’m following, Zach.” Seb laughed and attacked his son with wet kisses. “No! Daaadd! You are all itchy with your beard!”

“I wanna attack Zach with kisses too!” Mabel threw herself to the bed and stole the toddler from his mom to hug him close to her. “You know we love you so, so, so, so, so much, right?” The girl asked.

“We don’t care what name you choose or who you want to be.” Dillon said. “We’re your family, Zach, and we’ll be here for you.” Xin smiled fondly at the family before ‘Poof’ing into Miz so she could squeeze in for a hug too. The others were a little startled but “Aww”ed at the adorable girl hugging Zach as well.
“Yeah!” Diego smiled. “It’s better if you want to be a boy anyway, cuz that way we’ll win against Zoe!”

“You wish!” Zoe smiled. “I’m still more stwong than all of you!”

The adults and teens chuckled as the Stans also approached their nephew. “Your cousin’s right, sport.” Stan nodded. “We Pines stick together and it won’t be easy for you to get rid of us.” He and Ford laughed. “I don’t want to get rid of you, I want to stay with you forever and ever…” Zach declared and hugged his Uncle tightly, feeling safe and happy surrounded by his family. Miz perked up “Forever~”

“No. Bad Miz.” Seb sighed as he pressed his hand down on her head. She pouted.

The family eventually moved out of the room and went to the living room to be more comfortable, but none of them stopped showing the little boy how much they cared. Even Sir Bedazzle of the Forest nuzzled the boy with affection. Miz watched, amused as the family started playing games. The three kids chose their teams for the board games and the Pines started a heated and competitive game of Ichi.

Stan threw Ford a ‘Plus four’ with a “Eat that, sucka!” when Ford grinned and added another plus four to Sebastian. “WHAT?! FORD!” Seb growled as his team started complaining. Ford high sixed Diego. “DAD! DESTROY THEM!” Zach pulled at Seb’s arm as Zoe instructed Stan what card he should use next. The twins were laughing, thoroughly distracted from the distress of earlier. They played long into the afternoon and early evening, Miz ran off to make everyone dinner when they stayed later than they were planning to. Ford stared incredulously at the little girl. He was fascinated by the dragon form and asked a bunch of questions alongside Dipper as the girl materialized ingredients to cook. “Can't you just...make the complete food?

“Well, of course, but where would be the fun of just materializing it? I like to cook!” Miz shrugged as she checked if she had everything. Ford remembered hearing him as William saying he liked to cook...huh. Weird, but cool! Speaking of William, “So why are you in the form of a dragon?” Ford asked. “Or, rather, a dragon disguising as a human?” Miz shrugged before her form shifted once again, this time into William. She blinked her large eye at the startled Pines boys who hadn’t seen this form before. “I can't exactly go around like THIS right?”

Ford and Dipper shook their heads quickly.

William sighed, his maid uniform fluttering as he shook his head. “Creating a unique body takes time.” mainly because he wanted to make sure they looked nice. “I've got a bunch of 'regulars' that I use pretty often and most of them aren't very human looking. Miz and Xin are the most human looking forms I've got so far.” He pouted. “There's also Jan but his form has 4 arms and making him with less feels...wrong. I COULD do it, but it’s uncomfortable.” Both uncle and nephew shared a surprised look. “Is that something all Bills can do, or just you?” Dipper asked curiously.

William shrugged. “Most Bills are too narcissistic to even considering wearing another form as their body for more than a few minutes.” He brushed inhumanly long fingers down his sides. “I'm more open to experimentation.” He frowned. “Also, the whole, triangle thing is a matter of pride and...a reminder…”

“Reminder of what?” Ford asked. William looked wistful. “Of where we came from. A home world that was long destroyed...and how we are all that’s left…”

“Woah…” The Pines nodded. There was so much they didn’t know about Bill Cipher...but should they continue worrying about him? He was dead. “Well, what exactly happened to Bill anyway?
He...He is dead right?” Dipper asked. William nodded with a sigh. “The fate of Bill Cipher is to be destroyed by the Pines...that’s a very common fixed point in the dimensions I’ve seen…”

Stanford looked at Seb shouting at the TV to make it work. “What if he reincarnates?” He asked bluntly, shifting in his seat uneasily (almost... guilty to be asking this, especially after his psychosis a few years back). William hummed. “I...I’m not sure...But if Ax decides to bring him back... that’s not your problem anymore…” he shrugged. “Even I’m probably gonna be killed by my own Pines family or Zodiac someday.” He calmly put the chicken into the oven to heat up as Ford and Dipper both dropped their pens with a clatter.

“W-what? But...but you're nice!” Dipper stammered. Ford felt his heart clench in fear at the thought of William being killed in the future. The demon didn't seem all that bothered. “That's just how it goes. I've made peace with it and I'm sure my Ax will bring me back too, so I'm not all that worried. I'm not any less excited to meet and get to know my own set of Pines when I'm old enough. You know, most Bills don't get to know half the shit I do since my powers are kinda unique.” Mainly because he was on the AXOLOTL’s good side and wasn't restricted like they were.

The two men bit their pens as they listened to the demon. What made this Bill so special anyway? Was there a reason he was a good guy, or at least trying to be, while other Bills were fucked up since the beginning? They weren't sure how to ask. “Um...why are you a good Bill when the others are bad?” Dipper asked. “Uncle Seb also said that in his...past life, he was bad too.”

William rolled his eye. “The thing...the turning point that drove most Bills crazy...was probably when they lost their family.” William looked over at where Seb could be heard laughing in another room. “It's a little different for each of us. But Seb lost his older brother in his first life. And it was the same for Blue, another Bill I've met.” Ford and Dipper frowned worriedly. Thinking about having a past life they could remember was still really difficult...But knowing Seb, he must have suffered a lot, enough to destroy his old world...

William checked to be sure Seb wasn't listening. “So things in my dimension are slightly different but similar enough. The Flatlands were a shape based hierarchy.” He frowned. “I don't know if it's right to talk about Seb’s past and what happened to him but I can tell you how things went down in MY world…” He set to work on chopping some vegetables as he spoke. “The more sides you had, the higher you were ranked. Triangles like me were the lowest. At least I'm equilateral which meant I was still better off than the poor isosceles… or the extreme irregulars.”

“A hierarchy? And Bill Cipher was the lowest caste...” Ford could see how this would have made Bill angry and sensitive about his appearance. He would want to flaunt the fact that a lowly triangle like him had become a powerful demon god. “Being at the bottom of the caste sucked.” William admitted. “I actually lucked out from some other Bills because of my birth defect…”

“Birth defect?” Ford asked, looking William up and down but of course he wouldn't see what the problem was like this. William sighed. “My genitals were...Unnatural. Not normal.”

“Because you're a hermaphrodite?” Ford asked. Dipper nearly choked on his pen. “Hermaphrodites were common, no, it was the SHAPE of my junk the doctors were interested in.” William scowled. “My parts are ROUND.” Dipper grimaced, looked perturbed. “Your dic-oh my god, I imagined it! Oh my god!” Now he would never get the mental image out of his head.

William cackled “Whatever you're imagining, you're probably wrong. But yeah, my ‘dick’ as you so nicely put it, was the wrong shape. It was round. Meaning I can only mate with a Circle. So, you can see how my existence was a problem huh?”
Ford nodded slowly, taking in everything. “You were needed in your world I guess? You couldn’t be treated like any other triangle because you could benefit the higher class.” William nodded. “Yup.” He snickered at the teen who was still blushing. “So you were lucky for that…” Ford looked in the direction of the living room. He wanted to ask Seb about his past life! Why hadn’t he asked before? Right. Because he didn’t want to start a conflict. Ashton used to tell him to just leave his brother’s past alone...But would it be too wrong if he did? Seb was fine now, Ford was fine now too… maybe they really could talk about it?

“I was put through hell for it. They thought that a Shape’s intelligence depended on sides, Triangles weren't even allowed full schooling since they're just meant for manual labor. But they couldn't allow a 'stupid triangle’ like me to mingle amongst the upper class.” William spat. “So there I was, barely an inch big, didn't even know how to talk yet and they were pushing lessons on me. Math, history, language…and if I had no idea what they were saying they would hit me and call me a worthless idiot!” Looking back, now that he finally understood the words, he could finally understand all the slurs his tutors had thrown at him.

Ford and Dipper winced hard. “Damn...your world totally sucked…” The teen grimaced. “Did...Seb had to go through that too?” Ford asked softly. “Well he is fully male so, no. He was treated like a normal triangle. Which means he probably had it worse. Stuck at the bottom of the social ladder with no way up. At least if I played my cards right I could have married into a high class family and lived comfortably.” William smiled bitterly.

“I can see why Bill wanted to destroy his world.” Dipper shrugged a bit. If he had gone through that, he was sure he would have snapped, anyone would have! “Well, the difference between our worlds was that...in Seb’s past life his world was way more strict and harsh…” William said softly. “While Irregular shapes in my world were the lowest rank, they still had work assigned to them, a house and stuff like that, even if it paid the bare minimum for survival. With Seb’s past home...if Shapes weren’t equilateral enough...they were killed.”

Ford closed his eyes. He remembered this story… “Liam...that was the name of the brother…”

“So...Seb had an older brother named Liam...a scalene triangle who was executed by the council simply for existing. Blue went through the same. That was what drove those Bill Ciphers mad. I've met a couple other Bills and many of them had something similar happening to them too.” Dipper nervously played with his t-shirt. If something happened to Mabel he would go insane...He had been so preoccupied about her during Weirdmageddon, if Bill had hurt her, Dipper would have done everything in his power to kill Bill.

“If the death of their brother is what drove them insane enough to become a demon...is it right to assume it didn’t...um...happen to you or...?” Ford awkwardly rubbed the back of his neck. “Is it too personal?”

William laughed with a faint edge of hysteria. “Oh I had a LITTLE brother. A sweet and innocent little baby brother I loved more than life itself…” he went still, staring blankly. “He was perfect. Lovely perfect little angles and nice, normal mating parts...mother and father were quick to cut off all contact between me and Will the second I was old enough to move out…” he laughed again, it was the most unfunny thing. “They didn't have to throw me out because the fuckin’ council supported this division. ‘You shouldn't have anything to do with the low class' they told me…” William gripped the knife tighter and the male Pines’ eyes widened. “I think we should change the topic…” Dipper laughed sheepishly. “Everyone liked your cake today?”

William's mood changed drastically and he smiled at Dipper. “Really?! He didn’t even show any trace of the anger and melancholy from before, hiding everything behind his smile. “I was a little
worried since young human children have taste buds more sensitive to bitterness and I was afraid the dark chocolate might have turned them off the taste but the milk itself was sweetened so…” He continued talking about the cake he was so proud of as both Dipper and Ford sighed in relief. Thank god for William's short attention span. Neither recognized the poker face for what it was.

In the living room, Seb had managed to turn on the TV to play video games with his younger brother. The younger man had gotten him obsessed with a game and they sometimes stayed awake playing together. Meanwhile, Stan was on the phone talking to a man about Stanco while Mabel was with the twins and Diego, coloring. Zoe wanted to use every color available in her drawings and wrote her names lots of times, showing off she knew how to. Diego also knew how to write his name, but Zach asked Mabel to teach him how to spell it.

“Aaw!! Of course! We can decorate it with glitter later!” She pulled out glitter glue pens from her pocket. “You carry that all the time?” Diego asked. “Pfft! Of course! You never know when you might need it!” The girl shrugged. It's why her grappling hook was also tucked away under her sweater somewhere.

"So Zachary is a nice name?" Zach asked Mabel. "It IS a LOVELY name!" She praised. Zach grinned, flushing with pride that his cousin liked his new name. Mabel was honored to teach him how to spell it.

Zach was much happier now as he slowly wrote out his new name. He liked it so much better than Zully. He finished and ran off to the kitchen to show Miz/Xin what he wanted to call himself. “Miz! Look! This is my name now!” He stopped and blinked at the yellow Cyclops. He was confused for a bit before asking hesitantly “Miz?”

Dipper sighed. “Pick a form and stick with it. You're going to confuse the kids.” And he was worried about them accidentally starting to think that any random stranger might actually be Bill in another form and...oh...OH...Dipper grimaced. Is that how Ford had felt when he was in his ‘Trust no one!’ phase?

William seemed to realize that too and shifted back into Xin...still wearing the maid uniform, Which was suddenly much tighter in certain areas. Dipper and Ford both blushed and looked away. “Wi-Xin! C-can you please change your clothes?!” Dipper wailed. “Hehe, nope.” Xin grinned as he puffed out his chest proudly.

“Xin, look at my name! I decorated it with glitter with Mabel’s help!” Xin bent down to look at the paper and Ford nearly combusted from the heat of his face. Dipper had already averted his innocent virgin eyes. “Oh baby, it’s perfect!” Xin squealed. “I like the smiley faces around it.”

“Thanks! Mabel helped me to do that but I told her where I wanted them.” Zach smiled. “Here, it’s for you!” The demon/dragon melted at the adorable fanged smile. “Alright. I’ll put it on the fridge so I can always see it ok?” he took the paper carefully. “I should magic this to be indestructible too!” He said to himself.

“Ok! I’ll tell Zoe to bring hers too!” The toddler ran back to the living room and Xin squealed, hugging Ford tightly. “Why are they so fucking adorable?! Who the fuck gave them the right?! All you Pines are adorable jerks!” he wailed. “It's not fair! I can't believe the other Bills would ever want to destroy you!”

“Haha, yeah it was not fun to be tried to be destroyed…” Ford patted Xin’s head awkwardly, still uncomfortable with “human” interaction besides his family. He'd gotten better at it, but it was still a work in progress. Dipper got tired, knowing that if he stayed in the kitchen much longer he would surely catch on fire like Sebastian, so he went back to the living room where said man was
insulting Shermie for cheating, his Dad was completely denying it even though the teen knew for a fact his dad cheated on games (look at the shit eating grin, his Dad was the most cheating cheater in the universe! He definitely got that lying stuff from Granny Kari), while Uncle Stan shouted at them to shut up and let him speak on the phone.

Yup. This was definitely better. He should also text Pacifica, will at least redirect the blush to his girlfriend. He saw Zoe lead Mabel into the kitchen and decided to hang back a bit to get a photo of the look on Mabel’s face when she sees…

“Geh-bwah?!” Yup. Definitely worth it to see that look on Mabel’s face. Especially when Xin bent down to see Zoe’s picture too. Dipper grinned. Served her right for being annoying sometimes. Xin finished making lunch/dinner (“LINNER!”) and the Pines, like the lazy asses they were, simply went to eat in the living room watching TV. The kids had their own plates as well and Xin was panicking that they would drop food, them OR the adults.

“Guys! Be careful!” He pleaded. His tail had popped out to writhe with nerves around in the air. “Crumbs!” He whined. Wanda had rolled her eyes at his maid uniform and merely suggested he make the skirt longer to the relief/disappointment of the rest of the family. She didn’t understand why he dressed up like that anyway. He was a friend, not their butler or something. It made her feel weird, more than she was already feeling. She wanted to talk to Seb when they were alone...

Seb laughed at his panicked face. “Xin, relax! If something gets dirty, we’ll clean it up later. Just sit down and eat already.” He scolded. “Yeah, if something falls, the twins will help clean everything up,” Shermie offered his kids. “Dillon will help too.” Stan added with a shitty grin.

“*"*DAD!*"*” The three teens shouted.

Xin considered them and nodded, accepting this compromise. (Not that any of the Pines realized how close to danger they were. MizBill was fine with the babies dropping crumbs and food, they were babies, that was fine, but the adults and teenagers? Oh no, they would have faced his wrath if he hadn’t been assured they would clean everything) “Alright then. But they better clean it up!” He sniffed before settling down with a ruffle of his skirt and curled his tail around himself. “I can’t believe they just sold us!” Dillon mumbled in annoyance as he chewed. “Dad, you can’t sell us to clean everything up!” Mabel whined. “You live under ma roof, you listen to ma rules.” The youngest brother shrugged. “Not for long…” Seb singsonged. “They’re gonna grow up before you know it~” He smiled and looked at his own twins. Babies...they haven’t even started elementary school yet...

"I'm still paying for their collage." Shermie said.

“Uuugh~” the oldest children all groaned. Xin sniggered. “Serves you right. If you drop any crumbs you have to pick them up.”

“I don’t even know why I wanted to go to high school! It was the worst! I couldn’t have 8 hours of sleep anymore and I’m thinking about what to do now that it’s over!” Mabel complained as she spoke with her mouth full. “Like, I had to take a whole year off after graduating because I just didn’t know what to do.” She and Dipper had decided on college, but only after many long hours of thought and debate.

Xin sat down next to her and she blushed a little. “Most people don't know what they want to do. Just try to see what you LIKE to do and work from there.” Xin shrugged. “At least you get to choose. I never got that freedom.”

Mabel hummed. “Is being awesome something I can do forever?” Dipper and Dillon groaned
loudly as the children giggled. “Well, I have kept my GPA almost perfect...that was part one of my plan to get into a good technical college!” Dipper informed everyone. Ford chuckled, the boy had had that idea since he was a child. Xin laughed. “You can always be awesome!”

“What’s GPA?” Zach asked. “Is that the voice that tells in the car where to go?” Diego raised an eyebrow, confused. “That’s GPS, silly!” Dillon laughed at his brother. “GPA is grade point average. Like, how good your grades are.”

“Like, getting lots of stars in the participation chart?” Zoe asked and the teens smiled. “Yeah. Like that. Exactly.”

“I get a lot of stars! I will also get a big GPA!” Zoe announced. “You just need to have fun when you’re in school, ok?” Wanda said. “And finish it.” Seb added.

“I’m sure you’ll do fine, Shooting Star. You're incredibly bright, even if it’s in a different way from your brother.” Xin leaned against her, feeling safe with this Pines family in a way he somehow couldn't with anyone else but his Friends and Blue… it was probably because they were Seb’s family, and Seb was… also a brother. Though they hadn’t officially decided that yet. But MizBill had been living here with him for the past few weeks, crawling into his and Wanda’s bed to sleep beside the older (former) demon. (Wanda found she didn't mind it as much as she thought. Miz was very warm and somehow she always slept better when Miz was there.)

Mabel squealed internally when Xin leaned against her.

Fortunately for the teens, no one got anything dirty so they didn’t have to clean up. However, they were told to go wash the dishes. The teens mumbled in annoyance and collected the dishes to wash. “When the kids are old enough I want to see them washing too!” Dipper complained childishly. Xin scoffed. “You guys have a dishwasher. All you need to do is rinse the solid stuff off and put them in. I had to wash everything by hand!”

“...they don't have washing machines out in space?” Mabel asked. “Not until I introduced the idea of them inside someone's dream.” Xin complained. “I swear, you humans are the only true innovators...mainly because Time Baby orders me to kill anyone else who's smart enough to think for themselves…”

The pride the teens felt dimmed as soon as they heard the second part and pouted. Way to ruin it for them. Xin looked at them and sighed. “Look, Time Baby wants everything neat and orderly. So free thinkers are killed, captured or brainwashed into falling in line with his rules and regulations.”

“Baby jerk.” Mabel said after thinking. They probably should be more upset by Xin’s admission of having killed people before, but uncle Seb had been Bill Cipher in a past life, he’d probably killed millions of people, even if that technically doesn’t count since Seb was Seb and not Bill anymore, but Stan and Ford had been forced to kill while out in space, and well, Dipper had murdered his clones, Mabel had helped him kill those wax figurines, and Soos had eaten the Halloween Trickster… and well, none of them really had any right to criticize. As long as Xin didn’t go around killing people here without good reason, they were willing to just… let it go. Wanda was a little distressed at the idea of Xin being ordered to kill. She was going to have to talk to him about that later.

The sun slowly started to set as the day wore on, the little twins and Diego yawned. They were big boys and girls. They didn’t want a nap. They were tired though. It’d been a long day. Sir Bedazzle noticed the twins were tired, it meant he could nap with them! He stood up from his spot and curled up next to them. The two yawned and each held onto one of his stubby legs. Mabel “Coo”ed. “Seriously that thing is adorable and I want one too.”
“No, Mabel please.” Shermie grimaced. “Waddles is more than enough. And I don’t want a
magical acorn running around.”
“Waddles would love to have a friend!”
“Or a snack!” Dipper snickered. Mabel gasped and smacked her brother. “He would NEVER!
Waddles is an ANGEL!” she defended her pig. “Sure! Like that time he ate my papers!” Shermie
shouted from his spot on the couch. “He said he was sorry and he was still a baby!” Mabel shouted
back. Xin rolled his eyes at the exchange and looked at the little twins and their little cousin. They
had fallen asleep on the floor with Sir Bedazzle between them. He called Seb’s and Stan’s attention
and the brothers cooed loudly.
“It's getting late. Will you stay here or have you reserved somewhere else?” Wanda asked. It
happened sometimes. Sometimes they stayed, sometimes they didn't. Xin scoffed and walked over
to a wall where a door suddenly appeared. “Sleepover! I just made you guys your own room~” he
grinned and the door opened to lead into a whole other house (full stabilized, incapable of
collapsing from damage). Dipper and Ford gasped. “Spatial manipulation!” Ford squealed. “And
it's fully furnished!” Xin said proudly, eager to show off his powers. He wanted them to stay
longer, so of course he could just build an entire new wing to the house. He wasn’t doing it for
them , he was doing it because he wanted it.
Seb and Wanda gasped when they looked inside. “Guess we should have called Miz for that
extension to the house.” Seb laughed. Xin proudly motioned everyone to follow him inside to show
them their rooms. Seb, Wanda and Carla picked up their sleeping kids from the floor before
following Xin. There were several guest bedrooms, complete with their own bathrooms. Wanda
wondered how it worked with the plumbing but Xin rolled his eyes. “They're enchanted with self
cleaning and recycling. Any waste and dirt will be broken down and expelled out through the
drainage pipe outside the house…”
Ford smiled even more. “Awesome…”
“Go on! You can choose your rooms!”
“I claim the biggest!” Mabel announced and started searching for the best room. “No!” The male
teens cried and ran after her. Seb and Wanda smiled in relief and exhaustion as their family settled
down. “Xin… this is amazing…”
"Yeah, and it’ll cost you, kid.” Xin grinned. “Excuse me?” Seb gasped. Xin giggled. “I demand
headpats! From all three of you.” He pointed at Stan and Ford as well. (Sure, he wanted them to
stay, so he could build this wing of the house for them, but he also wanted headpats if he could
weasel some outta them!) Stan groaned and Ford grimaced. “Do I have to do it as well?”
“Do you want a room?”
Wanda laughed as the triplets collectively groaned. “Fine! Deal~” Seb mumbled. “Great!” Xin
grinned with a blue flame flickering along his hands. “Frankly, the Deal helps me cement these
rooms into existence. Wouldn't want them vanishing if anything happened to me you know?” (Not
that they would, he anchored them down properly, but, better safe than sorry.) Stan and Seb
shuddered. Ford, more curious than disturbed, hummed in thought. Seb flicked his own flames to
life and shook hands with Xin, then Stan and finally, Ford.
Stan turned and placed a hand beside his mouth to call. “Hey, honey! Can you put Diego to sleep?!
I’ll be giving headpats to a demon-dragon!”


“Have fun!” Carla shouted from the room she chose for her younger son. Wanda shook her head. She'd seen the way Miz would purr when her head was pat. Were dragons like cats? She shrugged. Whatever. Now she will have to wait for Seb to finish to talk to him...

Dipper and Mabel came back to see Xin nuzzling Ford’s chest. “Ah...what's happening?” The girl asked.

“Xin demands headpats.” Stan shrugged. “From all three of us.” He laughed at the embarrassed look on Ford’s face. “Pet me? Pet me?” Xin whined. Dipper and Mabel blinked. “Yeah...I think we’re just gonna go back...” The twins turned around and went to Mabel’s temporary room.

“Xin, let me put Zu-Zach to sleep first?” Seb pleaded. He was holding the boy with one arm while patting Xin with the other. “Okay~” Xin purred against Ford as the man scratched at his hair and antlers with a six fingered hand. “Hm~more fingers really is nicer~” Xin sighed. Ford stayed alone in the hallway with a purring and clingy demon because Stan took the chance to escape and make sure Diego was asleep and Dillon was ok.

“We can go to your personal guest room?” Xin asked sleepily. “Headpats...wanna sit...bed soft.” Ford sighed, realizing his brothers had abandoned him, and walked to one of the empty bedrooms. He looked down at the snuggly demon/dragon. “You're quite cuddly.” He commented.

“I wasn't always.” Xin admitted. “I worked really hard to train myself into accepting physical contact.” He pushed Ford to sit on the bed with his back against the wall and then laid his head down on the man’s lap. Ford blushed at how Xin was lying right between his legs. “Um...can't you...lie somewhere else?”

“My antlers would stab you if I laid sideways.” Xin pouted up at him. “Ok, fine.” Ford pouted and continued massaging his scalp. The purrs grew louder and Ford closed his eyes when he felt his face burning. Where the heck were Stan and Sebastian?! Putting a child on a bed shouldn’t take that long?! Also, the way Xin’s head was rubbing against Ford’s crotch was starting to get...awkward.

The dragon didn't seem to notice but to Ford’s relief he moved so he head was no longer pressed between Ford's legs. Though Ford wasn't sure if the new position was any better. The dragon was now sitting up with his back against Ford’s chest, his slighter stature making him only come up to Ford’s chin. Also Ford had to widen his legs to accommodate for Xin’s wide hips sitting between them.

Ford felt his legs rub against Xin’s thighs and shivered. He knew he wasn't interested in this sort of thing but his body still reacted to certain sensations, he wasn't a robot, as cool as that would be. It wasn't dangerously so but Ford was getting uncomfortable. “Nope. Not in my lap.” He tried to get up, get Xin to sit somewhere else. He heard Xin whine. “But you're a nice chair~”

“I am NOT a chair!” Ford protested. Xin laughed and tried to sit on him again but Ford yelped and the two tumbled over onto the bed. Ford turned absolutely red when he realized their new position. Xin was lying on his back, staring up at Ford in surprise as the man was braced above him on all fours. Ford had grabbed Xin’s forearms to pull him off earlier but now he was pinning the other man to the bed. He felt Xin’s tail curl around his leg. Their faces were barely a foot away from each other and Xin was flushing faintly even as his eyes were wide with what seemed to be growing panic. “Oh...” His eyes darted over to where Ford was holding his arms very near his wrists, a surprised expression crossing his face as his panic ebbed, he was tense, but he wasn’t...freaking out. Ford quickly let go, placing his hand on the bed beside Xin’s head instead.

“S-sorry...I...” Ford was about to get off but Xin’s tail wrapped around his waist and kept him...
from getting off. “Wait!” Xin cried, flustered. He had an odd look on his face, brows scrunched in thought. His tail let go and curled around in a nervous manner. The two stared at each other. “I'm not into this sort of thing.” Ford said at last. Xin sighed. “Me neither.” He admitted. Ford frowned. “Then why-?”

Xin grimaced. He looked away, timid and unsure. “It feels really nice…” he finally admitted. Not his wrists, but… “This whole...touching thing…” ...the feeling of Ford pressed so close to him. Xin slowly took hold of Ford’s hand and moved it to his head and Ford buried his fingers into the other man’s hair almost reflexively. Xin let out a contented sigh. Ford slowly moved his hand, watching Xin’s expression shift. “You know I had an interesting chat with my personal mind healer a few millennia ago…” Xin brought up suddenly. Ford furrowed his brow in confusion. “About?”

“My issue with being bound.” Xin said quietly. “Specifically about how I fall into an emotional mess when I get caught in a binding circle…”

“And?” Ford questioned, not understanding how this related.

“She mentioned that, like my cuddle therapy to get me more comfortable with touching others, perhaps I needed some sort of binding or bondage therapy to get over my fear of being tied down…” Ford was starting to see where he was going with this. “You...want me to hold you down?”

Xin flushed and looked away, a pout on his lips. “It doesn't have to be sexual...even if it's sensual. And I'm supposed to do this with someone I trust.” Ford felt himself go light headed, catching the meaning behind that. “You...trust ME? Why? You saved our lives but we barely know each other.” He stared at the dragon who blushed faintly.

“I don't know.” Xin admitted. “You're a snobby know it all with no common sense and more awards than your ego has room for-”

“Hey!” Ford protested.

“-but for some reason I feel safe around you.” or at least, his fear wasn’t overwhelming, which was better than anyone else managed. “Like...I want to tell you stuff or just... Be near you…” Xin frowned. “Which is super odd. I'm starting to think it's some kinda weird Ford Pines ‘thing' because something similar happened with a Ford I met in another dimension…” Xin thought back to a young teenaged Sixer who had been surprisingly nice to hang out with (when he wasn’t being an absolute shit-head of a human being), he was rambling now and Ford stroked his antler to pull his attention back.

“!!” Xin’s whole body shivered. Ford quickly let go of his antler, despite being scientifically curious as to how the appendage even felt sensations, were there nerves? He shook his head, not important right now. “So you think there's some kind of...what? Resonance between you and ‘Ford Pines’ that you meet?”

Xin shrugged. “I don’t think that’s it, not REALLY, but sort of? I don't know what this is. Or why it happens. But I feel safe around you and I didn't immediately panic and kill everyone around me when you pinned me down this morning…” Ford nearly felt his heart stop at that. “O-oh…” Xin nodded, not noticing the horrified relief on Ford’s face. “That happened the other times I tried to get someone to help me with ‘bondage therapy’ and it made it quite difficult for me to get much progress in that area…”

“R-right…” Ford was incredibly relieved for this weird resonance or whatever. The thought that Xin could have accidentally killed him and the children this morning was...distressing. Xin looked
up at Ford pleadingly. “Since you can actually hold me down without me panicking...could you help me with this? I’ll free your brothers from the deal...?”

Ford stared into Xin’s eyes and took a deep breath. “Alright...Yes. I-I can help...” He told him. Xin started wagging his tail excitedly and hugged the six-fingered man. “Thank you, Sixer!” He squealed into his shoulder. Ford absently noted that it felt nice to be hugged like this.

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It took a while for Stan and Seb to put the kids to bed, as surprising as it sounded. Diego started crying as soon as he felt himself being placed on a bed, while the twins whined and threw a tantrum, claiming they were not tired but clearly lying. Wanda threw herself onto her bed and wished Seb good luck with Xin. The brothers tiredly met in the new magic hallway and looked around. “Where are Ford and Xin?” Stan asked. Seb deadpanned. “Do you think I have powers to magically-Oh, right. HAHA! I DO!” He closed his eyes and used his mind’s eye to search through the rooms. Carla resting, Shermie on his laptop, Dipper finishing his homework, Mabel watching videos, Dillon listening to music and-

“Oh my god...” Seb whispered and blinked to get rid of the image. He rubbed his eye. He was hoping he saw wrong...

“What? Which room is it?” Stan asked. He saw the way Seb's eye darted to a certain room and began walking over. Seb gasped, face red “Wait! Don't-!!” Seb tried to warn him.

Stan opened the door and froze at the scene before him. His elder brother, the nerd, boring stick in the mud who wouldn't even look twice at a beautiful woman walking by... was straddling Xin on the bed, pinning the man’s arms above his head as the smaller man moaned breathlessly. “Ngh...harder please...” Xin gasped as he writhed on the soft bed sheets. Ford had an oddly determined look on his face as he flipped the other man over onto his stomach and pulled his arms up and back, making Xin arch back in a position that looked pretty painful but only made him moan louder as his spine made some cracking, popping sounds. With the noise Xin was making, the two hadn't noticed the door open.

Stan's mouth dropped open and his eyes bulged out as he watched. Sebastian was covering his face behind him while holding in a mortified scream. On the bed, the sounds were getting more intense as the bedsprings squeaked. “Ah!” Xin cried out as Ford twisted one of his arms. “Oh!” He gasped when he was pressed hard into the bed. His body shivered and he moaned again, his tail wrapping tightly around Ford’s arm. “F-Ford!” Xin’s face was flushed as he was manhandled roughly. Stan could finally see that Xin’s clothes had been partially ripped off, exposing his smooth shoulders and bare chest.

Seb’s mind took him to that dimension where Bill liked his brother and the tent, and the screams, and he whimpered softly before his eye rolled up and he dropped to the floor in a dead faint. Stan was bright red and was sure he shouldn't be watching this. A part of him was cheering though. ‘Sixer's finally getting laid!’ but why did it have to be with Xin?! He slowly closed the door and was quite glad the two hadn't noticed them come in. He turned to see Sebastian passed out on the ground. He almost wanted to faint as well but he picked up his brother and carried him back to the main house where Wanda was sitting on her bed reading. “Oh. That was fast. Miz normally demands at least a half hour of headpats before she's satisfied.” Wanda blinked. She’d been roped into petting the girl sometimes around bedtime when she snuggled into the bed with them. It was almost cute how much Miz demanded attention.

“Ah...things kinda escalated from simple headpats...” Stan said sheepishly as he dropped Seb onto the bed. Wanda looked confused before she saw the blush on Stan’s face. And the lack of the
oldest triplet. “No?!” She gasped. “Xin...and...with FORD?!” She had known that guy since High school, she NEVER in a million years would have thought that boy would have sex! Stan made an embarrassed sound. “I guess my brother’s not as boring as we all thought? Or...maybe he just has a thing for Xin? Or...Bill I guess…” he made a weird face. “Actually...that might explain a lot...if Poindexter and his Bill had been like that...no wonder he was so angry and never dated anyone since then…”

Wanda grimaced, and shivered. She left her book aside and looked at her husband. “He passed out… well, I guess it makes sense… since, you know, Sebas was-”

“OH MY GOD! SHUT UP! NO!” Stan cried, cursing his brain for trying to imagine it. “You know what? I-I need to lay down...see ya…” He stumbled out of the room and to the second house. He passed by the door and whimpered before running away to hide with his wife.

Even nice, Bill Cipher somehow found a way to mentally traumatize the Pines family… again!

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Xin panted, face flushed and feeling… rather content, all things considered. He laid on the blankets and sighed happily. That felt really good...even got all the cricks out of his back as Ford twisted him like a pretzel. The larger man was also panting as he laid next to him, it was quite a work out. “My hands are cramping.” Ford complained. Xin laughed. “Maybe we should use ropes next time?”

“Where would we even find rop-wait, never mind, almost forgot who I was talking to.” Ford groaned with an arm thrown over his face. The two laid there quietly, catching their breath from the surprisingly strenuous activity. After all, they couldn't stimulate true binding if Xin didn't struggle against Ford's grip. The two ended up wrestling somewhat as Ford tried to pin Xin while the smaller man tried to break free. Of course their clothes had gotten torn up in the process but Ford wasn't all that worried, Xin could easily fix it and he wasn't wearing one of his best shirts or anything. He was coming to his nibling’s 5th birthday party, he had been prepared for his clothes to get destroyed anyway. Ford groaned as he rolled over and lamented the only downside, the scratches that had ended up happening on the both of them.

Xin’s nails were kinda sharp.

Ford traced a cut along his side, Xin had apologized and offered to heal it but Ford said he didn't mind. He used to fight with monsters and had gotten way out of shape and rusty at it over these past 5--6-- (how many?) years. He told Xin to leave the cuts so he could remind himself of how he needed to practice again. If he couldn't keep himself from getting hurt wrestling another person, how would he do against something like a gremloblin?

He looked over at Xin, who didn't have cuts and scratches along his body since Ford kept his nails carefully trimmed. Instead the smaller man had hand shaped bruises all along his body. Ford frowned. Those looked painful. “Aren't you going to heal those?” He asked. There were distinct fingermarks along Xin's chest where he had placed his palm and pressed Xin down into the bed. Ford could count six fingers on the bruise.

“Nah. I like the way they feel.” Xin sighed. Ford raised an eyebrow and Xin clarified “Pain is hilarious~” Besides, this was less pain and more of… a pleasant ache. Xin made a face. Whoa, he… liked this sort of thing? Not sexually, he wasn't turned on or anything, but it felt good. Almost like when he used to get massages, except more… intense. He’d tried out all sorts of things, with his bricks being a ‘thing’ way back when, he’d needed some rough handling in order to really gets a deep tissue massage, this reminded him of it.
“...right...” Ford kept forgetting this was actually Bill Cipher. He was nothing like the sadistic triangle that haunted and tortured him all those years ago...and then suddenly he would say something that very much reminded Ford that he was still A Bill Cipher. Ford sighed. Now he wanted to sleep. Or maybe take a bath first? He felt the smaller man’s head falling onto his shoulder and he looked down at Xin. Di-did he fall asleep?!

“Xin?” He whispered. He didn’t know Bill Cipher could sleep, wait no, he fell asleep that one time 18 years ago after Stan had given him a head pat, rather, THIS Bill Cipher could sleep, his own probably didn't. “Xin?” He tried again, but the man was unresponsive. The scientist sighed tiredly. Very well, he was going to sleep with a nice version of his enemy tonight... he... he could do that...

He took off his glasses, left them on the nightstand next to the bed and stretched as much as he could to reach the switch. “Good... good night...”

Ford closed his eyes and couldn't help but notice how warm and comforting it felt to sleep next to Xin.

It was so warm he didn't even need blankets.
Chapter 24 - Unexpected connections

Mabel woke up early, like she always did, and was really confused when she didn’t wake up at home. The events from yesterday came back and she smiled. Right! They all were with Uncle Sebas! She picked up her phone, the first thing she did in the morning and, like a normal person, checked her messages “Blah, blah, work shifts, blah, blah, oh Rini’s going to adopt a puppy? Lucky~! Oh! Mom wrote to me!” She texted her Mom about all the things that happened during the twins’ birthday party and then the delicious food they had after and the incredibly cute man who was friends with her Uncle. Her mom took a bit to reply, but when she did, she sent lots of laughing faces. She asked about Dipper (who was still sleeping) and about Dad (who had fallen asleep with his face on his laptop last night, haha). Mabel snapped a new photo to send her mom.

Her mom sent her a picture of Waddles who was eating breakfast back in California and Mabel cooed, telling her Mom to kiss Waddles for her before saying bye. She wanted to find food herself. Walking around in an oversized t-shirt and sweater, completely disheveled, Mabel got out of her room and went into the hallway when she saw another door opening. Her brown eyes widened when she saw Xin coming out, and moments later, Uncle Ford came out too! Both of them had slept in their clothes from yesterday! What was Xin even doing in her Uncle’s room?

She turned around and ran towards Dipper’s room. She jumped over her sleeping twin. “Dipper! Dipper! Wake up! Wake up right now damnit!” The exhausted teen angrily threw her away as he rolled around, “Go bother Dillon or something, I’m tired…”

Mabel shook Dipper by his shoulders. “This is serious shit, DipDot! Wake up! I saw Xin coming out of Uncle Ford’s room!” Dipper’s eyes shot open. “Nope. Definitely don’t want to think about that.” He said before burying himself back in his sheets. Mabel shook him. “Dipper this is serious!”


“But what if this means uncle Ford is finally gonna get together with someone?” Mabel yelled in her brother’s ear. “Ugh...I’m sure they were just...staying up late talking about science and stuff.” Dipper tried as hard as he could to make an excuse. “But Xin’s clothes were all wrinkled and Uncle Ford’s too! And they were all disheveled and wearing yesterday’s clothes!”

“Everyone's disheveled in the morning when they wake up. Have you seen yourself? And especially if they slept in their clothes without changing.” Dipper deadpanned. Mabel narrowed her eyes. “But, with what Zoe and Zu-Zach told us yesterday-”

“We were misunderstanding a toddler’s explanation, Mabel…” Dipper groaned. “Please, I don’t want to think about this!” It was like thinking about their Mom and Dad doing it! Gross! Mabel rushed out of the room and Dipper thought she was finally dropping the subject. The door slammed open and she rushed back in. “They’ve got cuts and bruises!” She cried. Dipper covered his face with the pillow. Nope. Nope. Mabel climbed into the bed next to him and leaned her head on his shoulder. “Dipper, if Uncle Ford is with Xin…”

“Nope…”

“And he can shapeshift into whatever he wants…”
“NOPE!”

“That means Uncle Ford could theoretically get us a new cousin?”

“OH MY GOD! GET OUT OF MY ROOM! IT’S TOO EARLY IN THE MORNING FOR DISTURBING TRAUMA!” The boy tried pushing Mabel away, but she resisted. “Help me find out what happened!” she whined.

“Nope. This is a mystery the mystery twins will not be solving.” Dipper laid down on his stomach and covered his head with a pillow. Mabel pouted before grinning. “Well maybe YOU won’t help me but I bet Dillon would!” She raced off. Dipper decided to let her and Dillon handle this.

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“Dillon! Dillon wake up!” Mabel slammed open his door and startled him into rolling off his bed. “Mabel? Wha-Whas wrong?” He asked groggily from the floor. The girl approached her cousin and smiled. “We’ll be the Mystery Twins today! I have a mystery to solve!” Dillon raised an eyebrow with a small smile. “Oh yeah?” It felt nice to be taken into consideration. “What is it?”

“I totally saw Xin coming out of Uncle Ford’s room all disheveled and with cuts and bruises! Help me find out what happened!” The boy blinked, stood up, marched towards his cousin and lifted her effortlessly from the floor by her arms. He calmly walked towards the door, placed her just outside and smiled. “Thanks, I didn’t need that mental image so early in the morning, I think I need bleach for my mind now.” He closed the door in Mabel’s face and the girl scowled, thoroughly offended.

Fine. She would have to do this alone then. She walked off to find Xin and Ford. The two were in the kitchen where Xin was preparing breakfast. Ford had immediately gone for the coffee machine.
“Hi~” Mabel smiled a bit too widely. “I slept well! Did YOU sleep well?!” Xin smiled. “Yeah, quite well, Shooting Star.” He nodded. Mabel raised an eyebrow. “And you Uncle Ford?”

“Um, well, I guess, yes…” Ford nodded, confused at the strange tone Mabel asked the question with, and poured coffee into a mug. Mabel pouted. Ok. New plan. She made a show of gasping when she saw the bruises along Xin’s wrists (oh my~was uncle Ford actually an aggressor in bed?! She blushed at the thought. She’d read that some asexuals still had sex if they were with someone they liked. So was this...) “Gasp!” She said. “How did you get those bruises Xin?” Xin didn't even falter “Bondage therapy.” He said with a straight face.

“Ah hah! I knew—Wait what?” The girl scratched her brown hair. “Wha—What is that?” If you interpreted it literally, it could mean what she thought it meant, but she would let them defend themselves. Innocent until proven guilty, right? “Xin has panic attacks that cause the deaths of all people around him whenever he gets magically bound. And as a demon, he gets summoned a lot and some Summoners put binding seals around the circle just as a matter of course.” Ford adjusted his glasses. “He wanted to try some exposure therapy to get over this by experiencing some physical binding. The problem is, he panics almost as much from physical binds and anyone he tries to get to help him with it gets...torn apart.”

Ford grimaced. He'd asked Xin for more clarification and the demon/dragon had brought up some previous attempts using some of his own Bill clones. Apparently even holding himself down with more of himself would trigger a panic attack. “For various reasons, I don't seem to trigger the same Fright to Fight response, or at least, it’s at a level he can handle without going over the edge, so Xin asked me to help him with getting him comfortable with the feeling and therefore, less afraid.” The man concluded before calmly taking a sip of his coffee. Mabel looked between the two of them. “So you didn’t have rough sex 50 hues style?” She felt relieved and disappointed at the same time.

Ford spat all his coffee to the side as Xin gripped a pan so hard it bent. “Naw.” Xin finally said cheerfully. “I'm not into that.” then a pensive look came across his face. "But that might be interesting to watch..." The curly haired man started coughing and hitting his chest, feeling his face heat up. “M-MABEL!” He cried. When the heck did she learn to speak like that?! (He didn't know what 50 Hues was, but the rest of that sentence--) Why did she have to say it so bluntly! “I-I have-I wouldn’t-ARGH!” Ford was mortified. Mabel grinned as her uncle stuttered and pulled at his hair. “Ok, ok, I get it. Nothing happened…”

“Can you help me wake up everyone, Shooting Star?” Xin asked the teenager and Mabel saluted before going away. She had to tell Dipper and Dillon before he tried to bleach his eyes or eat a tide pod. She had seen a kid at school eat one and they got sent to the ER.

Ford groaned. What on earth gave Mabel that idea? He really didn't get it. He took another sip of his coffee. Xin spoke up casually “I suppose it felt as good as what I’d imagine sex to be?” Ford spat out another mouthful of coffee. Xin flicked a finger and cleaned off both sprays of caffeine. “Y-you waited for me to take a sip on PURPOSE!” Ford sputtered. Xin giggled. “Of course.” The man grumbled and quickly took a sip of his coffee so he wouldn’t be interrupted.

"I’m sure what I did last night was more of a chiropractic treatment than real bondage anyway.” Ford rolled his eyes. What had started as Ford simply pinning Xin down while he tried to break free had ended up as Ford pulling and pressing on all sorts of pressure points along Xin’s body to ease some of his back pain. The dragon certainly seemed to enjoy that. "That feels amazing! I've had that ache in my spine for AGES!"

Xin snorted. “Well, I think I prefer it.” His fear had lessened significantly when he realized some
of the rough handling had actually worked out the soreness in his physical form’s back, among many other areas. Xin smiled at the thought. “Really though, thank you.” He told Ford sincerely. The scientist let out a laugh. “It’s fine. Helping you get over a fear so that you don’t accidentally kill people is a good thing.”

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“Daddy...Daddy...Poke-poke…”

“Sir Bedazzle, lick his face.”

Seb jumped with a cry when he felt a strange thing on his face. The twins were giggling and holding their acorn puppy as they laughed. “Hey…” He mumbled sleepily. “Can we get breakfast please?” Zach asked. “We want to eat breakfast with everyone and watching TV like yesterday.” Zoe demanded. “Ok...Ok...Just let me wake up a bit more...and...” Seb fell asleep once again, resting his head on Wanda’s back.

The twins huffed. “DAD!”

“Fine! Fine!” Seb grumbled before he moved and wiggled as much as he could to wake up Wanda too. It was a weekend, she had to suffer with him. The twins skipped downstairs with their parents, Sir Bedazzle running behind them, and instead of going to the kitchen with them, they got distracted when they saw a door that definitely hadn’t been there before!

Seb rubbed his eye when he entered the kitchen but both Wanda and him froze when they saw Xin and Ford. Ford had scratches...Xin had bruises... Oh. OH! Ford looked up and raised his hand. “Good Morning Sebastian. Wanda.”

Xin looked over his shoulder and said a “Mornin’!” as well before going back to his cooking. He'd made many pancakes, omelettes with all sorts of fillings (cheese and broccoli, potatoes and ground beef, mushrooms etc.) and toast. Xin had loudly told Ford that he knew how to use a toaster, which confused Ford. Why did Xin feel the need to clarify this fact? Seb approached his brother and looked up at him, putting his hands on his shoulders. “I...I just want you to be happy, ok? So...So you are free to do whatever you want as long as you’re both okay with it.” The older man raised an eyebrow in confusion. “Al...right?”

Wanda, a bit more casual, patted Ford’s shoulder as she moved towards the fridge to take out the twins’ milk. “Congrats, man.” What in the name of Tesla was going on? Ford gave Xin a look but the other man shrugged and turned back to his food, not caring about what they were on about.

“Mommy! Daddy, there’s a door to another world in the hallway!” The twins came running up to them with worried expressions. “Sir Bedazzle ran into it but we were too scared to follow him and now he’s gone!” Zoe cried and hugged her mom’s legs. “Dad, save him!” Zach pleaded with tears in his eyes. Despite the pain the twins were feeling, Seb couldn’t help but laugh out loud. “Hahahahahahahaha!” The betrayed look on their faces were hilarious.

Xin sighed. “Don't worry, kids. I made that door. It’s where all your relatives are sleeping. Sir Bedazzle is fine.”

“So we can go in?”

“Yup!” Xin nodded and glared at Seb who continued laughing. Wanda rolled her eyes and didn’t even comment when Zoe whined and kicked Seb’s leg hard before running away shouting “MEAN!” Seb stopped laughing and glared at the kids. Oh, shit. That hurt! “Hey! Come back here,
young lady! Zoe! ZOE!”

“Don’t laugh at them. If you do, do it in private.” Wanda threw him an ice bag from the freezer. Xin laughed. He loved watching these little humans interact. He hummed to himself cheerfully. Wanda looked at him and noticed some painful winces as he moved around with the bruises along his arms. Unknown to her, they were much darker the night before but his healing had made the bruises a lot lighter. A good thing too since if the adults had seen how dark the bruises were, they might have found it worrisome.

“Xin, you can lie down and rest. You must have had a rough night.” Wanda went over to take over the breakfast duties. Xin waved her off, wincing a little when his bruises ached. “It’s fine. I like cooking.”

“But aren’t you...sore?” Wanda asked. “A little I guess? But it actually feels pretty good.” He rubbed his butt absently, trying to fix his skirt. He repaired his clothes but apparently he slept on his skirt kinda weird so it was sticking up at an odd angle. Wanda blushed a bit and nodded quickly before turning around to make the twins’ breakfast. Ok. It was fine, people liked different things…

Meanwhile, Mabel was unable to wake up anyone. Her dad, with the red imprint of his keyboard on his face and many ‘Cccccvcvvffff’s in his Word page, didn’t want to be moved, Dipper locked the door of his room and Dillon was way too strong to pull out of bed. Fortunately, Diego was unaware of everything, so she just picked him up, told him to knock on his parents bedroom (Mabel, as much as she wanted, couldn’t simply burst in because Aunt Carla was there), and she got ¾ of the Pines-McCorkle! Yay!

Diego glared at his cousin for waking him up and clung to his Dad as they obeyed Mabel and went to the kitchen. Stan sputtered when his sharp eyes instantly caught sight of the scratches along Ford’s skin and bruises on Xin. He immediately wanted to walk away because, ok, it’s great to know his triplet finally got laid, but he wasn't sure why Ford liked it so rough…

“Ah...morning Sixer…” Stan coughed. Carla was blushing as she caught sight of the two men. She locked eyes with Wanda and the two shared an embarrassed shrug. “Good morning, Stanley. How was your night?” Ford asked as he ate a plate of eggs and toast. Xin kept pushing more food onto him (“Coffee is not a breakfast!”).

Stan shrugged “I had a nice, quiet night…”

“Same. I slept quite peacefully.” Ford munched on his toast. Seb started laughing like a dying whale as Wanda snorted loudly and had to cover her mouth to muffle her laughter. It was both because of the statement AND Seb’s laughter. Stan grinned. “Yeah, I bet...it was a tiresome night yesterday, yeah?” He teased, but Ford didn’t seem to notice. “Quite.” Ford responded primly. “It had been a busy day and I am grateful Sebastian allowed us to stay the night.” Sebastian responded with a wheeze and fell backwards as he cackled. “I-I need to tell Sherman…” He managed to wheeze and crossed his legs. “I’m going to pee myself!”

“He really should have used the restroom after he woke up.” Ford shook his head, even as an adult, Seb was still so absent minded. Xin pouted. “He didn't even eat yet…” he placed the plate down anyway. Carla took a plate and thanked him. Stan couldn't keep a straight face when he sat at the table too. Mabel, who was watching, sort of amused and confused, wondered what was so funny. “Uncle Sebas, while you’re there laughing, can you get Dad and Dip Dot? I can’t get them to wake up.”

Seb wiped a tear from his eye, a little more calmed, and nodded with a huge smirk. “Ok, ok...I-I’ll go…” Seb left the room while giggling. Stan wanted to facepalm, really Seb? They should be more
supportive. Stan grunted. “Congrats by the way. I hope you two used protection.”

“Oh. We do have a safe word.” Xin stated simply as he went to get more plates. He had to stand on his toes to reach the shelf and his skirt lifted to show off more bruises all down his legs. Carla and Wanda shared a look as Stan imploded with laughter inside. Ok. He got why Seb was laughing. God, this was stupidly hilarious. Oh God...Stan noticed the bruises. What was Ford even into?! And it was his first freaking time! He blurted out “Isn’t that a bit much for your first time?” before he could stop himself. Stan immediately covered his mouth as Carla and Wanda glared at him. “Well...I guess? But I was just so happy I could finally find someone to do it with me. I've only done it with some of my clones before but they all got ripped to pieces.” Xin stated with a shrug, referring to his previous attempts to try and get over his fear of being bound.

Stan was speechless while the two women’s jaws dropped open. Mabel pouted. She still didn't understand why everyone was so shocked. Xin and uncle Ford were just doing some physical therapy right? Diego wasn’t even paying attention as he happily ate his breakfast. Mabel wanted breakfast but she wanted to wait for everyone to be here first.

They all heard a loud obnoxious laughter coming from the magic hallway. That was Shermie. A few moments later the two younger Pines Brothers, followed by a groggy Dipper and two excited children carrying Sir Bedazzle, entered the kitchen with shit-eating grins. “Oh god, Seb...” Wanda muttered. He just couldn’t stay silent, huh?

Xin waved “Morning Black Belt, Pinetree...little gremlins.” The youngest twins giggled as they ran up to hug Xin’s tail. The dragon yelped in pain. The kids immediately let go. “Did we hurt you?” Zoe asked in worry. She and Zach looked at their hands to see if there was fire. Xin shook his head. “It’s not your fault. Fordsie pulled my tail a bit too hard last night...” The five adults plus Dipper choked. Zach nodded. “Oh! He pinned you down to the floor again?”

“And you liked it this time too?” Zoe asked, reaching for their plastic watering can to water the acorn-puppy. “Yeah. But he pinned me on the bed this time. Much more comfortable.” Xin nodded. This time Seb didn’t find it funny. “You did it in front of the twins?!” Ford sighed. “I didn't recognize Xin when I first met him yesterday and thought he was a burglar so I pinned him to the ground.” He rolled his eyes. “You were there Seb.” Stan looked at Seb with wide eyes. “The fuck?!”

“You pin burglars to the ground...” Shermie whispered. “Ford...what?!” He was working under the idea of what Seb told him and he didn’t want to imagine what happened to the poor bastards that decide to rob his oldest brother. What kind of specific kink was that?!

Seb frowned. Ok. Right...Ford was pinning Xin to the ground in the morning...the twins, fortunately for both of them, didn’t see anything, but if they weren’t there would Ford have...? Did he realize he liked to hurt his partners right then and there? Discovered the spark that made him interested in...for lack of a better way to put it, the physical pursuits?

“Ford...I didn’t know you were like that.” Seb said. Then again...Ford, even way back when, liked to feel superior. He liked having power over others. He liked to be the one in charge. He...Seb didn't want to word it like this but, he liked to hurt others. Especially back when he was angry with the world and with Bill and with Seb. Actually...was that what this was? Some latent desire of Ford’s to hurt Bill Cipher, any Bill Cipher. And...Xin just so happened to...enjoy it? It was a dark thought but it made sense to Seb.

He frowned and turned to Ford. He was afraid of Xin getting hurt...more hurt at least. “Don't go too far. Even if it's you, if you hurt Xin, I'm going to set you on fire.” Ford raised an eyebrow. “Of course. I would never deliberately hurt him. We do have precautions. Besides, Xin can use magic.
to break out if it gets to be too much for him.” That made Seb feel somewhat better. He hoped the two were careful. “Well...as long you're both happy.” He said, still completely misunderstanding the situation.

“I…. guess?” Ford rubbed his nose in confusion but decided to get back to his breakfast. The twins were petting Xin’s tail gently to try and make him feel better. “Still hurt?” Zach asked as he looked up at Xin and the dragon smiled at him gently. “I feel much better.” Zoe looked at Ford. “Uncle Fordsie you have to be more careful!” She scolded and Ford chuckled a bit. “I will.” He didn’t want to continue talking about this anyway. Everyone seemed to be weirded out by the fact that he was helping Xin with his fear therapy.

After the situation was kind of solved, albeit with a huge (and HILARIOUS, to Xin anyway) misunderstanding still in the younger Pines’ minds, and after Dillon finally came down, they finally had breakfast properly. Xin had been making them eat even before everyone had gathered. As Xing happily passed a plate to each human, the other Pines brothers couldn't help but snicker from time to time. They knew they shouldn't tease Ford about his sex life, they had kids! They HAD done it before! Many times! Hell, Shermie had absolutely nothing to tell his brother, but the fact that Ford finally got laid was too funny to pass up.

Today was April 8th, Saturday, a day of rest and relaxation. Shermie and his twins had to leave at midday tomorrow because Dipper still had to finish his course before summer, but the Stans could stay a little bit longer, they had to take a break from work anyway.

“Daddy, after eating can we go with everyone to the park to play?” Zoe asked. “We want to show Diego our favorite swings!” Zach smiled. “Alright, but after you make your bed, change your clothes, brush your teeth and take all your presents to your room because Dad and I are not going to do it for you.” Wanda gently told her children.

“Yeah, the same goes for you, Diego.” Stan said absently as he ate his breakfast. “Except for the present thing, I guess.” The toddlers groaned loudly and Zoe, out of spite, started hitting her head on the table. “Zoe, we talked about this.” Seb sighed as he put a hand on her small forehead to stop her.

“Xin can take all the presents upstairs and put them in their places!” Zach argued. “Xin can’t do everything for you.” Wanda shook her head. The twins looked at Xin pleadingly and the demon shrugged. “You have to obey your parents.” He said, even as his mouth twitched from trying to hide a smile.

“Urgh! Fine! We finish that and then we can go to the park?” Zoe extended her hand shake with her Dad as a small flame appeared around it. “Uh huh. But I want you to do it well, not half done.” Seb’s own hand caught on fire and he shook hands with his daughter. “Come on, Zach! We have to go change!”

“Should we worry about their deals actually working?” Stan asked as his niblings and son ran away. Seb looked sheepish. “I haven’t really tried talking to them about that...But I have a feeling their deals would actually work…” Wanda grumbled. Troublesome magic!

“Oh! It’s been decades since we’ve gone to the park!” Mabel squealed and grabbed her brother’s arm, making him drop his fork. “This’ll be so much fun!” Dipper sighed, grateful he finished his homework the night before. “Mabel, it hasn't been decades! We’re not even two decades old!” Dipper frowned. “Do we need to make our beds too? Isn’t there something about bed bugs or something?”

Xin commented absently. “The thing with making the bed is that humans think it looks and feels
nice.” he paused “And also because it’s a trained habit to teach people to be neater and cleaner. But frankly, if you vacuumed, dusted and cleaned your sheets regularly then it shouldn’t matter if you don’t make the bed.”

The adults nodded. “So it’s just practice for getting people used to a routine of cleanliness?” Ford asked. Xin nodded. “Exactly. In fact some people believe the upside of a neat bed is worth the work even without the cleanliness factor. And if you're washing and airing out the sheets regularly then it’s the same either way…it just makes things look nicer and if you think about it, if you went to a hotel room and the sheets weren’t neat, you would feel grossed out right?” Xin explained.

The Pines finished eating so they could clean up and get ready. They promised the kids they would all go to the park after all, and all of them meant ALL of them. “I don’t have appropriate clothes for a park day.” Mabel pouted when she realized the clothes she brought from home where a little formal. Dipper shrugged and simply wore his jeans and t-shirt from yesterday. Ugh. Boys.

Xin grinned. “Never fear! I'm here!” He waved his hands and clothes popped into existence. Mabel picked up a shirt and questioned “Why is everything flannel?” Xin blinked. “I was going for plaid. I guess I’m still getting them mixed up…”

Mabel nodded and Xin grinned. “Well what do you want to wear?” Mabel found a pink flannel she liked and grinned. “Can I have black shorts, maybe…a white t-shirt? With lots of smiley faces!” The girl smiled. “Boom! Done!” Xin grinned. Mabel squealed. He even added a small shooting star on the upper part! It was like having a fairy god-mother!

Stanley frowned. “Don’t you have problems granting people stuff without anything in return?”

“Oh I'm definitely getting something in return~” Xin purred as he fluffed Ford’s hair. Everyone coughed loudly. Mabel blinked. “Well, thanks! I’m gonna go change!” She ran away with her garments. Xin magicked his own clothes into an oversized t-shirt and jeans. He also had to retract his tail and antlers. Everyone felt more weirded out seeing Xin in casual clothes than they did when he was in the butler or maid outfit.

Seb put on some old clothes (because he knew he would end up with grass on him), kind of fixed his hair, brushed his teeth and went to check on the twins. It’d been around half and hour and the twins hadn’t come back downstairs. Knowing them, they got distracted by something.

Zach was only wearing a t-shirt and underwear, Zoe was only in her pajama shorts and they were playing with their toys and Sir Bedazzle who, now that he thought about it, hadn’t been watered yet.

“Guys…” the man sighed. “Daddy!” They grinned. “We were doing everything but we ended up playing…” Zoe explained. Seb sighed. “Well you won’t have to make your beds today…” the twins cheered “…but we’re all gonna wash the sheets when we get back from the park.” They groaned. Seb smirked. “Either we wash the sheets once every 2 weeks or you make your beds everyday. You pick.”

“…wash.” They both said. Seb laughed. “Well go finish changing and brushing your teeth. I'm going to water Sir Bedazzle.” The twins nodded and went to the bathroom first. Seb grabbed the acorn who barked happily at his owner. Water! “You are a weird little shit but I still like you.” Seb declared before putting the acorn under his arm to take him downstairs. Instead of having plates with water and food, the kitchen had a small laundry bin where Sir Bedazzle knew he had to climb into to be watered.

Seb grabbed the watering can and laughed at the excited and expecting look the acorn puppy gave
him. “Here you go, Sir Bedazzle.” Seb watered the pet and it closed it’s large eyes to happily bathe in the cool water. “Who’s the best acorn?! You?! You are!” Seb cooed at their pet who was now splashing in the bin. The kids always wanted a pet but neither him or Wanda wanted an animal. This was WAY better.

The twins came downstairs ready to leave, and one by one, their family crowded into the living room. The last two were Xin and Ford. Shermie, Stan and Seb snickered behind their hands. Wanda looked at Carla, who was packing a bottle of water to take. “They’re such children.” the two sighed over the Pines men. “Tell me about it, girl.”

They noticed that with Xin wearing a short sleeved shirt now, the bruises along his arms were in clear view. Now, they knew it was from a consensual romp in the sheets but the neighbors would probably talk. Wanda walked over “Xin? Could you wear long sleeves instead?” Xin shrugged and changed his shirt, to Wanda's relief. “Sure?”

“Thank you, I mean, it’s not like I’m controlling you, but you know how there are assholes everywhere and-”

“Hey. It’s ok.” Xin smiled as he put his hands on her shoulders and nodded. “It's like how my
friends don’t like seeing my bricks misaligned.”

“CAN WE GO NOW?!” Zoe moaned. “We aren’t getting any younger here!” The impatient girl tapped her foot. “We’ve been waiting, like 5 hours!” Diego complained. It’d been 10 minutes, but the family agreed and the 15 people left the house chanting “Park! Park! Park! Park!”

They were quite a large group and it was early in the morning but they were having too much fun to worry about that. Some of the neighbors shook their heads when they saw the group walking down the sidewalk, but they had to admit it was adorable seeing such a close knit family.

The Pines family marched on, not realizing their smiles and joyful mood was infectious. Xin was nibbling carefully on the feelings around him. Didn't want to overdose and get sick. That would certainly put a damper on things. He wasn’t wearing a headband, aiming to get more practice on filtering by himself before he absorbed them. He didn’t want to rely on it all the time. Though happiness was a nice treat.

“I’ve been staring at the edge of the water long as I can remember! Never really knowing why~” Zoe sang loudly and soon enough, Mabel was joining her little cousin.

“I WISH!” Mabel dramatically sang. “I could be the perfect DAUGHTER!”

“Mabel, honey, don’t shout, people might still be sleeping.” Shermie scolded softly but Seb screamed. “BUT I COME BACK TO THE WATER!” Xin laughed and joined in. “No matter how hard I try~” The dragon linked arms with Seb who looped his arm with Mabel as she picked up Zoe. The four of them sang together “Every turn I take, every trail I track, every path I make, every road leads back~”

They threw their heads back “To the place I know where I cannot go~where I LONG TO BEEEE!!!”

Shermie, Stan and Ford groaned. Great. Now there were FOUR of them! The rest of the family rolled their eyes. “Why, please.” Dipper whined in embarrassment when he noticed a neighbor staring at them from their window. “Hey. I didn't see you complaining when you did that amazing solo fighting zombies, Pinetree.” Seb reminded him. Xin giggled. “If we were singing BABBA he would join in…”

Dipper gasped and slapped a hand over Xin’s mouth. “Shhh!!!” He hissed. “No one must know!” Xin gave a sly smile full of sharp teeth. “What’ll it cost to keep me quiet I wonder~?” Dipper stared at Xin in panic and tried to think of something he could bribe him with. His mind raced and landed on the first thing he could think of, “Uncle Ford is ticklish!”

“Oh?” Xin blinked. Dipper was blushing but he nodded. “It's around his ribs...if...if that information might interest you…” Xin wasn't thinking about what Xin might do to his uncle with this information, definitely wasn't! “Oh~I'm sure I can find some use for this~” Xin purred. Dipper suddenly wanted to apologize to uncle Ford.

They made it to the park and the children (plus Mabel) immediately ran off to play on the jungle gym. Xin raced after them too. “I call dibs on the swings!” he laughed. He pouted when he saw he was too tall for the kid swings. He glanced around to make sure there were no other people watching and 'poof'ed into Miz.

“Push me!” She demanded as she sat on the swing and kicked her legs. Ford sighed at the demon’s childishness. “Aren't you several billion years old?” He asked as he walked over to give her a push. Miz cheered as she swung into the air. “I'm almost 700 billion years old!” She laughed. “My point
“Well you're too big. Hah!” Miz stuck her tongue out at him. Seb pouted and looked at his younger brother. “Hey, Shermie~Want to make a deal~?” He could make swings if he used his powers through deals. “No, I don’t like magic.” Shermie winced. Seb turned his pleading look to Stan who also shook his head. “Nope~”

Seb pouted as Miz’s cute laughter rang out. Zoe and Zach ran over to the swings. “I wanna swing too!” Zach climbed onto another child swing and kicked his legs.

Ford began pushing all the children. There were plenty of swings after all. Even Diego got to sit on one. Ford huffed as he ran back and forth between the four swings and gave each one a push. “Help please? I can't push all of them!” he called out to his brothers.

“I’ll help ya with that if you make a deal with me!” Seb grinned at his oldest brother. Ford groaned. “No.”

“Oh come on!” Seb whined as he leaned on his wife, complaining “Wands! None of my brothers will make a deal with me~!” He kissed her cheek and licked it. “Make a deal with me! You’re my wife!” The woman rolled her eyes as she wiped her cheek. “I was going to, but you licked me so now I don’t want anything.” She teased. Seb groaned and threw himself onto the grass. “Why won't anyone make a deal with me~?!”

“Because you're not offering them anything.” Miz teased. “I am not omnipotent or all powerful though! I need to get them to agree and they have to tell me what they want!” Seb whined. Miz was going to tease him some more but she “Eep!”ed when Ford pushed her higher. “N-no more! This is good!” She clung to the plastic tubing around the swing’s chains and squeezed her eyes shut. Ford raised an eyebrow. “You don't want to go higher?”

“Nope! This is good!” Miz said as she kept her eyes closed. Zach was kicking his legs. “Well I want to go more high!” He demanded. Ford pushed him higher but was watching Miz cling to her swing until it lost some height and she opened her eyes again. “Are you...afraid of heights?!” He asked incredulously. Miz pouted. “Just a little bit.”

“But...you're a flying creature!” Ford cried.

“Which means I know EXACTLY what happens when a physical body falls from a great height while trapped in gravity’s clutches.” She mumbled with a faint blush. Stan came over to give her a reassuring smile. “No problem. I was afraid of heights too.”

“Have YOU ever gotten caught in the orbit of a collapsing star and got pulled in?” Miz grumbled. Stan rolled his eyes. “No, but I fell off a tree once and broke my arm. That sucked.” Miz laughed. “Not as much as a black hole!” The two laughed and Miz relaxed a little (See?! Stan got her joke!) Ford pushed the other kids until they got bored and asked to be let off. Except Zoe who waited for the apex of her swing and jumped off, making the adults scream out in panic.

A yellow glow surrounded her and Seb held his hand out with his eye wide. “ZOE! Don't DO that!” He screamed as his heart pounded. He lowered her to the ground and ran over to hug her. “Shit I was so scared!” The man cried as he picked up the toddler. Wanda ran over to them. “Is she alright?! Did you hurt yourself? Do you need something?” The blonde child groaned and pushed their hands away. “I’m fine! Daddy, you ruined my jump.” She grumbled. “You could have gotten hurt!” Seb scolded.

“No I wouldn't! I'm stwong!” Zoe insisted. “No, no! I don’t want you jumping like that! It was too
high, you could have landed wrong and broke something!” Seb was tense as he scolded his daughter. “Please don’t do that again.”

“Ok, ok...Can I go now?” She asked impatiently and Seb sighed before nodding.

“Seb, I know you get worried, but you’re exaggerating the part of an overprotective dad.” Shermie patted his shoulder. “You don’t know how many times Mabel came back with scraped knees and elbows... and splinters.” He smiled. “And you were reckless yourself. But you’re still alive.” he joked.

Seb sighed. “I know. But...ugh... I get so worried...they’re so small and anything can happen to them...” He remembered when he had to take care of his brother’s twins. He had heart attacks daily because of Dipper and Mabel’s antics. Zach had brought a ball with him and now he was playing with Zoe, Diego and Dipper. “But Dipper is older!” Diego complained as he teamed up with Zach.

“He counts as half. He doesn’t know how to play!” Zoe smiled. She kicked the ball and the little boys ran after it. Both Zoe and Zach practiced, but she was much better. Dipper pouted. He knew how to play soccer! He ran after his cousins. He had the ball in front of him and kicked, but missed. “Seriously?” He stared at the ball. The adults laughed loudly at the older boy as Zoe came behind him and kicked, making the ball fly away. Miz came off the swings, swaying a little, and ran off to play with the kids too. She kicked the ball and it sailed through the air to hit Dipper in the stomach. “Oops!” She laughed.

Mabel winced and tried to get over to her brother to check on him, but she was hanging upside down with the blood pooling in her head, which made her slip. She fell to the sand with a thud. Shermie sighed. He was too old to deal with these kids (never mind the fact that he was only in his mid 30s). “Are you ok, son?” Dipper took a mouthful of air. “Y-Yeah... at least it wasn’t lower.” He pouted at his aching stomach and walked towards his Dad to curl up with him on the grass.

“Dipper. You need to get in shape. At least for your health, you know?”

“Pfft!” Dipper rolled his eyes. Miz ran over and flopped on top of him. “Sorry! I didn't mean to hit you!” She wailed. “Did I break your delicate organs?” Dipper smiled wryly at her. “I’m fine, I think, Miz...I just want to rest.” He looked up at the green-eyed man. “And I AM in shape! I want to see YOU take a cannonball from a demon to the stomach and walk it off.” Shermie raised an eyebrow at Miz. “No offense but Miz looks like I could break her with one hand...”

Miz shrugged. “I'm not sure that...” She trailed off with a contemplative look. “Hey Fordie! Can we try it while I'm in THIS form later?” Ford turned around at his name. “If...you want?” Stan hid his head on his wife's chest as he cackled and Seb almost broke his neck from turning around so fast. Shermie looked horrified. “No! Nope! I don't care how old Miz really is!” He covered his eyes. “Stanford you are sick!”

“But-But why?” Ford frowned, utterly confused about why the idea of helping Miz with her exposure therapy was so wrong. “She asked me!” Wanda and Carla had odd looks on their faces (all the adults still believing that the two had just had sex the night before). Carla turned to Miz with a worried look. “It's not that we don't...accept this, but you're just...so small. It might be too much for you.” Miz pouted. “I...guess you're right...” It WOULD be much harder for her to break free when she was half his height. She shrugged and ran off to play on the jungle gym.

Seb groaned in relief and fell backwards. Stan collapsed next to him with a perturbed look and Shermie tried to look anywhere but at Ford. He ended up with his face on Dipper’s back, blushing. “I'm the only normal one in this family...” Shermie realized in despair.
Seb groaned. “Sixer...even if she asks you...there are some things you just can't do. As an adult you need to be the responsible one and refuse.” Wanda giggle-whispered to Seb. “Speaking of being a responsible adult, say something responsible~” she teased. “...Taxes...” Seb whispered back.

“But...she IS an adult...?” The man with glasses was so confused. Seb groaned with Shermie as they both buried their faces. “But she's...tiny. And you're...twice her size...” Sebastian blushed. Why was Ford so stupid despite being a genius?

Ford nodded. “True. It does put me at a much greater advantage. She won't have the leverage needed to fight back properly. Though I suppose it means our sessions would be more effective with a higher simulation of threat...” He continued to muse aloud to himself as everyone stared at him in horror. “What?!” Seb and Shermie said at the same time. Stan groaned loudly and pulled Carla towards him. “Please make him stop...” The man sobbed.

Ford blinked innocently. “Well we agreed that I would hold him down while he tries to break free from my hold. I've been trying a couple different suppression techniques. Stanley, remember that Fenishian choke hold we learned in Dimension 6-Alpha dash? Xin really seemed to enjoy that one...”

Shermie covered his son’s ears. Dipper was in pain so he wasn’t listening anyway.

"Ford, just shut up and let me be in peace for one second... what you do with-with Xin is something private!” Stan cried as he used Carla as a shield while she was laying down on his broad chest. “Oh. I wasn't aware this was something to be kept secret...” Ford shrugged. “Yes!” The five adults cried. The six-fingered man frowned. Seriously, they were so weird. He thought it was an interesting topic. Physical therapy for a normally incorporeal demon.

Exposure therapy for Bill's anxiety by placing him in a situation similar to their trauma, but in a safe environment with no intent to cause harm. He wanted to study Xin's physical reactions more. How extensive was the nervous system of his constructed physical bodies? Did his pain receptors redirect to pleasure centers in his brain? There was so much he could learn from studying him. The very thought shot a thrill through him, energizing him in a way he hadn’t felt in a while. The joys of discovery!

The park was slowly getting more kids and Zoe pouted when their swings were occupied. Mabel had a great idea and crouched in front of her cousin. “How about a water balloon fight? We can go to your house and bring them!”

“Oh!” The younger girl gasped. “Yeah that'd be so cool! Let’s go!” The only Pines girls ran away giggling. Seb stared at them in worry but Wanda took his arm. “They'll be fine. The house is nearby and Mabel will be with Zoe.” Seb nodded. “Right. You're right. I'm sorry...” He sighed. “I need to learn to relax don’t I?” Stan grabbed his brother’s arm and pulled him up. “Hey, kids!” The little boys turned around. “We’re joining in!” Their sons cheered at that.

“Oh. Looks like the park is full.” An annoyed voice rang out. The Pines turned to see Carol and Amanda (who looked a little unhappy and scared as she sent her mother a distressed look). “Hey...” Seb grimaced at the sight of the blonde woman. Stan glared at her as their sons looked at the adults, confused. “Hi-Hi Amanda.” Zach waved at her shyly. She smiled back but her mother shoved her behind her. “Don’t talk to her.” Carol snapped. “Of course you have to invade the playground all for yourselves.”

“Hi, Carol...did you just come to ruin our day with your horrible face or did you come to apologize to my son?” Seb grinned, doing everything in his power to not snap. Carol sniffed and turned away,
grabbing Amanda's arm to drag her away. The little girl turned back to give them a sad wave. Zach sniffled. It's not fair that Amanda couldn't play just because her mom was a meanie. He frowned when he heard Amanda whine, “Mommy that hurts!” as Carol yanked on her arm to make her walk faster.

Seb ruffled his baby’s hair. “You still up to play, champ?” Zach sighed when he lost sight of his neighbors. “Yeah…” He didn’t know what to do.

Miz frowned in the direction of the woman and flicked her fingers. A wide, vicious smile spread across her face (using magic on people without permission was bad, but people who’ve hurt the ones she cared about were fair game) and Dipper shuddered when he saw it. He kept forgetting she was actually Bill Cipher. He was suddenly worried about that neighbor. Even if she was a bit—a jerk to his cousin. “What did you do to her?” Dipper asked her. The girl giggled. “If she's gonna BE a dick, she's gonna GET a dick…”

“...Bill. No. You can’t DO that! Bill, I am NOT joking!!” The boy panicked. Miz scoffed. “I don't
see the problem here. She's just gonna slowly turn into a man over the next month or so.”

“But-But!” The boy started stuttering. “You really can’t do that! She’s an asshole but-”

“Please-any trip to the doctor will reveal a dormant genetic quirk that has suddenly become active and flooded her body with the relevant hormonal levels needed to cause the physical changes...she can change herself back to normal via surgery and opposing hormone treatments.” Miz climbed the jungle gym to dangle upside down. “You know, like all other people have to do in order to be who they want to be.”

Dipper shook his head. He was a witness of a terrible spell. He knew people did that but really?! It was a horrible punishment, but Dipper had to admit it was pretty mild compared to other things the Bill from 5 years ago did. What he did to Pacifica’s dad? Ew.

“I won’t be able to keep this a secret, the guilt will kill me, Miz.” The teen looked at the laughing girl. “Can I tell them?” He asked nervously. Miz shrugged as she climbed around like a sloth. “Sure. I don't care.” She looked at Dipper. “I just think she should know how it feels. It’s not wrong right? Making her have a taste of what she insults other people for?” She tilted her head in innocent confusion.

“It’s not wrong to make her empathize, I wished she understood Zach too, but...but changing her sex will-will be too traumatic! They have a daughter.” Dipper protested. “I’m not changing her sex, I'm making it so she has a chromosomal disorder and is actually genetically male now.” Miz still didn't understand what the problem was. “It didn't affect her daughter because she was born before the gene went active. And all I’m doing is flooding her with male hormones, any changes she’ll undergo are the same as anyone else on hormone treatment.”

Dipper groaned. He wasn’t gonna be able to convince her. He ran a hand through his hair and walked towards his youngest uncle. “Uncle Seb, Bill turned that discriminatory witch into a man.” Dipper said softly. “WHAT?!” Seb turned to look at Dipper and the ball hit him square in the head. “I get more points for hitting him, right?” Stan laughed.

Seb rubbed his aching head and looked at his nephew. “What do you mean by that?!?”

“Um, Miz changed her DNA. Or something.” Seb blinked before exploding with laughter. You just couldn’t mess with Bill Cipher! Dipper groaned. “It's not funny, Uncle Seb! Make Miz change her back!”

“I ain’t doing shit! That bitch made my baby cry, she deserves to suffer.” He patted the boy’s curls. “When you have your own kids with Pacifica, you will understand.” Dipper clicked to Miz and gave her a thumbs up. She giggled and waved back, swinging from the jungle gym by her legs. Dipper sighed to make his blush disappear. He was not going to convince this man. He tried at least...he went to sit down under the tree shadow with his aunts and Dillon, pulling out his phone. It was that woman’s problem she messed with the Pines family to begin with.

“TAKE THAT!” A high pitched voice shouted. Dipper cried when a water balloon exploded on his face. He sputtered as he heard his sister and Zoe laughing. He laughed as well and got up to grab for a water balloon too. “You guys cheated!” He still worried about the spell Miz had cast though. Maybe he should talk to uncle Ford instead. He robbed a few water balloons just to get Zoe and Mabel back for hitting him and made his way over to Ford.

Ford was writing something when he saw Dipper approaching him. “Um, you should put that book away. Mabel and Zoe got water balloons.” The eldest triplet looked up and saw Shermie, who was napping on the floor, getting attacked. “Thanks for the warning.” Ford chuckled. “Um...you saw
that woman who was a bitch to Uncle Seb and Zach?” Dipper asked awkwardly. Ford nodded “Quite the unpleasant woman.”

“Ah...Miz cursed her or something?”


“What? No. She...she turned that woman into a man…”

“Oh. Is that all it is?” Ford shrugged. “Well, serves her right.”

Dipper groaned. Not Ford too! “Come on, Uncle Ford!”

“Well, it’s true, Dipper. She shouldn’t go around shouting stuff at people, even less at children and without any real argument. Maybe now she will learn that the body has nothing to do with someone’s mind or gender.” Ford said in a know-it-all way.

“But changing bodies is horrible! I was trapped in Mabel’s body for an entire day once and it was awful!” Dipper cried.

“You...never told me about that?” Ford raised an eyebrow. Dipper flushed. “It was really awkward. Mabel and I don’t really talk about it.”

“Well, even if you did, there is a difference. You were swapped into a body that wasn’t your own, while she will have a change within hers, it will still be her body…” Ford wondered what exactly Miz did to that woman’s body, it sounded pretty interesting. He should ask her tonight. Dipper groaned. “At least please try to change her mind? You...you two are close...right?” Dipper asked. Ford stared at Dipper. “I met William 18 years ago and met them again only yesterday, so I don’t know what you mean by close. But regardless, I don’t see the problem here. That woman isn't going to die or melt into a screaming pile of flesh so I think it's fine to let her be punished for at least a little while.”

Ford looked over at where Miz was going down the slide while squealing “I suppose I could ask Miz to break the curse after that.” Dipper nodded, relieved he would AT LEAST try to talk to Miz. “Thanks, Uncle Ford!” Ford ruffled his wet hair and Dipper joined his cousins to play with the water balloons. Ford took that time to walk over to Miz as she was back on the swings. “Is that woman truly a man now?” He asked casually, sitting on a free swing.

Miz hummed as she swung herself. “It's going to be subtle changes over the next month or so. She's not gonna grow a real dick or anything but there will be physical differences.” She swung herself with a frown. “Did I do bad?” she asked quietly. Ford smiled. “I don’t think so. I agree with you that she deserved some sort of punishment.”

Miz grinned and stopped swinging. “You have a twisted mind too, Fordsie~” She stood up from the swing and poked his nose. “You agree with me and Sebas that, that woman deserves to suffer…” She purred, her face getting closer to his with a teasing grin. “I think that's why I like you guys so much.” Before Ford could respond, she skipped merrily over to the bucket so she could join the water balloon fight.

Ford felt cold. He was twisted? Was that really true? Ford had prided himself in his moral code. He wasn't a cruel man, at least he didn't consider himself to be one.

“Join me, Sixer. Take your place by my side. You fit right in with my freaks!” Ford shivered at the memory of HIS voice. The Bill Cipher who had acted as his muse for a few years. Who had tricked
him, betrayed him…

...who had asked Ford to join him. Offered him power beyond imagining if he would only agree to join him. Ford had refused of course.

He had never really thought about why Bill had insisted on it. What had made Bill want him to join his gang. Ford shivered. He thought of how Dipper had seemed so worried and distressed about Miz's karmic retribution towards that woman. Ford sighed. Was there really something twisted about him? Worried, he walked closer to his family. He didn’t even want to be too close because he thought they would be bothering him and not let him work… Stan had bought sodas from a nearby store and was giving one to everyone not involved with the water fight.

“Want one, Sixer?” Stan asked with a grin. Ford nodded and his eyes widened a bit when Stan threw the can at him. His reflexes hadn't dulled so he caught it before it smacked into his face. The Stans settled down on the grass and watched their youngest triplet getting attacked by his twins. Miz refilled the bucket with her powers and all the cousins laughed when she poured it over Seb. “AH! COLD!”

Ford held the can between his six-fingered hands. “Tell me, Stan...do you think I am… a bad person?” Stan was immediately frowning. “Woah, um, if this is about you and Miz, we were just giving you a hard time. Y’know since she looks so young but actually isn’t and…”

“That's not what I mean.” Ford looked at his soda can. Pitt Cola? He wasn't aware they sold that outside of Gravity Falls. “Do I...have a skewed moral sense?”

“Pfft! You are the most nerdy goody two-shoes I have ever met, Ford!” Stan laughed, relieved that this wasn’t something serious. “You wanted to stay in Gravity Falls and fight Bill.”

“But that was my fault, I couldn’t let the town—”

“Besides, morality is relative.” The younger man sipped his soda. “You really should have learned that from me while we were in space....” He joked, but his brother didn’t laugh or smile. “What... even made you think that?” Stan asked. Ford looked over to where Miz was running around, shrieking with laughter as Seb and his gremlins yelled and threw balloons at her. “Miz said she liked how twisted my mind was.”

“Oh...no offense Sixer, but you were willing to...ah...have a ‘session’ with her when she looks like a child...that's pretty twisted.” Stan knew she wasn't a real kid but...still. He wouldn’t do it, and he liked having ‘sessions’. Man, he should start calling it in front of Diego. Pretty convenient way to talk to Carla about their sex life without the kids finding out.

Ford looked down. “I didn’t know...” He said quietly. “Stanley. I wasn’t a good brother, in either of my two chances. I know it wasn't entirely my fault...but I still had the chance to be different. And I wasn't. You were a much better brother to Sebastian and Sherman. We both grew up in the same house.” Ford winced as he remembered how much he just... didn’t even care about his other brothers, always off in his own head and only thinking about himself. “I don’t want to be a bad person, Stanley.” Ford looked up at his brother, upset. Stan rubbed his arm. “Kids fight each other all the time. It doesn't...make you...bad.”

“Stanley, Don't make excuses for me. Stanley please, tell me.” Ford stared into his triplet's eyes. “Am I a b-bad person?” Stan couldn't help the scowl. “I'm not saying you're bad. But you DID try to kill Seb...multiple times. Not as a child, as a full grown adult. A paranoid one.” Ford's face fell. “I know.” He placed his hands behind his back. “I still feel awful for that.”
“Hey, wasn't totally your fault. That damn triangle fucked with your head.”

“That's not the point, Stanley!” Ford's voice wavered. “Bill might have put me against Seb, but all he did was make me angry. He didn't actually change my thoughts. I...I had justifications for what I did to Seb. For how I treated him. I...” Ford hunched over himself. “I told myself, convinced myself that Seb deserved to suffer, as punishment for the crimes from his past life. And just now, I said that toxic woman who made Zach cry deserved to be cursed…”

“Wait curse? What curse? When did THAT happen?” Stan's eyes went wide. “Miz cursed her to slowly turn into a man, Miz asked me if doing so was bad. She...asked me to tell her if it was a good or bad thing to do.” Ford stared at Stan, eyes growing wide as he realized why that was. “…she asked me because she doesn't know. I don't think she can tell right from wrong. And I told her it was fine. But was it fine? Was it good? I thought such a curse would be a fine punishment for that woman's cruel, ignorant words, but Dipper was very upset by it.”

Stan thought about what Ford told him. Eventually, he responded. “I...I think curses are not good...that woman was a jerk to Zach but...maybe that woman deserved something less...extreme?” Stan was at a loss here. He didn’t know. Magic was something powerful and he had seen how bad it could be. “And just ‘cause you think it's fine while me and Dipper don't, doesn't make you a bad person. You just... have different ways of seeing the world. Maybe it means you're a little twisted but it doesn't make you evil or bad.” Stan clapped his brother's shoulder. Ford didn’t look any happier though.

Stan sighed. “If you really feel bad about this, you can ask Miz to...lessen the curse? And maybe come talk to me in the future if you're not sure what ‘ta do. I'm not exactly the straightest arrow in the stack but I like to think I'm a good guy and ‘someone you can trust!’” He quoted his slogan and Ford gave him a little smile.

“Alright...thank you, Stanley.” Ford still felt a little unsure but he trusted Stanley to know what to do. He sighed and got up. “I'm going to ask Miz to lessen her curse into something less...invasive.” He walked over to see the girl soaking wet, brushing her long dark hair from her eyes. “Miz?”

“Yeah, Fordsie?” She tilted her head innocently. He sighed. “Genetic alteration might cause major problems down the line. Is there any other way you could curse her?” Miz paused and her eyes seemed to be staring off into the distance. Finally she blinked and flicked her fingers. “Fine. I'm just gonna make her slowly go bald instead.” She pouted. “Less fun I think.” Ford smiled and reached out a large hand to ruffle her hair. “Thank you.” She squealed and nuzzled his palm. “Sure, whatever~” she laughed.

“I'm hungry~” Zach announced. Diego whined as he held his stomach. “Hungwy…” the twins and Diego all held their stomachs and droned “Hungwy~” immediately after that, Mabel joined them. “It’s amazing how much they’re like you.” Carla commented, looking at the Pines brothers. Stan, who had his shirt wet because Seb suddenly came up behind him and shouted “Blergh! It’s me!”, and threw a water balloon at him, grabbed her by the waist. “We Pines are too awesome for you to understand, that's all. It's not your fault.” He shrugged.

“Can we go eat somewhere~?” Zoe pleaded, spitting her wet hair from her mouth. Then her eyes widened, “WcDonalds!” She shouted. The toddlers started chanting around their parents and everyone laughed. Dipper grabbed Mabel before she joined them. “That’s their turn now, sis. It’s their turn to be the adorable ones.” Dipper said solemnly. Mabel gave him a dead stare. “I have lost my adorability card. Who even AM I anymore!?” She flung herself onto Dipper dramatically. “I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHO I AAAAAAM!!!!”

“Alright! Alright!” Seb was the first to give up. He just couldn’t resist it when they looked up at
him with their large eyes and wobbling lips. Besides, a family lunch sounded fun! “But we need to get changed first.” He pointed out. Miz flicked her fingers and everyone’s clothes were dried. “I want WcDonalds, Sebastian Pines! I don’t have time for you all to change!” She ran up to pull at his hand. “I haven’t had a real human fast food experience in eons!”

“What? No fast food places in space?” Seb laughed. Stan and Ford shuddered. “Oh...there are plenty...but…”

“You’d be caught dead if you tried to go in one of those. Like, literally, the fast food places carve you up and serve you.” Miz pouted. “Awful service really.”

“Space sounds like a messed up place.” Wanda commented dryly. “I vote we stay here on Earth with our normal fast food that probably doesn't contain human flesh.” Miz hummed. “I always wondered what humans taste like…”

“Me too!” Zoe said as everyone took a step back. Seb couldn’t say he hadn’t thought about it too, but he kept quiet about that. “Zach and I saw a movie we shouldn’t have seen and a mean man bit another man and he huwt him because blood started coming out.” Zoe said bluntly. “That was supposed to be secret!” Zach whined and threw fire at her. It was just to startle her because it wouldn’t hurt her. “Hey, hey! Don’t fight with fire or no WcDonalds for you!” Wanda scolded. “And no TV for a week, thanks for being sincere. You owe me 10 bucks, dear, I told you that DVD was left out for a reason.” Seb grinned at his wife.

“How are we going there? Walking?” Dillon grimaced. Stan laughed. “We’ve got a bunch of cars between the lot of us.”

“I can walk. Better yet, I can teleport us there.” Miz spoke up quickly. “Yes!” All the cousins exclaimed, excited, but Seb’s eye widened. “Wait, Miz! Wait!” Before he could do anything, the girl grinned and they already left the park. Seb gagged when they appeared in an alleyway. Miz wasn’t dumb, she wouldn’t make 16 people pop up in the middle of the restaurant. The adults cursed under their breaths, the teens groaned and the toddlers whimpered and clung to their parents’ legs.

“That was not fun…” Zoe pouted. Miz rolled her eyes. Weak humans. “Molecular transport takes some getting used to.” She shrugged. Wormholes would be less disorienting but required her to fold reality, which used more energy to do. “It’ll be less uncomfortable next time since your atoms would be more used to it.” Dipper groaned. “Even time travel didn't feel that bad.” Miz pulled on Ford's hand. “Come on~” she dragged him over to the door. “I want a Big Whack! And a fish fillet! And chicken nuggets! And fries!”

“Am I supposed to pay for you?” Ford asked wryly as he followed her into the restaurant. It was decently busy but not too much. There was a large play area to the side where a couple of other children were already running around. “Well I can't exactly give them GOLD now can I?” Miz whined. Stupid paper money system. Why did people have to stop accepting precious metals as currency anyway? Oh right, paper was easier to carry around. Ford nodded. That was fair. Miz leaned against him. “I can pay you back in gold or whatever other material you want later.”

“...well I HAVE been meaning to get some Uranium for my experiments…” Ford mused.

“You better not be building a nuclear reactor in your workshop~” Miz teased. Ford scoffed. “I have a good team back there...and at least Uranium is relatively harmless when handled properly.” Though… if all the safety protocols were in place, he could build a small nuclear reactor...

“That's good, wouldn't want more nuclear waste ending up in Gravity Falls’ water supply…” Miz
rolled her eyes. “They’re fucked enough as is.” Ford blinked as he thought about that. Okay, yeah, probably a bad idea then. “Quite.”

The two made it to the counter as the rest of their group came in, the kids screaming for a Chipper Meal. The woman at the register, who looked quite tired even this early in the afternoon, managed a polite smile. “Hi. Welcome to WcDonalds, where we put the Whack in your snack.”

“Right. Yes. I would like a Big Whack, large fries, chicken nuggets...ah... the 30 pieces one...” (Miz probably wanted the largest amount.) Ford looked at the menu. He didn't eat at such establishments often and didn't know what they had. “A coffee.” He said at last. Miz poked him in the ribs and he squeaked. “You need more food than that! I know you’re actually a little hungry.” He just didn’t know what food was here and was too awkward to stand there and stare at the menu in silence as he read through it. Luckily for him, she knew what he would like. One of the perks of being a mind-reader. She turned to the cashier and smiled kindly. “A fish sandwich and a WcChicken also. And some barbeque sauce please.”

“Is that it?” The girl asked. Miz looked over at the drink machine. “A cup for water.” She grinned. The woman nodded and tapped a few buttons. “That'll be $22.45” she said. Ford was amazed how cheap that was for 3 sandwiches, nuggets, fries and a coffee. Of course, this was the reason people ate at such establishments. Cheap and quick. He pulled out exact change (because he was the type who did that) and handed the women his money.

She printed out a receipt, something Ford found useless, what was he going to do? Return the food? But he took it with a polite nod and Miz waved at the woman “Thank you very much ma'am! Have a nice day!” The cashier smiled a bit brighter as she waved back. Ford looked down at Miz while they stepped over to the waiting area where a few people were waiting already. “That was...kind of you.” He was a little surprised at it. Miz shrugged. “I've worked at a dine and dash restaurant. I know how much it sucks. So I want to try and be nice if I can.”

Ford found himself smiling. “I didn't realize you worked before?” He tried to imagine Bill Cipher manning a cash register and nearly choked. It was too ridiculous to think about. Miz nodded, not seeing the hysterical look on Ford's face as she stared into the kitchen behind the counter. “I worked multiple jobs. Not all of them as Bill of course. But I wanted to earn actual money I could use. You know the Federation only accepts Credits. I got sick of pawning off metals and gemstones for money.” Hooray for alternative income.

“That's surprisingly considerate of you.” Ford was amazed all over again just how different this Bill Cipher was from his own despite their similar personalities. While Ford and Miz waited for their food, his triplets and younger brother all leaned on the counter as their wives took the toddlers to wash their hands.

“Hi! We want food!” Stan smiled at the woman behind the counter. She frowned and leaned a bit to search for the man. Didn’t she just take this man’s order? “Um, weren’t you just here with your daughter, sir?” she asked politely. Shermie and Seb started laughing loudly and Stanley grinned widely. “Yeah...that was our brother, we’re triplets.” he pointed at Seb who waved with a ‘Whattup’ “And even add Shermie if you want, we look kind of similar too.”

“But yeah, you could say he was her ‘Daddy!’” Shermie whispered to Seb and he nearly fell to the floor laughing hysterically. The woman smiled, confused but amused by the men’s antics. “What can I get for you?” Stan ordered his part, Shermie did his and finally Seb. They paid and went to stand up behind Ford with huge grins. Seb noticed Miz was holding hands with Ford, her small fingers intertwined with his own, one finger between each of his. Seb wanted to squeal at how cute it looked.
Then he remembered what Shermie said seconds ago and the cute moment was ruined for him. He gave Shermie a light slap. The man protested but saw the angry pout on his older brother's face and laughed. The three men quietly snuck up behind Ford so they could eavesdrop on their conversation. “-nd I got fired because I was sassing the customers. I couldn't help myself you know? I don't have a filter and when I get grumpy I let everyone know.” Miz was complaining. “It WAS quite rude of them to fire you over text message. No warning or anything?” Ford gasped.

“Naw. They just texted me ‘You don't have to come in tomorrow’ and that was it.” She sighed. “I know it was my fault for being rude to people but...they weren't even paying me all that much so I guess I don't really give a fuck in the end.” She pouted. “I do miss the free tea though. That was the best perk of the job.”

The brothers pouted. This wasn’t something interesting they could use against Ford later…But on the good side, who knew Bill Cipher had a job? A job besides being a demon god at least. Did that even count as job?

Finally the food arrived and after taking the trays, Wanda asked, “Did everyone wash their hands?” Miz rolled her eyes. “I cleaned you all during the teleport.” She shuddered. “I hate getting dirt on me.” Stan laughed. “Really now?”

“It gets between my bricks and feels so gross. At least if it was salt I can just rinse it off in the shower. But dirt and sand just feels gross.” He nodded slowly. He had never thought of how Bill’s triangular body worked. Well, he did, he was always thinking and theorizing, but he never thought of asking his “muse”, fearing he could offend Bill and he would leave. Maybe...Miz would let him see? Brightening up at the thought, he let Miz steal some fries as he took the tray to the table.

“You’re going to eat all that?” Carla laughed when Miz sat and opened two of the sandwiches. “I like food!” The demon said simply. She took a bite of the Big Whack and moaned. Burger! Real cow flesh! Space Boof tasted similar enough but it really wasn't the same. The taste was nostalgic.

“Dad I want to take the tray!” Diego made grabby motions with his hands and Stan grimaced. “I got this.” Seb whispered to him and nodded, telling him to give Diego the tray as he was giving his twins one for each one to take. The toddlers grabbed the trays and took them to the table proudly, with Seb keeping them still and floating so it wouldn’t be too heavy for them. He winked at Wanda when she saw it. She rolled her eyes fondly. The kids slid the trays onto the table and cheered, climbing into the chairs and going for the fries immediately.

They let them, as long as they eat the hamburger too there was no problem. The Pines joked and laughed as they had lunch. Miz told them about the less perturbing fun adventures she had and the weird deals some people called her for. Ford and Stan told them a bit about space and the other dimensions they’d been to, something they didn't do much. Everyone listened and paid attention, even the kids. They were really close, and they wished they could be like this every day, see their niblings and brothers everyday.

It was Dillon who brought it up first, staring at Miz when she finished her own food and began snatching bits from other people's trays. “Where is all of that going?” Miz paused with her cheeks bulging as she shoved an entire chicken nugget in her mouth. She flushed. “M-my thighs…and my belly… if I need to store energy that I can't contain within my Self.” She admitted in embarrassment. Stan snorted. “Is that why you're so bottom heavy?” Clara smacked his arm with an indignant “Stan!” while Miz buried her face in her hands and whined. “I burn it off! I do!” Miz wiggled in her seat. “And it's not my fault my bottom gets wider when I grow larger! I'm an equilateral triangle!” Seb couldn’t help but laugh and he was equally smacked on his arm by his
wife. “Don’t be mean!”

“Well, at least I can grow taller, unlike SOMEONE!” Miz sipped her lemonade (ask for cup of water, put NOT water in it! Mwahahaha! Truly she was the epitome of evil!) as everyone lost their shit at the incredibly sick burn. Seb huffed. No fair that he didn’t have shapeshifting powers like Miz. How did she do that anyway? “Well, you’re still pudgy.” Seb pouted. “I’m fluffy!!” Miz protested.

“But you're not a triangle?” Zach was quite confused. Miz sighed. “I have multiple different forms. I'm currently a dragon but my main form is a triangle.” She pressed a hand to her leg and wondered at how unfair it was that her humanoid forms were capable of gaining weight if she stayed in them too long and ran out of room in her personal Capacity. At least she could literally burn it off by throwing around her powers and using up all the stored energy. It was still embarrassing. Luckily she always returned to her base form if she shapeshifted back and forth. Though that might have been from the energy loss. Note to self, test that out.

"I wanna see your triangle form!” Zoe bounced in her seat. Miz giggled. "Maybe later, some other time."

Of course the problem of getting back to the house came up (no one wanted to risk teleportation while on a full stomach.) They picked up the children and carried them as they walked back to Sebastian and Wanda's house. It was far but it wasn't too far. Seb held Zoe while Wanda carried Zach. Stan was holding Diego while Ford found himself carrying Miz. ("Pick me up, mortal!"). There was light conversation but for the most part the walk home was quiet. Everyone was tired after eating, so close to slipping into food comas.

They finally made it home and, more tired than expected, they all settled down for a midday nap. That walk under the spring sun was exhausting. They all collapsed in the living room, cuddling with their children. Ford was still holding Miz. He was running his fingers through her hair as she purred. She had demanded he keep up his side of the Deal, to which Ford complied with a fond chuckle. Seb sat beside Ford and reached to pet her too. “This is the best happy ending.” Miz murmured. “You did good Seb.”

Looking at her and knowing what she’d been bottling up inside for the past few weeks, Seb said. “I know you’ll find it too. Your own happy ending.” Miz pressed her head against Seb’s chest. “I hope so.” She drifted off to sleep while wondering if some thing like her even deserved a happy ending.

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Unsurprisingly, it was Mabel who woke first. The sun had set and everyone else was still asleep. She looked around blearily until she remembered what happened. Right. They all played and ate and passed out. Mabel carefully got up from the people pile (most of them were slumped over the sofas but a couple had gone to their rooms in the magic guest wing of the house) so Mabel clearly saw Ford, Seb and Miz curled around each other.

She silently squealed and pulled out her phone for a picture. The sun may be going down but there were many faint night lights around the house (Seb had a habit of waking up in the middle of the night and after nearly falling down the stairs once, Wanda had them installed) that gave her enough light to get a cute photo. She cursed when she realized her phone wasn't on silent and the distinct click of the camera rang out in the silence of the room, loud from it's suddenness.

Ford was the first to stir and open his eyes, narrowing them as he looked around for the source of the noise. Mabel grinned sheepishly. “Hello, uncle Ford.” She greeted. “Hello…” He yawned and,
still tired, unconsciously snuggled closer to his human sized pillows. Mabel cooed. “Just continue sleeping, you big owl…” She planted a kiss on his cheek and went to her room. Ford obeyed and closed his eyes again.

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When the parents of the toddlers woke up that evening, the first thing they realized was that sleeping on the couch wasn’t really fun anymore. The second thing was that they never gave dinner to their toddlers and they will be demanding food sometime soon.

Carla and Wanda snuck out to the kitchen to start working on dinner only to stop when they found the Pines Triplets already working. “Sixer stop trying to help you suck at this!” Stan laughed while Ford scoffed. “I am perfectly capable of preparing a meal! I lived on my own for quite some time.”

“Yeah but even if YOU can somehow survive on coffee, our kids need real nutrients.” Sebastian stirred the pancake batter. Ford pouted. “I can make more than coffee! I can make eggs and...toast! And pasta!” Stan scoffed. “You’ve already burned two eggs, just let us handle this. We’re professionals!” Never mind the fact that they were making breakfast food for dinner. Fuck food rules!

“No you’re not.” Ford protested. “You went to college for business and-”

“Why do you always assume we need a degree to be good at something? I thought you got over that.” Stan teased. Ford flushed. “Well I do admit you can be quite skilled in a field even without a degree, but that doesn’t make you a professional.”

“You’re a professional.” Seb laughed. “A professional buzz kill~” The two younger triplets laughed while Ford sputtered and crossed his arms. “Well fine, I guess you don’t deserve my help with dinner!” Wanda and Carla watched them discuss back and forth. It was so funny to watch. “Oh no, Stan, we lost the company of Stanford Pines! What should we do!” Sebastian cried. “Maybe we can cook faster?” Stan sniggered.

Ford huffed, offended, and turned to leave, but found his two sisters-in-law watching them with their arms crossed. “Oh...good evening.” He straightened and gave them what he hoped was a polite smile. Wanda and Carla laughed at his awkward face as Wanda walked inside. “Don’t worry, handsome, I still think you make pretty great coffee.” She joked and patted Ford’s cheek before moving to kiss Sebas. The younger man pulled her closer to him, holding her by the waist while glaring at Ford. When they pulled apart, Wanda laughed. “You don’t mind if I call him that, do you?” She pouted teasingly. “Of course I mind, I’m MUCH more handsome than Sixer.” Seb pouted.

“You’re triplets.” Carla laughed as she went up to kiss her own husband. Stan rubbed his nose against hers. “Morning, most handsome~” Carla laughed as she gave Stan a little squeeze. “I thought that we were triplets?” Seb raised an eyebrow. “Yeah, but my Stanny is better.” Carla grinned. Wanda pushed up her sleeves. “Oh you wanna fight for the title, McCorkle?”

“Only if you aren’t too afraid, Friedmann!”

Stan and Seb beamed at the thought of their wives fighting for them.

“We literally can’t look any more handsome than the other scientifically speaking if we are identical triplets…” Ford mumbled, confused. Was it what couples usually did? Acting all sweet and fighting for their partners? Stan and Seb looked over at Ford and frowned. “Too bad Miz is still asleep. I would have liked to see her get in on this too.” Stan sighed. “That would make it a
three way battle for which of us is the most handsome.”

Ford scratched his head. “I suppose...but why Miz specifically? I mean, Carla is clearly going to choose Stanley and Wanda chooses Sebastian, are you hoping for Miz to be the tie breaker?” His brothers rolled their eyes so much they disappeared behind their eyelids. Someone help this poor, naive, stupid man! “Ford...” Seb whined. “Why are you so dumb?”

“I am not dumb!” Ford glared. “I have 12 PhDs.” He stated proudly, even after all this time he couldn’t help bragging. His brothers both rolled their eyes. “I feel...kinda bad for Miz now.” Stan muttered. Seb shook his head “I don’t know what she sees in him.” The two turned to each other and said in unison “Probably the great sex.” unfortunately, Ford didn’t hear them, going back to check the coffee machine.

Ford just comforted himself with passing them whatever stuff they needed as they worked on making breakfast-dinner. Their wives (the beautiful rays of sunshine that they were) said they would wake up the rest of the house so the triplets were alone once again as the women left the kitchen. Seb pouted when he remembered how Wanda called Ford handsome. “Do you think they would recognize us if we dressed the same?” Stan rubbed his chin. “Worth a shot. We can all change our clothes and see if there’s any difference?” He looked down at his clothes. “No offense Seb, I don’t think your clothes would fit us.” Sebastian scoffed and held out his hand. “Deal to make our clothes all look the same for the next half hour?”

“And what do I get in return?” Stan narrowed his eyes at the youngest triplet. “What else do you want besides my unconditional love, you ungrateful sack of flesh?” Seb pretended to growl. Stan snickered and shook his hand. “Deal.” The blue flame flashed out and the three of them found themselves all dressed in a trenchcoat, a sweater that covered their chins and dark glasses. Stan pulled at his sweater. “Do we really need to cover our chins?”

“Yes.” Seb folded his arms over his chest. They all had gloves on as well. Stan shrugged. “Fair enough.” Ford sighed. “I don’t see the point of this but it IS an interesting experiment.” To their surprise, the first person to walk into the kitchen was Miz. She was yawning as she rubbed her eyes and the men immediately went quiet, waiting for her to notice. Miz blinked and stared at them. She blinked again, a confused look on her face. She rubbed her eyes and squinted at them, thoroughly perplexed. “Huh?” Stan and Seb barely managed to hold in their laughter as Miz continued to look back and forth at them with a cute, lost expression. “Eh?!” She cried. Wanda and Carla came in at that point and stopped dead in their tracks. Stan put his hands behind his back and coughed a bit. Preparing for the show. “Eh, good evening, Miz.” They could imitate each other’s voices almost perfectly. This was going to be so fun! Miz turned to Stan. “Fordsie?” she asked.

“Clearly.” Stan sighed. “My brothers wanted to try an experiment to see if Carla and Wanda could recognize them, but I am clearly not participating in their games.” Carla rolled her eyes. “Really Stan? I can tell it’s you.” She walked up to Stan and pulled his glasses off to kiss his nose. “I’m your wife. You think I can’t tell?” Stan laughed. “Well you got me, but can Wanda find Seb?”

Miz was staring at Stan in shock. “....not Fordsie?” she asked. She looked at the remaining two men. Ford and Seb remained silent, not risking their speech giving them away. even if they could do perfect impressions of each other, that was clearly not enough since Stan was found out immediately. As Miz continued to look between the two of them with growing agitation, Wanda laughed and walked over to Seb, easily picking him out and giving him a kiss on the nose as well. “I admit it threw me off for a second, but I’d know you anywhere.”

“Clearly because I’m the most handsome right?” Seb coo’ed at her. “If you hadn’t chosen me I would have cried forever.” Wanda rolled her eyes. “You need to stand up straight, remember what
I’ve been telling you? Ford has a perfect posture.”

Miz turned to the remaining man. “...Ford?” she asked, looking so unsure of herself that Ford sighed and pulled his glasses off. “Well this was an interesting experiment.” He pulled out his journal. “Miz, you...really couldn’t tell which one of us was which, could you?” he asked her with a firm expression. Miz looked down, ashamed. “....no…” Ford nodded and took off his gloves to write down this observation. “Is this something all Bills have trouble with? Telling us apart?” He wondered aloud. Miz flinched. “...I'm sorry…”

“No, I wasn't blaming you. This is very interesting to know.” Ford jotted down more notes. “Tell me, how do you normally tell us apart?” Miz looked up at him before fiddling with her dress and shrugging. “Like...your colors...and your outline…”

“What is that supposed to mean?” Stan frowned. “That doesn't make any sense.” The others were now watching the proceeding, not quite interrogation, with interest. Ford pointed at Wanda “Miz, can you describe Wanda for me?”

“Um...she's got yellowish hair that goes 'shoop' down like that and green eyes...and she's female.” Miz replied. Wanda raised an eyebrow. What sort of description was that? Ford nodded and pointed at Carla. “And her?”

“She's got brown hair that goes ‘floof and boing’ and it's really long.” Miz made hand motions that looked like she was drawing Carla's hair. Now the other people in the room were frowning as they listened. Ford scribbled some more stuff down. “Now describe me and my brothers.”

“Ah…” Miz looked over at the other two. “Well Seb used to be half yellow but he's only brown now. And he has an eyepatch. Stan is bigger and doesn't have an eyepatch. And you...have glasses and the funny chin.” Miz concluded.

“Please describe our faces.” Ford asked. Miz looked stumped. “You've got two eyes, a nose and a mouth.”

“But what do they look like.” Ford stressed. Miz struggled a little “Your nose is a slightly darker color? You have fluffy eyebrows. Your chin is kinda squarish?” She was beginning to look distressed. “I'm sorry.” She hung her head and sniffled. Ford pet her head. “It's ok. I'm not mad. I don't think this is your fault.”

“Ford? What the fuck is going on?” Stan asked. The eldest brother sighed. “This Bill came from a society of shapes and colors. Her species probably evolved to see things by their shapes, their 'outlines' as it were.” he looked at her distressed expression. “We humans, evolved to see faces, specifically, human faces. We're so good at it that our brains will even mistakenly believe we see faces in places where there are none, like weirdly shaped rocks or shadows.” Seb snorted something along the lines of “Rock that looks like a face, rock.”

Ford looked at Miz who seemed quite upset. “This is an ability that I'm certain Bill's species doesn't have.” He ran a hand through his hair. “Which amazes me that he's capable of creating a human form so detailed.” Ford stared at Miz with narrowed eyes. “That form you're wearing. You copied it off someone didn't you?”

Miz's eyes went wide and she looked away. “I'm sorry…” She repeated. Ford shook his head. “I'm not mad. I just want to confirm my hypothesis. You mentioned that you only have a couple of human forms that you can swap between. Is this because creating a human form with a unique appearance is difficult for you?”
Slowly, Miz nodded. It had taken her a lot of tweaking to get Xin's body right. She had to physically put her hands on the construct to mold and shape it. Imagining the face in her head didn't work all that well. Even Jan-Jan's form had been based on/inspired by multiple fan art she remembered seeing from back when she was human. William's form had taken a lot of work too. And Miz's form...was simply what she remembered herself to be. This form was a copy. Taken straight from her memories. Splotchy and blurred as they were. Ford wrote down this confirmation.  
“It seems I’m right.” He concluded. Stan growled “Right about what? I don’t understand what you're getting at?”  

“Miz, or rather, Bill Cipher, is face blind.” Ford said simply. “Of course, this doesn’t mean she can't learn to tell humans apart, but it seems she has no natural ability to discern the details of a human face and must use context clues to know who people are.” He laughed “How fascinating. But this also means Miz will not be able to accurately tell us which of us is the handsomest. Even if she’s capable of telling most humans apart and judging their appearances, triplets like us or any other humans who are similar looking will be all but impossible for her to tell apart.”  

Seb frowned. “But...I don't have any problem with that?”  

“You're human.” Ford told Seb. “Your body is human and so is your brain. Miz however, ISN'T human. Even if she can make herself look like one.” Seb hummed, curious. Still as Bill, he could recognize a human face, he remembered seeing those guards when he was arrested...Although he hadn’t known what they were and that memory is filled with a tremendous sense of confusion. He was pretty sure being face blind wasn’t a Bill Cipher thing, so much as it was a Miz thing. He pointed that out and Ford only looked more interested. "So perhaps Miz's dimension of Shapes were built biologically different, or yours was. I would have to meet with more Bills in other dimensions to know for sure."  

Ford petted the girl's hair when she still appeared distressed by this subject. “I'm sorry...I can try harder?” She apologized again. “The fact that you can tell us apart normally is fine. You're doing very well. You have nothing to be sorry for.” Ford assured her. “Actually I find this all quite fascinating.”  

“...I can still tell handsomeness apart you know?” Miz mumbled. The men all laughed. “Ok. Tie breaker. Which triplet is the handsomest?” Seb asked as he stood up straight and gave her a charming smirk. “Seb.” Miz grinned. “2nd is Ford and then Stan.”  

“Hah! I win!” Wanda cheered while Stan gasped dramatically. “Yeah well, your vote doesn't count anyway.” Carla kissed her husband. “It's alright, Stanny. I know I've got the cutest one.” Wanda looked at Seb and shook her head with a pout. Nope. She wasn’t right. She didn’t know what she was talking about. Sebastian laughed and sat Wanda on the kitchen’s isle to give her a kiss on her lips. “I’m the luckiest one too.” He whispered to her.  

Stan narrowed his eyes and picked up Carla as well. The woman yelped, startled. “I can do push-ups with my wife on my back! I don’t need a table.” He taunted. Ford rolled his eyes. Couples. He was glad he wasn’t like them and didn’t do their ridiculous ritual of showing their affection. Miz sat down next to Ford. “Fordsie, are you upset that I said you aren't the most handsome?” Ford laughed. “I am not upset, Miz. Don’t worry. I don’t really care about that.”  

“Well, you're in 2nd place just by a little bit!”  

Ford patted her head with a smile. “Alright, thank you.”  

Shermie entered the kitchen, talking on the phone and with Mabel on his back, still sleepy. “Yes, Abi we are fine, yes the twins are happy and we miss you so, so, so much!” He cooed as his older
brothers watched him. “Yes, we will be arriving home tomorrow, honey...Dipper asked if you could buy him pens...yes, he bit through the ones he brought here...ok, sweetie, love ya.” He hung up while his brothers and sisters-in-law all said “Aaaww!”

“The little baby lovebirds!” Seb grinned. “Urgh, don’t bother me. You’re just as bad.” Shermie pushed Seb gently. He glanced around. “Why’re you all wearing the same clothes?”

“We had an experiment to see if Carla and Wanda could recognize us even while we looked the same.” Seb explained and Stan laughed. “YOU wouldn’t be able to tell us apart though.”

“What?! Of course I could! I was a kid when you all dressed up the same to try to confuse me!” Shermie protested. “Ok, turn around then.” Wanda instructed. Shermie groaned but obeyed. The triplets put on their disguises and Carla told Shermie he could turn around now. “Fuck...why are you even the same height now?” The younger man mumbled. He really sucked at this. He looked at their hands. Gloves. His mortal enemy. He looked at one of them and pointed. “You are definitely Sebastian.”

Seb laughed. “Aaaww, you can recognize your favorite brother!”

“And I could see the eyepatch.” Shermie confessed sheepishly. Mabel was still clinging to his back, stirring slightly. “Alright you two...” Shermie looked between the remaining two. “Stan...ley?”


The rest of the family filed in. Miz had left without them noticing and came back in as Xin with the twins. He had them tucked under each arm and they giggled as he swung them back and forth. “Come on gremlins, everyone's gonna be leaving after dinner so make sure you say bye to them.”

“No...” they didn't want their cousins to leave. They wished everyone could live nearby. Xin handed the kids to their parents before flicking more food into existence to feed the large, hungry family. Mabel was gently placed on a chair. “I am getting too old to carry you like that, sweetie.” Shermie apologized when Mabel pouted. “Old he says...” Stan rolled his eyes. The guy was just in his 30’s, what was he complaining about? They lost their better years being trapped in the portal or working on said portal. Stan couldn't believe he was already in his 40s. Where had all the years went?

As they set the table, Dillon, carrying Diego, and Dipper came in, yawning. “I passed out on the couch and now I’m dying.” Dillon groaned. “Hi Mommy! Hi Daddy!” Diego waved at his parents. Dipper waved at everyone as well. “Can’t you stay a little longer?” Zoe asked as she climbed into her chair. “I want you to be here with us forever!” Mabel ruffled her hair “That would be awesome but we have school and jobs. I know first hand that wishing for something to last forever is a bad idea...”

“Yeah. Bad idea, don’t wish for it.” Dipper shook his head.

“Why would it be bad to wish that my family is always with me?” Zoe insisted.

Xin grinned “Because you might get trapped in a bubble with caricatures of your friends and family who ride skateboards and dab after every sentence...” Dipper shuddered violently. “Ugh, I hated that guy...I hated him so much!” the memory of Dippy Fresh still haunted him. Those stupid
glasses, that obnoxious voice...

“You broke his neck.” Mabel commented lightly as she took a bite of her toast. Shermie stared at that information. “I’ll just ignore that, I guess.” Shermie nodded as he poured himself coffee. “Yup. Ignore the fact that my son apparently murdered someone…”

“He was a nightmare figment of Mabel's imagination.” Dipper groaned. “Not human, not even alive. But 100% evil.”

“Awesome.” Zoe grinned as Zach flinched and said “Scary.”

“Besides, you’ll get to see your cousins again soon, kids.” Wanda handed them with glasses of milk. “Dad’s birthday is next and it’s your Uncles Stan's turn to host it.”

Stan smiled. “Right! We can even go to a trip to New Jersey to show ya the beach we went to as kids!” The cousins smiled in excitement. That sounded nice! At least one summer to relax and take it easy before they go back to school and in the toddlers’ case, start kindergarten. “It'll be weird not spending summer in Gravity Falls.” Dipper admitted. Ford laughed “There was weirdness in Jersey too. You'll find things to do.”

“Plus, Ma tells me the boardwalk has new shops and attractions.” Stan pointed out. He smiled. “Remember when we hunted the Jersey Devil?”

“That thing almost killed us. Good times.” Seb laughed.

The family chatted and laughed for a little more before dinner was over. Zoe and Zach watched sadly as their family’s bags were brought to the front door. They knew they would see each other soon, but they didn’t like waiting. Diego didn’t seem too eager to leave either and clung to Seb’s leg as Stan tried to pull him away. The kid was strong as hell! “No! One more day!” He pleaded. Seb and his family, Xin included, stood by the door to wave at their family’s cars. Mabel waved excitedly as Dipper put on his earphones and smiled at them, sitting on the passenger seat next to his dad. Diego was shouting, and Dillon was laughing. Finally, when the two cars were gone, Ford walked towards his car as well.

“Well, I'm off to my research.” He grinned. Xin pouted. “Can I pop by to visit you for another session?”

“Of course. We have a Deal don't we?”

Seb and Wanda were both blushing heavily. How could they talk so openly about that? Xin grinned and gave Ford a quick hug before he got in his car. “I'll be seeing you tonight then~” Xin giggled.

“See you in the summer, Sixer!” Seb smiled and his brother returned it. “See you in summer.” He nodded. The five of them sighed when Ford’s car disappeared. “Well, that was a fun weekend…” Seb said lightly as he closed the door and the twins ran inside. He sat down on the couch with Wanda and Miz (Xin having shrunk back into his other form) happily climbed between the two of them. It didn’t take long for the twins to come back screaming.

“Sir Bedazzle’s not hewe! He’s gone!” They cried. Seb took a deep breath, closed his eye to search for the acorn and then nodded. “Ok…” He pulled out his phone and dialed someone.

“Shermie...Hey, yeah, me again. Mabel is taking Sir Bedazzle with her, can you-Yeah, ok, thank you.”

He sighed. “Can't believe Shooting Star tried to steal our pet.” Miz leaned against him and giggled.
“Can’t you really?” She teased. Seb coughed “No, this is definitely something she would do.” Minutes later, the bell rang and Dipper was standing behind the door with the happy creature wiggling in his hands. “I can’t believe you, Mabel!” He shouted at the girl in the car who was being sternly scolded by Shermie. “Hey, so, here’s Sir Bedazzle.” The boy laughed sheepishly. “She was hiding him in her backpack.”

“Sir Bedazzle!” Zoe and Zach cried as they ran up to take their pet back. The Acorn-puppy barked and licked them as soon as he was back in their hands. The twins hugged him close. “Don’t let people kidnap you again!” Zoe scolded. Sir Bedazzle just gave her a cheerful, clueless look and barked.

Seb patted his nephew’s shoulder and nodded. “Thanks, Pinetree, now go.”

“Sorry, man…” Dipper apologized on Mabel’s behalf and trotted back to the car. Mabel was pouting angrily. Now this time, for real, Shermie and his kids left. Without taking anything from the house.

The couple (and Miz), again collapsed in the living room. A long, weird weekend, but fun. Just like Pines were used to. Miz snuggled on Sebastian's lap. “Pet me?” She asked. He laughed and ran his fingers through her hair. She purred quietly. Wanda watched them and sighed. “I can never tell what I should feel here.”

“What do you mean?” Seb asked.

“Miz...is like a daughter. An older sister to our children, a younger sister to you and part of me feels like she really is another child. But she’s older than our planet and can be an adult sometimes. So I don't know how to feel.”

Seb leaned on her shoulder as he continued to pet the purring girl. “Don’t think too much about it, love...nothing will make much sense when it comes to Bill Cipher…” He kissed her pouting lips. “You just need to know she likes you a lot, like, I bet she would be growling at you if she didn’t, and she’s my friend, my soul sister, a crazy demon that likes head pats and loves taking care of us and the children...as long as you continue pampering her when she wants, she won’t mind what you think of her as.”

Wanda really didn't understand. But she supposed it was simply how things were when you marry a magical former-All powerful demon and currently have his demon sister living with you. She brushed Miz's hair as well. “It's just weird to think of Miz as my daughter...and knowing she's in a relationship with my husband's brother...as an adult man.”

Seb laughed at how stupidly hilarious that sounded. “Well...you are right, I can’t argue with that...but you aren’t very different” Miz (half dozing off) grabbed his hand when he stopped patting her to let him know he shouldn’t stop. “Your poor mom would faint if she knew you have...demon powers…”

“Do you think she would mind if she knew you have...demon powers…”

Seb closed his eyes and sighed contently, glad he was actually alive to be with them today, glad the Axolotl didn’t actually let him die when he tried ending it. “Just don’t think about it... just freeze your brain...” He sang softly, remembering the musical they illegally watched on MeTube and the woman laughed. “Dork…”

Wanda closed her eyes and relaxed, enjoying the warmth of her husband’s embrace and Miz who
acted like a little radiator. They all jumped when the sprinklers turned on and soaked them as the twins screamed "’She/He did it!!’"

Miz helped tuck the kids in that night after a story about one of the adventures she had with her friends. The kids loved hearing about the chaos they got up to. Miz kissed them both on the forehead and left the room. Sometimes she shared a bed with one of them and sometimes she slipped in with Seb and Wanda. They asked her if she wanted her own room but Miz just couldn’t stand sleeping in a room alone. Tonight however, she was going to visit Ford. She sighed as she wondered what they would do in their session tonight. She said her good nights to Seb and Wanda before dispersing her physical body and flying through the Mindscape towards where she could feel Ford was. She worried a little about whether he remembered.

Ford reached Gravity Falls a few hours ago and marched from the Shack towards a door that led to his research center. It was late in the night, but his scientists, just like him, were masochists and liked to stay awake long into the night while researching. With his trusty coffee mug in hand, he swept through the hallways. “Dr. Pines.” A woman, with her third cup of coffee in hand, saluted him as she walked past. Ford gave her a polite nod. “Dr. Curie.” they exchanged no other words, both being in a rush to get back to their projects. He entered his personal workspace, a large lab with a sturdy desk, multiple computers and plenty of half-finished projects littering the lab benches. He took a sip of his coffee and picked up a clipboard to check on what needed his attention first.

“Ooh~nice place.”

Ford jumped and nearly spilled his coffee. He turned to see Xin leaning over one of the lab benches, examining the prototype solar engine he was working on. If he got it working they could make solar powered cars without having to manufacture new cars, simply attach the panels to the roof and it would convert the energy over into any electric car. It would help cut down the CO2 emissions and make it so petroleum would no longer be so necessary. Frankly, he had all the knowledge and technology needed to make such a thing but the oil companies weren’t very happy with the idea of solar powered cars cutting off their profit and were doing their best to cut his funding or otherwise impede his progress. Also, while Ford’s engine worked, it didn’t have a good enough battery storage yet to power a car for more than 8 hours before it used up all it’s storage. Perfectly fine when it was sunny out, but it would be next to useless otherwise.

He stared at Xin for a few seconds before he remembered he HAD in fact, invited the man over this night for another session. He sighed. “Right, I forgot.”

“What’s with this container? You can’t use Alkaline batteries to hold solar energy. This is a solar panel right? They require a different kind of battery...you’d need Lithium for this.” Xin poked at the prototype. “Of course, Solariathian works better but I don’t think humans have discovered that particular substance yet…”

Ford felt his face light up as an epiphany hit him. He was friends with a NICE Bill Cipher. A brilliant, all-knowing Muse who would definitely know how to help him with his research.

Just like his Bill had been before the betrayal...

Ford shook his head. That Bill may have been using him the whole time...but...Ford didn’t like to admit this, not to anyone else and least of all to himself, but he had really admired his Bill. Speaking with him had been like a breath of fresh air after being trapped in a stagnant basement all his life. Finally he had found someone who GETS IT. Someone just as intelligent, no, more so,
than he was and offered him so much insight into all sorts of technological advancements he’d never even considered.

Bill had truly been his muse, his inspiration, his GOD. Ford sometimes thought back to the time before he’d learned his Bill’s true nature. How much he had cherished every moment he had together with his muse. How much he looked forward to seeing Bill in his dreams so he could discuss all sorts of ideas he had for inventions and innovations that could change the world.

Bill Cipher was dead. Killed in order to save the world and Ford was glad for it. But a small part of him had despaired over losing him. His knowledge and insight that Ford craved even now. He never quite got over Bill. And now...he had Xin, a Bill Cipher from another dimension who was NICE and liked him and could probably be convinced to help him with his research. Like his Bill had promised to do.

Ford shook his head. He was getting ahead of himself. He was just...so overwhelmed at the idea that he could have this. Have Xin here with him as the Bill he’d always dreamed of having. The perfect Bill Cipher. Intelligent, kind, supportive...dear god he had longed for this. Ford took a deep breath and tried to compose himself. He had to remember that Xin wasn’t his Bill. There was no guarantee Xin would agree to helping him with his research. Ford tried not to get his hopes up.

Xin wagged his tail back and forth lazily, dressed in a simple cheongsam with a high slit along the sides to expose his shapely legs. He poked around at Ford’s research and found himself amazed all over again at the innovation of humanity. Ford had built a working Temporal Displacement device without any of the solid Helium microchips that Time Baby constructed his Time Tapes out of. Of course, Ford had labeled the device ‘Always fresh sandwich holder’ so Xin had a feeling Ford actually didn’t realize what he had built. Then again, that body switching Electron Carpet was amazing in ways that Ford never seemed to realize either...

Xin picked up another device, his scan showed it was a solid light projector. The settings weren’t fully stable so it would flicker out after a few seconds of being switched on but all it needed were a few crystals inserted inside the area in front of where the light emitted and it would be a working…

“You built a lightsaber ?!” Xin laughed as he flicked the cylindrical device on to see a pale white beam of light appear before it flickered out. He liked it. Ford even built a soundbox into the side that made the ‘PSSSRRR’ noise when it turned on.

“Eh...I was trying out a few things and a man was speaking about the latest movie he saw so…”

Xin was amazed by the man’s creations. He knew Fordsie’s talents went much further than the portal and Electron Carpet. Canon Ford would have changed his world if he hadn’t been trapped between dimensions, he hoped this Fordsie had the chance to do so. He seemed to be doing well for himself, his own lab, his own research facility with a bunch of other scientists...

Xin made a promise to himself to help his own Ford achieve such heights, no, MORE! He would help his own Ford be a man who changed his world. Ford sat down on his desk and watched Xin examine the artifact, his tail wagging excitedly. “I love this!” He finally declared. “You’re such a dork and I love it!” The man rubbed the back of his neck awkwardly, feeling his cheeks heating up at the praise. He loved praise dammit…

“How long have you had this research center?” Xin asked curiously. “Um, well...The Center is fairly new, it has been operating for two years now...I published, um, I published all my research about weirdness, with Fiddleford’s name and mine, together. It was a boom in the scientific community, it opened a lot of doors for me to do more research, and it helped F to get recognized...
as an inventor as well.” Shermie helped out too. Ford was amazed, he had to admit that he never thought much of his youngest brother, Shermie was so much smaller and Ford just hadn’t CARED… but the youngest Pines brother was just as amazing and brilliant as the others, in his own way. After all, teenage father, made it through college and got himself a well paying programming job that allowed him to support his equally young wife and twin children… all before the age of 25...

Xin nodded, making a note of this. “Are you busy with anything right now? We can have our session another time?” he didn’t want to bother Ford while he was working. Ford considered what to say. On one hand, he wasn’t exactly busy, on the other, he didn’t want Xin to leave. Ford scratched his head and tried to think of a way to ask Xin for his help with the projects. “We can do a quick session? And then…if you want…if it’s not a bother, do you want to help me...can you help me look over some of my work and check for errors?”

Xin tilted his head before grinning. “Sure, no problem!” He looked around the lab. “Hm…you don’t have a bed or a sofa in here?” He wasn’t sure how it’d feel to do it on a hard metal table. Would it be uncomfortable? “We could go to the Shack, I don’t have a bed in my workshop.” That was silly. He barely slept anyway. “Or...we could go to the lounge? There is a small room with couches where people rest…sometimes. I bet it’s empty right now.”

Xin shrugged. “Alright. Are we going bare handed or do you want to try with some ropes?”

“It would be...interesting to see your reaction with ropes, but do you feel comfortable with that already?”

“I...don’t know?” Xin frowned. “What if we just tried tying my hands as a test? No other stuff yet, just seeing how comfortable I am with my hands bound?” Xin placed a subtle protection ward around himself, so even if he panicked, his power would get redirected out into space instead of hurting the people around him. It wasn’t a perfect solution since too much of that and there’d be a mysterious new planet popping into existence nearby-- but it was just a precaution.

“Alright.” Ford nodded. “Let me look for ropes and we can go.” He searched in some boxes, in his drawers, and eventually found some. He hoped it wouldn’t hurt Xin too much. “Ok, I got them, let’s go.” Xin watched Ford take off his white lab coat, leave it on his chair, and followed him through the hallways, retracting his tail and antlers as he went. As Ford said, there was a nice area in the center, away from the loud and noisy workplaces and laboratories, with couches, a small kitchen, a microwave and a TV. There were a few scientists who gave Xin weird looks as he followed after Ford, his bare legs occasionally peeking through the slits in his cheongsam. Heck, if Xin could get away with not wearing pants, he was gonna.

Xin sat down on the couch and looked at Ford. “Just tie my wrists together in front for now.” He held his hands out and Ford took them gently. He held Xin’s slender wrists and compared how dainty the dragon’s hands were compared to his own. He could encircle Xin’s wrists easily with one hand. “How tight do you want it?” He asked. Xin looked down at their hands. “Not tight, perhaps just loop the rope around?” Xin wiggled his fingers. “I don’t actually have much experience with tying knots physically. Just materializing them already in place...” Ford grinned. Well, here was something HE knew more about. “I know plenty. Back when my brothers and I were planning to sail around the world, we learned all sorts of sailor's knots.” He remembered one which was very secure but could still be undone easily with just a few twists. That should be good in case Xin started to panic and he had to get the rope off him quickly.

Xin’s eyes never left Ford’s hands, watching him through the whole process. Ford held Xin’s wrists together (with Xin trembling the whole time), commenting on how slender they were, and
looped the rope around them. He tied a simple bowline knot. He made sure it wasn’t too tight and tugged it lightly. “How does that feel?”

Xin raised his hands up and twisted them, checking to see that he really couldn’t break out. His heartbeat picked up a little and he took a few breaths to calm himself. Ford was immediately petting his head. “Is it too much? Should I take it off?” He asked with worry. Xin whimpered a little but shook his head. “No. I-I’m fine...I can do this…” He breathed carefully for a while as Ford sat beside him, watching him closely for any signs of escalating panic.

After a minute or so, Xin calmed. He closed his eyes and breathed out carefully. “Ok. I think I’m good now.” He tugged at his hands again. It was firm but it wasn’t tight enough to cut off his circulation. That’s good. He sighed and leaned against Ford’s chest. “I hate how slowly we’re going.” He admitted. “Well the point is to get you comfortable with this. We need to take it slow. Bindings are a major point of fear for most people, it’s okay for you to feel apprehensive about it.” Ford assured him. Xin nodded “I still feel like a baby for getting worked up over just some rope.”

“Everyone has their own levels of comfort. You don’t need to force yourself.” Ford assured him. Xin hummed as he tugged on his hands again. “I think I prefer your hands. This is interesting but, ropes feel kinda impersonal. The texture is nothing like your skin.”

“Do you want me to take it off?” Ford reached for the end of the rope but Xin pulled his hands away. “Not yet. We haven’t even tried anything with this yet.”

“Try? Like...what?”

Xin waved his bound hands up and down “Like, tugging, what if you were pulling at me?” Ford took the long end of the rope and tugged lightly. There was some resistance from Xin as he pulled back. “Are you suggesting a tug of war type situation?”

“Yeah. I’m being JUST tied up, so now let’s try something more active.” Xin tugged and pulled Ford forward with a yelp. Ford braced himself against the couch with one hand and looked at Xin’s grin. “A competition?” the scientist asked. The dragon/demon responded by tugging again, stronger this time. Ford narrowed his eyes in challenge. “Alright then.” He pulled, a quick, sharp tug that got Xin’s hands to point away from his body. The bound man tried to pull back but Ford had more leverage here. He got up off the couch and gave another sharp tug. Xin yelped as he was pulled up into a standing position. He grumbled “Hey! At least give me some time to pull back!”

“Nope, I’m winning this one.” Ford teased as he continued pulling Xin forward off the couch. The smaller man tugged back, the motion straining against the taut rope. It tightened a little and Xin grimaced. “Does this loosen if we pull on the other end?”

“I don’t think so, should we stop before it gets too tight? That could make it too difficult to get your hands free afterward.” Ford loosened his grip in worry. Xin hummed. “I can just burn it off if it’s too hard to untie.” Ford tightened his hold on the rope when Xin gave a hard tug that pulled Ford forward and he lost his balance, toppling onto Xin and pinning him to the sofa with his larger frame. Ford felt Xin’s legs come up on either side of his hips and wrap around his waist. “Hah!” The dragon cheered. “Now you can’t get back up!” Xin couldn’t help but be reminded of wrestling with little Sixer back in that other dimension. That had been fun. He wondered how that bitch was doing?

Ford struggled a little, dropping the rope and pushing his hands against the couch to try and stand back up. He felt Xin’s legs tighten around his waist. “Xin, let go, I can’t pull on you when I’m on top of you.”
“Never!” Xin laughed as he placed his bound hands behind Ford’s head, entrapping his head within the loop of his arms. “Now who’s got no leverage?” He grinned up at Ford, their faces inches apart. Ford was starting to feel his back ache in this bent over position. “Well you forgot to take one thing into account!” Ford smirked.

“What?” Xin asked.

“My arms!” Ford pushed himself back and up with his arms, Xin crying out as he was lifted off the couch, his arms still behind Ford’s head while his legs tightened around Ford’s waist, holding the man upright so he wouldn’t slide down Ford’s chest. Xin growled as Ford stood up. “That’s cheating.” The dragon declared. Ford placed his hands on his hips. “Since you’re hanging off me, that means I’m still pulling on you. Therefore I win!”

“No you don’t!” Xin pouted as he pulled on his hands, dragging Ford’s head and neck forward to press their foreheads together. You might be standing, but I’ve still got you surrounded.”

“I don’t think that was in our rules.” Ford raised an eyebrow. “Rules shmules—all that’s important is that I’m winning!” Xin cheered. Ford rolled his eyes. He grabbed the long end of the rope again. “Well, let’s see who’s winning when I do THIS!” He threw a bunch of the other end of the rope into the air where it looped around a beam on the low ceiling. He saw Xin’s eyes go wide and smirked before pulling at the end of the rope, dragging Xin’s hands up into the air and away from Ford’s head.

Xin struggled with his arms up in the air, unable to pull them down and with his legs around Ford’s waist the only thing keeping him from falling. “Augh! No fair!” He whined as he wiggled back and forth. Ford laughed as he pulled harder, trying to lift Xin into the air, it was pretty difficult, the rope was merely around the top of the beam, there was no pulley or other device to make it easier so Ford had to pull against Xin’s weight and gravity to try and lift him.

“Whoa! Whoa!” Xin cried as he was slowly pulled away from Ford. “Hey! No fair!” He tried to keep his grip on Ford’s waist with his legs but his arms were pulled taut and if he didn’t let go it might start to hurt...but letting go would put all his weight on his arms, which would also hurt...

It was also starting to feel pretty good.

“C-cheater!” Xin panted as his arms began to ache. Ford’s shit eating grin make him growl and he unwrapped one leg so he could lightly kick him in the side. “Quit smiling like y-you...oooh....” Xin moaned before he could finished his scolding when Ford tugged on the rope and make him bounce in the air. “Ah...ffftuck....” He whined, as his spine popped. “Oh...that...that’s pretty good...” he moaned. Xin’s legs relaxed and he slid away from Ford to dangle in the air by his arms. his toes barely touched the ground and he whined. “Stupid leverage!” He grumbled as he tugged ineffectively at the rope. Ford chuckled. “So, are you enjoying yourself?”

“I would enjoy it more if you didn’t look so smug.” Xin pouted. Ford was going to respond but a man in a lab coat walked into the room, took one look at them and turned around on his heel to leave. Ford and Xin stared at the man’s retreating back. “Who’s that?” Xin asked.

“That’s Dr. Jerald, he’s a mechatronics engineer, currently he’s working on soundwave applications with moving speakers.” Ford explained. Xin hummed, moving a little to try and rotate his shoulders into a more comfortable position. “I’d like to meet your co-workers sometime.”

“Oh, I’m sure they’d love to meet you too.” Ford smiled at the thought. With Xin’s brilliant mind contributing, he was sure everyone’s projects would progress much faster. Speaking of which. “Hey Xin, so...you’re ok with helping me with my projects right?”
“Yeah? I already s-said that’s fine…” Xin panted as he purposely moved so that the rope would pull him in a way that stretched his side, ooh~ that felt nice…

“Well, would you be averse to helping the others?”

“No-not particularly...shit, can you lower me a little so I can get this stretch?” Xin swung around a little by lifting his legs off the ground deliberately. Ford allowed the rope to drop a few inches and Xin planted his legs on the ground in a wide stance and leaned forward, his arms pulled behind him and his spine made a few more popping sounds. “Fuck yesss~”

“You really like stretching huh?” Ford noted. Xin nodded with a content expression. “The problem with taking a form that has bones and muscles, they get all stiff and sore. I have to stretch constantly just to work out all the kinks.” He rotated his shoulders and arched his neck to the side, producing another pop. “But a lot of stretches are hard to do on my own, I need something pulling me to get far enough.” and even as a triangle he just started… Aching, from having to hold in all his energy all the time. But stretching, even if it didn't release that energy, still released tension somewhat, like his physical body tricking his mind into thinking he had eased the pressure.

“I never thought of it like that.” Ford nodded. “I have found my back hurts after being bent over my lab desk all day. A good stretch really does do wonders.” Xin moaned as he shook himself. “For me, I tend to fall asleep curled up or on my side and it’s terrible for my spine.”

“Is that why there are so many kinks in it?” Ford frowned. “I wasn’t aware even all powerful demons had to deal with the mundane pains of bad sleeping posture.”

“It only happens when I do so in the form of something with a skeletal structure.” Xin admitted. “But as much as it sucks, the feeling of my bones popping is...wonderful~” he purred. Ford looked like he wanted to pull out a journal and write more notes down. “Fascinating. Also, there was something I was curious about...I’m not sure if you would be comfortable with it though.”

“What?” Xin asked, his eyes half lidded as he twisted himself again, it ached so good~

“I would like to study your triangle form as well.” Ford admitted. Xin froze and looked up at the scientist. “My...real form?” He asked slowly. Ford nodded. “As interesting as it has been to see how your constructed body’s nerves match up to a human’s, I am incredibly curious as to the anatomy of a Triangle.”

“Well I’m telling you straight out, my anatomy is different from both your Bill Cipher and Seb’s past self.”

“How so? Are you not the same species?” Ford blinked. Xin shook his head. “I’ve compared notes with Seb before. Our homeworld’s are...different. In my world, all people are Shapes and your sex is determined by your genitals, much like humans I guess? But in Seb’s past life, only males were Shapes. All women were Lines.”

“...I would have loved to study that as well…” Ford frowned. How did reproduction even work with a species like that? Xin panted as Ford’s distraction made him release his hold on the rope and the man dropped to his knees, his arms finally allowed to come back down. Xin wobbled over to the couch and laid down “Shit...that was kind of nice...not what I was expecting but...nice...”

“Oh, is this session done?” Ford blinked, finally back to the present. Xin nodded. Ford knelt down to untie his hands, noticing the painful looking abrasions on his wrists. He cursed. “Shoot! I’m sorry, I didn’t realize it would be that tight…” Ford berated himself. He went too far. He gently touched the skin along Xin’s wrists which were rubbed raw, a bruise already forming and some of
the skin bleeding slightly.

“I’m so sorry. I didn’t mean to hurt—”

“It’s fine, Fordsie.” Xin took back his freed hands and licked at the blood. “It’s just a small abrasion. It’ll heal by tomorrow.”

“But you’re bleeding…” Ford gently cradled Xin’s hand. “I should bandage them.” He picked Xin up, making the dragon yelp, and carried him back down the hallway. “I have a first aid kit in my lab.”

“I told you I’m FINE Ford!” Xin whined. “It’s barely a break of skin. I’ll be healed soon! Don’t waste your bandages on me!”

“But I want to help.” The man replied as he carried the shorter man back to his workshop. A few scientists were whispering to each other and dramatically turned to look away and do literally anything else when they saw their boss carrying the man they saw him with earlier. “You owe me 10 dollars…” A woman whispered to her work partner.

“Ford, Stanford, I’m serious, let me go!” Xin pushed at the man’s chest when Ford pushed the door to his workshop with his foot and closed it again with his hip. Ford wasn’t going to drop the subject until he got him bandaged. He didn’t want to leave Xin like that, it was going to bother him later. Xin pouted when it seemed Ford really wasn’t going to stop and growled “Alright, plan B then.” Ford cried out in surprise when Xin began to glow and his form shifted. Ford’s eyes widened in horror when a bright yellow, glowing triangle appeared before him.

He knew this wasn’t his Bill but in that moment his mind blanked with fear and he froze.

Bill shook himself to get used to being a triangle again and looked down at Ford. If he had a heart it would have broken at the expression of terror mixed with unconscious hate on his face. Bill flinched back and shrank down to barely a foot long as he tried as hard as he could to not hold it against Ford. It’s not his fault he got fucked over by the Bill Cipher of this world. “...This was a bad idea…” Bill mumbled as he backed up. Ford blinked, his mild panic abating at the sad tone of Bill’s voice. “Wait! No, I’m sorry! I just…” Ford sputtered. He reached out and took Bill’s hand. “Don’t go. I’m sorry, I was…surprised…”

Bill looked down at his hand, so small and cartoonish. His wrists were thinner than Ford’s fingers like this. The contrast was striking and Bill wasn’t sure how to feel about this. He tugged on his hand but Ford didn’t let go. “Ford.”

“Please don’t go.”

Bill looked up into Ford’s face. He sighed. “You obviously haven’t gotten over your Bill yet. I don’t think it would be right for me to be around you in this form.” Ford shook his head. “I’m fine. I swear, I was just surprised.”

“Right.” Bill said, not sounding like he believed him. “It’s getting late anyway, I should head back…”

“Please stay.”

“Ford.” Bill sighed. “We can meet up tomorrow night if you want? I think I’m done for tonight.” He pulled his hands out of Ford’s grip, slipping partially into incorporeality to do so, and Blinked away into the Mindscape, his physical form turning into a shower of lights that quickly faded. Ford stood there with his hand out. Finally he sighed and dropped his arm back to his side. He berated
himself again for being an idiot and upsetting Bill. “Why am I such a mess?” he groaned as he sat at his desk. He felt tired and disappointed with himself. So lost was he in his own head, Ford didn’t notice all his assistants gathering in the hallways outside to discuss what Dr. Jerald said he saw in the breakroom.

After the mysterious explosion two weeks ago, this was the most interesting thing to have happened!

“I swear I saw that black-haired man tied up to the beam on the ceiling!” Jerald whisper-hissed.

“But what were they doing?” Dr. Wexler pressed.

“I-I didn’t get to see very well, Dr. Pines was with his back turned to me, but-but-”

“But what, man?!” Dr. Clark shook him.

“I saw-I heard the other man...moaning…” Jay Jerald said with an embarrassed wince.

The other scientists gasped. “Really? Dr. Pines and...but…” Dr. Wexler blushed heavily. “H-he would never do s-something...like...like…” She covered her face, she had seen the attractive young man walk through the halls. He WAS quite effeminate...but...but…

“Why would they do that in the breakroom?! S-shouldn’t they be going somewhere more...private?!” Dr. Poddar choked out.

“...maybe they wanted people to see?” One of them pointed out “Some people are really into that.

“Urrgh! Guys, I can’t get this out of my head!” Jerald cried in horror as he covered his face with his hands. He had frozen when he saw...the pleased expression on that man’s face and the sounds (oh lord, those moans) as he was tied up!

“But...they had clothes on, right?” One of them asked shyly.

Dr. Jerald nodded. Thank Tesla they still had clothes on!

“Maybe...Dr. Pines was...trying something out?” Another woman (not a scientist, one of the receptionists) suggested. “You know...I never thought of him like...you know…” She trailed off. “The kind of man who would do that in the middle of the break room.”

“Like what? Are you seriously trying to say Dr. Pines was...what? Conducting some sort of stress test? An experiment with how much weight a person can carry on their arms?!” A man pulled on his hair. “Even if that were true, why was he experimenting with an incredibly attractive, provocatively dressed man?!”

“Ok, I don’t know! I’m just a receptionist, alright?!” The woman groaned. The coffee boy (the newest intern) approached them excitedly, wanting to know what they were talking about, and the scientists grinned among themselves.

“Want to help us solve a hypothesis, kid?” Dr. Wexler, smiled at him sweetly.

“Y-Yes! I’d love to!” He lit up at the chance to actually help out with some SCIENCE for once. Jack Goodman had taken the internship because he wanted a look at all the cool gadgets they were building here but for the most part his job just consisted of bringing people coffee, LOTS of coffee. Only Dr. Pines actually let him help with science stuff. But that was mostly taking notes and checking over the readouts. He DID get to build his own mini-robot, which was cool.
Dr. Wexler pointed at the door to Ford’s lab. “Can you go ask Dr. Pines who that man he brought with him is?” Jack paled. Going near Dr. Pines?! And into his office?! At this hour? The doc was very particular with when people were allowed in.

“10 bucks that’s his boyfriend!” Dr. Clark, bet suddenly.

“10 bucks that’s a hired ‘dancer’.” Dr. Poddar, suggested with a waggle of his eyebrows.

“10 bucks this is all a misunderstanding.” Dr. Wexler deadpanned, being the only sound mind here.

Dr. Jerald shook his head. “I am not participating in this.” He didn’t want to know what it was, he just wanted to get back to his science. His nice, simple science involving using sound-waves to blast buildings apart from a speaker mounted robot. (Okay, maybe he and Dr. McGucket were having too much fun with this joint collaboration of theirs…)

Dr. Poddar nudged the young man in the direction of Ford’s workshop and the poor kid looked at the scientists who all gave him a thumbs up before hiding to spy on them. Jack sighed. He should have studied Law like his Dad wanted, but no! He wanted SCIENCE and now he had to face the scariest and most mysterious man on Earth to ask about about his romantic life or something! He gently knocked on the closed door and leaned in to listen. “He-Hello? Dr. Pines?” There was no response. He looked back at the other scientists, hidden badly behind some potted plants and chairs. They all waved at him with a ‘Go on.’ hand gesture. Jack whimpered. “Dr. Pines? I’m coming in now…”

He opened the door warily, the last time someone at the lab had opened Dr. Pines' door without asking first had gotten a face full of a one eyed tentacle creature. The poor scientist, it was Dr. Poddar, had a swollen face for a whole week afterward. The intern braced himself for any explosions or monsters but nothing happened so he opened his eyes and saw Dr. Pines slumped over his desk. “Dr. Pines?!” The man stirred and turned to face Jack, who was shocked to see the incredibly sad expression on it. “Dr. Pines are you alright?”

“No...I’m...I’m afraid I did something incredibly stupid.”

“Y-you, sir? But...you’re a genius.” Jack stuttered. Ford sighed and slumped over his desk again. “I have been told by my brothers many times, that I am the worst when it comes to social interaction.” He admitted. Jack nodded slowly, yes, Dr. Pines was too intimidating for most people to talk to. “What happened sir?”

“A...friend, showed me their true self and I reacted badly. Now I’m afraid they won’t want to be around me anymore.” He sighed. “It wasn’t entirely my fault! He looked so much like… someone I once knew, I found myself reacting without thinking and I hurt his feelings…”

Jack furrowed his brow in confusion. That...sounded almost like…

“Well...have you apologized?” Jack suggested. Dr. Pines nodded. “I did but he left anyway. He said he was done for tonight, even though I asked him to stay…”

“W-well he said he’s done for tonight? He didn’t say he was done for good right? Which means he might be willing to come back another time?” Jack tried to cheer him up. It seemed to work as Dr. Pines perked up. “Yeah. You know, I’ll call him tomorrow. Apologize properly.’ The scientist got up to pat Jack on the back. “Thank you Mr. Gooseman. I will plan out my apology speech right now!” Jack twitched a little. “It’s Goodman, sir….,” Ford nodded absently, already turning to pull out a notebook to begin drafting out an apology.
“Um...from what I can understand, h-he said…” Jack blushed. Dr. Pines said that whoever the other man was, he showed Dr. Pines his ‘true self’ and Dr. Pines had reacted badly. The only thing Jack could think that meant was...”-that the other guy might have been...trying to…” Jack whispered “…take his clothes off...and Dr. Pines apparently reacted badly to what he saw…” Jack thought of what else their boss had said and tried to put it in words he understood. “...and that the other guy had reminded Dr. Pines of...I think, his Ex, and Dr. Pines had reacted really badly and hurt the other man’s feelings. So...he left and now Dr. Pines is planning out an apology letter.”

Everyone gasped at Jack’s explanation. Eventually Dr. Clark smiled. “You all owe me 10!” Dr. Wexler crossed her arms over her chest. “I don’t owe you anything, I need evidence. Did he explicitly said he was his boyfriend?”

Jack hummed and looked down. “N-No...that’s just how I interpreted it...he-he said ‘showed him his true self’ and that he reminded him of someone he once knew.” He made quotes with his hands. “I-I’m not sure what else that could mean…”

“So you won’t pay me?” Clark asked disappointed.

“He-he’s going to call him tomorrow...so maybe we-we could...eavesdrop?”

The scientists seemed to consider it and finally agreed. Yes. That sounded better. They wanted to know for sure what their boss was doing with that handsome man. If Ford knew what his staff were planning he’d probably fire the lot of them. Unaware of their gossiping schemes, Ford was crumpling up another another apology note.

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Bill flew through the Mindscape holding back tears. He knew Ford didn’t mean it but it was still...rude. “He’s the one who WANTED to see my Triangle form anyway!” He muttered. “Stupid Ford.” He sighed. Settling down on a random rooftop, he lifted up his hands. He was in the Mindscape, his physical body dispersed, therefore the wounds on his wrists were no longer here. Even so, he remembered them.

They ached faintly. It felt quite nice.

Bill sighed and pressed his hands to his eyelid. “I really am Bill Cipher aren’t I?” He groaned and flopped onto his back. Maybe he shouldn’t do this anymore. Becoming more like Bill...he didn’t really want that. But sometimes he would forget. He would forget that being like Bill was something to be avoided. He would forget WHAT was a ‘Bill Trait’ or...whatever? At which point did Bill begin and Zyun-Jan end? Or the other way around?

He...she, didn’t like pain. She hated it.

Screaming. Crying. Frustration. Self hate. A thick school textbook slammed down onto her hand repeatedly. Punishment. The pain was punishment. Because she wasn’t good enough. Because she wasn’t GOOD. The crunch of a bone. A textbook falling from a shaking hand. A bruised hand cradled close. This was a punishment. It hurts because it’s a punishment. It hurts because that’s what she deserved.

Bill shook his head. No. Zyun-Jan hated pain. He rolled onto his side and sighed. It’s not like he forgot on purpose. There were just so many more things to think about. His life as Bill, his Friends,
his children…

Bill allowed the tears to build up and leak. Crying is a good thing. Yes? Maybe if he cried enough it wouldn’t hurt anymore. He missed Quackers. He missed Pynelope. He missed Pyrone. He wouldn’t have had to go through this alone. Xanthar would have comforted him. Ammy would have-- Pyronica would have-- *everyone* would have--

But what did he do?

Ran away like a coward.

Ran away to live inside someone else’s happily ever after.

Bill groaned. He shouldn’t have come here. He should go home.

*Zach and Zoe pulled at his hands chanting “Story! Story!” With those wide, innocent smiles.*

*So much like Will. So much like Thermal Pack and Ice Pack.*

Shit. Bill laughed bitterly. He ran away to try and get over the deaths of his children his brother only to get himself attached to MORE children. “Fuck my life…” He laughed. He laid there and thought. What was he going to do? Who was he going to be?

Seb had found his happy ending. A man who reincarnated and suffered and eventually found happiness. Could Bill be like that too? How? What did he have to do to get his own happy ending? Maybe he should ignore his own Pines family altogether. Stay in space with his Friends and spend each day searching for things to do.

 Spend the rest of existence trying to fill his time with stuff. Entertainment, food, games, parties...maybe go out and help some people in trouble. Get shunned for doing do. Get mad. Kill a few people. Feel bad for it. Cry. Rely on others’ pity to get by.

“I am fucking PATHETIC.”

When did he become such an awful person? Bill couldn’t remember. He was so broken. He knew there was something wrong but he couldn’t really tell what it was anymore. There should be a solution, a correct path forward, but for the life of him, he couldn’t think of it. He felt like he knew the answer. It was on the tip of his tongue but he couldn’t put it in words. Couldn’t even conceptually realize what it was.

Sometimes he had moments of clarity, when he understood what was wrong, understood how to be better. But then that moment was gone and he just wanted to have fun to distract himself from the horrifying existential thoughts of what living for eternity really meant. The Earth would die, humanity would go extinct, the universe would end. And Bill Cipher would still be here.

Mortality was a terminal disease and everyone had it but him and those few who were tricked into staying with him forever and ever. In those moments of clarity, Bill was at peace with mortals being mortals. They were at peace, they had found rest. They didn’t have to suffer or struggle anymore. The only one suffering was him.

The dead do not mourn.

Bill hated his wildly oscillating thought process sometimes. How had he gone from Ford hurting his feelings to philosophical thoughts on the nature of death and mourning? Bill wanted to do what he always did, set these thoughts and feelings aside so he could just be happy. He wasn’t...
ignoring those feelings, just pushing them away to experience later. But there was so much backlog. It builds and builds until a single event triggers the landslide of everything hitting at once.

Maybe he should just let this happen, ride out the emotional horse tornado around and around and around until everything is spinning and he didn’t know his lefts from his wrongs. Bill got up slowly and tried to make his way to Seb’s house. His thoughts were quickly spiralling out of control. Topics popping in and out as they scream and shout. All the things he could do. All the things he could see.

Would you? Could you? Here or there?

Would you? Could you? Anywhere!

“This is why I HATE letting my mind drift!” Bill screamed in frustration. He had to get his own mind back under control. He couldn’t focus, couldn’t think. Think, think, blink, ink, sink, shrink… see?! This is what happens if he didn’t have something specific to think about! Everything gets thought at once. Every fear and insecurity, should he run or should he let things be?

His ups were his downs. He breathes while he drowns. Everything was here. So put them over there. But there was here and here was nowhere!

Bill couldn’t remember how he made it back to Seb’s house but he did. He stumbled through the walls until he reached Seb’s room. He and Wanda were already asleep. Bill shifted into Miz, sighing in relief as some of the torrent of thoughts, emotions, sounds and images were...not gone per say, but muted. She crawled into bed, exhausted and dizzy and distressed. Sleep sounded good right now.

Sleep to let her mind sort out what the fuck it wanted. Sleep so she could let go of caring, thinking, existing in a state that required actual thought and care and attention and fuck, she didn’t care anymore. She just wanted this all to stop.

Miz curled up on the bed and let the dizziness inside her mind spiral her thoughts around and around until she finally fell asleep.

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Chapter 25: Your name

Chapter Summary

How long can you hide inside a happy ever after?

Slices of Life and Family

Chapter 25

-Your name-

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When Wanda woke up early in the morning, she found herself sandwiched between her husband and a little dark-haired girl. She tried to stand up, but Seb had one leg over her and he was hugging her waist. “Seb...Sebas...”

“Um…” Seb muttered and snuggled closer to her back. “Let me go, I have to get ready for work…” She groaned a bit and pulled away. The man moaned sad. “Warm...hug…”

Wanda slowly stood up and pushed Miz closer to Seb. “Here. Hug Miz instead…” She giggled when Seb caught the girl and curled up around her. As much as a part of her told her she should feel jealous, her rational part didn’t allow her to feel that way. Miz was Seb’s sister! The blonde gave her husband a kiss on his cheek. “See you at night...Take care of our babies...I think they have an appointment with their pediatrician for another vaccine today, please, check it out.”

“Ok…”

With that, the woman quickly took a shower, changed, kissed her sleeping babies goodbye and left, she would buy breakfast when she was close to the office.

The real alarm to wake up in the household rang around an hour and a half later and Seb blinked in confusion when he saw he was holding Miz. “Hey…” He ran a hand through her hair. “Good morning…”

“Uwu…” She hugged her pillow and Seb laughed. “I’ll go wake up the twins for daycare…” He let go of the demon girl and yawned as he started his daily routine. First he took a shower and changed his clothes, he shaved the parts he didn’t want for the beard he was growing and combed his hair a bit as well. Then he went to the twins’ room to get them out of bed, get them changed, feed them, see that their hair was combed and their teeth washed, that their little backpacks had all they needed for the day, before taking them to preschool. What did Wanda tell him? Doctor appointment? Oh dear Ax, the twins were going to throw a tantrum today...

While the three had breakfast, and Sir Bedazzle rolled in his bin full of water, Miz came downstairs.

“Hi, Miz!” Zoe and Zach waved, happy and innocently eager to start a new day. Miz smiled faintly at them. “Hey little gremlins…” she rubbed her eyes and yawned. She felt a little unhappy but
Miz turned to the kids. “Oi! Prepare yourselves, this afternoon you shall face a harrowing quest!” the twins stared at her with wide eyes. “What quest? Will we fight a dragon?” Zoe gasped as she stood up in her chair. “Will we fight you?” Zach asked, bouncing in his seat. “You shall be facing the most dreaded beast of all! Doctors!” Miz cried dramatically. The twins both gasped. “Nooo!!!” Seb sipped his orange juice, amused. The twins stood up and pulled their dad’s arms. “Noo!!” They screamed again, louder this time.

“Dad, no! I don’t want to go!” Zoe pleaded. “It hurts!”

“I hate it! I hate it!” Zach hugged himself. He hated seeing needles and the liquid they put inside. It was scary and he didn’t like it.

“No one likes doctors, but I don’t want you catching anything that can hurt you, especially now with idiots not wanting to vaccinate their children.” Seb sighed. Seriously, humans were weak as fuck, and vaccines were invented for a reason. “But I don’t like needles!” Zoe whined and her hands started burning, itching to release her flames. “I will bite the nurse if we go!” She threatened. “If you bite the nurse, I will bite YOU and you will be grounded.” Seb smiled. “If you two behave, we can buy ice cream later, but ONLY if you two behave at the doctors. And school. Deal?”

The twins shared a look and sighed. There goes their plan to take revenge on that kid who broke Zoe’s color pencil. “Deal.” They nodded warily, but didn’t shake hands with their Dad. It was dangerous to negotiate with something like the doctor, Dad could find a loophole and make them regret it later. “But we still don’t like it.” Zach shook his head. Miz giggled. She loved these humans so much...

“I hate needles too. I used to cry when I had to go to the doctors.” She admitted. The twins turned to her in surprise. “Really?” Zach asked. Miz nodded. “But I got over it. Because I’m stronger than my fear! If it’s scary I just have to look away from the needle and think about something else. Besides, the doctors are just trying to help. You don’t want to get sick right?”

They shook their heads. Zoe had gotten a cold once and she hated it. And Zach didn’t like being sick either.

Seb grinned and attacked the twins with kisses as rubbed his beard on their soft, chubby faces. “I don’t want you getting sick either my small, baby monsters!”

“GAH! Dad!” Zoe whined, pushing his face away from her. “Shave!” She shouted as Seb simply laughed. “Nope. I like my beard, kid. Makes me look special and cool.” The twins rolled their eyes. Daddy was silly. His beard was itchy but he kept it anyway. They turned to Miz for help. “Shave?” They asked. Miz cackled and held up an electric razor “Well…”

“No!” Seb covered his face and ran away, just when Miz stood up. “Oh come here, Sebas…” She sing-songed. “I just wanna talk~” She walked towards the bathroom where the man had locked himself in, thinking it would protect him. How cute.

“Shave Daddy!” Zoe cheered and Miz grinned. She simply phased through the closed door and the twins laughed when they heard their dad screaming in surprise. Inside, Miz was holding Sebas down and trying to apply shaving cream to his face. “Now I’m just gonna admit I’ve never done this before~so I have ABSOLUTELY no idea what I’m doing!” Miz laughed maniacally. Seb
screamed. “You’re not even supposed to use cream with an electric razor!!” He wailed. The razor buzzed. Miz was merciless. There was a silence. The twins outside held each other as they strained to hear. Finally the door creaked open slowly. “D-daddy?” Zoe whispered.

A heavenly chorus sang out “Ahhh~” as bright light shone from within the bathroom. Seb stepped out, his face smooth and shiny, his hair perfectly combed and a large pout on his lips. Miz stood behind him, holding the light effects and trying hard not to laugh. She didn’t succeed. “PFTH! AHAHAHAHAHA!”

The twins stared in shock at the man who MUST be their dad but he looked so...naked without his beard. It made him seem much younger and they were amazed at how different it looked.
“Whoa…” Zoe whispered. “Daddy is pretty.”

“I’m ALWAYS pretty!” Seb complained as he rubbed a hand on his smooth chin. Eh, it’ll grow back in a week right? Damn body hair grew fast, but at least his beard was included in that growth. “I can’t believe you shaved off my beard…” He grumbled at Miz who looked entirely too smug. “It looks better this way.” She insisted.

“But I liked it!” Seb complained with a groan. “And Wanda liked it!”

The twins looked away, and attempted to whistle. Suuuure. Mommy liked it.

Seb didn’t notice the looks on his kids’ faces and looked at them. “Alright, it’s getting late. Go grab your backpacks, little traitors.” The twins laughed and went to their room. Seb went to grab their lunchboxes and moodily tossed them onto the couch.

“You really look better this way…I said you were the most handsome, didn’t it? I know what I’m talking about.” Miz smiled up at the man. “Stick with this, or a goatee. That looked hella good on you.”

“Ok, alright, I get it, thank you I guess…” Seb smiled and ruffled her hair.

“We’re ready!” The twins came running down the stairs. Seb grinned “Alright kids, first one to the car gets to choose the radio station!” The twins gasped and raced off (pulling on their velcro shoes), pushing each other to try and get ahead. Seb got his keys and slipped his outdoor shoes on. Miz, as per usual, stayed behind to look after the house. Seb had asked her once if she wanted to come with them to school but she had shook her head. “Too many questions if I show up. Frankly I’m amazed the neighbors haven’t asked about why there’s a random girl living with you.”

Seb waved goodbye to Miz as he opened the car door for the twins to climb in, sitting down in their safety seats and waiting to be buckled in. “I’ll be back soon.” He called over his shoulder. Miz nodded. “I’ll clean up the kitchen.”

“You’re an Ax-sent gift, Miz!” Sebastian laughed as he finished tending to the kids and drove off. The twins waved at Miz as they lost sight of the house. “How come Miz doesn’t have to go to school?” Zach asked innocently. Seb grinned. How cute. They were so naive! “Because Miz isn’t really a kid. She already went through school, but likes to look like a little girl.”

“She went to a dragon school?” Zoe asked with her green and brown eyes wide. “Eh...yes. Definitely dragon school... and probably a triangle school?” Seb nodded without looking away from the road. “I want to go to dragon school!” Zoe exclaimed after a few moments of quiet. “When you become a dragon, I will send you to dragon school.” Seb humored her. Zoe growled. “I’m a dragon now! Rawr!” her hands caught on fire. Zach tensed up. “Zoe! Dad is driving! Don’t scare him now!” Seb checked around to see if there were any cars on the road too and grinned. He faked a startled cry and sped up a little, making the twins shriek. “A dragon is going to attack me!”

“Wait! Wait! I’m not a dragon anymore!” Zoe explained quickly and Seb stopped the car a bit harder than necessary. The twins laughed when their bodies jerked forward. Seb looked at the backseat. “Are you sure you won’t turn into a dragon and attack me?” He pouted. “I won’t! I promise!” The girl put a hand over her chest solemnly. “I will use my dragon form to attack dumb kids who bother me.” Zach laughed. “But what if a knight appears?” Zoe stuck her tongue out “If you’re the knight then you can defend the dragon!”

“Good girl.” Seb grinned and turned on the car again. They finally reached the cute, colorful building of their preschool and the twins struggled to get free. They wanted to go! Their Daddy
kindly unbuckled them from their seats and they jumped out of the car, running happily inside. “Hi, kids!” one of their teachers greeted. She was at the gate, checking to make sure everyone was arriving and in case anyone strange was loitering outside the daycare.

“Hi, Miss Blossom!” They waved at her as they ran inside to their classroom.

Seb watched them run inside and sighed. He handed the young woman with a blue apron at the entrance their lunchboxes. “They forgot this…” Miss Blossom blinked in surprise at the Pines twins’ father. “Oh. You shaved, Mr. Pines?” He blushed. “Eh, Zoe got annoyed at my beard scratching her and demanded me to shave.” He sighed. “My poor beard...it was innocent!”

Miss Blossom laughed, taking the lunch boxes. “Well it’s a good look for you.” Sebastian gasped. “Not you too!” The daycare worker laughed and walked back inside to put the boxes away. Seb rolled his eyes, they were wrong, his beard was awesome!

The man returned to his car, argued with another parent who was scolding him for parking like that, and went back home. He had to finish that drawing and try out that new program he had been recommended to design things digitally. Modern times made everything about computers! It wasn’t long before he was home and found Miz doing the laundry. Seriously, best roommate ever. He gave her a wave before going to his ‘office’ to work. That was how the past few weeks had been. Quiet normalcy as he lived his life peacefully with his family and (spiritual) little sister.

Not for the first time, Seb wondered how long Miz was planning to stay. He now knew that she was hiding out at his place because she didn’t want to go home and confront the fact that her children had died (which, he sort of understood) but now that the knowledge had come to light, did she still have a reason to stay?

Did Seb WANT her to stay?

If he was being honest, yes. He wanted her to stay. She was like a little sister and the children loved her. But...didn’t she have her own life back in the other dimension? Her own friends and family who might be missing her? He knew that time didn’t pass in another dimension unless it was observed and all that, but still. He didn’t want to make Miz stay if there was something important she had to do back there.

It wouldn’t be right to keep her here, selfishly, if her own family and friends were waiting for her. He looked down at his finished drawing which seriously needed to be sent to the company because his manager was going nuts, and sighed. Should he tell her about this? If he asked her how much longer she would stay he was almost totally sure the girl was going to get offended and sad. He knew because he knew Miz, she’d think he was kicking her out and that was the last thing Sebastian wanted to do...

A small part of him wanted her to stay forever. He loved being with her, she helped him with the house and with the twins, something he had to do alone before and he was incredibly grateful for it...

If she didn’t have any hurry to leave, if she didn’t want to leave...then why should he worry...right? If Miz liked being with them, if the kids liked her and Wanda had no problem with her presence, Wanda even told him she saw Miz as a daughter! (His wife was so cute, what the hell?!) , who was he to tell her to go to a place she didn’t want to confront? Seb smiled happily as he attached the drawing to his manager’s email. Yeah. He was right. Miz could stay as long as she wanted because he wanted her to stay. It was a win-win!

In the other room, Miz was humming to herself as she worked. Chores were so much easier with
powers. She floated the laundry bin, which was pretty heavy, what with 4 people’s worth of clothes in it, down to the basement and sorted them by colors. Wash the lights first, the delicates and lights go together. She tried hard not to feel creeped out. Basements were just...creepy. Maybe if it wasn’t so...barren? Miz waved her hands and created more lights, flooding the cold basement with a warmer, yellow glow as she colored the walls pastel pink with flowers and made the ground a pretty grass green.

Much better!

She scooped in the detergent soap and turned the washing machine on. While the wash ran, she could go back upstairs and prepare lunch for Seb later. Plus, there was still the mess in the backyard from the party that needed to be cleaned up. It was all very domestic and calming. Miz wondered if maybe she should get a real job as a maid. It was something she enjoyed, so maybe she should go for it? How WOULD the multiverse feel about Bill Cipher putting himself up for hire as a maid service?

The idea made her laugh until she was gasping for air. Once the hilarity of the look on Time Baby’s face went away, Miz quieted and frowned. She missed home (As afraid as she was to go back). But she also wanted to stay with Seb. Maybe she could do both? The Void of Doors was her true Dreamscape after all. So maybe she could go home and just...visit Seb in her dreams whenever she was asleep? If the only place she was going was to Seb’s dimension, she wouldn’t have to worry too much about the required safety features she had to manually set up every time she came through the Doors. And she could see if it was safe to go back to Blue's place...

It would be nice if she could have both. She was greedy like that. If there was a choice for one or the other that she wanted, she would take both and nuts to anyone who tried to stop her. She would need to head back home in order to set this system up though, a true, solid link between her Exit Door and Seb’s. She would need his permission to mess around his Mindscape for that.

She went back upstairs, lazily waving her hands to gather up the trash in the yard for recycling, and knocked on Seb’s door.

“Come in!” Seb shouted from the inside and Miz did so. “Hey Seb?” she began. “Would it be okay if I linked my Dreamscape with yours so I could travel back and forth between my dimension and this one without having to go through the exit doors within my Dreamscape each time?”

“...Uh?” The man looked up at her confused. “You-You want to link your Dreamscape with mine…”

Miz nodded excitedly. “Can I?” “Eh…” Seb grimaced and scratched his head. “I don’t know. It doesn't sound safe.”

Miz thought about how she could make it seem like a good idea.“You can even come to MY side and meet my family?” Miz pointed out. “I’m sure 8-Ball would love to see Stanley again too, they seemed to get along back when he stayed with me.” Now, that sounded more interesting. “Really? That…” That sounded awesome. His brothers got to meet his friend’s family, it was only fair if he could too! “This link...It would only take you here in your spirit form...and me to your world in my spirit form, wouldn’t it?”

Miz nodded. “I came here in spirit form and built a body, I can do the same for you and anyone else who wants to come over.”

“So if they wanted to, the twins or-or Wanda could go too? But are you sure nothing can get from your world to mine if we do this?”
Miz scoffed. “The only way that would happen is if someone could break into my Mindscape! And I’ve been working on adding protections! There are multiple runes and security features everywhere! You won’t be in any danger!” She insisted.

The brunet man bit his lip in thought. This was Miz they were talking about. She was his friend. She wouldn’t let anything bad happen if he accepted...but one Bill Cipher got into his mind already and his mind had to be destroyed in order to defeat him... He was not afraid of Miz, he was worried something could happen to his mind. What if somehow, Miz’s presence did something to his mind accidentally? What if he went insane?

“What...why are you asking this anyway?” He asked instead with a sheepish smile.
“You...planning to leave already?” He asked softly. She shook her head. “I just...wanted a way to be with both my family AND yours.” She tried to figure out how to explain this “I can manually travel back and forth but it’s dangerous to have to open my Exit door so often. Even with my security features, I don’t want to risk it. But if I directly link us up, I can come to you freely without having to risk the Void, or have my own Door open.” Though, she would still check the Void now and then, to move Doors around and finalize the protective cage of Doors surrounding hers, Seb’s and Blue’s Doors.

Seb bit his finger as he thought. “Can you promise me your presence won’t, won’t damage my mind? It’s been stable for years after-” He lifted his eyepatch to show her his lack of eye. “-You won’t accidentally make something go too crazy....right?”

Miz placed a hand over her heart. “I promise I won’t touch anything. I’m just going to put a door in an out of way place, away from any of your stuff. I’ll mark it so it’s clearly visible and different from any part of your mind.”

Seb took a deep breath. Ok...he-he thought he got it. Miz wouldn’t let anything happen. “Ok...” He nodded. “I accept.” He held out his hand and Miz held out her own, blue flames danced along both hands. “So it’s a Deal, your dimensional door will link directly with my Mindscape and mine with yours.” Miz stated clearly, just to let Seb back out if he really wanted to. The man hesitated before smiling and shaking her hand, “Deal.”

The flames flickered up their arms and both of them had a moment of vertigo. Miz whimpered as she shook her head. “Ugh...that felt weird.” Seb groaned and massaged his temples. “Urgh, tell me about it...” He looked at his body for any change but of course found nothing. “So...It’s done, right?” Miz scanned the human’s mind and grinned when she felt the Door, clearly visible and different from anything in his space-like dreamscape. “Yup!”

Seb laughed nervously and sat down again. He was so paranoid, thinking Miz would make a deal to hurt him... “What—What are you doing now?” Miz laid down on a couch in Seb’s office. “I need to see if it works.” She admitted. She closed her eyes and appeared to go to sleep. “Eh...ok?” Seb raised an eyebrow, wondering if she left and left the body just to piss him off. When Miz’s body continued to ‘sleep’, Seb decided to go back to work and not worry about it.

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The world was a pale pink. Miz, Bill now, blinked slowly. His bricks pulsed lightly with a healthy golden glow as he looked around. Wait, this was the Space between Spaces! Oh... oh right, the AXOLOTL of this dimension probably Felt her making that connection and now...

...now he was probably going to have some words with him. Bill sighed. Right, should have figured this would happen. For a second, Bill worried about whether this Axolotl was going to be terrifying like the one he met in Blue’s dimensional set, but then he relaxed. This Ax should be
nicer. He was kind enough to allow Seb to come back to life, so that he could be with his family after all. This in mind, Bill held back his fear and decided to greet the salamander with an open mind.

“Hello?” there was no response. “Hewwo~?” He tried instead. “Hewwo~? Is anywun dewre~?”

“If you’re attempting to do one of those ‘meme’ things, please stop.”

He turned to see a large pale pinkish salamander giving him a deadpan stare. Bill giggled. “You know memes? My Ax doesn’t.”

“Youre dimension doesn’t yet have human internet.” The Axolotl responded with a sigh. “It floods through all of the multiverse, spreading like a virus until even some of the Time Police dab while arresting people.” he grimaced, “Please don’t let my counterpart have to go through this too.”

Bill responded with a cheeky grin “I make no promises~” So the humans in THIS dimension have spread their memes even into space? Nice~

The Axolotl sighed. “What are you doing here, Bill Cipher?”

“Well, technically, I think YOU pulled me here while I was attempting to get into my Dreamscape to see if the Doors I just built were working properly, but so long as I’m here, I might as well introduce myself! I’m Sebas’ friend!” MizBill smiled proudly. “You know, he was a Bill, crazy guy, wanted to kill the Pines once upon a time...”

“I am aware who Sebastian Pines is, I created him and I have watched over him for years...still do.”

MizBill hummed with curiosity. “Can...can I curl up with you? My Ax lets me do it…” He mumbled shyly (having fortified himself the instant he realized where he was, so it should be safe, and he would get a basic read on this AXOLOTL) and the giant salamander managed a small smile. “Very well, if you wish.”

MizBill happily floated towards the Axolotl and curled up against his side. Ah...soft and warm, just like he liked his Axs... nothing at ALL like Blue’s Ax... “Are you the same Ax from Sebas’ previous life?” MizBill asked curiously (was pretty sure he was, but he might as well get confirmation), watching his mental form's own bricks glow yellow in the darkness of space. It was fascinating how this world can be entirely pink and white while still being dark.

“Indeed.”

“But also from the triplets’ dimension...”

“You are correct...I am the God for many dimensions, as are many other Axolotls...but I was not originally in touch with your Axolotl until recently, after you came here, the first time.” The Axolotl blinked slowly down at MizBill. “You created the connection. You and he, are quite unique, from what little I can see.”

“Eh, dad is dad...he helped me a lot when I first became immortal.” MizBill shrugged. “Why didn’t you help your Bills?” His tone wasn’t accusatory, just, curious. “It just wasn’t meant to be...my Bill Ciphers live out their lives, do what they choose and then perish at the hands of the Pines family where they would invoke my name for a chance at redemption.” The Axolotl stared at Bill unblinking. “I do not interfere in what they choose to do.”

“You can decide what Fate they have?” MizBill asked. “Like, Seb became...Seb, but in other
fanfics I have read, Bill reincarnated as other people and in different situations.”

“...I am not sure I understand what ‘fanfic’ you speak of, but yes, I decide which Fate they have after their deaths.”

“What have you done to the Bill that THIS Pines family defeated?”

“It is a private Deal, Bill. I am not allowed to tell you.”

“...reincarnated as a frog it is then.” MizBill shrugged. “So...is it okay with you that I linked my mind with Seb’s?”

The Axolotl smiled a little “Sebastian has completed his mission...I have guided him through the process, but now he can choose what to do on his own. I think he has learned everything needed to continue his life as a human in a responsible way.”

“So...is that a yes?” the little triangle nuzzled with this Ax, does that make this one his uncle? His uncle Ax?

“Yes, as long as you don’t risk his or his family’s life, he has earned his peace, I wouldn’t want it to be ruined...” Ax stroked MizBill’s tiny triangular form with a paw. “Is this alright? I am used to dealing with less... polite Bill Ciphers.” This Ax must be the most patient one, even more than Bill’s own! Was that even possible?! MizBill giggled at the tickling sensation of the Axolotl’s paw. “That’s fine. So...does that make me the good child?” He batted his eyelashes innocently. Ax gave him a pat on the head and rolled his black eyes “I suppose you are.”

“That’s good to know.” MizBill sighed and slumped over the Axolotl’s hand. “…Is Time Baby gonna be pissed when he comes back?”

“He is always angry about one thing or another.”

“You should try to raise him better.” MizBill grumbled. “I know you’re pretty hands off most of the time but still. You know he disintegrates his own workers just for the heck of it?” The Axolotl sighed. He couldn’t take care of everything...

“I am glad you became Sebastian’s friend...he didn’t have it easy in this life either...” Ax ignored MizBill’s glare. Oh, and whose’ fault was that? “So I am glad you like him.” MizBill scoffed. “You could try making more of an effort you know?” He poked the Axolotl’s cheek “I shouldn’t have to clean up other people’s messes all the time, even if I like cleaning.”

“I...admit I didn’t think a few things through.” The white salamander admitted with a sheepish voice. “He wasn’t supposed to be treated that badly by his human father, but it was an unfortunate oversight…” The Axolotl sighed. “And the horrible pain he had to suffer from that zodiac on his back?” MizBill huffed. “I was containing his powers, pure energy, there was no way to make it painless, just progressive. It was meant to be gone when he reached Gravity Falls.”

“And you couldn’t have...oh, I don’t know, told him to go to Gravity Falls after he was originally kicked out of his house?” MizBill asked sarcastically. There was a long silence before the Axolotl ducked his head, “I...didn’t think of that…”

MizBill facepalmed. “You’re an idiot. Oh my cheese, you’re an idiot just like Seb and Ford!”

The Axolotl looked properly chastised. “Alright...I admit I was wrong...BUT! ” He lifted a paw. “He wouldn’t have grown as a person!” MizBill’s glare stayed. “And he would have given his dark self his body once he HAD powers... that would have been worse.” When MizBill’s glare didn’t
waver, Ax mumbled “And he wouldn’t have met Wanda again.” MizBill blinked. “Ok, fine. I’ll accept THAT as an excuse.” He gently hit the Axolotl’s paw. “Still, he suffered…”

Ax sighed again. “I know…but look what he has achieved, Sebastian… has his family back…” MizBill interjected “Which I helped with!” The Axolotl rolled his eyes. “He would have finished the portal on his own anyway, the boy is intelligent, he just doesn’t believe it.”

“Yeah, but I helped make sure the Stans survived their first tumble into the multiverse. Do you have ANY idea how many Fords actually didn’t survive their first trip?” Miz knew this well after what had happened with Blue’s dimensional sets. The Ax smiled sadly. “I know...But I knew they were going to be fine. I knew they would make it.”

MizBill grumbled. “Well, your LITERAL Deus Ex Machina aside, what’s going to happen to Seb now? He’s...mortal…” The triangle looked down and the Axolotl gently stroked him. “He is human, Bill...I am sure you know what will eventually happen to him...” MizBill made a sniffing sound. “Bill...I understand it hurts…but Sebastian is happy right now... and you love him, think of him and enjoy your time with him now instead of dwelling on things that can’t be stopped .” MizBill whined “But they CAN be stopped. I can make him immortal. I can make their whole family immortal!” Ax bumped his head against Bill’s side. “And you know why you can’t. You know that isn’t right.”

“Doesn’t mean I can’t complain about it.” MizBill growled. “Why is it fine when I make my alien friends immortal, but the second I try to sink my Deals into a human, everyone’s like ‘No, you can’t do that’ and make such a fuss?”

“Those Friends you chose were all broken, lonely souls. Without you they wouldn’t have found happiness on their own. But Sebastian HAS. He’s found his happiness and you shouldn’t interfere with that.”

“Is that all it is?” MizBill blinked. “So...you mean there is no one out there, in all the multiverse, who would have cared for or loved Pyronica and the others?” That...was a depressing thought. Especially in the dimensions where Bill was an asshole. That meant that even if their Bill was a horrible person, he was still their only hope for happiness and acceptance. “That fucking sucks.” And now MizBill wanted to adopt all of them as well-

Wait.

MizBill looked up at Ax with panic. “What happened with this Bill’s Henchmaniacs? Are they still in that collapsing dimension? Without Bill to take care of them?” he shivered “And what about Seb’s original Henchmaniacs from his past life? What happened to them?!”

The Axolotl stayed silent and Bill understood what that meant. He sniffled and began to sob quietly. He knew they weren’t HIS friends but...this was sad. “T-that’s not fair…” he whimpered. The Axolotl pet his side softly. “They were dangerous criminals who found joy in killing others…” Bill shook his head “Bu-but...I could have...I could have helped them...like I’ve helped my own friends…”

“... maybe you could have, but it’s too late for that now. They will reincarnate back into the world like all others who have died. It’s all I can do for them.”

MizBill cried and held onto his paw, wiping his eye on Ax’s cool limb. “I hate this…” The Axolotl hugged the ‘good kid’ to his chest. He didn’t know too much about this Bill’s history, he hoped his counterpart was dealing with him better than this. It would be a shame for this Bill to end up completely broken like the ones he dealt with. He didn’t deserve it. After a while his sobbing...
finally quieted down and the Axolotl saw that Bill had fallen asleep, his exhaustion from his Deal with Sebastian and emotions wearing him out. The Axolotl curled around the triangle and went to sleep himself.

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Seb leaned closer to inspect Miz’s body. Did she breathe when she was in a human(ish) form? He couldn’t remember. He hoped she was alright… how long did it take to check on a dimensional connection? Seb had finally finished organizing the spring-summer fashion show for his brand. Fuck his manager forcing him to do this! He knew it was to get more recognized...but still, he liked it when he only made personalized dresses. It was fun. Now he barely had time for that.

He went to the kitchen to prepare lunch while he waited for Miz to wake up and took Miz with him. He left her on the couch, just so she wouldn’t be alone when she woke up. While he started on the rice and soup, his phone rang and he quickly answered. “Sebastian!” Wanda shrieked from the other side, making him wince. “Are you free?!”

“I’m always free for you, love…”

Wanda didn’t laugh. This was serious. “I was called in the middle of a meeting when I specifically told them not to call ME, and they told me the kids had a fight with some boys. Please go check on them.” Seb groaned. Again?! “Alright…I’ll go.” he heard Wanda yelling on the other end, “Give me a fucking moment, stupid! That wasn’t for you, honey, I have to go, bye!”

Seb turned off the kitchen stove, pouting at his half cooked soup and looked at Miz. Fuck it. He wasn’t leaving her unconscious here. He carried her bridal style to the car, sat her in the passenger seat awkwardly and buckled her seatbelt before speeding to the Daycare. Damn kids! He loved them so much but they were so unpredictable!

Like him, he couldn’t help but admit…

To his incredible relief, Miz began stirring when they got close to the Daycare. “Hey Miz, sorry about moving you, an emergency came up an-” Seb was cut off when Miz began crying out with a tone of panic. He couldn’t glance over since he was driving, and pretty fast at that, so he asked “Miz? What’s wrong?!”

“Ah...ah...ah…” She was half turned and trying to curl herself into a ball. Another driver honked at Seb angrily when he drove past them and Miz flinched violently, covering her head and sobbing. Ok, now Seb was worried, the Daycare was right there so he quickly pulled over and turned the car off. “Miz?”

She was whimpering as she trembled in the passenger seat. Seb really wanted to see what was wrong, did her visit to the Doors not go well? Did the connection not work? But the twins… Seb bit his lip. “Hey Miz…it’s okay…” He reached out and gently pet her head, she seemed to have calmed down once the car stopped moving at least. “Look, I...need to go check on the twins. I’ll be RIGHT back ok?” He waited for her to nod before he left the car, throwing her one last, worried glance.

The worried man entered the Daycare, only to be attacked and insulted by a woman. “Your kids are monsters! What kind of parents allow their children to behave like savages?!” Seb ignored the woman who angrily followed him and headed for the principal's office, where he found his twins curled up in a corner, trembling, as another boy was getting attended to by a nurse, who was bandaging a large part of his arm.
Oh boy…

The kids’ teacher was worriedly speaking to the principal when both women noticed him. “Oh, Mr. Pines! You’re finally here!”

“You shouldn’t have called my wife, we have explained already that in any emergency you call me. Multiple times.” Seb said seriously, growling as the woman sat with the injured and bruised boy. “They would be better if their mother was present!” The angry mother snapped. “Shut up!” Seb snapped back at her and walked over to the whimpering twins. “I wanna know what happened.”

“Mr. Pines…we have been very tolerant with Zully’s preferences, but today she-”

“I am not addressing you.” Seb looked at the teacher angrily. “I am talking to them.” He crouched in front of his children. “I wanna know what happened.” He repeated. Zoe wiped her eyes and Seb noticed the smudge of blood on her mouth. Ok. First mystery resolved. “He was mean to Zach just because he wants to hurt him!”

“Why was he mean?”

“I-I told Miss Blossom my name was-was Zach now...but-but then she said I was a girl and that I couldn’t be called Zach…” The whimpering boy sniffed and Seb’s glare hardened. “What else?”

“Then during break time Za-Zach went to the bathroom and that boy pushed him because he said he couldn’t go to that bathroom even though he’s a boy too and then called him a girl!” Zoe growled, her eyes slowly turning red. “He tried...he tried to make me show him if I was really a boy but I got angry and I kicked him away and started punching him…” Zach admitted quietly. “Then I helped too and bit him really really hard!” Zoe nodded firmly. She leaned in to whisper something to her dad. “I didn’t burn him though, but I really wanted to.”

Seb turned to look at the woman who insulted him. “Alright. What were you saying about my kids?” He growled. “Your son, tried to make my son show him his genitals!” The woman, blinded by the anger, turned to look at the principal. “You shouldn’t even be letting girls into the boy’s bathroom! You’re messing up her head! My son didn’t want girls in a space for boys!”

“A fucking bathroom is a fucking bathroom!” Seb stood up in front of the kids who were still curled up on the corner. “And we’ve told you how Zach feels! You should make him feel safe at school!” He snarled at the teacher and principal.

“We-we have accepted a lot about...your child, Mr. Pines...but the norms are clear...and that child’s birth certificate and papers establish she is a girl…” The principal said, almost guiltily. “And your kids have hurt John…”

Seb sighed. “I WILL apologize for that. I’ve told them that it’s not right to hurt others. So, how about this, Zach and Zoe apologize to John for hurting him and he apologizes to Zach for the sexual harassment. Deal?”

The woman seethed. “Your child’s face is covered in my son’s blood! And you’re acting as if nothing big has happened!”

“Ok, listen, lady, I am trying to solve this like a decent person and YOU aren’t HELPING ME!” Seb shouted. “Your son shouldn’t have made those stupid comments in the first place! He shouldn’t have called my son a girl in the first place! OR attempted to harass Zach into flashing him! And I am offering A LOT by even making the twins apologize to HIS LITTLE ASS even though he deserved it for insulting Zach and trying to see him NAKED!!”
“Yeah!” Zoe grinned maliciously at John. “Silence, Zoe!” Seb scolded her. She pouted but sat back down with her brother. Seb was staring at the woman. “I don’t care about any of the confusion with Zach’s gender. Tell me THIS, do you think it’s ok for your son to demand to see someone’s genitals? Is that something you taught him to do? Check someone’s body to see what they have? Because that’s disgusting.”

The woman drew herself up angrily. “Well if your child doesn’t want to be checked then she shouldn’t.”

“So what I’m HEARING here is that YOU think it’s OKAY for people to STRIP CHECK other people to see if they’re male or female?!” Seb sneered at her. “Do you do that too? Just demand anyone you meet to drop their pants so you can get a nice, long look at-”

The woman slapped him. The principle and one of the teachers were watching awkwardly, unsure what to do. Zoe and Zach gasped. The woman hit their dad! Seb slowly turned his head back to look at the woman. “Oh my. And YOU were the first to react with physical violence? And you have the GALL to critique how I raise my kids?”

Seb turned to look at his shocked kids. “Bring your stuff, we’re leaving.” The twins didn’t need to be told twice and ran away to get their backpacks and lunchboxes in the classroom. Lucky for them, it was recess.

Seb left the room with his head high and calm, but he was shaking with rage inside. He wanted to kill them...how the fuck dare they?! He met with the kids in the hallway and they grabbed his hands. “Is your face hurting?” Zoe asked innocently. “Nah…” Seb smiled down at the twins tiredly. They walked outside where the car was parked and Miz was staring nervously out of the open window.

“Miz!” The twins gasped with a smile, their fight easily forgotten because their Daddy put those dumb people who were shouting at them in their places, and ran towards the car. Miz noticed they were approaching and smiled in relief. “Hey you little monsters, is it time to pick you up already?” She slipped out of the car to wrap the two of them in a hug.

“Um, no. But Daddy picked us up earlier because we hit a kid, but he deserved it so it’s ok.” Zoe nodded and Miz smiled. “Of course it’s ok if he deserved it.” The black-haired girl looked at Seb leaning against the car. “Are...you ok?” She thought the weird face he was making was because he was sad or worried, but he suddenly snorted.

“They beat the shit out of that kid…” He whispered, holding back laughter just for the sake of being a responsible parent. No. You don’t laugh at other people’s disgraces even if they were funny as hell. Miz laughed and ruffled the twins’ curly blond hair. “Nice~”

Seb looked at Miz, she seemed fine now. What had distressed her so much earlier? He wondered if he should ask. “Well, no sense sticking around here. Come on, let’s go home.” He helped the twins climb back into the car and noticed Miz hadn’t moved. “Miz?”

“You go, I...kinda want to check out the neighborhood. I haven’t really left the house much after all, and if I’m gonna be staying long term now, I might as well see what else there is around here?” It was a very clear explanation that made perfect sense...but Seb had seen enough bullshit to recognize bullshit when he heard it. Also, this wasn't even nearly at Miz's usual levels of half-truths, meaning something was really bothering her.

“Miz, what’s wrong?” He knelt down to look her in the eye. She pressed her lips together. “You’re not falling for it huh?” Seb snorted. “Who do you think you’re talking to?” She rolled her eyes.
“Right...of course.” She sighed. “I’m afraid of cars.” Seb looked at his car where the twins were waiting to go home, and back at the pouting girl. He grinned. “What? Why? Are cars in space too horrible? I drive pretty decently...” Okay, so he DID speed a little earlier but he was usually a very careful driver.

Miz sighed. “I… had an accident in a car… before being a demon, you know, as a mortal… and I’m terrified of being in one.” Seb pouted. Being scared of something wasn’t nice. He remembered when he had a complete aversion to water, it made you panic, just like Miz had done when she woke up. “Oh...I didn’t know...” He rubbed the back of his neck. “Sorry for dragging you here.” She shrugged “It’s...fine...” she was rubbing at her arms and shivering.

Seb wondered if he should try to help her get over this fear? Like how Mabel had helped him with his water problem? “Hey...if I drive really, really carefully, would that be ok?” Miz turned up to look at him and hesitated. “Well-

“You!” The both of them jumped when the angry mother from earlier stormed out, dragging her son behind her. She glared at Seb. “Ugh!!” Seb groaned. “What do you want now?!” He snapped. His bad mood coming back. “We aren’t in the building anymore, so daycare conversation is over!” He glared. He was glad the kids were already waiting in the car. The woman opened her mouth to say something but her eyes dropped to Miz, who blinked curiously up at her. The woman took in Miz’s obviously asian features and frowned. “Who’s this?"

“None of your business is who she is. We’re going home. Good day.” Seb said with a strained smile while placing a hand on Miz’s shoulder and moving himself in front of her. The woman frowned. “Is she your kid?” She looked down at Miz. “Do you know this man?”

Miz blinked. “Yeah. Seb is my dad.” She responded. At the confused look on the woman’s face, Miz rolled her eyes “Adopted.” The woman glanced up at Seb and then at Miz again. She huffed and turned away, dragging her son behind her. Once they turned the corner, Seb remarked “Well, the rumor mill around the neighborhood is going to go nuts.”

Miz giggled. “Well it’s true! I AM pretty much your family?” Then she hesitated, looking strained. "...right?"

Seb ran a hand through her hair and grinned. "Of course. You're my precious soul-sister. And… I guess my daughter now?" He wondered how that would work. Miz perked up, relief flooding her. It wasn't a full confirmation but it WAS a confirmation. She was his Family, not the bad type of family either. The good type.

She looked back at the car. “...how close are we to home?” she considered it.

“Like, a 5 minute drive.” Seb assured her. Miz fidgeted a bit. “Ok…” She opened the door and climbed back in. She trembled but buckled herself in and curled down low in her seat, covering her face with her arms. Seb sent her a worried look. Miz’s eyes were squeezed shut and her breathing was a little erratic. But she still forced herself to stay in the car. Seb drove carefully, it wasn’t too far and it was all along quiet neighborhood streets so he could go slowly. The twins were whining in the back, tired from sitting for so long.

“Daddy, can we go for ice cream?” Zoe asked as Seb turned the car down another street and the man laughed. “What do you think happened back there, kid? I’m still upset you bit him, ew, now I want you to wash your mouth when we get home.”

“But you said he deserved it.” Zoe whined.
“Yeah…” Seb nodded slowly, giving Miz reassuring smiles from time to time. “But even if he deserved it, it doesn’t mean you should have done it…” Seb sighed. Give him a break! He was having conflicting emotions right now and he didn’t like it! Should he even ground the kids? Biting and punching were bad…but that boy started it, and Seb would have reacted the same as a child…

“Ok.” Seb finally declared. “You aren’t grounded, but we aren’t going for ice cream after the doctor’s appointment either.”

“WHAT?!” They cried. “But we had a deal!” Zach pouted. “Ah ah! We made a promise!” Seb sing-songed and Miz managed to laugh a little bit. “And you broke it. We said you would behave at school and biting is not behaving…” The twins both whined but couldn’t say anything to defend themselves. They DID bite that boy, even if he deserved it, and biting means they weren’t behaving. Miz couldn’t help but smile and tease, uncurling slightly when she realized the road was quiet and there weren’t other cars driving around, “Well, I was behaving, so do I get ice cream?”

She teased as the twins gasped in horror. “No! No fair!” They cried.

“Yes, Miz can get ice cream.” Seb went along with it and the twins screamed loudly. “NOO!!!”

“Hey, hey! Don’t shout!” The man winced at the high pitched scream squared. He sighed in relief when he saw the house and he opened the garage to park the car. The twins were pouting in the backseat, pouting with frowns (looking absolutely adorable), Seb and Miz couldn’t help but laugh (though Seb noticed Miz’s knuckles were white from how tightly she was holding onto her seat, half curled defensively away from the sides of the car). The twins were unbuckled and sent to wash themselves and change their clothes, while they took their backpacks from the trunk.

“Are you ok? You seemed a little better this time?” Seb asked the girl. Miz smiled softly. “The distraction helped. It got my mind off it.” She rubbed her arm “Also, no one was honking at you so that was good.” She still shivered. “Well, I’m glad…” Seb smiled.

“Do I still get ice cream?” Miz asked and the man sighed. “Ok, yes. There’s a bucket hidden behind some frozen meat in the fridge. Enjoy yourself!” Miz cheered and raced off, trying to settle the trembling in her hands. Seb shook his head. Really, it was difficult to remember she was (probably) an adult. He checked the time, still a few hours before the twins’ doctors appointment. Well, hopefully he could get some more of his own work done before then.

Miz hummed to herself as she pulled open the lid for the ice cream before realizing she and Seb hadn’t had lunch yet. She looked sadly at the ice cream before putting the lid back on and pushing it back into the freezer. Real food first. As much as she loved ice cream, it wasn’t particularly filling. Especially when her hunger began acting up.

She looked over and suddenly realized there was rice on the counter along with what looked to be the beginning of soup. She checked on it and sighed in relief that Seb had remembered to turn the heat off before he left. She hummed and thought about what she could cook. Well the twins still had their lunch boxes. Feeling lazy, she flicked her fingers and summoned them to her. A quick check inside showed they had some sandwiches. Hm...rice, stew and sandwiches? Meh. She could work with that.

She summoned some cauliflower and started working.

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Seb collapsed on his couch when he was back. Stupid preschool…

He got his drawing ready, looked up the model’s measures and started cutting the fabric. Ugh. Due
to his procrastination, he was the one who had to make the last two dresses for the show. It was alright though, he liked it. As he worked, he called the model to agree on a date for her to come by and try the dress on at least twice, called his angry manager, who was upset he didn’t have everything ready, to tell him to calm down because he was working on it and he always finished on time, and as he sewed the fabric happily, he decided to try calling Wanda as well to inform her of what had happened.

It should be her break time, so she would be able to pick up. “Sebas?” Hehe, he knew it!

“Hi, honey…I took the children home earlier…”

“Really? Ugh, please tell me they aren’t hurt…” Wanda asked from the other side of the phone.

“Nope. They’re fine….” Seb laughed sheepishly. “But they punched a kid several times until he turned into a blueberry…and Zoe bit the boy hard enough to make him bleed. Cool, huh?”

Wanda fell silent. “Are you kidding me…?” She asked faintly. “Oh my god...And why-”

“Nah, the kids weren’t at fault this time. A kid insulted Zach and they just defended themselves.” Seb said as he put the first piece of fabric on the mannequin. “I also fought with the kid’s mother…I’m sorry.”

“I can’t believe you, Sebastian!” Wanda shouted. “How are we even going to go to the next PTA meeting now?!?” She groaned. It was too much information to dump on her all at once.

“Yeah...about that…” Seb grimaced. He looked at his drawing and started sewing the detailed work by hand. “I was thinking of pulling them out...they’re starting kindergarten after the summer anyway!” before Wanda could protest, he added “Besides, Miz is here to look after them now. Plus, I’m sure she can teach them reading and writing much better than the teachers at the daycare.”

Wanda sighed from the other side of the phone. “Well...I suppose you’re right.”

“I’m always right! Except when I’m wrong, but that doesn’t happen often~” Seb laughed. Wanda groaned in affectionate exasperation. “Right. Well...we can talk about this when I get home.” Seb nodded. That’s fair. The phone made the beeping noise that signaled another incoming call. “Well, talk to you later Wanda, there’s a call on the other line…”

“Right. See you tonight, love you.”

“Love you too~” Seb clicked the button and heard Stanford’s voice, “Hello? Sebastian?”

“Oh, what’s up, Sixer?” Seb asked. “It hasn’t been a day! Ya missing me already?” He laughed. Ford cleared his throat “A-actually, I would like to speak with Xin...or Miz? Or whoever he is being currently.”

“O-Oh…” Seb’s smile was erased off his face. Right...his brother and Miz...he shuddered a bit. “Alright, let me see where she is, I bet she is still eating-FUCK I DIDN’T FINISH MAKING LUNCH!” The man ran to the kitchen with his phone in hand and sighed in relief when he saw Miz was finishing cooking their food.

“Miz, I love you!” Seb cried and then looked at his phone. “Don’t worry, Sixer, I mean it in a brotherly way!”

“O...kay?” Ford was confused. “It’s Fordsie, Miz, he wants to talk to you.” Seb offered Miz his
phone. She took it with a brief look of uncertainty. Seb didn’t miss that. “H-hello?”

“O-Oh! Xin...Miz, right now...right?”

“Right…” The girl repeated awkwardly. Seb could hear what Ford was saying because it was in hands free mode. “What’s up Fordsie?”

“I’m sorry! I didn’t mean to hurt you. I was startled and...I reacted before I remembered and I just want you to know that I won’t do that again. I’m so, very sorry.”

Miz’s face went expressionless. “I told you it’s fine. I shouldn’t have...you’re obviously still uncomfortable with me being...well...ME...and-” She sighed, rubbing her face. “I think we shouldn’t mess around with ropes again for a while...your hands are good enough...” Seb gaped in shock, not knowing what was bothering him more. The fact Ford hurt Miz or the fact that HE USED ROPES!

“I am not uncomfortable doing it with your true form!” Ford insisted and Seb’s mouth opened even more. “Please...give me another chance! I know my...rejection of your triangle form must have hurt your feelings but I swear I won’t-”

“It’s fine.” Miz said firmly. “You still hate Bill. I get it. We...we don’t have to...I won’t force you to...look at me when I’m like that.” Her voice wobbled a little. “You shouldn’t have to force yourself to...”

“But I’m not! Really! Please Miz, I really DO want to try it with you in your true form.” Ford begged. “There’s so much I can learn about your anatomy and…”

“Maybe not now.” Miz shot him down. “We’re still new to this, I don’t...want us to rush it. Let’s just take this slow. I can...try meeting you in my true form and...just...hang out. No touching, no sessions, just...hang out.”

“...Ok.” Ford agreed. “If that’s what you think is best.” He sighed. “I really AM sorry.”

“I know.” Miz closed her eyes and breathed. “What the other Bill put you through was awful. I shouldn’t expect you to be over it, even if it’s been 5 years.” after all, Ford had been haunted by that other Bill for nearly two decades. That was a long time for humans.

“Yeah.” A sound came from the phone like Ford had sat down on a rolling chair. “He...hurt me, betrayed me...nearly drove me mad with those...nightmares…”

“He chained you up as well…” Miz added. “That...must have been unpleasant. And us, with the ropes and...I think we shouldn’t try using anything more than our actual bodies for a while.”

“...That might be best.” Ford’s voice was slightly muffled, like he was rubbing his face. “When can I see you again? For either a normal session or just...hanging out?”

“Hm…” Miz stirred the food in the pot. “Maybe tomorrow night.” Ford made a sound of agreement. “Alright then. Thank you, for giving me another chance. I really am sorry.” Miz managed a smile “It’s ok. I forgive you. You’re too cute to stay mad at anyway.” Ford chuckled lightly and the two said their goodbyes before Miz closed the call and handed the phone back to Sebastian.

The poor man received the phone with a trembling hand. What the heck did he just hear…? Ford and Miz were going to try it out in Miz’s BILL FORM?! How...how would that even work?! Holy Fuck, he didn’t need that image in his head! “I-I think I am going to...go find the twins...yeah…”
He stumbled out of the kitchen and bumped against a wall. “AAAHHH!!” He screamed once he was out of view and Miz rolled her eyes. What a silly man…

Seb wasn’t kidding when he said he was going with the twins, they saw him reach Zoe’s bed to lay down. Sir Bedazzle, who was in his tree house napping until Seb woke him up, got out and jumped over Seb’s butt, barking happily. He loved all his owners! “Hehe, he’s on your butt!” Zach pointed out usefully. Seb groaned into the pillow. “I need to bleach my braaaain!” Sir Bedazzle jumped on Seb’s back and rolled around, barking innocently. The twins looked at each other and shrugged. Daddy was weird.

“Kids~ lunch is ready~” Miz called from downstairs. The two cheered and raced downstairs, Sir Bedazzle running after them, barking and jumping on his little legs.

Seb stayed there a few minutes until the twins and Sir Bedazzle came back for him. “You need to eat too, dummy!” Zoe said as she pulled his left leg and Zach the right. Their acorn puppy barked in support. “Noooo!!” Seb moaned and held onto the head of the bed. He didn’t want to go down and see Miz right now! She just talked about how she had sex with his brother using ropes right in front of him!!

The twins shared a look and nodded. Seb yelped when a blue and green glow surrounded him and lifted him off the bed. The twins had been practicing with Miz and found they worked better if they used their powers together. The two squinted in concentration as they carried him down the stairs that way.

“Kids! Put me down!” Seb ordered. “Nope! We are eating lunch and Miz said all of us must eat together!” Zach announced. He was the first to lose his concentration when they reached the table and half the glow disappeared, leaving just Zoe’s green. Zoe smiled at the delicious food. She ran towards it to take a seat, the green glow left Seb entirely and he fell to the floor with a thud. “Ugh…”

“Come on, lazy butt, the sooner we eat, the sooner I can clean the dishes.” Miz called out. She was already scarfing down her fried rice with stir fried cauliflower and chicken. There were small bowls with soup next to everyone’s bowls and the cheese sandwiches were lined up neatly in the middle of the table. She took one and dipped it into the soup before taking a bite. The twins were chewing on their food with happy smiles, bits of rice stuck to their round cheeks.

Seb slowly stood up from the floor and took a seat next to the twins, on the opposite side from Miz. He slowly grabbed fork and stuffed his mouth with chicken and rice. When he managed to chew and swallow everything he put in his mouth, he looked at Miz with a sigh. “If...If your...sessions with Ford, you know...if they aren’t going well or...or he hurts you...just-just tell me ok?” He said finally. They were both adults, at least he thought so, and they were consenting to have kinky sex... however, he wouldn’t allow Ford to hurt his...little sister!

Miz nodded. “Of course. I’m not gonna let him do anything to me I don’t want.” She lifted the bowl to drink the soup. “I mean, they do hurt, but in a good way? You know?”

“I-I don’t really know, yeah…” Seb said blushing. “We-we don’t do it that way…” He mumbled in embarrassment. The twins looked at the clock and, remembering how to tell the time, they realized that if they dilly dallied, they could probably miss the doctor’s appointment. So, Zach and Zoe started eating very slowly, even when the food was delicious. It was worth it if they missed having to get shots! Miz frowned at them. She flicked her fingers and suddenly the food smelled like the most delicious thing they had ever experienced. The twins’ mouths watered and they couldn’t hold back from eating quickly. It was so good. Within a few minutes they had finished their food AND drank the soup. They blinked as their senses seemed to go back to normal and gasped at Miz.
“No fair!” Zoe whined. She knew the dragon must have used some kinda of magic on them! That shit eating grin on her face proved it. “Well, looks like you two are done eating~” She sang. She wasn't technically using magic on them, she magic'ed their food.

“N-No!” Zach bit his lip as he thought of something to say. “We-we are still hungry! Yes! Right, Zoe?” He asked his sister and the girl rubbed her tummy. “Really hungry...I guess we will have to stay here and eat because we need new-tree-rents to grow up!”

Seb realized what they were doing as well. “Well, you can have a second plate…” The twins beamed. “AFTER your appointment. And I want to see you eat everything when we come back.” He stood up, taking his empty plate to the sink to rinse. “Go brush your teeth.”

Miz grinned madly at the worried look on the twins’ faces. She loved when Seb used his Dad Powers to order the kids around! She snickered like the evil little demon she was as the kids walked off with their heads hung low. She gathered up all their plates and bowls to put next to the sink so Seb could rinse them. “So they’re getting a check up or just shots?”

“Both.” Seb replied. “I also want to ask the doctor what to do about Zach.” Miz nodded. “Well he’s still only 5 years old. If he’s still a boy when he’s older he will need hormone treatments...if he wants them.” She frowned. “Would you...want me to just...turn him into a boy?”

Seb looked at Miz with his eye wide. She could do that, couldn’t she?...But what if she did, what if he accepted her offer to change Zach entirely and he...decided it wasn’t what he wanted? They were trying to be supportive of the twins’ decisions and this was one of them, but maybe they needed more time?

“Do you think he might change his mind later? We wouldn’t mind either way but...I can’t be certain of what he wants yet…” Seb laughed nervously. The twins still struggled to tie up their shoes correctly, he wouldn’t want to make such an important decision for Zach. Miz patted his back. “Not right now. When he’s older and can make a proper, informed decision.” She shrugged, "Besides, some people do change their minds. But that's on them. Their body, their feelings, their choice."

“That...that sounds nice...yeah...I have to talk to Wanda about it though.”

“Of course.” Miz nodded with a smile. “Well, you’re going to be late for your appointment! Go!”

“...You don’t want to come with me? I...I will break if the twins start crying in fear.” He pouted. “Maybe...you can tell me more ‘bout your relationship with Fordsie?” Miz hesitated at the idea of going back in the car but sighed when she realized she couldn’t keep avoiding them forever. Out in space it was easy to do since cars weren’t really a ‘thing’ that people bothered with. But if she’s gonna stay here on Alternative Earth then she had to get over this. Plus, she hated being so afraid of them.

“Fine, I’ll come along. You know it helps if they have something to hug while getting their shots.” She told him. “I used to bring a little stuffed animal with me.” and when she was older, she would just listen to her ipod really loud and pretend she wasn’t sitting there as the vampires- wait, sorry, doctors, jabbed her with needles. She remembered how her mother would laugh whenever she called the doctor a “吸血僵尸”!

Seb smiled widely and hugged her. “Thank you! I’ll ask the kids to bring a toy, wait for us in the garage.” Miz nodded and slowly walked towards the car. It was a nice, scary, black car. Wanda had a gray one while Seb’s was black. The three Pines came and Seb was helping the twins carry at least 6 stuffed toys in his arms. “They wanted to take them all…” He sighed. He sat the stuffed
toys on the twins’ legs after he buckled their seatbelts and then turned around to buckle Miz’s seatbelt. She was sitting in the back this time, between the twins.

“It’ll be alright, ok? I’ll drive slow again.”

“Yeah, Daddy! Drive super, super slow!” Zoe supported the idea with a smile. If they went slow enough they could miss the appointment. Seb rolled his eyes while Miz giggled. “I should be fine. After all…” Miz reached up to hug the twins “I’ve got you two here to protect me right?” She was shaking a little but smiled regardless.

“UH HUH!” They exclaimed. “We only use magic for good because we help people!” They agreed. Seb smiled and started the car before driving in the hospital’s direction. Miz was tense during the ride, this time longer than the distance to the Daycare, but the twins kept her occupied and distracted by telling her the names and history of their stuffed toys. Apparently, Mrs. Fwuff the Kangaroo had a divorce with Mr. Pom, the Dinosaur. Who knew?

Eventually, while classical music played softly on the radio, they reached the hospital! Seb left the car to the valet parking and threatened to make his life miserable if he found so much as a scratch. The twins held two stuffed toys each to their chest with one arm as they held onto Miz’s hands with their other. If you looked at them, you would coo at the sight of a grown up man carrying four stuffed toys, 1 penguin, 1 crocodile and two puppies, while a little girl held hands with a set of twins.
He registered them in for the appointment as Miz and the twins waited and then they only had to wait for the kids’ pediatrician to call them.
Miz chatted with the kids, distracting them from the upcoming examination and subsequent shots. A few other families were in the waiting room. A mother with her son was trying to calm the boy as he fussed. “Come on Jeremy, the nice doctor will give you a check up and then you get a nice piece of candy. Isn’t that nice?”

“NO!” The boy shrieked, throwing a tantrum right there in the waiting room. “I hate the doctor! I hate her! No! No!”

The doctor’s assistant called on Jeremy’s mom to go in next and she took her screaming child inside. The twins shifted nervously and scooted closer to Miz and Daddy. “Scared.” Zach and Zoe whispered.

Seb stroked their blond curls. “Don’t worry, that kid was scared because he was a little kid and you two are big kids right?” They sniffed and nodded. “Yeah...we’re five…” Zoe showed him 5 little fingers and Seb kissed her tiny hand. “Exactly! And you know the doctor is only there to help! That kid was too young to understand.”

The twins pouted but nodded. They understood. “Yes…”

Miz patted his shoulder. “Good job…” She whispered. The twins sat up straighter after that, trying to prove they were strong and not scared. Miz couldn’t help but remember all the times she’d been in a hospital as a human...the time she broke her leg was the worst. She sincerely hoped the twins never break any of their bones. She shivered at the memory. Even now she hated stairs, and looking down from the top of stairs, and heights in general…

The higher up you were, the more things broke when you fall.

Seb’s leg started bouncing as he got distracted, thinking about the upcoming fashion show, and the twins giggled, putting their toys on their dad’s leg to watch them jump before falling to the floor and repeating the process. Even Miz joined in with the game. Eventually, the twins’ names were called by the assistant. “Zoe and Zully Pines?”

Zach pouted angrily and pulled at his dad’s sleeve. “Dad…?”

“We’ll change it, ok? Let’s go.” Seb sighed, so many things to do, and grabbed the twins’ hands to take them inside the doctor’s office.

She was a nice woman, middle aged, with dark hair and dark eyes. She had been the twins’ pediatrician since they were born. Wanda and Seb trusted her a lot, she was the best they could find for their babies.

“Oh, hello little ones!” She greeted the nervous kids with a kind smile. “We’re going to do a full check up today alright? Look at you, you’ve both gotten so much bigger.”

“We turned 5 last Friday…” Zoe shared with the woman. “All of our family came to visit us! My daddy’s triplets, uncle Shermie, my cousins, and we got lots of presents!” She was warming up already. Seb and Miz smiled at the girl’s social nature. Seb looked like such a proud papa it was hilarious.

“Did you like the presents you got, Zu?” The doctor absently realized the younger twin still wore their hair short.

“Y-Yeah…” He smiled a bit. “But my name…” He trailed off. What if she also shouted at him like the teachers or Amanda’s mom did? He hated being called a girl…
“His name is Zach now…” Zoe smiled. The doctor, Dr. Marshall, only hesitated a second before smiling kindly. “Well that’s a very cool name. Is it short for Zachary?”


“Alright...Who’s going to start with the check up?” The doctor wondered aloud. “I’ll do it!” Zoe volunteered and climbed onto the examination bed without help! The paper sheet rustled as she got on. Dr. Marshall laughed “Alright then Zoe. Just sit down.” She glanced over at Miz. “And who’s your friend?”

“That’s Miz! She’s our new big sister!” Zoe replied, wiggling her feet. Dr. Marshall nodded. “Well it’s very nice to meet you, Miz.” She held out a hand and Miz shook it. She glanced at Sebastian. “A new sister?” she questioned him. Seb grinned and shrugged “It’s a little complicated.” She accepted that answer and moved on. “Alright Zoe, I’m going to check your heart beat now…”

The exam went by normally as she wrote down notes on her clipboard. Finally it was time for the vaccine shot. Zoe whimpered and clutched her stuffed animals. Miz came over and placed her hands on either side of Zoe’s head. “Zoe. Look at me.” She smiled. “Can you count how many eyelashes I have?”

Zoe giggled. That was silly. But she still stared closely at Miz’s face, she liked Miz’s eyes. They were so dark they looked black. It was really cool. “1, 2, 3, 4…” she counted off. She heard the snapping sound of latex and felt Dr. Marshall take hold of her left arm. She faltered and let out a whimper. “Shh, it’s ok, come on Zoe, you lost count.” Miz pulled her attention back to her, pressing her face close, their foreheads touching. “Come on, you count my eyelashes and I count yours.”

“O-okay…” Zoe tried really hard to focus on Miz’s face instead of the cold swab being brushed over her shoulder. “1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6-” She laughed a little when Miz began poking her cheeks with her thumbs, Miz’s nails were pointy. “-7, 8, 9, 10, 11…”

“Done.” Dr. Marshall said. Zoe blinked in surprise. It was done already? Miz pulled back with a proud grin. “See? That wasn’t so hard.” Zoe looked over to see Dr. Marshall put a cotton ball and bandaid over her shoulder. “Oh.” The five year old grinned. That wasn’t scary at all. She laughed as Miz picked her up into a hug.

Zach, who was sitting on his dad’s lap, looked up when Zoe was released from her hug. “It didn’t hurt?” He asked softly. “Nopey!” The blonde girl smiled. “Miz made something magical because it didn’t hurt!”

Seb put Zach on the floor and nudged him to go to the bed. “It is your turn, baby. You’ll see it doesn’t hurt.” Seb, not even drunk or possessed, would get a shot himself, crazy huge needle in his arm? Hah! No thanks! But kids had to get them.

“Oh, there we go!” The woman picked up Zach by his armpits and lifted him up to the examination bed, the paper Zoe had been sitting on, crunched. Just like she did with Zoe, the doctor checked his eyes, his throat, his heartbeat, his weight and height. There was a chart with the averages of height and weight by ages and sexes. The light blue part was for boys, and the pink part for girls. Zach innocently searched for his age in the blue part and hoped he was in the right height.

“Oh, Zach, can you sit down again for your vaccine?” The doctor asked as she checked the kid’s file. Miz was by the nervous boy’s side immediately and held one of his tiny hands while Miz
grabbed his stuffed toy with the other. “Hi Zach!”

“Hi…” Zach winced when his arm was grabbed. “Dad…”

“Hey, why are you scared?” Miz made the dinosaur ask. “I am here to protect you! Let’s see! Can you sing the alphabet to me? Oh! I never learned it!” The dinosaur wailed.

Seb took his phone to snap a photo to show Wands later.

“A, b, c, d...e, f, g...h, i, j, k….” Zach stopped singing and winced a bit.

“Um...Is that all the letters?”

“I also know the alphabet!” Zoe offered innocently and Seb picked her up to sit her on his lap. “Sing it for me?” That way, both of them would be distracted.

“No...l, m, n, o, p…” Zach continued. Dr. Marshall wiped the little drop of blood and put a cotton ball and a bandaid on him. “There you are, Zach, you two were really brave!”

Zach poked at his bandaid and smiled at Miz who also pulled him into a hug. “You see? It wasn’t that bad!” She squeezed the adorable toddler. He hugged her back. Miz made everything better.

Seb looked over at Dr. Marshall. “Hey, Miz, can you take the kids outside for a bit? I have to talk to Dr. Marshall about a few things.” The girl nodded and took each of the twin’s hands and exited the exam room. “Come on you little monsters, you don’t get ice cream but you DO get a lollipop.”

“I want ice cream more…” Zoe whined. Miz lowered her voice to whisper “Maybe the lollipops will magically be ice cream flavor…”

“Ohhh! I want chocolate fudge!” Zach jumped in excitement. Zoe tugged on Miz’s hand “I want strawberry!” The door closed and Seb grinned wryly. Of course Miz was going to help them cheat. He shook his head, well, they did very well taking their shots so he wasn’t going to say anything. Dr. Marshall was watching him “I’m guessing you wish to speak to me about Zach?”

Seb nodded when he saw the door closed. “You may have noticed he has changed his name now…” He laughed nervously but without humor. He bit his lip. “Wanda and I were reading about this...we-we want to make Zach happy, but-but are we really helping him by letting him do this?”

Dr. Marshall gestured for Seb to sit down. He did so, bouncing his leg and wringing his hands together. She gave him a gentle smile. “No one knows for sure what is good for their child. But Zach is still young. I say you let him be whoever he wants to be. Within reason of course. Don’t attempt to get him any corrective surgeries or hormone treatments, not yet. Once he’s older you will know for sure.” She sighed and looked at the chart where she’d written down their measurements. “I think you and Wanda are doing a fine job. You’re supportive, which is more than most families are. Now, I don’t suggest anything drastic like legally changing his name and documents until he is older, which would bring with it, an entire set of problems, but until you know for sure, you shouldn’t permanently change anything.”

“But what if he is completely sure now?” Seb insisted and frowned at his leg bouncing. He manually stopped it with his hands. Dumb body. “What if not doing anything now is going to make everything horrible in the future?!“ Seb didn’t want his kid hating them, hating him. He would die if he lost Zach.

“Today they had a fight with a boy after the teacher called Zach, Zully in front of all the kids…” Seb confessed. “The other boy didn’t let Zach get in the boy’s bathroom and...demanded that Zach show him he was really a boy…” Seb coughed and the doctor frowned worriedly. “Should we
really just...let that happen? Zach is not an aggressive kid but he seemed to be really upset by being called a girl…”

“Like…” The doctor sighed. She hadn’t had many cases about this. She wasn’t used to dealing with stuff like this, not with children THIS young. “Like I said, we shouldn’t rush things…” The woman smiled warmly at the worried, pouting man. “You could take Zach to the psychologist maybe? To start knowing how he feels about this.” She sighed. “I’m a pediatrician, not a child psychologist. My best suggestion is you get Zach to a professional to talk about how he feels. He might have to speak with them long term as he grows up and puberty happens, since a lot can change during that period of a child’s life.”

She reached out and patted Sebastian’s hand. “And I can see that you only want to do what’s best for Zach in a way that would make him happy. In the end, support from his family is what he needs most.” Seb nodded, tearing up faintly “And you’re doing a great job, you and Wanda are wonderful parents.” Seb wiped his tears from his brow and smiled. “Ok...thank you…” The woman grabbed four lollipops she forgot to give the twins and smiled. “It’s alright, Sebastian. here, for you and your...older daughter.”

Seb’s eye widened and he grinned a bit more. “Thanks, Doc!” He took the lollipops happily and the doctor chuckled when he stood up. “Thank you.”

Seb walked to the door and went to the waiting room to meet with the twins and Miz. She was telling them a story about discovering a species of alien that looked exactly like a cheeseburger and how she had accidentally eaten their king. Some other parents and children were listening to the story as well and laughing as they thought she was simply making up a story to entertain the twins. Seb shivered at the knowledge that Miz was, if not cannibalistic since those burger people aren’t Flatlanders and therefore by the definition of cannibalism it didn’t count, a man eater. “I apologized! And I even brought them all back to life afterward. The Souls didn’t get pulled away since they were in my stomach and I can’t digest Souls without permission…”

Seb sat down so Miz could finish her story. He didn’t want more parents getting angry at him today. It took a while, but the girl finally finished her story and everyone, children and adults alike, clapped. “Thank you, thank you!” Miz smiled. Ah! The feeling of happiness coming from them tasted so good!

Zoe noticed her dad sitting there on his phone and trotted towards him “Daddy, did you hear Miz’s story?” she threw herself into his lap, laughing. Seb grinned and ruffled her hair “I sure did. Now, you want your lollipops?” He held them out and Zoe grabbed at them immediately. “Gimme! Gimme!”

Seb held his hand out of her reach “What do you say?” He had to teach them manners after all. They sucked, but they had to learn them. Zoe and Zach both stared at him with wide eyes “Please~?” Dear lord their puppy dog eyes were getting better. Seb laughed and handed them the candy.

Gah! He loved them so fucking much! The mystery twins had made him weak and his children had him on his knees for them! “Let’s go home, squirts.” Seb dragged Zoe closer to him as she struggled to open the paper and they walked to the exit. Miz grabbed the toys and Zach before she followed Sebas.

“I don’t get a lollipop?” Miz pouted as they walked. The man ignored the girl until they reached the parking lot. He handed them the ticket to get his car back and pulled out another lollipop from his shirt pocket. “Tah-dah!” He then held it above her head and watched her jump for it. The angry pout on her face was adorable. “No fair!!!!” Miz wailed.
Seb laughed wickedly as the twins licked their lollipops with amused expressions. “I will kill you in your sleep!” Miz growled. “Oh yeah?” Seb raised an eyebrow. “You wouldn’t do that.” He grinned. “You love me!” He crouched and hugged the twins. “And you would leave these little babies orphans!” Miz folded her arms and shrugged. “Wanda will still be here.” Seb laughed and handed her the lollipop. “Well I’m sure my babies would miss me if I was gone.” Zach and Zoe nodded “Don’t kill daddy. Even if he’s a meanie butt.”

“Hey!” Seb pouted.

Miz grumbled, tore off the paper and put the candy in her mouth to suck on it. “I still know where you sleep…” The car was brought out, Seb gave the poor young man an intimidating look, just because he was a meanie butt, before getting the kids and Miz (who hesitated a little but still went in, trembling) into the car.

“Daddy we want to eat something!” Zoe roared with her hands in the air. “Fries!” Zach declared. Miz smiled a little as she burrowed herself deeper into the seat, gripping her seatbelt tightly. Seb grinned as he drove carefully. “You said you were still hungry after lunch… You can eat your second plate when we get home…” He laughed madly as the twins started hitting the window, trying to escape.

“Noo!!”

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The twins apologized for lying about still being hungry and were saved from eating again. Seb took them to their room and after a bit of struggle, got the kids to take their nap. Wanda and him had read it was good for them to nap at least a few hours everyday, so they had been doing that since they were babies.

Glad for the moment of peace, Seb and Miz worked on folding the clothes. Miz collected the laundry and Seb ironed them while humming. They heard the front door opening and Seb left the iron aside to go check. To his surprise, Wanda was closing the door and moaning as she kicked her shoes away. “Hey!” Seb smiled widely. “You came home early today!” He leaned to get his deserved kiss. “Oh my god you shaved!! Finally!” Wanda smiled widely. “What the heck do you mean-” She cut him off when she grabbed each side of his face to kiss his lips passionately. They were separated by Miz who came to say hi too and hugged the blonde. “Welcome back~” She sighed as she nuzzled Wanda’s side. “I shaved him! You like it?”

“You didn’t like my beard…?” Seb looked offended and Wanda made a sheepish grin. “I like it more this way…”

“Thanks, it’s nice to know I’m appreciated.” Seb pouted.

Miz looked up at the blonde woman. “It was a nice day. I kept your husband from destroying the house~” She sang. Seb gasped. “Lies and slander!” Wanda rolled her eyes. “Well, thank you anyway Miz.” She turned to Seb who had accepted the fact that no one liked him with facial hair. “How’re the twins? Are they alright? You remembered to go to the doctors right?”

“Of course I remembered, duh!” Seb stuck his tongue out at Miz. Wanda sighed. Was she raising 2 or 4 kids? “The check up went fine! The kids behaved really well.”

“I got them distracted!!” Miz smiled proudly. “It was the same with Pyrone and Pynelope, they hated getting their Standard Immunization shots. But since we travel through the multiverse a lot, it was incredibly necessary for them to be up to date.”
Seb blinked. Pyrone and Pynelope? What kind of names were those? Wait, they sounded like…

“Wait! Are those...Pyronica’s children?!” He cried. Well, Miz DID mention that her kids were adopted, so...she took in Pyronica’s kids. Well, yeah, actually that made perfect sense. Miz nodded. “I should show you some memories of them. They were such cute children…” She looked sad for a bit before shaking her head. No, no angsting right now.

“I bet…” Seb smiled kindly. Wanda glanced between the two of them. “I will come down in a bit, I wanna see the twins.” she said before going upstairs. “We’ll be doing laundry, honey, see ya there!” Seb grinned goofily when she saluted and gave him a thumbs up.

Seb and Miz returned to the laundry room, Miz had disconnected the iron just in case before leaving the room, and they went back to their chores. “I just remembered…” Seb connected the iron and looked at the garment. He liked this shirt from Wanda, it looked hella good on her. “-=Wanda sort of wanted to have triplets...can you imagine the damn chaos?!=” He laughed. “My mom says we were exhausting…”

Miz blinked. “So...are you saying…” her form shifted and suddenly there was a tiny blond toddler standing there. She/he(?) looked just like Zoe and Zach, or rather, like a mix between the two. “…like this?” the child asked in a high voice.

Seb gaped and crouched in front of Miz. “No way…! You-you look just like the twins!” He poked their belly, staring at the heterochromatic eyes, but instead of having a left green eye and right brown eye like Zoe, they had a right green eye and a left brown one. The child squealed when Seb poked them. “That tickles!” they laughed. The child brushed their long, fluffy hair out of their eyes.

“Well, I guess you’re my kid now.” Seb grinned. Wanda chose that moment to enter the room but stopped short. She had just been with both kids!

“Look, Wands, we have triplets now!” Seb declared picking up the kid by his/her(?) armpits. Miz(?) squealed and kicked their little legs. “Weee!” they cheered as they were lifted up. “You better not drop me or I’ll bite you!” Seb laughed. “You sound JUST like Zoe when you say that!”

“...Miz just transformed into the twins’...triplet?”

“Cool, huh?!” Seb smiled. Wanda chuckled and walked towards her husband and Miz. “You do look like them…” She was squealing mentally. It would be so cute if Miz really was their triplet! But then she remembered who and what Miz was. Wanda sighed. “As nice as this is, we can’t just suddenly have another child. Miz is fine since we could say we adopted her from overseas, but a triplet? That’s too much.” Seb and Miz pouted at the same time. Now that Miz looked like the twins, their faces looked almost the same. “But you wanted triplets!” Seb whined and hugged Miz to himself.

Wanda laughed sheepishly. “How would we even explain it?” The world had laws and logic that magic like this simply couldn’t account for. “I could erase and change everyone’s mind!” Miz shrugged. They paused. “But that’s probably a bad thing to do huh?” Wanda sighed. “Well, yes, there’s that. But also…” the blonde woman grimaced before she looked up at Seb. “Miz is dating your brother and that would make this MUCH too...weird…”

Miz blinked in confusion. “Dating Ford? What do you...oh…” a mischievous smirk appeared on their chubby little face. “Yeah, I can see why that would be...problematic…” they giggled.
Seb shuddered. He hadn’t thought of that. Ah! Nope. Nope. He just thought of Ford with Miz in THIS form and he would have to slit Ford’s throat for that and he really didn’t want to. “Wanda’s right. No triplets. Only I can be a triplet!” Miz giggled and ‘poof’ed back into Miz, which made Seb nearly fall over at the sudden change of mass. “Warn me first!”

Miz got back on her feet. “So—me and Ford huh?” she pressed her lips together. “So that’s why everyone was acting so weird…” she grinned, a wide, maniac expression “That’s pretty hilarious…” Miz purred. Seb and Wanda weren’t sure what she was muttering about.

“So…” Seb coughed, glad he wasn’t thinking dark things anymore. “When...did this all happen? I know you met him before so…” He went back to ironing as Wanda helped him to fold the clothes. Miz shrugged. “I’ve seen Fords in different dimensions.” She grinned “And YOU were there for that other Bill who was dating his Ford~” she giggled pervertedly.

“What?” Wanda asked as Seb gagged. “Please don’t remind me…”

“Is it...normal...for demon Bills to...like Stanford?” Wanda asked and turned to look at Seb. “Did you like the Stanford you had in your past life?” She asked innocently. She was not saying Seb liked his brother now, but it would explain why he liked him so much, even when Ford treated him like shit.

“EWWW!!!! NO!! I JUST WANTED TO USE HIM!” Seb complained. Miz made an exaggerated gasp “So you just USED your Ford? Oh my~” she was grinning so hard, her cheeks were starting to hurt. “But to be fair, he is quite handsome and those rough, strong hands of his can grab you in just the right way and~”

“STOP!” Seb shrieked and covered his ears. “MAKE HER STOP!!” Seb sobbed at Wanda who looked quite uncomfortable as well. “Maybe you can talk about something less...private.” Wanda asked as Seb cried on her shoulder. Miz giggled like the demon she was but mercifully stopped talking about it. This was a misunderstanding, yes. But it was too funny not to play along. She wondered how long she could keep this up until Ford realized and tried to correct people. Well...Mabel knew and perhaps she could get the teenager to play along. Mabel was very much an agent of chaos as well. It’s why Bill actually liked her.

Wanda patted her husband’s back. “There...there...it will pass…” Seb sniffed and glared at the grinning girl. Now he didn’t want to know anything about her relationship with Ford. Ugh. He tried to be nice here but life just really didn’t let him!

The clothes were ironed and folded by the couple as Miz watched them happily, thinking of more ways to tease (traumatize) them (not in a bad way!). They were going to take the clothes to their respective rooms when they heard a little tired voice calling Seb. “Daaaddyy…..!” Looks like the twins woke up from their nap. Miz helped them carry the laundry while the parents went up to check on their kids. She had an idea of another fun prank later.

“Mommy!” The twins gasped and hugged their mom tightly. She came earlier today! “Hello, my babies.” Wanda hugged them back, kissing their round cheeks. “Mommy, a boy bothered Zach today but I defended him!” Zoe announced, obviously deciding to leave out the fact that they got in trouble and Dad had to pick them up. Wanda smiled “Oh? You did? That’s my big girl.” She sat down on Zoe’s bed as Sir Bedazzle ran around them, barking. “Well what else did you do today?”

“We went to the doctor and we were really good!” Zach sat down on Zoe’s bed. “And we got a lollipop, but Miz helped us and it didn’t hurt!”

“I have a photo.” Seb pulled out his phone and showed Wanda the cute moment. She cooed loudly.
Now she had to thank Miz even more! Sir Bedazzle jumped onto the bed, ‘sniffed’ the phone and licked it. His saliva was plain sugar water, but Seb still grumbled. “No! Sir Bedazzle!” He scolded. The acorn puppy barked and wiggled his body back and forth. Miz pet his head and grinned. For a random creature given life just for fun, he was coming along nicely. If he lived for a full year...would he gain an actual Soul? This was something she wanted to experiment with. Even if he didn’t, perhaps his children would have Souls. Miz debated creating more Acorn puppies, Mabel would love to have one...

“Well, do you think it’s time for dinner yet?” Wanda asked her husband. Seb stroked his chin, startled once again by it’s smoothness, “Sure. What do you guys want for dinner?” The twins bounced in place. “Fries!” They cheered. Sir Bedazzle jumped up and down with them. “Fries! Fries! Fries!” They jumped so hard, the little acorn was sent flying, and would have hit the floor if Miz hadn’t caught him.

“Ok, just because you behaved we can make chicken sandwiches and fries, but don’t get used to it!” Seb warned with a smile and the twins shouted so loud the neighbors could probably hear. He shook his head, his kids really were just like him. He doesn’t know how Wanda put up with them all. He was grateful for it though, it made him love her all the more. “Sh...the neighbors will get mad...” Wanda silenced them with a giggle and Seb stood up. Fuck the neighbors. If his need to make noise had been satisfied as a kid he would be more merciful right now. “Let’s go make FRIES!!” Seb shouted and the twins screamed even louder before running out of their room, followed by their screaming dad.

Miz looked at Wanda. “Kids, am I right?” she rolled her eyes. Wanda snorted. “Were your children like that?” She wasn’t sure if it was ok to ask such a thing but aside from a wistful look, Miz still smiled. “Yeah. I had 4 kids, one now. Ammy’s the oldest but he’s also immortal like I am so...well...” She ran a hand through her hair “I think he’s also my biological child? Not sure how that happened though...”

“Ah...didn’t you...give birth to him or? I’m sorry, I don’t know how your species reproduces.”

“Well I think he was born from a Piece, which is kind of like an egg. I ejected one a really long time ago. Normally a Piece cannot survive long enough to hatch if it’s not inside a Slot, that’s essentially a womb, but through some miracle, Ammy’s Piece survived and he was born. It was an accident, I hadn’t meant to create a child...but I’m really thankful it happened.” Miz smiled at the thought of her first born, Ammy was a strange child, but she loved him all the same.

“And my next two kids were twins too. Pyrone and Pynelope. Not my kids, technically. My best friend was pregnant. Her species eats their mate so I offered to co-parent and help her raise her children.”

Wanda blinked. Eating their own mate. Well, she’s heard of animals who did that...but thinking of a sentient person doing that to another person was...disturbing. “I would like to hear about them sometime.” She said instead. She was trying hard to be accepting of other species and their culture. Miz nodded. “I’ll show you guys my memories of them sometime.” She looked away. “And then...there was Quackers.” She frowned. “I made a joke about giving up a first born in exchange for a Deal and this crazy bitch took it.”

“What?! Someone gave you their first born?!” Wanda was indignant. What was wrong with that...alien?! They should have protected their kids, not sell them to a fucking demon!! She took a deep breath to not lose her calm. “You took care of that child I guess...you like children...”

“Well...At first I didn’t want to get attached, I knew Quackers was mortal and I knew it would hurt to lose them if I lost them as well...but, fuck, that kid! You should have seen her! She was so
adorable!!” Miz hugged the acorn puppy tightly. “I...couldn’t resist. She seduced me with her cuteness!” She groaned. “You try having a Pladibear hug you and NOT go ‘Awwww~’ they’re so fucking soft! Like...a fluffy marshmallow!”

Wanda had no idea what a Pladibear was but it really sounded adorable. She smiled widely, loving the way Miz got excited talking about her kids. It was sad to think that they had all passed away...but...perhaps talking about them would help her mourn properly?

Sir Bedazzle whimpered at being crushed so hard. He wiggled his stubby little legs and Miz let go. The acorn puppy immediately ran off downstairs to be with his master. At least master doesn’t crush him! Wanda watched the acorn run away. Huh. “I really can’t believe we have an acorn as a pet...” Miz grinned. “He’s a special pet for a special family.” Wanda smiled and pulled the girl for a hug. “Urgh! You’re so cute!” The blonde stroked her hair. Miz purred.

It felt weird to have...a mother? That’s kinda what Wanda is. Miz considered that. Jessie was a sister figure, so was Pyronica. Queen...was like an aunt. But Wanda was very much like a mother. Miz hummed as she nuzzled Wanda. She missed having a mother. Ax hadn’t seemed all big on the whole, finding Bill a mother thing… so... was this acceptable?

Wanda looked at her. “Do you want to go check on the kids and Seb before they burn something down in their excitement?”

Miz smiled widely. “Of course!” The two got out of bed and ran downstairs, content with each other’s company. Wanda was happy to have Miz, it was weird she got used to thinking of her as a daughter considering she was MUCH older than her. She just couldn't help it! If Stanford hurt her she would chop his dick off! The two made it downstairs just in time to see a chicken breast go flying across the kitchen and splat against the wall. It slowly slid down the wall with a wet sound and Miz’s eye twitched. There were potatoes spilled along the counter and floor, there were slices of bread spilled everywhere and Seb was staring at his wife and sister. “…I can fix it?” He squeaked.

The two glared at the guilty-looking Pines. Seb winced. “The twins did it! I tried to stop them!”

“Lies! Dad did it! He was playing with his magic!” The twins defended themselves.

“Get. Out.” Miz whispered. “You three are grounded! Shoo!” Wanda scolded as dad and kids immediately ran away to hide. “We told you it was a bad idea to use magic!” Zach shook his head.

“What!? You little- You were the ones who wanted to see me do it!” Seb argued with the twins. “At least Mom grounded you too.” Zoe mumbled.

Seb scoffed at her. The disrespect! Of course he wasn't grounded! He was a grown man! They heard Wanda’s voice from the other room “And yes! You’re grounded too, Sebastian Pines!”

The twins laughed mockingly at their dad. “”’You are grounded! You are grounded!”’ They chanted as Seb moped with his legs drawn up to his chest. “What are you laughing at, little pests? You’re grounded too!” Seb scowled. He didn’t like when the twins laughed at him. Miz came out of the kitchen and glared at them. They stopped in their tracks and gulped. Slowly, Miz said “Go sit in the time out corner.”

“”’’”'Nooooo!!!!'”’

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“Day 437...We have been in the corner for almost a year now...I can’t remember what civilization
looks like…” Seb muttered, putting a six-fingered hand on the wall.

“We have no food…or water…our only chance of survival is eating one of us… I wote we eat Zach…” Zoe sighed sadly. “What?! Why me?!” Zach stopped feigning death and looked at his dad and sister. Seb nodded sadly. “I’m sorry Zach, but you are the one we must eat to survive.”

“You’re the most new-tish-us.” Zoe added. She and Seb nodded solemnly in unison while Zach gasped at them. “I can’t believe you two are going to eat me!” The little boy wailed. He’d had nightmares if being eaten before! “I am sorry, son…” Seb grabbed Zach before he could get away and opened his mouth as wide as he could. Zach screamed loudly with tears in his eyes and bit Seb’s arm in his panic. “Ah! Fuck!” Seb let the boy go and cradled his arm as Zach cried. “Mom!! Dad and Zoe wanted to eat me!”

“For God’s sake, you three can’t stay put for more than 20 minutes?” Wanda called from the kitchen as she and Miz made dinner. “Don’t scare my baby, Sebastian!” Wanda shook her head. He was lucky she loved him. Miz managed to clear off the kitchen via ‘magic’ to clean the ingredients so they could still be used. Wanda pan cooked the seasoned chicken breast while Miz cut up the potatoes into thin french fry shapes. A pot of oil was being heated in preparation for them. The little girl was humming as she worked. Wanda wasn’t all that good of a cook, that was generally Sebastian’s job, but she wanted to learn and Miz had been teaching her a lot.

“Don’t bite, Zachary! Your teeth are like little needles!” Seb grimaced. Fuck, were his teeth like that as a child? No wonder the kids he bit had to be taken for stitches, it hurt! “Then don’t try to eat me!” Zach pouted. Zoe groaned and started hitting her head against the wall. Seb stopped her. Didn’t want her to give herself brain damage or anything. “Then what do we eaaatt? We’ve been here since, since forever!” She cried.

“It’s barely 20 minutes.” Wanda called out. Miz tutted “Hunger makes everything seem longer.” The Pines groaned and laid down on the floor, staring at the ceiling. Time out was lasting AGES! Seb made a cushion from the couch levitate from the couch to his spot and used it as a pillow. The twins did the same and they waited for dinner there, looking like stray puppies as they stared longingly at the kitchen. “Oh my god, you three are so over dramatic!” Wanda cast them a glance before rolling her eyes. Sir Bedazzle was nuzzling the twins and Seb, worried that they might be dying. “Arfk?” Sir Bedazzle barked. Zoe stared at him. “Hey…what if we eat Sir Bedazzle?”

“No!” Zach grabbed the acorn and shoved him under his shirt. “We’re not eating Sir Bedazzle.”

“Why not? He’s…edible, no?” Seb continued teasing his son. Zach was so good and kind it made him and Zoe want to make him turn red with anger. Reminded him of Dipper…it was fun to piss him off. “No!” Zach whined and the acorn poked his ‘head’ out of Zach’s shirt collar and smiled innocently. Zach pushed him back down. “Get him!” Zoe cried and threw herself over her brother to get Sir Bedazzle. “MOMMY!!” Zach cried again.

“Fuck, what did I just say, Pines?!” The blonde cried in exasperation. She glared at Seb. “It was Zoe this time!” He grinned. At her unimpressed look, Sebastian wilted and groaned. “Zoe, sweetie, you can’t eat our family pet.” he said, just to attempt to sound like a responsible parent. Zoe pouted even as Sir Bedazzle poked his head out from Zach’s collar to lick his face.

“Well, good news, idiots. Food’s done.” Miz laughed and the three hungry demons cheered as they scrambled to their feet. They slid into their chairs eagerly, the smell of food making them drool. “Shit, that smells great! What the fuck did you two do?!” Seb asked. Wanda blushed. “It was Miz’s idea actually.”
“I coated the chicken breasts in some herbs, a little olive oil and rubbed them with some garlic salt before letting Wanda cook them. The fries are also lightly tossed in herb oil and salt after frying. Then we toasted the bread in the pan that we cooked the chicken in so it soaked up all the juices and flavoring that came out when the chicken was cooking…” Miz explained.

She held up a bowl “Also, I made a salad…which you’re probably not going to eat, but I put some dark leaf lettuce, tomatoes and goat cheese in your chicken sandwiches so at least you get SOME vegetables.” She placed the bowl of salad down for Wanda. Unlike the rest of the family, Wanda didn’t have a black hole for a stomach.

The twins started pulling out the vegetables from their sandwiches but Seb stopped them. “No, no, you are eating them, kids. And no buts.” He warned. When it came to his children’s well being, he totally transformed into a responsible parent. The twins pouted, yucky vegetables, but agreed because at least they got delicious fries and that didn’t happen every day.

Miz sat down with them to eat and everyone ate happily, moaning at Miz’s cooking. Zoe dared to say she was better than her Daddy and Seb got offended. Wanda knew she would never hear the end of it later. Oh God…

“Hee hee~” Miz teased. “Watch out Seb~I’m gonna steal your kids from you~” She took a bite of the chicken sandwich and sighed. Ahhh~she missed Earth spices so much! She wondered if she could take some of the herbs from Earth and reconstruct them back home and make Xin’s farm planets grow them? She’d forgotten to do that last time. Especially Dill. Goddamn she missed Dill. She sighed. She missed home… she didn't actually manage to go back after all.

After dinner was finished, Seb took the children to the bathroom to help them take a bath while Wanda got her things ready for the next day. Miz flick-cleaned the kitchen with her powers because she was too tired to do it manually and loitered at the bathroom door. “Hey Seb?” Seb was taking the little kids out of the tub and wrapping them in their bathrobes when Miz entered. “Hey, what’s up?” He pulled Zach’s hood up to look at the bear ears it had.

“I’m going home.”

Seb stopped and slowly looked at Miz. He glanced at the sleepy kids next to him. “Kids, wait for me in your room, I’ll be there in a second, finish drying yourselves.” They nodded, too tired to argue, and Seb was left with Miz. “You’re…really leaving?”

“I’m not gonna be gone forever~” Miz rolled her eyes. “In fact I promised to meet with Ford tomorrow night, but, yeah. I need to go home and see my family…I…miss them…” She needed to go back and apologise for leaving. She rubbed one leg against the other “…also, while I lost my son and daughters…Ammy lost his brother and sisters. I…shouldn’t have left him and everyone else. I mean, Pyronica lost her kids. Her ACTUAL kids…and here I was, selfishly thinking only of my own unhappiness…”

“You were not selfish, you were hurting too and you could have done something you would regret later…you needed time to heal…” Seb angrily blinked his tears away. “We will miss you.” The man pouted. “Even if you stole my title as best chef…”

Miz laughed “I should be back by…tomorrow afternoon? Getting the timezones between dimensions right is always annoying.” She hugged him. “Here’s hoping you can survive tomorrow morning without me.”

The man’s eye widened. “So you won’t leave for years this time…right?” Seb asked sheepishly. He… had been afraid that was what she’d meant by the fact that she was leaving. Miz hugged his
stomach. “I’ll try not to. Now that our doors are directly connected, I can get a better grasp on the timeflow here so I can input myself back into your lives with only a few hours of difference or so, best case scenario.” Seb nodded and stroked her hair. “Alright, kid...tell your friends I said hi, and that I should be meeting them soon!” Miz nodded. “I’ll say good-bye to the gremlins and Wanda first though!” She and Seb went off to the twin’s room so they could help them change and say good night. The twins were horrified to hear Miz was leaving but calmed when they learned it was only for half a day. “So...you’ll be here when we come home from school?” Zach asked. Seb groaned. Right. The school problem. Miz nodded. “I might be a bit late, a few days at worse, but I WILL come back.”

“How long will you be gone?” Zoe demanded. Miz sighed. “I promise that I will come back, even if I’m late, I will come back to see you all.” She also created a letter telling Ford about her trip back to her own dimension, just so he wouldn’t worry if the worse case scenario happened and she didn’t make it back on time. She teleported the letter directly into his lab and knew he’d find it eventually.

The twins hugged the black-haired dragon one more time before Seb tucked them in. He had to read them a story, but they would have to wait until he said bye himself. Miz said bye to Wanda, reassured her that she would come back, and allowed her physical form to disperse. Wanda sighed. “Is it normal to have an adopted daughter who is secretly an all powerful demon god from another dimension?”

“Nope, but fuck normality.” Seb leaned his head against Wanda’s. “Do you think...we should officially adopt her? Like...for real?”

“You mean with official documents and everything?” Wanda pursed her lips. “Part of me wants to but...she doesn’t age. And if she had papers, social services will wonder why she isn’t going to school.”

“Eh, we can have Miz take her graduation exam. She’ll pass with flying colors.”

“Okay,” Wanda rolled her eyes. “She is still immortal. How would we explain that to people? Both her as Miz and her as Xin, they’re fine for now but what about a year from now? 5 years? 10?”

Seb frowned. “Maybe we can ask Miz to shapeshift herself older?” Wait...if Miz had trouble with faces, she might not know how to make herself look like she was naturally aging. He had a feeling she could make herself ‘old’ but it would be a quick and sudden change as opposed to the gradual shift in age that normal humans went through. Well she seemed to be able to copy features from other people so...perhaps he and Ford could teach her how to copy off Mabel and Dipper and age as they did.

A conversation for another time. Seb read his children a story and kissed them both. For now, sleep. They had an early morning tomorrow. Seb was not looking forward to the talk he would need to have with the day care about pulling Zach and Zoe out. He also had to find an elementary school to enroll them in. Auughh…

Wanda kissed him softly. “Worry about those things tomorrow. Come on.” She led him to bed and he was slightly glad Miz wasn’t here at the moment. He loved his friend/sister but tonight he just wanted to cuddle his wife. The two snuggled together under the sheets and fell asleep.

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(Miz goes home.)
Chapter 26: Eyes Skyward

Triplets are Reality: A Slice of Life crossover

Chapter 26
-Eyes skyward-

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Miz was late.

Sebastian didn’t blame her, if she was living with her family on the other side long term and then travelling back here to be with him, of course things might be a little late. Still, he was relieved when she finally returned a couple days later. Miz was immediately beset by the angry twins who hugged her tightly and cried about how they were afraid she wouldn’t come back.

“I’m sorry! I swear I would never leave forever!” Miz hugged the children tightly. “It’s hard to aim myself in time, you know?”

“Don’t leave ever again!” Zoe demanded. Miz sighed. “I can’t do that. I have my own family back home.”

“But...but we’re your family too, right?” Zach asked her. Miz kissed his forehead. “Of course you are. And that’s why I’ll always come back, even if I have to leave now and then.”

“Aaaww, that’s so sweet I think I will throw up!” Seb called from the door. Miz laughed and tackled the man to the floor in a tight hug. “I missed you too, poop head, don’t be so jealous!”

“Who said I missed you, kid?” Sebastian joked and hugged the girl tightly to show her it was a lie. They finally broke apart and Miz sighed. “How late am I?” Seb pet her head. “It’s not too bad. Just a couple of days as opposed to 5 years like the first time.” Miz nodded. “Right, I think I’ve got the calculations down by this point. I should be back on time during my next trip.”

“Right, you should go call Sixer. He’s been moping because he thinks he scared you off by hurting your feelings.” Seb told her. It was annoying to get a call from him every night, asking if Miz had returned. Miz rolled her eyes. “That baby. I told him I might be late! Dimensional travel is difficult!”

She grumbled fondly as she walked off to find the phone so she could call him. The twins trailed after her, not wanting Miz to leave their sight. Zoe was tugging on Miz’s dress and demanding to be picked up. Miz grinned and lifted both children to hug against her chest. “Oof! You’ve gotten heavy in the last few days~” She teased.

“No we haven’t!” The twins protested. Seb shook his head as the three left the room. Well. It was nice to have Miz back. He frowned. Right. He and Wanda were supposed to find an Elementary school for the kids. He worried about finding a place that would treat Zach properly. He also needed to talk to Miz about taking over as the twin’s pre-school teacher since he’d withdrawn them from the daycare.

He had tried to fill in as a teacher for the twins but he had his own work to do and couldn’t give
them as much time as he’d liked. Instead he just put on the Children’s Programing channel and had the happy puppets and people in costumes teach the twins about the alphabet. It wasn’t a good solution. He was glad Miz was home. He jumped when Sir Bedazzle suddenly ran between his legs after Miz and the twins, barking happily. Oh circles, at least there was only one plantimal he had to watch out for...

“Hey Miz!” Seb heard Zach say from the other room. “Shouldn’t Sir Bedazzle have a friend? So he wouldn’t be lonely when we have to go to el-lam-men-terry school in the fall?”

Seb’s eye widened. Oh no.

“Hm...you’re right. He deserves his own little playmate…”

“No. No. No.” Seb ran for the door. “We don’t need another pet…” Please, no! No more! Mercy! He loved Sir Bedazzle but it was getting harder to explain to the neighbors why they’ve never see his dog when they could hear it barking all the time. He had to claim Sir Bedazzle was strictly an at home dog. Josh and his husband from a few houses down wanted to bring their dog over for a puppy play date and it was getting harder to turn them down.

“Miz wait!” He burst into the room with a panicked expression, but it was already too late. Molecules were changed, matter was formed and a little creature, slightly smaller than Dazzle opened their eyes after a yawn. The twins cooed at it. Sebastian stared. Unlike Sir Bedazzle who was clearly an Acorn, this Plantimal was a Maple seed with a round body and a long wing-like tail. Sir Bedazzle walked up to it and yipped curiously. The new creature tilted its head at the Acorn Puppy and let out a soft “Mewl?”

“It’s...a cat. A Maple Kitten…” Seb deadpanned. “Miz!” He scowled.

“We have a kitten now!!” Zoe came running and smiled widely. The toddler picked up the little plantimal and stroked their head. “What do we call him?! The kitten purred at the gentle touch. “This time it’s a she.” Miz clarified and the blond girl apologized to the kitten. “How do you know?! They’re plants!” Seb frowned. Miz stared at him. “I just do~”

Seb groaned. Great. There was another magical/weird plant in his house now. He sighed even as the twins discussed what to name their new pet. “Her Majesty Queen Fluttertail, Lady of the Feywilds!” was the name they eventually decided on. Queen Flutter for short. Seb had no idea where they came up with these names.

Sir Bedazzle and Queen Flutter stared at each other before the acorn made a happy sound and nudged Zoe. “Arf?” he asked. Zoe put Queen Flutter down and the two began to coo cheerfully at each other. The blond children squealed as their pets got along. “Daddy! Look how adorable they are!!” Zoe screamed. “I think I’m gonna explode!!”

“Yes, well, I guess I have to admit she is pretty cute…” Seb nodded. “But we can’t have another one of these, kids.”

Then it happened. Seb was viciously attacked. Not by one or two, but by five sets of huge pleading eyes: the twins, Miz, Bedazzle and Flutter.

“No…” Sebastian bit his lip.

“Please!” The kids begged and Flutter made some whimpering noises. “Mewl…”

“ARGH!!” The man screamed. This was too much for him. “FINE!!”
“You are the most greatest dad ever!!” the twins squealed before hugging their dad. Miz giggled and grabbed Queen Flutter to put her on Seb’s shoulder. “Look, Queen Flutter! He’s your new dad!” The maple kitten pawed Seb’s shaved face with one of her little paws and licked his cheek. Seb groaned. Wanda was at work and he didn't know how he was going to explain this when she returned. He watched as the maple kitten jumped off his shoulder, swishing around as it's tail helped it somewhat fly/glide to the ground.

The children ran off to play with their new pet and Miz gave Seb a smug look even as she found the phone to call Ford. “You're welcome.”

“I didn't thank you.” Seb grumbled.

“You will, the twins are happy and you love when they’re happy.” She shrugged and started dialing Ford. “Besides, now they've forgiven me for being late. So there.”

“So that was your true plan!” Seb groaned. “Are you going to get them a new pet every time you're late?! My house can't handle that!”

Miz giggled. “Not every time. I'll have to switch it up so the twins don't get bored...oh! Yellow Fordsie!” Miz greeted when Ford picked up the phone.

Seb rolled his eye. Like hell he would let the twins get bored of the plantimals, they were their responsibility too! He looked at Miz speaking to his brother and wondered if he should leave to give them space.

Nah. He stood closer to Miz to shout. “HEY FORDSIE LOOK WHO’S BACK!” Miz and Ford jumped on both sides of the line and Miz rolled her eyes before putting it on speaker mode. “-eck Sebastian?! What was THAT for?!” Ford complained. Seb cackled. “I just wanted to let you know that Miz returned.” He said innocently.

“I can tell.” Ford said sarcastically.

Miz tapped the phone. “Hey. Sorry I'm late Fordsie. I just flew in from my dimension and boy are my arms tired.” Seb snorted while Ford seemed to think she was being serious. “Do you use your arms to direct your flight? Is that why Bill would wave them around so much? How does that work? Are there muscles in those thin limbs?”

“....Sixer...I think she's joking...” Sebastian face palmed. Why did Ford believe everything? No wonder he was so easy to fool. Ah, he loved him anyway…

“She is?” Ford responded while Miz and Seb laughed at the dumb genius. “Miz made the twins another plantimal, Sixer!” Seb informed his brother. “A cat this time.”

“That's amazing! I would love to study it. Both of them actually. How are they both plant and animal? How do they move? How do they vocalize?”

Miz and Seb glanced at each other before they both said “Neeeeeerd!” and laughed. Miz was quick to reassure Ford they weren't making fun of him. “You're adorable, Fordsie. Hey, are you free right now? Want to come over?”

Seb choked. Really? Right NOW? In HIS house again?! When his babies were present and could hear?! He already placed the room Ford and Xin shared under a partial quarantine, the rooms magically cleaned themselves anyway. “I am actually a bit busy on a project. I would appreciate it if you came later, it’s much better that way, or I could go, either way is fine.” Ford replied.
“You wouldn’t like it if we did that in your place!” Sebastian grumbled.

Miz hummed. “Well, is there anything you need help with on your projects?”

“T-that would be wonderful!” Ford seemed to perk up eagerly. His voice sounding excited.”I have been meaning to ask you about the solar batteries…”

“Oh, right! Yeah I can help with that!” Miz looked at Seb. “I’ll go with Fordsie, you three will be fine while I am gone?”

“Uh...sure...yeah. we can survive a few hours…” Seb muttered. As long as they didn’t fuck in his house again, it was fine. Besides, Ford was working in his lab. There’s no place to fuck there right? As if crushing his hopes on purpose, he heard Ford ask “Are you still willing to do a session? In...whatever form you're comfortable with? I...am fine with your true form, I swear I am!”

Miz frowned. “If I do take my true form, we won't be doing a session. Even if you say it's fine...it really...hurt my feelings when you reacted badly. I don't want that tainting our time together.” Seb pushed aside his shock to scowl. Right, Ford was dumb. “I don't want you hurting my friend, Sixer or I will cut off your toes and feed...feed you those!” He threatened. “I trust you know how to respect her even with your...rough moments.”

“Of course! I would never willingly harm her. In fact I had been trying to treat Xin's wounds but...he refused.”

“I was gonna heal anyway. I didn't want you to waste your first aid supplies. What if you got hurt during an experiment and you needed them?” Miz protested. Seb made a face. “Just...don’t get hurt...” What the heck was wrong with them? He wouldn't treat Wanda like that, the thought hadn’t even crossed his pure innocent mind until these two fuckers started mentioning it so casually!

“The bruises are part of the sessions, Sebastian, they can’t be stopped.” Ford told Seb matter of factly and the younger man deadpanned. “...Right…” He stood up. “Be back for dinner, I’m making spaghetti.” Seb patted Miz’s head and stood up to go scream somewhere at the horrible mental image his mind was trying to come up with.

Ford sighed. “I would like for the bruising to be less prominent though. I feel rather uncomfortable with the idea of you being injured from our activities.” Miz shrugged “But I like the way they feel.”

“Yes, that's part of the problem here. Is the pain thing, a Bill thing?” Ford questioned. “...I think it's a me as Bill thing?” Miz mumbled. “It's just...how I am...pretty fucked up, huh?” She tightened her hold on the phone. Ford frowned. Was he supposed to agree? Or to deny it? “So...you will come, right?” The awkward scientist said at the end, sidestepping the question altogether. Ford heard the phone hang up but before he could worry about how he might have offended her, he jumped at the “Tah dah!” shouted next to him. He turned to see Miz grinning at him. “So, battery?” She asked as she looked over at his work table covered in machine parts.

“Yes, uh, I would appreciate it if you checked over my progress?” Stanford had never asked for help in his projects, except for the portal, it made him feel useless, but Miz was different, she was a literal Knowledge god! She was a good Bill, he needed to take advantage of having her as a friend! (In a way he’d always wanted from his own Bill, had thought he did have with his own Bill--) Miz fiddled with the items on the desk. Ford heard her mumbling under her breath “...silicone...sodium...possibly glass?”
The two quietly worked together, Miz pointing out corrections and even went on a long rant about reactions, decay and oxidation. “You know what? We should make some aerogel. That’ll be a fun way to get you a better insulator for your machines.” When Ford asked about it, she responded with, “It’s like making jello, except you replace all the liquid with air!” At one point she got frustrated at the mess his lab was in and started sorting everything by type, size and function. Ford protested of course. “I don’t need to clean-- it takes time away from working!”

“No. I am putting the screws here, in a neat little pile, organized so we don’t have to dig through your stupid tool box to find the one we need!” Miz glared at Ford. “We waste more time trying to find stuff otherwise.”

Ford pouted. Now he wouldn’t find anything! He had his own order! Miz didn’t let up her glare. “Look, now all the screws are HERE--” she pointed at the cubbies she had created and sorted the screws into “-and they’re all neatly labeled so you can easily just read them and grab the ones you need.”

“But I knew where my stuff was before!” Ford whined. Miz rolled her eyes “Hence why it took you 3 minutes to dig out the bolt you needed to tighten the panel on your mini weather generator and by the time you did, the reaction had faded and we had to spend 20 minutes getting the machine back up and running to churn out another cloud.”

Ford flushed. “...well I…”

“Nope!” Miz scoffed. “I am cleaning and organizing this mess.” She continued working as Ford whined like a child. Really, she was even making new shelves and other tables to sort things into. Her OCD demanded it. Ford had stopped protesting and was now just pouting in a corner. Miz lifted and placed a huge tank of liquid helium and sighed. Everything neatly in its place.

“I wanted it my way!” Ford whined. He refused to admit it was useful to see how many of each component he had. With them all placed together he could easily see his supplies of Rhodium chunks were running low. But he still refused to admit the lab looked much nicer and more spacious now that things had been moved. There was more room to start new projects now. Okay fine, he was actually very impressed. But he didn't want to admit he was a slob.

“Yeah, you can live in your mess all you want, you awful messy child, but not when I’m here. Seriously, how did you survive like this? No one said anything about this mess?” Miz pouted as she sent the dust into a swirl of clicking molecules to create another shelf, this one was empty for now with little blank labels that Ford could write words on once he put stuff in them. Ford scoffed. “No one had a problem with my lab.”

“I bet they just couldn’t say anything because you’re their boss and you write their paychecks.” Miz deadpanned. “When I meet your mom during your birthday, I’m gonna tell her what a messy boi you are!” She stuck her tongue out.

“Wh-What?!” Stanford gaped. “Are you going to tell my mother I don’t keep my lab organized?”

“Yes. Maybe she can make you listen to reason, you clearly keep pouting at me like a child.” Miz had her hands on her hips and Ford was struck by how ridiculous this looked. A girl half his size, looking down on him as if he was the child. “I...cannot believe you are telling on me to my mother.” Ford said at last.

“It’s a sacrifice I’m willing to make.” Miz said solemnly. Ford snorted. “What sacrifice?” He started laughing. This was so ridiculous. Miz giggled and the two just sat around and laughed over the situation. “But seriously though, I WILL be telling your mom.” Miz clarified.
“I am a grown man. She can’t ground me anymore.” Ford sniffed as he tried to look superior. Miz floated up so she could pat his hair. “Of course you are. Such a big boi.” She cooed. “Your mom can ground you no matter how old you are.” Miz added. “Seb and the kids get grounded all the time!”

“...Seb gets grounded?” Ford repeated, both amused and confused.

“Have you seen the shit those three do sometimes? Wanda and I have to do something to get some peace in that house!” Miz groaned as she floated on her side. Ford tugged her back down. “Maybe Sebastian needs more discipline.” He laughed. “Maybe give him a time out?”

“We’ve tried. He gets bored.” Miz allowed herself to be placed back on the ground. Right. Gravity was a thing she was supposed to follow now. Ford laughed. “Sebastian had never stayed put in his time out as kids…” He said. “Every time I saw him, he was ALWAYS grounded in the corner!” He laughed but Miz frowned a bit. “Well, Seb can’t sit still due to his ADHD so I can only imagine how awful that was for him.” After all, she had some issues with her attention span too. Short attention span combined with an odd hyper focus and also a propensity towards multi-tasking. Gosh, she was a mess.

Ford frowned a bit in thought. He...didn’t know that, actually, he knew that Sebastian had that condition but hadn’t really followed that train of thought. “Well, he got more in trouble for not obeying...that must have been bad indeed…” The man rubbed his arm. He didn’t like to remember when they were kids, not when he realized he had been horrible to his younger brother. Miz squeezed his arm. “It’s ok. You three are fine now. That’s in the past.” She smiled. Ford smiled slightly too. Miz frowned suddenly. “Is your father still alive? Would anyone mind if I fed him his own eyes?”

“...I wouldn’t wish that on anyone to be honest.” Ford sighed. “He wasn’t the best father-”

“He was an abusive asshole who literally made Seb PAY him to be allowed to sleep in his house. As a CHILD.” Miz scowled.

Ford frowned profusely. “What are you talking about?! What-When…” He fidgeted with his hands.

Miz blinked. “Seb never told you? He’s been working a job since he was like...what? 14? I’m not sure how old he was, to earn money to pay Filbrick so he would be allowed inside the house. Heck, when your father threw him out, Seb’s first instinct was to go to his workplace to find a place to stay...which…” She winced. “…didn’t work out since his boss passed away a while before…”

Ford slowly sat down on his chair and ran a hand through his hair. How could he have been so blind?! They had been kids! Why didn’t Seb tell them?! “Do...do you know...if Stanley knew about this?” That had been so long ago, he knew Seb was fine now, they were all fine, but he hadn’t thought of where his brother went to after he was...kicked out…

Miz shook her head sadly. “Judging by your reaction, I don't think he told anyone about this, not even your mother. You know how Seb never wants to bother people with his problems.” She could relate, but she hated how Seb did this as a kid. Children were SUPPOSED to ask for help! Ford groaned and covered his face. “Why am I so blind?!” Miz raised an eyebrow. “You’re generally pretty lost in your own head. You don’t pay much attention to others.” Her observation just made Ford feel worse. He needed to get better at this.

“So...feeding Filbrick his own eyes, yay or nay?” Miz asked and sprouted a tail just to wag it.

Ford lifted his glasses and rubbed his eyes. “Don’t, please.” He didn’t know much about the old
man. He only knew he was still in their old house in New Jersey. He stayed there after Mom left him. Miz considered it. “I'll give him a chance to make up for it.” she grumbled. “Your Bill kinda fucked him over. And if YOU could get over yourself, I'll give him a chance to do so as well.” Filbrick's wife left him after all. Perhaps his time away from his family gave him some time to think over his life and actions.

Ford blinked. “Wait. Bill...knew father?”

“Yeah? You didn't know? Your Bill made a Deal with your father back when he was a teenager in exchange for his first born or something like that…”

“He did WHAT?!” Ford gasped. He couldn't believe Filbrick would do something like-Well, no he could actually believe it but why the heck would he do that?! “And what was the deal about?!”

Miz frowned. Her eyes flickered to get the details and Ford couldn't help being entranced by the images he could see. Was that...a younger version of his father...with...a twin?!

“Those idiots summoned Bill...for FUN!” Miz hissed. “Of all the stupid-well, to be fair I've also dealt with stupid teenagers summoning me for shits and giggles but I don't...kill them for it…” Ford paled dramatically and he stumbled back. He leaned against the table and took a deep breath. “He summoned Bill Cipher?! Wh-Why the he-He-Urgh! Who did Bill kill?!”

“Pretty much all his friends…and then possessed Filbrick’s twin brother…” Miz winced. “Wow. Your Bill was REALLY an asshole. Even Seb's past life didn't go that far.”

“Fa-Father doesn't have a twin brother…” Ford mumbled shakily. “Just...an older brother...and a sister…”

“He didn't have one anymore, look... Bill killed this kid in front of him.” Miz still hated the asshole, but she did feel sorry for this. No one should have to go through that. “And he called that other boy ‘brother’ so I'm guessing that if your father DID have a twin, Bill erased him when he killed him.”

Ford closed his eyes and ran a six-fingered hand through his curly hair. He couldn't believe this… Miz frowned worriedly and put a small hand over his arm. “I am sorry you had to learn this now…” She told him. “I just...saw some things and...I had to tell you.” Ford shook his head. “No, it's fine. I rather know the truth than live on in ignorance.” He sighed. “I'm still mad at father, but now I want to talk to him. Figure out what happened from his side of the story…” he closed his eyes, “...see if father feels any guilt over how he treated us and Sebastian.”

“...if he doesn't, does that mean I can mess with him?” Miz asked. “Even if he has a tragic past, it doesn't excuse the abuse he put Sebastian through.” Ford nodded. “No mutilating him, and I know…” He sighed tiredly. They were planning to go to New Jersey in the summer anyway, maybe then he could have a talk with his father. He hugged Miz's small form to himself. “Thank you for telling me this. I have a lot I need to think about.”

Miz nuzzled his chest. “Sorry that I just turned your world upside down…”

“No. You did nothing wrong. I admit, it is distressing to know Bill had a hand in my...I can't say conception, but my birth and the circumstance around it.” Ford sighed, resting his chin on the top of Miz's head. She was quite soft and nice to hold. He absently squished her belly and the girl squealed. “That tickles!”

“Oh it does?” Ford questioned with a grin. Miz frowned. “Wait! Don't you dare, Sixer!”
Ford squished her belly again and Miz squealed again. “No!!” She tried to smack his hand away but the man laughed and poked her belly. She giggled and shoved at him. “Ahahah! S-stop it! Fordsie, you asshole!” She laughed as she wiggled. She got her revenge by tickling his ribs and the man let out a loud bark of laughter. “Revenge!” Miz took advantage of Ford’s loosened grip to start tickling him in earnest. The poor man spasmed as the demon tickled him. He usually only felt weird and jumpy when people tried to tickle him but he had been laughing before, so now his body couldn’t hold back the natural reaction.

“Wa-Wait!” Ford cried but Miz had no mercy for the man. She wanted him to beg!

“Mi-Miz! Mi-Miz!! Ah! S-S-Stop!” Ford snorted and tried holding back his mad laughter. He wasn’t doing so well in that regard, twitching and sliding off his chair as he was tickled into submission. He laid on the ground, shaking and curling in on himself, trying desperately to protect his sides from her fingers.

“Mwahaha! I’ll never stop!” Miz crowed. She knelt over him, pretty much straddling him as she jabbed her fingers into any opening she found. Stop was stop, but tickle wars had no such rules! Well, she’d stop if it looked like he couldn’t breathe. She wasn’t heartless (currently.) Ford realized he couldn’t win with a defensive strategy and struck back, placing his large hands along her sides and squeezing. She made a choked gasp and squealed. Ford began his counterattack, wiggling his many fingers along her squishy stomach and grinned in triumph at his long arms easily holding her far enough away that she couldn’t retaliate.

“Ahahahah! Fo-ahaha! Ford-hahah!” She gasped “Can’t breathe!”

Ford placed her on the ground where she drew in large gasps of air. Ford was panting heavily himself, his sides aching and his body protesting the tickle attacks it had been forced to endure. The phone rang. Ford answered when he saw it was Stanley. “He-hello?” He asked, out of breath. “Whoa, you okay Poindexter?” Stan’s voice came over the phone. Ford laughed. “Y-yeah...just...went through something strenuous.” Miz groaned loudly in the background. “Hah...hah...you...oh god...” she panted, face flushed and somewhat light headed. Stanley sputtered “IS THAT MIZ?!”

“Wh-why yes. She ca-came to vis-sit me earlier.” Ford huffed. Goodness, he’d forgotten how tiring it was to be tickled. “What did you call me for Stanley?” there was a strange choking sound on the other side of the phone line. Ford raised an eyebrow. “Stanley? Are you alright?”

“I can’t believe you- with Miz- oh my god!” Stanley sputtered. “Were you at LEAST gentle with her?!” Ford frowned. How did Stanley realize they had a tickle war? “Well, it escalated pretty quickly. She was quite aggressive so I was forced to respond in kind-” he was cut off by Stan shouting “I DON’T WANT TO HEAR ABOUT IT!”

“Um...alright then?” Ford looked over at Miz who was panting and whimpering softly. “Miz? Are you alright?” he asked, a little worried now, had he been too rough? He hadn’t been taking his strength into account. “My everything hurts...” Miz gasped miserably. Stanley, who could clearly hear Miz’s response over the phone, went pale. “Oh...oh my god Ford...I can’t believe you! She’s...she’s so TINY!”

“Yes, I may have gone somewhat overboard.” Ford admitted. He knelt down and gently picked the girl up. “I’m sorry for that Miz. It won’t happen again.” he assured her. She merely groaned again and slumped in his arms. “I don’t think I wanna do that again...” she whined. Ford sat back down on his chair, setting his phone to speaker mode so he could properly comfort the girl. “I also think we shouldn’t have a repeat of this. It was an unpleasant affair for both of us.”
“Ah! Oh my god! Sebas is going to KILL you!” Stanley freaked out on his side of the line. Ford was very confused now. “Yes, he did threaten to cut my toes off if I hurt Miz…but she’s not…injured.” Miz groaned. “I think you bruised my sides…” which WOULD have been a pleasant sensation if her stomach didn’t feel like it was contracted painfully. The internal pain didn’t feel as nice as the external ones.

“....Sebastian is going to cut my toes off…” Ford groaned. Stan made a half hysterical bark of laughter. “Sebastian is gonna have to get in line because I have half the mind to punch you. What the hell were ya thinking Sixer?!” Ford sheepishly scratched his nose. “To be honest, I wasn’t. Miz had me helpless on the ground and I was just trying to fight back.”

“You started it though.” Miz mumbled.

“I couldn’t help myself. The sounds you made were too amusing.” Ford answered. “...and adorable.” He couldn’t help but admit. Miz giggled weakly. “Aw~you think I’m adorable?” She flicked his nose. “I liked your squealing too.” Ford scrunched up his nose and poked her back.

“I don’t want to listen to this!” Stan half sobbed. His nerd brother was apparently a beast in the bed and Stanley REALLY didn’t want to know. No one! Absolutely no one including him and Sebas, went around explicitly telling everybody what technique or some shit and the things that happened while they had sex, what gave Ford the idea they could?!

“OW!”

Stan heard the yelp and blinked. “Sixer?”

“So-Sorry, Stanley, Miz bit me!!” Ford shouted accusingly as he shook his hand and the middle triplet heard Miz saying “Don’t be a baby, Fordsie, I didn’t bite you THAT hard, I could have taken your arm off but I didn’t!”

“Why are you like this…” Stan groaned and slowly ran a hand through his face. He took his time to call his older brother and this dick received him like this! The disrespect!

“So, anyway, why did you call, Stanley?” Ford asked when the adrenaline from the tickle war ran out. Stanley groaned “I was going to check about when you were going to come to my place for our birthday. I know it’s still a couple months off but since everyone was going to come for the summer, I needed to make sure there was room for everyone so I figured I might as well start preparing early.” since everyone would meet up in New York for a while before they headed out to Jersey.

“Aaaww!” Miz cooed next to Ford. “That is so sweet of you, Fish!” She hummed. “I could make another expansion like I did with Seb’s place on the hotel rooms when we get to Jersey! Would you like that?”

“Magic hotel room! Of course I’d love that! We would only need to rent ONE room! Haha, Carla would be thrilled.” Stan grinned at the thought of a magically expanded room that wouldn't cost him any money to get. Seriously, being friends with an all powerful demon god was so convenient.

Ford hummed. “Well, as to when I would go, I am not sure when exactly I would arrive in New York.” Driving would be tiring (and take forever), so maybe a plane? He would need to buy tickets soon… “What did Seb say? Have you already called him?”

“Yeah, he says he’s coming here a few days before our birthday. The twins aren’t going to preschool anymore so they can leave earlier BUT Wanda has work so that’s the earliest they can
“leave.” Stan shrugged. Ugh. Real life responsibilities~

Miz pulled Ford’s sleeve. “Why don’t you go with Seb and travel with them? Everyone likes seeing twins and triplets in public places!”

“Yeah, listen to Miz, that’s a good idea.” Stan nodded, but they couldn’t see him. Ford agreed but then looked at the black-haired girl. “What about you? Will you just...teleport there?” she hummed and twisted to sit on Ford's lap more comfortably. “I probably will. I don't really like physical transportation vehicles.”

“What? Do you get motion sick?” Ford asked. Miz pouted. “Just a little.” Stanford raised an eyebrow but didn’t comment. He could ask later about that. Stan sighed. “Well, bro, I have to go, gotta work. Behave you two!” He warned. “And for Moses’ sake, be more careful when you do...that!” Stan was glad that Miz was actually billions of years old or he’d have to report his brother to the police. “We will, Stanley.” Ford nodded as Miz snorted. This was too fun! She wondered when Ford would realize what his family was thinking of them… “Yes, Fish! We will!” She giggled. This was too stupidly funny.

“I won’t tell Seb just because I love you, and I want you to keep your toes…” Stan said. “See ya.”

The man hung up. Now that they were alone again, Ford sighed when he remembered what he had learned from Miz earlier. That being the sheer depth of the abuse Sebastian had suffered under their father. He wasn't sure how to handle this information. Sebastian was fine now. He was happy. He had a loving wife and beautiful children. Ford didn't want to bring up bad memories by asking Seb about it. But he really wanted to know. It annoyed him to know that he had been completely oblivious to his brother's abuse. And how many times had he heard Seb cry as he was punished and he had never intervened? How many times he had heard and he had thought to himself his younger brother deserved it? Thought Seb was always behaving bad and he had to be grounded?

Miz snuggled into Ford's lap and yawned. “You're thinking too loudly.” She poked his chin. “Am I?” He frowned. “If you're really worried about this, just apologise and tell Seb that you're gonna be a better brother from now on.” She stretched languidly and sighed. “Actually, I'm glad to hear you feel guilty about this.”

“...why?” Ford frowned. Did she like seeing him agonize over his own guilt? Miz played with Ford's hand, lightly pinching his fingers “It means you've finally gotten over yourself to think about others. It's nice to see you're not as much of a jerk anymore.” Ford frowned. He wanted to argue he wasn’t a jerk, but he really couldn’t. He had been a jerk. As a kid and as an adult, his brother protected him and saved him so many times and he never thanked him as he should...

“You are right.” He admitted at the end. “I was a jerk...And I will apologize to Sebastian. Should I call him?”

“You crazy? You’ll apologize in person, when you see each other again, or I’m gonna tell your mom you didn't even give your brother a proper apology!” Miz complained. “Besides, this is probably going to be an emotional confrontation so you'll need to be physically there to hug him when Seb starts crying.”

“How do you know Sebastian is going to cry during this conversation?” Ford raised an eyebrow. Miz scoffed. “Seb's a cry baby.” Ford twitched. “...isn't it rude to say such a thing?” Miz shifted again to lounge on Ford's lap, he wasn't nearly as comfy as Xanthar but he would do for now. “It's true though.” She pulled on Ford's hand to bring it closer so she could continue playing with his fingers. “To be fair, I'm also a cry baby.” She pouted. “I feel like we have trouble processing intense emotions. I know my other brother, Blue, was totally mind blown when he realized he could feel more than one emotion at once.”
Ford raised an eyebrow as Miz continued pulling his six fingers. “So...It is a...Bill thing to be a ‘cry baby’?” Now that he thought about it, Miz was right. Seb cried real fast, both as a kid and as an adult. “Do you think he also has trouble with his emotions?”

“Dunno if the crying is a Bill thing, Blue doesn’t really do it. Might be an issue, he has no way of really venting... but besides that, do you know your triplet, Fordsie?” Miz giggled. The man pouted. “Apparently, not as much as I thought I did...”

Miz hummed. “He has trouble with emotions but he learned how to express them properly over the years. Wanda helped a lot. His therapist helped a lot. Stan and everyone else helped a lot.” She frowned. “I'm a little better than he is at UNDERSTANDING how human emotions work or at least... faking like I can express it like a ‘normal’ human. I just...” she ducked her head “...sometimes I forget. Sometimes I think...I lose track of what is considered appropriate anymore.” Living among humans has been making her work harder on keeping her moods in check. Staying in a humanoid form helped somewhat to quiet the non-stop noise in her head. Though...she should tear herself open to bleed out some of this soon... wait, no. She wasn’t supposed to do that anymore. Miz sighed. She wasn’t supposed to self harm anymore.

Ford stroked Miz’s long hair and the girl purred. Ford thought it might be difficult for someone like Bill to differentiate right from wrong, even if Miz was good. “Why do you like being with us? I mean, not just our family, but humans in general.” he noticed how, aside from maliciously cursing a woman for making Zach upset, Miz had been...very polite and kind towards humans. That cashier lady, the other parents at the party...

Miz snuggled against Ford's hand “I like humans. You're interesting. And fascinating.” She rolled her eyes “You’re also incredibly stupid sometimes and often you do things that piss me off but it's not any more or less than what other alien species do so... generally, I like you more than I dislike you. If that makes any sense?”

The scientist hummed in thought. It made sense, a bit, well, this was a Bill Cipher, it won’t make more sense than this. “That’s interesting...Are aliens still alive in our time? I found a crash site a while ago but I wasn’t sure how long ago it happened.”

“Well in MY dimension, that ship crashed like...30 million Earth years before you humans started keeping a proper record of timekeeping and years?” Miz scrunchied up her face in thought. “But aliens are still around. Most of them just don't think there's anything of worth here to visit. But in MY dimension, they stay away because I claimed the Earth as my own and I threatened Time Baby that I would devour anyone who dares to lay a hand on it.” Maybe she should let up on that, lots of human cultures learned stuff from observing the night sky and she couldn’t keep them isolated forever...

“Oh.” Ford pouted a bit. “So we will never make contact with them?”

“Nope! Well, not for a while at least.” Miz teased and poked his nose. “What other alien would you want anyway? You have an interdimensional All knowing god right here!” She motioned to herself smugly. Ford smiled a bit and patted her head. “You're right.” The man looked at Miz and smiled. She was an alien...that was so cool... He had been thrilled to meet Bill Cipher originally. An otherworldly creature. More than that, an interdimensional being of pure knowledge. A muse. It was the greatest thing that had ever happened to him. He had been so ecstatic to spend time with Bill and had wanted to ask so many questions. But he always held himself back, afraid of scaring the ethereal creature off by sounding too eager, too needy. And then Bill had betrayed him. Twisted him up inside until he was paranoid ball of nerves and hate.

He looked at the soft girl purring in his lap. What sort of miracle had brought her to him? A Bill
Cipher who wasn't evil. Sure, she didn't really have a moral compass, offhandedly mentioning eating people and he was sure that despite her innocent appearance, she's probably killed (and subsequently eaten) hundreds upon thousands of people. That thought made Ford somewhat uncomfortable. Murder was wrong. Miz was most probably a murderer...but his own triplet had been a Bill Cipher in a past life...

It was very confusing to think about. About being able to love someone who was a killer. But he and Stanley had done plenty of unsavory things while on the other side of the portal. Besides, he had learned over the years that context was important. The world wasn't just black and white. Seb used to be Bill Cipher and he had killed countless people as Bill, but Seb wasn't like that anymore. Miz...might still be killing people somewhere but she was here now and she hadn't killed anyone...

Ford wasn't sure how to feel about this. He didn't like the idea of Miz killing people. But could he really make her stop? Especially since he's realized over the years that murder does not equate evil. He still found the idea to be wrong but murder was a human concept. He's hunted plenty of alien beasts for food in his years traveling the cosmos. Miz, Bill, wasn't human. Even if they did a good job of pretending to be one. The concept of murder was the killing of a fellow man or sentient, thinking person. Ford could try to make her stop, or tell her that she could try NOT killing people? Ford didn’t really know enough about her circumstances. As long as Miz doesn't harm anyone here or attempt to start the apocalypse then it was fine.

The girl snuggled closer to his chest and yawned again. Ford hummed in amusement. “Are you tired?” He asked as he brushed her hair aside. She nodded. “Dimensional time travel tends to do that.” Ford looked around. Not very many places for sleeping in his lab. Miz climbed onto him and clung on like a monkey. “I'll just sleep here…”

“Really?” Ford pouted. He looked down at the girl. “I could take you to the Shack…” He offered. “No. Here.” Miz pouted. Ford groaned. “You'll be in the way of my work….” When Miz didn't budge, Ford realized he would need to change tactics. Miz wasn't going to go home to Seb until dinner time which was, Ford checked the time, still 2 hours away, so he had to find something to distract her with. “If you go to the Shack, you can see Soos and how the new Mystery Shack tours work.” He mentioned. Miz's head popped up with interest.

“I could?!” She asked, her dark eyes widening. Ford grinned. “You'd be surprised how well the Shack’s profits go with the research center so close. Soos hasn’t even changed anything, all the attractions are still fake, but he just says they come from the center and charges double for them...Seb and Stan were really proud of him.” Ford rolled his eyes. Miz giggled. “I want to meet Question Mark and-” She gasped. “Is Melody here too?!”

“Oh! Soos’ wife. Yes, she is helping him as well.” Miz jumped off Ford and pulled him up. “Come on! Come on! I wanna see them!”

Ford shook his head at her childish antics and let her pull him toward the door. They passed a few of Ford's assistants who blinked at the little girl pulling their boss. It didn't escape them how similar this girl looked to the mysterious man they saw Dr. Pines with a week ago.

“I was actually thinking you could go alone…” Ford mumbled as Miz pulled him along. She pushed open a wooden door that took them to the inside of the Shack. “Ford, the house is a mess.” She wrinkled her nose, seeing dust and piles of papers. It looked almost as bad as how Seb found it before the portal accident. “Seb kept this place much cleaner.” she complained. “Well, I am sorry for dedicating my time to my research.” The six-fingered man pouted. Miz sighed. “At least you aren’t down in the basement anymore…” she proceeded to sneeze. A dust bunny turned into a centipede snake, which hissed before crawling under some supplies and disappeared from view.
Ford had time to widen his eyes in alarm before Miz sneezed again.

“Ha-cheui!” She squeaked. More and more random objects in the room began turning into weird creatures and escaping from sight. Ford was beginning to panic now. He picked Miz up and tried to cover her face. “Mph-cheeh!” she sneezed. Ford looked around frantically. “G-get rid of the dust!” he told her.

Miz whined and attempted to swirl the dust away but she sneezed again and the clump of dust turned into a centuartuar. Ford decided to simply take her out of the room. He closed the door and winced when Miz sneezed once more. “Ok...maybe I should clean more often...” he admitted. Miz sniffled miserably. “You think?” The man rubbed the side of his neck awkwardly and Miz glared at him, wiping her nose. “I bet the lab is only clean because you have people that clean for you!” She accused and Ford couldn’t actually deny it. There was a thumping sound from behind them as the centuartuar clopped around in the storage room, banging on walls and stumbling over things.

“What was all that anyway?” Ford asked. He looked around and found they were in what used to be Seb’s office. As he sometimes used this place, it was less dusty. He opened a window just in case. “How can you be allergic to dust? You don’t have a nose in your original form, and what was all that crazy creature-making sneezing?” Miz grumbled. She'd been incredibly sensitive to dust as a human. Even if this body wasn't, it kept many quirks from her human life. Like her allergy to melons. And propensity towards hiccups. She rubbed her nose again. “This body has a nose. And it certainly doesn't enjoy dust.” Ford looked around for a tissue or handkerchief. He found a roll of paper towels to hand her.

Miz blew her nose. “And...my powers tend to go haywire if I'm not keeping them under control constantly.” This even happened throughout all her other forms. Funny (or not so funny) her Bill form was capable of hiccuping and when they got bad enough his powers would start to slip out of his control. Which was half the reason why drunk Bill was something the multiverse feared.

“Fascinating.” Ford smiled and Miz blew her nose again. Blergh! She hated this! “Shut up, Sixer.” She pouted. “Is the Mystery Shack clean?”

“Oh, yes, I suppose.” Ford chuckled sheepishly. “Soos takes good care of it.” Miz sniffled once again and took a deep breath before grabbing the man’s hand and getting out of the room. Ford rolled his eyes as Miz dramatically held her breath as they walked to the Gift Shop’s door. She lifted a hand into the air to swirl the dust into gold coins as she went. She pushed the door open and took a deep breath before leaning against the door. “You’re so dramatic.” The scientist sighed. “...did you just make gold?!” a couple of the coins had rolled into the room before she closed the door.

“Basic alchemy.” Miz wiped her face again. “Bleh.” Ford knelt to examine one of the coins and picked it up in awe. Being able to simply...create anything she wanted...no wonder Bill Ciphers tended to become corrupted. Ultimate power leads to ultimate corruption right? He was suddenly worried about how Miz would grow up. She claimed to be a relatively young Bill Cipher. Hopefully, living among humans would teach her not to be problematic when she was older.

“Oh, Dr. Pines!” Both turned to look up and found Soos staring at them. Miz cooed. He was wearing a suit! Elegant like his former boss! She went right up to him and poked his stomach. He chuckled. Miz's face lit up. “It's like the Pillsbury Dough Boy!” she poked him again. “Miz! Stop!” Ford scolded and pulled the girl gently away. “Um, hello Soos.” Ford nodded respectfully. “Um, this is Miz, I am sorry for that.”

The former handyman laughed. “No probs Dr. Pines. Kids like poking me.” He grinned at Miz. “Hi little dood. I'm Soos.” Miz grinned back “Hi Question Mark! How're things at the shack?”
“Hey...Seb called me that too!” Soos chuckled. Miz raised an eyebrow and Soos frowned. “Wait a second…” the round man bent down to look closely at the little girl. She innocently blinked her dark eyes and Soos shrugged. “Huh. Almost thought you were someone else.” she can't possibly be the triangle dude. He was dead and he had yellow eyes. “Who?” Miz asked, tilting her head. Ford sighed tiredly. “Oh, it’s not important, dude! Have you looked at the souvenirs? You can only find them here at the Mystery Shack!” Miz’s eyes widened and she immediately went to look around. “Ooh~”

Soos and Ford watched Miz skip around to look for a souvenir. “Who is she, Dr. Pines?” Soos asked. “I saw you come with her from the house.”

Ford wasn't actually sure how to put this. Soos deserved to know the truth though. “She's...well please don't panic when I tell you this. It has to do with the portal and the things that happened years ago...”

“Dude. Is it bad?” Soos asked before his eyes widened. His mind raced through all the fanfics he'd written about the Pines family. Portal. Years ago. Soos stared at the little girl who, now that he was looking closer, was floating off the ground in order to look at stuff on a higher shelf. He gasped. “Is she your alien daughter from space?!”

“Yes-Wait! I mean, no!” Ford cried, disturbed by the idea. “She...you know how Seb was Bill, right? From another dimension, Miz is Another Bill...but a good one.” Soos looked at Ford as if he had grown a second head. “Are you serious, dude?” Ford adjusted his glasses and nodded. “I am completely serious, Soos. But she is a good friend of ours! Seb is a really good friend of hers and she was even the one who helped me and Stan when we first fell through the portal.”

Soos blinked. “Ok. That's cool. So is this triangle dude a dudette?”

Stanford blinked slowly. “Um, yes...I, yes, Miz is a dudette half the time, it's a little complicated…” Ford frowned, the word felt strange in his mouth. “Aren’t you...worried?”

Soos hummed. “I don’t think so.” He shrugged. “I trusted Sebas. But I’m gonna need to meet this dudette first to know if I should worry or not.”

Ford gaped unbelieving. “H-how are you so...ok with this?”

“I’m a simple guy, dude.” Soos smiled and adjusted his bowtie. “The triangle guy was, like, a super scary dude, but Sebastian was one too, and he was nice. Miz also looks nice…” Soos seemed to think of something. “I mean, I don’t know Miz, so I can’t judge her but...” He looked at his former boss’ brother knowingly. The two glanced over at Miz, who was trying on all the different hats in the gift shop. At the same time. Just...stacking the hats one on top of each other as they began magically floating. She was giggling with each new hat, tilting her head back to watch them orbit around her head.

“I think I like her.” Soos nodded with a smile. Ford hummed, admiring Soos’ truthfulness. It had always been difficult for him to trust people because of fear of getting mocked or bullied for his hands. And here was Soos, trusting and smiling at Miz after another Bill Cipher like her caused Weirdmageddon.

Miz came over, the hats rotating around her like a mini solar system, and pulled on Ford's hand. “Which one should I get?” she asked. Ford looked around, glad that no one was around. He smiled at the blue and white hat. Dipper had had one of those, didn’t he. “I would recommend this one.” He tried putting it on her head but it only floated. Huh.
“Ooh! This is Pinetree’s hat!! Eee!” She squealed. She tilted her head back to try and see the hat but it kept floating out of view as it stayed an inch away from the top of her head. She started batting at it with a hand and giggling to herself, thoroughly distracted. Ford and Soos looked at her with bemused expressions. It was actually pretty hard to remember she WAS an all powerful demon. Suddenly, the little bell on the door rang and a woman entered the gift shop. “The tourists just left, Soos-Oh, Dr. Pines, what a surprise!”

Miz’s head turned around so fast that if she were human she could have broken her neck and was suddenly in front of Melody. “Ooh! You must be Cadenza!!!” she squealed. Melody blinked at the little girl “Ah, no, my name is Melody.”

Miz grinned. “I know what I said.”

Ford interrupted “Hello Melody. How are you?”

“I’m doing fine, thank you, Dr. Pines!” The woman smiled and Ford felt that smug feeling inside him. Damn, how he loved to be called Doctor. It never got old. “Do you need something?” Melody asked, closing the door.

“Oh no, I just wanted to show Miz the Gift shop.” Ford nodded at Miz who was circling around Melody and making airplane noises. Melody laughed. “Well hello Miz.” She smiled at Ford “Are you babysitting for someone?”

Incredibly glad she didn’t call Miz his daughter, Ford adjusted his glasses and put his hands behind his back. “Yes, you could say I am!” Miz snorted. “What a terrible decision, really!” She teased the glaring man. “I'm the one babysitting ol' Fordsie here.” She said proudly. Ford made an offended sound.

Melody laughed. “You're taking care of Dr. Pines huh?” Miz nodded. “He doesn't clean his stuff. Like, EVER!”

“Yeah, he never does.” Melody agreed. The only decent place was the kitchen and other shared living spaces because Soos and her lived here with Abuelita (with the scientist’s permission). Knowing Ford, she still couldn’t believe they actually got him to agree to keep the Mystery Shack. “You know, Dr. Pines, Seb kept the house clean everyday waiting for you to return, you should try keeping it that way.” Soos commented lightly, meaning it like a joke, but Ford felt his heart clenching a bit.

‘And I was still ungrateful.’

“I know.” Ford forced a smile on his face. “Can we go back?” He asked Miz sheepishly. She shrugged and took the hat down to cover her face in case more dust happened. “Ok. But you have to find me a place to nap.” She yawned, hiding her sharp teeth behind the hat.

Ford almost groaned. Right. She wanted to sleep. He wished he didn’t need to, Miz was weird indeed. “Come on.” He opened the ‘employees only’ door and Miz made a pained expression before going back inside the house. At least they weren't going through the storage room this time. Ford took her to the second floor and to his room. When he didn’t fall asleep in his lab, he would sleep here. “You can rest here. There isn’t dust here.”

Miz gaped in awe. Dipper and Mabel changed bodies in this room! The carpet was gone, it was being perfected at the center now (as part of an entirely different experiment), but it still looked like a hella awesome room. She jumped onto the couch-bed and bounced a bit. “Ok. Make sure you wake me later so I don't miss dinner. Seb is making pasta!” She snuggled into the couch and before
Ford could respond, fell asleep.

He looked at Bill. He could go, right? Or did he have to stay? Miz looked fine on her own, but when Ford stepped away, Miz let out a soft whimper. Ford sighed and grabbed one of the books on his bookshelves to read while the demon napped. It was only efficient to stay after all. He would be able to wake her up for her dinner at Seb’s place. He adjusted his position next to her and opened the book. Miz unconsciously crawled to lay her head on his lap and he found himself not really minding the closeness, petting her head with one hand as he read.

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“Daddy, can we have dinner already?” Zach asked Seb as he watched TV. “If you don’t give us food, we will...um...I’ll make Queen Flutter pretty clothes with your pretty clothes you tell us we can’t touch!” Zoe grinned evilly.

Seb looked at his toddlers and frowned. “You are a little monster, you know that?”

“I am told.” Zoe nodded.

“We have to wait for Miz and Mom, ok?” Seb told the kids. They whined but Queen Flutter bumped Zoe’s hand with her head, demanding cuddles. Sir Bedazzle was napping quietly in Zach's lap. “But I don’t wanna wait!” Zoe stomped her foot. “I want yummy food!”

“And I want us to eat like a kind of normal family so for those two things to happen, we have to wait. I ain’t discussing this.” Seb turned on the volume a bit more. “DAD!” Zoe whined but got no response. “I’ll burn the house down!!” She threatened, showing her dad her pointy teeth. “Zoe, no!” Zach pulled her arm. He was always the one to talk his sister down when she wants to resort to violence to get her way.

“Well, then I will burn your toys if you burn the house!” Seb growled distractedly, still watching TV. “NO!!!” The girl screamed and pulled at her dad’s arm. “DON’T BURN THEM!” She screamed. Only she was allowed to burn them. “Then stop screaming!” Seb said as calmly as he could. Zach watched the exchange awkwardly. He cuddled Sir Bedazzle to his chest and whimpered. Seb and Zoe stopped when they heard Zach’s distress.

“It’s ok, Zachy...I won’t burn the house…” Zoe looked down guiltily and Seb picked up the little boy to sit him on his lap. “And I won’t burn your sister’s toys.”

“I don’t like it when you yell...” He stroked the puppy’s head. Seb kissed his tiny forehead. “I know, we’ll try not to do it as often ok?”

“Ok…” Zach smiled. Luckily for them, Miz came back at that point, materializing out of the air and face-planting on the ground. “Uuugh…”

“Miz!” The twins both cheered as they went to hug her. Seb blinked when he saw the hat floating above her head. Oh. Looks like she couldn't wear a proper hat either.

“We missed you!” The children declared and Miz disheveled them even more by ruffling their hair. “I know, I missed you too!” even if it had only been a few hours. “Were you in the Mystery Shack?” Seb asked. It took him a second to recognize Pinetree's old hat style. Now he was grinning like a dork.

“Yup! Fordsie took me there! And I met Question Mark and Cadenza!” She informed her friend with an excited grin. Seb was confused for a bit before he realized what she meant. “Oh. Melody right?” Miz nodded. “She seems nice. Kinda sad I didn't get to hang out with her more. I was
Seb grinned like a little shit. “Sleepy wittle baby?”

“Shut up, Pines.” She rolled her eyes. “So, can we have dinner?” Miz asked excitedly and Seb groaned while Zoe cheered. “I was just telling Zoe we should wait for Wanda….” Miz raised her hand and flicked. There was a scream from outside. “HOLY SHIT!!”

Seb buried his face in his hands. “Did you just teleport Wanda and her car back home from wherever she was driving?”

“How?”

Seb and the twins ran outside and Seb gaped when he saw his wife’s car. She was gripping the wheel tightly and she had a horrified expression on her face. “Hey, Wands! You drove so fast you travelled faster than light! You should be ashamed!” He teased and the still shocked woman glared at him with all her might, only holding herself back because she saw the twins there and cheering that she was back.

She got out of the car and slammed the door. She almost had a heart attack!! They were all so lucky she was stuck in traffic, insulting an asshole and not actually driving! The twins hugged her legs. “Hi mommy!” Zach snuggled closer to her. “Now we can eat!” Zoe cried relieved. “Did I scare you?” Miz came out of the house as well, and the blond’s anger turned into surprise. “Miz!!” She smiled widely. She hugged her pseudo-second daughter. “I nearly had a heart attack. Please don’t do that again.” She scolded and Miz nodded. “Sorry, Flower Crown…”

Wanda huffed. Really. She was raising four children now. She stared at Seb. “You're in charge of making sure this doesn't happen again,” she told him. Seb gasped. “I can't control Miz's power use!” Wanda rolled her eyes as she walked over to kiss Seb. “Well you're a father. It's your job.”

Sebastian whined and moaned loudly. “But I can’t!” He whined. Miz grinned deviously at him and Seb suddenly feared for his mortal life. Zoe whimpered and pulled his pants’ leg. “Can we have dinner now?!”

“Yes, NOW we can have dinner.” He laughed while the twins and Miz sprinted back inside chanting “Pasta! Pasta!!” Seb and Wanda held hands as they entered the house at a more sedate stroll. “I'm glad Miz is home.” Wanda said. Seb nodded as he lightly bumped his head against hers. He smiled excitedly “Do you think we should get the official papers now?!”

“...for her adoption?” Wanda asked. Seb nodded. Wanda frowned a little. “I do want to take her in officially. But…” she sighed. “How would we explain her? Especially once people realize she doesn't age?” Seb pouted hard as he closed the door. “We can figure something out…” He mumbled. “We have magic by our side…do you really want to ‘adopt’ her?”

They stopped before reaching the kitchen. “Why do you say that?” Wanda asked. Seb looked down and scratched his head. “You didn’t want another kid…” He said softly. Wanda sighed. “This is completely different.” She said. “You know why I didn’t want another one but I love Miz, she’s so sweet, and loves you and the twins so much! I am just taking precautions, I don’t make important decisions without checking it's feasibility…” She stroked his cheek. “It’s the lawyer in me…” She pouted. Seb hugged his wife. “I understand. This isn't Gravity Falls where people just ignore anything weird…” Wanda smiled and stroked Seb’s curls. “We can think of what to do, for the papers I can call an old pal of mine-” Seb started to say.

“I don’t want you talking to drug dealers anymore.” Wanda scolded in worry. Seb rolled his eye.
He did what he wanted. And Rico stopped trafficking drugs ages ago!

They got to the kitchen where the twins were helping set the table as Miz served the plates for everybody. Seb grabbed two plates, Miz grabbed two more and Wanda grabbed the last one plus a jar of passion fruit juice. Zoe moaned loudly when she sniffed her food and started inhaling the meat and tomato sauce covered pasta. Zach, Wanda and Miz rolled their eyes when Seb did exactly the same. Wanda was glad he was eating so well. These past 5 years have been good for him.

“Um, Miz...we would like to ask you something…” Wanda handed a napkin to her daughter and to her husband. Miz looked up from her own plate, cheeks bulging with food. “Mm?” She asked. Wanda couldn't help but smile at the sight. She sobered quickly, “Miz, if…” she bit her lip. Sebastian took Wanda's hand, showing her his silent support. She took a deep breath, working up her courage. “If I said we wanted to adopt you, officially, would you...how would that make you feel?” Wanda asked.

Miz went still. Adopt...her…? She swallowed. “As in...you would be my mom?” Her constructed heart pounded. This was...this… “Like, actually being my...mom?” Her hands shook. How would...why would…

Wanda nodded. “In these past few months that I've known you...I've found you to be a bright, fun and wonderful person.” She sat straight “I know you are actually much older than I am but you look and act like a child and do not seem adverse to being treated as one so long as you aren't being talked down to.” Sebastian hugged Wanda, giving her the confidence to continue. “I care about you a lot. My husband cares for you and my children already treat you like their sister.” Wanda had a soft expression on her face. “So, Seb and I have been thinking that we could make it official.”

Miz stared at them wide eyed. “I…” she paused. Wanda assured her “You don't have to answer me now. Feel free to take your time with it.” Miz looked away, brows creased as her hands fidgeted with her dress. She nodded faintly. “I will need some time.” She said, sounding a little guilty. Wanda smiled. “That's fine. Take as much time as you need.”

“Yeah, we aren't pressuring you to do something you might not be comfortable with.” Seb said just as the twins started shouting. “Sister! Sister! Sister!” The brunet groaned at the twins. “What did I just say? No pressure!” He scolded and Wanda rolled her green eyes. “My point is--” Seb took a sip of his juice, damn he loved this shit. “Even if you decide not to, you are still part of the family!” He smiled. “I just thought it would be nice to do this.” Miz nodded with a small smile. She was confused and somewhat unsure. Why would they want to adopt her if they already had two beautiful babies? Did they actually want her this much? But why?

Dinner was finished, Queen Flutter was watered, she purred and meowed happily the entire time, and then it was time for the twins to take a bath. Wanda went with them to help while Seb stayed to clean everything. Mutual cooperation was more than needed when one had more than one little kid.

Miz was watching Seb work, calm but unblinking. Finally she spoke up “I already have a dad. That's Ax. So I won't be able to call you dad.” Seb nodded. “That's fine. I understand.”

“...I haven't had a mom in so long…” Miz played with a lock of her hair. “It...would be nice...but…”

“But?” Seb prompted. Miz took a shuddering breath. “What will I do when you all die and leave me too?” Seb frowned a bit. He put the plate he was drying aside and looked at Miz. “I...I didn't think of that…” It was scary to think of his own death now that staying alive only depended on him. “I'll be orphaned again…” Miz whispered. “It would suck either way when you die but
adoption means family, means responsibility and a whole bunch of other things…” she looked at
Seb, gripping the table until her knuckles turned white. “…why...would you even want all that
responsibility?” Why...would you even want me?”

“Because I love you.” Seb shrugged with a small smile. “And it would make us, it would make ME
really happy to have you as part of my family...officially.” He left the cloth and the plates and sat
down next to Miz. “I know I can’t really say I understand all of what you’ve gone through, being a
dumb human makes that hard to do...but maybe we can...try to, I don’t know, establish and
understand that certain things will eventually be happy even if they're sad, it will help you for
when you meet more mortals….” He drew the sniffling girl closer to him. “I suppose you can think
of it as filling your life with happy memories. So even when we're gone you can look back and
smile instead.”

Miz gripped Seb's shirt. “I don't...I…” she sighed ‘I'm still getting used to having lost my kids.
Pyronica still visits our grandkids but I just can't. I don't know how she has the strength for this.”
Miz closed her eyes and leaned against Seb's chest. “You know, I wasn't all that close to my
triangle parents.” She admitted. “Oh yeah?” Seb rubbed her back. “That’s one more thing we have
in common then.” He smiled a little. “They were dicks...I can’t complain now though, I love my
human Ma...and you have us now, you have Ax, I still find it hilarious that he's your dad, you have
your friends...Miz, you’re not alone and I want you to really enjoy our time together, not thinking
about when we'll be gone, where’s the fun in that?”

Miz nodded. “I know that. I get it...just…” she moved Seb's hand onto her head and he began
gently petting her. “...I...really want to have a mom again. Even if my triangle father-” she spat “-
was a bit of a neglectful dick, mother had tried to show that she cared for me...I...miss that.”

“Aaww~” Seb snuggled the girl closer to him. “I will be your mom.” He declared and Miz
exploded with laughter. “No!! I don’t want you as a mom! Back off!”

“Hey! I would be an excellent mom, mind you!” Seb crushed Miz in a tight hug, making her
scream and kick. “Let me go!” She laughed. “No!! I need to keep you warm, my offspring!” Seb

“Why are you two screaming so much?!?” They looked up and found Wanda there glaring half-
heartedly. Seb snuggled Miz to himself “I’m going to be Miz's new mother~” he sang. “No you're
not!” Miz laughed. “Even if you are a good house husband.” she pulled at Seb's arms. “You're not
mature enough to be my mom anyway!” Though, to be fair...her original human mother DID enjoy
setting stuff on fire...and had once called her ‘refrigerator’ instead of ‘daughter’...

This was a woman who once pointed to a flock of sparrows and said “If I filled a shotgun with sand
and shoot them, it would stun them long enough for us to grab a feast! They're so small we can eat
them like popcorn!” and dear lord she missed her human mother.

shrugged. She was grinning though. “Yes I am!” Seb insisted loudly and Wanda rolled her eyes,
tired. Dear God. “No you aren’t! You're a big baby!” Miz teased. “NO I AM NOT!” Seb
shrieked. “Wanda!!” He whined in the woman’s direction

“You are a big baby.” Wanda agreed and Seb pouted angrily. “I’ll sleep with the twins tonight!”
He declared, upset and left the room. Miz and Wanda both laughed. There was a ‘thunk’ of the
door closing and the two women were left alone. Wanda looked down at Miz who was looking up
at her.

“So, we should talk.” Wanda decided. Miz nodded. “Yeah. Us adults have to discuss grown up
things.” She grinned but it turned serious. “Are you ABSOLUTELY sure you want to adopt me?”

Wanda smiled gently and stroked her cheek. “We are definitely, absolutely sure we want to adopt you...we might need to make a few ‘not so legal’ things to get the papers and you might need to ‘grow up’ to make it look normal...but we totally want you to be part of our family.” Wanda looked at her hands. “We might be asking too soon...but Seb is really excited about this...when the twins were still babies, Seb told me he wanted another kid. I didn’t want to have another kid because I didn’t want to get pregnant again...he was really sad, but I wasn't going to give in...we talked about adoption but we didn’t discuss much. I think you’re the perfect daughter in this context!”

Miz fiddled with her dress. “I don't know if I'll be able ‘grow up’. I suppose I can try shapeshifting myself taller but I don't know what normal ‘aging’ is supposed to look like.” not to mention this ‘body’ was technically an adult. She was 27 years old...she just...happened to look incredibly young. Well, there was that ‘older’ teenaged form that Blue made for her. She could set that as the final point of a shapeshift sequence and set herself now as the starting point and simply set this vessel to slowly shift into that ‘older’ form over the course of 10 years? It would simulate aging. But after that... She would need to create an even older form to set as the next final point. Well, she had ten years to figure that one out.

Wanda chuckled. “I think that’s fine...Do you want to be ‘adopted’?”

Miz looked down at her hands. “Do you want to hear a story?” She responded. Wanda blinked, confused. “What?”

“I had a human family once. A long...long time ago.” Miz spoke. “There was a dad who was always working. He meant well and he loved us but he didn't know how to interact with us.” She closed her eyes, immersed in her old memories. “We fought now and then. He was a huge man child who threw tantrums when he was angry. I think I learned most of my bad habits from him.”

Wanda remained quiet. She didn't realize Miz had been taken in before. It must have been in some other dimension. She remembered Seb talking about alternative dimensions once.

“And my human mother was kind and hardworking. She wasn't the best at traditionally womanly things. For many years she could only cook the same meals for dinner. Rice, fish and boiled vegetables. And this was when she wasn't just buying food from McDonald's to bring home.”

Wanda blinked. Ok. Definitely another dimension. McDonald? What kind of name was that? Alternative dimension WcDonalds?

“But she still tried her best. I think...she blamed her own lack of cooking skills for the fact that I never grew much. Malnutrition and all that.” Miz sighed. Who knows. Maybe it WAS due to malnutrition that she never ‘grew up’ like a proper woman. “I was always thin and hungry. This was before my father started a restaurant. He used to work as a dishwasher. Mom had a cubicle job with a trade company. It wasn't a lot of income to raise me and my little brother...who I eventually learned was a sister but that’s a whole different story. We were hungry a lot. And left alone a lot. We didn't have many toys. But it was fine. Because we had each other.”

Wanda reached out to take Miz's hand. The girl squeezed back without looking at her.

“We got older, dad started up a restaurant with some business partners and it was small. But it grew and money started coming in. My parents started buying us toys and clothes and there was food that dad brought home from the restaurant so we could heat it up in the microwave to eat whenever we were hungry.” Miz smiled a little at that. She loved ramen, still did, but cooking ramen for herself and her younger sibling was all she could do as a nine year old. She learned how to make
rice as well but without proper cooking experience she couldn't prepare any meat or vegetables until she was 11. Having leftovers in the fridge was a godsend.

“Eventually we moved to a bigger apartment. Mainly because mom found out she was pregnant and we simply didn't have room for another child in the house.” At that time, her cousin was living with them too. So it was her parents in one bedroom while she shared the other bedroom with Zyun-Zeon and her cousin Faye who was 16. They moved to a three bedroom apartment just so there would be space. “And things were going well. I was in school. I still wasn't growing much and I didn't have many friends but I was happy. Eventually we moved again to an actual house, not a shared apartment building, a real house. And life continued on.” She remembered that house fondly. She had been so excited to have a yard and a porch and a personal washing machine.

Wanda watched her quietly. Her mind was racing at this information. It sounded like Miz had really stayed long term with a human family. She was almost afraid of hearing how this story ended.

“I made some real friends in high school.” Miz smiled fondly. “We all remained friends even after we graduated. Of course…” she gestured to herself. “I still looked like this. But other than some startled looks, people just...chalked it up to me being Asian and left it alone.” Wanda couldn't help but let out a snort of laughter. Maybe they could use that as an excuse too?

“I took care of my little sisters until one of them was old enough to move out and the other was in her mid teens… and then the accident happened.” Miz shuddered. Wanda felt her heart sink. Here it was. The sad part. “A friend was driving me home at night. It was late. It was dark. He was distracted. I was distracting him…..” She squeezed Wanda's hand. “I shouldn't have distracted him...I shouldn't have...I should have just stayed quiet and let him focus on the road…”

Wanda moved over to pick Miz up in a hug. She had a feeling she knew where this was going. Miz gripped onto Wanda's shirt. “I noticed we were in the wrong lane. He made a turn because the light turned green...but we were in the wrong lane…” she closed her eyes tightly. “The other car honked right before they hit us...” she sobbed. “And...and we flipped. And then I was upside down...and there was a gas leak...we couldn't get o-out and…” she broke down crying.

Wanda hugged the distressed girl as she sobbed into her shirt. She didn't know what to say. She wanted to ask why Miz didn't use her powers but if she had just gotten into such an accident, she might not have been able to think about that. She heard from Seb about the accident he had once. How he had simply panicked and ran away, unable to think about anything coherent. Wanda stroked Miz's hair until the sobs faded into sniffles and hiccups. She wanted to say something reassuring but wasn't sure what. Miz gasped and tried to get her breathing back to normal. “A-and then I died and… and then I woke up again but I was somewhere else, some one else and everyone was gone. My family, my friends, my sisters…” Miz hiccuped quietly. Wanda quickly caught on to what Miz was saying. Her human family and friends were long dead. She knew Seb had reincarnated, it sounded like...Miz had too.

Wanda hugged the girl close. Her heart ached for her. How must that have felt? To lose everything and have to continue on without them? “Oh sweetie...I can understand why you aren't...eager to get a new human family.” Wanda said at last. Miz sniffled. “But I really like you. And the twins and Seb and...and I really want to have a mommy again but I feel like a bad daughter for wanting to replace my other mom...and…”

“You are NOT a bad daughter for wanting a new family.” Wanda told her. “And...while I can't promise that you won't be taken from us or that we won't d-die in some accident...between me and Seb, we should be able to keep the lot of us alive.”
Miz nodded slowly. “T-then...can we make a Deal? You and everyone else aren't allowed to die on me from accidents ...a-and if I get destroyed from something...” she hesitated. “Throw my remains through a portal. I can only time travel between dimensions so if I take a thousand years to reform somewhere ELSE...I can still return home to you.”

Wanda shuddered. She didn’t want Miz getting destroyed...and...this deal would protect them, not only her, she wouldn’t have to worry about Seb or the twins being in danger because of accidents... “But...only if it’s an accident or something stupid right? No interfering in...natural death?” Wanda clarified. She was a lawyer after all. Miz frowned but nodded. “I do retain the right to prevent deadly diseases though...is that alright?’

“Yes.” Wanda nodded in agreement. They always had mini heart-attacks when the twins fell sick as babies. Their immune systems weren’t that strong. Magical protection sounded incredibly beneficial. “Yes, that is quite alright.” The two discussed the intricacies a bit more, fixing the wording and intent as they found one they both agreed with. "Alright. And that's the Deal.” Wanda extended her hand.

“Then...it's a Deal.” Miz held out her own hand. “The Pines bloodline and those married into them will not be felled by sickness or deadly harm that would take them before their Time. In exchange…” she took a deep breath, her eyes shining with tears and a hopeful expression “…you will take care of me and...be my new mother.”

Wanda listened carefully to Miz's terms. As a lawyer she knew well how people could twist words. She clearly noticed Miz's wording to include Seb's brothers and their families as well. But, this was fine. If Miz wanted to sneakily protect the rest of the family as well, Wanda had no problem with that. “Deal.” She said, taking Miz's hand. The fire flared out. Wanda had to close her eyes at how bright it was. There was a tingling in the air, like Reality was twisting . She shivered. Magic was always somewhat scary to her. But she had long since accepted it would be a part of her life when she married Sebastian Pines. The light faded and she “Oof”ed when Miz barreled into her with a tight hug. The demon was shaking. Wanda hugged her back, holding the girl as she sobbed again, this time in relieved joy. This girl, her daughter, Wanda felt somewhat faint at the thought. She had a magically adopted daughter now. All that was left to do was getting the boring human paperwork out of the way to make it "official’.

“Oh, sweetie...It’s alright…” The blond stroked her hair as the girl tried, and failed, to stop crying. “You can cry as long as you want, ok? I am here, you aren’t alone.”

Miz eventually calmed down, but she stayed laying against Wanda’s chest, just listening to her heart pump the blood through her body. It was really soothing. Wanda slowly stood up, still carrying Miz who was clinging to her, and turned off the light in the kitchen to go upstairs. “Do you want to sleep now? Let’s go find Sebastian.” She whispered to Miz. Her daughter nodded. “I'm...tired.” That was an understatement. She’d just used a lot of power placing protections on Wanda, Seb, the twins, Shermie, Abigail, the other twins, Stanley, Carla, Dillon, Diego, Stanford, Kari...even Filbrick and his family, just because.

‘Besides…’ Miz thought viciously. ‘I won't let Filbrick die until I've made him suffer for what he put his family through…’

Wanda carried her effortlessly upstairs and they went to the twins’ room. Wanda was actually expecting to see the twins and Seb, stubbornly sleeping with them, but the three, plus Dazzle and Queen Flutter, were laughing and playing by throwing stuffed toys at each other.

“Sebastian, I put the children to bed!” Wanda whined. “And I came to play! Bam!” He threw a stuffed pony at her and Wanda watched it fall to the floor, unimpressed. “Very funny, William.”
The three Pines booed at her at the name and the blond sighed. “So, can we go to sleep now? I am tired, Miz is tired and the twins need to sleep.”

“Nope. I said I was staying here. I’m still angry.”

“Daddy is not a big baby! Dad is a cool daddy!” Zach defended his smug looking father. Wanda couldn’t believe Seb told the children about that! “Well, better for us then!” She smiled. “I can sleep more comfortably with my daughter.” That caught Seb’s attention. He stared, wide eyed. “Wait…she…she said yes?!” but Wanda was already smugly walking off as Miz giggled in her arms. “Wait! Wanda!!!” Sebastian whined.

“We can talk if you put the kids to bed~!” The woman called from their room. Seb sighed and turned to look at his kids. “Alright, gremlins, ya heard your mom!” Seb had a hard time getting them in bed. They even started putting on their normal clothes, claiming they couldn't go to sleep without Pj's! But eventually, after a story of little annoying gnomes getting kicked in the faces and tasting their delicious blood, the twins fell asleep, hugging a plantimal each.

Seb kissed their foreheads, wished them good night and slowly exited their room to go to his. Wanda was getting ready to go to bed, her clothes already changed, and Miz was laying down in the middle of the bed staring at the ceiling in her own sleeping clothes. “There! The kids are sleeping!” Seb huffed. The two women grinned. Seb pouted. “Now can you tell me what happened?” Miz giggled. “Nope. But Wanda's my mom now. And that's all you need to know.”

Seb kicked off his shoes and threw them away. “Why don’t you want to tell me? I deserve to know!”

“Nope.” Wanda took off her earrings and put them on her nightstand. “Now change your clothes please! We want to sleep.” Seb pouted and sat down heavily on the bed. Miz looked up at him curiously and the brunet sighed before laughing. “Alright. I guess it’s a mom-daughter shit and I respect that...but remember she was mine first!” He stuck his tongue out playfully. Wanda laughed and kissed his nose. “Of course.” Miz snuggled into the sheets.

Sebas grabbed his Pj’s from under his pillow and went to the bathroom to change his clothes and brush his teeth. In a few minutes, he came back and laughed when he saw Wanda flopped around, trying to stand up to get her purse. “Phoneee~” She moaned. “Plug ittt!” She pointed at the purse she threw onto a table. Seb rolled his eye and did as asked. He took off his eyepatch and pushed Miz closer to Wanda so he could get in bed. Not even the twins slept with them this often and he had a tiny demon trying to steal his part of the bed from him.

“Should we get Miz her own bed?” He asked.

“I guess…” Wanda mumbled sleepily. “The twin's room is not that big though…You’ll be...cramped…”

“I can fix that!” Miz turned to look at Seb. “So I can share?” Seb yawned and nodded, snuggling against his pillow. “Ok…”

Content with the response, the tired demon snuggled between the two humans, turned off the light and fell asleep.

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Seb and Wanda spent a few weeks working through the adoption papers. Having to make up a backstory for Miz in order to give her identity papers wasn't as difficult as they thought. Despite
the very controlling government, some rural farming villages in China had people who didn't get properly registered. They simply claimed Xin was an immigrant friend who brought over his younger sister to try and find a better life for themselves.

Due to some weird immigration laws, Miz would need to be adopted to be allowed to stay and thus, Seb and Wanda took her in.

All in all, they were geniuses! And after a few changes between Miz and Xin, sometimes both, they officially adopted their daughter a month and a half later. The twins didn’t understand much, but they were super excited to have Miz as an ‘official older sister’ like their parents said.

The twins were another pending problem. As they will be away all summer, they needed to find them a good elementary school to enroll them for kindergarten. Seb was annoyed they didn’t want to give them the possible future teachers’ information. Did they really expect him to just leave his kids there with strangers?! Miz stared at him deadpan. “Just tell me their names or which school you're looking at.” She said. “Duh.”

Seb facepalmed. Right. Bill Cipher. All seeing, all knowing. As Seb gave Miz the list of schools, Wanda thought Seb was exaggerating a tiny bit, but she saw why he did it. He had told her his teachers had been mean to him for being different, of course they didn't want that happening to the twins. And Zach. She had no idea what to do with her baby’s…situation. What could they do? She wanted them to treat Zach how he felt, but they definitely had to talk to the principal and a psychologist to get their support and so many things that made the twins’ enrollment much more difficult.

“What should we do about Zach?” She asked. It was just the three of them in the dining room at the table plus the papers and requirements. Seb groaned. “I don't know. We just...have to make sure Zach is happy. Why is this so hard?”

“They will ask for his identification, and they will know he isn’t biologically a boy…” Wanda mused to herself. “Do you think...we can convince them to treat him like a boy? If we ask nicely.”

“Or with violence.” Seb added but Wanda shut him up. Miz shrugged. “You could change his papers to say he's a boy?” Wanda sighed. “But what if that causes problems as well? They have a changing room when they go to PE class.”

“Zach won’t like changing with the girls either.” Seb ran a hand through his hair. “But he will feel bad when he sees he’s not like the other boys…” He pouted hard. “And the fucking bathroom…” He mumbled. Miz groaned and put her head down on the table. “How about you tell them Zach is sensitive about his body and they give him a private changing room?”

“That...could work.” The parents nodded slowly. “Yeah I like that.” Seb grinned.

Miz finished scanning the schools and gave them a surprisingly much reduced list, with only teachers who didn’t have a dubious or dangerous history. Wanda took some of the reject schools “I'm going to see about getting some of these teachers fired.“ she growled. There were two pedophiles on this list. TWO!

“Don’t show it to me or I’ll kill them!” Seb called as she stood up and left. Miz nodded in approval. Seb looked at his adopted daughter reading about the filtered out schools. “I hope Zach feels happy…”

“He'll be fine. Zoe's with him. She'll beat the shit outta anyone who tries something.” Miz grinned. That little spitfire reminded her so much of Pyronica. Takes no shit from anyone. She wondered if
she should introduce her two families to each other. She had to. She definitely would. Maybe when all of them were in New Jersey!

“I don’t want Zoe to feel it’s her obligation to protect Zach, I mean, I know she will...but I felt bad Stan didn’t get to make many friends growing up because he stayed with Sixer and I.”

“Fish would have done it anyway! He's a softie for you guys!” Miz assured. “And Zoe loves her twin.”

“I’ll convince Wanda to get them to boxing or karate or some shit...she doesn’t want them getting hurt, but that shit is really important.”

“I taught my kids how to break someone's wrist and handle firearms ever since some assholes attacked their childgarden and tried to kidnap them.” Miz told him. “Oohh!” Seb grinned. “I like that, and that’s terrible, kidnapped? I guess it’s because they were your kids,” Miz nodded. “I tore them to pieces. And traumatized a bunch of children. Not my best moment.” She kicked her feet a little. “So when I adopted my daughter, Quackers, I went out of my way to pretend she WASN’T my kid. Made it clear that I didn't care about her at all while dumping her on some ‘random person’.” She smiled, nostalgic and bittersweet.

“That... sounds pretty clever.” Seb grinned. “Of course. Who do you think you’re talking to, human?” She teased. Seb pushed her and she fell from the chair with an ‘oof!’ “Curse you gravity!”

Seb laughed at her as she continued pouting. He entered the website of another school and hummed as he read what they had. This was so difficult. They sounded nice, but were they really nice? What if the kids were shittier than normal? He didn’t want to get into fights with the parents every day...

“How did you keep your kids from being bullied and stuff?” Seb asked Miz. She grinned. “Threats and money. Mostly money. The threats made it hard for them to make friends.”

“Um...I guess threats aren’t an option then...I want them to have friends…” Seb muttered. “And I can't just...throw money at the school to give them special treatment!” Miz flipped through the papers. “Hm...I could invisibly follow them to school and...’dissuade’ anyone from messing with them?”

Seb hummed. “I...I don’t know, they need to learn to defend themselves too...just look what happens when you don’t.” He pointed at himself. He suddenly shouted, “AAHH!! I just want them to stay at home forever!! At least then we wouldn’t worry about this!”

Miz understood. She had felt the same. “But homeschooling means they won't learn how to interact with other kids. And they wouldn't be able to make friends.” she pointed out. Seb moaned and tugged at his hair. “I have a headache~” he complained. Miz patted his back. “Go take a break. Play with the twins. Their episode of Those Little Ponys is ending soon anyway.” she shifted into her William form, complete with maid outfit. “I'm gonna make lunch.”

“I hate that show…” Seb mumbled before he stood up anyway. The twins and Miz loved that show. Even Zach liked it despite the show being aimed at girls. Seb remembered Zach claiming he wanted to be a unicorn and Miz had turned his children into horses for a day. That...nearly gave him a heart attack. It was one thing, turning Mabel and Dipper into magical creatures and a completely different thing was seeing said magic on his kids. It was...unnerving. He wanted to check on his kids just to make sure they hadn't been turned into horses again. “What are you going to cook?”
“It will be a surprise, now leave!” William shooed the man away. The twins were used to the idea that their sister was sometimes a brother. And sometimes a triangle. Miz had gone back into her Bill form once, just to show them what she ‘really’ looked like. Wanda was a little startled but had pulled the triangle in for a hug and told her she was still her daughter no matter what she looked like. Bill cried for a long time after that.

Seb went to find the twins who were all spread over the couch watching TV. Um, was this healthy? He doubted it. There was this article saying they shouldn’t watch too much TV. “Hey, little demons.” Seb sat down next to them. “Hi, dad!” They cheered. Dazzle barked at him and jumped into his lap to rub against him. Queen Flutter meowed in recognition and closed her eyes again. She was napping, her owner wasn’t that important.

“So...we are really close to starting kindergarten, are you excited?”

“Yes!” The toddlers nodded. “I want to learn more stuff!” Zach grinned. “And I want to play with lots and lots of friends!” Zoe added and Seb smiled. He felt the same when he first started school.

“What would you think of getting in karate lessons after gymnastics?” (They hadn't been back to the gym in a while and hadn't had a need to since Miz got them tired out from playing together. Even Seb felt fine despite not going to the gym, having worked off a lot of energy keeping up with the lot of them.) At their confused faces, Seb continued. “Uncle Shermie knows a lot of karate, which is a japanese martial art, and Uncle Stan knows how to box really well...we can ask them to teach you a bit of each so you can choose which one you want to practice...I think it is important for you to learn how to fight and defend yourself.”

Zoe grinned so wide Seb could see all her fangs. “So I get to beat people up?” Seb rolled his eye. “No. It's only for self defense.”

“That’s boring.” The girl pouted. “But I still want to learn from Uncle Shermie and Uncle Stan!” Seb ruffled her disheveled hair. “But if I don’t want to do it?” Zach questioned. “You will thank me later.” Seb told him. “That’s not fair...You said that we get to choose what we do, but you’re making me do this.” Zach pouted.

Seb paused and looked at the kid. “That’s nice...but I am your dad and I still get to choose some things.” He stuck his tongue out. “It will be good for you, Zachy, I promise.” Zach blew a raspberry. Seb poked his nose. “None of that, young man. You don't have to practice forever. Just a couple of lessons until you can protect yourself if someone tries to hurt you.”

Zoe grinned evilly. There were many interpretations for that… “I want to learn! OH! I want to buy all my colors, and backpacks and notebooks! Can we go now?!” Seb gasped. “I forgot about school shopping!”

Summer was starting soon and he wanted to get all the school supplies shopping done before they left for New Jersey. He got up, picking up the kids as he went and rushed back into the kitchen. “Mi-William!” He cried (and it was weird how Bill had named this form William, like Seb's middle name) “We need to go school shopping!”

William's large eye widened before his pupil dilated into a large black, sparkling galaxy in excitement. “School supplies?! Like...like color coded folders and binders and notebooks and pencils labeled by number?!” He squealed.

Sebastian blinked. “Um…”

“And heart shaped hole punchers? And little transparent plastic rulers? And...and erasers shaped
like ostriches?!” William continued to gush. Seb's eye twitched. “...kind of?” What the fuck sort of school supplies was William thinking of?!

“Right…” Seb coughed awkwardly, staring at the literal sparkles twinkling around William's head. “So, I was thinking we all head to the supply store after lunch and get their stuff? At least the basic stuff before we know what school they are actually going to.”

William nodded. “Ok. Go get mom and tell her lunch will be ready soon.”

Seb grinned like a huge idiot at what William called Wanda and he looked at the kids he was carrying under his arms. “Let’s go find Mom to eat and go buy school stuff!” “YAY!” They cheered. They stamped into Wanda's home office room, startling her by chanting “Lunch! Lunch! Lunch!”

“Holy god!” She put a hand on her chest as a yellow, blue and green glow lifted her off the ground. “Hey!” The Pines carried her back into the kitchen as Wanda pouted. This was her life now… Wanda spotted Miz's William form plating the food and laughed. “Do you always have to wear that maid uniform?”

William gasped dramatically “It’s not JUST a maid uniform! It is my battle armor for the trials of protecting the household from dirt and grime!” He placed a hand into the air and swished his arms around flamboyantly. “For I am not a simple maid! I am…” sparkles twinkled around him as he posed heroically.

“The dashing duster that cleans between the cracks!” He twirled, his skirt bouncing as he went.

“The pretty suited warrior of love and JUSTICE!” William’s maid outfit morphed into a fancier version, complete with a top hat.

He stood with his arms twisted into a pose that Wanda was SURE came from some sort of anime.

“I am Magical Chaos ☆ Illuminaughty!” A bunch of flashing rainbow lights appeared behind him as he floated in the air, pose going back into something more casual as he floated back down.
“.....” Wanda turned to stare at Seb who was muffling hysterical laughter. She didn't know how but she was sure this was something from *his* side of the family. “I don’t get it.” Zoe complained and Zach was just frowning. The blonde finally smiled, confused but not that confused. “You really ARE part of this family…” she chuckled.

They all sat down to eat lunch. Chicken fried rice with chopped up string beans and mushrooms. “The vegetables are good for you Zoe, I can see you picking them out.” As well as some cheese and broccoli soup. “Oh my gosh. Zach's actually eating the broccoli!” and had a great time. As soon as everyone finished eating, William flick cleaned the kitchen, shifted back into Miz and followed everyone out to the car. (She WAS going to conquer her fear! She was!) The twins were buzzing with emotion.
Some neighbors waved at the family. “Oh. Are you all going shopping for school?” Kent from a few houses down asked as he came by with his wife. The couple had been improving their relationship in the past few months, wanting to reconnect with each other after seeing how close the Pines family were. The two had begun taking walks together whenever Kent didn't have work and just spending quality time together. “Oh. And little Miz is here too. Hello dear.” Kent's wife, Jasmine, smiled at the girl. They'd all heard about it. Xin, that handsome young man from the birthday party months ago, had lost his parents and children in an awful car accident. The only survivors were him and his dear younger sister. With Xin off working as a butler in some unknown wealthy household, he worried about his younger sister and had left her in the care of his good friends.

Everyone thought it was very kind of the Pines family to take the girl in. Poor thing must have been traumatized at losing her family. They saw Xin around the house often so they knew he wasn’t simply dumping his sister on them. Besides, the poor man had lost his children and was in no shape to raise his sister. Giving her to a stable, loving household must have been a hard but well thought out decision. The housewives gossiped and easily bought the cover story. It was suitably melodramatic. It must have been true!

“Hello mister and missus Cornwell.” Miz chirped at the couple (playing up the little girl aesthetic, she was going out of her way to look younger than she already seemed, thinking it would make it easier to explain away the adoption if she was a little younger). They cooed. What a sweet girl. So polite.

“Hi!!” The twins waved at their neighbors, seeing Miz do it, they guessed they had to do it too. “We are! We are buying backpacks and colors and cute notebooks!” Zoe informed them as she tried to climb into the car. Seb helped the twins get in and got them buckled in their special seats. Safety! Safety first. Especially for little, fragile kids. ESPECIALLY if they were his babies.

“Isn’t it a little early to buy school supplies?” Jasmine asked curiously. She and Kent were still waiting for the school list of supplies for their son Xavier.

“Well, we are slightly running out of time, we have to do all this before summer.” Seb told them simply. He didn’t know if oversharing was good. Zoe said loudly “We're gonna live with our uncle Stan for the summer!” Seb stared in deadpan at the girl. “Yeah, because it’s daddy and uncles’ birthday!” Zach added with an innocent smile. Dumb, adorable kids… “Yeah...that. Miz, get in the car please…” He said lamely. Miz hesitated before doing so. No, she could do this. She could!

Miz climbed in, settling herself in the middle between the twins. They both reached out to take her hands after she buckled in. Being in cars was still stressful for her. The twins pet her hands, to try and help. Miz felt her Deal of Protection spread a barrier around the car. Even if they were hit by a freight train, they should be fine. That DID make her feel much better. She still trembled, pressing herself down and into the seat as much as she could.

The neighbors waved their farewells as Wanda sat behind the wheel first, smugly grinning at Seb. “I won.”

“Cheater, I was putting the twins in their seats…” He grumbled as he sat in the passenger seat. As always, the twins got to choose the music (their children's own cds) and Wanda drove them to the store. The twins took Miz's mind off the road by making her sing along and the family trip went by smoothly.

The supply store (Paperclips) was filled with some other families who were doing early shopping. They weren't the only family going on a vacation for the summer after all. Miz winced at all the emotions in the air and clamped down on her senses, limiting herself to just the ‘human’ ones for
her own mental stability. A Seal-headband would work better but this was only going to be for a little while, she could hold her Empathy and Telepathy shut for a few hours. The twins wanted to run away but Wanda managed to catch them. “We’re sticking together ok?”

They pouted, that wasn’t fun, but agreed. They didn’t want to get lost anyway. They pulled hard on their mom’s hands though and Wanda eventually gave Zoe to Seb. “What do you want first?”

“Colors!” They exclaimed. They skipped towards the colorful section and Zoe immediately grabbed a box of 48 color pencils. “Mine!” Zach also wanted the biggest box and hugged it to his chest. “I want this one!”

“I think 12 color pencils are enough.” Wanda grimaced. “Why do you need so many colors?”

“To color everything much more prettier!” Zoe insisted. “Pleeassee!!!”

Miz looked at Seb about to give in, but luckily for everyone, their mom was immune to puppy eyes. “Nope. We are getting the box of 12.” Wanda said firmly. Zach and Zoe whined. Miz whispered “Don't worry, I can duplicate and change the colors when we get home.”

The twins stared at Miz before squealing in glee. Best. Big. Sister. Ever!

“You’re going to spoil them.” Wanda rolled her eyes. Miz huffed. “Fine. You’ll get another color for each chore you finish when we get home.” She said instead. Zoe whined because that meant she had to do wooooork~ But Zach nodded. He could do chores for more colors.

Wanda put the pencils into the cart as she checked the prices of the other supplies. Seb secretly thought Miz’s ability to create more color pencils would be super useful. He knew the kids would lose their colors at school and buying the more expensive big box was a bad idea. Seb wrapped a hand around his wife’s waist as he looked around at the stuff. Miz caught up with them at the cart where the twins put more colors that they found, their big markers and their chosen pencil cases, both of them featuring images of that dog rescue show they were into. “We want these ones!” They declared and ran away to find more stuff.

Seb ran after them. “Don't go off by yourself!” He wailed. Wanda rolled her eyes. Children. The lot of them. She got some packets of wider spaced lined paper for young children. If the kids needed binders they would need these. She trusted Seb to get the kids back while she handled this. Hm...small rulers were probably a good idea.

She grabbed some pencils, erasers and sharpeners. They were the same to avoid the twins fighting over the colors. Seb came back, panting and carrying each twin under his arms. “If you guys run off again you won't be allowed to choose which folders and notebooks you want.” He threatened. They whined. Wanda laughed before looking around. “Where's Miz?”

Seb's eye widened and he looked around. “Shit.”

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(Warning for attempted child kidnapping)

Miz was wandering down an aisle with different paints. Washable finger paints, acrylics, watercolors… she knelt down to pick up a set that looked pretty good despite the cheap price. So lost was she in her examination that she didn't notice the man coming up behind her. This man had been loitering around the store for a while, watching, observing… he grinned as he found a suitable target, a cute little girl alone in an aisle in a store full of frantic parents and children running around, with no one who seemed to be her parents in sight. She was older and larger than his usual
targets but he’d been growing bold recently. He smoothed out his expression, pulled his cap down over his eyes (not that it mattered since he was wearing a fake beard that hid the rest of his face), checking his clothing over to confirm he was dressed in similar colors to the staff, with an apron and everything. “Hello miss. Do you need help finding anything?”

The little girl blinked up at him before smiling. “Um… do you have a sealant here? Like an acrylic spray or a varnish?” The man nodded, “Of course. This way.” He walked off confidently and heard the little girl following behind him. This was almost too easy. People really did blindly obey those whom they believed to be in power, and in this case, it would be the authority of being a staff member. He engaged her in casual conversation about what craft project she needed the sealant for, just to keep up the act of being a staff member. The girl was chattering on and on about her work, completely at ease with following him. The man grinned even as he reached into the pocket of his apron to flick open a small bottle and douse some cloth with the contents, all inside his pocket. This motion was hidden as the girl was still behind him. “We keep the sealant in a back room, it’s too dangerous to have lying around you know. Especially the aerosol type.” they were near the back of the store now, there was a door here for supplies and shipments. It led outside the store. The man knew that there were no shipments at this time of day, and that no real workers would be back here.

The girl was frowning a little. Seems she was catching on. Unavoidable, since she was probably old enough to have learned to be suspicious. But they were almost to the door. The man knew there wasn’t a camera back here. He moved a hand behind her, to her shoulders, and pushed her out the door he opened before stepping through it himself, grabbing onto the now struggling girl and covering her mouth with the cloth he’d *just* soaked with chloroform.

She screamed and thrashed, a lot stronger than he expected. But her attempts to scream only made her breath in more and while he nearly lost his hold on her as she gave him a violent back kick, he could feel her movements growing sluggish. The man cried out as the girl felt burning hot for a moment (was that fire?), but before he could do more than react in pain, the girl slumped over. The man winced and looked down at his hands. He had some light burns. Wasn’t sure how that happened. But the girl was unconscious and there were no cameras here.

He heaved her up over his shoulder and made his way to his car. It wasn’t like he hurt his targets. All he wanted with them were a few photos and then he’d deposit them back in the store to be found by their families. No harm, no foul. And there were people who paid good money for those photos. The man got his keys out to unlock his car.

At least, he tried to.

The man felt a strong grip on his neck. He coughed and had to crouch down and drop the kid to claw at his closing throat. He-he couldn’t breathe! But despite the pressure, his hands didn't feel anyone there. He clawed at the air and his eyes rolled up as the pounding sound of his own pulse began to throb through his skull.

Sebastian clenched his hand into a fist and crushed the monster’s neck even more. “Die, stupid, die…” He whispered. The man fell to the ground in the parking lot and Seb frantically ran towards the man’s car to get his sister. “Miz! Miz!” He worriedly examined her and sighed out in relief when he saw she was alright, just unconscious. “Oh, fuck, Miz…” He cradled the girl towards him and kicked the unconscious man in the balls. Too bad he was unconscious and couldn't feel anyone there. He clawed at the air and his eyes rolled up as the pounding sound of his own pulse began to throb through his skull.
JUST knocking him out, “I expect that asshole to rot in jail.” The worker was horrified and quickly called for the police. Seb sighed in relief. If he hadn't spotted Miz with his Sight and saw what happened…

He shuddered. Even if she was an all-powerful demon, she was vulnerable in this form. Dragon strength wouldn’t mean shit if she didn’t have leverage. “I’m sorry, I… I need to get back to my other kids.” Sebastian told the worker, who winced. “I think the police need your statement.” Sebastian held Miz closer. “Sorry, I NEED to get back to my other kids.” The worker looked sympathetic, finally nodding and letting Seb leave. He carried her back into the store and found Wanda who had put the twins into the shopping cart so they couldn't run off. Thank Ax! “Oh. Did Miz fall asleep?” Wanda asked. Seb gave a shaking smile. “Y-yeah…” Wanda frowned, easily picking up on his mood. “What happened?”

“Don’t let the twins leave the cart ok? I-I’ll tell you later.” Seb whispered, still holding Miz and not planning to let her go. Not until they were safely home. He was a little worried that she wasn't waking up though. Wanda frowned but didn't push it. They finished their shopping much faster now that the twins were in the cart. They grabbed basic color folders because they didn't know which color they needed to use for each subject, paint, some paintbrushes, adorable wheeled school bags and matching lunch boxes.

Miz was still unconscious.

The couple paid for their supplies and loaded their stuff into the car. Wanda frowned at the police cars but Seb hurried on. The twins were worried now as they watched their mom buckle Miz into the car. Easily picking up on their dad's distress, Zoe gently poked Miz's cheek. “Why isn't Miz waking up?” She asked. Seb sighed. “I'll tell you when we get home.”

“But why?” Zach pressed and Seb sighed. “Because it’s safer to talk there.” It was him who drove this time and everyone noticed Seb’s worry, he was really easy to read. The twins patted their sister’s hand softly. Wanda was worried now as she looked out the window. The police were carrying a man into their car. Another officer was holding up a bottle and a rag. Wanda’s worry got worse. What had happened?

The Pines returned home and Seb left Miz laying down on the couch as they unloaded their purchases. He didn’t want the twins knowing about this, but he would die if they ever found themselves in danger and he wasn’t there to save them. It was better to let them know.

Sir Bedazzle barked happily when he saw them arrive while Queen Flutter floated towards them to see who it was and went back to the couch to sleep. Seb sat the twins next to Wanda and he sat down next to Miz to explain what happened. “Ok, first of all...you know how there are bad people? People who hurt others.” The twins gasped and hugged their mom, scared. The blonde sighed heavily. She immediately understood what had happened and she was doing everything in her power to keep calm. “Sometimes, because the kids don’t know, they tell them they-they are friends of their parents, or offer them things just for them to come with them…” She added. If they were going to have this talk with the kids, she was going to make sure they understood.

“No…” Seb took a deep breath. “There are also bad people who hurt children, and take them away from their parents when they aren’t looking…”

The kids gasped and hugged their mom, scared. The blonde sighed heavily. She immediately understood what had happened and she was doing everything in her power to keep calm. “Sometimes, because the kids don’t know, they tell them they-they are friends of their parents, or offer them things just for them to come with them…” She added. If they were going to have this talk with the kids, she was going to make sure they understood.

“But why?” Zoe asked with a pout. “Because they are sick people.” Sebastian growled. “A bad man tried taking Miz away. He was going to hurt her…” The twins whimpered. “But you saved
her…” Zoe said. Daddy MUST have saved her! Because Miz was here. Seb shuddered, “Because we noticed on time that she was not with us, kid. If you wander away from us, anyone could get close to you and try to hurt you and we don’t want that.”

“But I won’t let them! I will kick them and burn them and bite them really really hard! And I would never listen to them if I don’t know them!” Zoe growled. Despite their fear, the parents managed a small smile. “Good.”

“I can also bite them.” Zach nodded, determined. “And I won’t listen either.” Wanda hugged her little demons closer to her. She was so worried about what happened. It was supposed to be a safe place! She was so glad Seb managed to stop- Wanda froze. “What happened to the kidnapper?” She growled, making her husband growl as well. “The police took him. Don’t worry, I told a real staff member and he called the cops. If the police search that man’s car, they’d find all the evidence they needed to put him away.” Seb would have easily killed him but he was actually hoping that man would get punished. Besides, if, by some bullshit, that man got free, Seb was sure Miz would punish him for trying to kidnap her. He looked over at her and worried. Wanda was wide eyed when she realized, “How did someone knock Miz out?!?”

Sebastian hissed. “He drugged her.” Wanda gasped. She didn't realize demons could get drugged. She shivered and hugged her children close to her. Even with magic. There could be loopholes. A drug that merely knocked people unconscious wouldn't count as harming them lethally. And also, Miz wasn't included in the Deal for protection. She wasn't of Pines blood, nor was she married into the family. Wanda sighed. This wasn't good for her stress levels.

“I-I’ll take Miz to our room…” Seb said softly and gently picked her up. He carried her upstairs and laid down next to her. “Miz, you scared the fuck out of me…” He whispered as he closed his eye. “I know you would have been fine…But I was so scared…” Miz breathed softly. Out cold with a peaceful expression. Seb brushed her hair from her face. “I...didn't know you could get drugged. Shit. I wonder if you knew?” he sighed. “Well, this will be something new for me to get nightmares about…” he complained. “When will you wake up? Do drugs affect you like any other human when you’re in this form?” He laid down and stroked her hair.

Wanda and the twins, followed by Sir Bedazzle, entered the room. Wanda sighed as Zach and Zoe climbed into the bed to look at Miz. “She will be ok, right?” Zoe asked with a pout. Seb sighed. “She will be fine. I don't know how long this will last though.”

“We will stay here until she wakes up!” Zach declared and grabbed his dad’s pillow to curl up next to the unconscious demon. Zoe grabbed the second pillow and curled up. Five seconds passed before she looked up at her parents pleadingly. “Can you bring me my toys?” She asked with a pout. “And Bringles!” She smiled adorably.

Sebastian rolled his eye. “I’ll bring ya toys, but we had lunch only a few hours ago.” He almost threw it up today after watching the asshole trying to take HIS friend away, but that was not the point. Wanda and him went to the twin’s room to get them toys, their room was already stolen anyway, and Wanda grabbed his hand. Now that they were alone, the woman could stop pretending to be strong for their kids’ sake. “I-I’m sorry…” She felt horrible for this. Miz could have gotten hurt, it could have happened to the twins and she wouldn’t have known…

Seb grimaced when she let out a sob. “Wands...Don’t, really. If you cry I'm gonna start crying too.”

“I-I didn’t even re-realize she wasn’t there! Someone could have hu-hurt her!” Wanda cried out. Seb pulled her into a hug and sat both of them on Zoe’s bed. “No, it wasn’t your fault, ok? Miz would have killed that guy when she woke up...she would have been scared, but-”
“But she trusted us...she trusted me to be her mom and I couldn’t protect her.” Wanda sobbed, utterly failing to hold back her tears. “It wasn’t your fault...It’s ok, if anything, this was my fault, she was with me when I went to get the twins...please. Fuck, don’t cry...” Seb sniffled, really close to crying himself. No! No! Control your emotions! Control them I said!

They stayed in each other’s arms, breathing heavily and just calming down from the horrible sensation they were feeling. They were so scared. Miz had almost been kidnapped. It happened. But Miz was fine, they were fine. Everyone was fine...They had to go back to their room when they heard Zoe shouting, “My toooys!” They grabbed most of the stuffed toys Zoe had on her bed, which were a lot, and took them back to their bedroom where the twins were waiting.

Zach was playing with Miz's fingers while Zoe rolled around the bed. She perked up at the sight of her toys. Seb and Wanda watched in bemusement as Zoe arranged her dolls on top of Miz Mountain. Seb couldn't help but snort. Would Miz be annoyed if she woke up like that?

Wanda wanted to stay with Miz until she woke but she also wanted to get back to starting a case against those pedophile elementary school teachers. After this scare, she worried about the safety of both her children and others. She closed her eyes and breathed. “I have some work I need to do.” She said. She was determined now. She needed to get awful monsters like them behind bars where they wouldn't be able to hurt any children. She didn't know what the man who tried to kidnap Miz intended to do to her but she didn't care. She was going to go after people like him, men and women who would dare to harm children. She knew the law. She knew how to use it. She was going to find these monsters, find proof of their wrong doing and have them locked away for life.

She kissed her husband’s lips before leaving the room with determination shining in her green eyes. The twins watched their mommy go before continuing to build a toy pile over Miz. Seb stared dumbly at Wanda and sat down on the bed. “Wow...” he said, totally in love.

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Bill felt his consciousness drift and flow before abruptly snapping back into place. His first thought was 'I was drugged!' followed by ‘Need to escape!’ which generally meant he retreated back into the Mindscape where he was safe. No one could hurt him there. It was HIS space. He was god there. A master of the mind.

Once he was in the Mindscape, some of his panic ebbed and he was able to see where he had been kidnapped to...wait. This was Seb's room? Bill looked around in confusion. Zach and Zoe gasped when they saw Miz's body disperse and turn into a faintly transparent triangle. They could see into the Mindscape, much like their father. “Miz!” Zoe cheered. Zach was staring wide eyed. A bright yellow triangle...

“What...?” Bill blinked before flicking through some images. “Oh...” Seb had saved him before anything bad happened. “Oh...” Bill's bricks dulled to a sickly pale color. He...he had...Bill shivered, his Sight having caught what that man's intention toward him, HER had been. His large eye watered and the triangle flung himself onto Zoe with a sob. The toddler gasped and hugged the crying triangle, feeling a little odd because she couldn't really feel him but also sorta COULD. Why was Miz-ah-Bill(?), crying?! Did he have a nightmare? Those made her cry. She looked at her equally worried brother and nodded. Zach understood the silent instruction and ran off to get Daddy or Mommy.

“Dad! Dad!” Zach cried frantically. Seb was chilling in the twin’s room (having gone to try and clean the house a bit before collapsing onto Zoe’s bed) reading a book. Zach threw himself over him. “Dad! Miz-Bill, woke up but he’s crying a lot!” Seb’s brown eye widened and he made his way to his room. He saw Zoe patting Bill’s back as his bricks flickered into a grayish yellow. The
triangle had shrunk down to the size of one of Zoe's dolls, clinging to her and sobbing. Zach pulled on Seb's pants. “What do we do?”

Seb walked towards Zoe and sat down. “Bill? Bill, can I hold you?”

Bill, still crying, shook his frame. No, he was still scared, but he wanted Seb, which made it so frustrating! “Do you want Wanda?” He tried. The two had gotten really close in these few months they lived together. Bill sniffled and nodded. Seb got up to go get his wife. He found her snarling at her computer and typing out an email. “Wands, Mi-Bill woke up and he's crying.”

Wanda immediately looked up. “Oh. Is she, eh, he in triangle form?” she got up from her seat and headed to her bedroom. She saw Zoe...hugging empty air and trying to reassure the space between her arms. “Di-did Bill turn invisible?” She asked.

“Eh, no, but he is super tiny…” Seb said. “Mommy! Bill is right here!” Zoe complained.

Seb looked between Wanda and the kids and he realized the problem. “Oh…” He walked towards Wanda. “You want to see Bill?”

“Yes, of course!”

“Do you trust me?” Seb asked asked and Wanda nodded. He gently sat her down. “Ok, don’t get mad.” He grabbed Wanda’s hand and with a little bit of concentration, damn he was rusty at this, pulled her out into the Mindscape. Wanda made a startled noise while her body slumped over on the bed. “What?” She looked down at her body and was going to panic but she heard quiet sobbing.

She looked over to see Bill crying in Zoe's arms. “M-Bill?” it had taken her a while to get used to the fact that when her daughter(son) was in a different form, they wished to be called by the name of that form. As for gender...that changed pretty often and it was lucky that Bill didn't mind if they got it wrong. The demon looked up from where he was pressed against Zoe and saw Wanda.

The woman let out an “Oof!” when Bill flew over to her and clung to her chest in a tight hug. “H-he was going to-he wa-was planning to…” he sobbed. Wanda ignored how she seemed to be floating and gently stroked Bill’s back frame. “I know, sweetie…I know. You're safe now. You're safe now.” Wanda closed her eyes and held back her own sobs.

Zoe stared at Bill clinging to the air and made a confused sound. Seb sighed. “He's talking to mommy, that's what I did when she fell back.”

“Why can’t we see?” Zach asked. “Because it’s a place called the Mindscape. I’ll teach you when you’re older.” Seb couldn't see or hear Wanda either. He couldn't see the Mindscape if he didn’t go there himself, the only reason he (and the twins) could see Bill was due to Bill being so powerful that anyone with enough magic could. Plus, Seb used to be Bill and his children inherited Bill's power, therefore they could see Bill. To put it another way, they were attuned to his energy signature.

“M-Mom…” Bill didn’t seem to get any better, but at least the sickly pale yellow was getting a little brighter now that Bill felt safe. “I know, I know, it’s ok, they can’t hurt you, I promise, we will make him pay.” Wanda said firmly. The Pines awaited anxiously, both Seb’s and Zoe’s leg were bouncing to release their stress. Eventually, Bill managed to calm down and he was reduced to occasional sniffles. He wiped his tearful eye with a little black limb and looked at Wanda. “I'm sorry I wandered off…I didn't think...anyone would…”
“No, baby, this was not your fault, I swear.” Wanda took one of his tiny hands and rubbed it with her thumb. “This wasn’t your fault at all.” Wanda assured him. Bill whimpered. “I shouldn't have let my guard down…” he knew there were bad humans out there. He knew this. He should have... He pressed himself close to Wanda, his new mom, it was still amazing to think that someone really wanted him as their kid, and tried his best to draw on the love and comfort she was giving him.

Wanda held Bill until his trembling stopped. But she also noticed his yellow color was beginning to turn red. “Sweetie? Are you alright?” She asked. Bill looked up at her “Can I kill him?” Wanda paused, she held one of Bill's tiny hands. “No, you cannot.” This wasn't the sort of mindset she wanted her children to grow up with. The fact that Bill asked for permission first was comforting, it meant he wouldn’t go off and just DO it.

“Then can I plague him with nightmares?” Bill asked instead. Wanda hesitated. The would-be kidnapper deserved to be punished. She heard from Sebastian that Bill was a dream demon who could grant dreams and nightmares. They were probably something Bill defaulted to. She still hesitated, not wanting to promote malicious retaliation, no matter how deserved. And even when Sebas seemed to promote it in certain situations...

“That man's thoughts as he manhandled me were ‘Her chest is soft’.” Bill hissed.

Wanda made a horrified sound. How could there be so many disgusting, sick people in the world?! “Ok…” Wanda agreed because frankly, the angry part of herself wanted some retribution. “--But-!” ...the rest of her wanted justice, that was Wanda’s entire life, and as much as she wanted that man to suffer… a mother was supposed to set a good example. “You cannot harm him or drive him insane. He still needs to be put behind bars.” Wanda grinned wickedly. “The other prisoners would deal with him then.”

“Parameters?” Bill asked. Wanda considered it. “He can't suffer if he's insane and if he's insane they might give him a lesser sentence. So you can’t break him.” Bill nodded. “Ok. I'll be right back.” He gave her a quick hug. “Thank you, mommy.” And then he flew off. Most likely in search of the man who had tried to take her. Him. Pronouns were hard.

“You're....welcome?” Wanda wasn’t sure if she’d made the right call. She might have let her own anger affect her judgement...

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dimension. The Bill we fought years ago couldn’t create a body at all, he needed to come to the 3rd dimension through a portal and create it here.”

Wanda hummed in thought. “So you all have different powers despite being the same type of creature?”

Seb pouted. “I am not Bill.”

“Right. I’m sorry, baby. Your past self.” She corrected herself. Seb nodded. “The powers are...similar, but not exactly the same, and how we can use them is also different. Um, my past self couldn’t use his powers freely like Miz does because he, and our Bill, were trapped in the Nightmare Realm, which was the remains of the 2nd Dimension, and could only use them by making deals with people until he got to the 3rd dimension...hence now, as human, I literally can’t use my cool ass powers if it isn’t through a deal.” Aside from basic levitation and fire.

Wanda frowned but nodded. She kind of understood, but this was still a lot to get used to. Even if it had been years. “And I suppose pulling people's souls from their bodies is another one. Is...is this safe?”

“Oh course! I did it all summer back when I was taking care of Mabel and Dipper and nothing bad happened!” Seb grinned. “Dipper was even pulled out of his body by BadBill.”

“What?!” She cried. “It’s ok. Mabel saved him later.”

The blonde pouted. “I feel you three went through some things much more dangerous than you want to admit.”

Seb blew a raspberry. “It’s fine! I can even pull the kids here too!”

“Oh my god, leave my babies out of this!” Wanda was about to ask to go back to her body when Zoe and Zach stood up on the bed and started waving their arms. Seb cried startled when Zoe’s hand punched through him. “WE WANT TO SEE! COME BACK!” She ordered.

“Oh, this is another thing. You are basically a ghost while you are here. Can’t be seen, heard or touched.” Seb explained. Wanda nodded, already figuring that out. “Well I want to go back now. Do I just...fly in there or...” she tried to float down, not quite having the hang of it yet, and startled when Zoe's hands caught fire. “I WANNA SEE!” she whined.

Wanda flipped through the air, dodging the fire and squeaked in surprise when she landed in Seb's body by mistake.

“Oh boy...” Seb bit his finger. Should he? Or should he not?

‘Seb’ blinked his eye open and sat up “Zoe! What did we say about fire in the house?” He scolded before going still and slapping a hand to ‘his’ mouth. ‘Seb’ looked down at themselves and gasped. “Oh no.” Wanda groaned as she saw that she was now in her husband's body. She saw her own body stir and sit up. Her eyes faintly glowing yellow. “Fuck.” She said. Her body started laughing madly.

Seb, in Wanda's body, cackled. “This is HILARIOUS! I wonder if this is how Pinetree and Shooting Star felt when they switched bodies?” He was...a little weirded out but was mainly curious about being in a female body. He grinned like a maniac “Hey Wands! You don't have work today right? Wanna see how the other half lives?”

The twins shared a confused look and looked between their parents. What in the name of
everything fun was going on here?!

“No.” Wanda growled. “I luckily don’t have work today, and we aren’t doing that. Give me back my body!”

Seb grinned. “Nope.” At his wife’s angry expression he quickly waved his, her(?), arms. “It's just for a while! I give you full permission to play with my body however you want. And you can tell me what I am and am not allowed to do.”

“I don’t get it!” Zoe whined. “Why are you talking so weird?! Stop it!” Her ‘mom’ grinned and crawled towards her. “You see, my precious baby, Mommy and Daddy are making an experiment!”

“No we aren’t! Don’t listen to your father! I’m not part of this…” Wanda said lamely (trying to hide her interest in the idea) and Zach looked up at ‘Seb’. “Are you...acting like each other? Why?”

‘Wanda’ grinned. “Well, mommy and daddy switched bodies. And so, we’re going to need you two to go back to your room for….say...a couple hours…”

“Hours?!” ‘Seb’ sputtered. Wanda blushed as all sorts of ideas were going through her head. She shook her head. Nope. She had to be the responsible one here!

Zoe pouted angrily but her twin and her agreed to leave the room. She was confused and didn’t like to see Mommy acting like Daddy...or Dad in mom’s body! She hoped they stopped being so weird by dinner. She wanted her meal to be a decent one! The twins left and closed the door behind them. Then Sebastian turned to look at Wanda with a huge grin. This was too good to be true! “They’re gone~ what do you want to do?”

Wanda threw a pillow at him (at her body) and it smacked her in the face. Seb giggled. “You can’t lie to my face, your face haha!, and tell me you aren’t curious about this thing! Like...you can pee standing up!”

“Ew. I wouldn’t change bodies just to look at myself pee.” She grimaced and absentmindedly looked down at Seb’s lower body. She shuddered. That would be weird. She noticed Seb getting up and stripping his, HER, clothes off. “Wait! What are you doing?!?” Wanda cried as she blushed. Was he really going to do it right here and now? In HER body?!

“I’m going to try on your dresses!” Seb squealed. “I’ve always wanted to! They look so pretty!”

Wanda stared at him before face palming. Right. Her husband was a pure cinnamon roll. He ran towards her wardrobe and grabbed around 6 dresses and went to the bathroom. Wanda sat down on the bed, spreading her legs a little because it was really uncomfortable to try not to think about the change when she could clearly feel it, and grumbled in annoyance. She tugged at the shirt’s collar neck and groaned louder. “Sebastian! I don’t really want to stay like this for hours!” She warned. “Can we please change back now?”

Seb didn’t reply and took a few more minutes to try on the first dress. “Look!” He finally announced. “You should keep your hair like this with this dress, it looks awesome!” He came out of the bathroom and smiled at his wife. She rolled her eyes but had to admit she looked pretty good. Why was her husband so much better at this than she was?

“That's great, Seb. Can we switch back now?” She sighed. Seb pouted at her. Wow, is that really what she looked like when her lips did that? “But you’ve got so many nice dresses~” he whined as he gave her some puppy dog eyes. This looked super weird. She rolled her eye. Right. Only one
eye now. That was a strange feeling.

“Seb~” She pleaded and Seb pouted harder. “Wanda~” The ‘man’ groaned. “Alright, alright, just stop.” Wanda sighed. He was so adorably eager to try on her clothes. And...it sounded ridiculous when she put it like that.

“Yay!” Seb cheered and went back to the bathroom. Wanda waited until he was inside again and she carefully lifted his eyepatch. Using a mirror, she sighed sadly at the hurt socket. Her poor baby. It had been years and yet it still looked painful. She glanced at the bathroom’s door and slowly started unbuttoning her shirt. She was blushing, which was weird because they had done this lots of times before and it was usually Seb blushing....maybe his body was affecting her. She glanced at his naked chest and grinned, making a serious, masculine face. “Look, I am a guy and I walk around shirtless…” She whispered.

She started posing and making faces in the mirror. Damn, she almost swooned when she gave herself a charming, flirty wink. Too bad Seb was too shy to give her these sexy expressions. (Unless he's drunk). She continued making sultry faces at herself with her husband's face and blushed harder. He really was the most handsome.

“What are you doing?” Wanda jumped at the sudden voice and out of instinct covered her chest. Seb was wearing another dress, a dark purple one this time and had her hair in a few curls.

“Uh...admiring you?” She grinned sheepishly and Seb cackled. “Yeah, I can see that…” Wanda blushed and coughed. “Yes, well, you did say I could do what I want with your body...within reason.” She had her hands over her, his, chest and couldn't help but feel up his pectorals while she was at it. Ooh.

Seb noticed what she was doing and blushed a bit, but decided he could have fun with this. He crossed his arms over his chest, just under Wanda’s breasts and lifted them up a little bit. “I love when I see you doing this…” He teased.

“Sebastian!” Wanda cried and her hands fell to her sides. He laughed and bounced her breasts “This feels so weird.” He giggled. Wanda rolled her eyes. “Well, nice to see you’re having fun.”

Seb laughed and pulled Wanda down for a kiss. Fuck weird kisses. He felt his body go tense but it soon relaxed and his wife put her hands on his now wide hips. Seb put his arms on her shoulders and pulled on his curly hair. Revenge! Wanda laughed, huffing warm breaths against him. “This is so weird.”

Seb gasped and felt Wanda’s lips against his. It was weird. “You like weird, you wouldn’t like me if you didn’t.” He argued and Wanda grinned. She picked him up like he sometimes did (marvelling at how easily she was able to lift him, herself?) and kissed him again. He stumbled back and she fell to the bed with Sebastian over her.

The two kissed in earnest. Holding each other close and enjoying each other's company. Wanda's hands began to wander over Seb's, her own, body. Which was weird but she was ‘enjoying’ herself. The body she was in certainly enjoyed what they were doing...

“-o I plagued him with images of black eyed children tearing his skin off in strips and eating them, so hopefully this means he will never be able to look at children again…” Bill swept back into the room and paused. He turned bright orange and flew out of the room, screaming. He really had to come in at this precise moment! Ugh! Humans always in heat! He went to hide with the twins. If it weren't his mom and Seb, he might have stayed to watch- but nope, nope, nope!
Seb moaned slightly as the body he was ‘possessing’ was also enjoying this but he wasn’t sure he wanted to do that. “Wa-Wanda…” He breathed out. Wanda made a sound and her hands travelled down to his thighs. Were they really doing this?

“I-I ...stop…” Wanda opened her eyes. “I-I am not sure we should take this THIS far…” Seb made a pout. The blonde seemed to realize getting horny while looking like this wasn’t probably the best. She sat up and Seb looked up at his own face. “Are you upset?”

“No...just, got carried away? I’m sorry.”

Seb leaned against Wanda’s chest. “It doesn’t mean we can’t do more fun stuff! How about going out? Somewhere where we can dress up with nice clothes and not carry a unicorn bag full of t-shirts, water and snacks for the twins.”

Wanda thought about it. “And after that, we can change back?” Seb smiled. “Yeah! Deal?”

Wanda made a ‘whoosh’ sound and extended her right hand (wow it had 6 fingers!) and grinned like Seb did when making a deal. “Imagine there’s magic fire there.” She said.

Seb laughed loudly and shook her offered hand. “Alright! Let’s get ready! I’m wearing this dress, so move. I’m going to take a shower.” He declared as he stood up.

“What? In my body?!” Wanda whined. Seb rolled his two eyes. Awesome. “I don’t give a fuck. And no one is stopping you from doing the same...you don’t have to if you don’t want to but it’s sad you want people to see ‘you’ going out with me looking like a hobo.” He huffed in mock anger.

“Alright, fine!” Wanda huffed, and blushed a little bit...

They took a while getting ready. Wanda couldn’t believe how exciting this was for her husband. Wanda usually got ready fast. It was Seb who took a lot of time. Now, he was taking even more. “I want you to look prettier than you already are!” He claimed.

Wanda, much to Seb’s annoyance, refused to put any makeup on him this time, shaved his growing beard and chose a tie to wear with a beautiful dark blue suit, a yellow tie, but a TIE! Not a bowtie! She wanted to see him wearing a tie for a change. She examined her man’s body in the mirror. Damn so hot, and the little gray hairs made him look so mature and sexy...

“Seb? Should I call the nanny? I am not sure when Miz will be back!” She tried coming into the bathroom and Seb slammed the door shut. “DON’T SEE!” Wanda rolled her eyes. “Yes, tell the twins.” Her voice ordered her from the bathroom.

She walked towards the kid’s room and wondered if she should act like Seb. Zoe seemed particularly distressed at their change… “Um, kids?” She called and knocked on the door.

Miz opened the door. “Oh, Miz! Thank God you’re back!” Wanda smiled, glad to see her daughter, once again in her girl form. Miz blushed hard. “Ah...y-yeah…” she saw how ‘Seb’ was dressed up. “Oh. A-are you and mommy going out?”

“Yes. I'm glad you're home. Are you alright?” Wanda knelt down to check on her daughter. Miz was still blushing but she nodded. “I feel better after I traumatized him for life.” She couldn't really look at Seb right now. Why had they started doing..that? Was it from relief that she was saved before anything happened? She did hear once that people who've been through stressful situations tended to...celebrate afterward…
That must have been it.

‘Seb’ pet her head. “We're going to be more careful from now on. Alright? I...I won't let anyone hurt you again.”

Miz smiled sadly. She knew there was no way she could be kept from harm but she appreciated how Seb and Wanda still tried. “Okay Seb.” She hugged him. “Have fun on your date with mommy.”

Wanda smiled wryly. Right. She was Seb right now. Oh. Did Miz feel like this when she changed forms? But since her changes were her own other forms and not someone else’s body, she might have an easier time with it. Something to consider…

“Well, can you watch the twins while we're out?” Wanda asked. She knew Miz WOULD, but it was only polite to ask instead of just assuming. Miz nodded. “Go have fun. You two haven't had a proper date in months.”

“How did you know—oh, right. Magic.” Wanda sighed. Having a child with All Seeing powers was odd. Especially since they didn't seem to work unless she was paying attention...which...Wanda sadly thought Miz was going to do from now on out of paranoia. This incident ruined her feelings of safety. Just because she was around humans and not aliens didn't make her safe.

The twins walked to the door and looked at their Dad, hoping it was their Dad again. “Why are you dressed up like that? Where are you going?” Zach asked.

“Um, mommy and I-” Talking like this was weird as hell. “—are going out to eat dinner.”

Zoe sighed in relief. They were back to normal. “Can we go?! Are you going to McDonalds?!” Zoe asked, her eyes widening.

Miz hugged the children. “Nope. They're going on a date. Which means we get the house ALL to ourselves…” she whispered. “…which means we can eat whatever we want and watch all the movies they say we can't.”

The twins grinned evilly. “And we can order pizza?!” Zach whispered loudly. “No, of course not…” Miz shook her head. “Yes we are.” She whispered to them.

Wanda rolled her eye. Miz spoiled them too much. “I’m ready!” Wanda turned around at the sound of her own voice and gaped big. It wasn’t fair Seb got her to look like this and she couldn’t wear it! The cleavage was a bit too much for her liking but she couldn’t help but admit she looked beautiful.


“Daddy is so shocked he can’t speak!” Zach giggled. Sebastian laughed. He had been shocked to see Wanda dressed up like this indeed. She didn’t do this much. She was beautiful, but sometimes she didn’t believe it.

“You’re shoes are huge.” Zoe crouched and pointed at her ‘mommy’’s heels. Wanda hated these high heels. She said they were too tall. Seb was going to prove to her that she was overreacting. “I haven’t worn this in forever!” Seb smiled. “What do you think, Miz?”

“Your shoes are huge.” Zoe crouched and pointed at her ‘mommy’’s heels. Wanda hated these high heels. She said they were too tall. Seb was going to prove to her that she was overreacting. “I haven’t worn this in forever!” Seb smiled. “What do you think, Miz?”

Miz rubbed her cheek, embarrassed. Wanda looked beautiful, but she didn’t want to see her doing...that with Seb. “You look pretty, mom.” she admitted with a blush. “Hey, how late are you guys staying out?”
“I don’t know.” Wanda said after coming out of her shock. “Maybe...I am?”

“Wow, that’s late.” Zach grimaced. “You will be tired.”

“Right. We should order a taxi.” Seb nodded with a smile. Driving didn’t seem like a good idea. Maybe they could have wine! “Thanks for reminding us, kid-baby!” He corrected himself. Miz nodded. “Don’t worry. I’ll have the twins in bed before then.” They whined. “None of that. Sleep is important.” Miz huffed.

Seb cooed when Wanda kissed the kids and Miz on their foreheads. “Good night!”


“Alright, alright.” Seb gently pushed her away. It has been a few hours since he had gotten boobs but he didn’t like the feeling of getting them touched.

Only Wanda was allowed to do that...


Seb called a taxi while the twins and Miz waved at them as they left. “Mom was acting a bit weird…” Miz hummed and looked at the blond toddlers to see what they thought.

Zoe shrugged. “Mom and dad were acting weird. They said they were acting like the other.”

“And that they sw-sw-swoched their bodies? What does that mean?” Zach asked innocently.

Miz paled. Seb and Wanda had switched bodies?! And they were about to have sex as the other before she ran away?! AAAAHH!!! She immediately rushed them all back into the house and said “HEY WHAT DO YOU GUYS WANT FOR DINNER?!”

“Pizza!” “Ice cream!” The twins said at the same time. They looked at each other. “Pizza ice cream? Ice cream pizza?”

Miz grinned too wide to be normal “I can DO YOU one better! You're not allergic to nuts right?” The twins shook their heads. “Great! Have you heard of nutella pizza? With strawberries and ice cream on top?”

The twins never realized something so magical existed. Miz set to work materializing everything she needed for this. Chocolate~

She was gonna get SO high off chocolate tonight!

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Wanda had underestimated how much of a light head Seb was. Their dinner had gone splendid, she had played her part of gentleman and Seb made her laugh and be utterly surprised at how elegant ‘she’ held ‘herself’. It wasn't until they started drinking that problems arose. Wanda felt tipsy with half her cup, and when she was finished, she started feeling dizzy and everything felt funny. Seb, not used to not fainting after a cup, didn’t drink responsibly and had a few more drinks before they took effect on him.
“I love you!!” Seb clung to Wanda who was giggling. “I love eaattinngg!!” Seb added as he tried to finish ‘her’ desert.

“You're go’nna get me fffffat, ashhshole!” Wanda accused and Seb stuck his tongue. “Eaatt!!”

They were conscious enough to call their taxi though and Seb nuzzled Wanda on their way back. “You wuuun’ give me yer jacket? I g-give you my jacket every time.” Seb complained.

The driver frowned, a bit confused.

Wanda took off her jacket and wrapped it around Seb’s shoulders. “There!” She exclaimed proudly at her good deed.

“My ssshtupid feet hurt.” Seb scowled drunkily.

“I toollldd youuu!!” Wanda laughed loudly.

They got home giggling madly, and the first thing Seb did was kick the shoes to the grass. “Die in hell!!” He screamed. “Ssshhh!! Shut up!!” Wanda laughed. Seb looked into the jacket he was wearing, temporarily Wanda’s, and searched for the keys. He whined as he tried and failed to put the key on the keyhole. “Aaahh! I wanna get in! I wanna see my babiiess!! DOOR! OPEN!” He demanded.

Wanda tried the door but since there were three door knobs for some reason, she couldn't figure it out either. Seb was sobbing as he thumped the door. “We...we can't go HOME!??” He wailed. Wanda shushed him and hugged her now shorter husband...wife? She was so confused right now. Hugged him to her chest. “Ish ok...I'm...ssshure Mish will let ussh in…”

“MIZ!” Sebastian yelled. Wanda covered his mouth clumsily. “It's late! Dun...dun yell!”

To both their relief, a small light turned on from inside and the door opened to show Miz yawning and rubbing at her eyes. “I can't be-believe you two got too drunk to open a door.” She yawned. “How did you even make it home?”

“Miz!” Sebastian cheered and toppled over to hug her. “You're...the besssshh!!” Miz smiled wryly. “Yes I am. Now get in here.” She got the two inside and levitated them upstairs. “Are you coherent enough to switch back or change clothes?” She asked.

“Ppphhhfitt!!!” Seb moved his hand. “We-We are perfectly capable of changing!” He growled at Miz. The demon laughed, because seeing Wanda's face do that expression was hilarious. “Alright, whatever you want...just shut up.” She yawned again and went back to the twins room. It took her half an hours worth of bribing to get them to sleep. She wasn’t risking that with their loud-ass parents. Maybe she’ll block sound from the twins’ room to sleep in peace. Her bed was on a shelf formed out of the wall with a ladder, like a bunk bed.

“Bye, baby!” Wanda waved happily and they watched Miz go back. Seb looked down at his, Wanda’s feet. “Carry me!”

Wanda rolled her eyes. “I'll probably drop you.” She did hug Seb and the two stumbled their way to the bedroom. They took off their clothes somewhat clumsily, Wanda fumbling with the tie and just managing to loosen it enough to skip over her head. Seb was naked aside from Wanda's panties. He ripped her bra off and heaved in relief.

Wanda, already flushed from the alcohol, squealed. “Seb! Put on some clothes!” She pulled off the shirt, barely managing to get the buttons enough to just slip it off. After kicking off the pants, she
was also just in Seb's underwear. Seb grinned, not wanting to sleep yet.

"Hey~ I've got a super weird idea~" Seb purred at Wanda. "Weeee should try it out like-like this!! It'd be sooooo weirddd!!" He laughed, pressing his currently curvy body against his own borrowed one. The situation was so unique and weird it *called* to him, it drove him mad and he *needed* it!

Wanda recognized that this was a unique chance...and for once it was Seb asking for it. Maybe they didn't have to do it fully (because she wasn't sure how to use this body), but there were other ways to have fun without going full way-

She grinned and pressed her lips against his as she easily picked up his borrowed body and sat it on her lap. "Well~ If you insist…" She whispered.

(Rest of this scene was taken out and will be posted elsewhere because it turned NSFW)

--.--

Wanda laughed at his pouting, red face and Seb curled up against her with a content, sleepy sigh. The day had been scary at first, but Miz was safe and this body swap and night fun totally helped to ease his nerves. It was actually lots of fun. He could see how he would like to try this again some other time. Just to spice things up in the bedroom. That was his half alcoholized mind talking though. He would die of embarrassment before even suggesting it while sober, even if he knew Wanda enjoyed herself as well.

He felt Wanda cleaning the both of them off with the cover sheet. She carefully wiped the ‘results of their fun’ off them and he twitched when the cloth rubbed against the sensitive areas. Wanda sighed and declared the cleaning done. She threw it to the floor, wrinkling her nose. They would need to do the laundry tomorrow. Her still drunk mind thought that there was something she was forgetting but couldn’t really concentrate on that right now. She was so sleepy. Wanda yawned and pulled the covers over herself and cuddled up to her husband, who was already half asleep.

This had been a nice evening. She and Seb hadn’t really done it as much since the kids came. Kinda hard to have their romp in the sheets when the children could run in at any time. At least now, if the twins woke up in the middle of the night, Miz would be there to help out. Ah...they also hadn’t been able to do it because Miz liked to crawl into bed with them...Wanda shook her head. Well, it was a good thing she had her own bed in the twin’s room now.

“I luv you, Wanda…” Seb muttered before falling asleep, pressing his large naked chest against her. The woman smiled and closed her eye. Urgh. The eyepatch was itchy. She didn’t want to sleep with …it...

Eyepatch.

She looked down at herself. She didn’t have her breasts. She had a dick. Body swapping! It suddenly hit her that this was what she had been forgetting. “Seb...Seb...we gotta turn back…” She shook the sleepy ‘woman’ gently. “Let me sleep…!” He whined.

“N-No! Fuck you! Changee uss baaaack!” Wanda whined. Seb sleepily extended a hand. Ok. He would try to do this sleeping. He was so comfortable! He grabbed Wanda’s hand and ‘pulled’, but nothing happened.

He opened his eyes and tried again. Oh no. Wanda grimaced at his panicked expression.

“Ah...I can’t use my powers...since...” he began sweating “...YOU have my powers?” Of course that didn’t work like that, but Seb was too drunk to remember. He was too drunk to realize that he was simply too drunk to concentrate on USING his powers.

“No, no, are you kidding me?!” Wanda panicked. Seb hugged his wife. “Shhh....shuu...it’s ok...M-Miz can switch us back tomorrow...” He assured her.

Wanda groaned and buried her face into the pillow. She didn’t want Miz knowing what happened (not remembering right now that her adopted daughter already knew.) Seb once again snuggled against her and stroked her arms. “Shh...Sleep...Lullabee, lullabee...Honey bees in the tree...” He sang sleepily before falling asleep. Wanda frowned but her exhaustion and drunkenness didn’t let her stay awake much longer.

It was unnecessary to say the two woke up screaming after seeing each other’s faces. It took them a little to remember what happened, the evidence was clear on the floor, and they blushed in embarrassment. Damn alcohol...

Luckily, they no longer had to take the kids to preschool, Miz easily teaching the kids how to read and do basic math. In fact, Wanda was sure her kids were going to be way ahead of the other students once Kindergarten started. Still, even if they didn’t have to worry about the twins for now, Wanda still had a job to go to. She and Seb scrambled out of bed and quickly took a shower together, not even having time to enjoy each other’s company among the hot spray of water. Wanda and Seb quickly got dressed, couldn’t show up in front of Miz naked after all. The shower also helped to get the smell of what they had done last night off themselves.

It was only when they were fully dressed did Seb slap a hand to his forehead. “Wait!” Wanda paused. “What is it? I’m going to be late to the office!” Seb grinned sheepishly and looked away. “I just remembered how to change us back...”

Wanda sure hoped the children couldn’t hear the words she responded to that statement with. Responded loudly with. For two solid minutes. “Do you even know how fucking worried I was?!” Wanda pulled at her (Seb’s) hair.

“You can’t totally blame me completely! I was drunk! I couldn’t think! I actually thought you had my powers!” He responded. “Just change me back already.” Wanda grumbled, annoyed. Seb gave her a tentative kiss on her lips before offering a hand. Now sober, he could concentrate on pulling Wanda out of his body and he pulled himself out of hers.

They floated back to their respective bodies and Wanda took a deep breath before touching her chest. Yes! She was her again!! Seb looked at his hands and grinned. “You see? Harmless.” Wanda flicked his nose before kissing it. “You’re lucky you’re so handsome.” she grumbled. Seb laughed sheepishly. There was a knock on their bedroom door.

“Are you two done? I made breakfast?” Miz’s voice was slightly muffled by the wood but Seb grinned. “I fucking LOVE YOU Miz!” Wanda grinned as well. Thank god for Miz. She and Seb opened the door and the one eyed man knelt to pick up Miz in a hug. She squeaked before laughing as Seb swung her around. “I take it you two had a nice night?” She asked when Seb put her back on the ground. “Yeah. It was great to have some alone time together.” Seb laughed. The three of them headed downstairs.

It was still pretty early so the twins were asleep. They’d stayed up waaay too late the night before and were too exhausted to get up. Wanda entered the kitchen to see that Miz had made scrambled eggs with ground beef, cheese and broccoli, toast and apple juice. Wanda sighed and gratefully sat down. “What would we do without you, Miz? Thank you.” She began eating. Miz blushed and had
a sweet smile. “Y-you’re welcome mommy!” It felt so great to know she was helpful. That she could take care of them, give them whatever they wanted. That she was allowed to. Gray had always been dismissive of her attempts to ‘help’ with the family finances, and Orange had seemed confused whenever s/he tried to do chores around the house (since that was Orange’s job).

Seb was going to eat as well but suddenly realized his bladder was full. “Ah!” He rushed to the ground floor bathroom. Wanda blinked at him. Oh right. They hadn’t gone to the bathroom yet today...wait. Why wasn’t HER bladder full? Unless…

“SEBASTIAN WILLIAM PINES! DID YOU PEE IN THE SHOWER WHILE IN MY BODY?!”

Miz spat the apple juice she was just about to drink and Seb returned with a scowl, drying his hands on the towel. He tossed the towel lightly at Wanda. “Excuse me?! What do you think I am?! Some animal?! I went to the bathroom like any human would, on the toilet, and I can’t believe you almost made me pee my pants right now just because you didn’t want to pee standing up!”

Wanda frowned. Seb DID take a lot of time in the bathroom after she had already dressed. She noticed he did her make up for her and thought it was merely that. She blushed. She had been too embarrassed to pee like a man.

“I’m sorry…” She looked down. “I shouldn’t have jumped to conclusions. That was very unprofessional of my part.” The blonde pouted.

Seb huffed and grabbed a toast from the table. “Miz. Tell Wanda I ain’t talking to her for not trusting me.”

Miz blinked, wiping her face of apple juice. “Ok.” She glanced at Wanda. “Mommy, Seb says he’s not talking to you because you didn’t trust him.”

“Come on, Sebastian! I was just making sure…” She apologized. The man took a bite of his toast and sipped his juice. “Miz, tell Seb I am sorry!” She didn’t want to leave for work with Seb angry at her for such a silly thing.

Miz mumbled through a bite of her eggs, “Seb, mommy says she’s sorry.”

“Then tell her I don’t give a fuck.” Seb pouted.

“You are literally right there! Talk to each other!” Miz whined. She just wanted to eat her breakfast.

“Well then, tell Sebastian that if he’s too petty to accept an apology then he doesn’t get one.” Wanda grumbled as she stabbed her eggs. Seb scoffed. “Well, tell Wanda that if she gives up on apologising so easily then she’s obviously not sorry at all!”

Wanda was going to retort but she and Seb both froze when they heard Miz let out a soft whine of distress. They turned to the girl whose lip was trembling, a sad look on her face. Seb immediately went to her “No, no, don’t cry. It’s ok. We’re not mad!” Wanda got out of her chair to hug Miz. “Shh, shh, we’re not fighting. We’re just dumb.” She and Seb didn’t mean to upset her. Miz sniffled. “You’re not fighting?” She looked up at them with watery eyes. Seb shook his head. “We’re not fighting.” Wanda brushed her hair. “Yeah. We’re just being dumb.”

The girl sniffled but it didn’t seem like she was going to cry so Seb and Wanda heaved a sigh of relief. Wanda looked at Seb “I’m sorry I assumed that of you.” She said. Seb sighed. “Yeah, don’t worry. I accept your apology.” Miz hugged them both. “...my human parents fought all the time.” she mumbled. “Please don’t…”
Seb winced, thinking back to Filbrick. Wanda bit her lip. “We won’t. We’re sorry. Don’t worry, we weren’t actually mad at each other.” The two adults hugged the demon and after one more reassurance that they weren’t angry (Wanda even held Seb’s face gently and kissed his lips to show Miz proof) they continued having breakfast. Wanda was a few hours late for work, in her panic of waking up and not remembering why she was in Seb’s body though, she plugged in her dead phone and was spammed with hundreds of messages from work. There was one that only said ‘What was with those files you sent?! You’re opening a case on these elementary school teachers?’

Wanda groaned. Miz looked over. “I can teleport you and the car to work?”

Wanda shuddered but looked at the hour. She gulped down her apple juice, swallowed the rest of her scrambled eggs and looked at Miz. “Am redeh!” She said as she had the food in her mouth. Miz nodded and flick cleaned their dishes. Wanda kissed Seb goodbye, and Miz followed her outside, sticking close with her fist gripping the woman's shirt. Wanda noticed and saw the way Miz was looking around herself, checking that no one else was nearby.

She felt sad at that. Miz didn't feel safe anymore. Wanda's heart panged with the pain of knowing she had let the girl down. She was her mother now. She should have kept Miz safe.

They got to the car and Miz buckled herself into the passenger seat. Wanda wondered if she should start the car or…

Miz's eyes were flickering through multiple images. She tilted her head. “Sit back and hold on.” She said before Blinking them and the car to their destination. Of course, she had a perception filter over Seb's house. Small things like fires will still be noticed but Wanda's car suddenly vanishing? Nope.

Wanda squeaked. The feeling of teleportation never failed to make her feel dizzy. She gasped when the car thumped lightly onto the ground. Magic was...amazing sometimes. She could see her office outside. “Thank you, Miz.” She smiled (even if she was a little uncomfortable at the idea of magic being used so publically, she didn’t want to discourage Miz from wanting to help). Miz seemed to glow at the gratitude. She always looked so happy when they thanked her for something she did. (And that made Wanda wonder about her home life back in the other dimension. It left her feeling rather unsettled at how much Miz craved positive attention.) Wanda got out of the car and noted that Miz even dropped them into a proper parking spot.

She heard the passenger door open and shut as Miz pattered over to cling to her side again. “Miz?” Wanda looked down at the girl before smiling. “Do you want to come to work with me today?” she had brought the twins in before, when they were younger. Her coworkers had all squealed over how cute the twins were. Unfortunately, they weren't well behaved enough to come over often. Too much like Seb she was afraid...

Miz nodded, hugging her side. Wanda brushed her hair fondly. “Alright. I think I have some paper and pencils so you can draw while I work.”

“Ok…” Miz always wanted to see Wanda work. She saw Seb drawing and designing his stuff, cursing at his manager too, their relationship reminded her of Jan-Jan and his own manager, but she had never seen her mom in action and kicking ass. It sounded fun.

The two of them entered the building and Wanda waved at the kind receptionist before walking with Miz towards her office. “What is your specialty?” The girl asked, hand firmly holding onto Wanda’s. People turned to look at them and it made her really nervous. “Criminal law, I have a PhD in that actually.” She smiled proudly. “But I took a few years in Spain to study international law. It was a nice experience.” Miz nodded in awe. That was so cool. “And everyone here is a
criminal lawyer too?”

“Nope. We are specialized in different things. Here you will find the best lawyers...starting with me, of course.” She joked and Miz laughed. “I see why you are married to Seb…”

A man with a cup of coffee in one hand and a binder under his other arm smiled at Wanda. “Hey Wands~!” He smiled. “Let me say you look wonderful...new...makeup style?” He tried awkwardly. Miz frowned and hugged the blond’s arm. Was he trying to flirt with her mom?! She was married and had kids!

“Yes, actually, Oliver, my husband did it for me today.” From inside her body, but no one needed to know about their crazy weekend. Oliver chuckled awkwardly. “Oh, yes...your husband...Haha, Steven?”

“Sebastian.” Miz growled. The man finally looked down and saw the asian girl clinging to his work partner. “Hey, and who are you?” He asked gently.

“Oliver, this is Miz, our daughter, we adopted her a few weeks ago.” Wanda presented Miz, who wouldn’t let go of her. Still, Miz gave the man a polite nod. Oliver blinked. Adopted...“Oh. That's...nice.” He said lamely, unsure what to say to that. Miz pouted at him. “Can I see your office, mommy?” she tugged at Wanda's hand.

“Of course, sweetie.” Wanda made a note to text Seb and tell him Miz was staying with her today. They got to her office and Wanda sighed. Miz frowned at the door. “Was he...?”

“Yes.” Wanda groaned.

“Isn't he married?” Miz had seen the ring on his finger. Wanda rubbed her face. “They're separated.” Miz continued to frown. “But you're happily married…”

“And I am happily married.” Wanda agreed. “At first I thought he was just being polite, but then he started...I don’t know, talking more to me? He hasn’t actually tried anything, if he did, I would have told him to fuck off.”

Miz mumbled about biting off fingers. Wanda sighed. Miz really was a demon. “You can't bite off his fingers. Humans don't do that sort of thing.” Miz pouted. “Sure they can. Humans have a bite force strong enough to crush bone. They just don't have teeth that can handle it.” She informed her. “That’s why Seb and probably the twins can actually do it.” Seb had sharp teeth, the kids had little sharp teeth, just like she had in her Bill form. Miz had little fangs as well but they weren't as pronounced.

Wanda sighed and pulled her laptop out. “Anyway, just don’t bite him, please. I don’t need him suing me.”

“I make no promises.” Miz said sweetly.

“It is not a promise, it’s a mom order, you can’t disobey.” Wanda’s words were firm. Miz whined. Mom orders were unfair. Wanda snickered. Miz pouted. If the multiverse could see her now, the great demon brought down by a mom order. “Well if he tries to touch you, I get to kick him in the shins.”

“Alright.” Wanda agreed distractedly. Miz sat down on a swivel chair and spun around lazily. “Have you told Seb?”

“Do you want him to kill Oliver?” Wanda snorted, remembering how Sebastian beat up one of her
old co-workers at the old firm she used to work at for harassing her while she was pregnant. “I can handle myself. I’m a grown woman.” Speaking of Seb, she texted him and told him Miz was staying with her. “In that drawer over there I have papers I don’t need and pens. You can grab them if you want to draw.”

Miz squealed childishly and grabbed the offered stuff to use. She immediately set off doodling characters. Been a while since she just...doodled. Having to work on a real manuscript for a book was different and more stressful.

Wanda looked at Miz and smiled. How could such a cute girl actually be an All Knowing demon? It was difficult to believe. She opened her files, deciding to work on her client’s case (she was glad it was just here in Oregon and she wouldn’t have to travel to another state), before continuing with the teachers. Ugh. Disgusting monsters…

Miz kicked her legs and hummed to herself as she drew. She glanced up after a bit. “For Rachel Smith, check on a case filed in 1983 for an incident of harassment.” She commented before going back to her drawing of a fairy. Wanda blinked and did a quick Google search. She found the relevant article and grinned viciously. This could be used as evidence against the teacher. She wouldn’t allow a disgusting woman like that to run free, perving on children.

“Thank you, sweetheart!” Wanda ruffled her dark hair and Miz blushed a bit. “You—you’re welcome...I can help more…” She put her drawing aside and went to sit on the woman’s lap so both could look at the computer. Miz searched deeply into the horrible teacher’s past, told Wanda what to look for and where. She dutifully located the right information, filed it and started writing the cases.

They worked as a team for hours, laughing in glee at the information that will definitely put the perverts and pedos behind bars! Wanda kissed her forehead.

Eventually, some co-workers heard Wanda brought one of her daughters. They didn’t know Zach was a boy and thought the skillful lawyer still had twin girls. They knocked on the door. “Wanda?”

“Come in!”

The women entered excitedly but instead of the blond babies they saw last time, Wanda was holding a black-haired girl. “Good afternoon. What is it?”

“We wanted to see your daughter!” One of them said. Wanda grinned. “This is Miz. Sebastian and I adopted her a few weeks ago.” she said proudly. Miz gave the women a shy smile. “Hi-hello.” she nuzzled back into Wanda’s chest, somewhat timid. Wanda hid a frown at that. Oh. She was getting worried now, about how scared Miz seemed to be. She was being very clingy. The other women didn’t notice, having no experience with Miz and how outgoing she normally was.

They all squealed. So cute~

“Hello dear. Miz was it?” One of the women knelt down to smile at the girl. “How old are you, sweetie?”

Miz hesitated. Well, technically this body was supposed to be 27 since it was based on her real body back when she was human, but it didn’t look 27 (and she’d been sort of making herself appear even younger just so she could be properly pampered)...plus it would be weird for her to behave the way she did if she really was...

“She’s turning 13 in October.” Wanda responded. She and Seb had debated on what age to put on
her papers and settled on 12. When they asked Miz when she wanted her birthday to be she had said “HALLOWEEN!” which made Seb snort with laughter. And of course he wrote down 31st.

“Aaww. Well, I am Mary.” The woman introduced herself. “How are you feeling living with Wanda and her family? They are excellent people!”

Miz brightened up. “I love them. I love my little brother and sister and Seb and mommy.” The women all noted that she didn't refer to Sebastian as her father. They gave Wanda a look and the woman shrugged. They accepted that. Some children weren't ready to accept certain terms yet. Especially if the child was adopted and might still have lingering feelings for her original parents. And then they noticed the other part of the sentence.

“Brother?” Mary asked. The other woman looked confused as well. Wanda sighed. She liked to keep the office professional, she didn’t like to overshare like her partners. She guessed it was her fault for not updating things about her kids. “Zully is Zachary now. He is a boy.”

“O-Oh…” Of course they had heard about cases like that...but wasn’t the kid too young to know? They just hoped Wanda and Sebastian weren’t imposing these new modes on their kids.

“Ok…” They nodded.

“You have a cute kid, Wanda!” Gina, another lawyer, smiled. Wanda hugged Miz towards her and kissed her cheek, making everyone coo.

“You should bring the twins another day too.” They smiled. Wanda laughed. “Maybe I will…” She wouldn’t. The twins were destructive chaos-lovers like her husband. She loved them but they needed to grow up a little bit more before she could take them to important places for more than a few minutes. Miz was chaotic only when she got bored and she was easily distracted.

The women said their farewells and went back to their own work. Wanda and Miz were alone again. Miz looked up. “So~does this mean I get a birthday party on Halloween?” Wanda laughed. “Of course!”

Miz cheered. “I haven't had a birthday in eons!” She celebrated her friends birthdays but since she didn't know when her own birthday was and October didn't exist, she didn't know when to celebrate her own birthday. Plus, there wasn't much she needed in terms of presents. But...it would be cool to have a human-type birthday party.

Wanda hummed. “What are we going to do with you and school?”

Miz pouted. “There's no reason for me to go to human school. I can tell any teacher more about their subject than they know.” She didn't want to have homework again. Homework sucked.

“Alright. If anyone asks, you will go to the future school the twins are going to.” Wanda nodded to herself.

Miz groaned. “But social services will notice I'm not actually at school.” She thought about how the Dursleys bullshit where Harry went in the books and figured they got away with it because Harry didn't have many real papers...or the wizards fucked with the social workers who should have noticed the abuse...

“You are right…” Wanda (not knowing what her daughter was thinking about) hummed and played with her laptop’s pen. “You can make it look like you are in school?”

Miz shrugged. “I guess, I can fake some memories of me being in class? Or I could just sit through
some high school exams and ‘graduate’ early as a genius. Social services will come from time to
time and we can bullshit our way out until they stop coming,” Wanda laughed. “Yay for illegal
things!” It actually wasn’t. If Miz really completed the exams, she’d be allowed to not go to
school.

Miz crawled back to her mom’s lap and hugged her, leaning on her chest. “I’m glad you adopted
me though…” She was still a little scared of the inevitable future, but she felt just so happy with
the Pines as well as her friends. She knew she made a good choice. Ax even said that she should do
this. Something about how -Human interaction with morally sound people will help teach you
what you can or can't do-

“And we are glad you accepted…” Wanda moved a lock of hair from her face and kissed her
forehead. Miz snuggled on her chest and stayed there as Wanda worked. It wasn’t that
uncomfortable. Miz was tiny. Not even 5 feet tall.

“Would you guys like to meet my friends?” Miz suddenly asked after hours of silence, startling
Wanda who thought she was asleep. “I mean, maybe not today...But someday…I was thinking I
could pull everyone into a dream and have you meet each other?”

“O-Oh…” Wanda hummed. “I guess it’ll be fun...As your adopted mother I think I deserve to
know who you are friends with.” Miz giggled. “And the twins too?” Wanda asked.

“Everyone!” Miz cheered. “Stan and Ford already met them once so they can say hi again!”

Wanda chuckled. She will guess it had to do with the portal. “Alright, that would be really nice.
Maybe when the triplets see each other for their birthday? We will be in New York for the party
before we go to New Jersey.”

Miz snuggled against her chest again in content. “Ok~” She relaxed. Wanda went back to work.
Then Miz asked. “Why did you switch bodies with Seb?”

Wanda almost closed the Word document she was saving. “Wh-What?” She laughed sheepishly.
“Why...how do you know that?”

“All-knowing?” Miz shrugged. “Besides, you two were acting extremely weird. First, Seb was
standing straight. He has this weird habit of leaning to the right. You were laughing like crazy and
called the kids little monsters. That’s Seb’s nickname for them.”

Wanda covered her face embarrassed. “It was an accident.” She said lamely. Miz grinned.
“So...what was it like? I’ve only possessed people for Deals or quick romps, never really spent
much time enjoying it.”

Wanda blushed a bit more. “We-well...I felt...taller, but a little...Seb isn’t much taller than
me...and...being a man is...weird.” Miz giggled. “Oh really~? But you two seemed to be having a
lot of fun!” it was embarrassing and traumatizing to think about but her desire to tease Wanda was
stronger.

“Stop!” Wanda whined. “Seb forced me to stay in his body because he didn’t want to leave mine!”
Miz frowned. “Forced?”

“Well, not really but he wanted to dress up and wear my clothes.” Wanda sighed. If she didn't know
Sebastian so well, she would be worried about how much he enjoyed wearing traditionally
women's clothes. Then again…
Wanda glanced down at Miz, who blinked innocently. Miz was a Bill Cipher and she was gender fluid, was Seb a mild version of that? She decided to talk to him about that later tonight. “Well, it was an interesting experience at least.”

Miz grinned. “Having a dick is weird right?”

Wanda scowled at her. “I don’t want to talk about my husband’s dick.” Miz burst out laughing. “But what did you think?” Her bodies changed genitalia every time, she was used to it, but Wanda wasn’t.

“Well…” Wanda blushed. “It was weird. It was like having something between my legs...and it was kind of annoying...and…” She lowered her voice. “Erections…”

Miz burst out laughing. “They're fun! And funny looking!” She liked the feeling. It was quite pleasant. Wanda blushed. “Well, you change sex all the time so I suppose you’re more used to it than I am.”

“Yeah, that’s true…” Miz agreed giggling. “Whatcha think of the sex?” she blushed even as she asked this. Her mouth running off as her lack of brain to mouth filter had her saying every random thought she had.

“Oh my god, stop.” Wanda groaned. “You’re my daughter, I won’t tell you about this.” Well. She knew she would eventually have to give the twins a more indepth talk about the birds and the bees once they were older...but this was different! Miz already knew! “You're a very twisted child.” Wanda sighed.

“Of course!” Miz agreed. “I’m a demon after all.”

Wanda adjusted Miz on her lap to rest her chin on her head. “I guess you are…” She chuckled and looked back at the screen. She wondered how Seb was doing with the twins, Wanda knew Seb was a great dad despite his distracted nature, and he had taken care of the twins since she went back to work. She bet everything was more than fine!

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Chapter 27: Weirdness attracts weirdness

Chapter Summary

A fun time together

Slices of Life and Family

Chapter 27

Weirdness attracts weirdness

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Nothing was fine. Everything was a huge disaster!

“Dad! Find him!!” Zoe screamed. Zach was crying on the couch. Sir Bedazzle ran away when Zach left the door open by mistake. He had wanted to pick up the mail and the acorn puppy ran off. Now his son was blaming himself and Zoe was angrily demanding for Seb to do something. Seb was trying very hard to scan around and find Sir Bedazzle but the crying and screaming were too distracting for him to concentrate.

“Quiet please! I'm trying to find him!” Seb wailed. How had things gone to shit so quickly?! First he had gotten the twins awake for the day with a nice breakfast, but then the twins realized Miz wasn't here and started complaining. It took Seb 20 minutes to explain that Miz was with Wanda today and no, they couldn't go to Wanda's workplace.

Cleaning the dishes without magic was annoying and while Seb had been busy at the sink, Zach and Zoe had run into the kitchen, screaming about how Sir Bedazzle had gotten outside and run off. Seb was relieved the kids hadn't run outside. He and Wanda had made it clear they should NEVER go out without one of their parents with them. With the lecture yesterday about Miz's almost-kidnapping, they were more careful, at least when they remembered.

Now though, Seb had to worry about the neighbors seeing Sir Bedazzle and asking uncomfortable questions.

Zach continued sobbing, albeit a little softer, and Zoe scowled. It wasn’t fair! She was worried! Seeing shouting at dad wouldn’t help their situation, she decided to scold Zach. “Why did you open the door? You can’t open it! And now Sir Bedazzle is going to die and be eaten because of you!” She sniffled.

Zach started crying even louder, clutching the cushion to himself. “I-I am s-sorry!!” He wailed.

“SHUT UP BOTH OF YOU!” Seb growled, and his eye turned red. It was something that changed after his yellow eye exploded. “Stop shouting at your brother, it was an accident! If you just close your tiny ass mouths for a second I can find Bedazzle!” Seb snarled, frustrated at all this.

The twins shut up and put their hands over their mouths. Dad was really scary when he wanted to be. Seb huffed and scanned the neighborhood by the triangles he had carved along the years. Yeah,
he was paranoid, let him be! He cheered when he found the acorn puppy in the park. No one was there! They were saved! “Ok! I got him! Come on.”

Zoe squealed and ran towards the door, Zach sniffled and grabbed his hand. “I’m sorry, daddy…” Seb squeezed his hand softly. “It's fine Zach. Come on.”

The three of them headed off to the park, Zoe running ahead while Seb yelled for her to slow down and not get too far.

And he thought Mabel and Dipper were stressful. These blond little demons were going to kill him one day… he glanced down at Zach, walking calmly next to him, then Zoe, who just tripped and fell face-first to the floor because of her untied shoes. Zoe would, at least.

“You ok, pumpkin?” Seb asked as Zoe stood up. She giggled. “I hurt my face.” She rubbed her chin and Seb panicked when he saw blood. He wanted to take her home to clean that, but if they took any longer, someone could see Sir Bedazzle and panic. It would be amusing to see, but not too good for his relative inner peace.

He picked both children up and sprinted the rest of the way to the park. “Sir Bedazzle?” He called out. To his relief, he heard the distinctive bark-squeak of their family pet. Zoe wiggled in his arms. “Sir Bedazzle!!!” She cried.

Zoe escaped from Seb’s arms and ran towards the barks. Seb put Zach on the floor and they ran after the excited little girl. Their acorn puppy stood up from the mud he was rolling around in and ran towards his owners with his little legs. They came to play with him! This place was so, so nice! And the cool, fresh soil was something the puppy had never felt. The grass in the backyard was too thick for him to dig through.

Zoe threw herself into the mud as well, Seb held back his cry, and hugged Sir Bedazzle. “You are a silly, dummy! Please, please never run away again!!” he wailed. Sir Bedazzle barked happily and licked his owner. He had no idea what they were saying but he liked how Zoe was playing in the mud too. He wiggled out of Seb’s arm to go play with Zoe now.

The toddler laughed and laid down on the mud to throw and catch the little barking acorn. Seb gaped. Well. Those clothes were totally ruined… Zach pulled his hand. “I want to play too!” Seb let him do it, reluctantly, he would throw a tantrum if Zoe was allowed and he wasn’t, Zach giggled and joined his sister.

Wanda was killing him tonight...

He sat down cross-legged on a bench and let the kids just play. Fresh air. Little humans needed fresh air.

Zoe and Zach, totally covered in mud, sat on the swings with Dazzle on Zach’s leg, and just enjoyed their playtime in a carefree manner. Eventually, when kids got out of daycare or pre-kinder, the park slowly started filling in. Seb grimaced. “We should probably go…” Some nannies and moms gave the dirty twins weird looks. Seb shoved Sir Bedazzle under his arm and hoped people thought he was a doll.

“You two are taking BATHS when we get home!” Seb grumbled. The twins whined “Noooo!!!”

“Yeeesss.” Seb laughed and grabbed the kids’ tiny hands. They were so tiny, oh god! So little! “I want to hold Sir Bedazzle!” Zoe raised her free arm and made grabby motions. Seb rolled his eye. “Ok, but hold him tightly.” He warned and gave the puppy to her. They walked back home and Seb
immediately ordered them to take off their wet and dirty sneakers.

They tried to escape from their bath, but they had a magic dad, so it was useless. Seb lifted them in the air and locked the three of them in the bathroom. “You can’t stay dirty.” Seb explained as he lifted a pouting Zach’s shirt over his head and pulled it off. Still, Zach got into the bathtub while Seb had to levitate Zoe into it.

“Can we get toys?” Zoe asked after she was put on the bathtub next to her brother. “No. Then you won’t want to get out.” Seb grinned. “We will have a fast bath and then you can play.” He poured water over Zoe and Zach’s hair to get it wet before washing the dirt off their bodies and hair. They usually bathe almost all by themselves, but they were super dirty today and needed help. Zach held Sir Bedazzle, who was splashing the water and squeaking cheerfully. Yay! Water!

“I love how your shampoo smells.” Seb sniffed the bottle. Chamomile~

“You can have it if you get us ice cream!” Zoe extended her left hand and fire danced on her palm. Seb submerged the hand under the water. “First of all, you shake the right hand, second, no thanks.”

“Ok, I’ll bring your towels, stay here. I’m being serious! I’ll be watching you!” Seb stood up and went to their room to find their towels. The twins shared a look. Sir Bedazzle recognized that look as ‘something fun will happen’ and wiggled as he floated by on the water.

Seb came back and panicked to find the bathtub empty. “Kids?!” he looked around frantically. He heard a muffled giggle and felt water drip on him. The former demon looked up and groaned. The twins were lifting each other into the air to float on the ceiling. “Get down here. I need to dry you off.” Seb reached for them but they floated away from his hands with more laughter.

Seb grinned. “If you don't get down here~you won't get to watch that silly horse show~”

“It’s called Those Little Ponys!” Zach protested. Seb rolled his eye. “Why do you all like that show so much anyway?”

The twins floated down so Seb could dry them. “Because MiracleNote is the nicest pony! And he always lets people know that there is some good inside them.” Zach gushed. Zoe nodded and also regaled Sebastian with the story. “Like when he got captured by Munchy and everyone in town said she was evil but he was nice to her and it turns out she was just sad and wanted a friend!”

“Right~” Seb nodded, not really paying attention. He would never understand this show. “And PetalKick is the coolest! She can kick a whole building over!” Zoe squealed. Seb paused. What?

“And CrimsonGem is like you daddy.” Zach said as Sebastian towel dried his hair. “Really now?” The father asked. Zach nodded. “He likes to make pretty clothes too.” Zoe spoke up “AND he has a twin sister! But she's mean.”

Zach tilted his head. “Miz says that she's a Tsun-Tsun.”

“What the heck is a Tsun-Tsun?” Seb asked. The twins both shrugged. Seb sighed. He hoped it wasn't a bad word. He should pay more attention to what Miz was teaching his kids.

Well, to be honest with himself, Wanda and him cursed a lot in front of the twins. A LOT. They were really bad-mouthed and it was Miz telling them they couldn't say those words. Now he doubted it was something bad. As soon as the kids were dry and dressed, they raced off downstairs to turn on the tv.
The theme song came on and Seb sighed. Well, nothing to do right now. He finished his work for the week and had some free time. Might as well see what all the fuss was about. He sat down with the kids as they sang along with the theme song. Ugh. They were so colorful. What was so great about talking horses?

I marathon later…

“Noo! She's not your fiancée! Dammit! Why doesn't anyone notice she's an imposter?!” Seb screamed at the tv. After the new episode for this week, the channel started playing reruns of past episodes and Seb actually found himself quite invested. There were a few episodes the twins hadn’t seen yet. Such as the season finale, the Musical Wedding.

“Gaah! The tension is killing me!” Zoe bit Zach’s arm and the boy whined and punched her. “Shut up, you two! I’m watching!” Seb snarled. Nothing had got him this excited since The Duchess Approves.

On screen, a regal looking alicorn with a flaming mane looked at the ‘happy couple’ “We are gathered here today to celebrate the union of two ponies.”

“Nooo! Why can't anyone tell that's not the princess?! She's been acting like a bitch this whole time!!!” Seb wailed. Zach slapped him lightly. “Language!” he complained.

“Don’t worry! It will be stopped! It HAS to be!” Zoe clung to her dad’s arm. They all stared, enraptured, when the doors to the grand hall were kicked right off their hinges. A bright yellow pony with a green mane stomped into the room. She lowered the leg she had just smacked the doors with and screamed. “I OBJECT!”

“YEEES!!! YES! YES! PETALKICK MADE IT ON TIME!!!!” Seb cheered as he jumped on the sofa. The twins imitated their father and stood up to shout. “YAY!”

“Petalkick? What is the MEANING of this?” An orange pony with a crimson mane gasped. “I know you're upset that MiracleNote didn't choose YOU but-”

“Shut it, Ruby. This isn't about me.” Petal cut her off. She pointed a hoof at the pony in the bridal gown. “That's NOT princess MiraculousMelody!”

All the ponies gasped.

“YEAH! You tell them!” Seb screamed. On the tv the other ponies looked between the two ponies. “What proof do you have that I'm not Miraculous?” The bride scoffed. “You've been trying to ruin my wedding all day!” she sniffed, looking upset.

Petalkick stamped a hoof to the ground, cracking the stone floor. “Because, in ALL this time, you haven't sang a SINGLE SONG!”

“THAT'S WHAT I SAID!” Seb screamed at the tv and hugged his kids tightly towards him. God dammit he was invested now.

“Dad, I can’t see!” Zach whined and Zoe pushed to be let go.

It was then that the REAL princess showed up. She was dirty and her mane was a mess but she marched into the grand hall and everypony gasped. “It's true. That pony is an IMPOSTER. I am the true Princess Miraculous Twinkle Hope Melody!”

(Seb wondered about these names. He wondered a lot.)
The fake stared for a few seconds before she began to laugh. “Well this is all well and good...but you're TOO LATE!” A magical wall of green flames sprang up around her and MiracleNote, whom everypony could now see was in a hypnotic daze. The fake wrapped an arm around him and sneered. “He is MINE now!” She laughed maniacally as her body was engulfed in flames, the fur and skin burning off to reveal a pitch black skeletal horse with molten lava eyes.

“AAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!" Seb and the twins all screamed as they clung to each other. “Holy shit! This is a kid's show?!"

"She's a NightMare!" CrimsonGem gasped alongside his twin.

The skeletal horse screeched with laughter as chains sprang up from the ground to wrap around the unresponsive MiracleNote. She sneered at the horrified gasps on everypony's faces. “Sorry ponies~”

She nuzzled her skull against MiracleNote. “-looks like you were too slow~”

The two were engulfed in flames and the real princess screamed as she ran to try and reach her fiance. “Noo!” She was a few steps away from them...

And then the TV shut off.

“NOOOO!!!” The Pines cried. The lights had turned off as well. A blackout. They stared blankly at the Tv and blinked in unison 2 times. The neighbors were complaining as well, off in their own houses. But Seb's group...They all took a deep breath and Screamed.

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!”

Sir Bedazzle started barking, Queen Flutter hissed and went to hide, and the neighbors winced at the loud, high pitched scream which HAD to come from the Pines’ house…

“ARE YOU KIDDING ME?! NOW?! IN THE FUCKING MIDDLE OF A CLIFFHANGER?!”

Seb’s hands caught on fire and his eye turned red.

“FUCK! FUCK! AAAHHH!!!!”

Zach and Zoe’s eyes turned red as well. No one interrupted their Tv time...No one...

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Miz and Wanda had a nice day together. Wanda took Miz for lunch at the small but delicious restaurant she always ate in. She ordered a salad and Miz ordered eggplant parmesan with extra shaved cheese. When it was time to leave, the two dodged seeing Oliver on the hallways and ran to the car laughing. Miz was sleepy, so Wanda calmly drove home. Luck was on her side, and there wasn’t much traffic. Also, Wanda discovered that Miz was rocked to sleep by the car if she felt safe. The girl had a hand gripping onto Wanda's shirt the whole time.

The blonde almost didn't want to wake her when they finally got back to their neighborhood. "Miz? We're home." Wanda gently shook her shoulder until her daughter stirred. "Uwu…"

Miz stumbled out of the car with a yawn. Wanda looked up at the dark house. “Oh, looks like there is a blackout...Seb didn’t tell me.” She looked at her phone just in case. They took two steps and they blinked when they saw the broken window and large flat screen tv on the front lawn.

At first they both panicked. A thief. A murderer. Someone was home and they were in danger, but
a quick scan from Miz let them breathe again. "No intruders." Miz reassured her. "What the fuck is the TV doing here?!" Wanda exclaimed. Miz shook her head. "You won't like the answer..."

They entered the home and found furniture, floors and curtains burnt, plus the house was flooded with the extinguisher foam.

Wanda's eye twitched.

"Miz..." she said calmly. Too calmly. Miz blinked. "Yeah?"

"Where are my dear husband and children?"

"...hiding in the cupboard in the laundry room." Miz responded. She could have lied, but she didn't. Sorry dudes, you're on your own.

Wanda ruffled her hair and she walked towards the laundry room. The demon bit her lip. She shouldn't have told her. Wanda was going to murder the Pines...which meant she needed to get some chips and watch the carnage! Miz hurried after Wanda and materialized a bowl of cheese puffs.

Wanda saw the stuff that used to be in the cupboard were tossed all over the floor to make room for a grown man and two kids. Wanda heard sobbing. "...I felt Mom come home..." A little voice sobbed. "Shh...she won't find us..." Seb whispered. "Are we going to die?" Another little voice asked fearfully.

Wanda glared. "You three. OUT." She ordered coldly. Miz floated in the air and ate her cheese puffs. Let the carnage begin~

Seb and the twins let out terrified squeaks. "No..." Seb pleaded with a whimper and hugged his kids closer to him. "We are sorry..." The cupboard spoke again. It was Zoe this time. "I said GET. OUT! NOW!" Wanda shouted. "Nom. Nom." Miz munched on her snacks. She was fixing the house as she ate. Can't have the neighbors see the destruction. They might call the police.

The Pines whimpered before crawling out of the cupboard. "H-hey Wands...y-you're home huh?" Seb laughed awkwardly. The twins were cowering behind him. The look on Wanda's face was something Miz saved away for future nightmares she could craft.

"Damn. I have a cool mom." She grinned as the woman terrorized her family.

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“So~I gotta say, that was wicked cool.”

"I'm glad you fixed the house." Wanda sighed. She and Miz (or, Xin right now) were enjoying a nice dinner of lasagna. The dragon had his tail out as he lounged on his chair. "Sorry about the TV though. I didn't really bother to scan your original one so I can only rebuild it with the design I know from outer space."

“It's fine. I think the new one has better definition.” Wanda assured her (current) son.

“Wanda? We're sorry. Can we leave time out now?” Seb whined. Zach and Zoe grumbled. The three of them were sitting in the time out corner. Of course, Wanda wasn't cruel. They each had a stuffed animal to hug and even a plate of food. Wanda sighed. “I cannot believe you three trashed the house.”
“But Miz can fix it.” Zoe protested. Xin scoffed. “Sure I can. But I shouldn't HAVE to.” His tail curled around lazily. “Oh right, mom, I'm going to visit Ford after dinner. We made plans to hang out tonight.”

Wanda coughed. “Oh. Ok. Have fun.” She was glad her adopted child was in the form of an adult man right now. It was slightly less weird to think about him being in a relationship of that nature when he didn't look like a child. The dragon took another bite of food. “Last week, I asked Ford if I could spend the night. Is...is that ok?”

Wanda blinked. “Are you really ok with-”

“We're not having a session.” Xin said. “Just hanging out.” He liked helping Ford with his projects but he was hoping to get him out of his lab tonight. Wanda heaved a sigh of relief. “I'm still...worried.” She admitted.

“It's not as scary when I'm an adult.” Xin looked down. “Besides, I hate having these stupid weaknesses.” His tail twitched with his mood.

“Relatable.” Sebastian muttered.

“Ssh, you don’t speak in time out.” Wanda reminded her husband. Seb whimpered. This was so humiliating. This wasn’t even their fault! It was that stupid pony being a bitch and the stupid light’s for turning off.

Wanda placed a hand over Xin’s own. “It’s not a weakness...it’s ok if you still feel nervous, but if going with Ford helps you, then you can go.”

Xin hugged the blonde with a huge grin. “Thanks! See ya later!” He looked at the Pines, grounded. “Enjoy time-out~!” He teased before blinking away.

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Ford carefully measured out the chemicals. He had to pour it gently into the other beaker. Any sudden movement would disrupt the solution and he wou-

“Hi Fordsie!”

Ford jumped and his eyes widened in horror before an explosion rang out. The entire building shook and he could hear people screaming outside. He patted himself down, amazed he wasn't burnt or harmed in any way. His lab bench was gone though, melted and bent via the force of the reaction.

“Oops.”

Ford turned to see Xin, blinking at the destruction. “Xin! What did I say about startling me while I was working?!?” Ford cried.

“I'm pretty sure you said 'Augh!’ the last time I did this.” Xin shrugged nonchalantly. Ford glared. “My experiment is ruined!” He really found it frustrating to have his work set back. At least none of his notes had been destroyed but STILL. Xin clapped “Actually this is perfect. I was thinking we could go out tonight. It's boring to be in the lab all the time.”

“Go out?” Ford blinked. “Where?” Xin took his hand. “The forest of course! Since when have you stopped trying to discover all the Weirdness in Gravity Falls? You haven't even discovered the color changing mushrooms! Or the underground magical black market.”
Ford's eyes widened. “I KNEW there had to be one. I just could never find the entrance.” Xin tugged on his hand “Well we're not going there tonight.” Taking Ford, a HUMAN, to the magical black market? Not a good idea. “Nope. We're gonna go visit the unicorns~”


“Then why are we going to them?” Ford complained. Xin sighed. “Because their hair can be used for more than JUST barrier spells and also I thought I should get a photo of them for the twins. Those pretentious dicks might be the worst but they ARE pretty.”

Ford was interested in learning what else the unicorn hair can do “Alright. But if we're going into the magical section of the forests, let me bring my journal.” Xin rolled his eyes. “Sure. But bring your phone too. I want those photos.”

“Can we also get some size changing crystals? I've been meaning to run some experiments on them.” Ford requested. Xin nodded “Sure. They're on the way.” He wrapped his hand around Ford's and Blinked them away into the forest. Ford swayed as soon as they appeared. “Ugh. Teleportation...still unpleasant.” Xin ruffled his hair, enjoying the fluffiness “You just need to try it more often.”

“Will you teleport me to more places?” Ford adjusted his glasses and Xin grinned. “I can! Going on adventures with you should be really fun!” He flicked his nose and Ford covered it with his 6 fingered hands. “Ow! I hate that …” the man pouted.

“No you don't~” Xin sang as he sauntered away into the forest. He had his tail and antlers out, no point hiding them when they were this deep in the woods. No townspeople came this far in. They knew how dangerous the magical parts of the woods were. Ford squinted. The sun had set half an hour ago and he was having trouble seeing. Xin's antlers glowed, which at least let Ford know where he was.

“Xin! I can't see.” He grumbled. He saw the antlers turn around and head back to him, lighting up the area as he came closer. “Right. I forgot how bad human night vision is.” Xin poked Ford's glasses and the man blinked as he could now faintly see around him. It wasn't bright, more like being able to see in a room that had all the curtains drawn. But it wasn't pitch black anymore, which was an improvement. “Thank you.” He nodded at Xin. The dragon grinned. “No problem, Fordsie.”

They walked around in a comfortable silence. Ford held his blue journal, the one Xin actually gave him years ago and had infinite pages, as he looked around. Xin smiled warmly at the book. He was really glad Fordsie liked his gift.

They got to crystals’ cave and Ford crouched to grab a piece. “Do you know Dipper discovered how to use it efficiently using a flashlight when he and Mabel were 12? It really amazed me when he told me...he passed out when I told him how proud I was, for some reason, but I have been meaning to make an improved prototype to use the crystals.” Ford carefully wrapped the piece of crystal in a handkerchief so no accidents would happen.

“Hah! I bet he did. Pinetree is so easily overwhelmed.” Xin snickered. “He likes praise. More so if they're from you.”

“Really? And why is that?” Ford asked naively.

“Because you're his cool science uncle who wrote the journals he obsessed over the entire summer. He admired you a lot!” Ford blushed slightly. “I am sure he still does, but I guess he
controls it more or just grew up out of his fanboy phase." Xin shrugged before he thought of something. "Have you thought of getting an apprentice? And no, I am not saying like Jess, yes I know who your new intern is, the poor girl worked her ass off in college just to earn the internship just to serve you guys coffee, that’s super mean. You're the only scientist here who actually lets her do science." Xin shook his head. “I’m talking about getting a pupil, someone to pass all your knowledge to.” He patted Ford's head.

Ford shrugged. “I really haven’t thought about it...I work fine on my own, and I think you’re the best work partner.” and… he hadn't realized that the other scientists were only using the new interns for coffee runs. He needed to speak with them about that. Also, he should probably text Viola back. She was working at a wildlife preservation sanctuary that was taking care of frogs and toads that were suffering from genetic mutations from polluted water. She requested for Ford to find a way to make water purifiers that could clean lakes and ponds.

As that aligned well with his environmental research, Ford was glad to add that to his list of projects.

Xin grinned. “Thanks. I guess? But I'm just saying that even if Dipper's set on making his own ghost hunting show, I'm sure he'd like to have expeditions with you too.” Xin sighed. “In the past few months, you've just been doing nothing but research. I think I'm the only real social interaction you've had. You haven't even had lunch with your nerd friends recently.” He pouted “Isn't that bad? You should hang out with people more.”

“I have you.” Ford pointed out. Xin rolled his eyes. “I'm a person, not people.” He flicked his tail around as he watched Ford gather crystals. “You know, I can think of multiple inappropriate ways to use those…” he commented. Ford looked up. “You mean like irresponsibly shrinking someone and trapping them in a jar? Mabel told me about what Gideon did.”

Xin allowed a slow smirk to form on his lips. “Nope. I meant...using the crystals to grow certain...specific things…” Damn he would want to see that. Ford still looked quite confused. Xin sighed. “You're no fun.” it looked like Ford wouldn't get it unless he said it straight out. No matter. Xin reached out to grab a crystal for himself. He could use this for his personal fun times. Also, scanning them to see how they worked and Paste them around back home.

“So, I'm pretty sure you've gotten enough crystals right?” Xin asked Ford while the man carefully stored his pickings in his pockets. “Yes. These should be sufficient for my experiments.”

“You know. You could use the growth rays to increase food supply. But does the ray also increase the size of the cells within the area of effect?” Xin mused. “It would make more sense than merely causing all the cells to rapidly multiply and subsequently be destroyed when you shrink them back down.”

Ford immediately opened his journal to scribble into it. “I hadn't even considered that! Brilliant. I will need to test that when I get back to the lab.” Xin tugged on his jacket. “Nope. Once we get you home after this little adventure, you are going straight to bed.” Ford frowned “But my research-”

“You haven't slept in two days. Don't think I can't tell.” Xin bopped his nose. “If your brothers knew how unhealthy you were living they would come up to Oregon and kick your ass. Or maybe I should tell Ashton and let him kick your ass.”

Ford rolled his eyes. Xin should stop worrying about him this much. Contrary to what he believed, he didn't need to be reminded to sleep or eat. He wasn’t a kid. If his body wasn’t asking him to do those things, then he wouldn’t lose time on something so trivial!
Xin rolled his eyes as well, hearing Ford's thoughts (he thought too loudly. Xin wasn't even trying to listen in). Seriously, this idiot was going to pass out one day and he would be here to rub it in his face and say ‘I told you so~’. He kept quiet though, getting to see Ford’s pouting face was much more fun.

They walked towards the part of the forest where unicorns lived. As they walked, Ford vaguely wondered how the girls managed to summon the unicorn if a deep voice was needed to chant the ancient text. “Alright… If I am correct -which I always am-” Xin rolled his eyes at that. The years haven't changed Ford's ego much. “This is the place.” Ford said as he looked at a clearing. “But where would we find a druid this late at night?”

Xin shrugged. “We could just try asking nicely. You know, like normal people?” Ford sputtered. “Bu-but the door won't even appear if-!”

Xin sauntered up, his tail swishing back and forth, and knocked on...air? “Greetings and good evening. I am Xin. I humbly requested passage into your glade, oh noble unicorns.”

Ford stared. “There’s no way that would-” he was cut off when the huge, fancy door appeared and opened, a flock of moths fluttering out as a silvery glow emanated from the door. If Xin could whistle, he would have. Nice dramatic effect. Using moths instead of butterflies because it was night, he could appreciate the Unicorn's aesthetic choices. He looked in to see a unicorn with a rainbow mane, lounging next to a waterfall.

“Gimme your phone.” Xin said before digging through Ford's pockets. Ford protested when Xin pulled out his smartphone. “I could have just handed it to you!” The man grumbled. Xin chuckled as he floated and vanished his shoes, it would be rude to have shoes on inside their home after all. Even if unicorns were jerks, didn't mean he had to be an asshole to them too. And really, shoes off inside the house was normal. Xin floated inside. "Wow you've got a lot of photos of frogs." Xin noted. Ford shrugged. "My old intern still sends them to me. Miss Viola got a job at a wildlife animal clinic. She's a very nice girl, I think you would like her." Xin hummed, "I would love to meet your students." before flipping through the frog photos, then closing out and getting the camera on. “Can I take a picture? Your silhouette is gorgeous.” He praised.

The unicorn blinked. “No photos. Our existence is a secret.” She said in a high pitched voice. Xin pouted. “But you're simply so pretty. Besides, with how much CGI has improved in the last few years, any human who sees the photo wouldn't even know it was real.” the unicorn considered his words before she glanced at the long, scaly tail, glowing golden antlers and sheer amount of energy this human-disguised magical creature gave out.

She quickly realized what this was. A dragon. She held back a shiver. She thought the dragons had left the world centuries ago in the great migration to the alter-world. They were a race too proud to hide from the encroaching spread of humanity and had opted to leave, rather than hide themselves with magic like most other magical creatures. She considered his request. She didn't want to anger the dragon, especially since this one seemed unusually docile.

“Very well.” She tilted her head so that her magnificent mane caught the moonlight “You may take a picture.”

“Thanks.” Xin grinned as he positioned himself to get a good angle. Ford was still staring with his mouth hanging open. Xin simply asked the unicorn for the photo...and she agreed! But, how? He didn’t doubt Xin was a good friend, but he definitely didn’t have what one would consider a ‘pure heart’...did he even have a heart? In this form, probably...

Ford tried to step in but found himself lifted into the air. “Shoes!” Xin and the unicorn both
scolded. Ford grumbled and kicked his boots off before going inside. Xin sighed. “I apologize for my companion. He doesn't always remember cultural niceties.” There, he took the photo and grinned. It came out really nice. He was sure Zach and Zoe would love it. The unicorn nodded. “Humans do tend to be rude. Why, many years ago, I was assaulted, assaulted I say, by some girls who cut off my hair!”

She squinted at Ford. Then she did a double take. He was different colored but he looked a lot like…

She neighed and backed up. “You! You were with those girls who attacked me!” Sure, after the end of the world that almost was, she had somewhat forgiven the humans for that awful fight, but she hadn't forgotten! Ford blinked. “No. I have...not been to this place in over 18 years.”

“I think she means Seb.” Xin shrugged. “Sorry, this is the triplet brother of the person who attacked you.” He tried to soothe the unicorn's nerves. She calmed and stared at Ford more closely. “Oh. Well. I suppose you are right. This one is not a maiden after all.”

Ford snorted. The unicorn thought Sebastian was a maiden?!

“But I'm keeping an eye on you! No funny tricks!” The unicorn snorted as she stomped a hoof on the ground. Ford tried his best to look non-threatening. “I promise there won't be funny tricks coming from me…” Ford raised his six-fingered hands with a smile. Haha, maiden…

Xin turned to look at the unicorn. “Oh beautiful creature, we have ventured from afar to request a favor from you. If you find it in your generous heart to grant us a lock of your hair, I would really appreciate it!” he requested. “Of course, it wouldn't be for free. That would be incredibly rude.” he scoffed. "What sort of person just asks for a part of someone's body without offering anything in return?"

“Indeed.” The unicorn sniffed. “People just don't understand that we don't give up a part of ourselves without anything in return.” Ford blinked. “But...don't you grant your hair to those who are pure of heart?”

"The pure of heart thing is bullshit." Xin and the unicorn, Celestabellebethabelle, responded in unison. At Ford's gobsmacked look, Celestabellebethabelle clarified “When humans come in and just, started asking for our hair without even offering us anything in return-”

“So rude.” Xin nodded in understanding.

"-we started making excuses to refuse them. Because APPARENTLY a simple ‘No.’ means nothing to them.” she snorted. “I do admit I may have gone a little overboard with my ‘pure of heart’ scam but who can blame me? It's not MY fault they're bad people.”

Ford stroked his chin. Guess he was wrong about unicorns...and the girls and Seb beat her up years ago. That wasn’t good for their reputation as humans. Celestabellebethabelle giggled “Also, that devastated look on their faces when I crush their hopes and dreams never fails to make me laugh.”

The scientist pouted. That wasn’t nice. Xin laughed and wrapped an arm around Celestabellebethabelle’s neck. Oh man, he was wrong about unicorns too. They were assholes, but they were FUN assholes. “I know right?!“ Xin snorted. “Honestly, same!” The two magical creatures cackled about how much fun it was to fuck with humans. Ford twitched. Nevermind. She really WAS a terrible person. He pouted as the two traded stories of people whose dreams they crushed. Xin coughed, well, anyway. Back to the matter at hand.
“So what sort of things do you take in exchange for your hair?” Xin let go of her and sat down in mid air. “I'm sure, like any self respecting creature of magic, you change the price depending on who's asking.”

Celestabellebethabelle huffed. “Of course! But I like you, so I’ll give you a special discount.” she looked him over. His hair was pitch black, not as colorful as she was used to seeing from her brothers and sisters but that's what made it exotic and pretty. “Hair for hair. I give you one of my locks and I get some of yours...from your true form, not this human disguise you are wearing.”

Ford winced. But did Xin, did Bill even have a dragon form? But despite his worry, Xin merely grinned. He hasn't gone full dragon form in...a really long time. “Sure.” he learned how to emulate dragon DNA from a species of space dragon he met out in the multiverse. Then he merely mixed it with other DNA traits from dragons in other dimensions to create something unique. He waved for everyone to step back and let him concentrate. He obviously couldn't take his dragon form at full size. So he had to make sure he was small enough to fit in here.

Ford was furiously writing in his journal to try and record this event. He gazed in awe as Xin's body stretched and twisted. Golden scales overtook his skin in a rippling effect as his face elongated into a snout and his clothes were torn apart by his growing body. There was the sound of cracking bones and Xin moaning ecstatically at the sensation of his transformation. Ooh~yes~Ford and Celestabellebethabelle both blushed. Was...was it supposed to sound like that? Xin fell to his hands and knees as his changing body could no longer stand upright. His bones shifted, his hands became claws and he panted while the last of the transformation petered out. He trembled. Fuck that felt so good. He blinked down at the red faced Ford and Celestabellebethabelle while his long, serpentine body wiggled. “S-sorry. It just feels real nice, you know?”

Ford coughed awkwardly and couldn't help but stare at the magnificent creature before him. He admired Xin’s dragon form a lot and he had so many questions, but he couldn’t start asking now, it would blow their cover. Celestabellebethabelle shook her head, getting over her initial shock. This dragon looked different than she expected, where were his wings(?), but he looked pretty nice… “It-It is alright…” She nodded. She figured he just felt nice from dropping that cramped looking human form. That must have been it.

She got up to inspect him. Yes. His hair would do nicely. She nodded to her Saytr friend who came out with some shears. “A lock of your hair for a lock of mine.” Xin nodded, laying his head on the ground so they could reach. The saytr cut a lock of Xin’s mane and then proceeded to cut Celestabellebethabelle’s. He gave Xin the colorful hair and the unicorn received the pitch black ones. Xin had trouble holding things with his claws and rolled his eyes. “Hand it to my human. He holds stuff for me.”

Celestabellebethabelle nodded. Oh. So the human was the dragon's servant. Well, she approved. As a creature who couldn't hold stuff either, she could see how keeping a human around would be useful.

Ford sat down on the floor, watching in shock. Was Xin really calling him ‘his human’?! Like some sort of Servant?! “Xin!” He complained when the little creature gave him the hair. The dragon snorted. “It's fine. You have pockets. I don't.” He wiggled his tail and did a few stretches, getting used to his form. Oh~this was pretty fun. His usual forms were small and compressed. Being so large was quite nice.

Ford held the long lock of hair and looked at it. This time it wasn’t covered in blood… “We thank you a lot, but we shall leave now.”
“Aw, what?!” Xin looked at Ford. “But being here is nice! I wanted to chat more~” he whined.

“We have stuff to do in the lab…” Ford replied. Xin snorted. “Well I don’t want to change back yet. It feels real nice to have some time where I DON’T have to cram myself into a tiny vessel.” Xin shook his head. Ford sighed. Actually…maybe he could use this. “Ok. You don't have to change back. But can we still go back to my lab? I'm sure it's large enough for you to fit.” Ford really, really wanted to examine Xin's body. A dragon! A real(ish) dragon!

Xin lid his eyes at the human. “What's in it for me?” He asked. Ford paused. “A session?” He asked. Xin shook his head. “I'm not in the mood for something like that tonight.” Ford pouted, much like Seb did when he was put in time out. “But I've never wrestled a dragon before. And I invented a new type of rope we could use~”

Xin considered that. “What kind of rope?” he asked finally. Ford grinned. Hook, line and sinker. “It feels soft and doesn't chaft at all. I've tested it. You know how you complained about how it was a waste that you kept tearing through my cords? Well this rope stretches so it can tie you up firmly, just the way you like, and you can pull yourself out without breaking it.”

Celestabellebethabelle was staring wide eyed at the two of them. Were they talking about…oh my. She's heard about Gnomes and their squirrel ‘baths’ and her brother Twinkletwittersparklepuff enjoyed having his tail pulled but she didn't realize dragons had kinks too.

And with a HUMAN nonetheless. How scandalous. She blushed and looked away. Oh...and now she was imagining it! Ah! She just got the greatest inspiration for the next smutty storytelling session she and her sisters were going to do at their next sleepover--this would DEFINITELY beat out Miramirabellossom's story about how the multibear was conceived!

Xin hummed before agreeing with a nod. “Alright. Sounds interesting.” He smiled at the proud human. Yes! He convinced him! Xin turned to Celestabellebethabelle who was breathing heavily for some reason and nodded at her. “Thank you very much for your time. Farewell.”

“O-oh! Yes! Farewell yourself sir Dragon.” Celestabellebethabelle tapped a hoof on the ground rapidly. “Do come by and visit any time. I'll even allow your human to come along.”

Xin nodded and got to his feet, turning himself around carefully so that his bulk didn't hit anyone as he squeezed through the door to head back out. Ford followed, mind busy with strategies on how to hogtie a dragon. Wrestling a dragon! How amazing was that? Like a hero from the fantasy books he'd read as a child. Of course, he wouldn't be slaing THIS dragon.

Ford did glance at the unicorn worriedly though. She looked flushed and was panting quite heavily. He hoped she wasn't ill.

They left the unicorn’s magic home and Ford looked up at Xin, walking easily on his new 4 legs. “Can I touch your scales?” Ford asked before he could stop himself. Xin glanced down and shrugged, the motion making his whole body undgulate. “Sure.”

Stanford raised a hand and stroked Xin’s side. It was incredible how soft his scales felt despite being tough. They were somewhat flexible. He was really warm. “Oh…” Xin purred. That felt quite nice. Like being pet but on his body instead of just his head. His XinDragon form was very different from his MizDragon form, so this was a new sensation. Ford was marvelling at how the scales were rectangular, like bricks rather than the rounded shapes of real scales. How did that work? He ran his fingers over the large scales, each one looked to be the size of his hand, and saw how they overlapped each other, forming a smooth texture in one direction.
He tried petting against the direction of the scales and found it was rough when he pet that way. Like shark skin. Xin whined a little. Ford immediately pet him in the proper direction. “Sorry. Was that uncomfortable?”

“A little. It felt like being pinched. But...not?” Xin wasn't sure how to describe that feeling. He picked his way among the tree roots. Ugh. Walking was so annoying. He folded his legs up against his sides and floated, slithering through the air easily. Much better. Ford stared. “How does that work when you don't have wings?”

“Magic. Duh.” Xin rolled his eyes. Well, it was Weirdness technically, but magic was easier to say.

“Oohh.” Ford nodded and walked next to the large dragon demon. “You know…” He started, watching his boots make little branches crunch. “Sebastian can’t shapeshift freely...only into his demon form...I think it would be amazing if he could do what you can.”

“I think it would be a problem.” Xin chuckled. “One, you wouldn’t leave him alone. Two, it wouldn't have made it easier for you to trust him when you were a paranoid ass. Third. Your little crazy niblings would be able to shapeshift as well and they are a handful as they are.”

Ford rubbed the back of his neck. Right…

They went back to the Shack/Research Center and the few scientists walking around spat their coffee or dropped their notepads when they saw their boss walking in with a huge golden dragon following him. They already passed some late night woodsmen gathering firewood who just muttered “Nevermind all that.” before hurrying off. Ford had been too busy writing in his journal to realize it would be odd to have a dragon with him. The Shack was somewhat away from town so there weren't many people here anyway.

Dr. Poddar stared at the LITERAL dragon with wide eyes. “Ah...who's your friend?” Ford rubbed his eyes as the night vision suddenly vanished and looked at his colleague. “Oh. Dr. Poddar, greetings! This is Xin, a dear friend of mine who kindly agreed on testing the new ropes I created.”

“Yeah, the ropes sound quite good!” Xin wagged his tail. Dr. Poddar choked. Xin...was the name of that attractive man Dr. Pines had been...oh. He stared at the obviously eastern style dragon. Oh. OH…

“Well, we have work to do. We will be off now. Good night Dr. Poddar.” Ford nodded at his employee before heading to his lab. The scientist just stared at the long golden body filling out the hallway in shock. His boss was fucking a dragon. And he was planning on...fucking the dragon...AS a dragon...

Everyone had to hear this! This was way better than the dumb little monster Dr. Clark accidentally created but panicked and killed with a book!

As the scientist ran away to gossip, Ford and Xin reached the man’s lab. Xin had to squeeze his way through the door, stubbornly refusing to shrink down to fit. Even after the door closed, the other scientists CLEARLY heard the sounds and felt the loud thumping coming from within. They all blushed. Even if it was a scientific wonder...they couldn't believe their boss was fucking a dragon.

Xin left a few hours later, thoroughly satisfied and feeling more confident and less afraid. Ford really was the best in helping him. He was fun, and when he did something, he put his full concentration into it, that was why he hurt so nice~ Harsh, but measured and planned. It even took his mind off his fear from Miz's almost kidnapping. All in all, an evening well spent.
He thought about sleeping over, but Ford apparently wanted to pull an all nighter and therefore wouldn't be in bed for Xin to cuddle with, so the dragon went home instead.

He didn't feel like cramming himself back into a human form and merely shifted into Miz's Dragon form which was a quarter of Xin's current size but still roomier than a human form. She curled up on her bed in the twins room and drifted off to sleep.

She would be awoken the next morning by excited children petting her all over. It was quite nice.

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Wanda got a job in Los Angeles, called by someone specifically requesting for her. She would have to leave for a few weeks for this job. Seb didn’t want her gone for so long. “I’ll miss yooooou~” He whined. "I wanna know you'll be okaaay~"

Wanda sighed. “But I have to go. This is important.” Seb sighed. “I know. It’s an important client.” He pouted before perking up. “What if I come with you?”

Wanda glanced over while packing. “And leave the kids alone?” She asked wryly. “I know Miz can take care of them, but that’s not really a good idea…”

Seb shook his head. “I meant that we can all come with you. I mean, I'm free and really, who cares about daycare? It's not like preschool assistance matters for school later. And we still have time before we need to go to New Jersey. So why don’t we all take a trip to Los Angeles?”

"Wanda laughed. Well… I guess you’re right. It would be nice to have a little family trip.”

“Great! I’ll go get the booking done!” Seb grinned. “Oh! Oh! Maybe I can take this chance to go and see Linda again!” It’d be nice seeing her. Then he thought of something else. “Hey… do you think… that Miz needs a therapist this time?”

Wanda blinked. “Wait. You mean… for what happened with her children?” Seb nodded. “But also, she’s afraid of cars, and I don't get why. And… She's gotten better at hiding it, but she's still a little afraid of being out in public places.” Seb shuddered at the memory of her almost kidnapping.

Wanda paused. “Right. That too. Um, yeah. We probably should have done this much earlier.” She felt bad about it. She hadn’t actually thought about it. Miz seemed to be doing okay most of the time. But… that might have been worse actually. Seb had seemed ‘okay’ and he clearly wasn’t.

“Alright. I’ll go and work on my case. You… see if maybe you can find a therapist for Miz. Maybe Linda knows someone.” The two nodded, that was the plan.

When the kids were told they were leaving school for a few weeks, they couldn't be happier. YAY! NO SCHOOL! But Seb said it was only under the condition that they got some kind of learning from Miz every day and practicing their numbers and letters. Zach and Zoe accepted because heck yeah! Learning with Miz was so much fun! It was better than school! The only downside of not having school anymore was that they couldn’t see Amanda. Missus Carol never came over anymore. And when the twins had gone by the house to try and see Amanda, they were told to “Get off my property!”

Everyone was packed and at an airport within the day. The Plantimals were teleported over to Mabel (who demanded the chance to pet sit for them). Everything went without any incident, aside from Miz clinging to them so close Wanda had trouble walking while complaining of a headache, and unless you counted Zoe suddenly hugging a distracted pilot as he walked past them. He smiled at her though and ruffled her hair. Zoe spent the whole ride staring out the window at how cool everything looked from up here, until she passed out at least. That was good since she remained
asleep when the plane landed and didn’t feel her ears pop.

Their trip to the wonderful city of Los Angeles really started the day after. Seb, like a good husband, decided to accompany Wanda to the police station while Miz stayed with the twins at the hotel. They were more than happy, they had a pool, a tv and snacks they bought before so they wouldn't have to touch the ones of the room.

Wanda was supposed to meet with her client at the police station where he was being held. "No, Seb, you can't come in with me. Please."

"But he's a murderer!!" He whispered with a grimace. "I'm not letting you get in with a murderer!"

Wanda deadpanned at him. "The whole reason I'm here it's because we don't know for sure if he's the murderer, I'm supposed to defend him and choose his best course of action... But no. You still can't come in with me!" Seb growled at her, but the blonde rolled her eyes. "After this, we can pick the kids up and go have lunch. But let me do my job ok? I don't interrupt you when you're meeting with your clients." She reminded him and Sebastian let a long, whiny sigh before accepting.

They nodded at some police officers going in and out and Wanda looked around. "Ok~ Look at those chairs. Go sit over there." She ordered her annoyed husband while she approached the woman she had to talk to. "Hello, I'm Mrs. Friedmann, Mr. Wegyler's lawyer."

Seb looked at the woman who turned to look at his wife. She was blonde like Wands, but she had her hair tied up in a tight ponytail. She was wearing boots, some jeans, a t-shirt and a black leather jacket. "Detective Decker." She introduced herself before telling another officer to take her to the room her client was with.

Once Wanda left, the police woman (detective) looked at Seb, confused. "Eh, hello. How can I help you?"

"I'm Mrs. Friedmann's husband. I'm just waiting for her." Seb shrugged. "I didn't want her coming to see a possible murderer alone." Detective Decker smiled. "That's very sweet. But she'll be fine. We have security in case of any incidents. There's coffee over there if you want, Mr. Friedmann, treat yourself." She nodded before walking away. Seb opened his mouth to correct her but she was gone.

Huh...Mr. Friedmann...Sebastian Friedmann~ That didn't sound half bad.

Seb didn’t really feel like coffee, he drank it when he needed to survive, but he was bored and didn’t like just sitting here with nothing to do, so he went to check out the snack table. He chuckled at all the donuts he saw. Well, he wasn’t going to judge. Donuts were delicious!

While he ate, he hoped the guy who hired Wanda was innocent. She always felt sad when she knew they were guilty. And despite that, she had to try to get them the least harsh sentence. Or worse, they lied and Wanda ended up helping criminals without her knowing. She was very careful with not doing anything with her clients outside of their meeting time. He told her she should only see cases of innocent people, but she had laughed and said it didn't work like that. "You can't know if they're innocent or not when you first take the case. Only after you find out the truth, but even then..."

Detective Decker came back and sat behind a computer to type something. She sent him another smile, which he returned, and went back to typing. He closed his eye to See the case. He was really bored! So an old man was murdered in an alley, huh?
Apparently Wanda's client was suspect number 1 as he worked with him. When they arrived to the crime scene, he was there, and one of the children of them man saw him in the room when he arrived. Even worse, the victim’s will dictated that Freddy, that was her client, would inherit the store and half his money. Geez, that sounded bad for Freddy. Especially when the man seemed legitimately broken up about his boss’s death.

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“I’m boowed~” Zoe sighed. They’d already gone to play in the pool. Miz even taught them how to swim better. But she wanted something… more challenging. The three siblings were currently sitting on pool chairs as other hotel guests played in the pool. They shared one pool chair together since those things were so big. Miz hummed as she wrung the water from her hair over the side of the chair. “Well… what do you wanna do?” the dragon asked, lying down after she got as much water out as she could without using her powers. She was watching the other people around the pool.

“I dunno….” Zoe admitted. “I wanna see what mommy and daddy are up to.” She declared. Miz shrugged. Sure. “Well, we need to go get changed first.” She reminded them. Going to the police station in swimsuits probably wasn’t the best. The three went back up to their hotel room and Miz helped the twins shower, getting into the stall with them for her own shower while she was at it. Showers felt nice. She loved the hot water. The three got out and dried themselves, debating over what clothes to wear. Zach thought that if they were going to where mommy was working, they should look “Pwofessoral!”

So Miz giggled and materialized tiny little suits for the three of them. They were going to be fancy~

The three left the hotel, or at least they tried to. “E-excuse me. Miss?” One of the staff called out. “Where are your parents?” She was quite worried seeing these children about to walk out the door of the hotel without any adult. The asian girl looked to be a young teenager, which was maybe old enough… but still shouldn’t be out without an adult!

“We’re going to visit mommy at work!” Zoe cheered. Miz tried to reassure the hotel staff. “It’s right nearby. At the police station.” The staff was still worried. But the police station was only a few blocks away. And this close to the station, no one would try anything… right? “Do you need me to walk you there?” The staff asked instead. It wasn’t part of her job, but she didn’t feel right letting these kids go off on their own. Miz tilted her head at her. The woman shivered. That gaze was so intense. Finally, the girl smiled. “Okay.”

They headed off together after the woman called her manager and explained the situation. They made it to the station without incident (the children sticking close) and the staff lady returned to the hotel, reassured that the children should be safe in the station.

Miz looked around. There were so many people here. (She tightened her hold on the twins.) This building was pretty big. Hm~ how were they going to find mommy here? Miz was going to See but was distracted by Zoe escaping from her grip and running towards a fancily dressed man. ""M gonna ask!" she shouted. Miz went after her (Zoe still didn't understand that running off was dangerous !) “Wait! Zoe!”

Zoe pulled at the man's pant leg and he let out a high pitched scream. "A-Ah! Li-Little human!"

"Can you help us find our mommy? She is working here now." Zoe told him.

"If your 'mommy' is hot, then maybe." the tall, black haired man answered sincerely in a really nice
British accent. Miz felt a blush forming. Wow. What a nice voice. And... more than that...

She let her eyes roam the man up and down. What was the word for this? Smexy~

....and not human.

Miz raised an eyebrow as she and Zach walked over at a more sedate pace once she sensed no malice from this man. In fact, he was a little intimidated by Zoe as she babbled on and on about how awesome her mommy was. Miz came up and the man looked over to see Zach and groaned. “Another one?!”

"I'm Zach! "This is my brother! Look Zach! Mister does funny faces when you get closer!" And indeed, the poor man stepped back, raising his hands to protect himself, all while grimacing at the two toddlers.

Then his gaze shifted to Miz and he... paused.

The two divine-demons stared at each other. Almost like they were sizing each other up. They were interrupted by a woman coming over and poking the man. “What are you doing with these children?”

“Ah. Detective.” The man turned to grin at her, moving to place her between him and the small humans. Children. Uuuuu. “It's not my fault, Detective, I swear! The little lady assaulted me!” He whined, pointing at Zoe. The blonde giggled. Mister called her a lady! The woman rolled her eyes before turning and squatting down to talk to the kids. “Hello. I’m detective Decker. Where are your parents?”

“Mommy is working here!” Zoe said proudly. Miz explained, “She’s a lawyer. Got hired to defend someone. We got bored so we came to find her.”

"Ooh~ You're Mrs. Friedmann's kids?"

"Yeah!" the twins chorused. Detective Decker smiled.

"Your daddy is right over there waiting for her. You can go with him, but let's all be quiet and stay sitting, ok, sweeties?" She said, with an obvious experience dealing with kids. "We are all super busy and it's dangerous for you to be running around, ok?" The blonde detective smiled.

"Kaaaaay~"

The three children went off and Detective Chloe Decker stood up, brushing her pants off absently. She turned to her companion and saw the British-seeming man was still staring at the children. “What?” She asked. He frowned. “That child isn’t human.” He stated plainly.

“What are you talking about now?” Chloe groaned. The man continued frowning. “I can’t... tell what she is. She feels like a demon, she’s obviously wearing that skin. But it’s not a corpse. She's not like Maze. And more than that, I don’t know her.”

Chloe rolled her eyes so much her irises disappeared. "Lucifer, I know you think you're the Devil or something--"

"Oh, Detective I don't think I am, I AM." Lucifer whined. She still refused to believe him

"But leave little kids out of your roleplay or whatever, ok?" She patted his shoulder and walked away. Lucifer frowned and pursed his lips. Oh well, he'll have to investigate on his own~ They were the new lawyer's kids, huh? This sounded very interesting.
Seb blinked as little hands wrapped around his legs. He looked down. "What're you gremlins doing here?" They were dressed in cute little suits. Where'd they get those? Oh wait, Miz. Yeah, the answer was always Miz

"Hiiii daddy~" Zach rubbed his face against Seb's leg. "We got bored. Wanna see mommy working."

Seb cackled. "Well, sorry to disappoint but we're not allowed in. Not even I'm allowed in." The twins whined at that. Miz came over while rolling her eyes. "Client confidentiality is a thing. Mommy's a professional"

Seb sat back down in one of the waiting chairs. "Uuuh. Well I'm kinda bored too." He pulled out his phone to look up any exciting places nearby. They were in Los Angeles. There should be plenty of places to have fun here. Disneyland… other theme parks…

A SKY SLIDE?! Dude that sounded amazing~!

"Hey kids~ there are some cool attractions we can go to while mommy does her boring work stuff~" Seb sang. The twins cheered, bouncing in place. Some police glanced over as they heard the high pitched squeals. Seb looked over at Miz and found her staring off. He followed her gaze to see she was having some kind of staring contest with a handsome man… oh. That was Linda's client!!! Oh gosh, the world was so small...And he was much more handsome in person. Seb averted his eyes. He was married for Ax's sake!

Wait. Speaking of Linda. Seb should get Miz to Linda and get her opinion on what the girl needed. Maybe not today though. Today was for sight seeing and having fun. "Come on Miz. We're gonna go check out the city."

As the family left the station, Lucifer got a light whap on his arm. Chloe glared. "If you keep staring at that little girl, I'm going to have to arrest you." She warned half jokingly (and half seriously, because Lucifer was a very strange man and she worried about his interest in that girl). Not that Chloe really believed he would do anything to her, Lucifer wasn't an upstanding citizen, but he wasn't a sicko either.

"She was challenging me." Lucifer pouted. "Did you see the way she was glaring at me? Like a predator trying to move in on my territory!"

"Sure." Chloe rolled her eyes. "Can you stop being so dramatic for once?" Lucifer huffed with mock offense and walked off, pausing when he noticed his shoes untied. Odd. "Where are you going now?" Chloe sighed. "Oh just having a little chat with the 'mother' of that creature. Frankly I don't think she's her real daughter."

"Lucifer that's rude! She's most likely adopted." Chloe called out as he walked away. She paused as what he said really registered. "Hey! Mrs. Friedmann is with her client right now! You can't just--!

Oh course the Devil didn't listen to her. He was already inside the private room where Wanda was getting the details of the case and her client's statement on what he was doing at the time the murder took place. The problem was he was alone at the time, didn't have anyone to confirm that he was where he said he was. No alibi. Wanda was distracted when the door opened and a very
handsome man came in. "Excuse me. Hi−" He grinned charmingly as he always did. "You wouldn't happen to be able to tell me what that creature posing as a human child is, would you?"

Wanda blinked. What? Wanda stared at him before blinking again. "Uh… hi?" Lucifer sighed, making Wanda look at her client who was too sad to even react to the man in the room.

"I-Who are you? I don't know what you're talking about? I'm sorry, I'm in the middle of something right now..." She trailed off.

"That creature. The one with the other little humans. Your children, I'm told." The handsome man stressed. "What is she?"

Wanda paused, she remembered Seb texting that he was taking the kids out. Had they been here? Wait. Did this man notice something off about Miz? Was he some kind of demon hunter? Oh, Wanda felt like she watched too many TV shows… but what if he WAS a demon hunter? Or dragon hunter? Whatever--! But he knew Miz wasn't human. Or suspected?

Wanda looked nervous and the handsome stranger smiled at her. "Oh, I can tell you know something, dear~ Why don't you tell me so we can all go back to our business~"

"There's nothing wrong with her..." Wanda looked away.

"Oh, lying is a very bad sin, you know that? But I can let it pass, as you seem to be wanting to protect her." He leaned closer to the really uncomfortable woman and his eyes turned red.

Wanda gasped and jumped away from him, just in time because the door was thrown open. "Ah! There you are! Hasn't Chloe told you to stop bothering people here?!"

"Ah, Detective Douche, you have the perfect timing don't you?" Lucifer sneered at the short man.

Wanda looked back and forth between them. "Look, I don't know what this is about, but I have a client to talk to and--"

"Oh he's definitely guilty. Look at him all nervous and crying. He's definitely acting so don't waste your time with him and tell me what I want, please~" Lucifer dismissed.

Wanda glared. Oh hell no. "You, shut up. You can't just tell me how to do my job--!"

"We're so sorry, Mrs. Friedmann, I'll take Lucifer out of here! Sometimes he doesn't know his place!"

"You don't know your place!" Lucifer protested.

"I'm Detective Espinoza by the way. Move it!" Dan pushed Lucifer out of the door

Wanda blinked. "Lucifer?" She had a bad feeling. The handsome man turned to grin at her. "Lucifer Morningstar, the Devil. A pleasure~" He said before Dan closed the door behind them.

Wanda slumped in place. She was tempted to believe he was some crazy man, but her own husband used to be a demon... and his eyes-- They turned RED. Just like Seb's and Miz's did when they were angry... just like her own children did when they were angry...

Great. The literal Devil was interested in her daughter. Yeah, no. Wanda was gonna have to get some holy water or something right?

When she left the station, Lucifer wasn't there anymore and neither was Detective Decker. She
asked a random police officer about the man in the black suit and he grinned. "Oh, Lucifer’s great. He's Chloe's partner."

"He's a detective?!"

"Nono, he's a civil consultant, but he's very good at making people talk and all that. He's kinda eccentric, but he's cool. He brings us donuts!" The officer smiled.

Wanda seriously didn't like any of this. Why would the Devil be working with the police?!

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Wanda met Seb in a restaurant he told her he was at. In the end, they didn't go to any theme parks, but they had a tour in a red bus that had an open roof and they very much enjoyed waving at the people below as if they were stars.

"Mommy!! You won already?!!" Zoe asked as she chewed her chicken. "No, sweetie." Wanda managed a smile and sat down besides Seb. "Today was just meeting with my client and learning about the case. Now mommy needs to do some investigation to find the real bad guy." And also any evidence to her client’s innocence.

The man grinned and kissed her lips eagerly. "Hello~" He purred, glad to see her again. Seb frowned when Wanda seemed distracted. "Everything ok?"

The blonde glanced at Miz devouring her dish (a large plate of shrimp scampi). "Yes, I'm ok, sweetie." She rubbed his hand. "We can talk at the hotel. In private." She managed a smile.

Seb nodded but now he wasn't enjoying his food very much. Did something upset her? Did someone do something to her?!

The twins fell asleep on the way home because they were little babies who still needed naps, so Wanda and Seb carried them to the room they shared with Miz (the kids got their own room together while Wanda and Seb had a different one.) "Knock on our door if you need us." Wanda told Miz. "But don't spy on us!" Seb warned his sister with a pout. Miz giggled. "Sure whatevers~" She tucked the twins into bed and settled down for some good old fashioned Flickering to look up that man she saw. He had such a weird energy signature. Something she had never felt before. But she was sure he was very powerful. Ooh~ the literal devil? Lucifer himself? Oh my potato, she HAD to tell Blue about this! He'd find this hilarious!

It was still weird he was on Earth though. He was supposed to be ruling hell, wasn't he? Erm… which Lucifer was this? The one who just noped outta Hell for funsies… or the one who handed the keys over to Morpheus before he bounced? Eh… it was hard to tell. Curse you multiple timelines! Well, it didn’t matter in the end. Miz tilted her head as she leaned back in her chair. So he was the literal Devil. That was pretty neat. It meant there was a ‘God’ here? Well. Funny, since there was an Ax here too. And… from what she could tell… Ax was still higher. Hah! Well… it wasn’t all that important. The fact remained that the Devil was real and… he was really hot. Dammit!

Miz giggled and kicked her legs. Well… so long as she was here for this mini-vacation~ she might as well play around! She wondered if pranking the Devil would be considered an act of ‘Good’? She didn’t know this man, and she didn't fear him. So the idea of teasing him made her giggle with a bright blush. She couldn't help but wonder if he realized what she was…Or maybe if she caught the attention of that devilishly handsome man~? Miz laughed again. Ahhh~ she wanted to tease him! Her powers thrummed through her veins, rearing up eagerly. Something about that man
stirred their appetite and they wanted to feast—metaphorically of course, Bill didn't really want to eat him. Really she didn't!

Miz pulled out her Com. Hm. She'd been so distracted she hadn't thought about trying this out. She DID edit Stan's phone. Maybe this would mean she could contact him much faster than through the Tumblr account. --Well, now was as good a time as any to try it!

She grinned and typed out a message. [Hey~ guess who I just maaaaaet~]

The literal Devil! Miz cackled at the thought. Lucifer in this world wasn't just another alias for Bill, how interesting!

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In another dimensional set, Stan frowned as his phone buzzed in his pocket. The heck?

He looked down and frowned as he reached for his pocket.

"Problem?" his twin brother asked him, turning away from the stove.

Stan just grumbled as he pulled out his phone and tapped the thing unlocked.

Number he didn't recognize at first, then the name resolved (he had a slow, dumb "smart"phone, so sue him!) and he tried not to let his face change expression as he shoved it back into his pocket. (Shit. Now he was wishing he had actually added a better lock number thingy to his phone. He didn't use the damn thing that much!)

Stan shoved himself up, grumbling, and headed for his bedroom, trying not to twitch.

"Hm," said Ford Pines, watching his brother amble off.

---

Miz rolled onto her side, looking at her phone. Stan left her on [read] without responding! Hm… he might be busy. Or he was getting the phone to Bill? Then she got a message back, finally, and it read: [What do you want dragon lady. Busy here.]

[I just met someone interesting and wanted to tell brother. Thought he'd get a kick outta it] she typed back. Ok. So the synch worked! Good to know.

There was a <i>very</i> long delay -- almost three minutes! -- long enough that it had her wondering exactly how much time delay was happening on that end, and how much was actually her brother's Stanley Pines

[Did you know what the kid was planning on doin after you left] was the next message that came on through. Miz paused. Oh. So that meant he succeeded. She thought about her response and wrote, [He wanted to keep the Agreement. Didn't realize certain things counted back when you first made it. So he had to fix that. And you couldn't know until he succeeded.] She hoped Stan wasn't too mad about that.

There was another long delay.

[So you want to talk to the kid right]
Well, I mainly just wanted to know if this text synch actually worked. I think my Tumbrs out of synch with your dimension again. Miz tilted her head. But I do miss chatting with brother.

Long pause again. I'll hand him my phone. Not using it much. There was a shorter pause. Gonna tell him that you don't know shit about operational security. That's penalty ONE middling pause [for keeping this shit from me]

Miz winced. Sorry then, [he asked me not to tell]

Don't care. You're getting at least two penalties for this

...that's fair] Miz grumbled. The next message took awhile, but when Miz read it she could see why. First ones for being shit at lying. Kid didn't tell my twin about you. Been keeping it under wraps. Almost saw your message on my phone in the kitchen. Bad planning Miz. Real bad] A shorter delay. Second ones for not telling me outright. You know better. I know you do. Shorter pause. [What would your sister say about that one huh]

...I wanted to. Once I realized it myself, at least. Took me a while to realize. I cant tell people apart that well. Was confused. But when I did figure it out I wanted to tell you. I did!] Miz bit her lip. A little bummed out now. Had to get cursed to keep my mouth shut at least that was broken now. That and the whole 'hitting' one. It wasn't as much of a problem on this side apparently.

Miz frowned when the next message came through not long after her send. Does your sister think it was the right thing to do keeping your mouth shut on this whole stupid thing

She consulted with the Zyun-Kei in her head. Was it a bad thing? Even if brother asked her to keep quiet? The mental Kei rolled their eyes and frowned. Ah. No. She's mad at me now. Miz sighed. Yeah I bet. Penalty two right there. You let her tell you everything stupid about what you did there Miz.] Longer pause. Too mad to think straight at you right now. Gonna hand you off to your brother before I chuck this thing out the window

Ok sorry again

There was a much longer pause this time. And finally, a response. Stanley is angry and says that you told him enough when he asked something non-specific that he could have figured it out. Miz received next. Doubtful. But he would have asked after other family members. Be more careful. A short pause. More reading. One minute.

Miz pouted. It was hard to lie when she really wanted to tell the truth. Well, she would wait. She rolled around the hotel bed. Hm... she wondered how she could prank the Devil next?

[Synchronization test.] Miz received next. One second between messages. Count starts now. Pause. 1 Pause. 2 Pause--

Miz waited for the count to hit 10 and the [Test ends. Delay count? Test send back?] before she tried typing back. 1 pause. 2 pause. Like this? She typed back. That counted right?

Probably enough. I'm monitoring it differently from my end.] Miz got back. I can read more from the timestamps. Have my system focused on the signals now. A short pause. Should I clone the module you added to Stanley's phone?

That might help. So I don't end up bothering Stan when I'm trying to reach you] Miz sighed. Probably should have done that to begin with. Also also! You won't believe who I just met over here in Seb's dimensional set!}
[Question first.] she received back. [What color is your hair?]

[It's currently black. I'm in my Miz form]

[And what color is my hair currently?] Miz raised an eyebrow at this. [Well the last time i saw you it was black and blue. I don't know about currently] did he change it?

There was a short pause. [Good enough. You should be you.] Another short pause. [You are safe in his set now?] Slight pause, then [Who did you meet?] and [Switch to <cipher writing?>] which left Miz blinking, not just because it took her a moment to switch decoding it using the Vigenere cipher she was used to using with her brother, but also because she realized his replies were coming in was faster than anyone <i>human</i> could physically type.

Just went to show how awesome her big brother was. (She only found out later that he'd just temporarily hooked up his cybersuit to read the input directly from his brain and put his own phone, with Stanley's little module from Miz attached to it, on full-silent in his pocket before returning Stanley's phone -- sans module, and with all text messages from Miz already wiped -- to Stan's own. All to avert any potential suspicion, as her brother went about his day as usual.)

[Well I just met Lucifer Morningstar! :D] she told him. [he's a person here. A demon but not a Demon. And he's cuuuuute]

[Bad Miz, no squirmy things! Put your glasses on!] was the near-immediate reply.

Miz cackled. [its fiiiine~]

[Glasses first. Glasses.] was what she got back, which left her pouting. [Are they on yet? They'd better be on yet!]

[He's not here right now ] She pouted harder.

[Don't care.] She could nearly hear his frown through the phone. [<Glasses on now. MENTAL glasses on later.>] Pause. [But not Glasses. Just glasses. Yeesh. Stupid modern American English capitalization grammar rules.>]

Miz materialized the glasses, copied from the pair that Bill made. [<fine theyre on>] she blinked and adjusted their size and shape to something more fitting.

[<Good.>] Slight pause. [<I'm a 'person' here, too.>] he noted, which left Miz tilting her head at her phone a little bit and blinking again. [Yes? And that's fine too. But I just thought it was fun that apparently the abrahamic god exists here>]


[<nope>] she hadn't seen anything even close to it.

[<So the Abrahamic God is not a demon-from-the-Outside there, then. Interesting.>]

[<nope. In fact, from what I've been able to see, the Ax in this world was so lazy that he made God and Godesses to create the universe FOR him>] which was hilarious and incredibly irresponsible of him. [And also he has it easier because humans don't pray and bother him, but his Gods] Did that mean Lucy was Ax's grandson?!

A pause. [<Just the one universe? Dimension? Or all of them?>]
[there IS a multiverse of alternative dimensions. With another version of God for a couple of them. Not all. The rest seemed to be left to do as they want without input.]

Miz shrugged.

[Delegation is a thing.] her brother seemed to note. [Do the gods ever 'go bad'? Disobey orders?]

Miz thought about that. [well god apparently got so distracted with watching humans that he neglected his own wife and children. And when they complained about the lack of child support, he banished them to Hell. Not cool.]

[...Was that something the lazy lizard there wanted to have happen.] she read next, and Miz hummed at the flat affect the lack of question mark implied. [don't think so. He just left them to do their own thing.]

There was a longer pause. [Does Seb's lazy lizard talk?]

[yes. He's a dork.] Miz huffed.

[Ask.] [Don't assume.] what was she got next. [Never assume.] [That's how they GET you.] Then Miz huffed out a breath at the next [It may lie. Be careful.]

That part about the not assuming things was fair, though. [Ah ok. I can ask next time I bother him.]

Up above in the Space between Spaces, the AXOLOTl groaned and whimpered. Noooooo. It was bad enough Seb kept cursing his name and using it however he wanted and waking him up! (He should have followed a human religion and bothered Yahvé!) But this other Bill could actually get to where he was! Uuuuugh. He hated babysitting. But Miz's AXOLOTl kept pestering him for updates on how his precious daughter was doing while she was away and wouldn't leave him alone. . . .

[but I just wanted to tell you because I found it funny that the Lucifer in this world isn't just another Bill under an alias.]

[This is funny?] she received from him next.

[It's funny to me.] She insisted.

[Why?] was her brother's (presumably) mystified response, given the time it took him to send it to her.

[Because now I can't help but think god named his son after BILL.] Miz cackled as she laid on her back, holding her Com above her. [But anyway, he's cuuuute~ and I wanna mess with him.]

[The proper term is spawn, and 'Lucifer Morningstar' is two times removed from even being a part of the name of 'Bill Cipher.]

[You like to mess with cute godspawn that also have one of my names?] Another pause, then: [What does this messing involve?]

[This ISN'T another SQUIRMY thing, IS IT!?!?]

[....might be a squirmy thing. And it's more like i want to see him flustered. He's cute and being flustered is even cuter.]

[HM.] was her brother's reply. [I am less than enthusiastic about helping you with the flustering.] Oh good, brother understood why she'd messaged him in the first place -- for his help and ideas! [This sounds like a 'you will want to remove your glasses' sort of thing. Is this a 'you
will want to remove your glasses sort of thing”?

Miz blushed. [<maaaaaaybe~?>] she scoffed. [<I just like embarrassing people. It’s fun. I untied his shoelaces earlier>]

[<He was wearing shoes with shoelaces?>] she got back from him. Miz rolled her eyes. [<Yeah. Is that important? He was in human-form and stuff. Human-ish. Not the same kinda of -ish as you are. Speaking of, i just realized what your human-ish form reminded me of. Like… do you know a lady named Eclipsa?>] that was something Miz had been wondering about.

[<Yes, I know an Eclipsa.>] she got back almost immediately. But there was an odd pause there, before he wrote back, [<And yes, I know what kind of human-ish I am. Don't write it over this here.>] Oh. He must not have realized why she was bringing it up right away. [<Was it really not that obvious?>] he asked her next. [<You can See things just fine?>]

Miz huffed. [<Well I hadn’t seen Eclipsa in person in… eons, from my point of veiw. I should go check up on her, my version of her. Also, is this one of those ‘don’t talk about it in case people are spying’ things?>]

[<Yes, operational security is a Thing.>] Slight pause. [<And I don't know if shoes with shoelaces are important over there, I've never been to Seb's 'set.>]

Miz would never really get the hang of that operational security thing. She didn’t think about that very often. Though… she probably should. Miz shivered at the memory of what happened at the supply store. That wasn’t the same thing, but it was still something she should have paid more attention to. It shouldn’t have happened. [<Well I think it’s important to know he doesn’t wear velcro shoes.>] the Devil in velcro… huh...

[<He was flustered because his shoes were untied?>] [<Not angry? Or upset? Or wondering who it was who did it?>]

Miz shrugged. [<He didn’t really react much beyond confusion. I think I need to step up my game>] Something more noticeable than untied shoelaces.

[<You really want to do this?>] A short pause  [<This is important to you?>]

Miz thought about it. The squirming feeling inside of her powers really, really wanted to mess with that man. [<I want to.>] she decided.

There was a long pause. Then… [<What things does this Lucifer like and dislike and love and hate and not care about at all?>] she got back from her brother. [<You need to study your subject, in order to plan and push and pull them all around effectively, to get the final response that you want. Learn the nature of the being, and then manipulate their 'nurture' by changing the environment. I've found that tends to work best, to avoid messy problems with free will or breaking other beings' minds.>]

Miz nodded. That was good advice. [<Well… he’s very vain and self centered. I can start from there and work my way up. Maybe messing with his clothes. Also. daddy issues. He’s got ALL the daddy issues.>] She briefly wondered if this was considered ‘bad advice’ in terms of being ‘bad influences’ but then shrugged. She wasn’t gonna hurt the Devil. Just… get his attention. She giggled, oh, why was she feeling so bubbly?

[<Define: 'mess with'.>] her brother asked of her next.

[<just teasing him- im not gonna hurt him- but like- i dunno. I just wanna mess with him>]
There was a long (thinking?) pause. [Teasing can hurt?]

Miz frowned at her phone. [Yes. Sometimes teasing can hurt. If you do it too hard, or you hit a point that hurts someone’s feelings, or make them think that you’re trying to actually hurt them, instead of just having harmless fun.]


[Hm. Flustered. Low-end uncertainty, plus slight warmth, no cold, leading to slow realization, then a dash of embarrassment, and maybe a high-end uncertain smile at the end, before settling out with no persistent long-term effects beyond the thought that ‘Miz has messed with me’ or ‘I have been messed with’. Zero panic, no potential that the ‘thing’ you have done might possibly be mistaken at any point for an attack of any kind.]

[that is a better way of putting it. yes.] Miz loved how her brother could analyze and put in words the situation so clearly.

[Shooting Star likes glitter. Glue glitter to all of his things when he is not looking. No glitter, then everything is glitter.] Slight pause. [The glue is important. Glitterbombs are an attack. Loose glitter is an attack.]

Miz made a slight face at that. She didn't really like glitter. [Maybe something less messy. I’m not shooting star.]

[Hm.] Another pause. [Does he like hugs?]

Miz cackled. [Zoe, Seb’s daughter, hugged his leg and he was so afraid of her! It was hilarious! I think he’s scared of kids.]

[Hm. Not that then. Scared is panic is on the ‘no’ list.] Another pause. [Do you have the list of things he like and dislike and love and hate and not care about at all?]

[Well he seems to like sexy stuff. I’m not sure if I wanna do stuff like that, but I can mess with his clothes.]

[Turn all his clothes a single color that he likes but does not ever wear.] was what she received from him next. [Or make them instantly three sizes too big. Or both.] Slight pause. [Gold or silver or bronze may be a good color. Most people like or do not mind but do not wear one of those.]

[I’m gonna untie his shoelaces a few more times to see if he notices. But I like the idea of changing his clothes. He has a lot.] She didn’t want to use the same things her brother suggested, she was gonna try out some others.

[Is he a snappy dresser?] she was immediately asked next. [Yes. Very fancy. Cares a lot about looking good] Miz nodded. Also, suits were sexy.

[Be careful.] her brother wrote to her next. [Making him not look good would be seen as an attack. Then you get ANGER, not only or just flustering.] Slight pause. [Replacing clothes would work better. New fashion choice is important; slightly off but not so far off that anyone else would notice is good. Current clothing needs to remain in sight, and otherwise clearly un-messed-]
Miz pouted. She kinda wanted to do that though. Just to see what happened. [Fine, I won’t make his clothes look bad.] she agreed.

[Alternately, swap the one shirt he is wearing with another shirt that he knows he owns that is clearly a different color or other-type of shirt and get everyone else to say that no, that was the color-or-type-of shirt he was wearing before, what is he talking about? And have them add a compliment on the shirt choice that he obviously did not make, for further ongoing and longer-continued flustering?]

Miz nodded, noting all this down. That one might be a little harder. [Well i think i have enough to begin this operation. In other news, how’re things going over there? Stan seemed mad] And wilted a little. She didn’t like Stanley being mad. Less so when he was mad at her.

[Stanley was more worried than mad.] her brother told her. [And also very mad. But he is more mad about things-with-me than mad about things-with-you.] she read from him. [Reminding him now is-and-was better than him thinking about you and this later.] Miz nodded. Right. Humans getting upset and then slowly getting over it after stewing a while should be a thing, right? So she hoped he would cool down by the time she went back to visit.

[Is that all the help that you wanted?] she received from him next.

[It was less help, and more that I missed you and wanted to talk to you again] Miz admitted. [are you doing ok? Are you eating okay? Sleeping okay? Has that Stanford tried to hurt you after finding out the truth?]

[I have missed you too.] her brother sent back after a moment. ['Okay' is a word that means everything and nothing. I am 'fine'. I am eating and sleeping when I am supposed to eat and sleep, as many times as I am supposed to do it. Stanford]

And Miz blinked as he realized that he’d stopped. There wasn’t even a period there. Did the connection cut off? She thought that might have been it.

[Stanford helped.] was what finally came through after a long time. [I did not expect that.]

Wow. What? [Seriously? Wow. that’s…. nice?]

[I was tired.] he sent to her. [And not thinking.] [I saw him, and he started ASKING QUESTIONS.] ...Okay? [ACTUAL QUESTIONS.] he sent her next, and it left Miz blinking all over again, because she wasn’t completely sure what her brother was trying to say… [I told him what I was going to do. Except not. Because I told him. Because I was tired, and it was a bad idea, so I was not going to do it. Except I told him about it.] Uh oh. That couldn’t be good. [And then Stanley was there.] Oh shi-- [And Sixer didn't tell him.] Wait, what? [Sixer helped instead. He talked Stanley into all the things.]

Miz nodded. [Ok. So he helped you hide it. And then you got Stanley’s twin back. And… the agreement is still going.]

[No.] Slight pause. [He DIDN’T help me hide anything. He told Stanley to come down to the basement WITH US and told him to WAIT. We all FELL ASLEEP first.] Another pause. [And then he told Stanley not to ask any questions! AND to give me all of my Weirdness, just for doing this one thing, so I could do all of everything I needed to do QUICKLY!]

[Oh. Well. at least you got Stan’s twin back. And stuff? And stan didn’t break the agreement?]
Miz felt like this was really complicated. But... it worked? Maybe?

[Yes, I got Stanley's 'Ford back. Yes, the agreement is now all fixed and not in any way broken.]

Another slight pause. [<'Ford is not as fun as I remember him being.>]
[<As he used to be. Not as fun as he used to be.>] Hmm~-. Had her brother just corrected himself? Or had he just tried to lie to her, there?

[<Huh. Being dead might do that to you.>] Miz shrugged. [<I think that could be it?>] There was a long pause. [<I think it is the almost taking liberties with my personal space.>] Slight pause. [<It is probably-almost-completely the almost taking liberties with my personal space. I have to share Stanley's house with him. It is ANNOYING. He is ALWAYS THERE.>]

[<Oh.>] Miz frowned heavily. Wait. [<Is he trying to FORCE himself on you?>] She growled.<[Tell him to back off. Tell Stan that it makes you uncomfortable!>]

[<He is NOT forcing himself on me.>] he wrote back. [<I KNOW how to show proper human body language for 'BACK OFF, YOU CAN'T EVEN APPROACH ME IN THE FIRST PLACE, I WILL CUT YOU!!' I'm not UNCOMFORTABLE, he's just ANNOYING.>] Split-second pause. [<It's STANLEY'S house, NOT HIS!>]

[<Unwanted advances can be both physical or verbal. He shouldn't be allowed to do that to you. Put Pine Tree and Shooting Star between you. Annoying you by being in your space is still harassment or something. That’s why humans have restraining orders!>] Miz wanted to go over there and whap that Ford, just to make him leave her brother alone.

[My personal space is THE HOUSE!>] he wrote back to her. [<I don't want to stay in the attic all of the time always! Or Stanley's room! He never just stays wherever and works, he always ANNOYS me with MORE QUESTIONS.>] Middling pause. [<I think not being in his mind whenever I wanted was a thing I did not 'appreciate' before now.>]

Miz paused. [<Ah. You don’t like him even being there. And he just keeps trying to pester you.>] okay that was a little harder. [<then... entice him to leave. He’s like the mini-Ford right? Distract him with something and get him to leave.>] she paused. [<Do you want me to come over and pull some of his attention off you?>]

[<NO!>] she got back so quickly she wondered if he'd managed to read her text before she'd sent it. [<DO NOT COME HERE RIGHT NOW! NOT WHILE HE IS STILL HERE! --WRITE IT!!! WRITE IT NOW!!>]

[<I won’t come over. Not until Stanley’s twin leaves>] Miz confirmed.

[<GOOD.>] her brother wrote. A pause. [<I WILL get him to leave, that is the plan, it WILL work out, but I have to do it PROPERLY, so that it will WORK and he will STAY AWAY doing all of the OTHER things, yes.>] There was another pause. [<I'm WORKING on it. But I can't RUSH this! I WANT you to be able to come BACK!>]

Miz smiled at her Com fondly. [<I will wait. I want to come back too. Maybe I can set up some way to go back and forth to your Set more easily someday.>] The method she did with Seb probably wouldn’t work with Blue. He was... sensitive to any sort of mental changes. She wouldn’t ask that of him.

[<I don't want you to wait, but I will need to ask you to wait, because I want you to be able to come back for much longer with absolutely none of the problems. So I am asking you to wait. Please.>]
[<I will.>] Miz sighed. [<I love you.>] she told him, just to say it. She liked to remind him. Even if he already knew.

[<Good. I love you, too.>] There was a pause. [<Ford doesn't pester me, you know, that isn't the problem. He just won't stay away from me when I'm there. He always has to be doing some kind of thing, and he always wants me giving him all my attention when he's doing it. If he was just more like that Stanford>] ...oops. Did he just cut off again? [<I hate that I just started writing that.>]

Miz grumbled. [<Grass is greener or something. About 'Ford though, I think he likes you. But not enough to respect your feelings. Like Gideon with Mabel.>] Longer pause. [<He did do more of the smiling and look more excited, when I did the one age-up thing in front of Stanley and Sixer. And then made a really dumb face when I aged myself older than Stanley after that. And then didn't look as excited anymore when I went back to looking like I usually do again.>] Slight pause. [<I didn't think it was going to be much of a problem, though. He SHOULD have stopped paying attention to me, 'because female humans don't do 'his' kind of science'.>]

Miz glared. [<yeah i think he likes you. And not the good kind of like.>] so 'Ford liked older women? Ah… she had no right to judge, but… at least he wasn’t into teenagers? That was… good. [<Yeah, okay, so he’s kinda sexist? But still has an interest in you. Because you’re cool and amazing. That wouldn’t change whether you’re male or female.>] [<'Sexist' is a scale. I've Seen worse.>] Ooh, <i>that</i> came across as super-loaded somehow. [<Male would probably work better in theory, but my stupid human-ish body's brain chemistry is more <i>touchy</i> like that in practice. I don't want to do that again around 'Ford until I've had more practice at controlling it all so 'low in the body' like Stanley keeps wanting me to do.>] Slight pause. [<I was A LOT more smite-them-all for offending me when I was male human-ish before. It was DIFFICULT not to do all of the REALLY fun things.>] Slight pause. [<Or maybe that was the maybe-concussion. One of the two.>]

[<yeah testosterone can do that. Just… ignore him? And let Stan know that you don’t like the way ‘Ford is behaving around you?>] Miz couldn’t believe that Stanley would allow something like this to happen right in front of him.

[<Just ignoring him' means a thing that doesn't go well with either six-fingered Stanford. And it means two different things, one thing to each. 'Ignoring him’ entirely can be a mental attack. Agreement problem. --I'm WORKING on getting him GONE.>] [<Tell him yuo don’t like answering all his questions. And that he’s annoying you.>] Miz sighed.

[<Well, good luck on getting him gone.>] <i>Things sounded like it sucked. [<Well if you ever need to rant and complain, I’m here to listen.>] Miz laid back down.</i>
quiet about it or to tell you about it?> Miz wondered if he could understand this point.

[<Tell me about it!>] he sent her immediately. [<Everything can be fixed! EVERYTHING. --I will help you!>] he sent to her, next. [<Unless it is a thing that is an operational security thing. Then wait until I am in my attic room in the house, to meet you at the picture on my door. Yes?>]...which meant in her Void of Doors, okay. (Not like it could mean anything else; the attic didn't actually have a door, only an opening from the floor up from the staircase.)

[<Well I’m okay right now. And I guess you’re fixing your thing too. But it would be nice to chat now and then.>] Miz glanced over at the twins, sleeping on their shared bed. [<I feel kinda bad sometimes that I can’t be with everyone I care about, all the time.>]

[<Chatting is fine. I don't NEED to complain.>] Slight pause. [Even if I want to sometimes -- it's FINE!] Another short pause. [<You can't be with everyone all at the same time. Space doesn't work that way. Not without breaking in all the BAD ways.>]

[<I guess… I just…>] Miz wasn’t even sure how to put it. [<I kinda want to be able to come and go without feeling bad for leaving someone behind just to be with someone else.>] Was that selfish? She always wondered about that. But she felt bad for having to leave Blue. And she felt bad for leaving Xanthar. And for leaving Zach-- wait. Uuh, Seb and Zoe and Wanda too. And just… everyone here who was her new family.

[<We have an infinite-forever. You can spend an infinity with one of us, and an infinity with another of us, and keep on doing that. I am trying not to be selfish.>] A pause. [<As long as the infinity doesn't go on forever as a larger infinity that isn't interwoven with all of the other infinities that are going on there forever, then it isn't a 'never see you again ever.' Yes?>]

[<Yeah you’re right. Thanks. That makes me feel better.>] Miz smiled, moving some pillows around and slumping over them. It was getting late. She really should go to sleep.

[<And I can come and visit you, too. If you want me to.>] was the thing that she received from her brother next.

[<That would be AMAZING! I can introduce you to Seb’s family-- and Zach and Zoe-- they> Miz was so excited at the idea, [<They’re my siblings now too! Since Wanda (seb’s wife) adopted me officially. And if they’re my siblings, they’re yours too>] She paused. [<If you want that. I’m not going to decide that for you.>]

There was a long pause. Long enough that Miz started to get a little worried.

[<I don't think that if we have other siblings, that they are automatically each other's siblings, too.>] she got back from him next. [<That’s fine>] she told him. [<That sort of thing is something only you can decide.>]

[<No, it isn't fine.>] she got back from him next, after a shorter, but still worrying, pause. [<Are you… okay?>] Miz asked, worried about how… sad his texts looked.

[<I am fine.>] she got back from him faster, closer to his usual speed. After a bit longer, she got back from him, [<I would like to meet your other new siblings? Who are this Zach and Zoe? Does Seb know them?>] Miz blinked, and she looked back at-- oh whoops! [<Or are Seb's family your siblings now, too?>] she read next, and she giggled as she realized how he might’ve gotten confused even further after rereading it. [And also your something-else, because Seb's wife also 'adopted you officially' as her… what?>]
[<They’re Seb’s children.>] Miz smiled as she rolled off the bed and over to the twin’s bed to take a photo of them to send over. [<They call me big sister. And yeah, Seb’s family is my family now. I… kinda missed having a family. Like a human family. My shape family weren’t all that great aside from Will. But Wanda’s my new mommy. And she actually loves me and the twins. And she’s really nice>] Miz wasn’t sure if she explained this properly. [<But they’re my family in the way that Stanley would describe it, I think?>] She paused. [<So… technically, this makes Seb my dad, but he’s not my dad. He’s a me who is also me, so I still think of him as another older brother. Ax is still my dad.>]

There was one of those longer pauses again. Miz waited. [<Seb has HUMAN SPAWN!?! WHY?!?>]

Miz cackled. Yeah. She was surprised too! [<Yeah. He got together with a human woman and uh…. They were sort of an accident? But he has them now. And they’re wonderful. I bet they would love you. Zoe’s an agent of chaos in all the fun ways. And Zach’s such a sweet boy. Reminds me a lot of>] she stopped there. Something niggled at her. A thought at the edge of her senses. But she shrugged it off. [<Anyway, they’re really adorable>]

[<THAT IDIOT.>] she read from him next. [<Is ANYTHING over there even a LITTLE BIT FIXED???>]

Miz blinked. Well, that hadn't been what she’d been expecting her brother to say at all. [<Define fixed?>]

[<NOT going to end with HIM and ALL OF his SPAWN DYING HORRIBLY from something STUPID after all the STUPID THINGS HAPPENING TO THEM and NO REAL CHOICES for ANY of them EVER on ANYTHING. EVER.>] her brother wrote back to her, promptly. [<AS A START.>] Slight pause. [<AND NONE OF THEM COMING BACK LATER. SINGLE-LIFE, DUMB MEATBAG, NO-CHOICE-EVER BODIES.>]

Miz felt her heart thud in her chest. Ah… yeah… they were going to age and die and leave her and-- [<They… don’t want to be immortal…>] She’d asked. [<That’s… I think some people don’t want to live forever.>] Brother’s Stanley sure didn’t. But he’d been willing to do so, if it meant keeping an eye on Bill… if he really had to do so to make sure his family was safe.

[<Then you aren't EXPLAINING it PROPERLY.>] her brother wrote to her. [<And all of the things are still BROKEN.>] Miz felt her heart clench in her chest again, and then her brother wrote, [<They wouldn't THINK or FEEL like that if everything was PROPERLY FIXED.>]

[<But what if I changed things so that no one could age EVER and they lived on and on? What if I did that and… and they didn’t like it?>] What if they got mad at her?

[<NO.>] he wrote back to her. [<I TOLD you. The PROBLEM isn't DYING, it's STAYING DEAD.>]

[<So… should I make it so that reincarnations keep their memories? So they can come back?>]

[<YES!!>] she read from him next. Then: [<Did you See anything at all about how it works for all of the demons-from-the-Outside that are HERE, where I am?>] he asked her.

Ah that made much more sense. [<I could probably do that for reincarnations. It’s a mind thing, for their memories. Normally thier minds get reset during the soul cleansing that the AXOLOTL does, but I HAVE asked dad to lessen the intensitty of his cleaning. And if I had a direct hand in protecting their minds, that would help keep them intact.>]
<It isn't JUST the remembering, little sis.> he told her. <It's ALSO the CHOICE. Reincarnation doesn't LET you choose who and what you WANT to be NEXT. OR your STARTING location. AND you don't just get to STOP in the middle if you want without DYING ALL OVER AGAIN.>

<Well, I haven't seen much about those demons from the outside, but they're different.> Miz grumbled. <Normal reincarnation is kinda random. Ax can sort of choose where they end up, but that requires him to judge them and what their wants and desires are. But demons from the outside is different. Because when they die, they're not actually dead. From what I've Seen when I met your Ax and Saw everything> Miz shuddered. She was STILL picking through her memories of what she'd Seen up there.

<Yes.> he wrote to her. <And YES! But if you have to CATCH them to KEEP them from getting their Minds WIPED out of existence, you can GIVE them the choice THEN on ALL OF THE THINGS.>

<I can set up a system. Everyone who dies can be given a choice right after their death, for what they want in their next life. But if everyone asks to be born into a rich family or something, thing's are gonna get harder to handle, wouldn't it?>

<Yes!> Slight pause. <NO NO NO -- you're thinking TOO SMALL.> Miz could almost hear her brother's chittering sigh. <You let them choose EVERYTHING. AGE, SPECIES, RACE, LOCATION, 'starting gear' -- EVERYTHING. ALL OF IT. Yes?> he told her.

<What if there aren't any living families that match their specifications for what they want? This world isn't like yours. The Ax here is too lazy to spin up a new dimension that works for what they want.>

<They don't have to start out as some kind of CHILDLIKE SPAWN. They can start out ADULT. CHOOSE what they want their OWN BODIES to LOOK like, to BE like -- like your 'growing up' of your adult body, getting to choose all the extra curves and things, like I did for you then! WHY NOT? Did YOU like starting out as a small not-a-human triangle all over again? Or NOT getting to look like you wanted? --MOST living beings don't!>

Ah… Miz took a deep breath. <I didn't like being a baby. That sucked. But…they… kinda need to be born. That's… having people just die and come back as an adult would mess with the system. Too many new people. No histories. And starting gear isn’t gonna work the same. I could set them up to have a social security number or something, but the other humans would get all suspicious of these new people popping up from out of nowhere. Apparently people need 'histories' and 'background' and 'birth certificates' and stuff. Seb had to call up Rico to get my documents forged when he and Wanda adopted me.> She huffed. <I would have to set all of that up! And what if people want to come back with specifics? What if there weren't an job openings for what they wanted? And if everyone chose to come back rich, where is that money coming from?>

<That's why it's called FIXING IT, little sis. You make EVERYTHING like that for EVERYONE, and it's just the NEW NORMAL. EVERYONE does it, and EVERYONE GETS to do it, so NO-ONE even wants to TRY to make it that difficult for anyone else. --Unless there are SOME beings who WANT to do it that way, in which case you have a different dimension for all of them to go to!>

Miz whined. <that sounds so hard! It would take forever to work out all the issue and bugs and kinks and problems!> She slumped over onto her own bed. <Like, if no one chooses to be a farmer, who’s gonna grow the food? If no one wants to be a retail worker, who’s gonna man the shops? How will the economy work if everyone’s rich? Not that i want people to be poor, that
fucking sucks, but like… who’s doing any of the jobs that keep a society running? The trash collectors, all the sanitation jobs?>

[<Make it so no one dies if they don't eat or drink. Set up stupid non-sentient non-sapient manufacturing machines to clone all of the things for you, if you REALLY want to make it a physical store with all the 'manning' and 'making', and there aren't enough beings who are wanting to do it. That's what setting up the automated system for you is for! Doing all of the things for you that you DON'T WANT to do, along with EVERYTHING ELSE for EVERYONE ELSE who has any of the things that they DON'T WANT to do EITHER.>]

Miz thought about it. This… would require scrapping the ENTIRE system and starting from scratch. [<Ok I might need to create a new dimension to do this in. Like, people die in this world and get reincarnated there into the new system and then eventually all souls will have moved from one to the other…>] she thought hard about it. [<I’m gonna have to ask the Ax here and my dad for feedback on the plausability of such a system. And probably ask a bunch of humans about whether they’d like for the implementation of such a system.>]

[<Yes!>] her brother told her. [<Porting those Minds and Souls that already exist is the EASIEST way to do it! And ASKING FIRST is good for not leaving anything out, if you aren't going to try and be ALL-KNOWING first. Systems need feedback to function properly!>] A slight pause. [<If I didn't have to FIX EVERYTHING ALL AT ONCE because of the demons, I'd do it EXACTLY LIKE THIS, TOO.>]

[<Probably gonna need to test run this. Alpha, Beta and all that. With frequent updates. Uwu that’s gonna take so much work!>] She got a headache just thinking about it. Then she thought of something else. [<What if I helped you? Like, maybe blocking the Demons off from your areas?>]

[<NO.>] he wrote quickly to her again. [<You DON'T UNDERSTAND. You DON'T know what it’s like out there. I'm NOT kicking them out! They>]

There was a long pause.

Miz paused. What exactly were these Demons from the Outside like? She'd never met one, but everything she heard about it was… awful.

[<It is HELL Outside, there.>] he wrote to her. [<Demons come HERE, to HAVE FUN. To ESCAPE. --If I DON'T fix everything all-at-once, take it ALL over and ALL away from the stupid lizard ALL-AT-ONCE, IMMEDIATELY -- I WON'T be able to KEEP them here! I WON'T RISK them getting STUCK THERE, ALL OVER AGAIN, FOREVER!!>]

Now she was curious about what the actual fuck the Outside was like. Could she get there? Could she see? [<Ok I don’t mess with the demons.>] she assured him. [<So… you want to save the Demons too?>] That… was something she hadn’t been expecting.

[<MESSING is fine, just NO BLOCKING them, little sis!>] he wrote to her. [<The STUPID LIZARD does enough of THAT already, and OF COURSE I WANT TO FIX ALL OF THE THINGS FOR ALL THE OTHER DEMONS TOO!!>] he wrote to her next, interestingly enough. [<Demons have Rules that need to be followed, too! And demons have it EVEN WORSE! Demons aren't allowed to even BREAK those Rules and have it STICK, let alone GET AWAY with it! It ISN'T FAIR for DEMONS here, EITHER! The STUPID lizard HATES them!!>] he told her. [<It
isn't THEIR FAULT that the STUPID LIZARD set up EVERYTHING WRONG!>

Miz thought about it. So her brother wanted to save them too. [<...you’re a good person>] She told him finally. As awful as he was sometimes, in the way he treated people when he didn’t understand what they really wanted. He still… wanted to help the Demons. When anyone else probably would have shut them out of the Game altogether.

[<I am the BEST of the WORST!>] There was a slight pause. [<Just because it would be EASIER to kick them all out FOREVER, DOESN'T mean I'm going to do it. EASIER is NOT always BETTER.>] Slight pause. [<If I wanted to do THAT, I would have done THAT a LONG TIME AGO. And then there would be NO MORE DEMONS LEFT except for just and only ME around here.>] he wrote to her. [<You KNOW that, right?>]

[<Yeah, you’re skilled enough to do that. Okay. Got it. No blocking.>] Miz grinned. [<That sounds hard. But I’m willing to help if you need the power for it. If there’s one thing I’ve got, it’s energy. I’m getting better at using my powers with less leakage. More efficient. Living here in Seb’s dimension is good training.>] She was getting stronger. She could feel it. And… as much as that scared her, if she could be of use to someone...

[<Power isn't the problem, little sis, it's the omniscience. I have only ONE Eye. I'm… still working things out.>] Slight pause. [<Also, there is all of the intermediate over-fixing I will need to do in all of the places all across everyplace-forever. But also some certain places SPECIFICALLY. I… may TECHNICALLY still be working out all the math on everything, still. TECHNICALLY. --But I WILL get it ALL FIGURED OUT.>]

[<Well, I’ve got an Eye to help you out with whatever you’d need. And if things could be fixed like that… the way you’ve thought it up…>] She could See everything everywhere all at once. She just couldn’t process and understand it all. That was why she purposely limited her Eye to seeing only through certain things. But… if her brother needed that sort of thing, she would do it.

[<HM.>] Another pause. [<You DO do things differently than I do them. And if we DO end up working together on this, or other things -- HA! Like SEB’S ’set! -- then we should both spend a LITTLE more time PLANNING OUT how we’re going to be WORKING THINGS OUT, to avoid potential PROBLEMS where things might be LOST in TRANSLATION because of an ASSUMPTION.>] Slight pause. [<I didn't ASK you as much about that as I would have wanted to, with infinite time to kill from dead to even-deader.>] [<We could compare more notes on more specifics later?>]

Miz yawned. [<We should, yes. Later yes. My vessel with a dreamscape is getting sleepy.>] She shuffled herself under the covers, yawning again. [<need to talk about that. Figure stuff out>] She rubbed at her face. Wow. It was this late already?

[<I should probably eat another few things, and then go back up to my attic room again.>] Slight pause. [<I have NOT been biting your vessel-dolls. They are fine.>] Slight pause. [<Or clawing. there has been no biting or clawing of either of the vessel-dolls that are here.>]

Miz giggled. [<That’s good. Remind me to get you some other pillows to bite and claw the next time I’m there.>] She yawned so hard there were tears in her eyes.

[<AHA! I have SEVERAL now, though!>] her brother typed to her. [<shooting Star made them for me! But you can make more for me, too, I will accept them!>]

[<ah okay. Good night brother. I’m gonna go to sleep soon.>] Miz blinked slowly at her Com. There was so much running through her mind. All the things she learned, all the things she would
have to do...

[<Good night, little sis. Quiet night and pleasing dreams.>]

[<kaaay~>] Miz typed out before placing her Com down and tucking her face into the pillow. It was nice to have chatted with him again. Even if it was just over text. Miz drifted off with a smile on her face.

---

Wanda was a very straightforward woman. So she didn't hesitate to tell her husband about the man she saw. "He was asking about Miz, Seb…"

Seb was rubbing his head. "The-The devil? But...He shouldn't exist...Human religions are supposed to be variations of adoring the Axolotl…"

"Well I saw him. He's hot, british and wears a suit!

"I guess the Devil does wear Prada…" Seb muttered to himself, but it only made Wanda more exasperated. "Seb!"

"I'm not sure it's all that important if he does exist. He is nothing but a lesser deity then." Seb, a human, waved a dismissive hand as he talked about a deity far more powerful than him. He didn’t care. He already knew the Axolotl was the most powerful existence. So what did it matter if other demons existed?

"He was too curious about Miz! What if...there's demon fights! Or-Or demon fights for territory and Miz is making him angry!"

"...Demons are not wolves, Wanda." Seb laughed. "I'm pretty sure there's nothing to worry about~" He purred. "Besides, Miz can protect herself if anything weird happens." He reassured her. "She’s powerful, she’s a being of pure energy. And more than that, she’s strong enough to tear her way through dimensions. You don't even know how difficult that is? But she literally does it in her sleep.” Seb nodded to himself. “If any demon picks a fight with her, she’ll kick their ass.” And probably eat them, now that Seb thought about it. Man, he was glad Miz was on their side.

Wanda relaxed into his arms at his words. He was right. Miz was strong. She looked like a kid, but she wasn't. "...It's still weird that the Devil is working with the police though."

"Hella. And he's been Linda's patient for a while now...I~ May have seen him when I was making sure she was ok~" Wanda hummed and cuddled against his chest. "Well, next time I see him I'll know what to do. Thanks."

"You're welcome. Now, can we sleep? I was not wearing appropriate shoes for sightseeing." Seb complained, which made Wanda laugh.

--

The next day, Chloe was very surprised to see Lucifer actually early for work. "Huh, did your dates not show up yesterday so you didn't oversleep for once?"

"No, we had a very fun night, but that's not the point. I came because I want to help with the case!"

"Really? You care about the case?" Chloe raised an eyebrow. Lucifer nodded and pointed at himself. "Yes. My case. Yours is pretty dumb and boring if I may say."
Lucifer was already ignoring her, he perked up when he saw the family of the hot lawyer appear and told Chloe “Bye~” before leaving. "Well, call me when your case turns more interesting!" Lucifer grinned before following the Friedmann family.

Lucifer calmly walked behind the man and the three kids. While that totally-not-human girl emanated supernatural energy from her body... The man and the little humans... also felt rather odd for humans. They were definitely human, but... there was something there, like a spark. So maybe talking to them would be easier than interrogating the very hot wife.

Before he could get closer though, he jumped back when his brother’s ANNOYING form appeared out of nowhere and pushed him aside. He might be wingless but he sure mixed with crowds!

"Urgh! Brother, I was in the middle of something! You couldn't choose to appear at some other moment?!” Lucifer poked Amenadiel’s head and groaned. "Great. I lost them!” He threw his hands in the air.

"Lucy, you told me about the demon you felt. And I came just as you asked.” The large angel frowned. He had been worried, okay?

"So, she does feel weird, doesn’t she?!” Lucifer smiled and Amenadiel sighed. "It is worse than I thought, Lucifer. I don't think that's one of your demons. That one doesn't feel like Mazikeen at all."

"I know! And that makes her even more exciting!” Lucifer practically bounced in place. He was a few billion years old, it was hard to find something new to discover. Oh, Earth was full of mysteries~. Amenadiel scowled. “Focus. She may be dangerous. She’s powerful.”

“She’s also in the form of a human child, and has a human family.” Lucifer waved him off. Amenadiel shook his head. “How do you know she isn't planning on killing and feasting on everyone here?” Lucifer frowned at that. Everyone here included the detective. That would be... unfortunate. Yeah.

Before the two angels (one angel and one fallen) could say anything more, Lucifer’s pants fell. His underwear too. He blinked at himself, confused about how that happened. His... belt was gone? But that didn’t explain his underwear... it almost felt like something had yanked his trousers and boxers to the floor. Amenadiel covered his eyes. “ARGH! LUCIFE--!”

Lucifer turned to look around the corner where the Friedmann family disappeared, not bothering to put his clothes on again and ignoring all the startled cries around the office as the other police officers noticed his state of undress. “Did she...”

Chloe stormed over. “Lucifer! What are you--” she was cut off when he held up a finger and pressed it to her lips. “Ah, ah, Detective. This was not my fault this time. I told you she was dangerous. This is CLEARLY an attack on my person!” He pouted at her. “I need you to arrest that creature for striking against me.”

Chloe blinked. Mentally processed this. Creature must refer to that girl from yesterday, Mrs. Friedmann’s daughter. That was what Lucifer called her. Then Chloe laughed in his face. “Wait, that little girl pants’d you?!” She cackled and shook her head. Well, if that girl was up for pranking that no-good smug bastard, she was all for it. “Just put your pants back on before I have you arrested for public indecency.” Chloe patted Lucifer’s shoulder and walked off, still laughing.

Lucifer, slowly pulling his pants on, stared at the detective with wide eyes. "But! Detective!” He whined. “She stole my belt! It is gone! Do you even know how expensive that was? It was a
Versace!” Wasn’t the detective supposed to prevent hate crimes like this?!

Amenadiel walked up and stared at him once he was decently covered. Lucifer huffed and ran his hands over his clothes. "I hate to admit it, brother. But I think you're right. That demon girl IS dangerous!"

"So...you came to that conclusion...not because of the incredible amount of supernatural energy she has, or the potential danger she could pose to the helpless mortals... but because she stole your belt?" Amenadiel deadpanned. Was he serious?!

"No one messes with the Devil and gets away with it! And no one messes with my clothes if I can help it." He growled. Amenadiel paused and almost rolled his eyes. “I was going to tell you to stay away...but on further consideration, I’m going to let you handle this yourself.” It wasn't an attack, a real one, just clothes, so he thought Lucifer could manage it. And then he was gone. Lucifer pouted, holding his pants. “I need a new belt now…” He grumbled.

Lucifer was declaring war on that strange demon girl.

---

Miz couldn’t whistle. It was something she just never figured out how to do. The fact that she didn't have lips for most of her life might have been part of that. So instead, she hummed a cheerful tune as she twirled a belt in her hands.

"As funny as that was, Miz, you really shouldn't tempt the Devil. It may cause trouble." Seb smiled at her, trying to sound responsible and failing miserably.

"Oh come on~ What can he do~? Throw me back? I'm sure even you can fight him." Miz shrugged, examining the belt in her hands. It was really high quality. Huh.

"Hah, no thanks." Seb laughed sheepishly "Don't bring trouble to yourself. We don't want to worry Wanda, ok? She said he sounded interested in you."

Miz blushed and twirled a lock of hair. Oh wow! He was interested in her?! That just meant she wanted to mess with him even more! She pressed her hands to her face. Damn handsome men! Enticing her to tease them! The only downer was his lack of embarrassment to getting pants’d. Why, if she’d done that to Fordsie, he would have let out such an adorable cry!

….yeah, she might have a problem.

Miz shook her head. It wasn’t her fault that seeing cute guys (or girls) being flustered was so adorable! It’s half the reason she liked teasing or setting up HILARIOUS misunderstandings! Ooooh~ maybe she could do something like that! She wasn’t sure why, but her instincts were rearing up in interest about that man. It made her feel giddy. And giggly. And kinda hungry for some reason? Well, it wasn’t a bad feeling, made her a little light headed, but not in a bad way.

Seb pulled at the twins' leash, unaware of his spiritual sister's naughty thoughts. "Well, as long as you don't get in real trouble, I think that's ok. You have a dad who cares for you, wouldn't want him worried over you fighting some other demon." Seb reminded her with a gritted smile. Yeah, a dad Ax who loved her. He still felt weird when he thought about that.

"Ok~" Miz giggled as she skipped. "I'll make harmless pranks, Seb~" She covered her burning face. Ahhhh what was wrong with her?

"Are...Are you ok?!" Seb grimaced and poured some water on her hair, afraid she was going to
The water steamed off. Miz nodded. "Yeah, just...Thinking about what to do next~" Oh-what if she switched out his suit for a maid uniform! Yeeeees~! Or was that too noticeable? Maybe something more subtle...

Seb raised an eyebrow but shrugged it off. “Hey kids. Wanna go to an Aquarium today?”

“Yay! Fishies!” the twins and Miz cheered.

---

Lucifer was stalking his prey.

Well, not stalking.

Okay, no. Yes. He was definitely stalking her.

The little girl was with her ‘father’ and ‘siblings’ at the Aquarium. Lucifer got a call from Chloe about the on-going case, but he hit the ‘reject call’ button and ignored her. This was more important. He needed to know what this creature was. How it used its powers. What it wanted from him. Ask for his belt back.

Okay, scratch that last one. The Devil wouldn’t stoop so low as to ask for his belt back! He was going to take it back! Yeah! Lucifer saw the little family turn a corner past the jellyfish and he followed behind them.

At least… he thought he did.

Lucifer blinked.

The tank of jellyfish was in front of him. That… that was the corner he just went around. But…

Lucifer looked around in confusion. He was sure he went around that corner. It would have put the jellyfish behind him. But... he looked around. Then he went up to walk around the corner again. He blinked. The jellyfish were still in front of him, another corner just past their tank. Wait. He tried again, running up to the jellyfish tank and turning the corner around it. No. He... he was back here again!

Miz giggled as she heard the Devil’s annoyed scream in the distance. Yeah, spacial loops were fun. She wondered how long she should keep him there until she finally released him?

---

Lucifer Morningstar was not having a good time.

That creature was clearly messing with him! This was psychological attacks! Why, just earlier, he’d tripped because his shoelaces were untied again. And somehow, all his underwear were replaced with frilly panties! He liked them, but that wasn’t the point! And that was yesterday when he went home once he escaped the Aquarium! This morning, his suits had all become gold. Like... actual gold was woven into the fibers. That was also not that bad (in fact he rather liked them) but this was still clearly that creature messing with him!

He had recorded his jellyfish prison from yesterday and showed it to the Detective, but when he showed her, the video glitched and couldn't show how it repeated again and again! And she claimed he was making this up!
"Detective, I don't lie!" The Devil growled. "This is all true! She's torturing me! Why won't you do anything to help me?!!"

She raised an eyebrow slowly. “So… she’s… torturing you?”

“Yes! I don’t know how she did it, but she’s untied my shoelaces on three separate occasions just today!” He stressed. He tripped earlier while walking to the station! Chloe let out a, “Pffth!” which only made Lucifer whine more. “You’re not taking me seriously Detective! She’s even managed to get inside my house!”

Chloe looked skeptical about that. “How would she even know where you lived?” she thought of something else. Perhaps he was simply blaming his recent bouts of misfortune on the girl? "I’m very surprised you haven't claimed this is just some of your Dad’s or Mom’s deeds…”

Lucifer thought about it. "You're right. It must be my father!!"

"Why did I even…” Chloe groaned and went back to the photos she was checking through for the crime scene. It had the son's fingerprints but it was because he hugged his father. The victim was missing his jacket. That was quite odd. He had it on in the other photos taken from before his death. Where did it go...

"He must have sent this… this new version of a demon to torture me for disobeying him and his dumb Plan!" He gasped. "Torturing the torturer of sinners…” He whispered. “Ah huh.” Chloe grunted absently, circling something and flipping a few more photos. She was on the verge of figuring this out.

"Detective, I'm talking about my safety!" Lucifer snatched her photos away.

"Oh, come on, Lucifer!! She's like 13 years old!! Stop it! We haven't advanced anything with the case!” They already interviewed the victim’s children, except two who lived somewhere else. One was coming and the other hadn't visited in 10 years according to one of the victim’s daughters. They all had proven alibis and had no real reason to murder their father. They didn't even talk to him all that much.

"The murderer is Friedmann's client! Just write that down and be done with it. Lets focus on me now?"

Chloe snapped, grabbed her papers and walked away. "You're insufferable today! Go talk to Linda! I hope she kicks some sense into you!"

Lucifer watched her go with a sad look but the Detective had a point! Linda will hear him out and tell him what he wanted to hear! Lucifer got up to leave and as he opened the door, a bucket fell over him. It didn’t hurt, but a liquid was splashed all over him. He grimaced and wiped his face. The bucket was also mysteriously gone now.

"AARRGHHH!! This suit was new, you little shit!!" He raged at the ceiling.

Up in her hotel room, Miz rolled around on her bed, laughing. Ok, maybe this one was a little mean. But she would fix it. Later.

Lucifer noted that his suit was unharmed despite the strange liquid. He paused. Okay. That was… good? He brushed his hair back and huffed. At least that creature knew enough to not mess with his suit. Otherwise Lucifer would have had to track her down and throw her through a wall!

As he left the station, he didn’t notice the incredulous stares from all the other officers. His hair
had turned a bright, garnish orange color.

---

"So we're visiting the therapist that helped you?" Miz asked as they walked over to the building. "Yup, it's been fun these past few days, but I can't postpone it anymore. Besides, maybe Linda knows someone who can help you." He ruffled her black hair with a comforting smile.

"Who's Linda?" Zach asked as he walked besides daddy and they all stopped in front of a building and got inside. "She's a super cool doctor that helped daddy when he used to be super scared all the time." Seb explained. "She is a doctor who helps by listening to you talk. If you ever want someone to talk to, tell us. We can find a nice doctor who'll listen to you."

The twins shrugged and they went to the office. "Are you sure she's free right now?" Miz felt a little bad about bursting inside. It was kinda rude. Interrupting people while they were working on something important, like helping people, was rude.

"I just checked. She seemed free! but I also want to surprise her!" Seb told her before pushing the door open. "HI LINDA!!!"

--

Linda was having a very hard time trying to keep this professional. But it was so, so hard~ Lucifer had all but kicked out her previous patient (luckily they were done). He was wearing a hoodie and hiding his hair. He looked so pissed but also...embarrassed. That was something she'd never seen in him.

"Doctor, I'm being bullied and I can't find the culprit to punish her!!" He sniffled.

"What's wrong, Lucifer?" She asked kindly. "Why do you think you're being bullied?"

He whimpered and took off his hoodie. Linda’s jaw dropped. "What did you do to your hair?!" A snort escaped her mouth before she could stop it. Oh god, he looked so funny!

“I didn’t! Th-that demon who tortures demons did this to me!!” Lucifer practically wailed. "I've spent hours washing it with different products and it doesn't come off! Maze is now mocking me and losing her respect is NOT a good idea!"

Linda covered her mouth. "So...Maze didn't do this?"

"No! But she would get along with the demon girl who did!!" Lucifer wailed.

"A demon girl?" Linda blinked. Another demon?

"She is clearly an updated demon sent by my father to torture me! It’s a low move part of his vile plan to force me to go back!!"

Linda managed not to laugh. “And… you think… this demon girl dyeing your hair… is part of some… what? Nefarious heavenly plan to make you go back to Hell?"

"My looks are everything! How will I LIVE if I don't look good?!" Lucifer stressed. No one will want to go to bed with him looking like an orange! Linda had to cover her mouth again. “I’m sure you’ll survive.”

Before Lucifer could respond, the door was thrown open, reminding Linda she needed better locks
as everyone just burst in here as they wanted.

“HI LINDA!” A very familiar voice called out. Linda blinked, pleasantly surprised. Her anger at being interrupted even disappeared. “Sebastian!” She smiled. Ah, her sweet, darling Sebastian. Such a good boy. Even if he was a demon. Such a sweet little cinnamon roll! Nothing at all like the frustrating man-child she was stuck dealing with now. Even if Lucy was hot (and she slept with him a few times).

She was about to stand up to greet him properly when Lucifer shot to his feet, eyes red and snarling. “YOU!”

For a hot second, Linda thought he was talking about Sebastian. But then she noticed the children beside him. Were those Zoe and Zully?! They were so big!! And she also saw that Lucifer was pointing at the eldest, a little Asian girl. Said girl was grinning wide, a faint blush on her face. “Me!” She cheered.

Lucifer growled and raised a hand to throw her violently against a wall, the same way he dealt with most people who pissed him off. "MIZ!” Seb shouted as Linda screamed "LUCIFER!” Miz groaned as her back hit the wall. Wow...That hurt really nice… got that kink in her spine out. Her blush grew. “Well~ someone’s excited to see me~” She sang.

"THE FUCK!!" Seb growled as he turned to face the Devil face to face. With his own eye red, his hands burst into flames. "You seriously didn't just do that…” Seb growled. Linda’s eyes widened. Yeah, she knew Sebastian was a demon too, but this was the first time she’d seen proof.

Lucifer tried pushing Seb away to go after Miz, but Seb grabbed his wrist, making him let out a startled cry as the fire burnt him!, and pushed him back before throwing him back with his other raised hand. A...A human… He checked his arm. It was burnt...But the detective wasn't around….

Zach and Zoe were worriedly hugging Miz. “A-are you huwt?” Zach asked. Miz patted their heads. “Don’t worry. I’m fine. My vessels are a lot more durable than they appear.” She was more focused on making sure the protection around the twins and Seb would keep the Devil from touching them. From what she’d Seen about him, this Devil wasn’t quite the evil-incarnate that the Bible claimed he was. Like fuck, he wasn’t even as bad as her brother (Blue) was half the time! And… wasn’t that a little upsetting to think about. That her beloved older brother was just… a more malicious entity than the Biblical Devil. (Not that it’d stop her from loving him regardless. He was still a good person, sort of, in his own odd way.) She flicked her fingers and fixed Linda’s office wall.

Seb advanced towards Lucifer, but Linda began moving to stand between them. "OK YOU TWO! STOP!!" She had one hand on each man's chest. "Calm the FUCK down and tell me WHAT'S going on!!"
"So you're part of the demons, huh?!" Lucifer sneered at Seb. "You and that monstrous creature that has been tormenting me!" Demons with fire powers! Definitely dear Daddy's doing!

"Wait, that’s the demon that dyed your hair?!" Linda pointed at Miz with a grimace. The little girl waved back. “Hi! I’m Miz! I’m technically a dragon, but yeah, you can call me demon too if it makes you feel better~” She blushed with her hands pressed against her cheeks, wiggling back and forth. Linda made note of that.

"D-Dragon?" Lucifer gasped for air. He thought those were extinct. "Why has my Father sent you?! To torture me? To send me back to Hell?!

Miz scoffed. “No one sent me. I just like teasing you.” She gave him a sharp toothed grin. “Your hair looks adorable~”

Lucifer seethed but Linda raised an eyebrow. She glanced between the two. She had a theory. “Hello, ah… Miz, was it?” The girl(dragon?) turned to her. “Yup.”

“You… are you bullying Lucifer?” She asked. Miz shook her head. “I’m not bullying. I’m teasing. Bullying implies I’m hurting him.”

“You ARE hurting me!” Lucifer wailed. “My FEELINGS!”

"Aw~ Poor baby~" Seb sneered mockingly. Apparently, Seb lost any respect he had for him after he tried hurting Miz.

Lucifer clutched his hair. “You ruined my beautiful hair!”

Miz rolled her eyes and flicked her fingers. “There. You’re a brunette again.” A very cute brunette~

Lucifer tried pulling at his hair to get a look. It was all disheveled and curly but at least it was back to normal. Seb also blushed because Lucifer did look very handsome but he covered his feelings by crossing his arms.

Linda was in full analyzing mode. “Why are you teasing him?” She asked. Miz shrugged, wiggling in place. “Because he’s cute when he’s flustered.” The Devil’s eyes widened. What kind of reason was that?!

"Linda, why do you know these humans?" Lucifer grumbled. He rubbed his arm. It was already healing, but the fact that this human(?) even managed to hurt him was…worrying. He wasn't supposed to be hurt unless Chloe was around… "Sebastian was my client before you. So please stop glaring at each other." 

"He hurt Miz!" Seb hissed. “I’m fine Seb.” Miz sighed. Yeah, maybe she should have blocked the hit. She was just too curious to know how strong the supposed ‘Devil’ was.

"Your demon pet started it!" Lucifer hissed back. So she was just bothering him… just because?! Not because of God's orders?! He wasn't sure if that was better or worse … especially when she kept glancing up at him and then looking away while wiggling back and forth. Linda glanced at Lucifer and then back at Miz. "Do you...Do you like Lucifer?" Miz's eyes widened (as well as Seb's and Lucifer's) and she crossed her arms. "N-No!!" she sputtered.

Lucifer stared incredulously at the dragon girl. "You've been torturing me nonstop...because you have a crush?! Like some school boy pulling a girl’s hair?!" She might as well ask him to have sex! (Though her human form seemed young and the thought creeped him out. If she found a different vessel, he’d be glad to help!) "You should have just told me~ It's no shame to like me~ I have that
effect on women and most men~” He glanced at Sebastian who was trying to avert his eye.

Miz turned bright red. "I don't!" She squeaked. Eh?! Was this a crush?! Well… she WAS squirming all inside-- but th-that--! Oh shit. She had a crush on the Devil. *Shit*.

Sebastian and Lucifer shared a look before bursting out laughing. Miz only blushed harder as she heard the handsome man's laughter. It was so deep and Lucifer did it while grinning softly, while her brother just wheezed like a seal and leaned on his knees.

"Oh, oh, this is rich." Seb wiped a tear from his eye and looked at Lucifer. "Sorry for burning you, but you seem fine now. I don't want to be on the bad side of the Devil, so hi, I'm Sebastian Pines." He stretched a hand to shake.

"And I don't want to be on the bad side of a human who seems to be powerful enough to rival my own power so, Lucifer Morningstar, a pleasure." He chuckled and shook Seb's hand. "Though, I thought you were Friedmann."

"That's my wife's last name."

"You took your wife's last name? Not that there's something wrong with that. It actually surprises me you have the courage to do that." Lucifer looked down at the short man. He seemed to be even shorter than Dan. Hah. Stupid Dan.

"No, she didn't change her last name when we married." Seb shrugged. Lucifer raised an eyebrow. "Neat." Seb complimented his nice suit and soon enough the two were talking to each other in a friendly manner, as if they had known each other for years. Linda stared at the two, dumbfounded. That was...unexpected. Zoe went over to the two men and pulled mister's pants, making him jump back. "Is your name really Lucifer? My friend's mommy says the Devil is bad."

"Carol is bad." Seb grumbled. Lucifer laughed. "Ah~ let me guess? Christian?" Seb nodded. "She’s also a bitch. Made my son cry on his birthday." Seb ruffled Zach’s hair. Lucifer frowned. Ok. Murder and stuff was common sinner things, but making a child cry on their birthday? That was just low. He looked over at the ‘dragon-demon’ and found her still looking away and blushing. Oh. So she really did have a crush on him. Well, his charm was *that* potent. She also seemed really flustered at the idea of having a crush on him.

Then Lucifer blinked when she pulled out a pair of glasses from seemingly out of nowhere and put them on. "Can't believe Blue was right." She muttered, adjusting them.

"Well, Linda, I think my problem is solved!” Lucifer smiled at his therapist. "It's so nice talking to you, but now I think I'm leaving with my new friends and get them to know me better. That way Miss Miz will realize I'm a real catch but not really her type and stop bothering me. Can I invite you for a drink?” Lucifer pointed at Seb and the kids.

"...They're five.” Seb said.

"Well that’s a great time to start!” Lucifer grinned. Seb rolled his eye. “Yeah, no. No alcohol for the kids until they’re adults.” Miz raised her hand. Seb pushed her hand down. “Nope. You’re not allowed any either.”

“Awww…” Miz pouted. Seb patted her head with a fond look before he turned to Linda.

“Actually, there’s something I wanted to ask you.” He told her. “And I’ll transfer over the money for it as well.” Linda blinked. “You don’t have to~”

“This is important.” Seb put his hands on Miz’s shoulders and moved her in front of him. “Miz
needs a therapist.” The dragon looked up at him, odd look on her face. “Ah… I do, but is this really okay?”

“She’s helped me and apparently the Devil himself. If there’s anyone who might be able to handle you” Seb pointed out. Linda looked at the girl. “I’m not really meant for handling children.”

“Miz is several hundred billion years old.” Seb deadpanned. “She’s just... “ He trailed off. Okay yeah, it was kinda weird that Miz liked pretending to be a child. Especially if she was dating his brother, and wasn’t that just a really messed up thought? Wel, in another form at least. And she did seem a little different in her different forms. Every vessel had another name after all.

Linda stared at the ‘child’ with wide eyes. Even Lucifer had his jaw drop a little. This creature was older than him? Older than Existence itself? But it was his Father who created everything with mom unfortunately. How is that even possible!? There was nothing before them!

"She shows her childish side by being one. She's got other forms to do other things." Seb shuddered. "But her core issues remain the same. She… needs help. The way I did. And I don’t know who else I can trust with her." Seb pleaded. “I care about her. I want to help her get better.”

Linda hummed in thought. She looked at the curly man's face and sighed. How could she deny anything to that adorable cinnamon roll? "Very good. Let me talk to her a little bit, no-you don't have to pay me for this-

"Are you still accepting my offer for a drink?" Lucifer asked with a raised eyebrow which made Seb blush undesirely. "I wan’ lemonade!" Zoe told Mr. Lucifer innocently. Lucifer frowned. "...I can see what I can do, cub."

"Are you ok if I leave you here with Linda? You can just pop up whenever we are. Linda is the best." Seb grinned. Miz nodded with a smile. "Sure go to the Devil's lair, Seb. I'll catch up later. You'll like his house. It's very stylish."

"I knew you had invaded my home!" Lucifer cried offended.

While Linda and Miz talked, Seb gaped at the beautiful car Lucifer presented to his new friend and his human cubs...One of them had been trying to bite him for awhile now. He liked the audacity, but he'd appreciate not having human fluids on him...without his consent.

"Wow!" Zach rushed inside, standing on the white seats. Both demons winced hard at that and Seb forcefully sat him back down and buckled the two into their seats. Lucifer sat behind the wheel and looked back with a grin. "Ready?"

"Daddy, look!" Zoe found a nice red bra and put it over her head. Seb shrieked and Lucifer reached to grab it and throw it away. "Haha! Oops!"

"Hey, thinking this through, I think we're finEEEE!" Seb gripped to the seat for dear life while the happy toddlers squealed when Lucifer sped up. Wee! Like a rollercoaster!

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Seb realized this Devil wasn't much 'causing evilness' and 'causing chaos' as much as he was a player. He owned a bar called the Lux (it was still empty as it was daytime, but he still covered his kids' eyes) and then they went up to the penthouse of the building. Much like Stan's house worked, the lift opened in the living room.

Sebastian let out a sigh of relief when he realized the place was clean from things 5 year olds
couldn't see. "This was terrible."

His kids immediately took off their shoes and ran around wildly, climbing on the couches and jumping around.

"Oh nonono! Shoo! Shoo!" Lucifer waved them away, but Zach and Zoe shrieked with laughter and ran elsewhere. "Ugh. Human children. As reckless and rogue as real demons!" Lucifer hissed. He walked over to the bar and prepared himself and Seb something to drink.

Was this considered social pressure? If he didn't drink, the Devil would think he was a weakling and his earnt respect would fade away! If he had just half of that, he'll be fine.

"My lemonade!" Zoe demanded as she tried reaching the counter. "Me too! Me too!" Zach jumped up and down. Seb sat down, embarrassed at his kids' attitude as Lucifer grumbled. He got water, some ice, some lemons and sugar. What was the point of drinking anything if it didn't have delicious alcohol?

"Lucifer, the fuck is all this laughter?" A female voice grumbled annoyed as a woman dressed in sexy black clothes made her way towards them. Seb stared. Then he covered the twin’s eyes. They were too young for this shit. The woman stared down at the children. Then she glanced up at Lucifer. “You found more?” She raised an eyebrow.

Lucifer shrugged. “It’s a gift.” Mazikeen huffed. Right~

Zoe pulled Seb’s hand off her face and gasped at the cool lady. “Your clothes are AWESOME!” She squealed. The demon raised an eyebrow at the tiny child. Well, the other child was bearable, maybe even ‘enjoyable’ to be around. Perhaps these two would be entertaining as well.

“Hi! I’m Zoe! I like burning things!” The little human said. And it was at that moment that Mazikeen knew that they were going to get along great. “Hey, wanna see my knives?” She crouched in front of the little human with a smile. Zoe’s face lit up with glee and Seb just buried his face in his hands. This was a bad idea.

"Please no…” He hoped she didn't let her touch things that have been in people...in a different way.

"You have a cool scar! My brother has a cool scar on his head too!" Zoe pulled a very shy Zach towards her to show the lady his scar from when he fell. Zach blushed and tried returning to his dad, but he couldn't so he accepted he was going to go see some knives.

Lucifer grinned and put the glass in Seb's hand. "Here. You need this. Little humans are the most stressful things...So, tell me. How do you have powers?"

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Linda took a deep breath when the door closed and she was left alone with this dragon-girl. “So, I suppose we should introduce ourselves. I’m Linda. I was Sebastian’s old therapist.”

“I know.” The creature that looked like a little girl told her, sitting down on the couch. “Linda Martin, Therapist, former phone sex operator. Married and recently divorced. Currently dating the eldest angel, Amenadiel…” She recited off. Linda’s eyes widened. “Wait, what?”

The girl grinned. "I'm Miz. But that's just the name I'm currently using." She leaned back to relax on the couch. "I'm Bill Cipher. I'm a shapeshifting demon god of Knowledge. Currently, I am a dragon." She grinned at Linda. "And I know too much."
Linda massaged her temples. "Alright. Okay. Where do we start?" She clarified with, "What's… if you know it, what's the problem?"

Miz looked down at her lap. "Well I was told that my issues, and talking about them, was the problem."

"..." Linda didn't know what to say to that. "Start at the beginning?"

Miz took a deep breath. "So it started when I died."

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"...nd then Time Baby kept yelling at me, demanding me to kill my target. And I just wanted him to stop yelling…"

Linda had put down the clip board ages ago. Perhaps sometime after Miz admitted to eating her little brother. There was simply way too much here. 600 billion years worth of stuff, if her age was to be believed.

"...then there was Handsy…"

Linda had heard way too much. And she wasn't sure where or how to start dealing with something like this. "Abuse and trauma aren't easy topics." She rubbed her face. "You have a lot."

"Like, a hundred chapters worth." Miz grumbled. Linda nodded. "Right… this isn't something to be done in just one session, this isn't even something that can be done by me."

"I can teleport here. Distance isn't a problem." Miz told her. Linda sighed. "Well, addressing the things you brought up is one thing, but most of your concerns and worries over your trauma seem to be in how you want to stay in control of your powers." Linda sighed. "I know nothing of Magic. I don't know how I can help."

"I just don't want to be scared anymore." Miz said miserably. Linda looked on with sympathy. "Fear isn't something you can just get rid of." She thought about it. "And I'm not qualified to help you."

"Then…what do I do?" Miz whimpered. Linda took a deep breath, "I will ask around for other people I know who specifically deal with cases like yours. I will find you a therapist."

"We were actually hoping you'd help since you already know about demons." Miz sighed. Linda's mouth quirked into a grin. "Yes, well, that still doesn't make me qualified. But I will still try my best to help. You're a very sweet girl, if somewhat… lacking in morals. But I have to deal with Lucifer all the time, so…"

Besides… 

"...and you could recontextualize your experiences. Even if you say you're a demon god, it wouldn't mean you're blowing your cover, so to speak." Normal people wouldn't believe it after all.

Miz nodded slowly. "O-okay… I guess… what should I do for now?"

Linda sighed. "I can't make you do anything. From what I've heard so far, you're suffering from a lot of guilt. I can't make you forgive yourself. That's something only you can do."

"But I… I can't..." Miz struggled. "I can't apologize to the dead. All the people I killed won't ever be able to forgive me. So how could I forgive myself?"
"They're dead. They can't forgive you, you need to do that yourself." Linda repeated. Miz shrank in on herself. "What if I can't? What if I deserve this?"

"You don't."

"You don't know that!" Miz hissed. "I'm awful and a m-monster and a murderer and I keep hurting people and I don't know how to stop!"

"Miz." Linda said gently. When the distressed girl looked over at her, Linda gave her a soft smile. "The fact that you worry about this is proof enough that you're not a monster. You're just a girl-er… demon god, who made a lot of bad decisions in life that you regret. And we've all done things like that. Making mistakes and wanting to fix them just makes you human, well, not human, but you get what I mean, right?"

Miz nodded slowly.

"But you care about people. And you love Sebastian, don't you? You love the twins. You love Wanda."

"...yeah…"

"If you can love them, then you're capable of loving yourself. And that means learning to forgive yourself for your mistakes."

"And if I keep making those mistakes? If I never learn from them?" Miz asked.

"Then you just keep on trying. Because you'll never be perfect, no one is. We're all just works in progress. And that's okay."

Linda laughed. "The fact that you're willing to try to change is already a good sign." She smiled at Miz. "It's ok to mess up. That doesn't make you a monster. Now, I'm going to ask around with my colleagues to find someone who's qualified to help you."

"Okay…" Miz got up and thanked Linda again before leaving. She wasn't sure what to think.

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"Luuucifer, stop it." Seb grumbled as the man insisted on him finishing his glass. "I can't believe you're rejecting my drink." The devil pouted.

"I still need to watch my kids. And I ain't leaving them with your knife demon...no offense." Seb turned to look at his twins, learning from Maze how to hold the knife properly before throwing it into the wall.

Wanda would murder him if she found out.

"Give me water." He demanded. Lucifer rolled his eyes at the one eyed human and threw it at him. "So, you were telling me about your very interesting set of powers~"

Knowing who you were dealing with was very important after all. Better keep it a friend than foe.

"You know Bill Cipher?"

Lucifer nodded slowly. The name made noise to him. "You said you were him...in another life. Hah, how is that possible, souls aren't recycled." He grinned.
"Oh sure they are, well, for the most part. Mine was some sort of second chance/ punishment from the Axolotl, you know, cute guy, can be a dick, God of space, creates everything?"

"...I can assure you my father doesn't look like a salamander." Lucifer deadpanned, which made Seb laugh. "The Axolotl is not your father! Duh!! for all I know, the Axolotl created your parents, who created you." Seb hummed. "Which means Ax is more like your grandpa than anything."

(In the space between spaces, Ax covered his eyes, almost in shame. Sebastian HAD to draw weirdness and the supernatural towards him, didn't he?? He hoped this wouldn't cause a problem with Yahvé and the other gods… he made them just to do his job for him, he didn't want to deal with this… he had several dimensions to oversee already!)

Lucifer blinked before gritting his teeth. "You mean...My father was created, there's someone above him who I was never told about!! He lied!! Again!!"

Seb winced. "Yeah, apparently. Sucks. But don't get too worked up. Ax wouldn't be a good grandpa anyway."

(Hey!)

"Dads suck either way." Seb shrugged and drank his water.

"Your dad is a bitch too?" Lucifer grumbled as he took a shot of his drink.

"Yeah...He hated me growing up. Beat me up. Lots of trauma. I had to go talk to Linda about it." Seb sighed. "I wanted him to die for years...but now I'm just...at peace with it? Not at peace, but I don't see him and he doesn't see me, so I'm ok with that.."

Lucifer snorted. “Yeah, haven’t seen my father in ages.” He took another shot. “And good riddance.”

The two fist bumped.

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“My client’s not the murderer.” Wanda said plainly. Everything she’d found out about this case pointed toward that. Detective Decker glanced down at her evidence folders. “You might be right.”

She pulled the papers back into a folder. "This doesn't make any sense. He’s still our only main suspect. Everyone else has an alibi. But your client's potential motives don't fit with the rage of the homicide...Besides, look at this. His jacket went missing. Why would it? Your client doesn't have it. We made sure of it."

The two blonde women sighed and leaned on the table. Wanda looked around. "Isn't Lucifer supposed to be here?"

"Well, yeah, he's supposed to be." Chloe rolled her eyes. "But he is very apprehensive of your older daughter. He believes she's torturing him or something and doesn't want to come...I'm sorry, he usually behaves better...and he's very helpful when he wants to be. I'll call him."

Wanda blinked before groaning. Oh Miz was so grounded. Pranking the Devil wasn't a very intelligent idea. At all.

"Lucifer? I need you."
"Oh? You need me, detective~?"

"Urgh! For the case!" Chloe sent Wanda an exasperated look and she nodded solemnly. Men.

"Well, I'm sorry, Detective, I don't like this case. I'm bonding with my friends! And you just interrupted a very good piano duet! Sebastian's quite skilled! Almost like me!"

"Hah! You'd wish you were like me!" Seb's voice was heard on the phone. "Seb, where are the twins and Miz?!

"Oh your human cubs are well watched, dear~" Lucifer purred on the phone. "And your demon girl and I are at peace now. She is eating all my food though and-nononono! Little girl! Hands off my piano!!"

"Wan' play too! I can play it very well!" Zoe squealed over the speakers.

Chloe frowned at her phone before hanging up. Looks like those two curly brown haired men were having a blast, leaving them to solve the case on their own. She groaned into her palms. Should she be worried for poor Wanda's husband being pulled into Lucifer's orbit? Well, despite the way he acted, Lucifer was gentle with children (she'd even say scared of them), so at least the kids would be ok.

"Well. We better get to the bottom of this." Chloe didn't usually work with anyone else, but Wanda was here and Lucifer was not. The detective was allowed to work together with the lawyers for cases, so why not? The two women headed out to begin questioning all the people involved.

First off, they had to know more about that jacket. It was taken, why? Was it significant? If so, then who in the victim's social circle was it significant to? That would help them pin down a real suspect.

They questioned one of the victim's children about their father's jacket. "Oh, my youngest brother Hayden gave dad that jacket for his birthday years ago."

"And where is Hayden?" Chloe asked. The woman shrugged. "I haven't talked to him in years. He doesn't want to speak to any of us. He only responded to my email about dad to say he was coming, nothing about how he was doing or asking how I was doing."

That was suspicious, but it didn't mean anything on it's own.

"Estranged relationship. Did something happen between him and his family?" Wanda wondered.

The two questioned a few other people before resolving to wait for Hayden to arrive in town.

"You know… I could just tell you who did it, how and why." Miz pointed out that evening when Wanda got back to the hotel. Wanda sighed. "While that would be helpful, I need solid evidence. Can't tell the court that my daughter just 'knows' stuff." She brushed Miz's hair as she sat on her lap. "But if I get stuck, I would appreciate a hint."

Then Wanda turned to address the other issue. "Why're you here?" She deadpanned at Lucifer. The Devil scoffed. "I am merely gifting you all with my presence...Could gift you even more than that, dear~"

"You do know she's my wife? Right?" Seb growled at him. Lucifer waved a hand lightly. "Oh,
don't get jealous, Sebastian, you're invited too, the more the merrier." The Devil grinned when the couple blushed and covered their faces. Funny how despite their obvious desires, neither have accepted yet. Must be a very strong compromise they got there. Huh.

He watched the way Miz cuddled in Wanda's lap, purring. "Is that creature your child or your pet?"

"Funny, I was gonna ask if you were the Devil or a stuffed animal." Wanda shot back, a bit snappier than necessary. Lucifer, tied up with ribbons from Zoe and Zach playing dress up with him, raised an eyebrow. "Touche."

"Ask the 2nd brother about what he was doing the night of the murder. And when the youngest gets here, ask him where he was living." Miz commented as she slipped in and out of a light doze, relaxed in Wanda's arms.

"Mr. Devil man." Zach pulled the man's pants.

"Call me Lucifer." Lucifer glanced down at the twin with brown eyes. "Kay. Mr. Lucifer, you live in Hell, no?" Zach asked.

Wanda rubbed the bridge of her nose. "Zach…"

"No, I live in Los Angeles, boy. In the penthouse where you painted the walls." Lucifer hissed.

Zach hummed. "The-the devil is a meanie, no? Because he makes people do bad things, like the man from the very big storybook."

"Zachary, I already told you to ignore what Carol and her church said!" Seb groaned. He glanced at Lucifer who was staring at the toddler intensely.

"I made meanie things because my father forced me to. He's the one to blame, not me. I punish bad kids, but He wishes for bad things to happen." Lucifer waved his hands to get freed from the ribbons. You think I'm bad?" His eyes turned red, and to his surprise, Zach giggled.

"I can do that too!" His eyes turned blue and then red, making Lucifer jump back a little. "I think you're nice and you played with us...So...because you're nice, Zoe wanted me to ask you if she could keep this." The kid pulled out a little statue, making his parents frown. When did she grab it?!

At least she didn't grab anything else…

Lucifer laughed. So all this was to get a favor huh? "Well, your little hands already touched it so yeah. Keep it and your germs away. I didn't like it anyway." They heard Zoe's happy squeal from behind the door frame.

Wanda massaged her temples. God damn why…

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The next morning, Chloe was surprised to see not only Lucifer, but Wanda and Sebastian. "We're back on the case, detective!" Lucifer guided Seb inside as his assistant, as he did with Candy when he married her, and Wanda sent Chloe an apologetic look. "The creature told us we must interview the youngest and 2nd brother. One of them must be the culprit and I must punish them! Maybe Wanda's client is innocent after all. This is not for money, this is about vengeance against a horrible father!"
"You said it!" Seb exclaimed.

Chloe nodded. "Right...Well, I came to that same conclusion..." She moved away from the computer. "The 2nd brother told us he was at home watching TV when it happened, a cooking show, but that day, that channel wasn’t transmitting it."

"Pfft. Cook kings are only on Wednesdays at 5pm! What an idiot." Seb mumbled. Chloe nodded.

"So he lied about his alibi. But we have nothing else on him definitively. Right. And the youngest brother Hayden, we couldn't contact him for days and none of the siblings say they saw him, but we made a deeper investigation and found out he bought tickets here a few days before the murder."

Wanda nodded slowly. "Right. So maybe the brother whose alibi doesn’t match...He could have seen his brother. And lied to protect him." Seb winced. Yeah, if any of his brothers killed anyone, he’d probably lie to protect them too. They all agreed to go and interview the brothers, dig at the alibi and family situation.

Lucifer and Chloe went off together to talk with the 2nd brother again.

“So, you and Wanda’s daughter made peace on your prank war?” Chloe couldn’t help but tease. Lucifer groaned. “Well, apparently, she has a crush on me. My Charm pulled her in.” He grumbled. “Which is flattering, but she just isn’t... well, she looks like a child.” Lucifer sighed. Chloe stared at him. “Well.” She breathed. “At least you have standards. You have turned her down and explained to her that you can’t, right?”

Lucifer shrugged. “I’ve told her that her current body is much too young for me.” Chloe’s jaw dropped. “Lucifer! She’s like 13!”

“Actually she’s several hundred billion years old. She just gets a kick out of having people take care of her.” Lucifer made a face at that. Chloe shook her head. “Your pretend play is getting ridiculous. But it’s very cute that you’re playing with her.”

“It’s not a game , detective.” He groaned. Chloe clearly didn’t believe him. They got to where the 2nd brother, Leonard, was at his workplace. “Well enough about that little monster. We have a man to interrogate.”

---

“So, you found the proof you needed?” Wanda asked once they met back up in the middle of the police station.

“Yeah.” Chloe grinned. "Your client told us he only knew what happened because he was called. When he arrived, the police arrived at the same time as Leonard. So WHO called the police if Leonard was supposedly at home watching the cooking show that wasn't even airing? How did he know?"

"We got the information right out of his dirty, liar mouth~" Lucifer grinned and rubbed his palms. Oh, the man simply broke down in tears! Seb hummed. "Well? What IS it? How’d it all happen?"

"Oh, he tried framing dear Wanda's client~ His dear old abusive pops was dead so he had to make it so that someone else did it. He called the police and appeared after it, touching his body to justify his old fingerprints."

"So HE was the murderer?"
Chloe shook her head as she headed to her car. "No. It was the youngest brother, Hayden. There was Leonard's blood on the body because he said he had a cut…or he didn't. Hayden and Leonard are identical twins."

Seb winced even harder. He did what he did…Like when he used his own blood to fake Ford's death…

"We couldn't have known. We didn't even have any criminal record of Hayden or Leonard and he kept calling him youngest brother." She called a group of police officers to follow her as Wanda, Seb, and Lucifer walked beside her.

Chloe addressed the officers. "Hayden is hiding at Leonard's home, I already shared the address with you. Let's go."

Seb looked at Chloe. "Leonard will go to prison? He didn't murder him...He was just trying to…" He felt silent. He felt bad for that man. Wanda rubbed his shoulder. "He covered for a murder, Sebas."

"And the jacket?" Wanda called.

"Let's go find out." Chloe called back. "Thank you so much for your help, but don't come in, it might be dangerous." She smiled before dragging Lucifer with her.

When they were out of sight, Seb blinked at Wanda. "I wanna see what happened." Wanda groaned. "Let the police do their thing. Don’t interfere."

“I’m not gonna. I just wanna see what happened~” But Wanda made him sit down in one of the chairs in the police station. "Please, Sebastian. Have some self preservation. If not for you, for me."

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“…Did he just leave to see an arrest happen?!“ She screeched. Miz, Zach and Zoe made an appearance. They were moaning. "Mom! Daaaa! You said we'd go to Disneyland! We're so bored at the hotel!" Zoe threw herself to the floor. Some officers stepped around her, looking bemused.

Miz groaned. "Did you find out Hayden is the murderer already? Oops~"

Wanda smiled and nodded. "Yup. The police will handle it from here." She patted Miz’s head. “Thanks for the tip.”

"So we can go eat something and go to Disney?!” Zach gasped, squeezing his cheeks.

Wanda nodded. "Yeah, let me just talk to my client, handle a few things and were free to go. Seb can you--" She stopped when she found her husband was gone. "...Did he just leave to see an arrest happen?!" She screeched. Miz clicked her tongue. “Yeeeeeh~? Did you think he wouldn’t? Mom. You know your husband.” Miz said, sounding a bit accusative.

“Uuuuurrggghhhhhhh!" Wanda groaned. “Don’t worry. No lethal harm will happen to him, the spell will protect him anyway.” Miz assured her. “My brother might be kinda stupid sometimes. But he isn't an idiot.” Wanda sighed and sat back down. “Well he’s going to be in so much trouble when he comes back.”

Miz pouted. “I kinda wanna see what’s going on too.” Wanda ruffled her hair. “Nooooo~ you and Seb are both going to be grounded if you try that.” Miz whined. “Noooo~”

The twins pouted. Does this mean they weren't going to Disney??
Seb hummed a spy movie theme as he snuck around the house. It was relatively easy to find them. He only saw where they were. It did feel a little harder than normal, the black nothingness from opening his Eye took longer to clear up. He really needed to go back to practicing again, especially when his yellow eye always channeled his powers much easier. With the cursed thing gone, it was only his normal eye doing all the work. And he hadn’t really been keeping it up. Seb didn’t want to lose his powers because of disuse. Burning through the energy at the gym was one thing, but actually USING his powers… well… he’d gotten rusty.

He hid as the police, Chloe and Lucifer barged into the house. Hayden was inside, curled up behind a sofa with his hands in his disheveled blond hair, rocking back and forth. "GO AWAY!"
The young man screamed.

"Hayden Macrame, please come with us. We have some questions for you."

"No! Leave me alone! This-This is brother's house! Get out!"

"Your dear brother was arrested because of you." Lucifer taunted. "Trying to patch up your mistakes. Killing the old man wasn't really a good idea. Now he’s the one who’s going to prison because of your actions~"

Hayden slowly came out from behind the sofa, and the officers raised their guns seeing him armed. "You-You don't understand!! It's his-his fault!! He forced me to! I-I couldn't take it!" He cried, hands shaking as he clutched his gun.

"Who forced you?" Chloe asked and Seb felt he was watching some criminal series.

"H-Him! My-My father!! He-He always hurt me! He hated me since the day I was born!!" Hayden shouted with tears in his eyes. He was trembling so hard the gun shook.

Seb flinched.

"You don't know what it's like to live with that kind of monster!! He abused me!!" Hayden cried harder. "I-I had to do something! I couldn't sleep!!"

"Please drop the gun." Chloe told him calmly.

"I tried being good all my life! I l-le-let him touch and use me all the time as a kid! I even tried making up for him now! I don't have anything because of him!!" The man truly looked messed up. "I even bought him a jacket! With-with the little money I had! But he didn't even thank me! He just insulted me for not giving him an-anything better! I-I couldn't take it anymore! I wouldn't have been able to sleep knowing he was still ALIVE!!"

Seb was trembling almost as much as Hayden was.

"Please, Hayden, we can talk about this somewhere calmer, put the gun down." Chloe said softly, as if talking to a child. "What happened to you was awful, but it’s not too late. Please."

"I want my brother. Leo is the only one who cares about me!" He put his hands on his head again. Chloe tried approaching but he quickly pointed at her with the gun. "I-I'm sorry, I didn't want to get him in trouble. He called me to live with him! Paid for me to come here! But he found me! He found me shooting him! He-I didn't want him to get hurt!! I'm sorry!!"

Hayden pointed the gun at his temple as he trembled and gasped for air.

The officers lowered their guns and went alert. Even Lucifer was frowning. "Don't do that,
Hayden.”

“I—I can’t can’t--” The man had his finger on the trigger, “—I---Leo… I’m sorry…”

BANG!

Chloe gasped. Lucifer’s eyes went wide.

Hayden didn’t fall to the floor. Instead he stared at the bullet floating just next to his temple with a faint yellow glow.

“How did…” Lucifer looked over and saw Sebastian halfway in the window with his eye glowing.

The gun flew out of Hayden's hand. Chloe quickly ran over to handcuff him. She didn’t know what just happened, but he wasn’t dead so she was just counting her blessings.

The police escorted Hayden into a car while Lucifer met Sebastian at the back of the house. He hissed. "You could have gotten killed!"

"So do you. If the fact that the detective makes you weak is true." Seb shot back at the tall, beautiful, sexy man. He glanced at the place where the police's lights were glowing. "It-it's not fair...His father should be the one arrested."

Lucifer hummed. "He'll get the punishment he deserves, don't worry."

"I...I might have ended up like him...If I hadn't had help..." Seb managed to move on with his life, got help, support. Hayden didn’t. "That bastard wasn't worth ruining his life for..." Seb muttered moodily. The Axolotl might be an ass, but he did somehow manage to keep Seb from ending up like that...Filbrick beat him up, but he didn't... even Filbrick had never touched him.

And Hayden just kept trying to get his approval. It was so sad.

Just like Filbrick wasn't worth getting angry for. He was his past. Seb didn't have to ruin his own life because of him.

Lucifer made a humming sound. Yes. That was something to think about. His Father wasn't worth it. He shouldn't give him the pleasure to see him even react to him or think about him. Lucifer kept telling himself that. Self denial was how it worked.

Seb asked Lucifer to please take him back to Wanda before she got even more mad. "I know you can fly, you moron." He complained when Lucy said he didn't bring his car.

"Maybe ask the Detective~" Lucifer shrugged it off.

"But then she'd know I came!" Seb wailed.

“That sounds like it would be your problem, not mine.” Lucifer grinned.

"You're mean!!"

"I'm the Devil, dear."

"But you don't have to be mean!"

--.--
Eventually Chloe found out because the two curly haired men started shouting and arguing. She called her former companion for this case and told Wanda that she had her husband. She sat Seb and Lucy in the backseat of the police car. The two were nudging each other like children.

The trip back to the station was a test of Chloe’s patience. “I swear if you two don’t shut up I’m TURNING THIS CAR AROUND!”

"No!! Detective~~" They complained. Those two were IDENTICAL. Chloe had to bear with Lucifer at work, but Wanda was married to Sebastian! Goddam. She must really love him to put up with this...Well, it wasn't like she disliked Lucifer's presence! She-So she actually loved it quite a lot! But he was so insufferable sometimes!

Chloe blushed a little.

She was glad Lucifer didn’t notice. Smug bastard would never let her live it down.

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“Thank you for all your help.” Chloe shook hands with Wanda. The Pines-Friedmann were leaving Los Angeles.

"Thank you for your hard work." Wanda complimented. "You are a great Detective. And trust me. I have seen quite a few." The two blonde women hugged.

"I'm still confused why Lucifer invited you all to my house." Chloe glanced over at him.

"It's to say goodbye to them! And look at your cub! She's happy with the tinier cubs." Lucifer waved at the twins and Chloe's daughter, Trixie, playing with some dolls. Trixie was older than them, but wouldn't miss a chance for a tea party. Besides, she could do a campaign from now so they'd vote for her as president of Mars.

"Mom! Can't they stay?" "Please!" Zach pouted and glanced at the girl with a small blush. Miz shook her head. "Nope. We gotta go back remember? We have to meet with everyone in Uncle Stan's house for the summer~" She was still wearing the glasses. Damn Lucifer and his sexy, sexy ass.

"Awww…" The twins whined. Trixie pouted too. “We can stay in touch though. Your sister Miz has an email right? Or a phone? Mommy won’t let me have a phone yet, but I know her number.” Trixie told them. The twins (and Miz) grinned at that.

"Thanks for putting up with us." Seb grinned at Chloe who rolled her eyes with a chuckle at his charming smile. Men. "You're welcome. Don't sneak to more arrests though!"

"No promises-Ow! ok! I won't!" Seb rubbed his pinched arm. Wanda glared.

They said bye one last time, Maze said bye to her little blonde friend too, gifted her a nice sheath for her first knife and that got her a hug from Zoe she gladly accepted.

When they were in their car going to the airport, Miz got rid of her glasses and sighed in relief. Gosh, she was so glad that was over. She had the number for a therapist but...she didn't know how much longer she could have stayed there. Lucifer was REALLY sexy~ It had to be magical, damn cheater!

She wasn't complaining of the sights she got back at home though~
When the demon girl and the twins fell asleep, Wanda twitched awkwardly next to Seb. "Seb…" "Yeah?" "...Do you think we should have accepted Lucifer's offer…?" She lowered her voice, "...for that threesome?" And fuck, but Wanda was very tempted to take him up on that.

Seb’s only response was a crimson red face and an awkward loud laugh. “Yeah, no. I don’t think I like the idea of the Devil getting his hands on you.”

Wanda laughed, leaning over to kiss his nose. “Well, you’re the only one for me~ that’s demon enough.”

“Not a demon!” Seb whined, but his mouth quirked into a grin. “Man, can’t wait to tell Ford and Stan that I met the Devil! Hah!”

The two couldn’t wait to spend the summer with their family.
Chapter 28: Keeping up with the Pines

Chapter Summary

Shopping? Shopping! Shopping.

Chapter Notes

(Warning for body-switching and using the bathroom. In case anyone has an issue with that.)

Slices of Life and Family

Chapter 28

KEEPING UP WITH THE PINES

After Wanda finished her job in Los Angeles, they had a few more weeks to get everything set up. June arrived and the Pines were all in a rush. Shermie was going with his wife and twins once Dipper finished his courses and Abi got time off work to come along this time.

Seb and Wanda got stressed getting all the packing done (along with the paperwork for what happens after summer), but it was definitely worth it. They found the perfect elementary school, they talked to this new principal (Seb promised not to mess with this one), Zach’s name and situation was resolved too, which was a great relief. And best of all, Amanda would stay in the twins’ old school (which had elementary) and they wouldn't see Carol again!!

While they prepared their bags and bought tickets for the planes to be able to leave to the other side of the country in peace, Zoe was lazily playing with Daddy's tablet. Well. Not the working one, she didn't want to get shouted at because angry Dad was scary Dad, it was an old one she and Zach could use.

She was snuggled on the couch, scrolling through boring videos in ThemTube while Zach colored. "Zachy~ How do you spell monster?" She asked her twin, wanting to find cooler videos. The other blonde frowned.

"Uh...M and o is mo...Mon...M-o...s--t-e..."

Zoe typed that down and the automatic corrector changed it. Zach sat down with her to see. He wanted to grab the tablet but after some whines and pulls, Zoe stayed with it. They scrolled down until a video caught their attention. It was about a monster head!

"Hi, welcome back to Dipper's guide to the unexplained. Anomaly 42: Tooth."
The twins gasped with big smiles on their faces. That was Dipper!! As a kid! And Mabel was there too!! The video was very scary for the 5 year olds, especially Mabel's creepy bear.

Dad entered the living room with an empty cup to get more of Miz's tea from the kitchen and both gremlins jumped on him. "DAD! LOOK! Dipper and Mabel as kids!"

Seb stared at the video and grimaced. "Oh my god, did Dipper really upload those videos?" He then laughed. It was the twins' channel! So funny! The video didn't have that many views but it had lots of followers, that was adorable.

He sat with his kids to watch more of the old videos on the channel (as the new ones seemed to be Math classes? Wut? Animations or something?) and got a good laugh out of it, especially with an old video burning down the curtains in his house as he tried to summon a ghost.

"He recorded most of that in Gravity Falls. You can bother him about it when you see him in a few days." Seb snickered.

Zoe rubbed her palms together. Oh, she was counting on it~

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Finally it was time to leave. They were taking Sir Bedazzle and Queen Flutter in cages, because the twins ‘couldn’t leave their favorite stuffed toys at home’. Security thought it was hilarious how the adorable twins took them in little cages as if they were real animals.

Seb and Wanda were tense through the whole process of revision and scanning, but fortunately for them, everything went fine.

Ford was with them. He was convinced into going with them together as family. Miz wanted people to coo at them for their status as ‘twins’. In the scanning it took him a little more time though to convince them he didn’t have a bomb or a dangerous metallic object on his possession. “Surgery plate!” He quickly explained while rapping his knuckles against his head with a metallic clunk.

Seb helpfully added, “Yeah! His skull was crushed! Like a grape! It was seriously horrible, it was the same accident I lost my eye in! Look! HAHAHA!” He lifted his eye-patch and showed the red and black scars. The security guys were so disturbed, one even gagged, and they let the Pines go.

The two triplets fist-bumped and Wanda rolled her eyes, holding the kids’ hands. Miz followed closely. She wasn't clinging to her anymore but she did keep an eye out and stick close. She also kept a close eye on the twins, more worried for their safety than her own.

They had to wait an hour for their flight and Seb was already hating it. The twins weren’t normal gen alpha kids. He could give them his phone to watch videos but they wouldn’t sit still. They wanted to run around and he didn’t look forward to running after them. He pulled out from his bag something that made Wanda frown in disapproval and he quickly put the child leashes on the twins. “Now you are safe!” He declared proudly. They were like little backpacks, but only he could take them off. Mwahaha!

“Let go!” Zoe tried to run away but the elastic rope only extended so far. She rubber-banded back with a squeak. “No use on fighting it, kid...it’s happening.” Sebastian sat down between his triplet and wife watching the kids try to run, bite or nibble on their leashes.

“I am not sure you should put your children on leashes, Sebastian.” Ford commented lightly, watching Zoe on the floor twisting and turning. Miz spoke up “But you put ME in leashes.” She
was sitting beside him as he absently pet her head, she had trained him well. Seb and Wanda both choked.

“That's different. I put you in harnesses to ride you.” Ford corrected. It took some begging but he got her to agree to let him ride her dragon form. He made the harness both to keep himself from falling off and because he thought it would be cool to be a dragon riding knight.

It was...one of the most amazing experiences he’d ever had. They had flown around for hours. Xin told him about the elements in space, far more than the ones humans discovered here on Earth, their atomic weight, the classification they got, and he listened with huge big eyes. Ford's cheeks turned pink at the sudden memory of...how warm and...comfortable he felt talking with Xin… their time together was so intellectually stimulating! It was thrilling, exciting-- he felt so alive, up there in the sky late at night. The wind blowing through his hair, the stars up above him. Xin’s voice recounting the planets he’d been to…
Seb and Wanda made more strangled sounds. In his shock, Seb almost let the twins escape. Luckily Wanda grabbed the other leash.

“Yeah it was pretty cool~” Miz shrugged. “But at first you got a bit crazy pulling and steering me. I like being able to move my head on my own.” Miz gave him a teasing grin. Her adopted parents were blushing heavily. How could they talk about it so nonchalantly in public?!
It took a bit more of waiting, in which Miz passed out on Seb's lap as he stroked her hair, but eventually, they started boarding and as they had small kids, they went first! Woo! The flight lasted around 5 hours and while each parent would sit with one twin, Miz was sitting with Ford. She was glad he accepted. She felt safe with him. He was a friend, and he was big. And had a jacket she could hide in. They boarded the plane and to the passengers, flight attendants, and even the captain's joy, the twins fell asleep. Everyone made a collective sigh of relief while Seb and Wanda took the unique chance to sleep as well. Miz spent the time chatting with Ford about carbon nanotubes and how the specific pattern of molecular bonds gave substances with those structures their incredible strength, as well as how to construct them.

Miz HAD decided to simply take the high school graduation exam in order to forgo schooling.
College wasn't REQUIRED after all, so as long as she had her high school diploma, no one would bother them about it. It had caused quite the stir in Seb and Wanda's neighborhood when the news that their adopted Chinese daughter was apparently a genius got around. Miz got a bunch of invitations to various colleges and had wanted to turn them down, what need did she have for school? She knew having a college degree would make it easier to get a job but...she wasn't really planning to do that. She wanted to help raise the twins. Maybe after they grew up she might consider it. She didn’t want to work for anyone so she didn’t need a college degree to impress an employer.

Besides, if all else failed, she’d just create gold and jewelry or something to pawn for cash.

The other passengers on the plane just stared at the little girl engaging in deep scientific discussion with a man who looked like a college professor and wondered what was happening.

It was a quiet trip. Miz eventually fell asleep, leaning against Ford's side as he wrapped an arm protectively around her.

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Stanley was at the airport waiting for his family to arrive. The summer was finally starting and he couldn't wait to see his family again. Carla’s arm was tired of holding the cardboard. “Are you sure they were arriving at this hour?”

“They left in the morning so they should be here by now…” Stan groaned. Dillon stayed at home with Diego. They had better cleaned up their rooms...

“Stanley Pines!”

“Oh fuck.” They muttered before some people with cameras and microphones approached. Sometimes it sucked being a famous sports star and businessman who had the added mystery of having disappeared for 13 years. Even though it's been 5 years since then, they still wanted to hear about his life.

His cool ass lie wasn’t enough for them! They were so insufferable. “Who are you waiting for, Stanley?” One of the reporters asked. “My brothers.” Stan deadpanned. Why couldn't they just leave him alone?

“Your birthday is in a few days? What are you planning?”

“Carla, are you and your husband doing anything special?”

“Can you tell us what you’re planning next?” One of them asked. Not only was Stanley a subject to talk about in the sports world, Carla was quite well known for her work on Broadway.

Ugh. They didn’t ask for this. The couple sighed. Maybe he should have worn a disguise? The voice over the loudspeakers announced the plane was landing. Oh thank god. Stan tried to ignore the paparazzi. The sooner he met up with Seb and Ford, the sooner they could leave.

Seeing Stan and Carla weren’t moving away, the paparazzi continued pressing, taking advantage of their situation. Stan was asked a few things, he responded to the easiest ones, like the incoming games and stuff like that. No comments about his kids, or Dillon’s graduation, which they had also assaulted them about, or his brothers’ private lives. They had been on the news for a while, getting them involved again would be a dick move. They should give their own info themselves! Well, Stan managed to charm the subject away from his brothers as he regaled the paparazzi with stories.
Zoe slowly opened her eyes. Disappointed at herself for falling asleep. She wanted to watch the whole plane ride! She lifted her head from Daddy’s shoulder and yawned, hearing a muffled voice saying they were about to descend...whatever that means. She yawned and suddenly whimpered, feeling super weird. She couldn’t hear that well and there was an annoying sound- her ears popped at the sudden movement of the plane and she started crying when her ears continued ringing louder, hurting. “Daadd!” The little girl wailed. Seb woke up startled and held his upset daughter, cradling her to his chest, as he held back his own cries when his ears popped. Fuck that shit hurt!

Wanda was sitting behind him and the two were still passed out, Zach leaning against Wanda and sucking his finger. “Shh, it’ll be ok…” Seb whispered as the plane reached the landing track. God, he hated planes. Zoe wiped her tears and looked out of the window as the plane jumped and moved super fast. It...it actually looked really cool...When they returned home, she wouldn’t fall asleep so she could see how the plane leaves the ground. Her pain was long forgotten.

Miz jumped when the plane landed and Ford woke up startled when she clung tighter to him. He looked around and looked out of the window. “We are here…” He pet her long hair. They got out of the plane, each twin holding a cage for each plantimal while Ford held Miz’s hand, and Zoe gasped when she found herself looking down at huge stairs. The wind was blowing wildly on the track and when she looked up, she saw the huge white and blue plane. It was so big!! She loved it! She was glad she woke up in time to see it all up close.

Seb carried her and didn’t let her go down the stairs herself. It made her pout, but then they were taken to the airport in a cool cart. “We can go to Uncle Fez’s house now?” She asked when she was reunited with the rest of her family. “First we need to find our luggage, Zoe.” Ford smiled slightly at the skipping girl. “We can’t leave without them.”

The twins squealed when they saw the funny looking carousels where luggage started appearing. They didn’t get to really explore the airport during their trip to Los Angeles, so they wanted to do that now. Seb looked around. “Where do we go to find our bags?” The adults got distracted and the mischievous twins escaped from their grip to play. Miz went after them, not wanting anything to happen to them in this place with so many people. Too many people. Too many strangers. All those thoughts and emotions crammed into a small space. So much irritation, anger, impatience, worry, stress...

Miz whimpered and started blocking them out. But she shouldn’t block them out because she needed to sense their intentions in case someone bad was here. She had to keep the twins safe. She ran after them and whimpered at the forming headache. Just like the last time she’d been at the airport. “Guys! Slow down!” She caught up to the twins, it was so much harder to do stuff without her powers, and scooped the two up, one under each arm before they managed to climb into the turning carousel. “What did mom and Seb say about running off?!” She scolded.

They wilted. Right. They were supposed to stay close to mommy and daddy or else bad people might try to take them away. “B-but you’re here.” Zoe protested. Miz put the twins back on the ground but held onto their hands. “Well what if a bad person tries to take me away?” She asked them as she led them back to the luggage area where Wanda had noticed all three children missing and was panicking. Zach held the little cage with Queen Flutter a bit closer to him. “Then we will stop them!” he said. Miz sighed. “But you won’t be able to use your powers here. Too many people...and cameras.”

She hated that. She hated having to hold back her powers. The massive headache didn’t help her mood. She narrowed her telepathic range through sheer concentration and groaned in relief. Too
many people. If there was one huge stand out between humans and the various alien species she’s met, humans had higher population count. There were just...so MANY of them. Most of the planets she’s been to weren’t able to support this much life. Or have species living in such close proximity to each other in such a small space.

“Oh thank god!” Wanda spotted Miz leading the twins back and ran up to hug them. “What did I say about running off? I was so worried!”

“That we shouldn’t…” Zoe mumbled guiltily. “But, Sir Bedazzle wanted to see around!” She lied, showing her mom the cage. Wanda scowled. “This is not funny, Zoe.” She grabbed the twins’ hands and handed Zoe to Seb who was grabbing their last bag. “Take care of your daughter.” She muttered before grabbing one of their waiting bags and walking to the exit with Zach, who looked guilty. Miz whined at the pain and walked towards Seb. Zoe was placed on her dad’s shoulders with a sigh. “Don’t make mommy and daddy worry like that.” Seb scolded the toddler. “I know you can behave better. You are the stronger twin and it’s your job to keep your brother safe, right Fordsie?”

Ford looked down at Miz who wanted to be picked up as well and he sighed. He lifted the girl up and carried her so she could lay her throbbing head on his shoulder. Ahh~ much better. “Sebastian is right, Zoe. You must give Zach a good example. Like I always did but none of my brothers listened to me.” He sighed in mock disappointment.

Seb punched his shoulder and the two trotted towards the exit to find Wanda. They found her looking around for Stan and Carla. There were lots of people holding cardboards with names or offering them a taxi, but Seb grinned when he spotted them surrounded by cameras and paparazzi. “Ah, there they are!” He walked towards them as Wanda and Ford shared a look.

“Please, for the last time!” Stan groaned. “Just lea-”

“Hey, Fez!!” The hungry eyes of the reporters turned around and smiled when they saw one of Stan’s triplets walking towards them. As hungry animals, the cameramen and paparazzi ran towards the grinning man and little girl. “Sebastian! Why are you visiting?” “What are you wearing? Did you design it? Who is that? Your daughter?”

Wanda and Ford hung back and sighed. Was there a way to sneak over without being seen? Ford nudged Miz. “Hey. Can you put up a perception filter?” The girl groaned softly but nodded, keeping her eyes closed. Too many emotions everywhere. She sent a weak pulse of her power out around them and gave a weak thumb’s up when she felt the filter block them from anyone who wasn’t of Pine’s blood or married into the family. That was a decent parameter for this. Ford looked at the girl hugging him. “Are you ok?” Wanda touched her forehead. “Do you feel sick, sweetie?”

Miz shook her head. “Can we leave soon...the emotions overwhelm me…” She whispered and they nodded. They managed to cross the crowd to meet with Carla who was busy watching Seb and Zoe smugly grin and pose for the cameras. They were so alike it was annoying. Wanda hugged her sister-in law and Zach gave his aunt a little kiss. Stan was saved and pulled towards them. “Heya, Sixer! Oh! Miz also came!!” He grinned and hugged his older brother. “Hello, Stan.” Ford smiled. “We noticed the reporters followed you here.”

“Ugh. Yeah. It happens sometimes.” Stan blinked when he realized all the reporters had turned away from him. “What the? I know Seb’s living it up for the cameras but how did he get ALL their attention?” Ford and Wanda laughed. “Well, my dear daughter put up a...what did you call it? Perception filter?” Wanda looked at Ford for confirmation. He nodded. “Yes. It’s good to see it worked.”
Stan blinked. Then did a double take. “Wait, DAUGHTER?!” He cried. Ford blinked. He’d missed that part of Wanda’s statement. “You adopted Miz? Officially?” He gasped. Wanda smiled proudly and held Zach’s hand tighter when she felt him trying to escape. “Yup! Like, a few months ago! She’s my baby now.” Carla cooed and congratulated Wanda as Stan made a disturbed expression. Miz was their daughter, she was MORE than dating Ford, and Seb hadn’t killed him yet? Wow. Surprising self control!

“We can talk more about this at home?” Carla asked. “We left the kids alone at home.” She pouted a bit. She was worried about Diego mainly, Dillon was more than old enough. It should be fine but sometimes Dillon couldn’t keep his baby brother under control. “But how do we get Seb and Zoe away from them?” Ford wondered aloud. Miz mumbled “Distract them with something else...once he leaves their line of sight...”

“So...like...hey Seb!” Stan called out. “Tell them that you need to find Wanda, and then point towards somewhere away from us.”

Seb looked at them plotting and rolled his eye. Killjoys. He coughed. “Well, I have lost my wife around here, so I need to go find he-Oh my god! There she is!” He squealed and pointed away from his family, just like he was told to. The people gushed and looked around so Seb snuck away from them and went towards his family. When the paparazzi looked back at him, he was gone. Seb put Zoe on the ground and laughed. “You never let me have my fun!”

“Yeah! We were being famous!” Zoe giggled and tried climbing on her Uncle Stan, who easily picked her up. “We can go now!” The middle triplet exclaimed relieved. “You made us wait for you for hours!”

“Not my fault the plane was delayed.” Seb groaned, rolling his neck to get the cricks out. “Man, I can’t wait to sleep on a real bed!” The group headed off, leaving behind a thoroughly confused group of reporters who suddenly realized they had lost track of Stanley as well. Carla looked at them in wonder. “This is so useful. How’d you do this?”

“Magic.” Everyone else responded. A perk of being friends with an all powerful demon god.

“Can you teach us?” Carla smiled widely at them. Seb laughed. “Sorry, Flower, I don’t do that, you’ll have to ask Miz, but mere mortals aren’t able to hold the powers we have.” He stuck his tongue out.

“Oh, shut up.” Carla rolled her eyes. Miz mumbled. “I can teach you how to make runic spells that ward off attention...” Seb blinked at her. Really? He didn’t know about that.

They went to the parking lot where the van Stan rented was waiting for them. He helped them put the luggage in the trunk with ease and then, after complaining about how expensive the ticket was, he drove off. The twins sat on their parents’ laps and looked out at the city. The plantimals were in their cages, they wouldn’t be released until it was totally safe. “Mom is going to the house as well, she’ll be happy to see you two idiots...and Shermie, eventually, he gets here tomorrow.” Stan informed them as he drove. “Hey Sixer, how’s the Mystery Shack going? I invest in your place to keep that money making tourist trap running!” He laughed and Seb grinned at Ford’s pouting face. Stan had fallen in love with the Shack the moment he saw it, Seb remembered how he even acted as Mr. Mystery a few times. It was so fun.

“It’s fine, people still fall for fake attractions...I thought you would ask me about my research.” Their oldest brother replied, mildly offended. Stan laughed. “I would but I’m not interested in nerd shit.” Ford pouted even harder as the other adults laughed at him. Well, at least Miz appreciated his ‘nerd shit’.
Miz tiredly looked at the twins. “Don’t repeat that word until you’re teens.” She warned and they shrugged. They didn’t know what it meant anyway. The triplets talked happily. They had missed each other a lot. Their birthday was in a few days and they didn’t want to admit they were kind of excited. Men in their forties weren’t supposed to be excited for their own birthdays.

Finally, Stan pulled over at his house where he saw Dillon opening the door for a tall old woman. “Ah, just in time.” He grinned as the car stopped. “Ma!!” Seb gave Zoe to Wanda as he got out of the car. The man’s shout startled the woman who turned around and smiled widely. “Sebas!” Seb laughed and picked her up before hugging her gently. He missed his mother.

Kari laughed. “How’s my little man?” Seb placed her down gently. “I’m not little.” He protested. Kari poked his nose. “Of course not. You’re a big boy now~” She teased. “Now where are my grandbabies?” She looked around as Wanda released the twins, who ran up to hug Kari’s legs. “Hi granny Kari!”

“Oh, you two are so, so big!” She exclaimed and, with a little bit of effort, picked up Zach. “I missed you so much! I am so sorry I wasn’t at your birthday.” She rubbed noses with Zach and placed him down. “It’s ok, granny!” Zach smiled. “We understand!”

“But we missed you too!” Zoe hugged her leg as tight as she could. She wouldn’t let go. As Ford and Stan got the bags out, complaining about Seb not helping, Wanda walked towards her mother-in-law. “Hi, Kari.” She smiled and Kari smiled. “Oh! Oh! Come here, my dear girl!” She hugged the shorter woman. She loved both her daughters-in-law, but Kari loved Wanda for making her son so happy after what he went through. She was glad Wanda appeared in Sebastian’s life.

“Look Ma! I brought you the other one too!” Stan called, punching Stanford’s arm. The poor scientist oof’ed. That punch, compared to the one Seb gave him, hurt. Miz clung to Ford’s leg at the sight of the stranger. Well, the triplet’s Mom wasn’t a ‘stranger’, but Miz didn’t know her personally, even if she Saw stuff about Kari. But Sebastian adored her! So she was ‘safe’. And more than that, she was a ‘mom’. Miz peeked out and Kari’s eyes zeroed in on her. “Stanford Pines! Did you finally get me a grandchild?!” She squealed in glee. Ford twitched. “N-No! I-I mean, this is Miz, she’s Wanda and Seb’s newly adopted daughter…” He said awkwardly.

Kari was disappointed when Ford said this cute little girl wasn’t his daughter (and frankly, she was too old for Ford to have suddenly produced a daughter, but one could hope and dream) but she turned to grin at Wanda. “You adopted a child?” Wanda nodded. “Miz was friends with Sebastian and...due to some circumstances, she started living with us and eventually we decided to take her in for real.” Kari nodded and crouched to look at the girl. “Hi, Miz, I’m Kari, I’m Sebas’ Mom…” She held out a hand calmly, not reaching for her, the child seemed shy.

Miz nodded with a small smile. “It’s a pleasure to meet you, Ms. Kari…” She took the woman’s hand and shook it. She came out from behind Ford. Kari seemed like a nice person. Well, she HAS to be a nice person. She raised Seb after all. Unlike her horrid husband. The twins came over to hug Miz. “You’ll love granny Kari.” Zoe said. “She’s really nice.” Miz smiled. “I know.” From what she’s Seen, this woman was someone who would fight for her children now. Because she wasn't afraid anymore.

“She is really pretty.” Kari told her second youngest son and his wife. Then she looked at Ford once again. “But I still want a grandchild from you!” She said sternly. Ford groaned loudly as Stan and Seb snickered. “Mom, I told you I don’t want to have kids.” Ford deadpanned. Kari looked at the kids. “Would you want to have a new cousin?”

“Yes!!” the twins cheered. Miz giggled behind her hand. Kari turned back to Ford. “You don’t even need to marry a girl...or a boy, if that’s what you’re into, I won’t judge…”
“Mother!?” Ford sputtered.

“...but I’m sure you can adopt a child too.” Kari sighed. “I just want to know you won’t be alone.” She hugged him, her head only coming up to his chin. “I worry about you being sequestered away in your lab all the time.” Ford rolled his eyes. “A child would get in the way of my work. I have many experiments that require my attention throughout the whole day and it would be irresponsible for me to have a child and be unable to care for them.”

Everyone sighed. Of course. His work was more important. Miz spoke up “There’s nothing wrong with wanting to focus on your work and career.” Ford ruffled her hair. “Thanks for understanding, Miz.”

“Well, let’s not stay outside!” Dillon called from the entrance with a grin, his slightly tanned skin making his white grin even whiter. Kari walked towards her oldest grandkid and kissed his cheek before going inside. The triplets grabbed their bags and luggage before following Stan inside. Diego came running down and into the hall. “Guys!” He squealed at his twin cousins. He ran towards them for a hug. “Come on, let's go play in my room!”

“Hey squirt! Say hi to your uncles and aunt first!” Stan barked. Diego moaned and quickly hugged Uncle Seb, Ford, aunt Wanda, Granny Kari, Miz, and then took the twins upstairs, but not before releasing Sir Bedazzle and Queen Flutter. “We have a new pet!” Zoe exclaimed as they ran to their cousin’s room.

Stan sighed. “I’ll make sure the doors are closed…” He walked away and Carla smiled. “Come, I’ll show you your rooms! The hotel in New Jersey is already reserved so we just need to go in a few weeks, pay and enjoy!”

“Thanks, Flower.” Seb grinned. They all followed her upstairs while they chatted about how they have been doing. Kari sighed. “And I’m guessing Ford still hasn’t found anyone. Really dear, you’re quite lucky your brothers have all given me grandchildren or I would be nagging you more about this.” Everyone was sweating nervously and kept quiet that Ford was...dating Seb and Wanda’s adopted daughter...because that was pretty messed up if they thought about it that way… so, just accept that life was weird and being in a relationship with a shapeshifting demon god was weird and just go with that.

They all looked at each other and in unison, decided not to bring that up and hoped Ford wouldn’t bring it up either. Miz wasn’t paying attention as she looked around the house, already burning small triangles into hard to notice places as she went. She did this around Ford’s lab as well. There were already PLENTY of triangles in Gravity Falls but more was always good. She wanted to keep an eye on Stan’s family to make sure they stayed safe. Speaking of safe, Miz noted that Dillon (and little Diego) apparently had a live in bodyguard called Sasha who was also…

“A battle maid…” Miz whispered in awe. That was... AMAZING!

Carla took them upstairs and showed them to their rooms. Ford’s was the smallest but it was ok because he was alone. The twins would share with Diego, Seb and Wanda got their own, Shermie and Abi another, and Mabel and Dipper would sleep with Dillon. Miz looked over at Ford “So are we sharing your room?” Ford considered that. “Yes, I suppose we will. All the other rooms are too full.” All the adults aside from Kari made coughing sounds. Kari just thought it was adorable how Seb’s adopted daughter liked her eldest son son much. It made her glad. She saw how Miz had been holding Ford’s hand earlier.

Stan also officially introduced Sasha to his brother’s family. “If you can, protect Sebastian’s kids too, like last time.” Stan told her. Sasha nodded. More children to add to the list. She almost got a
heart attack with the twins last time. She glanced over at the eldest girl, who was staring at her with sparkling eyes. “Um…” Sasha wasn’t sure how to feel. The little girl was whispering, “Battle maid, battle maid, battle maid—” under her breath.

Sasha was saved by the children coming back into the room. They were followed by these strange… animals? “Oh yeah, these are their pets. Don’t think too hard about it.” Stan waved off. Zoe started screaming. “I WANNA GO TO THE POOL!!” She squealed and pulled her mommy’s hand. “Bathsuit! Bathsuit!” Wanda looked over at Carla and the other woman nodded. “It’s a hot day, why don’t we all go swimming?” The children cheered.

The twins searched for their clothes in their bags and started throwing the clothes all over the ground. Seb lifted them up and put them under his arms. “Don’t do thaaaaaattt! Do you know how long it took me to pack??!!” He growled playfully and took them to their room to change them. Wanda picked up the discarded clothes and followed her family. “We will meet you there.”

Zoe put on her blue and green swimsuit and sat down impatiently to get her hair tied up by her mommy. Seb bit his lip. How could he be so stupid to forget about Zach? Was it correct to let him go shirtless? (Seb never did). Should he wear a swimsuit like Zoe? To be honest, no one would be able to tell the difference…but… it worried him. He looked at Zach sitting on the bed and waiting patiently.

Miz came into the room. She didn’t have any clothes since she simply shapeshifted her clothes. She looked over at Seb’s panicked, worried face and how he was staring at Zach. Oh. Right. She sighed and walked over. “It’s fine. He’s 5 years old. Besides, the whole ‘Only boys can be shirtless’ thing is bullshit. Just ask him what he wants to wear.”


“Like Diego. He has a SpiderMan swim trunks!” He smiled. Seb smiled back. He had an idea. He extended his right hand in flames. “Alright...How about I get you cool Spider Man swim trunks too...but you wear a shirt like Dad?” He never took his shirt off anyway. So it’s not weird if Zach wears his shirt like his dad does, right?

“No. That’s silly!” Zach giggled at him and Seb pouted. The flames disappeared for a second. “Alright...then, you give Dad a kiss?” He still needed to change the swimsuit to trunks. Ok!” Zach shook his hand and kissed his cheek. Seb went to look for the swimsuit and when he held it, the garment started changing and transmuting. Hehe, he still got it… He gave the shorts to Zach and he went to the bathroom to change. He wasn’t like Zoe who changed anywhere.

Seb sat down on the bed and watched Zoe escape the room with her face and arms covered in sunscreen. “So, Zach called me silly for wearing a shirt to the pool…” Miz and Wanda laughed. “Well, most men don’t. No offence Seb.” Wanda said. “You just happen to be very shy about your body.” Seb pouted. He still had his zodiac on his back. He didn’t hate it as much as he used to but it was still...not something he liked to let people see. Wanda patted his back. “It’s fine. Who cares what anyone else thinks. If you want to wear a shirt, you can wear a shirt.”

Zach came out, proudly shirtless and ran for the door. Wanda grabbed him before he could get far. “Sunscreen first.” she said, motioning to the windows. They might block the UV rays but she still worried. He whined but held still as Wanda covered him. The instant she was done, he was off, running downstairs chanting “Pool! Pool! Pool!” Wanda shook her head fondly. “Well I’m going to get changed too.” She went off to the bathroom, leaving Seb and Miz on the bed. Seb sighed. Miz patted his arm. “What’s wrong?”
“Am I... getting worried for nothing? I know it’s bullshit that only men can be shirtless... but, when he grows up? He won’t be able to do it... and he will feel bad...” Seb rubbed his arm. “I thought getting him used to wearing a shirt would make it normal for him, even if he grows up and still considers himself a boy... it would be... ‘normal.’” He made quotation marks.

Miz sighed. “Look, once he’s older and can make a real decision, I can shapeshift him... if he wants me to.”

“Right... right...” Seb mumbled. “I still get worried, I can’t help it.”

“I know.” Miz grinned. “You’re a mama hen.” Wanda came out of the bathroom with her swimsuit and shorts. “Now go change your clothes to go to the pool!” Miz pushed him to stand up. She went up to a mirror to change her own clothes, her simple tshirt and pants turning into a cute one piece with ruffles around the chest and hips. She skipped out of the room, she didn’t need sunscreen! HA!

Wanda still wanted to feel like a mother for her and caught Miz in the hallway. “Kari will ask why you don’t wear sunscreen, and Seb and I are your parents~” She grinned as she applied the white substance on her face. Miz pouted. It made her skin feel sticky and she didn’t like it. But she let Wanda put it on her and ran off as soon as she was done. Miz passed by Ford’s room and noticed he was sitting at the desk, fully dressed. “Ford~ aren’t you gonna come swim too?”

Ford grunted as he wrote out some equations in his journal. Miz narrowed her eyes. She flicked her fingers and Ford yelped as his clothes swapped out with the swim trunks he had packed. Ford blinked down at himself while Miz blinked at him. “...you’re a lot hairier than I thought.” It looked to be mostly along his chest, legs and arms. It was also really curly. She went up and started petting his arm hair. Teehee. It felt funny. She liked the texture. Ford grumbled as Miz pulled at his arm. “What are you doing?”

“I’m seeing how springy your body hair is.” Miz replied. She pulled a strand straight and let go to watch it spring back into a curl. This was hilarious. “I’ve never seen you without your turtleneck before...” She looked up and saw his star tattoo. She snorted with laughter before she could stop herself.

“Oh, that’s enough.” Ford gently pushed her away and went to look into his bag for another shirt. Miz giggled and sat on his bed. “It’s not my fault you got that tattoo, but I’m glad you did, I like it~” She teased. “Stop...” Ford groaned and put on another turtleneck. Who the heck brought turtlenecks to their SUMMER vacation?!

Miz stared at him deadpan. “How are you going to swim with a turtleneck on?”

“I will not.” Ford replied easily. “What?!” The demon shrieked and he rolled his eyes. “I have work... and I don’t want to swim.”

“If it was with strangers, I would understand, but your family is downstairs! Go down and spend time with them! Human life is short and you should spend it with people you love!” Miz pulled at Ford’s hand, dragging him out of his room. “But-”

“No! No buts! You don’t even have to swim! Just talk, maybe eat snacks, or hang out with them. Be in the same general area as everyone! You can bring your journal with you. Don’t hole yourself away in your room!” Miz pulled at him. Ford sighed and gave in, as long as he could bring his journal with him, he didn’t mind, letting the small girl drag him down the stairs and to where the pool was. Seb and Wanda were already there along with Kari, Stan and Carla. The children were in the pool, splashing around in the shallow end. Stan was getting on the diving board on the deep
end. “Watch out~for the STANonball!” He cheered before jumping down in a cannonball. The splash sent water spraying everywhere as the children laughed and Carla groaned loudly. “You can’t just add your name to everything!”

Miz grinned at that perfect opener. “Why not? You can’t STANd it?” Carla turned to stare at Miz in utter horror. “No. There’s two of them now!” Seb was dying in his pool chair. Miz grinned wickedly “Well, if you’re not a fan of this sort of thing, I can underSTANd. Not everyone can handle such puns.”

Carla covered her ears. “Please stop~”

Miz opened her mouth but Ford covered her face. “Don’t be cruel. Carla is our host and we shouldn’t upset her-” He admonished. Carla sighed in relief. “-there is a STANdard of behavior used in polite society.” Ford finished with a grin directed to his sister-in-law. See? He could hang out and joke too! He didn't...hole himself all the time!

Carla screamed and pushed Ford and Miz into the pool.

The two screamed as they splashed in and Sebastian fell from his chair due to how hard he was laughing. The twins and Diego swam towards the fallen duo and poked them. “Uncle Ford, you can’t swim with this shirt, it’s too heavy!” Zoe informed him as he and Miz came to the surface, coughing and trembling. She poked his side and Ford made a squeak before he tried getting out of the pool. Seb used his powers and kept him in. “Stay~”

Stan quietly, like a shark, sneaked up from behind and grabbed Ford. The oldest triplet, who lost his glasses during the fall, gasped for air before he was captured and brought underwater.

Diego cheered for his dad and the twins watched in confusion. “Will Uncle Stan kill Uncle Fordsie?” Zach asked. Miz managed to crawl out and sat on the border of the pool. “Don’t know.” She shrugged. After almost a minute of worrying, the Stans broke the surface with a loud gasp, but Stan had managed to take off Ford’s turtleneck and was waving it like a trophy. “HAHA! YEAH!!”

“Stanley! Give that back right now!” Ford grabbed for his shirt but Stan laughed and threw it out of the pool. It landed with a wet SPLAT on the tiled ground. “You can’t swim with that thing on.” Stan grinned. Ford sighed. “I wasn’t even planning to swim...”

“What?!” His little niblings questioned. “But everyone is here having fun!” Zoe pouted. “You don’t want to have fun with us?” Diego sniffed. Ford paled. He couldn’t see shit, but those little silhouettes looked really sad. “Great job making our kids sad!” Seb complained at him. Wanda looked at Dillon pleadingly and the teen lifted the chair and threw his uncle into the water. The Stans screamed as Seb fell over them with a loud splash.

Kari laid down in the now empty chair and put on her sunglasses. Ah~it was nice having her family together. She couldn’t wait for Shermie and his family to arrive tomorrow.

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The day passed almost too fast for them. Soon it was time for bed and everyone retired to their rooms. Stan and Seb pulled Ford aside and told him he wasn’t allowed to do any ‘sessions’ with Miz while they were here. Ford nodded. Of course not. What kind of man did they take him for? So he changed into his pajamas and crawled into bed with an exhausted sigh. Miz was snuggled into the sheets beside him. She seemed to have passed out the second her head hit the pillow. Oh right, didn’t Sebastian mention something about Miz going home to her own dimension while her
vessel in this dimension slept?

He reached out to brush her hair from her face, she had rolled around a bit and was getting close to the edge of the bed. The idea that Bill/Miz had set up this permanent connection between their worlds because she wanted to stay with them was very...humbling to know. Ford also dearly wanted to learn more about this connection. How did she manage to link their dimensions without a portal? He sighed. He could think about this tomorrow. He was tired. His brothers had cruelly kept him away from coffee all day. Ford relaxed on the bed and let his eyes slip shut, pulling Miz closer to him before he fell asleep.

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It was early in the morning, around 7am, when the doorbell rang. Stan was kicked out of bed with an “It’s your brother.” so he went down the elevator and opened the door for his exhausted younger brother and family. “Looking nice.” He teased before yawning.

“Oh shut up, the flight was at 1am.” Dipper grumpily pouted and walked inside. Mabel yawned as well and threw herself onto the couch as soon as the elevator opened into Stan’s penthouse. “You can go to the beds...upstairs...” The tired family of four passed out. “...Or not. Ok, see ya later then.” Stan went back to sleep.

At 11am, the Pines managed to function correctly and could celebrate the arrival of Shermie and his family. “Diegoooo!” Mabel squealed. Said boy screamed and went to hide from his crazy cousin. Mabel laughed maniacally as she cornered him, her hands making pinching motions. “There’s no escaping from my LOVE!”

Diego screamed one last time before his saviors appeared. Zoe and Zach stood in front of him and with their hands stretched they lifted Mabel into the air. “Get your ugly love away from our best friend cousin!” Zoe ordered and they made her float back. “Uncle Shermie, Mabel needs time out because she is bothering Diego!” Zach informed his youngest uncle as they put Mabel next to him.

Dipper snorted with laughter. Served her right.

“Ok, ok, I’ll ground her.” Shermie nodded and the kids left satisfied, glad there would be justice. The green-eyed man sighed. “Don’t bother your cousin, he’s five.”

“But he is so adorable!!” Mabel insisted. Her mom shook her head. “Mabel please, sweetie.” Dipper grinnned at her and made a mocking face. Mabel stuck her tongue out. “Jerk!” The older set of twins made various faces at each other. Seb and Wanda came down and laughed at them. “Pinetree, if you make that face for too long, it’s gonna get stuck like that.” Seb said ominously.

Mabel gasped. “Dipper would look more dumb than usual!!” She put her hand on each of her cheeks in surprise and Dipper groaned. “Stop picking on me!” He whined. Seb grinned at his niblings. They had grown up but they were still the same...

Wanda looked around. “Strange. Miz is usually awake by now.” Seb frowned. “Right. Ford never oversleeps.” The guy hated sleeping, he was crazy. “I’ll wake them up.” he offered and ran upstairs. He stood behind the door and took a deep breath. Ok, he will trust he wouldn’t see anything traumatizing inside...

He knocked, just in case. “Sixer? Miz?” No response. “Alright...I'm coming in.” He opened the door, bracing himself for the worst...and blinked in surprise. They were sleeping together but...

Ford laid on his back, expression slack and peaceful. Miz was laying on her front on top of Ford’s
chest, head tucked under his chin and a faint smile on her lips. One of Ford's hands was on her back and their blanket had been half kicked off, not that it would be a problem, Seb knew from personal experience that Miz was like a hot water bottle. He watched for a bit before pulling out his phone and snapping a picture. It was too cute to pass up.

He decided to let them sleep in, closing the door softly and heading back downstairs.

“They’re still tired.” Seb informed Wanda, showed her the photo and his wife squealed. He was glad Ford was sleeping. From what Miz told him, the idiot could go days without sleeping or eating if he got really into a project.

Seb huffed. Sure. Ford neglected his needs in the name of science and he was fine! But Seb had neglected it because he didn't have money to eat and his weak ass teenage body passed out on him and gave him anemia. He didn’t realize he was thinking aloud. “Well, Ford at least eats SOMETHING! You simply didn’t eat at all and you were a teen.” Wanda frowned. Those were dark times she hoped they’d never repeat.

Seb yelped when he was almost tackled down. He looked up and Mabel was laughing, clinging to his back. “Hey Uncle Seb! Aunt Carla told me you went into the water again! I am so, so proud of you getting over your fears!” She said and Seb grunted when his back protested a bit. He could carry Miz and the twins, but Mabel was much heavier now, even if she was thin. “To be honest, they threw me in...pumpkin, you’re going to break me! Get off!” He complained.

“Nope! Can we have breakfast? The little sandwich from the plane was horrible!” She stuck her tongue out. Dipper yawned and nodded from the couch, he was on his phone. “Uh huh. Horrible.”

Stan also came in and Mabel released her poor Uncle. “Aaww! I love it when we are all together like a huge family! I brought different colorful sweaters! Look!” She untied the sweater from her waist and put it on. It was a loose sweater crop top this time, with a U neckline. It was a sweater more suitable for the warmer weather of the city and for her age, but the green sweater still had kittens and words that read PAWESOME!

“Looks great, sweetie. Well! I’m starving! Why don’t we have breakfast?” Stan grinned. “Where are the kids?” Carla asked just as they heard laughter and a splash.

“POOL!”

They set the table in the dining room, one for the adults, another one outside near the pool they called the “cousins table”. Dipper knew it was just the kids table. Mabel, him and Dillon, eventually the twins and Diego, had always been excluded from the huge, adult table. Even now that they were 18 and technically adults under the law, they still refused to change their outdated laws.

Diego, Zach and Zoe were all wet when they sat down to eat. Sir Bedazzle was paddling in the pool as Queen Flutter (?) rested on a pizza float in the pool. Mabel squealed when she realized there were two animals now. “AUUUGH~you guys are sooo lucky!”

Dipper wondered where Uncle Ford was. He knew he had come, but he hasn’t come down yet. He looked around. “Hey, where's uncle Ford?” He asked. Seb responded as he helped out with making breakfast. “He's still asleep. Let him sleep in, that guy doesn't get enough of it.”

“Ford? Sleeping?” Dillon raised an eyebrow. “You sure he isn’t unconscious or something?” He gasped dramatically. “Is he breathing?!”
“Calm down, kid, he is breathing, I checked up on him myself.” Seb smiled. “He is just tired, as wild as that sounds.”

“Heeyyy!” Mabel grinned. "What will we get for our birthday?"

“Pardon?” Seb looked at her and she grinned.

"Mabel, you have to give your uncles presents. Their birthday is tomorrow.” Abigail rolled her eyes.


“A plantimal!” Mabel squealed. She pointed at Queen Flutter who was swishing her tail and sort of flying over to inspect Diego. “I want one!” She begged. Shermie groaned. “The pig was bad enough…"

“Excuse me, Dad, Waddles is the best! But I REALLY want a platimal too!” She pulled her uncle’s arm. “Please!! I’D GIVE YOU MY BLOOD!” She cried dramatically and Seb cackled. “I guess we could ask Miz to make you one…” Mabel cheered even as Abigail and Shermie groaned. Abigail looked at her husband “Will we even be able to afford to care for another pet?”

“The plantimals are actually pretty easy to care for. Just give them water and sunlight everyday. They don't really poop but they do produce water and sugar...and oxygen of course.” Wanda assured her. Mabel was jumping around with joy. “And I won't have to wait for summer, I can get one now right?” She pulled on Seb's arm.

“Well, Miz is still asleep upstairs with Ford so…” Seb started to say but Mabel had run up the stairs. “Hey!” Seb gasped “Don't wake them up!”

Mabel didn’t hear though and squealed as she searched for Miz. Abi looked at his groaning and facepalming brother in law. “I am sorry…” She apologized on her daughter’s behalf. “Mabel can be really impulsive.”

“And crazy! Yeah!” Dipper high-fived Dillon. Seb sighed. He just hoped they were woken up kindly...

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Ford was amazed at the wild journey he and Miz had embarked on. She had showed him her dimension, he got to meet Jheselbraum again, although this was a different version of her. He held hands with Miz as she pulled them back home. “This...has been amazing.” He grinned. Being able to explore the wonders of space without the stress of fighting to stay alive was...nice. Miz squeezed his hand. “I'm glad you liked it. Thanks for agreeing to help me test if I can bring you guys with me to my dimension. Sorry I didn’t take you to meet with my friends again though.”

“Of course. It was no problem at all.” Ford nodded “I am always willing to help with breakthroughs. This has been an amazing night.” He couldn't wait to write this down in his journal. The two came through the dimension door to find themselves in the Mindscape, floating above their bodies.

“Well, it should be about time for me to wake up.” Ford smiled as he floated toward his sleeping body. He noted that Miz had somehow ended up on his chest over the night. Did their bodies still move in their sleep despite their souls not being in them? That was a fascinating thing to consider. Just as he was about to fly around Miz to slip back into himself, the door slammed open “MIZ!
Ford startled and fell into a body.

Mabel blinked when she saw the position her uncle and Miz were in. Awwww—that's so cute. She saw Miz wake up with a gasp and tumble off Ford to lay on her back, staring wide eyed at the ceiling. “Good morning Miz!” Mabel waved.

‘Miz’ got up and gasped as she stared at her hands and then over at Ford. “Oh shit.” ’Ford’ stirred and sat up as well. ‘Ford’ blinked down at her and then at his six-fingered hand. “Are you fucking kidding me…?” ’He’ whispered.

‘Miz’ grimaced, horrified. “I am still dreaming...are we in another dimension?” ‘She’ asked faintly. ‘Ford’ laughed, somewhat hysterically “Nope! I think we just came back wrong…” his grin was...unnatural looking, kinda creepy actually. “This might be FUN!” ‘Ford’ giggled. ‘Miz’ shook her head. “No it won't be fun! We have to change back right now!”

“Pfth~where's the fun in THAT Fordsie? Come on, I wanna see what it's like to be *tall*!” he stumbled out of bed and went to stare at his reflection in the mirror, poking his chin and ruffling his hair. ‘Miz’ however, seemed to be having traumatic flashbacks to the last time a Bill Cipher had possessed Ford's body.

“What the heck is going on?!” Mabel cried, startling the two who hadn’t noticed her standing there. She saw her uncle Ford grin at her “Hey Shooting Star! It seems there's been a mix up this morning. HAH!” Mabel flinched at the yellow eyes. “Bill? Or...is that Miz?” She hoped it was Miz.

“It's Miz…” Ford groaned in Miz's high pitched voice. The sight of those yellow eyes was really freaking him out. As well as the fact that his body was being worn by someone else. It was bringing up bad memories. Miz seemed to notice his distress and her smile faded. She sighed and came back to sit on the bed, easily picking Ford up now that he was so small and placing him in her (his own) lap. “Sorry. I forgot that this might not be as fun for you as it is for me. Mental attack?” She mumbled as she hugged him, large arms easily enveloping Ford's current tiny form.

Ford groaned. “It's not your fault. I'm just...I don't like the idea of someone else taking my body to do who knows what to it.”

“But...you DO know what I'm doing with it. You're here, watching me. I just...wanted to see what it's like being in you for a bit...you can tell me to stop if I do something you don't want and I promise I won't do anything invasive.” Miz assured him.

Ford seemed to consider it. Miz really seemed to want to be in his body...and while she was Bill Cipher, she was good, she was even telling him she would take care of his body... “Ok...but just for a while, then I want my body back.” Ford coughed. Damn, he hadn't had a voice this high pitched since he was 12...

Miz grinned widely and hugged Ford tightly. “Ok! Thanks Fordsie!!” She looked at Mabel who was staring at them in utter confusion. “You didn’t see anything…” She warned. Mabel nodded slowly. “Is this...like that carpet thing?”

“Yup.” Miz grinned as she got up, picking up Ford to hug him to her (currently his) chest. Oh~her body was squishy and nice to hug. No wonder all her friends liked to hug her. She hugged Ford closer and grinned when he squeaked. “Come on, Fordsie. Let's see how long it takes for people to notice.”
“Considering your eyes are yellow, glowing and slitted, I’d say...like 2 seconds.” Mabel commented dryly. So they switched bodies. She shuddered. That had been an awful experience. Dipper's body was so...sweaty.

Miz pouted before she looked down at herself (Ford's body) “I feel weird.” She frowned. Her belly hurt. Like it was full. She whined uncomfortably and pressed her legs together. Ford's eyes widened. “Bathroom! Now!”

Mabel’s brown eyes widened as well. Yeah...she wasn’t staying any longer. “So...tell me when you are back to normal? I want a plantimal…” She mumbled and went downstairs.

Miz stood up and managed to walk, still pressing her legs together. “This is horrible...having a real body is horrible...” she whined. Ford wiggled out of her grip, dropped to the ground and pulled Miz into the bathroom. “Hurry! I don't want you to pee yourself!”

Miz got in front of the toilet and dropped her pants. “How...how do I do this?” She blushed at the sight of...oh my~

Ford blushed as well. He snapped his fingers, not noticing Miz's startled look at the fact that he could. “Concentrate! Just...let it out! I don’t know! People usually don’t have to explain to others how to do this!”

Miz whined and...let go. Sort of. She quickly noticed she was going to miss the toilet and reached her hands down to...aim better. It was relatively simple after that. She moaned in relief. So THAT was what it felt like to empty a bladder. She had forgotten. It had been much too long. She continued moaning while Ford blushed furiously. “Um...you can let go now.” He said quietly.

Miz looked down. “How do I clean it? I'm supposed to wipe it right?” Ford buried his face in his hands and groaned. “Y-yeah...you just…”

As Ford explained how everything worked, Miz couldn't help but stare at it. Her Xin and Jan forms had dicks but they didn't look like this. Probably because they were based off drawings she's seen. Still, she couldn't help prodding at it. It was so funny looking. And big. "Is this really so interesting to you?" Ford groaned, face red. "I haven't felt waste production sensation like this in pretty much forever!" Miz pouted. "It's... weird."

Miz pulled her underwear and pants back on before washing her hands. “You can touch mine if you want.” She told him. “I give you permission to explore my body as much as you want. It's only fair.” It was just construct after all.

“No. I do not wish to explore your body.” Ford sighed. “Let’s just please go downstairs.” He said and Miz giggled. “Alright!” she flicked her fingers (pouting that she STILL couldn't snap them, how did Ford make this look so easy?!) and changed both their clothes. She dressed herself in the usual collared shirt and pants that Ford liked to favor when NOT in a turtleneck while Ford was now in a cute green sundress with frills and ribbons. Finally, Miz put on a pair of sunglasses. “Ok...how's this? How do I look?”

“...like my father.” Ford stared up at her. Miz immediately snatched the sunglasses off and crushed them. “Ok. No sunglasses then.”

“But wouldn’t people notice you are possessing me?” He sighed awkwardly pulling on the dress Miz put him in. He felt so dumb. Miz hummed, stroking his chin with his six-fingered hand. So cool~ “I...can put up a perception filter!” She grinned and flicked her fingers. “There!” She coughed and made a serious face. “Greetings, family, I am an owl who doesn’t like going into the
pool.” She put her hands behind her back. “Fascinating! I will write it down immediately!”

Ford scowled and smacked her in the stomach, but it didn’t hurt Miz at all. “I do not sound like that!” He whined as Miz cackled and wheezed “Try me!”

Ford rolled his eyes. “I will not be playing along with this charade.” this was ridiculous.

“But you have to!” Miz insisted. “They will notice!” She hummed. “Imagine you’re a character in DD&moreD! You HAVE to stay in character during a game!”

Ford blinked. “You...know about Dungeons, dungeons and more dungeons?”

Miz rolled her eyes. “Of course! My dimension has a similar game with slightly different rules but It's essentially the same thing. I DM for my friends once a week for our games.” She grumbled “But they're always more interested in killing all the NPCs instead of following the quest...which is valid I guess, they're free to do what they want and I don't want to railroad them to much…” she trailed off when she saw the wide eyed eager look on Ford's (her own) face. Shit. She looked fucking adorable.

A high pitched squealing sound was coming out of Ford as he bounced in excitement. “You play DD&moreD!” He squealed. Miz blinked. “Um...yes. What's...the problem?”

“Play with me!” Ford grabbed her hand and tugged on it. Miz blinked. “Oh hey. You're in character.” She yelped when Ford pulled her out of the bathroom. “We need to get Dipper! We can have a session together!” Ford actually giggled as he bounced merrily down the hall, dragging Miz behind him.

It’s been so long since he had played! When was the last time? Oh right, Probabilititor wanted to eat his and Dipper’s brains. “Remember to stay in character though!” Miz laughed, loving the deep voice coming out of her, and Ford waved a hand. “Yeah, yeah.” He could do that. It was like acting...like a child, and Mabel. He could do it.

He slowed down when he saw his family eating in the dining room. “Hey, you finally woke up!” Stan grinned. “We thought Shooting Star would wake you up, she luckily didn’t.” Seb looked at Mabel who was on the couch, coughing awkwardly.

“Oh she did. It was quite startling.” Miz said with a solemn nod. “Shermie, you should tell your daughter she cannot simply enter someone's room without permission.”

“Good job, dumb head!” Dipper teased and poked his sister’s cheek. The girl grumbled and hid her head on the cushion. “Don’t think I haven’t tried…” Shermie mumbled.

Ford squeaked when he was suddenly picked up and sat on a chair. Wanda smiled down at him and kissed his forehead. “How did you sleep sweetie? I made your favorites~” she grinned. Seb laughed. “We made everyone's favorites!” That's what happened when 5 people got to cook breakfast all together.

A HUGE plate of food was pushed in front of Ford. He felt faint just looking at it. Did Miz really eat this much?! For breakfast?! No wonder she was so squishy…

“T-thank you, mom.” Ford only stumbled a little as he stared at the stack of pancakes drizzled with syrup, ground beef and onion omelette, a toasted roast beef sandwich and French fries. What kind of breakfast was this?!

Wanda pet his cheek before sitting back on her chair. Seb walked over to Ford. “Are you planning
to sit down and eat something more than coffee? I have important news for you, a human body doesn’t survive on that!”

Miz grinned, Seb looked so small from this height, and pulled the man to him in a hug. “Thank you, Sebastian.” She said as Ford watched them. “You are a great brother! And I appreciate everything you do for me.” Seb tensed up at the sudden hug but quickly relaxed and hugged his older brother back. “You-You’re welcome, Sixer…” he sniffed and smiled.

Miz patted Seb's hair. “I think I WILL eat food like a proper human being today.” She declared before sitting down next to Ford, who kicked her under the table. “What about staying in character?!” He hissed at her quietly. Miz ruffled Ford's hair with a laugh. “Miz and I had a talk this morning about taking better care of myself.” She said loudly.

“Aw~that's so sweet.” Kari cooed at the girl. It was so cute how close they were. Then again, with Wanda and Seb handling the twins during the trip over, Ford had probably been in charge of little Miz.

Miz filled her plate with some food, feeling slightly jealous that Ford got to have her favorite breakfast stuff. But it was ok. There was a spinach and cheese omelette here that looked good. And plenty of corned beef hash. Ford's eyes widened at the food she piled onto her plate. “You can't eat all that! You're going to make yourself sick!” He hissed quietly.

Miz pouted and sat back down before she could grab more stuff. Everyone else were engaging in conversation so their own whispered discussion was ignored. “But I want to eat~”

“Well, my body isn't used to it.” Ford said. He looked longingly at the coffee pot. Wanda had placed a tall glass of Lactose-free milk in front of him. He sighed. Then he grinned. Well, if Miz was going to put all sorts of food inside his body…

He turned to Wanda with a wide eyed pleading look “Mommy? Can I try some coffee?” He bat his eyelashes adorably.

Wanda looked at her and coo’ed. “Are you sure? You usually don’t like bitter things.”

“I am completely sure! Can I? Sebas?” He pouted. Miz narrowed her eyes at him. Seb patted Ford’s head and passed him the coffee. “Ok! But you will finish whatever you serve yourself.” He joked. Ford grabbed the coffee, pushed the glass of milk aside and in another cup he poured the warm, bitter bean juice. Ahh~ Morning coffee.

Miz rolled her eyes. How could Ford drink it black? No cream or sugar? Ugh. She took Ford's cup of milk. It would be a waste if no one drank it after all. Seb looked confused that ‘Ford’ wasn’t going for the coffee. “Sixer? Are you...ok? You haven’t drank milk since we were...kids.”

“I am perfectly fine. I had an incredibly nice rest last night and I don't need to rely on caffeine to function like a human being right now. Besides, I don't want the milk to go to waste.” Miz said, licking the milk off her lips.

Stan snickered and Carla hit his arm. “Don’t be mean.” She said and Kari nodded. “Yes, leave your brother alone, Stanley. Are you really so dependant on caffeine to function, son?” The elderly woman asked. She drank coffee too, but she didn't drink it daily...now.

Miz grinned. “Actually, I do, mother. I overwork myself until I pass out from exhaustion or hunger and I keep my lab a complete mess.” She sighed, faking guiltiness. “In fact, there's so much dust that Miz started sneezing and choking when she came over once…”
Ford choked on his coffee and looked at Miz. She didn’t!! Kari gasped. “That's awful Stanford! You better be shaping up better from now on! That is no way for an adult to live.”

Miz grinned in satisfaction as Ford groaned and covered his face. This was so embarrassing. He was getting scolded indirectly! He frowned at his coffee mug. Also, the coffee tasted more bitter than he was used to. He grimaced. He almost wanted to get some sugar. Well, he was in Miz's body and her tastebuds were different.

“And if you can give me grandbabies soon, that's more important!” Kari continued and ‘Miz’ spat the coffee ‘she’ was trying to drink. Seb patted her back to help her.

‘Ford’ sighed. “I am very sorry, mother. I am simply too busy with work.” ‘he’ shook his head sadly. “Besides, I'm incredibly boring and a huge nerd and don't pay attention to the needs of others because I'm too lost in my own thoughts and my ego so it's not like I can find a partner anyway…”

Ford kicked Miz under the table. “That is not true!” Ford argued with his face bright red. Miz patted his head. “I, Stanford Pines, am a huge neerdd! And I am proud of it and my singleness!” Ford kicked her again, stronger this time. The teens watched the exchange with confused expressions. “Ten bucks that he’s drunk.” Dillon gave his cousin a bill.

Dipper studied the pair. “Twenty bucks Miz is using magic on him.” Mabel covered her face and made a frustrated noise. “25 they switched bodies…” Her awkwardness better served for something. The boys grinned and placed the bets. That was the most absurd thing! Why would they switch bodies? Dipper knew an electron carpet was needed.

“Miz, stop hitting Stanford.” Wanda scolded and put her hands on his shoulders. “But are you listening to what he is saying?!” ‘Miz’ whined.

“We know you like Ford, it’s weird hearing him talking bad about himself like that, but he is just joking, aren’t you Ford?” Seb looked at his ‘brother’. ‘Ford’ sighed self deprecatingly. “I have been doing a lot of soul searching. Introspective looks on my life and what I have been doing all this time. I know there's nothing wrong with pursuing my career, but blind devotion to my work at the exclusion of my own family and friends isn't healthy and it's about time I made some time for more than just my research.”

Stan wiped an unmanly tear from his eye and started clapping. Eventually, his other brothers followed him and everyone ended up clapping and cheering at the man with glasses. “Oh sweetie.” Kari hugged her eldest son and ‘Ford’ hugged her back gently, not without sending ‘Miz’ a smug grin.

Oh Ford was getting revenge for this. He looked at his coffee and sighed. He was sorry. He spilled it and started shrieking. “Ew! This is horrible!! I don’t want this!” He shrieked and threw a tantrum. He grabbed the sugar and, like a brat, poured it onto the floor beside the spilled coffee. Sir Bedazzle and Queen Flutter ran towards it to lick the brown substance up.

Seb grimaced. "What the heck?!"

Wanda sighed. “I told you that you wouldn't like it.” She picked the girl up and hugged her. “I know you were probably trying to be like a grown up and drink coffee but maybe you should just stick with your usual foods.”

Ford struggled against the hug. “Urgh! Let me go, Wanda!!” He complained and Miz gasped. She didn’t want Wanda to get mad at her. She reached out and picked ‘Miz’ up. “Come on Miz. You got coffee on your dress. Let's go get you cleaned up.” She carried Ford back upstairs. Ford tried to
throw the best tantrum he could. It wasn't fair that he could just be carried off without being able to cause more trouble. Curse this tiny body!

“Help me!!” He ended up screaming. “Help me please!! He-He is crushing me! I-I can’t breathe! AGH! AGGHH!!” He made choking and crying noises that were heard in the dining room. It had been useful as a kid when he was being bullied. It usually called some grown up attention.

“Shut up!” Miz growled. Ford bit her hand. “Ah!” She dropped him. “Seriously? At least what I did was just pointing out what you do wrong! You're just being a jerk!!”

“Well you shouldn't have made those weird speeches!” Ford hissed back. Miz gasped. “I didn't say anything that wasn't true! You're going out and living your life by pushing your family away and isolating yourself!”

“That is not true! I see my family!” Ford growled. “No! You call them! That’s not seeing! You have a family that cares for you! And you don’t take enough time to talk and be with them now that you are seeing them face to face!” Miz cried.

“Ahem.”

The two turned to see the whole family staring at them. Mabel held out her hand. Dillon and Dipper slapped some cash into it. “Can't believe you got it right.” Dipper groaned. Wanda sighed. She should have expected this. Miz had seemed so interested in asking her about what it had been like being in Seb's body. Of course she would try it out for herself.

“So. I think you two should switch back now.” Wanda said firmly. Kari looked confused, as did most of everyone else. Dipper explained “They switched bodies.”


“'Magic.'” Everyone who lived through Weirdmageddon chorused.

Kari blinked. “So...it was Ford who tossed the coffee and threw a tantrum?” Ford blushed. It had been very embarrassing to do that. But he wanted to make Miz get in trouble.

“Yes.” Miz grinned.

“So...it was Miz who said that to me…” Seb rubbed the back of his neck.

Miz waved her hands “But Ford really DOES care about you! He's just too much of a Tsun-Tsun to admit it out loud! So I wanted to let you know…”

“What the heck is a tsun-tsun?!” Seb cried but Wanda looked at ‘Ford’ sternly. “Miz. Change bodies, now!” Miz groaned loudly. “Ok, ok, mom!” everyone shuddered at how weird that sounded. She grabbed Ford’s little hand. “Come on, Fordsie…”

“I don’t understand.” Abigail pouted. “And I am more lost than you.” Kari sighed. Ford and Miz’s bodies slumped over for a second before they both stumbled and gasped. “Ugh…” Ford groaned and placed a hand on his stomach. “How much did you eat? I feel bloated…”

“Uwu...you didn't finish eating. And my mouth tastes bitter!” Miz wailed.

“They're back.” Dipper nodded.

Seb led Abi and his mom away to explain a few things as Wanda stayed to scold both Miz AND
Ford. “But why me?!” Ford complained. “Because you poured the sugar on the floor and the plantimals ate it all!” The blonde glared at her brother-in-law. They could hear the high pitched squealing of the severely energized plantimals racing around the kitchen, bumping into things and going absolutely nuts.

The children, wet from being in the pool, tried to catch them and left trails of water everywhere. Zach screamed when he slipped and fell backwards, luckily he wasn't hurt. Ford winced. “Alright... I will admit I wasn’t on my best behaviour...” He didn't know what to say. “And I guess I was also trying to tease Sixer a little bit...” Miz scratched her head.

“Should we get a fairy to turn Uncle Ford into a kid again to learn a valuable lesson?” Mabel wondered. Her twin shook his head. “Won’t help.”

Miz pouted. “But nothing I said was untrue.” She insisted. Wanda picked her up in a hug. “I know sweetie. You were just trying to help.” Ford frowned. It wasn't fair that she wasn't being scolded as much as he was.

Kari came back over. “Well, even if it wasn't you who said it, Miz is right. You haven't done more than call and while I know it's difficult to travel it would be nice to see you. I'm sure these new fangled phones have a... what was it called?” She asked.

“Face Chat.” Mabel answered. Kari nodded. “Yes. That. I would like to see you sometime.”

Ford looked down to the floor and nodded. After everything was settled, the huge family went to the living room. The teens were on their phones, the kids got annoyed no one else wanted to go to the pool with them so they changed and now they sat down to play with the plantimals. Ford was twitching. He was sitting here. Doing nothing! Ugh! He couldn't take this anymore! He tried to stand up and go to his room but everyone stopped him if he did so he couldn’t. He looked at Miz purring as Wanda stroked her head and sighed. “Miz...”

“Um?” She hummed without opening her eyes. “Can...can we...Remember you said we could play Dungeons, dungeons and more dungeons?” Ford couldn’t believe he was saying this, but he was bored! He wanted to do something!

Miz brightened as Dipper looked up too. “Ok. Are you going to be the dungeon master?” She asked. She waved her hand to make the grid paper and divider materialize on the table.

“Woah what? Nerd game?” Stan looked up. “Oooh!” Mabel squealed. “Remember we won, Uncle Stan? Let’s play again and beat these nerds!” She pointed at their brothers who were sitting next to Miz. “Oh I am in!” Seb jumped from the couch to high-six Mabel. The twins and Diego peaked up. “We want to play too!” Zach announced. It was a board game! Those were fun! And this one had lots of funny-looking pieces!

Ford sat behind the divider. “This isn't a competition. A true game of DDD is about world building, story telling, choices and consequence. We won't be playing for our brains this time.”

Miz held out some blank character sheets. “So~do you guys want to make your characters or do you need some pre-gens?”

Mabel twitched. “I have no idea what any of those words mean.” She grinned awkwardly. Dipper groaned. “Pre-gen means pre-generated. Like, a filled out character sheet with all the stats and skills already calculated out. It's generally used for new players who want to jump in and play without having to do all the math first.”
Miz held out the papers. “So...these are generally done via Class. So I've got an Archer, Warrior, Thief, Druid, Wizard…”

“Oooh! I want Thief!” Mabel grinned and rubbed her palms together.

The twins and Diego didn’t understand but they wanted to play too. Seb grabbed them and sat them on his lap. “We will be the cool Wizards!!” He cheered and the twins cheered too. “Diego, do you want to be a Wizard?”

“No…” Diego hummed in thought. He wanted Dad to play too but he didn’t like it. He went to sit next to Ford. “I will be your helper, Uncle Ford!” He looked down at the toddler and grinned. “Alright.”

“Which type of Wizard? There's Transmutation, Conjuration, Divination, Necromancy…” Miz flipped through the papers.

“Conjuration!” Seb beat the twins on answering. It took a bit of work to get everyone settled down. There were too many of them for everyone to get their own character so a bunch of them teamed up to share a character. Miz frowned. “The largest group I've had to play with was 9 people...and that was hectic enough…”

Ford was looking at Dillon. “Do you know the rules?” The teenager sheepishly shook his head. Ford handed him a thick book. “Ok, here's the rulebook. If someone has a question about spells and stuff, you can look it up for them while I continue with the story.”

“I will help too!” Miz said. She sat between Mabel and Wanda. “Ok so first I need to explain what the stats are…”

The Pines listened carefully to Ford and Miz explain as simply as they could for mere mortals. Mabel still thought it was too much math and thinking for a board game, but then again, when they played Capitalism and Idea at home, she made the most elaborate and complex plans to win...so maybe all games had the nerd part in them.

The game took longer than it should have, but they were letting 5 year olds play so it was expected. They wanted to read the spells and count the numbers, just like they were learning. Ford found himself not really caring. He liked to see his niblings enjoy the same games he did.

Carla, Wanda and Kari took photos of the cute moment. Miz smirked and considered this a job well done. Social interaction? Yes!

Shermie, who had been starving (they've been playing for HOURS), ordered WcDonalds and everyone sat in the living room with their food, deeply concentrated on their game. Ford rolled some dice behind his divider so that they couldn't see what he got. He grinned mischievously.

“Sometime in the middle of the night...which one of you is on watch?” Ford asked.

Mabel raised her hand “I was!” Ford nodded. “Well in the middle of your nightwatch, you notice a strange sound. Roll Perception to see if you recognize what it is.”

“Which one is that again?” Mabel looked at her paper. Miz pointed. “There, under your Wisdom stat. Perception is one of the abilities affected by your Wisdom stat. It says here you've got a +1 Wisdom and...for your abilities you have...proficiency in Perception so that's an extra +2...meaning you roll the dice and add 3 to your number.”

“YIAH!” Mabel rolled the dice dramatically and stuck a few fries on her mouth. The dice stopped.
“14. Plus 3 is 17. “Do I see it?! Can I see what it was?!”

“Hm…” Ford looked over his notes. “Sorry. You'll need at least a 20 to identify it. So you continue sitting there, not noticing what it was.”

“No!” Mabel groaned and sipped her soda with a pout.

“The night goes on and suddenly…” Diego leaned in and whispered something to him. “Oh, that’s nice! A huge spider jumps out of the forest and into the clearing where everyone is asleep except you. Ford laughed evilly. “Everyone roll initiative!”

Seb gave the dice to Zach as everyone else rolled their dice. “Yay! We got 32!” Zoe hugged her twin tightly. Dipper got 25, Mabel 28, Dillon 16 and Miz 34.

“No!!” Zach pulled on his curly hair when Miz got a higher number. She cackled. “Clearly I’m the best~”

“Ok...so Miz goes first. Roll...hm...to see if you wake up so you can fight off the spider.” Ford grinned. Miz rolled and groaned. “12…” She thumped her head on the table. Ford laughed. “You are still asleep. Ok, team Seb, your turn.”

“Go, Zoe, it's your turn.” Seb whispered to his daughter. Zoe kissed the dice and threw it. The dice seemed to be about to fall on a low number so Seb moved it with his mind. “One, two, three...24!” Zach cheered.

Diego blew a whistle. “No magic!”

“We didn’t! blasphemy! you can’t prove it!” Seb accused his nephew. Miz slapped a hand on the table. “Objection! I clearly felt you use magic!”

“Urg!” Zoe pushed her dad away. “Can we roll it again without Daddy ruining everything?” She made puppy eyes at Ford. He hummed “Alright. But if anymore cheating happens I will make it so your turn gets skipped.”

“Ok!” Zoe threw it again, Zach tackled their dad to the floor, and the dice fell on 20. “Yes!” She roared. “We see the horrible beast and we burn it?”

Ford laughed at their eagerness. “Well you wake up, unfortunately, waking up takes up your turn so you won't be able to attack until next round. But at least you're awake enough to defend yourself if the spider attacks...and it's the spider's turn now.”

“What?!” Mabel groaned. “The spider rolled higher than me?!”

“Yup. And she's going to...attack…” Ford rolled another dice and winced. “Ooh, Dipper.”


They heard the clattering of his dice. “What's your AC?” He asked. Dipper replied “19.”


“My turn!” Mabel rolled her dice. “28! Ha! I'm up and ready for shanking!” She had been having
too much fun with stabbing things throughout the campaign. Dipper picked up his dice to see if he could wake up. “Natural 1?! Ugh! The world hates me!” He complained. The twins and Diego laughed at him.

Ford sighed. “You are dreaming of eating a cheese sandwich but it turns into eyeballs. Take 1 psychic damage for nightmares.”

Dipper grumbled as he changed his Health points. “Stupid...unfair...everything is picking on me…” Dillon gave his cousin a comforting pat and rolled his own dice. “25. I'm awake as well.”

Ford nodded “Back to the top. Miz, try again.” She rolled and cheered “Natural 38!”

“You leap to your feet, wide awake and can even use an action this turn. But you cannot move any squares. Just use an action.”

“I use my action to wake up Dipper!” Miz said. Dipper gave her a grateful look. Ford nodded. “You manage to shake Dipper awake. He comes to and sees the giant spider looming over him.”

Dipper and Miz high fived each other.

“Seb's team, what are you going to-”

“SET IT ON FIRE!” Zoe screamed. Ford laughed. “Which spell are you using?” Zoe looked at her spell list. “Bo-Bonfire!” She said. Ford nodded. “Which means the spider needs to make a Dexterity saving roll to see if she can dodge the fire.” He rolled “I got a 13, plus 3, 16. What's your spell effect score?”

“LET HER DIE!” Father and kids roared. “Our spell defense is 19! HAH!” Sebastian cackled. Ford rolled his eyes. “Roll for damage.” The spider ended up taking 18 fire damage. “Now it's the spider's turn. She will attack…” clattering dice “…Dipper again.”

“You're targeting me on purpose!” Dipper protested. Everyone laughed and the battle continued. Mabel managed to get a Sneak Attack on the spider while it was distracted attacking Dipper and Dipper was able to fight back and chop off one of it's legs. Finally, Zoe finished it off with another fire spell. Ford made a mental note to attack the party with something that was immune to fire. Seb’s team was strong with that.

Shermie was napping with his head on Abi’s lap. Wanda, Carla and Stan had gone to buy a few beers and were drinking and laughing outside as their family killed an imaginary spider and celebrated their victory.

“We killed it, Wands!” Seb called from inside the house. Wanda shouted back. “That’s great, honey!!”

“Killed it!” Zoe and Zach cheered. Ford dolled out the experience points and decided this would be a good place to wrap up. “This has been a good introductory course. Tomorrow we can send you all on a real quest.” He spent today letting them wander around freely. It resulted in the party raiding a bandit camp, Mabel stealing everything that wasn't nailed down and Seb's little group of pyromaniacs burning down the entire camp while Miz systematically stripped the clothes off every bandit they defeated, leaving them alive but naked at the edge of the town so they could be arrested. He made them set up camp to sleep for the night to introduce the concept of a Long Rest and doing night watches to warn the party of nighttime ambushes. All in all, he was sure they had learned a lot about how the game worked.

“Woo! We leveled up!” Miz and Dipper cheered. Miz jumped on the tall teenager and hugged him
in delight. Dipper blushed.

“Aarghh! I am the spider and I will eat you!” Zoe showed off her little fangs. Diego and Zach ran away screaming as Zoe ran after them laughing madly. “Just don’t burn your cousin and brother, Zoe!” Seb warned. As Ford and Miz talked about the second part of the game, Sebas saw his wife and brother come back inside. “Heey! You’ve been drinking without us?” He pouted. Stan rolled her eyes. “And what did you want us to do while you played? Go to sleep like Sherman?”

“Maybe.” Seb mumbled. He couldn’t believe the other adults didn’t join in. And that they got to drink without him. He pouted. “Is there any left?” He asked. Stan held up a crate with a couple beers. Seb took one delightfully. Miz glanced over “Ooh~what're those~”

“Adult drinks.” Seb said simply and bit off the lid of the bottle. It didn’t hurt, but a normal person might have hurt themselves. Miz pouted. “I am an adult…” She whispered and searched for Wanda. “Mom, can I have a beer?” She wouldn’t even drink that much, just a little. “Sorry honey, Seb’s mom would be horrified if you’re drinking while looking like a child.” Wanda grinned sheepishly. Miz pouted and Ford, wanting a bit of revenge for this morning, walked over to grab a bottle for himself. “Hm. Pear beer? Haven’t tried this kind before.” He said with a grin. Seb was tilting his head back and drinking his own bottle. “It’s sweet!” He commented, which only made Miz pout harder. She wanted to try sweet beer.

“Can I sneak a bottle back to my room?” Miz begged Wanda, tugging on her shirt. “Please? Pleeease~?” She gave Wanda a wide eyed look with wobbly lips.

Wanda was about to reply that it could be risky when she looked at Seb grabbing another bottle. “Pines! You can’t drink more than one!” Wanda ran towards him. Miz grinned wickedly and grabbed a bottle before quietly snaking to her room. She was Bill Cipher and no one told her what to do! (Besides, this wasn’t a mom order, hehe). She popped open the lid and sipped on the cold liquid. Ooh~it really WAS sweet~

She hummed as she sipped on the liquid. There was a mild burn but it wasn’t as sour/bitter as most beers she’s tried. There weren’t any bubbles and carbonation either so it didn’t hurt to drink it. She heard some footsteps outside the door and froze when it opened and Dipper walked in with Mabel and Dillon. “Ah…” Miz hid the bottle behind her back. “You saw nothing.”

“Like heck we didn’t!” Mabel laughed. “I want to try some too!” She went over to the bed and sat next to Miz. “I mean, we’re almost in college already right?” Miz looked up at Mabel before turning her gaze to Dipper and Dillon. “Are you guys here for the beer too?”

Dipper blushed. “I’m just curious what it tastes like.” He protested. Dillon nodded without shame. “I know what it tastes like, but I can’t drink in front of Ma or Diego, Ma says it would be setting a ‘bad example’.” Dillion air quoted. Mabel gasped. “Uncle Stan lets you drink?”

“Yup. You practice somewhere safe so you don’t go around fucking up and being an embarrassment. I was actually surprised you guys never drank. Not even in parties? With friends?”

Dipper blushed and Mabel shrugged. “Dip-dop doesn’t go to parties, and I’m the designated driver so I can’t drink.” Dipper muttered “…can’t believe your friends trust YOU to drive them places…” He still couldn’t believe she got her driver’s licence before he did.

“I’m actually the saint in my group of friends. Except with Candy and Grenda, those two are super cray-cray!” Mabel cackled loudly. Dillon put a hand on his chest. “You? The saint? Are your friends like, insane or something then?” He teased. Mabel blew a raspberry at him. Dipper rolled his eyes and noticed Miz chugging the bottle. “Ah! You’re taking all of it!” He whined. Miz
giggled. “Dun worry~ I made it so this bottle doesn’ run out~”

“Oohh! Gimme!” Dillon took the bottle from the demon and gulped it down. “Ah! This is amazing!” He grinned. Mabel showed him her plastic cup. “I don’t want to touch your saliva. Here.” She smiled adorably. Dillon rolled his eyes and poured the alcoholic beverage into her cup.

Miz sighed and fell backwards, staring at the ceiling. Ah...she thought she drank too much... mom was right... “Dun let me get out of thiss room!” She slurred and the teens agreed. If grandma Kari saw her drunk...and saw the teenagers with the bottle...the three teens shuddered. Grandma Kari was SCARY when she was mad.

Miz hummed as she drank her cup of beer. Mm~she needed to see if this brand came in other flavors...did they have blueberry beer? Orange beer? She giggled. The teens passed the bottle around, taking sips and laughing lightly, hoping they wouldn’t get the attention of the adults downstairs.

The adults downstairs had their own problems. “Sebastian! Put the bottle down! That’s enough!”

“NO! YOU AREN’T THE BOSS OF ME!” Seb screamed at Stan who groaned. He was worse than Ford! “I will put allll the alcohol in the pool and we will have drinks forever! With maaAgic!”


The twins and Diego were really confused. The adults were so weird. Their dad/Uncle Seb was weird. They grabbed the plantimals and went upstairs to play in Diego’s room, where it was less noisy with the triplets’ shouting. On the way, they saw their big cousins in Miz and Uncle Fordsie’s room. “Whatcha doing?” Diego asked.

Dillon snorted the drink out of his nose and Mabel shrieked. Dipper blinked slowly, already swaying slightly. “We...didn’t close the door?” He asked. Mabel facepalmed. “We forgot to close the door.” Dillon, the most capable of holding his alcohol, smiled at the children. “We’re just having some big kid boring playtime. You guys go play, we’re gonna talk about boring things like college courses and school...and financial aid...student loans can kill you.”

The elementary aged kids all scowled. “Ewww!” they all cried before running away. Dillon smirked. Works every time.

“Eewww!” Mabel cried too and laid down on the bed. She was a big kid and she didn’t want to hear about that either. “Guuyss! You know what would be cool?! We should go out somewhere! My boyfriend is 21 already! Yes?” Dillon suggested. “Miz? Are you coherent enough to come as well?”

The twins looked at each other in doubt. As much as they (Mabel) went to parties and drank, they were calm kids, they wouldn’t sneak out or do risky stuff like other teens. “Our parents won’t let us…” Dillon hummed. “Ok, not somewhere crazy...Maybe, the mall? We aren’t that tipsy! But seriously, it’s summer, and I don’t want to stay in the house!” He begged. The twins looked at each other. “Ok, but can we tell our parents we’re going to the mall first? I don’t want them to worry.” Mabel said.

“I wanna come too~” Miz got up and flopped against Dipper’s back. “I never went to a mall on Earth beeefooore~” She begged them. Yay~mall! Stores with stuff to look at and touch! Dipper sighed. “But...you’re obviously...more drunk than we are…” He pointed out. “Can you even walk straight?” Miz scoffed. “Then carry me.” She wrapped her arms and legs around him, nuzzling his
face with her own. “I wanna piggyback ride...why’re they called piggyback rides? You’re not a pig?” Mabel frowned. “Now she is asking the real questions.”

Dipper picked up his ‘cousin’. “I’ll trust your drunkeness will eventually pass. Don’t speak in front of anyone ok?” Miz nodded and snuggled closer to his back. Heheh...the room was sparkly~ Dillon was already excitingly calling his boyfriend. “Well, he’s going to meet us at the mall.” He grinned. Mabel and Dillon held hands and squee’ed. “I can’t wait to meet your boyfriend!” Mabel was so excited to see how cute he was in person. Dipper tried to get up from the bed and wobbled a bit. “Ok...hold on, I’m not used to giving people piggyback rides.” He said. Miz nodded. As she pressed herself closer, Dipper blushed. “Ah...m-maybe have Mabel hold you instead?” He stuttered. “I-I’m no good at it!”

Miz blinked as she heard Dipper’s mental screams of ‘OMG SHE HAS BREASTS?! I CAN FEEL THEM?! AH!!!’

“Sure you are! But you only give Pacifica piggyback rides~” Mabel teased as she took Miz from his back. She held her firmer than Dipper did, even when she was shorter than her twin. No fun. Dipper was shorter than her until they were 15, suddenly Woosh! She grumbled. Damn tall male Pines. Mabel held Miz close and blinked. She glanced back at the somewhat sleepy girl. “You...aren’t wearing a bra...” Mabel commented.

Miz blinked. “But...I don’t need one. I’m not big enough to need one.” Mabel shook her head. “Even so, you should at least have a training bra. Girls usually wear them.” She remembered how her mom sat her down to explain this to her as she got older. (A good thing about having young parents was that they’d talk to you like friends). Miz whined. “But bras feel uncomfortable…” Mabel hummed. “Well then we just need to find you one that is LESS uncomfortable.” She nodded and turned to the boys. “Guys, we are going BRA SHOPPING!”

“Pleaseanythingbutthatnoway!” Dipper wailed. Miz came to his rescue by saying “I can just materialize a bra, I don’t need to buy one.” Dipper heaved a sigh of relief until Miz continued “But I don’t know what kinds I need so we might have to go to the store and try stuff on…”

Mabel ‘whoop!’ed and made her way out of the room. “BRA SHOPPING!” She gasped. “Oh! We are going to the beach too, right? We should definitely buy bikinis! I haven’t brought enough!” Dipper groaned.

“How many did you bring?” Dillon laughed. Mabel shook her head. “Just four.” Miz gasped. “That’s nowhere NEAR enough! Especially if we’re gonna be going to the New Jersey beaches! You need at LEAST 7! One for each day of the week!”

“That’s what I told my dad but he didn’t give me enough money!” Mabel grumbled about her allowance. It was fine when she was a kid but now she had to buy adult make up and clothes, which were more expensive. Miz giggled. “If you need money for shopping, I can make some gold for you guys to trade in for cash~” Mabel and Dillon gasped. “So...like...we can have as much spending money as we want?”

“Yup! I can literally create gold or any other precious metal so...” Miz shrugged.

“Sweet.” Mabel and Dillon smiled. Dipper made a face. Dillon patted his shoulder. “Don’t worry. We don’t actually have to be with them. We can go buy clothes for ourselves too.” He told his younger cousin. Dipper heaved a sigh of relief. Mabel carried Miz downstairs. The demon managed to burn off some of the alcohol by materializing some fancy golden necklaces, it was much easier to pawn off jewelry and claim it was old stuff they didn’t need anymore, than trying to hand over a chunk of gold. Dillon held onto the necklaces (in an antique looking box, just to
complete the look) as Miz created them. He folded the jewelry up neatly into his pocket as they got downstairs.

“Hey Mom, dad! We’re gonna go out and hang at the mall for a few hours!” Mabel called out.

“With whom?!” Shermie called out, his green eyes dilated. “With Dillon and his boyfriend.” Mabel responded. “No! You can’t go without someone I don’t know. I don’t know him! So you can’t go! Suck it!” Shermie fell over Seb who was hugging Sir Bedazzle and sobbing because he was just “Too cute for this world!” The adults were obviously very drunk.

“But Daadd!” Mabel sobbed. “Come on, Uncle Shermie, we will be fine!” Dillon said. “We’re pretty much adults already.” He groaned when he saw his own father lying slumped over the back of the couch. “We have our phones, and we’ll stay together.”

“You can’t go without an adult over 30 years old.” Shermie said. Everyone whined but Seb blinked and looked around. “Ssixer can go with you…” Indeed, Ford was the only adult in the room who wasn’t drunk, having just drank a little bit to spite Miz and giving up his bottle to Shermie when he woke up. Ford blinked, looking up from his journal. “Me?!”

Dipper made a sound at a pitch only dogs could hear. Miz’s head shot up and looked around in confusion. “Uncle Ford is coming with us? Yes!”

"Well, Sasha is coming with you too." Stan added. "You know, like she always does when you go out without us." He reminded his oldest son.

Dillon looked away. Sure. Always.

“Um, what? Where?” Ford blinked, looking so much like a confused owl that Miz nearly squealed. “To the mall.” Dillon was slightly upset, but going with uncle Ford who could easily be lost or convinced to leave was way better than not going.

Ford would be easier to ditch than Sasha. But at least Sasha was quiet and unnoticeable most of the time. In fact… Dillon looked around. She was here earlier and now he didn't see her. She was already 'on the job'.

“Um, sure, I guess I could?” Ford shrugged.

Everyone cheered. The twins made pouting faces at their drunk parents and got 100 bucks each! Haha! This was going great for them! Miz was creating gold to pay anyway! Dillon just grabbed his almost unconscious dad’s wallet and shoved it in his pocket. “Let’s go!”

Sasha suddenly materialized beside Stan. "Sir. I believe it might actually be more prudent for me to remain here. You and the missus are impaired and the youngest of the children are here. I should stay to make sure they are alright.”

"Oh. Okay…” Stan slurred as he laid on top of Carla to kiss her.

Ford calmly grabbed the keys for Stan’s car and the teens plus Miz got in. Dillon indicated where to go. Ford was quiet, still surprised he was put as chaperon. He looked in the rearview mirror and noticed Miz was cuddled up against Mabel. She looked sleepy. Was she tired out already? It was only the afternoon. He wondered if her physical form affected her state of being. He heard that children needed naps and stuff, right?

They got to the mall without much trouble and the kids told him that they would be splitting up, the girls were going to the women’s undergarments store and the boys were heading to the
pawnshop. Ford looked torn as to which group he should follow but upon seeing the Vanessa’s Private Affair shop and all the...bras and frilly underwear, Ford abruptly turned and escaped with the boys. Dillon got a text saying his boyfriend would be waiting for them at the pawnshop. Ford and Dipper both shuddered. Thank god they didn’t have to go with the girls into that store.

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Miz rubbed her eyes, she was feeling a little more aware after spending the car ride burning off her powers and the ethanol in her system by altering the shapes of clouds in the sky as they drove past. She was sure Ford and the others hadn’t noticed. Mabel carried her into the store and crouched down so she could get off. Yawning, Miz blinked around at all the fancy, frilly underwear.

“Ooh…”

She’s only ever gone clothes shopping with Pyronica. And hasn’t really bothered with underwear before aside from some sexy lingerie for her Bill form for fun. Though, she won’t deny it hasn't crossed her mind now and again.

“All right! First we get a cute bra, if you don’t find anything you feel comfortable with we could try a sports bra, I like those, I use them when I don’t feel like spending too much time on my clothes, and then we go looking for bikinis, ok?”

Miz smiled and nodded. This should be fun! This Mabel was so nice and kind. A shop attendant came over and smiled at them. “Hello. What can I help you with today?” She said in a friendly manner. Mabel gestured to Miz with a flourish. “This little lady needs a bra!” She said. They decided to buy one actual pair and find others that Miz liked for her to materialize later. That way they didn’t have to spend too much money.

The shop attendant smiled down at Miz. “Well, is this going to be your first bra? Do you know your size?” Miz had one hand on Mabel’s shirt. “Um...I don’t know?” The woman didn’t appear upset at the answer. “Well come along, we can measure you.” She led them to the back of the shop where the changing rooms were. “I don’t have to take my dress off right?” Miz asked. The woman shook her head. “I can measure over your clothes as long as they aren’t too thick.”

Miz’s dress had ruffles on the chest area so no one could see the shape of her chest but the woman took out a tape measure and wrapped it gently around her, pressing the ruffles down. Miz felt the heartbeat of her vessel pick up in mild panic but she was able to grip onto Mabel’s hand and keep herself calm. If she hadn’t gotten used to more intense constrictions with Ford...she wasn’t sure she would have been able to handle this.

The woman made a startled sound as she pulled the tape measure a little tighter, flattening down the ruffles so she could get Miz’s actual size. “You’re larger than I thought, still small, but larger than your size would indicate. You should have gotten a bra long before now.”

“But I don’t like how they feel...and no one notices…” Miz mumbled.

“It still helps your breasts grow shapely. You will thank your sister for bringing you when you grow up.” The woman smiled. “I will show you the models we have for you to choose from, alright?” Mabel and Miz sat down and waited.

“Do you think Uncle Ford will be fine with the boys?” Mabel asked. Miz hummed and eventually shrugged. “I guess, it’ll do him good to socialize.” Besides, what’s the worst that could happen?
Ford met his nephew’s boyfriend. The first and only time he met him was at Seb’s and Stan’s wedding. He didn't quite pay attention to him so seeing him now gave him the impression of ‘rascal’. He was smoking, had an ear filled with piercings and he had a piercing on his nose, as well as hundreds of tattoos on one arm while the other was being slowly filled in. He politely shook his hand, the boy actually confused him with Stanley and came up to hug him with a loud “Yo, Dad~ My man!!” Phillip fingergunned him before daring to do so.

"Eh~~ Phillip, babe, that's~ not my dad. That's my other uncle Stanford." Dillon grinned as Dipper chuckled behind his hand.

Phillip gasped, horrified and let go. Oh my god! And it had to be today that he showed more affection to his 'father in law!!' "Oh my god, I'm so sorry, sir. I-I'm Phillip Abbott…You-You met me that time in the-the wedding…" He said lamely.

The two cousins giggled while Ford stared at Phillip unimpressed.

The ginger boy wanted to socialize and get to know Ford, so he started asking him lots of questions. Ford replied dryly but the teen didn’t notice or care. When the conversation changed to what Dipper was studying and how it was his dream forever, get good grades, get into a technical school, start a show about ghost hunting.

Phillip, grinned at him. “That’s awesome dude!! I'm in med school right now and I wanna be a pediatrician, maybe specialize in endocrinology, but I didn't know what to study since the beginning like you!”

Then Ford did a double take. The kid was intelligent, he finished second in his class at high school and he was getting good grades while studying medicine… Ford felt bad for judging him so quickly. Then he blinked. “I think my other brother, Sebastian, might want to speak with you.”

Phillip looked over at him. “Huh?”

“Oh, right.” Dipper nodded. My cousin Zach is...well...he’s a female but he says he’s a boy now.” Phillip gasped. Lgbt baby? "Is he alright? Is he getting the support he needs?” Ford quickly reassured him, “Don’t worry. Sebastian and Wanda are very supportive parents. They just don’t know what to do. They want to help him but they’re not sure how to go about doing so.”

“Well, if Zach is a boy, he could get hormone treatments.” Phillip said. “Zach is 5 years old.” Dillon deadpanned. Phillip winced. “Oh...yeah...I think I can see what the problem is.” He frowned. “There’s...no right answer for when a kid should be given hormonal treatments. It’s not JUST for gender reassignments either, I’ve read articles about giving children growth hormones if their parents don’t think they’re growing or developing fast enough.”

Phillip shook his head. “Hormone treatments are always a tricky thing. Some doctors worry about what the long term effects would be, especially if it’s being used on a child who hasn’t started or finished puberty yet. It might cause problems when he’s older if he’s treated now. But-!” He said when everyone’s expressions fell, “Some children who are forced to go through puberty and develop into a body they don’t feel right with, can get...feelings of anxiety, self esteem problems and other fun things.” He sighed sarcastically, running a hand through his hair. “So, if they know FOR SURE and if Zach knows FOR SURE that he is a boy, there are hormone blockers that can delay puberty for a while to prevent any changes until he decides for real. In case he changes his mind when he’s older.”

Phillip continued. “Hormone blockers are mainly pretty safe, but they might have problems if they’re used for too long. Basically, it all comes down to how Zach feels. You said he’s 5 years old? He might be too young to know for sure, so...I’m not an actual licenced pediatrician yet, so
don’t take my word or suggestion as law, but I think you let him wait a few years, maybe until he’s 9 or 10, since that’s usually when puberty starts, and if he’s still absolutely sure that he’s a boy, then he can get the proper hormone treatments. But if he’s absolutely sure, he would need to start his treatments before age 12, so that there would be less issues caused by puberty.”

Dipper, Dillon and Ford nodded. “Thank you very much Phillip. Do you happen to know any pediatricians who specialize in this sort of thing? I would like to help my brother and his family as much as I can.” Ford said. Phillip nodded. “I can ask around. Here’s my number if your brother wants to call me and talk. Once again, I’m not a fully trained pediatrician and you shouldn’t go with something just because I say it.” He giggled nervously.

“Even so, your suggestions were helpful. Thank you.” Ford nodded.

“The doctor inside you turns me on…” Dillon whispered to his partner.

The pawnshop owner stared at them. “Um...if you’re done with your conversation, I’ve calculated out how much the gold is worth…” The pawnshop owner said as he held up the necklace. “This comes out to $1100.” He said. Dipper and Dillon gasped. “T-they’re worth that much?”

The pawnshop owner frowned at them suspiciously. “You didn’t know? These are most likely 24K gold. I’ve never seen gold so pure. And the craftsmen ship is exquisite.” He had been surprised when he tested the piece with multiple tools and found every result to be ‘This is really nice gold’. He had been surprised that there was no stamp indicating it’s karat rating but when he tested it and compared it to the 22K gold he had in the shop, the necklace came out as more pure.

The pawnshop owner kept quiet that this necklace was worth MORE than he told them. True, if he were to melt the gold down to sell off to craftsmen it would be around that price, but if he sold the necklace, as is, to a collector or someone who planned to wear them? Worth so much more, the fine detail work on the ornamentation was beautiful. The chord itself was a double rope chain made of pure gold. He stared at these plainly dressed people. “Where...exactly did you get this necklace?” He asked suspiciously.

Dillion smoothly took over the conversation, easily noticing the man’s suspicion. “They were an heirloom passed down in our family. But none of us really needs it and we thought we would trade it in to see how much it’s worth…” Dillon leaned against the counter with a smirk Ford had seen Stan wear before. “And I think you’re trying to cheat us out of the true value of this piece.”

The pawnshop owner frowned. “But that is the market price for gold of this weight and karat.” Dillon scoffed. “And yet, you haven’t even told us what the price for the necklace is. We came here to sell the necklace, not the gold.” The pawnshop owner was now sweating.

Phillip smiled goofily. He loved when Dillon did that...

“So.” Dillon looked at his nails. “Will you kindly tell us what the real price is? I wouldn’t want to report you for being a fraud…and trust me when I say that I have the means to do it.” Ford couldn’t believe how much Dillon was like Stan...it was truly amazing how not only physical traits are passed down by DNA, but attitudes and personality as well. Or had Stan taught his son how to do this?

The pawnshop owner grumbled. “$3600.” He said. Dillon smiled, almost serenely. “There. Now that wasn’t too hard right?” The man handed over the wads of $100s, $50s, $20s and grumpily kicked them out of his shop. Phillip grabbed Dillon’s face and kissed his lips. “You are our saviour…” He whispered. Ford blinked at the wad of cash that Dillon quickly shoved into his bag. “How...where did you even get that necklace?”
“Miz made it.” The boys responded. Dillon sheepishly patted his bag. “She actually made two more but after this...I don’t think we should try pawning these two off at the same place.” Holy shit, having a magical PURE GOLD producing demon/dragon thing in the family was AMAZING...also, he was going to have to ask his dad to help him put this money into his, Dipper and Mabel’s bank accounts. It would be too suspicious for a teenager to walk into a bank with a bag full of money.

He looked at Ford and grinned. He pulled out his Dad’s wallet from his pocket. “So~ How do you feel about being my dad for a second, Uncle Ford~?”

“What? Why?”

“I was a minor when I got my debit card so it’s under my dad’s name. You can go to the bank, put this money into our cards and we can shop happily without people thinking we robbed a bank!”

Ford sputtered. “B-but I’m NOT Stanley! This is…” he lowered his voice “…isn’t this fraud?”

Dillon sighed and hugged his uncle. “When there aren’t cops around, anything is legal.” He whispered back and the other boys laughed. “Now move your ass, dad!”

“Yeah, Mabel will start spamming me if we don’t give them their part soon.” Dipper said. Dillon sorted out the $20s to pass out to Dipper and Phillip. “We can keep these ones since they’re less suspicious, but the $100s and $50s will need to be deposited.” He said.

Phillip looked at the $20s. “I get some too? But isn’t this from pawning off a family heirloom?” Of course Phillip wasn’t told about weirdness...yet.

Dillon kissed him. “Well~would you like to be family~” He teased. Phillip laughed and kissed him back. “You little sneak! That was smooth as fuck!” The two continued to be adorable together as Dipper and Ford headed to the bank. Dipper rubbed his arm. He was happy for them but public displays of affection of any kind still weirded him out. Ford was simply worried about pretending to be his brother. It...shouldn’t be that hard, right? Seb mentioned that the Stanley from when he was Bill pretended to be his brother for 30 years, even tricked and killed Bill/Seb that way…

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“Hm…” Miz turned in front of the mirror and looked at the bralette she was trying on. Since she didn’t actually NEED the weight support, she opted for the cloth and elastic solution. It was much more comfortable. And it covered her breasts and nipples, which was all she really needed for modesty anyway. She was currently wearing a lacy black one that had a nice crisscrossing on the back. She admitted it was cute.

“Cute. Approved.” Mabel nodded. The two were in a changing room. As Miz didn’t want the strangers touching her, she agreed to let Mabel come in with her. Miz chuckled. “Shooting Star, you approved all of them!” The teen laughed as she looked at the light pink bra she picked up for herself. “Well all of them look cute on you! Would you mind if I try this on here?” Miz shook her head. “Knock yourself out.”

Mabel took off her sweater and Miz couldn’t help but stare. “You’re...actually pretty big.” She commented. The sweaters hid Mabel’s size very well. Miz looked down at herself and cupped her breasts. She had long since gotten over the fact that she would never grow any larger...but...still… (and she had the older Miz that brother made for her, at least she was big like that!)

Mabel smiled softly. “Hey, we both look awesome just the way we are!” She wasn’t that big either,
but maybe for Miz it looked like she was? Mabel took off her bra and turned around. “And you looked hella cute in those bralettes! There are girls out there who would kill to rock them like you do!” She put on the new bra and adjusted it without any shame in the world. “How does it look?”

Miz looked the other girl over. “It looks nice. Really makes your profile stand out.”

“Aaww!!” The brunette squealed and hugged Miz. “I’ll get it then! I have one similar, but I wore it too much, the straps and the fabric are like, falling apart!” She giggled. “We have to choose which one you’re gonna actually buy. I’ll tell Dipstick to bring us money.”

Miz sat down and hummed at the options. They were all so cute.

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“Fraud! Fraud! Fraud!” Dipper, Dillon and Phillip chanted softly as Stanford trembled in front of the bank. “Kids, I really shouldn’t-”

“Mr. Pines I didn’t notice your hands until you said you were worried about it. Don’t worry!” Phillip assured him.

“There is nowhere in the ID that says how many fingers you have! Go in!” Dillon kicked his uncle forward and Ford stumbled inside with the money in the bag. The teens gave him a thumbs up. Ford sighed. He coughed and shifted his tone to be more gruff. “Hello. I’m here to deposit some money into my son’s account.” Ford was told that Dillon had an app on his phone that would allow him to transfer money from his own bank into others. Vanmo?

The bank teller looked up. She asked him for his ID and the bank number. Ford handed it over, worrying about how Dillon had stolen (“Borrowed.”) Stanley’s wallet. “Here you are.” The woman looked at the photo then back at Ford with a confused look that made him tense up. This was it. He was going to prison. He was a criminal! He would be tortured for trying to pass as his-

“And could you take off your glasses, sir?” She asked kindly. Ford nervously obeyed. “Oh. There you are. Sorry, haha we are very strict on this but I suck at recognizing people if they don’t look like the photo, my bad!” She grinned sheepishly. She typed on her computer and quickly found his files. “Stanley Pines, yes?”

“Yeah.” Ford said. The woman typed a bit. “Yes, your son’s account is here, so you’re putting in some cash for his account? What’s the occasion?” She asked, just as friendly conversation. Ford hoped she didn’t see him sweat. “Just a little gift. He got into a good college and I wanted to surprise him.” Ford bullshit.

“Oh, that’s so nice, Mr. Pines…” The woman nodded. She asked for the money and Ford awkwardly put the cash on the counter. She didn’t seem surprised at the amount though, she saw this everyday, and simply registered the amount, typed down something on the computer and smiled. “Done!”

“Thank you very much ma’am.” Ford said as he turned to leave. Finally. Now he just had to get out of here-

“Wait!”

Ford froze. Oh no. She’s caught him! He was going to be arrested and then sent to jail and then he would never be able to return to his lab and work on his projects-

“You almost forgot your ID.” The woman held out the little card. “Y-yes. Ahaha. Sorry, I’m rather
absent minded.” Ford laughed and went back to take the card from her. She smiled “It’s alright sir. I once had a woman forget the wad of cash she JUST withdrew.” Ford laughed and nodded. “Right, well, thank you again.” He got out of there and heaved a relieved sigh the instant he was out of view of the bank.

“How! Way to go, uncle Ford!” Dillon smacked him on the back with a laugh. Ford stumbled. “Y-yes...right. Well, I don’t plan on doing that ever again.”

“Aaw~ What?!” Phillip laughed. “But if you have a twin-triplet- you HAVE to take advantage of it! Why do you even have a twin for then?”

“To get extra candy on halloween as a kid.” Dipper said fondly. Phillip raised his arms in the air. “My dude!!! Awesome!” He high fived Dipper with both hands. “N-No...Just-transfer the twins the money…” Ford frowned a bit. Phillip was a nice kid, but Ford was starting to see why Dillon liked him so much. “Woah what?! Twin?!” Phillip looked at Dipper. He nodded. “You’re also a twin and didn’t tell me?”

“I told you his sister was with our other cousin, baby.” Dillon rolled his eyes. “Twin sister.”

“That’s awesome...though you can’t do massive fraud with a sister.” Phillip sighed.

“You shouldn’t do massive fraud either way.” Ford mumbled. The kids weren’t listening as they laughed and went along through the mall. Dipper pulled out his phone. “Oh, Mabel is asking for the money.” They stopped in front of the undergarment store. Dillon nudged Dipper. “Go on, go in there and give your sister her stack of $20s.”

“Nuh uh! No way!” Dipper blushed, seeing so many women shopping and laughing, holding up bras to themselves and looking in mirrors. “I have a girlfriend. Why don’t you go in? You’re gay! You are immune to women...right?” Dillon rolled his eyes. “That’s not how it works.” Dillon and Dipper turned to Ford. “You’re an adult, you’re supposed to be the responsible one.” Dillon told him. Ford crossed his arms. “I just committed fraud. I’m not doing anything else.”

The teenage boys laughed but quickly sobered up. “You go in!” Dipper insisted. “No, she’s your twin!” Dillon said back. “Goddammit, fuck it. I’m going to find her!” Phillip groaned. “What does she look like? Should I go in and look for a girl Dipper?” Dipper rolled his eyes and showed him a picture of Mabel. “She is with our cousin, she has black hair, asian complexion.”

Phillip nodded easily, grabbed the money and got in. “He’s so brave…” Dillon sighed dreamily.

Mabel and Miz stood in the store. Dipper said they were coming over now. Mabel had the pink bra she wanted in one hand and made Miz Scan and Save a couple others she wanted but wasn’t going to buy. Miz would create them once they got back to the house. Miz had the nice black bralette with the little bowtie shaped decoration in the front. It was a small bowtie but she liked it. They looked over when a voice called out “Hey, are you Dipper’s sister?”

Mabel looked over and her first thought was ‘Cute boy!’ followed by Dammit! Dillon’s boyfriend.’ “Yeah! Who asks? Cuz if you are single, I’m free tonight~” She smiled, trying her luck. The light ginger boy smiled. “Sorry, sweetheart, I’m taken by your cousin.”

“Oh.” Mabel pouted and Phillip laughed. “Well you see neither of them had the balls to enter, so I volunteered to bring you the money!” He bowed and handed the wrinkled bills to her. “You’re welcome! Nice bra!” He saluted and walked out of the store calmly.

Mabel pulled her hair. “Why are the cutest boys gay?!” Miz patted her back comfortingly. “I’m
sure you’ll find someone.” Mabel looked over at her. “And you’re a cute boy half the time but I
can’t be with you either.” She sighed. Miz laughed and gave her the chosen garment so she could
pay. “Thanks…I guess?” To be fair, she did make her other forms purposely attractive, in that
weird way of attractiveness where she could tell they were attractive but couldn’t express in
thoughts or words why they were good looking.

The boys cheered when Phillip returned. “There! You three are so ridiculous! It’s just a store!” He
looked at Dillon and leaned on him. “You know what I want? I want a drink!”

“Nope.” Ford shook his head. “You all are not allowed to drink.” Well, Miz was technically an
adult, but not really. “Pft! I’m 21, sir. Thanks for thinking I’m younger~” Phillip grinned.

Ford deadpanned at him. “Still no.”

"But if you're sooo worried, then we both can have a nice drink and we give these babies apple
juice boxes! How 'bout that?” Phillip suggested with a teasing grin. Ford shook his head. “I’m
driving the children home.”

Phillip looked at Dillon. “How is he so different from your dad?” Dillon grinned. “And you
haven’t even really met my uncle Seb yet.” Ford had the distinct feeling they were making fun of
him. Dipper at least, looked a little sheepish. “Alright~We’re done here and now it’s off to the
bathing suit store~” Mabel cheered as she and Miz came out with their little bags.

“What’s your name, kid?” Miz asked the ginger, she knew, but it was nice to actually introduce
themselves.

"I’m Phillip! I am Dillon’s boyfriend, and if you didn’t know boys could like each other, now you
know!” The boy smiled down at the little girl. “Of course I knew!” Miz said as she walked next to
Mabel. A quick scan told her he was a good kid, but it didn’t mean she could trust him yet. “I’m
Miz.”

“She is our Uncle Seb’s adopted daughter.” Mabel grinned at that. She glanced at Dillon,
wondering if it would be alright to tell Phillip about magic. Phillip blinked at the little girl.
“Miz...wait, the same Miz who created the necklaces?”

Ford facepalmed. Where was a memory gun when you needed it? Damn this perceptive young
man!

Miz looked up at Phillip when he crouched in front of her. He reached for Dillon, ‘accidentally’
touched his butt, and pulled out the golden jewelry. “You created this necklace?! How?!” Miz
looked up at Dillon and then at Ford. Should she? Phillip seemed nice but…

Ford shook his head but Dillon nodded. Miz frowned. She looked at Dipper and Mabel. Mabel
nodded and Dipper looked over at Ford and shook his head too. Miz groaned. It was a tie. She
reached up to her ear and flicked her fingers, making a quarter appear. “Heads I tell you, tails I
don’t.” She declared. Ford shook his head harder. “Don’t-!” Miz flicked the coin. Phillip stared in
confusion. When he saw her make the coin appear he wondered if she was a magician. Coin
behind the ear was the oldest trick in the book.

The coin plinked to the ground.

Heads.

Ford picked Miz up. “No. You can’t tell him.” Miz whined. “But...family is allowed to know
right? And Dillon plans to marry him once they graduate from college so…”
“H-how did you know?!” Dillon gasped. Phillip looked over at him. “Really?” He asked with wide eyes. “You...really like me that much, babe?”

“Y-Yeah...Miz just ruined my 7 year plan...” He whispered. Fuck. Phillip leaned closer and kissed him, momentarily forgetting about the magician girl because oh my god, oh my god, Dillon was actually planning to marry him!! Ford looked at Miz as the teens shared a passionate moment. He’ll...just ignore that. “Are you sure you want to tell him?”

“He’s clean. I think I can tell him.” Miz said as she dangled from Ford’s arms. And he was going to be family in a mere 7 years anyway. She didn’t see the problem in telling him. Ford sighed. “If you’re sure.” He placed Miz back on the ground. Dillon and Phillip were murmuring assurances to each other. Dillon was smiling as he realized how happy Phillip was about his intended proposal. “Well...when I DO pop the question, can you pretend to be all surprised an’ stuff?” The two laughed. Phillip kissed his nose “Of course, babe. So, is this whole secret something only family is allowed to know?”

“Well, it NEEDS to be kept secret. You can’t tell ANYONE.” Dillon told him. Phillip nodded solemnly. Ford looked around “Can we move this to a less populated area? Without cameras?” Phillip looked worried now. How intense was this secret? They went to the bathroom and rest area of the mall. The rest area was for people to sit as they waited for the bathrooms. Miz looked around and spotted the security camera pointing down the hallway. She quickly triangulated (hah!) to find the blind spots.

Finally she sighed. Phillip was now looking nervous. He didn’t expect his simple question to lead to something so important. He watched as Miz raised her hands up, cupped together as if holding water. His eyes went wide as gold, ACTUAL gold, began to form between her hands. Little gold pellets forming one after the other. “Holy shit.” He hissed. Dillon nodded. “And apparently, it’s 24K as well.”

“It’s easier to create pure gold than it is to purposely put in impurities.” Miz stated. “Gold is an element. So I just draw together the protons and neutrons and click them together until they become what I need.” She handed the gold to Dillon who opened his bag for her to dump them in. Phillip was running a hand through his hair “Holy shit.” he repeated. “Holy...shit.”

What the heck?!

“So your uncle adopted a-a magic kid who can manipulate atoms to her will or some shit??” He understood what she meant. Basic Chemistry but holy shit she was USING OTHER ATOMS and creating GOLD!

The twins and Dillon looked at Ford. Should they tell him more? Ford shook his head and when he made a wiggling motion with his hand. ‘Don’t tell him now but after he’s officially part of the family we can fill him in.’ The three cousins nodded even as Phillip continued to lose his shit over this knowledge that such a thing was EVEN POSSIBLE. He stared at Dillon. “Is your uncle a billionaire?” He asked. Dillon shook his head. “No, he’s just an upper middle class dude with a successful brand of clothing living in a nice neighborhood.”

“How is he not the richest man in the world?” Phillip asked. “Because mommy said I wasn’t allowed to just make gold whenever I want.” Miz pouted. “Something about how it would unbalance the economy or something.” She pointed at Ford “But Fordsie asks me for stuff like Plutonium and Uranium all the time.”

“How is he not the richest man in the world?” Phillip asked. “Because mommy said I wasn’t allowed to just make gold whenever I want.” Miz pouted. “Something about how it would unbalance the economy or something.” She pointed at Ford “But Fordsie asks me for stuff like Plutonium and Uranium all the time.”

“Are you building a bomb?!” Phillip gasped at Ford who hurriedly shook his head. “No! I’m a scientist! I need them for some experiments I’m running!” Miz spoke up “Also, there’s so much
dust in his room I can make a LOT of stuff." Poor Phillip felt dizzy. “I-I think I’m gonna pass out…”

“Philly, no, we haven’t gone to any stores yet!” Dillon warned. His boyfriend shook his head. “How are you just accepting this?! This is-this is incredible and you are like meh, have seen better, like what the fuck?!”

“Weirdness is part of our family.” Dipper shrugged and Mabel patted Phillip’s shoulder. “And it welcomes you with open arms!” She gave him her patented Mabel smile. “Besides, if you can’t even handle THIS much, you’re gonna faint for real when you meet uncle Seb and his other kids.”

“Can they manipulate the atomic makeup of the world around us too?” Phillip groaned. Uncle Seb was the guy who adopted Miz right? How did he even FIND a magical daughter?

Mabel laughed “No. At least, I don’t think so. But they can set stuff on fire and lift objects with their minds~” Phillip stared at her and then at Dillon as Dipper glared at Mabel. So much for keeping this a secret.

“Are you secretly some kind of Fey prince?” Phillip asked. Dillon laughed. “No. I’m 100% normal human. To my disappointment.”

He looked at the twins and asked the same question. “I think my superpower is how adorable I am! And perfect! Also Dipper has a birthmark shaped like the Big Dipper!” She lifted his bangs and Phillip grinned before Dipper pushed her hand away and fixed his hair. “Woah…I know boyfriends usually don’t say this…but I totally want to meet your family…”

“Come tomorrow. It’s my old man and his triplets’ birthday. *Then* you can faint cuz I wanted to look for a t-shirt hours ago!” Dillon grabbed his hand and pulled him up and everyone returned to the stores to buy more stuff, because capitalism! Mabel dragged them all to the Summer Shop for all your beach/pool needs. She and Miz gazed at the colorful array of bikinis and sighed longingly. The squeals they made as they dove into the racks and picked stuff out made the boy’s wince.

“So...can we go check out other stores?” Dipper asked. “No! You guys need to critique our bikinis!” Mabel called back. Dipper shuddered. He didn’t want to do this. Dillon and Phillip rolled their eyes and Ford just looked confused. They sat down and a couple other guys sitting nearby gave them a sympathetic look. “Girlfriends?” One of them asked. “Sister and cousin.” Dipper responded. They nodded. A solemn show of male suffering.

“Are you ready yet?” Dillon moaned. “No!” Mabel said. “But you will love it!”

“Mabel, girl, I am not that kind of gaayy! Let me go!” Dillon wailed. He didn’t know about clothes or anything people liked to stereotype him with. Phillip rubbed his hair. "And I only know about male clothes!" Dipper groaned “This is something that uncle SEB is for!”

“I...don’t understand? They come out and we just tell them it looks nice, right?” Ford said obliviously. All the men stared at him before shaking their heads. “You poor, poor idiot.” One sighed. Dipper facepalmed, wanting to defend his uncle but unable to really say anything about this.

“Ta-dah!” How’s this?!’” Mabel came out in a colorful tie-dyed bikini that had a little skirt-like section along the pants part. Miz was shyly tugging at her own bikini. Dillon blinked. “Are you wearing a-”

“It’s an itsy bitsy teeny weeny yellow polkadot bikini. Yes.” Miz mumbled. Mabel had spotted
(hah!) it and demanded that she try it on. She glanced at Ford. “H-how do I look?” He glanced over and said “You look fine.” There was a resounding slap as all the other men face palmed. Miz frowned. “You...don’t think it makes me look fat?” She tugged at it again. Ford responded despite all the other men shaking their heads frantically. “Well, you ARE rather bottom heavy. And somewhat rotund...” He said frankly. “Especially around your belly.” The other men were already writing Ford’s funeral rites.

“How-how do I disown myself from an uncle?” Dipper muttered. “I don’t know him…” Dillon groaned. The other men looked at Ford as if he was insane.

Miz looked down with a faint “Oh.” she glanced up at Ford again “Is that bad?” she asked. Ford shook his head. “No, it merely means you have a good storage of nutrients to burn off in case of survival situations.” He nodded “And the heavier weight along with your low center of gravity means you are more grounded and less likely to topple over during a fight.” He had learned this during his 13 years running for his life and going hungry when he and Stan couldn’t find edible food. “Also, it makes you very nice to hug.” Ford added, because Stanley always told him that he should compliment women. Miz blinked at him and smiled. “Ok.” and turned to go back to the changing room.

The men and Mabel gaped at the calm man sitting next to all of them. Ford frowned. He didn’t like the looks he was getting… “Yes?”

“Dude…” A male employee who was also watching gaped. “I didn’t understand shit of what you said, but you didn’t die.” A boy told Ford. “We all thought you were dead.”

“But I am clearly alive?” Ford muttered. He didn’t get it, which was frustrating, he usually understood lots of things. Mabel considered her uncle’s words. He was sincere and blunt...but it wasn’t in a bad way, that was nice. And he made Miz smile when she was worried about the bathing suit.

“I’m sorry, don’t disown me…” “I do know you…” The other Pines boys apologized.

Ford looked around in confusion. He scratched his head.

The process got easier from there on out. The other men compliment their girlfriends/wives/daughters as the women came out to show off their bathing suits. Miz was a little more confident when posing for the boys and the other men started secretly revering Ford as some kind of god. They left the store with 8 more bikinis than they entered with, Mabel and Miz each buying 4 while Miz had a bunch of others Saved for later.

There was now a wardrobe inside her Mindscape that had a copy of the molecular makeup for any piece of clothing she scanned to be called up and Pasted into the world at any time. It was much like the shelves she had that contained various other things she’d scanned over the eons she’d been alive. She should probably organize them soon. She didn’t want her Mindscape getting cluttered.

Now that the girls finally finished their shopping, the boys got to choose the other stores they visit.

First, much to everyone’s surprise, the kid who had been shouting massive fraud all evening wanted to go to the bookstore. Dillon, Mabel and Miz cooed, Dipper rolled his eyes and Ford was just excited to go into the bookstore. Phillip searched for the book he was recommended by his college friend and because they didn’t have it anymore, he reserved one. It was about cancer and the new methods that had worked on different occasions. Ford thought about how curious it was that Phillip seemed so educated and cultured despite his crazy appearance. He was glad his nephew was with someone like him though.
Dillon spent 5 minutes inside a store and bought 4 t-shirts. $2 \times 1$, cuz he realized he didn’t have many short sleeved ones, and it offended the girls that he didn’t even stop to see if he really liked it. Then, they passed by a new robotic place, which sold drones, motorized little cars, robots, planes and everyone stayed inside the store for a few hours, gushing and giggling excitedly. Miz scanned everything. She should try and study them later, being an All Knowing entity required actual research after all.

Ford had to admit they were pretty well made, but the one he built the twins was better~ Speaking of…

“How are the twins enjoying the drones I made for them their birthday?” Ford asked Miz. She blinked before laughing, “They used them to drop water balloons on Carol when she was outside.” That had been nice. Bonus, the water soaked through her awful wig and it fell off, letting the whole neighborhood know that she was now bald.

“They-” Ford snorted and felt terrible that he didn’t feel terrible. “They really did that?”

“They love your gift, they use it every time. I think they’re gonna break it soon, they break everything they touch.” Miz giggled. “I will take that into consideration for gifts in the future.” Ford nodded.

After that they went to the GameGo store and Miz coo’ed over the new BakeMon game. Hm...she scanned a box with the hand-held system and a couple of the games she was interested in. Dipper noticed her doing so and shook his head. “No, we have to support the game companies.” She wilted and Dipper pet her head “It’s ok, I’m not mad. Just...no pirating games. Ok?” Dipper bought a new game for his video game console, yes, he still played! And Mabel patted his head as he grinned down at it. If worse came to worse and their trip to New Jersey ended up boring, he had something to do.

Ford noticed Miz glancing longingly at a small stuffed toy. He picked it up and carried it to the counter “How much is this?” he asked. “$15.” The cashier. Ford nodded and paid for it. “Here.” He handed it to Miz who lit up and hugged the yellow...rabbit (?!) looking creature to her chest. She then jumped on him and hugged him tightly too. “Thank you Fordsie!” She gave him a happy nuzzle and ran off to show Mabel her new doll.

Dipper and Dillon were smiling so widely their cheeks hurt. Aww~

“I guess they really are together...huh…” Dipper scratched his head. It was still really weird to think that uncle Ford was dating the Bill Cipher from another dimension...but they were actually really cute together. Then Dipper face palmed because he remembered that uncle Seb had adopted her and if he thought about it too much he was going to scream. Well, uncle Ford was with Xin, not Miz. And he was pretty sure Ford wouldn’t do anything with Miz. Urg, don’t think about it!

He took a deep breath. Happy thoughts...happy thoughts...

The summer sky eventually turned black and Ford deemed it too late for the teens. It was only 10pm, but Ford had been left in charge and he had to take care of his brothers’s children, no matter how old or ‘mature’ they claimed they were. The cousins and Phillip managed to convince Stanford to have pizza first and the six of them took a photo, under Phillip and Mabel’s insistence, at the restaurant. Miz devoured an entire pizza on her own, prompting Phillip to ask if the food was needed for her to keep her powers working...which was technically a yes.

Phillip kissed Dillon good night, promised he would visit, and went to find his own car. The Pines put all their bags in the trunk, climbed into the car and sighed tiredly. Cool day, but they were
tired. When they were back home, they found every adult passed out on the floor with their respective toddlers curled up next to one of them, a blanket they dragged from their rooms covering their tiny bodies.

It was adorable, but irresponsible as hell.

Miz floated everyone to their rooms and tucked them in properly. She and Ford said good night to the others and retired to their shared room. As Ford lay down with a tired sigh, walking around the mall all day was...exhausting, he felt Miz snuggle up to him. He looked down and smiled “Good night Miz.”

“Night Fordsie.”

Ford reached over to turn off the light. Miz nestled into his chest, already asleep and hugging the doll he bought her.

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CHAPTER 29 Fluff is what makes the world go around

Blue: Hello! I hope all of you are ok and staying at home! Hope you like this chapter!

Also, can anyone explain why Animal Crossing is such a big deal?

When Seb opened his eye, it was only to discover Wanda wasn't next to him. Urgh. His head was killing him but he smiled a bit. Today was his birthday~

He searched for the twins in Diego's room but they weren't there either, none of them. Seb scratched his head. Stan and Ford didn't take long to come out of their rooms as well.

"Fuck, my head wants to kill me…" Stan complained, but smiled and hugged his brothers. "Happy birthday, idiots."

"Happy birthday, Stanley." "Happy birthday, Fez!"

"Where IS everybody anyway? Carla isn't here…" Stan scratched his stomach. He knew Aaron and Sasha weren't here. He'd given them the summer off, paid vacation and all that. He figured they were safe enough, heck, they had the whole family here after all. At least… they were supposed to. "Wanda and the twins aren't here either and I checked, Shermie and Abi aren't here either…" Seb yawned. "Did they leave us here?" the three walked around the house but didn't find them. Ford noticed a note on the dining room table.

"I have no fingers and yet I point, I have no legs and yet I run. Although I have hands, they hold nothing. What am I?" He read off the piece of paper.

Stan stared at the paper. "Well, it was nice having a family I guess, I'm going back to sleep." He turned around and Seb stopped him. "Fuck you!" He laughed. "We need to find them!" He snatched the paper from Ford and read it again.

"Point...Run...Hands...Time? Clock?" Seb guessed.

"You suck, and your last name used to be Cipher?" Stan questioned. Seb flipped him off.

"Wait. I think he's got it." Ford walked over to the large clock on the wall. He inspected it and found another sheet of paper. "I start with M and end in X, yet the letters within me are never ending. What am I?"

"Why are they torturing us? Is it like that horror movie?" Stanley groaned.

"Shut up, this is fun!" Seb smiled. "But I don't have idea this time...genius?" He looked at his oldest brother for help. "What is it?" Ford frowned at it. "Letters…" he was somewhat stumped. Stanley rolled his eyes. "Well, while you two are messin' with that, I'm going to check the mail…"

"OF COURSE! Mailbox!" Ford cried. He and Seb ran outside to the mailbox and Stanley rolled his eyes. Nerds. He went out to see Ford pulling another note out of the mailbox. "If you drop me, I am sure to crack-"

"An egg!" Seb roared. Ford grimaced and continued reading. "-but give me a smile and I'll smile back."
"Oh. Mirror! That is definitely a mirror!" Seb smiled proudly. He was getting excited for the game, his leg bounced up and down.

"There's a bunch of mirrors in the house!" Stanley groaned. Ford hummed. "There's that large full body mirror in the main hallway." He said. "It's in the public area of the house and not in a bathroom or bedroom. Plus it's part of the wall."

"Eh. We can check it." Stan shrugged. The triplets went off to the mirror and Ford looked around. He made a startled cry when his hand sank into the glass. "Oh. I guess they got Miz to help with this little game." He grinned and stepped inside.

"I was wondering how they prepared everything so early. Come on, Fez! The sooner we finish this, the sooner we get to eat breakfast~" Seb grinned. "Ok! Move it then!" Stan shoved Seb through the mirror and he crossed as well.

They stepped into a room with doors all along the walls. In the center of the room was a table with another note. A lamp hung on the ceiling with a dangle chain. Ford went to the table and picked up the note while Stan looked behind him to notice the mirror they entered through was gone.

"Ah...Ford?" Seb grinned at the sight. "Cool. Danger. I like it."

"To find the right door, simply answer this. I can't be seen, found, heard or smelled. I lie between stars and under hills. I fill empty holes and travel faster than light, I'm scarce in the day and everywhere at night. What am I?"

"Great we'll never get out!" Stan just wanted to get Diego's card and a nice breakfast. Now he was trapped in a mirror! "Darkness?" Seb ignored Stan sulking and looked at Ford. "Cuz, no darkness in the day…" He looked at the lamp hanging above them and pulled on the chain. The light went out and they all blinked to adjust. There was a trail of glowing footprints along the ground away from the table and towards a door.

"That's so cool!" Seb laughed and the youngest triplet followed the footsteps, followed by a grinning Ford and a relieved Stan. Seb opened the door. They found themselves in a pretty room with images along the walls. There was a book, a letter, a bucket, a cloud, a maple seed, a dandelion, and various other objects. Once more there was a table in the middle with a note. This time Seb snatched it up to read. "What moves without seeing and cries without eyes?" He sat on the table and thought. "What...moves..." Ford and Seb hummed aloud. Stan looked at the images. "Cloud." He suggested. "It doesn't cry...but water falls from it?"

"Brilliant Stanley!" Ford said. Stan grunted and pushed on the cloud. The section of wall slid up and there was a long, dark hallway. Seb ran inside while calling for his brothers to hurry up.

"Move your asses!" he was living for this. They came to a stop. Suddenly the ground swayed and Stanley nearly fell onto Ford. They looked up into the dark and noticed the outline of a door. Seb stood up and felt around until he found the doorknob. He opened it and stepped outside. "Holy FUCK!" The Stans went out and gasped as well.

They were on a boat.

Out in the middle of a beautiful ocean with warm sunlight and the cool ocean wind. The sails were proudly opened as the boat swept along through the waves.

"Woah..." Stan's eyes widened. Despite their dream having been just that, for the longest time he actually thought he could sail around the world with his genius triplets. The three of them against the world, hunting monsters and getting hot babes. "This...this is just like I imagined it..." He
whispered, wiping a tear away before his triplets could see.

Ford looked around. Is this...he went over to the side of the ship and looked down.
"Stanley...Sebastian..." He called to them. They came over as well to look down. There, emblazoned along the side of the ship...

Pines-o-War II

"No way..." Seb grabbed the wood tightly and looked down. It actually looked real... "Are we dreaming? Did Miz put us in a dream? I want ice cream rain!" He shouted to the blue clear sky and waited. To his disappointment, there wasn't any ice cream rain. Ford looked over at the horizon. "Wait. There's...land..." His brothers ran over to look as well. Yes. There was a sandy beach coming up. It was getting closer as they sailed towards it.

There was a 'poof' and a sheet of paper appeared in front of Stan. He grabbed it before it was blown away and read it out "What do you throw out when you need it but retrieve it when you don't?"

"A ball! Right?" He looked at his triplets. It made sense to him. Ford rolled his eyes. "Actually. I think they mean, an anchor." He said as their boat got close enough that they could see the beach clearly. "Yeah, that too." Stan blushed.

He walked over and found the anchor as Seb stared at the beach. There were tables and chairs set up along with their missing family, who were all cheering. "HAPPY BIRTHDAY!"

The triplets smiled widely and jumped off the boat to run towards them. The first one who hugged the three men was their mother who smiled widely and thanked the skies they were once again celebrating their birthday together. "Happy birthday, my boys..." She whispered. Seb was tackled by his laughing twins and Diego clung to Stan's leg. "You did it! Was it hard?!" Diego questioned. "Was it too scary?!"

"Of course it was! But nothing scares your old man!" Stan hugged the kid laughing.

Ford smiled at his brother getting covered in sand and he saw Miz standing there with a smug grin. "You did this..." She nodded. "Everyone else helped. Mabel designed the Cloud room. She actually wanted to make it more difficult by making you have to tap on an actual cloud, but Dipper told her that was too difficult." She hugged her doll and fidgeted "The boat is my birthday gift to you three...do you like it?"

Ford looked at their boat. He didn't know what happened to the original, he had been too angry to care. Seeing the boat was like reliving the best memories he had. The adventure triplets against the world... "I love it..." He crouched and hugged his friend. Miz snuggled against him. She was glad, she worked hard on it. Finding the old, half destroyed from neglect, old one, restoring it...

Zoe crowned her dad with a yellow crown, they crowned Stan with a red one, and Ford received a blue crown. "Sit! Breakfast!" She pointed at the table. "Uncle Sixer gets to drink the smelly juice just because it's his birthday." Ford laughed as they brought him a coffee pot. There was a literal feast on the table. He wondered how long it took to cook everything. He also realized they were on Glass Shard Beach. Everyone must have moved here while they were still asleep. He supposed they would be heading back to New York after the party to get their stuff, or Miz would just teleport them here? Were all their belongings already here?

While Ford was overthinking, Seb ran up to kiss Wanda. "I see you're in your bathing suit early in the morning~" He grinned. She laughed. "Yeah. We were going to spend today on the beach." No one seemed to come to the beach. Kari explained that it was because most of the place was full of
litter. Miz had fixed that, her power sweeping throughout the sand until they were clean, soft and
glimmering. Kari said that they might have to change the name of the town once people realized
what had happened. Phillip had lost his shit again at the apparently super magical girl.

The triplets found themselves wearing normal clothes, not their Pj's like how they started the
adventure and music was turned on. First, the kids gave their Dad and Uncles the presents they
made for them: handmade cards with pen holders made with little painted sticks. Mabel gave each
triplet a box with a sweater. Ford's one read 'Made' , Stanley read 'in' and Seb 'the 70s.' Everyone
laughed. "Now I want you to wear it forever!" She giggled.

The party was loud and boisterous. After all the presents and food, they brought out the cake. A
huge three tiered monstrosity with a different type of cake for each layer. Chocolate, red velvet and
funfetti. They sang loudly and off tune with altered lyrics (since the happy birthday song is still
under copyright and cannot legally be used in this fic) before the triplets stood around the cake, a
candle for each of them.

"Make a wish!" Carla cheered as she held up a camera to record this. The triplets hummed about
what they wanted before blowing the candles, making everyone cheer and clap.

"I want to blow the candles too…” Zach pleaded and Seb happily picked his boy up. He created a
little flame in his finger like a lighter and turned on the three candles again for the twins and Diego
to blow them again.

Dillon's eyes widened and looked at his boyfriend, who was staring at his uncle Seb now. "Right! I
will formally present to you, my other uncle." He grabbed Phillip's hand and dragged him over to
where Seb was helping to cut the cake. "Uncle Seb, this is Phillip, my boyfriend!" He dramatically
pointed at the awkward thin and tall teen. "Oh! So you're the kid Dillon neeeever shuts up about?! He's a handsome one, good job, Dillon!" Uncle and nephew high-sixed.

Phillip blushed as he rubbed the back of his neck. Sebastian. He was like a dad to Dillon when
Stanley was-kidnapped? That was how Dillon described it at least. His boyfriend was really fond of
the man with really sharp teeth and just one eye.

"So, other Mr. Pines? How is it that you have powers? I know about your magic daughter, so cool,
almost died, but your secret is safe with me." The ginger patted his chest. Seb smiled. "We just
do." He shrugged. Phillip pouted, but didn't press the subject. He would get to know when he was
officially family anyway. The thought made him smile like a dork.

They all settled down with the cake and chatted among themselves. Miz brought up that she
wanted to introduce her Pines family to her Maniac family. Which brought up the question of what
that meant. "Well, Seb and Wanda adopted me so I'm their daughter but out there-" she pointed up
at the sky "-is a family that I adopted. They're like my sister and brothers and uncles...and one
son... my other children died…"

Anyone not in the know stared at her. "What?"

Seb sighed. "Well, I might as well tell you." He turned to Kari, Abi and Phillip. Dillon grinned.
Guess Phillip wouldn't have to wait to learn more stuff about his family. "Miz is a shapeshifting
alien who's actually older than planet Earth itself." he scratched his head "But she, sometimes he, is
a good friend of mine and my triplets. She's the reason they survived out there behind the portal
and she helped me fix the portal to get them back."

Phillip, much quicker to put two and two together, Dillon's dad was kidnapped for 13 years, Miz
was apparently an alien, Miz helped them get home…”Wait. So your dad was abducted by aliens
for 13 years until a nice alien helped send them home…and then started living with you?"

The Pines, who were used to weirdness, shared a look. You know what? That worked. "Yes, kinda." Seb nodded. "You got it...almost right." He gave him thumbs up. "What...what does a portal have to do with this though?" The young man asked. Ford coughed. "I was building an interdimensional portal in my basement. There was an accident…"

"This is like the plot to a sci-fi movie..." Phillip groaned. "Yeah, more like a horror movie." Stan shuddered. "Space is a dangerous shit. The portal sucked both me and Ford into it. And we were completely sure we were gonna to die, but we luckily met Miz who helped us." He explained. "Not return, she couldn't reopen the portal from HER side, but she helped us be ready to face the dangers of alien worlds."

"She actually helped me fix the portal." Seb ruffled her hair. "I would have taken a little longer if we hadn't met that day." he grinned "And it was by chance. She was exploring the multiverse and happened to tumble out here, on Earth. Smacked into me when she fell too."

The little twins and Diego listened in awe as they ate cake. Woah. They didn't know all of this! "And then Miz became our sister!" Zoe squealed. Kari listened in shock. It was always upsetting to realize she was lied to for 13 years. She believed Stanford was dead, that Stanley had been kidnapped, basically dead! And they actually had been in another dimension. Unfortunately, she already pulled their ears for building crazy, dangerous stuff and for lying to their mother, so she couldn't do it again. 

"Wow…" Phillip rested his head on Dillon's shoulder. "That's some crazy shit right there…"

Kari turned to Miz, dressed in a cute yellow bikini with ruffles along the chest and a skirt-like section for the lower half. "Thank you. For protecting my children and bringing them back to me." Miz blushed at the gratitude. "O-oh…" she wiggled in her seat, very happy at the feelings she was tasting from the old woman. 

Phillip blinked. "Wait. If you're a shapeshifting alien, then this isn't your true form, right?" Miz nodded. "Then...what IS your true form?"

"My actual true form or the default form I enjoy using?" Miz asked. Phillip blinked. "There's a difference?"

"Well there's this thing where I can shed my vessel to reveal the real me, which is made of pure energy, but I think that drives people mad if they see it fully?" Miz turned to Ford "That's actually what Fiddleford saw when he got sucked halfway into the portal. He saw another of my kind shedding his exoskeleton to feed. In the Nightmare Realm. Things there look more intense than they normally do." In other words, poor Fiddleford had seen the Bill from THIS dimension. Ford and Seb shivered. Phillip blinked."So your true form is too horrible to watch?"

"Yup. And no. It's just… overwhelming for people who aren't prepared, especially if you're up close to it. Imagine like being suddenly in front of the sun, inches away from it. But there's my default form, which is what I looked like before I became a being of pure energy," Miz shrugged. Seb knew she could show them all her Bill form...but was it a good idea to do that? He didn't know.

"How did you meet Miz then?" Phillip asked Seb. "I guess she didn't appear before you in her true form?" Seb paused. "Not in her true form, no. She was in her default form which...um…" He looked over at her. "I essentially look like a triangle. My species were a race of geometric shapes." She shrugged. "Have you read the book Flatlands?"
"Are you kidding me? That is so fucking rad!" Phillip eyes widened. "Wow, wow hold up. Flatlands? From Edwin Abbott? I am almost sure we're related! The one that talks about dimensions?!" Dillon rolled his eyes. His boyfriend was such a nerd. Wait, he was related to the guy who wrote Flatlands?!

Miz nodded while Seb looked confused. Someone wrote a BOOK about the Flatlands? How the fuck?! "The Flatlands were real. Though, they weren't entirely like what the book says. Mister Abbott took some artistic liberties." Miz explained. "The gist of it is similar. It doesn't matter anymore though because the Flatlands were destroyed eons ago..." Miz looked sad for a second. Seb just grinned. "They were assholes, glad they died." He nodded solemnly. Phillip scratched his head confused. Well, in the book they were really strict, but a REAL society like that sounded horrible.

"Wait!" Phillip turned to Miz. "You're a triangle..." he gasped. How...awful had she been treated in her society? Miz sighed. "Yeah. I was the lowest caste. But it's fine. The Flatlands are long gone and there are only a few of us left. Sort of." She glanced at Seb. "The dead enter the cycle of reincarnation. Normally they get wiped clean of their past memories but some people retain them."

Phillip looked between Miz and Seb, picking up on what she was implying. "So, mister Sebastian is a reincarnated shape from the Flatlands who remembers his past life...and...is THAT why he has powers?"

Seb stared at how Miz easily manipulated Phillip into coming to his own conclusions that were both correct AND inaccurate. She was implying that Flatlanders were an alien species, that had weird powers, sidestepping the entire 'becoming a demon' thing and Seb's 'used to be Bill Cipher' thing. And this would also explain why Miz, a survivor from Flatland, stayed around Seb as the closest thing she had to her kind. Without having to explain the whole dimensional counterpart mess. Seb nearly whistled. She was GOOD.

And he had to give Phillip some credit. He was very intelligent!

Phillip started shaking Dillon's shoulders, almost making him drop the cake he was trying to eat. "You. Have. the. Best. Family. Dillon! AAH!" He squealed high-pitchedly. "Ahhh! AAAAAH!" The ginger teen didn't even know what to say. He was talking to an alien! And a former alien! Who was his boyfriend's uncle.

Dipper and Mabel rolled their eyes. Newbie.

Miz grabbed a piece of cake and grinned. She was enjoying the emotions coming off him. He really was shook. She took a huge bite of the cake and moaned. She didn't make this cake, but damn, she needed to know where they bought this to congratulate them! Kari was staring at Sebastian. It was so weird to think he was a reincarnated alien. Hearing it at all felt like it was a huge revelation. But at the same time...it explained so many odd things she had noticed about Sebas growing up...and his magical powers.

She wondered if she would have been able to do better if she had just...known...

Seb smiled slightly, unaware of her thoughts and hugged her just because he was a hugger. He didn't know what he would have done if he hadn't had his mom growing up.

The blond twins hummed, their little faces covered in chocolate. They didn't know what re-cant-nated meant. "So we are aliens too?" Zoe smiled. Wanda crouched and wiped her face with a wet baby wipe. "No, you aren't. You just have powers. You're both perfectly human. And so is Sebastain."
Zach pouted. "Not fun." He said and everyone laughed. Zach hummed at the idea of dying and getting born again. That sounded...

"So...you're like...the last of your kind?" Phillip asked, very fascinated. Miz nodded. "Sort of. There are a couple other Flatlanders somewhere out in the multiverse. There was one who went insane and started wanting to destroy other planets to hide from his own grief..."

The Stans, Seb and the older twins winced.

"...and he had to be put down for the safety of everyone else." Miz finished. Seb rubbed at his missing eye, both remembering his and Bill's death. "Yeah. That sucked."

"Cool~" Phillip giggled and hugged Dillon's arm. He looked at his cake and stole a bite. "Hey!" Dillon protested. "Can I see your shape form then?" Phillip asked Miz. Dillon smacked his arm. "Don't be rude!" Miz looked around. "Not here, but tonight, when I take you all to meet my alien family."

"Are they the other surviving Flatlanders?" Phillip asked. Miz shook her head. "Some of them look like it, but no, we're all different species." She grinned. "I've been telling them about my human family and parents, they really want to meet you all." Everyone cooed and aww'ed. Ford smiled at the memory of Miz's friends. Now that he wasn't scared as fuck, it would be nice to see them again, maybe talk more to them. That alternative 8-Ball had been interesting, but he knew Stanley, at least, would like to see his old friend 8-Ball again.

The kids got bored of being on the sand and went to the shore to play. They were going to make sandcastles. Seb watched them closely. This fucking waters almost killed him when he was around their age. The teens also went to the water, farther away, and they struggled to take a cool photo. Everytime they managed to get the best pose, waves came and knocked them down.

Ford sat down and Miz crawled on his lap. "Do you want to go into the water? We won't laugh at your tattoo~" she teased, poking at his neck. Ford rolled his eyes. "Regardless, I think I'd much rather just enjoy the view." he pet her hair and she purred against him. They just sat and enjoyed each other's company for a while before Miz spoke up "You know, there is ONE problem with all this."

"What's that?" Ford asked. Miz leaned against his chest "I have no idea how I'm supposed to top this for your next birthday." Ford hugged her. "You don't have to. A simple quiet birthday is good too."

"Really?" She pouted. "Yes, I just...enjoy being with my family..." Ford said softly. There. He said it. He liked quiet and peace, he was in love with his work, but he didn't want to be like Miz called him out for. He liked being with his family, he just didn't know how to. His people skills weren't good like Stan's. Even with his therapy, Ford just... wasn't like Stan. He didn't need to be around people all the time to be happy. But... quiet time like this, with a small group of people, wasn't bad. Miz looked up at him. She booped his nose. "Dummy. They're happy just being around you too. You don't need people skills to be with people you care about."

"Miz! Come on! The water's actually warm for once!" Seb and Stan called. The one eyed man had gone out to play with his kids in the shallows, partially because he was worried and partially because Zach and Zoe had dragged him over. Stan was just splashing around with no embarrassment at his behavior. Diego was embarrassed enough FOR him.

Miz grinned and got up. "You sure you're not coming?" She asked Ford.
Ford nudged her forward. "Yes, yes. Go play with them." He smiled slightly. Miz grinned. "You know where to find us if you change your mind." the quiet scientist nodded solemnly. He felt someone sitting next to him. He looked up and saw his mom. She put on her huge sunglasses. She wouldn't force Stanford to go to the water if he didn't want to, he was a grown up man after all, but she wanted to accompany him.

"Yes?"

"What? I can't sit next to my eldest son?" She questioned. "N-No...I mean, of course you can..." It has been a while since he had seen his mother. Ford wasn't sure what to say to her. Before, there were others around to talk to her as well, but he was alone with her now. He didn't know if he should try to strike up conversation or just sit there awkwardly.

Kari knew how to talk to her boys though. "How is your research going?" She never understood half the things Ford talked about as a kid, even less now, but it made him happy to talk about science. "Oh! We are actually doing quite well! I have been making progress and my colleagues are working hard. I am sure in a few years we will have potable water everywhere! There was also this woman working on-" Kari smiled. There it was. His face was so animated when he spoke of his work. He was in his 40s now but if it involved science, he was every bit the excited child she remembered.

"Guys! Group photo!" Mabel spat her wet hair out of her mouth and picked up Zach to run back to shore. Zach squealed. He liked being carried. Everyone went to the sand, complaining at the sand sticking to their wet, salty bodies and Mabel searched for her selfie stick in the bag she brought. It was practically luggage, but she had to bring the essentials for a beach day! Besides, Dipper put his clothes in her bag too. Everyone crowded around Ford and Kari, both of them complaining when Seb and Stan hugged them and got their clothes wet as Mabel shouted. "Ok! Shut up and smile!"

"Say something stupid!" Stan smiled and everyone made a funny face. "Something stupid!" Click! Photo taken.

(Insert picture here maybe)

They spent the entire day at the beach. The triplets noticed their family had everything planned. They pulled sandwiches and snacks from baskets and they had a cool picnic in front of the sea. The ship bobbed, sunlight shining off it's sails, which had folded back up.

Zoe whined, disgusted at a bird who approached her to try to steal her food and she threw a rock at it with all her might, hitting the animal right in the eye. It shrieked and squawked, flaring its wings. The little girl screamed loudly, scared. Seb ran over and waved his arms. "Shoo! Go away!" The bird squawked one last time before flying off. Seb growled. Damn seagulls.

Zoe sniffed and clung to her dad. "Kill it!" She sobbed. "We already talked about this, no killing unless the other one started it." Seb said. "No killing at all!" Wanda shouted from her where she was lounging on a towel.

"But that bird started it!" Zoe huffed and didn't let go. Stupid birds...

"...I can make chicken for dinner tonight?" Miz offered. Zoe brightened up. "Yes! Kill the birds!" Seb rolled his eye and sat her on his lap to continue eating. Zoe stole bites from his sandwich but he didn't mind. Miz was walking up to some seagulls and trying to entice them closer. Stanley groaned "Don't encourage them!"

"But I wanna pet them..." Miz whined as she carefully held out a bit of her sandwich. "Come
on—it's not like I'm going to eat you~” she sang.

"No! Don't get it closer!" Zoe cried. Seb sighed. "Miz, be careful." The demon nodded and crept closer. Almost...the seagull snatched her sandwich and flew off, knocking her over as it went "Ah!" She sputtered and shook her fist at the retreating bird. "YOU UNGRATEFUL LITTLE-!"

Everyone laughed as the girl stood up angrily. She looked at Zoe who was giving her a 'I told you so' look. "Yeah...well..." Miz blushed and folded her arms "I didn't want to pet you anyway! Baka!" Phillip choked on his soda. "She's a Tsundere alien!?"

"I STILL don't know what that means?!" Sebastian groaned as he flopped over onto the sand. Dillon, Dipper and Mabel burst out laughing. "You should ask Soos about it sometime." Dipper said as he tried to catch his breath.

"Yeah, I guess I—What the fuck, Soos hasn't called me for my birthday!" Seb gasped. "There is no respect anymore." Miz poked his stomach, making Seb laugh. "Soos is in Oregon. We're in New Jersey. Do the math."

"Three hours." Seb rolled in the warm sand with a grin. Wanda sighed. He better shower before getting in their room. "I want my call!!"

"Call from Uncle Soos!" The twins jumped over their Dad and started burying him. "Help! I'm getting buried alive!" The man wailed. "Miz! Help!" Miz sat next to him and sighed. "Alas, I can do nothing, for sometimes, being buried is how we all feel, when the despair of the unfeeling world gets to be too much~"

"Don't give me that philosophical bullshit! Miiiiiiiz!" Seb coughed when the twins poured sand on his face. "Hey! That's not how you do it! HELP ME! I'm going to die!" He cried desperately. The twins were going to kill him! Stan leaned back and put his hairy arms behind his head "You're on your own." Ford frowned, unsure if such an activity would actually kill him. "Perhaps you can put sand on his legs and body so he cannot escape, but leave his face free so he can continue to scream?" He said, following what he logically knew from the twin's dispositions to appeal to them.

The kids gasped and gave their uncle a huge fanged smile before moving the sand from their crying dad's face to his neck and body. "Thanks, Uncle Fordsie!" They said adorably before continuing torturing their dad. Everyone else stared at Ford in shock.

"What the heck, I said help, Stanford!" Seb glared and his brother blinked. "But now it is at least safer, you can't choke on the sand, and your children are happy." Ford argued with a shrug. Miz tilted her head "That makes sense to me." Everyone groaned. These two.

"Well...if I'm going to be buried alive...I would like a juice pack please." Seb gave in. Miz took one of the fruit punch packets and stabbed it with the straw before placing it next to Seb's head. "Thanks." He sucked on his drink and pouted as Zach and Zoe continued to pile sand onto him. He coughed when he felt himself gulping down sand. Urgh, little demons torturing him!

Diego joined his cousins after his father allowed him and Seb simply laid down and closed his eye. "Wanda, can you write my will for me?" His wife rolled her green eyes. "You're so dramatic, honey..." Mabel looked at her twin. "Do you want to get buried?!"

"No." Dipper deadpanned. "He said yes! Come on, guys! Help me!" Mabel, Dillon and Phillip stood up and chased Dipper. "Get him!" Mabel cried and her brother screamed. "HELP!" Dipper was dragged to the ground and quickly beset by his cousins. Dipper reached out to his parents "Mom...dad...help~"
Shermie put on his sunglasses and closed his eyes as Abigail napped on a towel to try and get a tan. "That's great, Dipper…" He mumbled without even looking up. Dipper stared at Seb and they both gave a sad sigh. Abandoned by their family's at a time of need. If their arms were free they would have fist bumped.

Dillon and Phillip grinned before putting Dipper above Seb who was already covered in sand and started covering Dipper who continued struggling. Their little cousins helped by bringing water and wet sand to make it more dense and difficult to escape later. Miz didn't help but she didn't hinder them either. "Looks like you guys are going to spend some quality time together."

"Miz, I don't like this, help us!" Dipper was already unable to stand up and in the way he was positioned, he formed an X with Sebastian. "I have resigned myself. The water will rise and we will die." Seb said solemnly. "Daaad! Tell Mabel to stop!" the boy cried. Zoe lifted his brown bangs to look at his birthmark. "Ooh~ Pretty!"

Miz sat on the sand and patted Seb's curly and sand-covered hair. "I wouldn't let you two die." She assured him. "But think of it this way— the sand is going to make your skin super smooth once we dig you guys out." That caught Seb's attention. "Like, exfoliating?" Miz nodded. "More like sanding off all the dead skin." The birthday man grinned and closed his eye. "Ok!" He squealed excitedly. Dipper didn't care and continued struggling. "I don't want smooth skin!!!"

Half an hour passed and Dipper realized he wouldn't be let go. He lifted his head a bit and found out Seb had fallen asleep. Good thing the sun was being blocked from their heads, because they would have ended up all burned and red. Their family didn't have much luck getting a tan. Everyone packed up as the sun began setting after their long day on the beach. "How're we getting back to New York?" Stan asked. Miz pointed at the boat. "Once we're out of sight from the shore, I can teleport us. Then I just shrink the boat down so you can keep it around and deploy it whenever you want to go sailing."

The teens and the children helped Dipper and Seb escape from their sand prison and everyone got in the boat. "I don't wanna leave…" Zoe pouted as Wanda carried her to the boat. "We'll come back, don't worry."

Miz rubbed her palms together. Take the family to New York, make sure they were absolutely clean from sand, she didn't want it in the house, and then take them to meet her other family. She should tell Pyronica or Hec so they could tell everybody, though it would be hilarious to see their shocked expressions when she came in with so many humans! Well, she would have to build a construct for all of them first.

Once everyone got on the ship and Stan pulled up the anchor, Miz flung the sails out and they took off into the sunset. Mabel was taking photos like crazy. Phillip and Dillon were doing the Titenic pose, while Stan shouted "Hey! Hands off there!" from the background. Miz waved her hand to dry and clean everyone. Hm...it was going to get cold here soon, she should ask Mabel for some sweaters.

Seb snuck up behind Stanford who was watching the horizon and shouted. "BLERGH!" Stanford jumped and he would have thrown his triplet off board if he hadn't calmed down fast enough. "Dammit, Sebastian, don't do that!"

Seb was laughing but he had a hand on his chest as his heart hammered against his ribcage. "Wo-
Worth it…” he gasped. Ford rolled his eyes. "I'm still tempted to throw you overboard." Mabel ran by and threw sweaters at them. "SWEATERS FOR EVERYONE!" Ford pulled the sweater off his face. "Do we really need this? We're going to be at Stan's house soon."

Mabel scoffed. "It's still going to be cold once it's night time. Besides, you need to wear your birthday sweaters!"

Ford rolled his eyes with a smile. "Right…” He put on the soft garment and his niece squealed, hugged him and ran away to give everyone their sweaters. Zoe and Zach trailed after her, wanting to help deliver them. "How did you make them so fast?" Zach questioned. Mabel gave him two sweaters so he could give Stan and Carla. "You aren't the only one with superpowers, Zachy." She poked his nose. He gasped. Sweater super powers. That sounded amazing.

Miz looked over. "Ok, I think we're far enough. Teleporting in...3...2...1…"

Everyone braced themselves as they were swept away into the air and reappeared in Stan's living room. "Oof!" Miz floated down gently and landed to sit on top of the pile. "Woot! Successful transport!"

The humans all stumbled and groaned, still not used to teleportation. Miz clapped her hands as the Pines stood up. "Clean yourself, I cleaned the sand off you, but even I can't do much for your general ickyness! And be fast, I want you to meet my other family!" She smiled widely. She was going to eat, needed a lot of energy to create 15 vessels! She went off to order some pizzas and subs.

Everyone obeyed the demon/alien. Dillon almost managed to sneak Phillip into his room, but Stan caught him and sent him to another bathroom with a stern look. No funny business in his house, not one he could potentially see at least...he hoped Ford and Miz weren't doing anything.

They weren't. Miz was busy preparing herself some snacks to tide her over until the food delivery arrived. Should she feed the Pines? Nah, their constructs wouldn't feel hunger anyway, and they could eat with her if they wanted to! She hummed happily to herself as she searched for her ingredients to make the best dinner ever. What will they think about them? They said they were excited about meeting them, but what if they didn't like them?

Everyone came down to see multiple boxes of pizza and many subs lying around along with a gorgeous spread of other food. Miz was already inhaling the subs. Wanda sighed. How much did this demon eat? "Pizza!" The teens and children squealed and went to grab a slice. Miz laughed. "There's plenty of food."

"Zoe, wait! Let me dry your hair!" Seb went after her and wrapped a hat towel on her long hair. Everyone sat around to get some food too. "Once we're done eating and it's time for bed, I can bring you all to my world through your dreams."

"Sleepover!" Mabel and Phillip squealed. Stan grumbled but accepted the sleepover. He knew Phillip was a good boy. Carla patted his arm proudly.

The family finished eating and Miz sent them to sleep. She would take no buts and no fucks. She was too excited. The Pines said their goodnights and Miz pushed Ford into their room. Ford tilted his head and the demon narrowed her eyes. "Can you sleep? I can't take you there if you don't!"

Ford rolled his eyes and laid down on the bed. "You are quite excited about this." Miz sat down next to him. "Of course I am!" her tail popped out to wag back and forth. "I want you guys to meet each other...I hope you all like each other…” Ford pet her head. "Well Stanley and I like them. I'm
sure it'll be ok." He laid down and relaxed. "Good night Miz." She laid on his chest and sighed. "Night Fordsie."

Everyone opened their eyes to find themselves floating in a dark void. Stars twinkled in the distance. Everyone panicked for a second before they saw Miz floating with them. There was a huge pyramid floating below them that caused a few instinctive flinches from the Weirmdageddon survivors. "Whoa." Shermie waved his arms. "Is this...space?"

"Is that your spaceship?!" Phillip cried. Miz giggled and floated them all to the large triangular opening on the side of the Death Star. "It's technically a ship. I haven't really flown it anywhere though, so it's more like my house." The group touched down on the ground and stumbled slightly. Miz looked around. Still early 'morning' so her friends should be waking up soon. She floated there and looked at the humans. "Um...so...I'm going into my triangle form now. So, don't freak out or anything..."

Phillip nodded eagerly, Kari just raised an eyebrow and Shermie and Abi nodded. "Oh I am so ready!" The ginger teen grinned. Miz closed her eyes and began glowing. Her body came apart back into free floating particles and rebuilt themselves into the shape of a 5ft tall triangle. She kept her dress, just to make it clear it was still her. She opened her eye to see everyone staring at her.

Seb's family were deadpanning, used to her triangle form, Ford was a little more comfortable with her form, the dress really helped. Stan was calm but his family was gaping slightly at Bill. Dillon suddenly remembered Mabel described Bill Cipher like a 'fancy jerk'. Miz did have a top hat and a bowtie like the twins said, along with the little dress. Said twins looked a little awkward while their parents gaped in surprise. Kari blinked, she had expected a more...alien form, this form was kinda adorable, and quite familiar...Phillip lost his shit.

"Holy fuck! You look so fucking cool! You really are a triangle! And you have one eye!" He cried. Bill rubbed her arm self-consciously. "My friends are more used to this form..." Wanda patted her top hat. "Bill, it's ok, honey." Wanda smiled. The triangle hugged her before turning to look at everyone. "Ok, your bodies are in your dimension, I brought your minds here, and I will create bodies for you to wear, it's the only way you can interact with everyone."

"Our bodies..." Shermie looked down at himself, seeing his body was transparent. Oh.

"I want wings!" Zoe wiggled in her place. "Pretty wings!" Bill flicked her fingers, "Done." Zoe felt herself materialize and felt something on her back. She looked behind herself to see glimmering butterfly wings. "WINGS!" She tried opening them but it was hard.

Wanda frowned worriedly but Seb patted her shoulder. "It's just a construct, it's not her real body." Bill flicked her fingers again and everyone gasped when their new bodies materialized. "Any requests? I can do alterations?"

It was so much easier to shapeshift constructs than people's real bodies. She could design the constructs without pain receptors after all! She normally kept them because pain was a danger sense but if it was going to be a fun short term thing for the Pines family, she forwent that part of the construction process.

"Give Dipper a deer body!" Seb teased and Shermie hugged his son to himself. "Don't you dare!" He growled but Mabel stepped in front. "I want wings! Angel wings! All fluffy and pretty!" the adults rolled their eyes but Dillon groaned when Phillip jumped. "I want horns! Like a demon! And a tail!" He wiggled excitedly. This was so FUCKING cool!
Miz waved her hand and Dipper groaned when he looked down at his body and realized he had a tail and deer ears now. "Really?!" He blinked and touched his head. "I've got antlers?!" He didn't have antlers before...then again, he was a child back then. At least he wasn't a full deertaur this time. Mabel was flapping her new wings awkwardly as she tried to fly. Phillip gasped at his tail. He grinned mischievously at Dillon. "Hey~does this make me an incubus?" He purred.

"I don't know what that is...but say it again." Dillon flirted and hugged his boyfriend. Phillip wrapped his tail around Dillon's leg. "Ah! No! Stop!" Stan ordered and Dillon scowled at him for ruining his fun. Bill laughed. "You all are so boring! Too used to your bodies." She gave everyone else a construct. She sighed. She had wanted to see them all different.

"Hey~ This body looks familiar." Seb mused as he examined his arms. Bill giggled awkwardly. "Well~ I think you looked so nice in that form!" It was a mix between his normal human form and the vessel she created for him in Blue's dimension. His hair was sticking up and glowing half yellow, his eye was a lighter brown while his arms had black markings.

"I can give you your normal body if you want?" "Nah, it's ok." Seb reassured Bill before showing off to Wanda who was gaping with conflicted emotions.

Oh well. "My friends should be waking up soon, I need to go make breakfast."

"Wait. Isn't it nighttime?" Stan asked. Bill nodded. "In YOUR dimension it is. Here it's early morning." "Oh." Stan nodded.

"Oh! Almost forgot! Boop!" She smiled and the Pines except Stan and Ford gasped when they felt a shiver run down their spines. "Now you can talk to them! Wait here! I will go find everyone!" Bill squealed and flew away. As Bill left the room, Dipper and Mabel looked around warily. It was the Fearamid...but...not? The one they had been in 5 years ago had been pretty empty, lots of free space for dancing demons. This one though...

"They've got a huge flat screen TV?" Mabel gasped. "They have...video game systems?" Dipper's eyes sparkled. He looked at the consoles and shelves of what were clearly alien video games. He could recognize a controller even if the buttons looked different. So cool~

Dillon and Phillip stared at the Space Idol Jan-Jan posters along a wall. Mabel gasped when she saw them too. "Ooh~who is THIS alien hottie?" The ginger's tail started wagging and Mabel twitched her wings with a grin. "He looks kinda human, though? I mean, aside from the extra arms..." Dipper commented and his cousins drooled. He rolled his eyes. "Even in space, there's divas..." He muttered.

Seb looked around the place too. Huh. So this was Bill's home? It looked quite cozy here. The couches were all soft looking and there were large, colorful pillows everywhere. He saw Stan turning on the TV (Right, he and Ford had been here before), then at the teens staring at a poster and raised an eyebrow. Bill liked a singer? He didn't know that. He heard the sounds of pattering footsteps and clinking chains. Seb looked over and saw a large green ogre run into the room.

"STAAAAAN!" 8-Ball rumbled with joy. Stan looked up and grinned. "Eights!" He leaped off the sofa and landed on the ogre in a bear hug. "How've you been, man?" The two laughed. Shermie stared at the large creature...alien? His eyes widened when a GIANT ALIEN LADY sauntered into the room. Those hips though! And she was pretty much naked. Holy shit!

"Stanny! Fordsie!" She squealed. "I haven't seen you cuties in forever!" She licked her lips. "My~you look even more delicious than I remember~" Carla scowled. What the heck was she talking about? "Haha! You look awesome yourself, Hot stuff!" Stan used the nickname he gave her
years ago. Carla, picking up Diego for a better effect, stomped towards her husband. "Stan? What's happening? Who is this woman?"

Stan sweated. "Ah...it's not like that, I swear! Pyronica's just a friend." Said Cyclopian blinked down at Carla. "Ooh--is this your mate? She's pretty." She crouched down to look at them. "Is this your child? He's so small!" Diego stared up at her in awe.

"You are a Cyclops!" He exclaimed with a grin. Carla relaxed at the fact that she wasn't really flirting with her man. "Oh, his name is Diego, I am Carla." She introduced herself. "And, yeah, I am Stan's mate." She grinned proudly. Pyronica still couldn't believe how humans made babies so small. "Hey, Dillon, stop flirting with your boyfriend and come over here." Pyronica saw a young man who resembled Carla trot over them. "This is my older son, Dillon!" Stan introduced him proudly.

"'Sup?"

8-Ball crouched to look at Diego when Carla put him on the floor. "He is tiny..." The ogre tilted his head to look at it. A small gelatin-like creature poked its head out from 8-Ball's side and squeaked. "Here Toobie. A baby. Like you." 8-Ball pulled the squishy alien down and placed him in front of Diego. "I'm no' tiny! I'm almost five! I'm a big boy now!" Diego protested. 8-Ball gasped. "Five years old? How are you capable of speech? And...movement?" He poked the child gently. "Nymphs take at LEAST 10 years to develop that much... and Toobie still can't talk yet!"

Diego giggled. "I can also write my name, and everyone's names, and the colors, and I know how to read and count till 100!" 8-Ball gasped again. Humans were so intelligent! Was that why Bill liked them so much?! Seb stared with his jaw dropped at Pyronica talking to Stan and Ford. It was weird, they had fought against their other dimensional self just 5 years ago...

The rest of the Pines awkwardly waited for Bill to return. A couple other aliens came out and greeted Stan and Ford. Kryptos came out, sneered at Ford and turned to leave. "I'm gonna help Bill in the kitchen." He muttered.

"Bill?" Shermie asked. Seb sighed. "Miz uses a different name for each of her different forms. So, triangle is Bill, little girl is Miz, adult man is Xin and cyclops is William." The other Pines stared. "That's so confusing."

Seb shrugged and smiled. "You get used to it." Dipper tensed up when Teeth and 8-Ball approached him to say hi. "Don't eat me." The teen pleaded with a wince, his fluffy, brown ears falling. Teeth gasped. "W-why would we eat you? You're...Bill's human family right? He told us about you."

8-Ball stared at Dipper. "Are you Bill's new little brother? He didn't really explain it too much." Dipper calmed a little. These two...seemed very different from the ones he met during Weirdmageddon. Dipper shook his head. "I'm Mi-er...Bill's cousin now." 8-Ball gave Dipper a lopsided smile. "I used ta have brothers an' sisters until my sire threw me out for my weird eyes." He shook his head and his eyes made crackling sounds. "So I'm glad Bill's got some brethren now. He's been a lot calmer an' happier recently."

"Oh, really?" Dipper tried to spot Bill, but he wasn't in the living room. Where was she anyway? Also, pronouns were confusing Dipper at the moment.

Meanwhile in the kitchen, Bill sighed at Kryptos' whine. "Why did you bring them again?" the compass complained as he helped Bill stack the sandwiches. "Well, it was their birthday and I wanted you all to meet my other family." Bill pouted. "You haven't even seen Seb and my mom."
"I don't need to. I know what Stanford and Stanley look like." Kryptos sighed. Bill nudged him. "This is different. Seb and Wanda are my PARENTS. Don't you want to meet my parents?"

Kryptos blushed. "Oh. Well..." he grinned. "So you're introducing me to your parents huh?" Bill nodded, unsure what those emotions he was tasting meant. Eagerness, giddy anticipation...

Bill shrugged. Guess Kryptos was more excited to meet his family than he thought. He carried the breakfast for his friends and floated back out to the living room. "You'll like them. My new mom is really nice." Kryptos smiled. "I will be the perfect gentleman around them." he assured her and Bill gave him a hug "Thanks Kryp."

They went out to the living room where the rest of his maniacs were sitting around, chatting with the humans. Bill saw Dillon, Phillip and Mabel in front of the posters of himself as Jan-Jan. It was kind of narcissistic but he actually really liked those promotional posters Ivan made him pose for. He looked good in them~

Keyhole was chatting with them. "Yeah! Space idol Jan-Jan is the BEST. I've got all his songs downloaded into my e-Pod." He held up his music player. "Maybe Jan can give us a private concert later."

"Wait, you guys can rent him out for a private concert?" Dillon asked. Keyhole gave him a strange look before he realized. "Oh. You didn't know. Jan is one of Bill's other identities." The three stared at the alien. "Wait. Wait. You mean...that little girl...can turn into a super hot guy as well as a triangle?" Phillip asked. Mabel giggled. "I've actually seen her in another hot guy form. And you did too~ right Dillon?" Dillon grinned "Such a nice ass..." The two sighed. "We should ask him to go back into his Xin form at some point." Mabel said.

Phillip looked over to see Miz...ah...Bill, come back into the room, huge plate of sandwiches held in front of him. "Well, no time like the present. Let's ask him to turn into sexy eye candy." Keyhole tilted his head in confusion. Eye candy? Like candy you eat with your eyes? The only person he knew who ate with their eyes was Bill. He was certain humans didn't, Stan and Ford ate with their mouths, so he wasn't sure what they meant.

Zoe and Zach were saying hi to all the nice aliens because they were Bill's friends and enjoyed the coos and compliments they received. They approached the coolest alien, the pink cyclops, last. "Hi! We like the fire you're making." Zoe pointed out. "We can do it too! Do you want to see?" They asked innocently. Seb and Wanda winced a bit and ran towards the twins. "Hey, don't bother Pyronica." They picked up one kid each. "We just said we liked her fire all around her body." Zach replied.

Pyronica stared down at the children. Oh. They were so small. They looked so delicate...fragile. "It's fine. They're not bothering me." She assured the parents. "So...are you two the humans who adopted Bill?" she looked them over. Bill had said his new mother was yellow-ish. She approved. It made sense for Bill to have a yellow mother, in her humble opinion.
"Yeah, I'm Wanda…" She felt a little intimidated standing in front of the huge woman, but she seemed nice. "You must be Pyronica, Bill talks a lot about you." "A lot." Seb smiled. "I'm Sebastian, Stan and Ford's triplet."

"Really? You don't look a lot like them." Pyronica shrugged. He was shorter, and he was missing an eye. Humans had two of them, "But he is!" Zoe insisted, wanting to flap her new wings but dad
was crushing them. "I'm Zoe, and he is my brother Zach." She pointed at the other kid.

"Hello~" Pyronica cooed. Human babies were so cute! Bill suddenly floated towards them. "So~I see you've met~" Bill nudged his best friend "So? What do you think? Aren't they amazing?" Pyronica laughed. "I only JUST met them, Bill!"

Bill hugged the four Pines. "Well, they just are!" Wanda hugged him back. They let go and Bill floated around, making sure her guests were comfortable. They seemed to be doing fine, that was good, it was a relief. Kryptos floated over, kind of unsure how to approach. The twins wanted space breakfast and as Seb handed them one sandwich from the table, Bill pulled Kryptos towards them. "Kryptos, this is Sebastian and Wanda, my adoptive parents. Seb, mom, this is Kryptos."

"He-hello." Kryptos stared at them. "I thought you said Sebastian was their triplet. They look nothing alike." He commented. Seb groaned. "What do you all say that?" Kryptos tilted "Well they have two eyes. You have one."

"Yeah, well, I don't have an eye." Seb said and lifted the eyepatch for the alien to see. Kryptos grimaced at the red and black scars under the black eyepatch. "But I still look like them."

"You also shorter." Zach added usefully. Seb deadpanned. "Yeah, that too." He didn't like how everyone always pointed that out. Not that he was ashamed of his height but it was sad that he didn't match his triplets. Kryptos floated down. "So...you two are Bill's new brother and sister?" He smiled. They were very cute. That Sebastian man was also someone he approved of. He could feel the power coming out of them. A shame his mate appeared to be a boring human. Kryptos could admit he liked her yellow hair though. "Well, it's very nice to meet you two." He held out his hand for a shake.

"Why are you wearing gloves? Are you cold?" Zoe pulled it out to see one without giving poor Kryptos any time to prevent it. The little girl looked at the little glove and giggled. "They are so little like dolly gloves!"

"Zoe!" Seb snatched the glove from her and gave it back to Kryptos, who was cradling his hand to his front. "I am so sorry, man..." "I'm fine...I have to wear them because I still have a little trouble with my powers and Bill made me gloves to help block them." Wanda and Seb stared at the crackling electricity they could see along his hand. Zach noticed as well, not distracted with trying to escape from his mom's arms, and gasped. "Are you like a Pikachu? Can you shoot electricity to the meanies?"

"Pikachu?! Where?!" Zoe struggled even more and Seb held her tighter. "I am stronger though because I have fire!" Kryptos pulled his glove back on. "What's a pikachu?"

"A Backpack monster!" Zoe gasped. "How can't you not know?! They are the best and they are adorable!"

"Maybe they don't have bakemon here." Wanda said simply. "Yeah, go bother Uncle Sixer, look, he's just sitting there alone!" Seb pointed and the twins ran towards their uncle with the intention of crushing him. Kryptos laughed nervously when he realized he was alone with the adults. What should he say? "So, how has Bill been over on your side?" He asked. Might as well get some answers. All they knew was Bill ran off to grieve in another dimension and felt somewhat better, though no less sad, when he returned.

And he's been doing much better since then. It's been nearly a thousand years since the twins and Quackers passed away. Kryptos sighed. Sometimes he wished they HAD taken Bill's offer.
"We know she is still grieving, but ever since we took her in, we've tried to make her feel better. She is doing so much better, but something like that isn't forgotten easily." Wanda sighed. "She just spends time with us, help us and teaches the twins." Kryptos nodded at that. Of course she would. Bill liked teaching, she loved kids. "Oh, she also helps Ford at his research center! They love working together" Seb added with a smile. Ford REALLY looked forward to his meetings with Bill~

Kryptos hid a scowl. "Oh." He tried to be polite. He sighed. "I guess Bill can't help but want to help people." It was one of the things he loved about her but it was annoying that she had to go out of her way to help that man. Frankly, if that Ford man was less boring he might have accepted Bill's unnatural fascination with him but he was a boring stick in the mud. Why did Bill enjoy hanging out with him so much? Well. At least they were just doing science together. "What do they do together?"

Seb shrugged. "Not sure. I think Sixer mentioned he was working on a water purifier."

You see? Boring. Kryptos made much better stuff than him and he didn't get to do science with Bill as often...of course, Kryptos admitted it was because his own vast intellect meant he didn't need as much help and hand holding as that human surely did.

"How is Bill over here?" Wanda asked the alien, both her and Seb oblivious to his jealousy toward Stanford. "Do you think she's getting better?" Kryptos sighed and looked at the woman to answer. "She is happier..." He nodded. "She hasn't broken down screaming in at least 60 years. That's an improvement." Wanda and Seb winced. "Wa-was it a normal thing? For her to just...break down?"

Kryptos nodded solemnly. "Sometimes Bill just starts crying out of nowhere. Just...besides herself. Like she couldn't take it anymore and can't even tell us what's wrong because all she can do is cry until she passes out." He rubbed his plane. "But like I said, she hasn't had a relapse in around 60 years now. Hectorgon says she might finally be improving. I've also noticed she's a lot more cuddly." He blushed. He enjoyed that.

They certainly didn't like how Kryptos talked so easily about Bill crying. She didn't cry with them, why didn't she? It would be better for her to come to them if she was feeling down so they could help...

"Bill is really cuddly." Seb agreed as he grabbed a sandwich from the table. He sniffed them. What were they made of? "I guess it's a good thing. She seems like she needs all the hugs she can get." He took the sandwich to his mouth and chewed. Oh! He liked it! Kryptos blushed harder. He was grateful that living with humans made Bill more open to cuddles. He thought of how Bill had excitedly jumped onto his bed, claiming she wanted a sleepover a few months ago. That had been nice.

"Bill! Can't you turn into your sexy form and sing for us?" Mabel asked as she bounced excitedly in front of him. Bill blinked. "Oh. You know about my Jan form?" Mabel nodded. "I wanna see it! Not just as a poster! Please?" Bill hummed but then saw Dillon and Phillip giving him huge pleading brown eyes. "Please~?" The boyfriends begged. She nodded. "Ok! Fine! Just because I ship you two!" Mabel high-fived the boys.

Bill's triangle form started changing, the teens and Keyhole grinned excitedly. Jan blinked and examined his body. Perfect as always. He shook his hands and rotated his shoulders to get settled back into a 4 armed form. Everyone jumped when the young couple and Mabel screamed. "You look SO much better in person!"

The twins and Diego, who were examining the games Bill had, rolled their eyes. Their cousins
were crazy, more than adults. Jan flexed his four arms and they screamed like fanboys again. "Bill, you're going to kill the humans." Pyronica laughed as she rolled her eye. What was it with his Jan-Jan form that drove everyone nuts like this? She pouted. If only Bill was interested in wild sex, she would have LOVED to have more threesomes with him. Maybe invite Kryptos to join in, poor guy was SO thirsty.

Jan posed, half leaning on the back of one of the couches. He arched his back and languidly raised his arms to spread up and above him in a gentle curve. Mabel swooned. Dillon and Phillip drooled. The adults were blushing. Oh...oh goodness. Seb gasped. "Can you please not pose sexily? You're my child now!" He blushed. Wanda felt very weird about this. "Do you purposely make your male forms inhumanly attractive?" Jan shrugged. "Yes?" Wanda rolled her eyes. She knew it.

"Please stop, we will die, and you are making everyone question their sexuality." Dipper covered his face, his ears dropping and new tail moving and twitching awkwardly. Zach climbed over Dipper and pulled on his new antlers. "What's that that you said? What's sesh-amity?" He stroked the smooth white antlers.

"Bill, I want antlers too!" He declared, forgetting his initial question and saving Dipper from embarrassment. Jan laughed. "Sure kid." He flicked his fingers and Zach giggled when little rounded antlers came out from the sides of his head. He got off Dipper and ran over to where his sister, Diego and granny Kari were playing with the giant fluffy creature that Teeth had introduced as Xanthar. In fact, all the maniacs were gathered around Xanthar and the children, marveling over how small human cubs were. Kryptos was the only one still with the adult human group, not wanting to leave Jan alone with them.

While everyone was busy blushing, Ford walked over to take one of Jan's hands. "Amazing! What causes the markings to move? Is the color caused by melanin or something else?" He traced his rough fingers along Jan's soft, smooth skin. Jan blushed. "It's actually the skin cells themselves changing colors. So it's not that the marking are moving so much as, my skin is constantly changing colors between normal and black."

"Like a chameleon?" Ford asked with a smile. Jan considered it. "Well I haven't seen any Earth chameleons yet to answer, but I DID base some of this form's biology off a species of bird from planet Denenmuch that can change their skin and feather colors via hormones..."

Ford shamelessly traced another marking and Jan closed his eyes with a content sigh. Kryptos growled softly. How dare he touch Bill/Jan?! He had to respect his boundaries! Ugh! He hated this human so, so much! Ford didn't seem to notice either Kryptos's ire, nor the growing blush on Jan's face. Ford began tracing up Jan's arm, noticing that the places where he applied pressure to Jan's arm would cause the skin around it to send out more shifting black markings. He noted how the normal markings only seemed to go along Jan's forearms but if he squeezed Jan's upper arm and shoulders, more black tendrils appeared along his skin.

"You're so amazing." Ford said breathlessly and Jan blushed at the compliment. "Are the color changing skin cells pressure sensitive? Can-Can I continue?" Ford asked and after Jan nodded, he poked a little harder, wanting to see the way Jan's skin reacted to different levels of pressure.

Jan mewled softly when Ford pressed a few fingers along his collarbone to see the markings form along his neck and chest. "F-Ford" Jan gasped when Ford's roaming hands started going along his chest, pulling down Jan's tunic a little to press firmly his sternum. Each part changed differently!

Dillon twitched at the faces Jan was making though and grabbed Phillip's head to drag him close in a strong kiss. He refused to see that! If he was getting aroused, it would be because of his boyfriend! Phillip pressed him close, thinking exactly the same.
Seb looking away. WHAT WAS GOING ON? He was suddenly glad that the children and his mother were distracted playing with Xanthar. Kari hadn't noticed what was happening over here yet. Wanda and Kryptos both ran up to snatch Jan and Ford away from each other. "Stanford Pines! What are you doing!!" Wanda hissed.

Seb sighed in relief. Wanda, his love, saviour of the day!

"What?" Ford frowned at the raging blonde woman. "I just wanted to see-" Wanda cut him off. "No! I don't want you to do it! Is that clear?!" Ford shut his mouth and nodded quickly at his sister-in-law.

On the other side of the room, Kryptos was looking over Jan worriedly. Jan was flushed and panting softly. Kryptos will admit he looked very enticing right now, but that wasn't important. "Jan! Are you alright? Why didn't you push him away?" He cried. Curses, Pyronica and the others were gathered around Xanthar and the children. He also spotted an elderly human sitting on Xanthar's arm, petting the loaf. If Pyronica had seen what that human dared to do to their sweet, innocent Jan, she would have bitten his head off. Friend or no friend.

"O-oh...my...that...that was..." Jan sighed. "I'm fine Kryptos..." He smiled at the compass reassuringly. Fordsie did ask for permission and he accepted. "To be honest, I hadn't actually known my skin reacted to pressure like that." He pouted "I guess...I was kinda curious too?" Ford didn't even do anything explicit, maybe his body just felt very sensitive at the moment.

He wondered if it would make their sessions more scientifically interesting if he and Ford did it while he was Jan?

"I am not sitting in a corner!" Ford cried. Kryptos moaned tiredly when he heard the human triplets, Sebastian and Ford argue. "Yes, you will! You have to learn NOT to do certain things in front of everyone! Like touching my son! So shut up and go to the corner!" Kryptos approved of this Sebastian man. Yes, make the problematic Ford sit in the corner!

"Sebastian, I am not going to the corner!" Ford glared. "I still don't understand what was so wrong?!" He just touched Bill's (Jan was it?) markings! It wasn't weird...was it? It was like touching a cool tattoo! Most important here: Jan let him!

Kryptos was about to electrocute the fuck out of the human with squared transparent glasses on his face when he was unluckily spotted. "Touch my brother, and I'll fight you." Seb warned the Polytool with a smile. He saw the look on his face and recognized desire to maim when he saw it. Kryptos scowled. "But he was-!"

"I know. But he's my brother, and you don't get to touch him. If he's getting beat up for touching Bill, it'd be by me." Seb responded. Kryptos blinked. Oh... "Alright then. Just give him a punch for me."

"You'll punch me?" Ford whispered in confusion. For Tesla's sake, what was going on?! He touched HIS ARM AND STERNUM WHAT THE-?

Kryptos was disappointed that Ford wasn't being torn limb from limb. And then Sebastian's words sank in. With Bill. WITH Bill. He turned to Seb with his eye wide. "W-what do you mean WITH Bill?" Please don't be what he thought it meant. Seb blushed.

"I know. It's...well...they got together before I adopted Bill so I don't know if I'm allowed to break them up. But...yeah. They've been together for a few months now." Seb informed the Polytool before joining everyone. His worried frown was replaced by a squeal when he saw Zoe's hands and arms on fire, imitating Pyronica.

Kryptos floated in midair with a wide eye and his mouth hanging open. B-Bill was...he was…

Dipper, easily recognizing the look on Kryptos's face, he had the exact same expression when he heard Wendy agreed to date Robbie, walked over and patted his back. "I feel you man." He sighed.

Mabel was burying her face in her hands and trying to muffler her embarrassed squeals. That was unnecessarily hot. Stan, Carla, Shermie and Abigail were all blushing. "Was that...just..." Abigail twitched "...is your brother dating...his adopted niece?" Stan groaned. "I know. It's fucked up. But...they're...really cute together… and they're not together when she's a child."

This was basically Jan's fault, for enjoying the touching too much!

Mabel looked around and noticed Dillon and Phillip snuck out to continue making out. The lucky bastards. She wished she had a boyfriend to forget what she just saw too!

Shermie's eye twitched. He had seen dark sides of his oldest brother he never thought he would find… "Look, as long as they don't do anything together while she's Miz it shouldn't be a problem. She's like...billions of years old so if anything, Ford's the child in this relationship…" He tried to reassure himself. Stan made a suspicious cough. Sure!

"It's still weird…" Abi rubbed her arm. She looked at the other half of the family laying with the cute, fluffy loaf. "I am so glad your mom didn't see, what would she think?"

"That my brother has gone insane." Stan rubbed his nose. "Where is Jan anyway?" They all looked over to see the demon was munching on sandwiches as if nothing had happened. Well. Maybe it was just business as usual for them? And...Stan did not want to think about that. Mabel was going over to Jan now. "Um...are you still up for a private concert?" she asked. Jan grinned. "I can do you one better…"

He waved his hands "OI! Who wants karaoke?!!"

"Me!"" Mabel, Zoe, Seb, Teeth, Pyronica, 8-Ball and, Keyhole, though his excitement was internal, cheered. Jan floated over the karaoke machine and hooked it to their giant TV for the lyrics. Mabel clung to her youngest uncle. "Remember Love Patrol Alpha? We should bring it back!"

"TOTALLY!" Seb roared. "I still don't agree with this!" Dipper glared. Ford, who was studying the alien language on the book, wrinkled his nose when he looked up. No. He guessed he had fun with Mabel but he wasn't repeating it.

Mabel was already scrolling through the song list. "I don't recognize half these songs." Dipper rolled his eyes. "Different dimension remember? The fact that you recognize ANY of them is amazing enough."

"Pfft, remember I am amazing, little brother."
"I'm taller now, though."

"Yeah, but I'm still older." Mabel sighed. "More mature and experienced than you." She ignored her twin's offended complaint and looked at Jan. "I don't know which song I want! They're all so good!

Jan hummed and tapped on his lips, pressing on them in thought. Mabel flushed. Was he doing this on purpose? Wait, no, Miz would pull at her lips while she was thinking too. Dammit. "How about some EMPRESS? Or BABBA?" Jan suggested. Dipper's head whipped around. Did he just say-

Jan and Mabel grinned. Gotcha. "I guess no one wants to sing any of this, pass it, Jan…” Dipper stood up. "Wait! I-I will join you…” He said softly and everyone started clapping at the teen who blushed brightly. "Sing Dipper!" Zoe cheered. "Sing! Sing! Sing!" The twins and Diego chanted.

Dipper blushed as he went up to the selection screen and clicked on Disco Girl. Everyone cheered as he stood there with the mic. He was shaking. He jumped when Mabel and Jan got up to stand on either side of him. "No worries Pinetree. We can sing together with you.” Jan grinned at him.

Dipper blushed at how close Jan was. Damn, purposely attractive form. "Right…"

The music started and with his sister and cousin beside him, Dipper actually found himself having fun as the song went on. Everyone clapped afterward and Dipper sat down on the couch beside the large red hexagonal alien. Teeth went up to take his turn. Then Mabel. Then Pyronica. Then Jan...which...was…

"I'm hot, sticky sweet~From my head to my feet, yeah~" Jan was rocking his hips back and forth to the drum beat as he sang. Mabel's eyes were glued to his butt as Jan was looking at the TV and facing away from them. "Cause I'm hot, say what, sticky sweet~From my head, my head, to my feet~"

None of the maniacs knew what the song was about but the adult humans blushed at the lyrics. The way Jan was dancing made it worse.

It wasn't a bad song. The guitar and drums were a good beat to tap your foot (or shake your hips) to. Dipper thought it would be less weird if Jan had been singing and dancing as Miz, or even as a triangle.

The children were innocently singing along "Pour your sugar on me~" Yeah, it was cute when the kids sang it. It was like little kids copying the words without knowing what the words meant. Dipper glanced up from his hand to see Jan wiggling and had to look away again. Sigh.

The human couples shared a horrified look. They stayed quiet until the song finished though, because as much as they wanted to save their babies, they didn't know, and what they didn't know wouldn't hurt them. Besides, Jan's voice was hypnotizing and everyone's attention was caught up in it. Jan finished the song and everyone clapped for him. He ran a hand through his hair, gasping for air (not from the song, but from dancing the whole time), and smiled. "Did you like it, guys?!" He asked, looking so eager for their opinion that Seb closed his mouth and Wanda responded "It was great. But can you choose a song with less problematic lyrics?"

Jan blinked innocently "But...isn't the song about candy and melted chocolates?" Everyone stared at him. Wanda made a weird expression. "Ok. Well, um...can I check the lyrics for your songs before you sing them?" Jan still looked confused but nodded. "Ok mom."

Things settled down after that. Everyone was dragged up to sing at least one song. Jan hugged Keyhole and carried him up to sing with him because the Lockin was too shy to go by himself.
They found decent songs the parents approved for the kids and they watched them sing passionately. 8-ball wiped the equivalent of his tears. Human cubs were the most adorable cuties… no offense to Toobie.

Wanda wondered about the songs Jan seemed to like. She was very horrified to learn about how explicit the lyrics for songs were. What was happening to the youth? Blow my whistle? Seriously? Who approved that song? Some of the songs Mabel chose had even more explicit lyrics! And these were apparently allowed to play on public radio stations for pre-teens and teens?!

Seb thought some were cool, even with the 'metaphors', some were plain sexist and explicit and it made him want to vomit. Then he laid back and hummed. If Bill Cipher was dead, it meant there wouldn't be any more illuminated minds until humanity disappeared? That was just a shame. It was humanity's fate to continue making horrible songs until the end of time. Music from when he was younger was waaay better.

Jan chose another song and Wanda skimmed the lyrics before raising an eyebrow. She muffled a laugh. "Ok. Yes. I think this is fine." Jan hugged her. "Thanks mom!" The music started and Wanda tried hard not to laugh.

Jan started with a speaking intro "Love songs used to be so beautiful…" He sighed dramatically into the mic. "Let us go then, you and I, when the evening is spread out against the sky. Like a patient etherized upon a table. -T.S. Eliot." Jan quoted. "Nowadays, thanks to corporate-ly-owned pop stars, love songs are even more beautiful. How beautiful are today's love songs? I'll show you." The music picked up in earnest as the Pines family stared in confusion.

Jan posed and started singing "I love your hair, I love your name, I love the way you say it~I love your heart, and you're so smart, 'cause you gave away it~" He mined taking out his heart. "I love your sis, I love your dad, I love your mum~But more than all of that I love the fact that you are dumb~"

Everyone's mouths dropped opened. What...was happening?

"-enough~To not realize everything I've said has been said before~In a thousand ways, in a thousand songs~Sung with the same four chords!~But you'll still love it and let me finger you!"

"Finger you?!!" Mabel blurted out incredulously. Jan laughed into the mic "Yeah! Finger you!" He took a deep breath. "Finger you!" He growled in his demon voice before laughing again. Seb stared at Wanda. How did she approve of this?!

Jan danced, running his free hands down his chest teasingly "Oh girl, I hope you don't think that I'm rude~When I tell you that I love you, boo~I also hope that you don't see through~This cleverly constructed ruse~Designed by a marketing team~Cashing in on puberty and low self esteem~And girls' desperate need to feel loved~" Jan sang. By this point some of the adults were starting to figure out what this song was meant to be about and were muffling laughter.

"America says we love a chorus but don't get complicated and bore us~Though meaning might be missin'~We need to know the words after just one listen, so…" Jan waved his arms in the air. "Repeat stuff, repeat stuff, repeat stuff, Repeat stuff, repeat stuff, repeat stuff." by this point, Wanda was laughing hysterically. "Yeah! Repeat stuff!" Jan cheered.

"I love my baby and you know I couldn't live without her~" Jan placed a hand on his chest and swooned backward as he sang "But now I need to make every girl think this song's about her~Just to make sure that they spread it like the plague~So I describe my dream girl as really, really vague-
He straightened up and pointed at Mabel, who looked like she wasn't sure if she should be insulted that this song was making fun of the types of songs she liked. "I love your hands, 'cause your fingerprints are like no other~I love your eyes and their blueish, brownish, greenish color~I love it when you smile that you smile wide~And I love how your torso has an arm on either side~"

Dipper was rolling on the sofa, laughing hysterically. These were LITERALLY the types of songs Mabel always listened to when she was younger! Jan dramatically pointed at Stan. "Now, If you're my agent, you might be thinking, oh no, sound the alarms~You're not appealing to little girls who don't have arms~But they can't use iTunes, so [beep] 'em, who needs 'em?!" Jan screamed into the mic.

Then Jan waved a hand to split himself into two. The two began to sing together, one in Jan's normal voice and the other with his demon voice.

"Oh girl, I hope you don't think that I'm rude~"

"I am a servant of darkness!"

"When I tell you that I love you, boo~"

"I am the Void!"

"I also hope that you don't see through~"

"The rivers shall run red with the blood of virgins!"

"This cleverly constructed ruse~"

"I take many shapes…"

"Designed by a marketing team~"

"This is one of them!"

"Cashing in on puberty and low self esteem~"

"The strong will be made weak!"

"And girls' desperate need to feel loved~"

"And the weak shall bow before me!"

Jan jumped and the two of them fused back into one. "SWAG!"

Everyone turned to stare at Wanda. "Really? You decided this song was appropriate?" Carla deadpanned. Wanda snorted with laughter, gasping for air. Stan was pounding a fist on the side of the couch. "AHAHAHAHAHA!" He was nearly dying as he laughed. Dipper was wheezing on the ground, having fallen over from laughing so hard.

Seb had fallen over as well. "AHAHAHA! MY SIDES! OH GOD I'M DYING!" Ford looked up from deciphering his book. "Do young people really listen to songs like this?" Kryptos scowled at him. How dare he be so dismissive of the songs that Bill liked? What did Bill even see in this human?
"Why are they laughing so much?" Keyhole asked confused, the song sounded great! Hectorgon and Pyronica shrugged. "I don't know...maybe they understand the lyrics?" She sighed. Humans were so delicious looking, but so weird.

"You are the best singer!" Zach and Zoe, not getting why everyone was laughing so much either if the song was pretty, and ran up to Jan. The space idol smiled and used two of his arms to carry the twins under his arms.

Jan smiled, glad the Pines enjoyed the song. He looked at Ford who looked confused. "Oh, this song is just a clever parody of all the real shitty love songs that sound like this. Look, that's why Mabel is upset, because she liked these kinds of songs." Ford looked to where Jan was pointing with a free hand and saw his older niece pouting as Dipper and Shermie bothered her.

"Oh!" He chuckled. "I understand now."

'Because you are a stupid, slow, human!' Kryptos hissed in his mind.

Jan sat down with his adopted baby siblings, now on his lap, and leaned on Ford's shoulder. "Are you reading that?" he asked incredulously and Ford shook his head. "I have been trying to decipher the language for a while." The twins looked at the weird letters. "What if we help you?" Zach offered. "We make a deal, you understand it and you read it for us later!" His little hand was engulfed in flames. That is what he understood from daddy about deals. They could offer whatever but they had to get something in return!

"You can make deals?" Ford looked at his tiny niblings in surprise as Jan rolled his eyes. "Not yet." He looked at the curly blonds and put a hand over Zach's to turn off the blue flames. "And you know Mom and Seb said you weren't allowed to." he scolded and stuck his tongue out.

Keyhole gasped. "Some humans can make Deals?" Seb winced. "Well, actually, they got that power from me." The maniacs turned to him. "You don't feel like a human." Kryptos commented. Seb blushed "I am! This body is kinda modified and well...I'm also...kinda...a reincarnated Bill Cipher from an alternative universe."

"Wait. So...you're a Bill from another dimension..." 8-Ball shook his head in confusion. "And you...adopted Bill as your kid?"

"Leave it to Bill to adopt himself." Hectorgon laughed fondly. "We really shouldn't have expected any less."

Seb pouted distressed. "Wait. It isn't like that either...I am not really Bill anymore." He was going to have an identity crisis again.

Kryptos was shaking, ignoring the human's words. So...Bill was adopted as a child by his alternate universe self and was...dating his counterpart's brother? That was...actually the sort of fucked up thing Bill would do. Crazy maniac that he was. This almost made sense, except that it DIDN'T and that's probably why Bill was doing it. He sighed. "Why did I have to fall in love with someone like you?" He muttered. Why did it matter if he said it aloud? Bill wouldn't understand it anyway.

He was right. Bill didn't understand, but the group of humans turned to stare at him with their weird two eyes, wide and shocked. He had apparently muttered it loud enough for their poor human hearing to catch what he said. Mabel gasped. "You love Bill?" She glanced at Jan who was playing with the twins, twisting his multiple arms together to tickle them, oblivious to their conversation.

The maniacs all sighed. "Poor Kryptos has been enamoured by Bill for over two millennia."
It's...pretty depressing." PaciFire rumbled. He gave the compass a comforting pat. Mabel gasped. "Did he turn you down? I'm so sorry."

"Hah!" Kryptos barked. "If Bill rejected me I'd be better off!" He scowled down at his hand. "I LITERALLY can't tell him how I feel." Mabel frowned, her need for romance rearing its head. "What do you mean?" Kryptos scowled harder. "I mean THIS!" He got up and flew over to Jan. "Hey. Bill."

"Huh? What's up Kryptos?" Jan asked. His eyes widened when Kryptos leaned in and kissed his cheek, caressing his face. "I love you Bill." He said. Jan's eyes went wide and he fell over bonelessly. Zach and Zoe gasped. "What did you do?!"

"3...2...1..." Kryptos said with the tone of someone who had done this many times. Jan's eyes lost their blank glassiness as he sat back up. "Whoa. Did I pass out again? Huh...I must be more worn out from crafting your bodies than I thought..."

Kryptos made a frustrated noise. "You see?! He does this EVERY time!"

The twins were ready to cry, hugging their Uncle Ford when they realized Jan was fine. Then they were just confused. They decided it was better to touch his six-fingered hands. They were so big and looked like their dad's right hand.

The older set of twins, the rest of the adults and the maniacs blinked at them.

"So...you tell them you love him, and he suddenly...resets himself to forget it?" Dipper raised an eyebrow. Mabel batted her wings and laughed. "Sounds like something that would happen to Dipper!" The teen pulled at his sister's wings to drag her to the floor and Mabel screamed, startled.

In revenge, the girl pulled at his white and brown tail. "Ah!"

"You two stop it!" Abigail scolded.

Ford's triplets and Shermie shared a worried look. What was their older brother thinking about this? Kryptos clearly confessed he loved Bill, heck, for millennia apparently! Then, why was Ford not doing anything? He was dating Bill, wasn't he?

Ford left the twins on the floor for them to go with their parents and he turned to look at Jan. "You really don't remember what Kryptos told you?" Jan tilted their head. "Eh, were we saying something?" The Pines brothers held their breath. Ford leaned in "Fascinating. What could be causing this?"

"The fuck?" Shermie muttered. The younger triplets frowned. Did-didn't he just hear what Kryptos said?! He said he loved Bill! The demon he was dating!

Kryptos glared at Ford. "It's because of my Deal. I'm Bill's Friend until the end of time." Dipper winced. "Did...you make a deal that friendzoned you for eternity?"

Kryptos blinked "Yeah, that's what I said too when I realized it." He sighed. "I'm convinced that Bill didn't realize what that wording meant when he made the Deal." He went up to take one of Jan's hands. Jan looked confused for a second before hugging Kryptos with a fond smile. "So Bill literally cannot comprehend what I'm even saying when I confess and short circuits to forget when I DO get through to him."

"Man...that sucks..." Dipper said softly. "Dipper knows a lot about the friendzone." Mabel teased but the teenage boy looked at his twin. "Well, I'm sorry, who's the one with a partner here?" He put his hand on his ear to better hear her response while Teeth and Keyhole shouted "OOOHHH!". He
destroyed the human girl! They high-foured the boy and Mabel fumed.

Ford hummed and stroked his chin. "So Deals can even affect Bill negatively? Interesting." His brothers stared at him aghast. "Really?!" Wow...Ford must be...really secure in his relationship with Bill...or he didn't care? Were they in an open relationship?

"Yes." Ford looked at his brothers, mistaken their shocked expressions for being surprised with the new information. "I didn't know this, I always thought Bill's deals couldn't affect him like that." He nodded with a grin. "Did you know about this, Sebastian?" He looked at his younger triplet who shook his head slowly. Why was he changing the topic? Apparently he really didn't care...Or maybe he didn't know how to defend his partner? Seb would have resorted to violence if someone did that with Wanda. Kicking Kryptos would be quite easy for his tall brother but Ford wasn't doing anything.

Kryptos glared at Ford. "It's not funny." Ford looked taken aback. "I wasn't laughing..." the compass scoffed. "Well at least I can always wait for you to die of old age. Then Bill will need comforting and I'll be here."

"That's very kind of you to do so." Ford nodded. Kryptos and everyone else blinked in surprise. Did Ford...not complain about Kryptos because he had already thought about the fact that he would die before Bill and was grateful to know that someone else would take over loving her in his stead? That Bill wouldn't be alone after he died? Was Ford really thinking about his relationship that far off? Kryptos blinked at the human. Was he...giving Kryptos the go ahead to pursue Bill because the human understood his own pathetic mortality?

"What are you guys talking about?" Jan chuckled sheepishly. "Yeah! We don't understand!" The twins tilted their heads. "It's adult stuff, don't worry." Seb grinned at the three.

Diego, sitting on 8-Ball's shoulders, directed him towards his Dad. "Stan! Your cub wants to tell you something." The ogre pulled Stan's arm. "Yes?" Stan looked up at the dark-haired kid. "Pops, where's Dillon? He disappeared!"

"I'm on it!" Jan's eyes flickered and he started blushing. "Oh~they found the Spa room and are...erm...enjoying themselves..."

"You have a SPA room?!!" Seb gasped. Stan grinned at the memories. "Yeah, that place was nice~"

Wanda raised an eyebrow at Jan's choice of words and Carla frowned, her protective mama instincts kicking in. That better not mean what she thought! "Enjoying themselves?" the youngest twins asked. Jan blushed. "They're kissing!" He hissed. He and the twins all went "Bleh!"

"So many mouth germs!" Jan wailed.

"Just kissing?" Stan pressed. Two teens, alone, sneaking out from the group to be more alone...that sounded suspicious to him. Jan froze. "Well...yeah? Phillip's got this thought of waiting for Dillon to be older before they go any farther..." he flushed. "They're using tongues! Eeew~"

Carla and Stan sighed in relief. Their older baby was safe. They heard the last part of Jan's sentence and laughed. "That's my boy."

It was everyone's else's turn to make disgusted faces. "Eeew!" The couple rolled their eyes. "Grow up".

"We should all go to the spa! Enjoy ourselves!" Mabel squealed. Spa day! Pampering! Yes! She tugged on Dipper's arm "Come on! I wanna see what alien spas look like!"
"I doubt it's that different..." Dipper said as Mabel pulled his arm. "Where is it?" she looked at Jan who smiled excitedly, eager to show her spa room to his other family. "I'll take you! Brace yourself!" He teleported the humans and the maniacs to the room, where Dillon and Phillip screamed loudly when their 'session' was rudely interrupted.

"GUYS!" Dillon glared. "We. Were. Busy!"

Jan walked over with some face towels and began cleaning them off, fours arms busy holding their heads as he went. "Gross. There's spit everywhere!" Ugh. Saliva. How gross.

Phillip blushed as the cute alien cleaned them. "We...are sorry?" He noticed Stanley, who was narrowing his eyes at him because he had his hands on Dillon's butt, and grinned sheepishly. "Hello, Mr. Pines…"

"You are lucky I approve of you." Stan crossed his arms over his chest. Jan cheerfully stripped his shirt off and went to take off his pants while everyone cried out in surprise. To their relief, he had some swim trunks underneath. Then they stared as he jumped into the swimming pool sized Jacuzzi.

The twins struggled to escape from their parents' grip. "Pool! Pool! Pool!" Jan flicked his fingers and everyone's clothes changed to something more spa-appropriate. The twins and Diego immediately jumped into the jacuzzi with Jan. "Ohh! It's warm!" Zach's eyes widened. Mabel squealed and jumped in "Woot!" And brought Diego closer to her to hug.

Pyronica grinned before going off to her own tub. It was a sizzling purple liquid that smelled like a mix of lemons and cooked beef. "Right, humans, stay away from the acid tub." Hectorgon mentioned as he hoped by "Bill told me they cannot handle PH levels lower than 5 without burns…"

"Bah! I do what I want!" Seb declared. Wanda pulled his arm deadpanning. "Don't."

Kryptos huffed as he saw Ford standing there, with his stupid six-fingered hands behind his back. Why did he even have so many fingers?! When Sebastian's baby grabbed his glove he saw 5 fingers! Every one of those other humans had 5! Urgh! Why?! Was he a freak too or something? He knew he was just purposely trying to find fault with this man who somehow managed to grab Bill's interest. He was self aware enough to realize that. It didn't mean he wasn't mad about it though.

Kryptos yelped when Jan came out and grabbed him and Ford, dragging them both into the tub. "Come on nerds! Into the tub with you!" He giggled. Kryptos blushed when he was hugged close to Jan's chest. "I used to take baths with my brother when I was a kid!" Jan sighed at the memories. Of course, his memories were getting mixed up again. It got hard to tell stuff apart sometimes between his memories. Especially as the years went on.

"That is so cute!" Mabel squealed, watching her uncle cough the water he accidentally swallowed in his surprise. "I took baths with Dipstick as little kids too!" Dipper blushed when his parents made a loud "Aaawww!" as they remembered. He sighed. "Thanks, Mabel. No one needed to know that."

She frowned and hugged Diego closer to her. The poor kid was screaming and the twins tried pulling him away. "It's adorable, shut up!"

"I...think the kid isn't liking your strangling..." Kryptos muttered. "Free Stan's cub!" 8-ball cried as he watched them.
"Cub?" Carla raised an eyebrow and Stan shrugged. Finally, Dillon had to get in and rescue his brother. "Stop it, he doesn't like it." He told his cousin as Diego escaped with the twins.

Mabel groaned before looking over at Keyhole and narrowing her eyes at him. These versions of Bill's friends were smaller and cuter. Keyhole squeaked before he got grabbed by Mabel. "Ahh! Help! The human is going to strangle me!"

PaciFire reached over and plucked the turquoise alien out of her hands. "You are a scary human." The demon-imp muttered. "WhAT?!" Mabel cried, offended as her family laughed, especially Stan and Seb. "I am the most adorable creature on Earth! Has been since 1999!" She huffed and crossed her arms over her chest.

"Of course you are, pumpkin!" Seb reassured.

Ammy floated up to her. "You inspire terror in your own kin. Clearly, you are an awe inspiring monster." he raised a tendril and wiggled it. "I do not have thumbs so just pretend I am giving you a thumbs up."

Mabel gaped at the floating creature. Did-did he just call her monster…? She sniffed and went to curl up with her mom. She hated the world now. Dipper rolled his eyes. So dramatic...she was the only one who cried giving her short speech in their graduation. He still loved her though.

Seb leaned in to look at Jan in the Jacuzzi. "So, what do I do around here to get a massage, kid?"

Jan blinked. "We...don't...really have those here...I mean...it would require getting someone to give massages...and um…” he drew his arms around himself in a hug. "Not...not...really...um…” He looked away.

Seb frowned worriedly, but before he could ask anything, Wanda nudged him with an annoyed sigh. This dumb man. The blonde woman touched Jan's cheeks and he looked up at his mom with a sad look on his face. "Baby, it's ok…” She said but gave him a look that could be interpreted as 'this conversation isn't over. We will talk at home'

Jan nodded. "Ok…” He perked up and pulled Ammy close. "This is my son Ammy. He's the only one who was immortal...and um...so...you have a grandson now!" The multi-blocked creature blinked at Wanda. "Hello grand mother. Oh, matriarch of our clan." He said in monotone.

Wanda snorted. "Hi, Ammy...you can just call me Wanda…." She didn't feel ready for that title yet!

"Alright, Wanda." Ammy nodded. Wanda pulled Seb closer to her. "This is Sebastian, he is my husband." "Sup!" Seb saluted. "And-" She pointed inside the Jacuzzi at the twins trying to playfully drown Diego and Jan trying to stop them. "The kids trying to drown that kid are our children, Zoe and Zachary."

Ammy nodded at Seb. "Hello grand father." (Seb put a hand over his chest, offended. Sorry but no. He was no one grandfather!). He floated over and dipped into the water. "Hello aunt Zoe and uncle Zachary." He greeted them as he watched them splash around. The kids gasped and looked at the creature. They hadn't seen him before! "You look funny!" Zach commented. Zoe grabbed him and hugged him to her chest. "Can we keep him?!"

"That's Jan's son, and no, we can't." Wanda said. Seb tugged at his brown hair. "I-I don't look like a grandpa, right?"

"Ah. Yes. Hugging. The means to which sensory based organisms display their affection. Or to strangle their prey. I assume you are much like mother is. This is good. Mother needs hugs."
Ammy hugged Zoe back. "I am glad your adoptive family has been able to see to your needs." he told Jan.

"I didn't understand what he said, but he sounded funny." Zoe told her twin and he nodded. Jan grinned at Amy. "They are the best adoptive family." Wanda smiled proudly and Seb hugged her closer to her. Yeah, he knew they were the best!

The Pines and the maniacs relaxed at the spa. Kryptos tried to just relax when he closed his eye and decided to ignore Stanford talking to Jan. It was ok...how much could they talk anyway? Jan spent time with them and his adoptive family. Besides, they didn't seem like the type to do anything inappropriate, Ford was a slow human...it-it wasn't as if they would have kids together or something! What an absurd thought!

Kryptos snuggled into Jan's chest, enjoying the one upside to Bill getting together with humans. He was much more open to snuggling and touching. Kryptos took this chance to press himself close to his friend and enjoy the energy that flowed out of him constantly. Ford chatted with Jan about how his 4 armed form worked.

"I suspect the many arms would cause muscle pain?" Ford commented as he trailed his fingers along Jan's arm, once more pressing to see the markings spread. They were on the other side of the Jacuzzi, away from everyone else so Ford figured this was private enough. Kryptos was dozing off as Jan stroked his sides and angles.

"Yes." Jan moaned. "Making this body always means my muscles are tense and stiff. It's really annoying…” He giggled when he saw Kryptos' hand floating limply. Aaw~ he fell asleep!

"Sebastian sometimes grows a second pair of arms when he is angry." He remembered seeing that form. It was really creepy. Almost got killed by it. Jan grinned. "Have seen it. It looks cool as fuck on him." It embarrassed him when it happened to his Bill form, but for Seb it looked fine. Must be because it was adapting to a human form that made it hot.

Turning into a spider-like pyramidal monster was just...less cute. Jan flushed. He didn't like looking ugly. He remembered how the Federation once posted a picture of him when he was twisted into a horrifying mass of limbs and eyes. It was SO embarrassing! Why did they have to post that image across their news stations?!

Ford pressed his thumb against his markings again. Fuck. He was so obsessed, it was so hypnotizing…Jan whined and Ford looked at him. "Did I hurt you?"

"No, it just feels...pretty good." Jan shivered. He wondered if bruises in this form would affect his markings. Hm...more arms might make things...interesting in their sessions. Jan rolled his shoulders. The hot water felt so nice on his body. Stanford grabbed one arm and ran a finger along it, from the shoulder to his hand, watching entranced as the markings shifted and adjusted to his passing finger. Jan gasped.

"That...also felt nice?" The man asked with a soft blush. Jan nodded. "Your hands are really rough. I've noticed this before. How do you have so many calluses when you just work in your lab all day?" Jan asked, brushing some of his bangs back, the water trailing down his face. Ford scoffed. "Just because I'm stuck indoors, doesn't mean I don't do hard work." Ford held up Jan's hand. "Your hands are soft, but even you have a few calluses."

Jan's eyes widened a bit and he looked at his hands. Then he laughed. That was fun. Could it be from holding the mic? That was the only constant physical thing he did with this body actually. "I guess I have, but you still have way more, Fordsie!" He poked his nose and Ford covered it,
making the demon laugh again. He didn't like to be poked in the nose…and then Jan had stolen his glasses, he couldn't see anything past Jan's dark face.

"You are extremely blind!" Jan declared when he tried them on, and Ford scoffed. Bill needed glasses as a triangle, he didn't know what he was mocking him for! Seb didn't need glasses before and he used to tease him about it, after Weirdmageddon, his sight got slightly worse and now he wore contact lenses though he denied it. Stan had always needed glasses too, he bet he had a higher number than him now for not wearing them!

Ford was very defensive of his glasses. Jan finally gave him his glasses back, though they were fogged from the steam. Jan flicked his fingers and Ford felt his glasses clear up. "I made them waterproof! You're welcome." Jan peered up at him. "You look good with glasses on." He commented. "Glasses are sexy."

Ford blushed but managed a nervous laugh. "Haha, thanks...I guess…" He touched his glasses, not knowing how many times Bill/Miz/Jan had cursed/improved them. He better not lose this pair. They were special…

Jan pressed his hand on his face and formed his own pair of glasses. "How about me? Do I look good with glasses?"

"You look...great in glasses!" Ford nodded. "That frame goes well with your facial bone structure." Jan cooed and hugged the scientist. "Thanks, Fordsie!"

Ford's brothers and their wives watched the pair with shitty grins. They had to admit they were so adorable together. Mabel was squealing and punching Dipper's shoulder "Lookie! They're matching~"

"Ow. Ow. Ow." Dipper deadpanned before swimming away from his sister. "Do they have a sauna room?"

"We sure do!" Teeth grinned as he held out his hand to help pull Dipper out of the pool. "Me and Xanthal were gonna go. Wanna come with?"

"Sure." Dipper shrugged. He followed the two and decided he might as well try to get to know them. "So...how did you guys become friends with Bill?"

Teeth shrugged. "He gave me a place to live when my roommates and colony threw me out into the street." He patted Xanthal's side. "And the big guy here was being kept by some asshole who would slice off pieces of him because his species is considered a delicacy."

Dipper looked horrified. "T-that's awful." He looked at the purple creature with pity.

Teeth hugged Xanthal's large arm. "Yeah. Most of us didn't have the best...lives. Bill found us, took us in. And offered to give us what we would ever want...if we agreed to be his friends until the end of time." He laughed awkwardly. "He literally gave us an offer we couldn't refuse."

The teen hummed. But it was an offer, Bill/Miz didn't force them to be his friends. And he did it to help all of them. It was still incredible for Dipper to believe Miz was a GOOD Bill Cipher. The demon tried to kill them, he still had nightmares now and then, but here was Miz, helping everyone, helping his uncle Seb with the little twins, and...he shuddered. Dating Uncle Ford.

That was the weirdest thing from all of this. He had so much to tell Pacifica!

"So, you are Bill's cousin now, right?" Teeth asked as they walked. This Teeth looked much kinder
than the Teeth that had tried to eat him during Weirdmageddon. "Yeah, adoptive. My dad is Seb's brother, and Seb adopted her."

Xanthar nudged Dipper kindly and rubbed his bread face against him, making the teen laugh.

Teeth chuckled. "He likes you." Dipper patted Xanthar's arm and they got to the sauna. The teen was still with his trunks and wrapped a towel around his waist. They turned on the fire and the sauna started doing its magic. The two aliens and the human sighed happily.

The first time he went to a sauna was with Pacifica. She took him with her family to a private club a few years ago and complained just a little bit about losing her private sauna at the Manor, but that this was fine as long as he was there. Needless to say, he was red from blushing for the entire trip.

"So, I've only really seen Bill as Miz and Xin. Is it...normal for his personality to...change a little when he does that?" Dipper asked. When he had met Xin, he was playful and friendly, much like Miz, but he was more mature, whereas Miz acted like a real little girl. And now as Jan he was...weirdly flirty. And Dipper wasn't sure if that was just his imagination or not.

Teeth winced. "Bill is...in, ok, you know how some species can have mood swings?" Dipper nodded. "Well Bill has personality swings. And a maturity level that slides back and forth between child and adult. When he's in parent mode, he tends to be more calm, strict and responsible. And in child mode he's emotionally starved for affection and clingy."

The mouth laid back on the bench. "He normally falls somewhere in the middle while leaning to either side in certain situations. But when he goes into his different forms, he kinda...narrows the range his mental age oscillates between. He's more stable."

Dipper nodded. That was weird. But it make a weird sort of sense. He read somewhere that the body affected how the mind feels. But that was for humans. He didn't know how that worked for triangular aliens gods.

Meanwhile, back at the Jacuzzi room, Wanda was chatting with Pyronica as the two dried off to sit in the comfortable lounge chairs. "So, I heard that Bill had lost his children. But, Ammy is his son right?"

Pyronica's expression turned bittersweet. "I had twins. A son and daughter." The Cyclopian looked over at Zoe and Zach, seated on Seb and Mabel's shoulders as they played. "And they were my children...but Bill adored them." She sighed. "And that's why I couldn't let Bill keep them."

Wanda looked confused. "What...do you mean?"

Pyronica laid back on her chair, twirling a lock of hair. "I had twins. A son and daughter." The Cyclopian looked over at Zoe and Zach, seated on Seb and Mabel's shoulders as they played. "And they were my children...but Bill adored them." She sighed. "And that's why I couldn't let Bill keep them."

Wanda looked confused. "What...do you mean?"

Pyronica laid back on her chair, twirling a lock of hair. "Bill wanted to keep them forever. He wanted to force them to stay by his side just like we do. But I couldn't let him do that." she closed her eye. "I chose to stay with Bill. I was the one who suggested he make a Deal for us to be friends. Because I felt like I was taking advantage of his kindness when he took me in."

Wanda gazed at the other woman. "Then what's the problem?"

Pyronica gave a bitter laugh. "Bill took my offer as an excuse to trap me by his side for all eternity." She turned to Wanda who had a horrified expression. "Don't take my words to mean I DONT' want to be here, I care about Bill and I don't really mind being here." She looked around, checking to see that Jan was thoroughly distracted with Ford "And I have nowhere else to go. If I go out without Bill's protection I will get arrested."

"What?!" Wanda gasped. Pyronica laughed. "I may not look like it but I am an awful, terrible
person. I have no idea why Bill likes me so much." She folded her legs up to her chest. "I eat
people. I kill people. Because I enjoy doing so. There are people I am nice to, but only because I
like them. But I like killing people. Being able to lord my power over them and know that I'm
strong enough that they can't hurt me anymore."

She growled. "And I guess I went overboard because the Federation hates me. They want me
imprisoned or working for THEM. They want to make me a non threat to their silly laws."

"What does this have to do with your children?" Wanda asked, trying to hold back her horror at this
alien woman's nonchalance over her desire to kill people. Pyronica groaned. "Because my children
are a lot like me. 'Course, they're much kinder than I am. Bill raised them well. But the Federation
hates them by proxy."

She clenched her hand into a fist. "Bill keeps me out of prison by selling himself to the Federation's
leader. He works for that asshole, kills for him, does all sorts of awful things in exchange for
Favors that he uses to keep me, to keep all of us safe." Her fire flared along her arms. "And I hate
it. I hate how Bill willingly goes along with that stupid baby, allows himself to be USED by him,
for our sake."

Wanda edged away from the angry woman. "But I can't make him stop. If Bill had to choose
between the deaths of everyone on an entire planet and me, he would choose ME every time and
this breaks him inside." Pyronica wouldn't have told anyone about this, but Wanda was Bill's
adopted MOTHER. Who else was she supposed to talk to? The AXOLOTL never responded to her
questions and demands. This was all she could do.

"If my children were allowed immortality, Bill would need more Favors to keep THEM safe too.
He would need to do more jobs, kill more people, kill a bit of himself each time." Pyronica stressed
"I don't want to put that on him. So even if losing my children hurts him and me and everyone else,
if HAD to happen. We are all terrible people and so is Bill, but he's a terrible person, FOR our
sake." she sighed. "Bill said he was not going to kill for Time Baby anymore, but he's still taking
jobs. I know he is."

The blonde human was speechless, her face gone pale. She didn't understand anything about this.
Seb had told her how bad their Bill was, and what awful things Bill did, but thinking Miz had to do
it for her friends' sake...

"I am sorry..." Wanda mumbled. What else could she say? She couldn't help. They couldn't do
anything.

Pyronica shrugged. "Don't apologize for things that aren't your fault. Bill does enough of that." She
laughed bitterly. "You know what's the crime the Federation is pinning on us recently? Since we've
been behaving these past thousand years? Since we haven't killed anyone and tried our best to be
on good behavior?" She fell back on her chair. "They're saying that us EXISTING is a crime now."
She shuddered violently. "So Bill needs to pay off Time Baby with jobs so that we get to keep our
freedom." She hissed.

"What." Wanda deadpanned, her need for justice tingling. "That is the most stupid shit I have ever
heard!" She cried, smacking her seat and splashing water to her face "He has NO right to do that! If
you haven't done anything!" That Baby WAS an asshole. "Existing isn't a crime!"

Pyronica shrugged. "We all know, that's why we hate him even more than normal people." she
poked her finger into the water, watching it sizzle. "That's why we're thinking of overthrowing the
Federation. Kryptos brought up the idea a while ago but Bill said it wouldn't work. Something
about how anarchy and destruction of a far reaching governmental system would kill billions of
people and create a power vacuum that would be filled by some OTHER dictator…” Pyronica frowned. "I confess, I'm not smart enough to understand what that means."

Wanda blinked. "Well, I am not really sure how politics in space work…” She started. International law didn't apply in another dimension. "But, I can assure you Bill is right. Getting the power by violence theoretically could apply if the people doing so are morally responsible. The dictatorship is overthrown but those who take the power form a government of transition towards a democracy and opens elections for the people to choose." She ran a hand through her wet hair. "But that is an utopy. The candidates might try something similar, or even worse, be people who trust the dictatorship, so it would be a dictatorship concealed by democratic practices."

Pyronica blinked at the female human. "To be honest, I have no idea what the heck you just said." she frowned. "But Bill once said that there were a few members of the council who are actually decent people and he is hoping that putting more support behind them, giving them more political power and higher seats, would mean they can do more to try and change the Federation for the better." She groaned. "I don't get it. But that sounds like a long term sort of thing. So Bill's planning to bare with this until good people make it into power and the government stops being shit. But...doesn't that suck?!"

Wanda nodded. "A lot. But that is how politics work, which sucks. Trust me. If you knew the shithead we have as president back home-! Um, you see, on Earth there are only humans, and people like him promote hatred towards people who are from other countries?” Pyronica blinked confused. But they were the same species, why would he do that? "You have countries here? Anyway, bad president, makes the poor poorer and the rich richer. Disgrace." She concluded.

"That sounds a lot like the old law about needing a Federation ID to get a job but being unable to get an ID without money while you can't make money without a job." Pyronica shrugged. "The only reason such a thing isn't around anymore is because Bill had a long talk with Time Baby and got him to change that."

Wanda sighed and leaned back, letting the warm water get to her hair. "Ah...societies like that everywhere. We should just live in anarchy...that was a joke, by the way, don't ACTUALLY do the whole anarchy thing." She warned and the Cyclopian laughed. "Kryptos said we should just kill Time Baby and be done with it. I have no issue with that. Hectorgon just wants to get rid of certain members of the council."

"Well, I get the feeling…” Wanda muttered, surprising herself of her thoughts. Sebastian's view of the world was really influencing her.

"I like you.” Pyronica declared. She approved of this woman to be her best friend's mom. Wanda grinned. "I like you too…?" Yes, she murdered people, and that was awful...but she wasn't a bad person right? (Wanda had to hold back her instinctual reaction to call this alien a murderer who needed to be tried for her crimes.) Besides she didn't know what society was like here. Maybe that was normal? Even so, she could continue being her son's best friend. She obviously cared about Bill.

Wanda jumped startled when two little wet heads came out of the water gasping for air. Zach looked back at where Seb and Jan were watching them. "You saw, Dad? We swam here holding our breath!"

"Good job!” Jan called with a grin. Pyronic and Wanda looked at the blond twins. "Mommy, do you want to play with us?” Zoe asked. Wanda shook her head with a grin. "I think you are fine with dad.” Actually, how long have they been in the water? She saw how wrinkled Zach and Zoe's fingers were. "I think you've been in the water long enough. You're turning into prunes!” Wanda
cried as she got up to pull the twins out.

Pyronica gasped. "Humans transmute if they're in water too long?!" She stared at the children's wrinkled fingers. "Oh no! They're shriveling up!" she cried in panic. "Jan! They're dying!"

"Don't worry. This is normal for humans. If you take them out of the water they reflate back to normal." Jan climbed out of the pool, stretching his arms and brushing his hair back. Something incredibly hot looking, everyone complained internally. "Come on gremlins, let's get you two dried up." He pulled out towels and helped Wanda wrap them up.

Wanda stared up at her son. He was taller than her in this form. She couldn't help but think that he might be taller than her husband as well. She looked over at Seb. "Honey, come over here please." To be honest, many were taller than-

"Yes?" Seb climbed out of the jacuzzi and grabbed a towel Jan was offering as the space idol continued drying the shivering blonds. Wanda snickered as her theory was proved correct. Jan was shorter than the Stans but still taller than her dear, adorable and naive husband, who tilted his head confused as her laughter became louder.

Stan and Carla noticed they were getting out and got their own kid out as well. Mabel got out and it was when she was wrapping the towel around herself that she noticed her brother's absence. She looked at her parents who were busy grinning happily at each other. "Mom, Dad, Dipper is missing."

"That's great, sweetie." Shermie said absentmindedly and the girl groaned annoyed. Jan shook his head disapprovingly at Shermie before addressing Mabel. "He's with Teeth and Xanthar playing video games, don't worry." From what he saw, they had been in the sauna, but then got bored and Teeth showed Pinetree his games. The two seemed to have connected really well!

"Cold..." Zoe, wrapped around in a towel, snuggled against her dad's smooth leg and he picked her up with a smile. Hugging him wouldn't help her getting warmer, he was also wet and cold. "I want to play with them too!" Zach's little brown eyes widened and pleaded with his older brother. Jan grinned. "Alright, there's heated changing rooms and fresh clothes for everyone. Let's get changed and go play video games!"

"Yay!" everyone cheered. Kryptos, who was placed on a bench when he fell asleep, woke up with a startled gasp, pushing the towel Jan had wrapped around him to the ground. "Hwah?"

"Hey Kryptos, we're gonna go play videogames. You wanna come with?" Jan asked. The compass quickly picked himself up and flew over "Might as well." Since the aliens didn't really need to change clothes, they headed off first while the Pines, Phillip and Jan went to the changing rooms.

Dillon and Phillip stared at Jan when he walked into the changing room but Seb gave them both a stern look and pushed Jan and Zach into a large stall and pulled the curtains. "Do you HAVE to make yourself look so hot?" Seb grumbled. Jan shrugged "If I'm going to shapeshift, I'd prefer looking nice."

"There's looking nice and then there's looking seductive." Seb felt he had to clarify this. Jan pouted. "Well I originally made this form so I could stare at myself for eye candy." Seb couldn't help but think that explained so much.

Zach was sat on the bench in the stall and he looked at the men kicking his little legs. "What is eye candy?" He asked innocently. "Is it candy with the shapes of eyes?"
Seb blushed a bit as he started drying off the toddler's chest and put his new t-shirt on him. "It's...something or someone who looks really good for your eyes to enjoy." Zach nodded slowly. "So if I see a really good cake, it's an eye candy?"

"Theoretically speaking, yes. But I'd prefer if you didn't use that expression...it...it's for grown ups...yeah..." Seb pouted as he patted Zach's legs gently with the towel before helping him put on his underwear.

"Ok." He agreed and the man sighed in relief. Jan just rolled his eyes. They changed their clothes, (Seb kicked Jan out when he was ready so he could change), and then they met everyone in the living room.

"Hey, guys! Look! These games are so cool!" Dipper was laying on the floor next to Teeth as he played. The little twins and Diego ran towards their older cousin and sat down next to him to watch. The adults settled down on couches and Jan ran to the kitchen to get snacks, grabbing both Ford and Kryptos to help him. "Come on nerds! Help me carry stuff! You need to exercise your weakass arms!"

Eventually, Zach pulled on Dipper's jacket. "We wanna play too." The teen looked at the kids and grinned. "Sure." He gave the toddler a free unplugged remote. When he went to his friends' houses to play, they always did this with their younger siblings whenever they bothered them. The kids smiled brightly but Shermie narrowed his eyes. "Dipper, let your cousins play."

"But the game is just for two!" He complained. His mom shook her head. "Then take turns"

Dipper sighed heavily. Teeth patted his back. "I've got Plus Punch Sisters. They allow up to 6 players at once." He got a few more controllers out and switched the game out. Dipper pouted. "But I was so close to beating you." PaciFire sat down heavily and laughed. "There's no way you'd beat Teeth. He's an expert warrior of all fighting games."

"Oh yeah?! Well, my bro bro is the best at video games! He is the king!" Mabel sat next to her younger brother and the boy smiled at her. The support was really nice. "And I bet he can kick your mouth butt!" Mabel challenged.

Zoe and Diego giggled. "You said butt!"

"Yup! I said it! Whatcha think? Or are you too scared to challenge my cool nerdy twin?" Mabel looked at the mouth. Teeth grinned. "A challenge huh? Sure. But when you inevitably lose, I want you to refer to me as Teeth the Lord of Fighters!"

"Yeah, well...if I win, you have to call me Dipper the Great!"

"That's a stupid name~" 8-Ball chuckled. Keyhole poked his arm. "Don't be rude to Bill's cousin."

Mabel raised her arms to placate their competitive glares. "Alright, alright, people! We're going to start the match. Best two outta 3!" The toddlers watched their cousins and adoptive family get ready to play.

The controllers were hooked up for 6 players, Teeth and Dipper stared at each other. Zoe, Zach and Diego got controllers too. Everyone looked at the 6th controller. "Who's our last player?" Teeth asked.

"Phillip wants to play!" Dillon pushed his tall boyfriend towards them and sat him down between the aliens and his cousins. The ginger teen blushed as he was handed a controller. Dillon was doing this on purpose, he knew he got...competitive.
"I don't know how to…" He mumbled. Dillon sat down with the toddlers. "They don't know how to play either and they enjoy it anyway." He ruffled his brother's and Zoe's hair. The children cheered. The game started and they were on the character selection screen.

Dipper stared at all the weird alien characters. "Is that...Bill?" He stared at the yellow triangle on the screen. PaciFire cackled "Bill liked this game series and donated a bunch of credits to the Dev team. They made him a playable character, but had to work with Bill to get his moveset. Something about game balance."

"I was too overpowered!" Jan complained loudly. "I had to demand them to nerf myself!" Dillon glanced over "Why would you want to have them nerf your character?"

Jan rolled his eyes as he set down the large tray of snacks. Kryptos was wobbling behind him with another tray. Ford was having an easier time of it, having more muscle than the compass. Jan finished serving some of the food and continued "Well what's the point of being in the game if my character is banned from official tournaments?!" Jan sat down.

"Also, Bill gets some weird, sick sense of satisfaction in beating himself up in the game." Hectorgon grunted. Jan giggled. "I make funny sounds!"

"I want Bill!" Zach declared but Zoe stuck her little tongue out and chose it first. Zach gasped and whined loudly. "I said it first!" He pulled his sister's braid (which their mom did for her) and Zoe screamed before punching him in his chest. "HEY!" Seb shouted and went to separate the fighting kids from each other. Wanda sighed tiredly as Pyronica gave the kids a soft smile. Strong kids, she liked it. Oh cool! Humans changed their eyes' color when angry like Bill!

"You can BOTH play as Bill. He comes in different colors." Keyhole winced at the snarling children. No wonder Bill accepted being adopted into this family. Keyhole showed them which button to click to shift through the different colors. Zoe settled on Pink. Zach clicked around. "How come there's no blue?" he felt like a blue triangle would be... Right.

"There just isn't." Jan said quickly.

"But why not?" Zach pressed with a whine. "I just didn't want to be blue!" Jan grunted in annoyance. Zoe, still angry with her twin for pulling her hair, stuck her tongue out. "You are annoying." Zach growled and bit her arm. The twins once again started hitting each other, their little hands on fire, and Seb raised a hand to float them away from each other, one to each side of the couch, and dropped them harshly, growling as well. "Can you behave?!"

Keyhole nodded to himself. He was totally sure that's why Bill chose these humans as family now. They were crazy. Zach, knowing he could get grounded, ignored his twin and settled on a Black Bill Cipher. Teeth chose a creature that looked like a goat with shovels for feet and two heads. Diego chose a humanoid with bat-like wings. Phillip flipped through all the characters. "This would be easier if I knew how any of these guys fought. Or who they are." He eventually settled on a creature that seemed like some sort of martial artist. He squinted at the screen. "Is it just me or does she have 4 boobs?" He asked.

"That's Shun-Lo. The first female character in fighting game history! They finally allowed her into the game!" Teeth grinned. Phillip rolled his eyes. "But...why does she have 4 boobs?"

"Because that's what her species looks like." Teeth shrugged. Stan whistled. "I remember meeting a few of 'em. Right Sixer?" A loud slap followed his sentence, followed by an annoyed whine. "Oh come on~!"
Ford grumbled as he offered the food from the tray to Abi and Shermie. He didn't like being a butler. "Yes, I remember, Stanley. You seemed quite eager to meet them." He smiled like a little shit.

Another slap. "Dammit Sixer!"

Diego and Dillon rolled their eyes. Their dad never learned. The game started and the children immediately began to button mash. Phillip was testing out the buttons in different combinations to work out how his character worked. Dipper and Teeth were already attacking each other, pretty much ignoring the other players.

"Go, Dipper!" Mabel cheered. "Kick his butt! Your honor and entire future depends on it!" She roared.

The kids started attacking Phillip, laughing as he finished testing his character. The teen grumbled and ran away, he didn't want to kill them, they were little babies. He ran up to where Dipper and Teeth's characters were and attacked Dipper first while he grinned wickedly.

"Go Teeth! Kill the humans!" Keyhole cheered.

Zoe made her Bill jump slam on top of Dipper and gasped when she remembered something that had slipped her mind for a while. "Hey Dipper! Why don't chu make more monster hunting videos anymore? Math videos are boring and I don't understand" She pressed buttons randomly.

"What?" Dipper was somewhat distracted as he had to run away from Zoe, as she chased him, spamming the ground pound attack. Zoe bounced in her seat, mimicking the jumping of her Bill in the game. "Your videos! You made them when you were little. And then they became math videos instead." She blew a raspberry.

"Wait..." Dipper barely jumped past a few more attacks, Teeth wasn't letting up and he was being attacked from both sides. "You found my ThemTube channel?" Dipper shrieked.

"Yeah! A mailbox, umm, a big teeth, little aliens, daddy appeared in that one! His hair was so funny!" She whispered that last part.

Dipper chuckled at the memories. Oh right. His guide to the unexplained. "Yeah well, I wasn't allowed to try summoning ghosts anymore. And going monster hunting in the Falls wasn't the same anymore since most of them knew me after... after a thing that happened. And I got into animation so I practiced by making math tutorials and lessons. They're pretty popular actually."

"Neeeeeereed~" Jan teased with a laugh. "I'm kidding! I like nerds!"

"Well, this nerd got a scholarship to start school next summer with one of his animations!" Dipper grinned as he massacred Phillip.

"Really?! That's awesome! Congrats dude!" Dillon would give him a high five, but his hands were busy. Also Phillip was pouting since his character got killed. "Awww..."

"Yeah. I didn't know schools could do that." Shermie grinned. "But I'm so proud of Mason."

Dipper grinned at the praise while Zoe and Zach wondered why he called him Mason when his name was Dipper.

Mabel rolled her eyes. "His videos are kinda cool though! There are like nerd math characters and there are like backstories and lore and hidden info." She ruffled her brother's curls.
"There's Lore in your math tutorials?" Stan stared. That's some next level nerd shit.

"But… " Teeth questioned. "What do you mean by 'nerd'?" The way he said the word sounded different from the way it was said by Jan earlier. The humans blinked as they noticed that. Jan explained. "Oh right. Translation and all that. You all hear English right now, but Teeth and the others don't speak it. Or understand it. And I'm not speaking English right now either. You all hear the translation so it sounds like it, but some words don't translate back and forth the same."

"Wait. So when you say 'nerd'..." Ford glanced down at Jan. The alien shrugged. "In English, the word 'nerd' was invented by Dr. Seuss. He doesn't exist here yet. So when I say nerd here, the word is actually dok-shuu-yan. Which has a similar meaning, as in, a person who is very learned in academics. But also with the connotations of being a bit of an awkward person who needs to be taken care of, since their time spent on learning has made them neglect their physical bodies." Jan shrugged. "My automatic translator can give all that context and just defaults to words you know and understand, to the most accurate it can go."

"...that's fascinating." Ford adjusted his glasses. "I suppose I hadn't actually thought about how certain words only exist in certain languages due to context and the people who invented them."

"So what we hear and what they hear is different?" Wanda thought that was amazing. Jan nodded. "So when you say Nerd and when I say Nerd, it sounds different."

Kryptos left the tray on the table again and sat down tiredly. Really, Jan should stop making snacks, they were a lot of people, but there would be leftovers for weeks! He looked at the human wearing glasses talking all smiley with Bill. The compass growled. Stupid Ford. Stupid! He had the privilege of being with Bill! He put down the food and floated over to sit on Jan's lap.

Kryptos took this time to snuggle closer to Jan's side. He shot the six fingered human a smug look but was disappointed when Ford didn't seem to notice or care. Well, screw him. Kryptos 'eep'ed when Jan started petting his side. "What's with the jealousy? Do you want to play PPS too?"

Oh right. Bill could Feel it. Kryptos felt a little ashamed at forcing him to have to taste something like this. He forgot he could.

"U-um...no. I'm fine." Kryptos blushed. Jan giggled and turned him to look at his eye. "You know you can tell me~? They're my new family, but you guys are my best friends and my 1st adopted family!"

Kryptos hummed. Yeah...friends… "I know Bill, your new family is really nice." Screams were heard in the background. "And I am glad you have them...and that they make you happy."

He was glad for that. Even if he was kinda miffed that Bill had started dating a human, he would accept it (begrudgingly) so long as Bill was happy. That was all he asked for. (Kryptos's main issue wasn't that Bill was dating someone, it was that this human didn't seem like he was worthy of Bill. Bill deserved the best, someone who could devote themselves entirely over to him and treat him like the god he was. Someone who could maybe match some of Bill's greatness. But this human was… Bland and powerless and he just... didn't... well, Kryptos didn't understand what Bill saw in him.)

They played long into the day, Phillip, Teeth and Dipper trying their best to destroy each other while the children ended up running off the platform and dying or throwing themselves off it by accident. At the end, Teeth won and was jumping around as he gloated. Everyone got a turn to play and soon Jan told them it was time to go home. The twins whined "But we wanna play some more~"
Jan tucked them under his arms and scolded them while everyone else said their farewells to Bill's friends. Kari gazed at the huge, rowdy group. She'd been quiet most of the night, too lost in thought about all this, aliens being real, her new granddaughter being one. And also being an adult man sometimes. This wasn't what she was expecting for a family but she didn't dislike it. She gave Xanther another pat, the purple alien was so soft, and went up to Jan and the twins. "Well, even if you're a triangle alien shapeshifted, I'm very happy to have you in my family." She told him.

"Aaaww~!" Jan hugged the woman gently with two of his arms. "I'm also glad to be part of your family! Thank you for raising these four boys so well!" Kari and her sons blushed at his words. Jan looked at the humans when they finished saying bye to everyone. "Are you ready?" Everyone nodded.

"I lost because I was uncomfortable with the antlers and because Zoe had been kicking me." Dipper muttered and Mabel giggled. What a sore loser. Jan blinked them away. The constructed bodies were placed in stasis up in the penthouse so Bill wouldn't need to remake them next time. They were a little creepy but no one went up to the penthouse anyway so they didn't have to deal with the blank, soulless stare the empty vessels had.

The Pines went back to their real bodies and collectively took a deep breath before continuing to sleep. Miz blinked sleepily, her body was still tired, and looked at Ford next to her who was knocked out. She smiled and curled up closer before closing her eyes and going back to sleep. It might be kind of creepy to want two families but she didn't give a shit. She hugged the doll Ford had bought her through the night.

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Ford awoke to find Miz dozing on him. He noticed that they were holding hands, Miz must have gripped him in her sleep. Ford was about to pull away, but paused as he really considered it. He… Never really held hands with people growing up. He always felt uncomfortable doing so.

But… he thought back to it. Holding hands with Miz. Holding hands with Jan. Well, yes, Ford had been fascinated by Jan's hands. But it wasn't just the scientific curiosity that made Ford hold onto the other man. Ford's free hand flexed, imagining the sensation of when he had held Jan's slender hands in his own. They had been warm.

Comfortable.

In a way that Ford never felt before. He hadn't noticed this when he was with Miz, since she was a child and holding her was simply protecting her as anyone should do.

But holding hands with Jan was… nice. Ford blinked at that. It had felt comfortable, something he never felt when it came to his hands. No one aside from his brothers and mother had ever wanted to touch them. And Stanford had gloves on most of the time, just another way to distance his hands from other people, because it always made him uncomfortable.

But here, and back there, his hands had been free. And he'd felt someone's warmth against his own. Skin to skin. And it hadn't felt wrong or uncomfortable at all. Ford looked back down at Miz, still breathing softly as she slept. He wasn't wearing gloves now. And Miz's hand felt warm. He squeezed gently, smiling when she squeezed back, unconsciously in her sleep.

Ford had packed gloves for his summer vacation, for when they went back to Jersey. Just-Just in case. For when he had to be out there, around people. But...

He… wasn't going to wear gloves today. And maybe he didn't need to at all anymore. Not even in
Jersey.

Seb sighed as he held onto the child-leash to keep his kids from running off again. New York was a big place and the little demons didn't want to stay with the group.

"I wanna see everything!" "Can we have a hot dog?!"

"No, no you can't!" He cried exasperatedly. He mentally apologized to his mom. Now he understood the pain. And there were three of them, he would have died. His mom was a miracle worker. A true saint!

Mabel had a brand new sweater on her, one with the letters NYC, the statue of liberty and a star with a man on top. She was skipping next to her family and taking lots of photos to share with her friends.

Diego was being carried on Dillon's shoulders, successfully keeping him entertained. Though he wasn't as crazy as his cousins, so he wouldn't run off anyway. Stan and Carla looked over at Seb being dragged by the twins on their leash and let out a sigh of relief that their children were better behaved.

Ford was determined to take this time to...hang out. However, he was somewhat bored and wasn't sure what to say to everyone. He stayed by his mother's side, she was old, he worried about her stamina since they were going to be walking through the city today.

Wanda and Miz held hands as they laughed at Seb's suffering. Wanda finally felt bad for him and sternly called out "Zach! Zoe! Come back here or we're not getting ice cream later." the twins gasped and ran back, dragging Seb along. Miz sighed. "We should find a way to get them to behave without bribes."

"Won't work." Seb panted as he caught his breath. Gah! Really, how much energy could be stored in those tiny bodies? "They have no solution." Zoe scratched her arm, it felt funny. "Daddy, thirsty." Seb sighed before taking out her water bottle and giving it to her. It wasn't the hottest day, but the last thing he needed were the twins spontaneously combusting from the heat.

Kari smiled fondly at the twins. "They are just like you, Seb." She told him with a smirk. Seb rolled his eye when Wanda and Miz gasped. "God help us." Wanda exclaimed. "It is a dark day indeed, however will we survive when they grow up?" Miz pretended to faint and Wanda picked her up with a laugh.

"Can we go watch a play?!" Mabel not so subtly pointed at her sweater. Shermie and Abi rolled their eyes. "No. You saw the bootlegs already." Abigail reminded her. Mabel whined. "But we're here! In New York City! Fancy streets, fancy restaurants~" she paused to watch a group of teenagers walk by "Fancy boys~"

Stan gently pushed her forward. "There's more we can do here than watch overrated musicals, kid." Mabel gasped in offense as Carla rolled her eyes. "The guy who wrote it is actually a great person, Stan."

"Meh."

Miz tapped on Wanda's shoulder "Ooh! There's a restaurant with authentic Italian pasta!" She pointed at a fancy building. Wanda hugged the girl "Are you hungry already?" She asked. Miz paused to consider it. "Not hungry...but...I could nibble something…"

Wanda narrowed her green eyes playfully. Nibble always turned into something more. "Well…"
She looked at the hour, it was almost 2pm. "I guess we could have an early lunch, so we have more time later?" She suggested. Seb looked at her tiredly. "Whatever is fine if I get to sit down." The twins were a handful and he was the only one who could control them, Wanda wasn't able to measure up to their inhuman strength when it came to pulling them. Miz would help but she had too much fun watching Seb struggle.

"Hey, you guys want to stop for some Italian lunch?" Wanda asked. The rest of the Pines looked over. "Sure. But isn't Italian food expensive?" Stan grumbled. Miz held out a large ruby. Stan practically made a cha-ching sound effect as he reached for it. "Ooh~"

Wanda frowned. "Miz, you can't always do that." She scolded lightly. Miz leaned onto Wanda since she was still carrying the demon. "But I don't do it all the time."

"If you don't want it, I will gladly take it!" Stan offered. The older male Pines and their mom rolled their eyes. Wanda sighed. "Ok, we can use it...but just this once! Stan, be a dear and take it out of your pocket." She said without even turning to look at him. She noticed Miz was no longer holding it and knew Stan's quick fingers had already taken the jewel without people seeing him do so.

Stan grumbled and handed the jewel to a grinning Seb. "Not fair."

Dillon groaned. "We'll have to go to a pawn shop again…"

"Again?" Carla asked and Ford nodded. "The kids got some gold from Miz a few days ago, when you all were drunk-" He shook his head disappointed. "So they could buy things at the mall."

"Wait…" Shermie frowned and looked at his twins. "I remember giving you money! And you got more from Miz?! Give me back my money, you dirty thieves!" He very maturely called his children.

"No! It's ours now!" Dipper smirked and high-fived his twin. Mabel seemed entirely unashamed even as Shermie groaned. He was certain his children picked up bad habits from Seb and Stan. That was the only explanation. Of course not from him! He was clearly a saint!

Stan and Dillon went to find a pawnshop while everyone waited at a park. Seb still held the twins on their leash. He didn't have enough energy to chase them around. "Let go!" Zach pleaded. "Diego is playing!" Seb shook his head. "Diego behaves." the twins whined. Zoe began biting on her leash. Seb laughed. "Nice try. I had Miz curse those to be unbreakable! Even I can't bite through them!"

The twins gave Miz a betrayed look. "Meanie!" They whimpered. Miz shrugged. "He offered me chocolate." Wanda glared at both Miz and Seb. "I thought we were trying to NOT bribe our children?"

Seb kissed her angry, wrinkled nose. "Well, the thing is, Wands, I can bribe Miz 'cuz she's my sister. She's your kid!" He grinned, but Wanda didn't find it as funny as he thought. The twins continued pulling and biting their leashes, getting distressed. Dipper sat down next to them on the grass. "Come on, kiddos, you could probably get Seb to take it off if you behave." Zoe sniffled. "Yeah?" The teen nodded. "How about playing 'I spy' in the meantime? I'll start ok? I spy...an orange thing...it's long, for the traffic…"

"Traffic cone!" They giggled. "My turn!" This way, Dipper kept his hyperactive cousins busy, gaining grateful smiles from his aunt and uncle, until Stan and Dillon came back. "They questioned where we got the gem but between the two of us-" Stan slung an arm around Dillon's shoulder "-we managed to double how much we got from this." Stan ruffled his son's dark curly hair. Dillon
smiled proudly. He liked doing stuff with his dad, especially when those moments involved Stan saying he was proud or impressed with him.

"Now we can go to the restaurant?" Miz questioned. They had been waiting for a while now and she was hungry for real, as most of them were.

They agreed and walked into the restaurant. The waitress gaped slightly at the huge group but kindly offered to join two big tables for them. The little twins had their leash taken off and they hugged their Dad, grateful. They promised they would behave.

The other customers stared at the triplets with amused smiles and giggles, everyone loved identical siblings! Stanley casually put on dark glasses just in case. Ah, the fame was so overwhelming sometimes...

The waitress approached the family and started giving out menus. She gave menus to the adults and Dillon. Mabel gasped in offense when the waitress left and didn't give her or Dipper a menu. Were they really that baby-faced?

Miz scooted over to Wanda and read her menu. "Lamb meatballs? Ooh~" the two discussed what they would like while Seb was in charge of picking out food for the twins, who were demanding ice cream. "So...here's the kid's section of the menu, what would you like?" He gave the menu to them, it was important to make them feel included and make their own decisions, within reason, of course.

Zoe asked for spaghetti which used a few ingredients to form a happy face, and like the other options, it came with a drink and a chocolate popsicle while Zach asked for a lasagna off the kid's menu.

Mabel also wanted the chocolate popsicle but her dear twin reminded her that those meals were small, for kids, and she would be hungry later. Mabel made sad noises "Curse my adult body!"

"You're nowhere near an adult." Shermie deadpanned. Abi giggled. Mabel asked if she could get a popsicle anyway. "Can't I get the kid's meal and then a bunch of sides?" She asked.

Abigail stared at her daughter. "Only if you actually finish eating. I don't want to carry your leftovers all day."

"I can eat them!" The trash compactor shaped like a little girl said cheerfully. Wanda poked Miz. "Wouldn't you explode if you ate that much?" Miz shrugged. "I can convert the food into pure energy and the leftover elements just faze out through my skin." So she wouldn't have to deal with her vessel's stomach being too small to hold the food. The only real issue was long term storage...

Carla sighed. "I wish I could convert food into pure energy." Stan pulled her closer. "You look amazing, shut up." He loved his wife's curves, what the hell was she talking about?!

The waitress returned to put tablecloths and utensils on their huge table and gave the kids special ones so they could draw. "Can we get one too, pleasee?" Mabel smiled at the waitress and hugged her deadpanning twin. The woman came back with two more and the crayons. Mabel and her little cousins squealed excitedly.

Miz was already drawing something. Wanda looked over "Is that me and Seb?" She asked. Miz nodded, filling in the eyepatch with the blue because there wasn't a black crayon. She then drew the twins, Stan and his family, Shermie and his, Kari and Ford. Wanda snorted "Why are you giving Ford such a big butt?"
"Because it's funny." Miz replied. Ford pouted from where he was on the other side of the table beside his mother.

"That is not funny." The scientist complained as everyone laughed, because it was funny. "Of course it isn't funny!" Seb agreed. "It's hilarious! You would wish to have a butt like this!" Stanford mumbled something about no respect anymore and his mother laughed softly. "My dear, don't get upset about that."

"I'm not upset, I am annoyed." Ford deadpanned. Seb cackled as he looked over Miz's drawing. "Seriously though, that's a really nice butt. I'd want to have a butt like that." He joked, partially seriously. Miz looked up "I can do that~do you really want it?" she would take any opportunity to shapeshift someone. She really would.

"No, I really like him like he is right now!" Wanda quickly said. She'd appreciate it if her husband had a smaller butt than hers! Seb laughed and nibbled her hand. "Really? Will you be jealous?"

"Yes." She said frankly. Miz was about to intervene when they were brought both garlic bread, regular bread and olive oil for dipping. Ooh~ The kids were already getting one so why couldn't she? She grabbed one and dipped it in the olive oil before taking a huge bite. Mabel and Dipper looked at each other before practically throwing themselves to the table to get them.

"Hey! Eat like civilized people!" Carla and Abigail scolded as their husbands and children began fighting over the bread like sharks. Stan laughed as he snatched some bread "Civilized people get the smallest pieces!" He gave Diego half of his garlic bread. Carla smiled fondly at that.

Other customers stared at them, worried for the sanctity of the restaurant.

As everyone settled down with their bread, Miz continued the conversation. "I can give anyone a bigger butt if they want." She shrugged. Body modification was easy. "Or any other changes they want. I can even make the change a gradual thing over time so people don't get suspicious."

"Make me taller!" Seb's eye widened and lit up. Everyone groaned. "You are still obsessed with that?" Ford raised an eyebrow. "Well, no…but it's not fun being triplets and being so much shorter than you." Curse Filbrick, it was his fault for not letting him eat.

"Sebas, you're fine just as you are." Kari reminded him. Zoe, with her face covered in crumbs, nodded. "Yeah! You're still the best dad even if you're a shortie."

Seb wiped the girl's face with a napkin. "Thanks, baby, but I still wanna be taller." He looked at Miz. She nodded and flicked her fingers. "It'll take a few years for you to match your triplets though." Wanda sighed. "Well, at least if it's gradual I'll have time to get used to it." She kissed her husband. "Frankly, I think you're fine the way you are." She leaned in to whisper "Besides, this means you'll have to adjust all your clothes as you grow or they won't fit."

"Fuck." Seb spat when he realized Wanda was right. Was changing all his wardrobe worth it?

"Sebastian, don't curse in front of the kids." Kari scolded her son. Seb shook his head. "They're used to it!" Wanda and Miz smacked him on the arm lightly. This idiot! "He's joking, Kari!" Wanda said quickly. Miz rolled her eyes "At least say Fudge or Frog instead."

Wanda nudged Miz's side. "If he does grow, make it like… an inch at most. He's cuter when he's small." Miz raised an eyebrow. "Oh~? And what's in it for me?"

Wanda groaned. "I'm not bribing you." She declared. Miz nodded. "Yeah, that's fair. But just imaaaaagine it~ Seb being super tall~ Hitting his head on the door frames~" The Stans hit their
heads sometimes, it was so funny.

Wanda choked on her drink (really shouldn't have taken a sip of water) and her eyes were wide in horror. Nooooooo! She didn't want her cute little Sebastian to be so tall! His tininess was his charm point! His iconic look! She set her jaw and very quietly said, "You get to choose which restaurant we go to for dinner."

"One inch it is! I mean, who needs tall people, am I right?" Miz cackled. Seb looked over. "What're you two whispering about?"

"Nooooothing~"

The waitress came back over. "Is everyone ready to order?" She went around the table to get everyone's choices written down. Shermie told her about his nut allergy and she wrote that down too. Allergies were dangerous and it was very important to accommodate for that.

Seb leaned back on his chair. "Ah~ I remember when you almost died, Shermie. Thank you, you scared the heck out of me."

Shermie frowned. "I...don't remember?" He scratched the back of his head. "When was that?"

"Kid, you almost died! Sebastian took you to the hospital when you were 2!" Stan exclaimed. "Aaw! Uncle Seb saved Dad!" Mabel cooed. Shermie shrugged. "I can't remember. I was two. It isn't that important, right?"

Ford looked at the green-eyed man. "Since that day, Sebastian started liking you, we all thought he would have let you die." Kari hit his arm. He was too direct.

Shermie blinked. "Excuse me?" he cried. Kari sighed. "When you were born, Filbrick kicked Seb out of his room and threw him into the attic. Seb was terrified of being alone up there and he blamed you for taking his room." She sighed. "I should have said something. I shouldn't have let that awful man do that to you." She felt so guilty about how complacent she had been. Because she hadn't wanted to anger her husband.

The brothers softened their gaze. "Mom, it wasn't your fault..." Seb assured. "It-It was a long time ago..."

"I still should have protected you..." She said softly and Ford, slowly, as if scared, put a hand on her shoulder to try and comfort her. Apparently it worked, she grabbed his hand, bigger than hers now, and stroked his six fingers. Ford initially tensed up, but relaxed as he felt it. He liked it when his hand was held. Ford hadn't really thought of that before.

Shermie rubbed the back of his head. "I'm glad you started liking me though...you are my favorite brother..." He saw the Stans scowling at him. "Like...you guys! Haha, I also love you! You are my favorite in-in other stuff! How did you even notice I was allergic?" He changed the topic. Everyone listened in, curious.

Sebastian blushed and laughed awkwardly. "I...I was babysitting you...and I started throwing you some cereal that came with nuts. I threw the cereal on the floor, nuts included because you were incredibly annoying as a baby-" He huffed. "And you started eating it from the floor like a savage."

"That was not what you told us," Kari frowned and Seb laughed awkwardly. "Needed to survive, you know?" Dipper looked at his Dad and snorted. And his dad always told Mabel off for eating from the floor. Seb shrugged "Well he started choking, I was so scared. No one else was home so I couldn't get help and I was so afraid Shermie would die." He kept quiet about how Bill2 had
wanted Shermie to die "So I picked him up and ran to the hospital as fast as I could. I nearly fainted from exhaustion."

"Woah…” the teens breathed out. Mabel tried to picture her uncle as a little 12 year old carrying her dad as a baby. That was so heroic. Nothing a bad Bill would do.

"I called home, we didn't have mobile phones and Wutsapp at that time." The teens shuddered. How did they survive? "And luckily for me, Mom and Filbrick returned from who knows where, I can't remember, and they came to the hospital with the Stans." Seb avoided saying how Filbrick tried to hit him at the hospital...and got to do it later, in the privacy of the attic where no one could hear him sob. Miz narrowed her eyes at Seb. Well, that was something else she was adding to the list of awful things to do to Filbrick when they got back to jersey.

"Mom screamed at us in front of all the other kids at the arcade…” Stan mumbled, still remembering the laughter and how they were dragged away. Luckily they got their bet money before that. "I was panicking ok?" Kari protested. "We got a call from the hospital. What was I supposed to do?"

Abigail and Carla patted Kari's hands, reaching across the table to do so. Wanda would have done so too but she was sitting too far away.

"And that's the story of how I discovered you are allergic as heck and saved your life! Fin." Seb bowed his head and the Pines clapped. Even when Kari knew Seb probably got over it, she still felt bad for letting her ex husband treat her baby like that. She was just glad he turned out to be ok. He had the memories and personality of an apparent alien, demon thing. She wondered why he didn't turn out as a murderer or something worse...

Finally, the waitress started bringing their plates. The children's (and Mabel) were brought first. Zoe looked at the smiley face made from cheese, jam and olives and whimpered. She couldn't eat it. It was too cute! Zach looked over and patted his sister's back. "Don't worry. I think he would be happy to be eaten."

Zoe tearfully poked the face with her fork. "But he's so cute." Seb was covering his mouth to muffle his laughter. Wanda poked him. "Don't laugh. That's mean."

Seb really tried not to, his daughter was actually suffering at the thought of killing the smiley face, but when she sobbed as she took a part of his pasta face to her mouth, he burst out laughing. Zach glared at his Dad. "You're mean! Shut up!" He demanded. Miz rolled her eyes as she waited for her food impatiently. "Don't laugh at your kids, Seb!" everyone else sighed. Diego patted Zoe's back since he was sitting on her other side. "It's ok. Your dad might be a jerk."

"Hey!"

"-but at least he's going to get punished by your mom later. I've seen mom give my dad that same look before."

Zoe sniffled. "Yeah…” He was right. "Uncle Stan also has to sit in the corner when he is mean?"

"He sits in the corner everyday." Dillon agreed as he grinned at his scowling dad. That wasn't true! He had been punished in other ways, but he hadn't been in the corner since he was a kid!

"Mommy, will you make Dad sit in the corner for being mean?" Zoe took a sip of her lemonade, her green and brown eyes glassy. The glass was so cute too. It had a cool straw. "I will, sweetie, now eat, the smiley face will be sad if you don't eat him." Wanda said.
Seb groaned loudly. Corner?! Again?! Miz gave him a smug look. She'd never been sent to the corner before. The rest of the food began to come out and everyone dug into their food. Miz pulled out a device that looked like a smartphone but more advanced. She fiddled with it and grinned. "Cool. I got the connection back up. Darn thing keeps cutting out on me."

"Is that a phone?" Mabel asked. Miz shook her head "Sort of, it's a Com. Which is more like a handheld computer, though, I think all smartphones and electronics you humans make nowadays are like that. Making computers super small and stuff." She twisted a piece off and placed it on the table where it began projecting a holographic image above it. "But my Com has a bunch of functions that human technology hasn't gotten to yet. I built it by scanning a bunch of Federation tech and mixing them up together. So I guess that makes it a PC."

"You built it?" Ford and Dipper's eyes widened. Mabel bit her ravioli and grinned. "Now I want a plantimal AND a Com!"

"Too bad you're getting neither!" Shermie shrugged. Mabel groaned. "But you said I COULD!" she distinctly remembered SOMEONE telling her she could have a plantimal. She stared at Miz. They gave her chocolate! Sadly, it appeared Miz had forgotten, on account of being drunk.

Miz nodded. "Well, I built the hardware, the actual programming inside it was made by Hectorgon. Ugh, I hate programming. I can do it if I have to but it gives me a headache." She pressed a few buttons. "Currently, I've managed to connect into the interdimensional signals for Tumblr. It's my blog."

Ford twitched. Dipper stared with his mouth agape. "You mean, you've got cool alien tech...and you're using it to check a blog site?"

Miz nodded. "Oh right, hey Seb. Guess what?" She grinned at him. "BlueBill uses Tumblr too!"

Seb looked up from his food and slurped the pasta. Wanda frowned. "Blue Bi...Oh! Yeah! I remember! On Tumblr? Have you been talking to him as well?" He looked at his confused family. "He is another Bill we met, don't worry." He waved a hand.

Miz grinned. "Yeah. Our signals don't match up very often so we just send each other messages whenever we can." she tapped a few buttons. "He's doing well. His Ford is still being a dick the last I checked. Well, sort of? One of them was being super creepy and can't take a hint that brother's not interested in him. And the other one's... almost decent?"

"HAHAHA! Remember when you traumatized him?!" Seb explained. He was a little confused about how there were apparently two Fords over there now, but he would think about that later. "But the look on his FACE!" Miz and Seb started laughing loudly as everyone watched confused. "When I ate your vessel!" Miz wheezed.

Seb wiped a tear from his eye. "Ah..." He looked at his triplets. "Those Stans were old men, like the ones from my past life's dimension." He grinned at the Stans' horrified expressions. "Good thing is, my Fordsie isn't a dick anymore, eh?"

Ford looked down and took a sip of his drink. Yeah, no need to remind him about that...he said he was sorry, didn't he? "This other Ford, he's a mean person?"

Miz nodded. "He trapped Seb in a magic circle...and from what I've SEEN, he was so sleep deprived and paranoid he nearly shot his Stanley once." The two set of twins and the two brothers gasped softly. "But Uncle Fordsie is great and cool!" Diego defended his oldest uncle with a pout.
Stan gulped down his food and laughed awkwardly. "Well, Ford also almost killed me with a crossbow...but he didn't mean to, his mind was pudding from an evil Bill messing with him..." Ford sunk a little more on his chair. Right...the crossbow. "We-well...that was in the past...I wouldn't do it now..." His mom shook her head slowly. So that was what he was doing before he 'died'. These dumb boys.

Seb smiled softly, noticing his triplet's crestfallen expression, and said. "Of course you wouldn't, Sixer! We all made dumb mistakes in the past, but, we are finally together and...I'm glad we lived to enjoy this with all of you." He smiled as he absentmindedly rubbed his long-healed wrists. Luckily no one noticed or commented. He raised his drink and proposed a toast for their family.

"To us together now and many more years together in the future!" He raised his strawberry milkshake, Wanda refused to let him drink this early in the afternoon. Everyone raised their drinks as well. "To family!" Mabel yelled. They clicked their cups together. A few other diners looked over at their loud table and shook their heads. The Pines didn't notice their annoyed expressions, too busy enjoying themselves.

As predicted by Dipper, Mabel finished her food and wanted to steal from his plate. "Don't be selfish!" She whined. "I told you not to order that! Mom!" Dipper whined back. His parents sighed tiredly and poured a bit from their plates onto Mabel's plate. She smiled brightly. "You're welcome, sweetie." Shermie rolled his eyes. And these two were turning 19? At their age he was already working and paying taxes! While raising TWO toddlers! Mabel had ordered a bunch of side dishes but since she was sharing those with everyone, it wasn't enough to eat for her.

Ford got the grilled salmon and felt a hungry gaze boring into him. He looked up to see Miz staring at his plate. "Fish~"

Wanda looked at Miz. "You already ate yours, Miz, let Ford eat."

"It's alright, I am kind of full anyway." He pushed the entire plate towards the demon girl. Seb caught the plate before Miz got her hands on it and cut it in half. "Ford, you haven't eaten sheep." He returned half the salmon to his brother. "And then I'm the one with eating problems." He mumbled to himself.

Miz dug into the fish with gusto. Ford ate his under Kari's stern gaze. He wasn't sure if he was being treated like a child or not. He was 43 for Einstein's sake and he felt 4, when they wouldn't be allowed to stand up from the table until they finished their food. He stared at the way Miz was eating and wondered why a being of pure energy even needed the food. She did say she converted food in energy… Ah, he really wanted to study that. Perhaps Miz would agree to that later on, he'd ask tonight.

He finished his food though, and after the kids and Mabel were brought their chocolate popsicle, Stan paid for the food, complaining that if they didn't have Miz with them, they would have spent a lot of money today. Miz shrugged. Ford blinked and thought about it. "Did you convert your own energy into mass to create the gemstone?"

Miz blinked "Yes? If I'm going to eat and get more energy anyway, I can afford to burn some off." She tilted her head. "Besides, moving around too many particles from the world around me means there's less of the normal particles that could be used for something more important than gold or jewels."

Stan scoffed. "What's more important than gold?"
"Oxygen, hydrogen, carbon and the various molecules they create." Miz responded. "Gold uses up 79 protons, 79 electrons and 118 neutrons on average. If I pull the particles I need to make gold from the air around me, that's a lot of other elements I need to cannibalize and restructure just to make one elemental atom of gold."

She held out her hand "And then, to make the gold viable for use, I have to build on it, drawing in more and more particles from the world around me to stack onto each other until I've got something even visible to the human eye." She closed her hand and leaned back in her chair. "If I do that too many times, I'm actively making it so there would be less stuff around to be made into the things humans need to survive."

Wanda stared down at her daughter. That...wasn't something she considered before. Ford nodded. "And I'm guessing you get around that issue by creating mass spontaneously with your energy, your very being."

Miz nodded. "My body is converted into the world around me. I can generate more energy, thereby regenerating my true self, by feeding off molecular bonds by eating stuff or emotional energy I can get by feeding off sapient creatures."

Dipper stood up "Wait. Are you saying...that Bill Cipher creates nightmares so he can scare people and feed off their fear for sustenance?"

Miz nodded. "Well, yeah. I can feed off any strong emotion but Fear is EASY. Despair, Greed, Anger...those are easy to get." She shrugged nonchalantly. "If I want someone sad, I just have to take away something they care about. If I want them jealous and hungry, I dangle something they want in front of them. If I want them mad...well, you get the idea."

There was an awkward silence around the table. Mabel spoke up meekly "Can't you do happy emotions like love and joy...or that squeeing feeling inside when you see a cute animal?"

"Well...yeah. But those are harder." Miz didn't seem to notice the mildly disturbed faces, looking down at her hands. "What makes one person happy might not work for someone else and maniac love, or crushes are such a similar thing to stressful obsession that I get them confused half the time anyway."

"What about true love?" Dipper asked. Miz sighed. "It's too sweet for me to digest. I start vomiting. Or bleeding. Depends on what form I'm in."

Stan clapped his hands together and stood up from the table. "Well that was a cheery conversation, how's about we forget this and head off to have some mindless fun in the city? Eh?" He grinned a bit too tightly. Miz was confused about the taste of the emotions in the air. "Did I...say something to upset you all?" She frowned. Mental attacks again? But she was just clarifying what they asked of her.

"What? No, sweetie." Wanda took her hands. "We were just surprised with this new information, no one knew about this."

Everyone nodded when the two of them looked at them. "I think it was quite interesting to learn this." Ford smiled at the demon. Miz looked down at the twins when they hugged her. "We don't know what a croton is, but we aren't upset that you use them from air!" Zoe assured her sister, making everyone snort with laughter.

Miz smiled widely, glad her family wasn't really upset with her for playing with other people's emotions in order to feed off them and raised her arms at Ford to be picked up. The scientist rolled
his eyes but accepted, holding her with his arms because putting her on his shoulders was too tall for her. "You know what? I want to head off for some mindless fun!" Her mood totally changing. "What do you suggest, fish?" He looked at Stan.

Stan grinned. "There're some amusement parks." Carla patted his arm. "And museums…" Miz's eyes lit up. "Art museum?" Ford chuckled. "You want to see the art museum?"

"Of course!" Miz laid against Ford and sighed. "I miss going to museums. I should probably take my friends to one sometime. Maybe they've forgotten about the other one we destroyed by now…"

"Your friends destroyed a museum?" Shermie repeated as they walked, guided by Stan and Carla. Seb had put the twins on their leash again and this time, he had to pull them to walk. They didn't want to go to the museum.

"Yup!" Miz grinned. "They're chaotic monsters, I love them." Seb rolled his eye. Stan guided them through Central Park which was beautiful at this time of the year. The trees were bright green, squirrels ran around and it was full of people. Dipper and Mabel walked along after the younger set of twins and laughed at the way they growled at squirrels.

"Uncle Seb, how did you make them so much like you?" Mabel raised an eyebrow. Seb sighed. "I don't know…" He said lamely. "Sometimes it's cute, because I know I'm cute as hell, but they are also a handful…" And they were just 5! He didn't want to imagine when they were teens! They could kill him!

Zach lifted a squirrel with his mind and quickly caught it by its tail, watching as it twisted and squeaked in his grip. "Look! I caught one." The boy told his twin. Zoe searched around for a rock. "Let's watch it explode!" She grinned wickedly.

Seb felt the twins stopping and he saw on time what Zoe was going to do to decide its fate. "No! Wait! Don't kill it! Kids!" He cried and freed the squirrel. "What the heck have I told you about this?!" He glared at the little blonds. "No killing animals!"

Ford and Stan shared a look and shuddered. Ford needed even more fingers in his hands to count how many animals Seb had killed as a kid just for fun. It made sense he did it because he was still transitioning between Bill to Sebastian, but fuck was it scary to see him covered in blood.

Miz frowned. "You can't kill innocent animals." She scolded the children. "If they attack you first, then it's free game, but if they don't then you can't." Ford gave her a flat look. "I don't think you should be killing animals no matter the reason."

Miz raised her eyebrows at him. "What do you call that fish you just ate? Or any of the other things you kill?" Ford sighed. "That's different. Food is something that we need to survive." Miz nodded and turned back to the twins "Don't kill something unless you plan to eat it." She called out.

Ford couldn't facepalm since he was holding her but he groaned. The twins looked at the squirrel. "So...we have to eat that?" Wanda shook her head. "Don't you dare! You don't know where that thing's been!" The twins stared at each other before looking at their parents. "So, how come you guys don't eat the bugs you kill?"

Miz sighed. "Well bugs don't taste good. Plus, you should always kill a mosquito! They suck. Literally."

Zoe and Zach giggled. They will kill mosquitoes when they see one. The twins started skipping once more, happily jumping around Seb and Wanda. The blonde woman sighed tiredly. She wished
she had known Seb as kids, maybe that way she would know how to control the twins. Maybe she should have a good long talk with Kari later.

Eventually, after some pleas from Mabel to take a group photo, buying cotton candy, and then carrying said cotton candy because certain little blonds didn't finish it, they reached the art museum.

"Boothinggg!" Zoe moaned and tried throwing herself to the floor, but the leash kept her somewhat straight. Diego actually seemed excited to go. Dillon and Stan rolled their eyes. What a little nerd.

Miz was already jabbering about the statues and paintings they could see while standing in line to buy the entry tickets. "-nd the original Realism movement was all about painting what real life was like. You see, before then paintings tended to be Bible stories commissioned by the church or portraits of rich people, but then they began depicting more humble things like farmers, not romanticized but in all the gritty detail of reality. Notice they don't make the subjects of the work conventionally beautiful and flawless like what you see in the-"

As Miz acted as a tour guide, the Pines approached the counter to buy tickets. The kids entered for free while the teens and the adults paid a cheap entrance. "Where should we go?" Stan asked. He didn't want to pay extra for the tour guide because they had Miz after all! She looked at the map and pointed out a route that would take them through each exhibit. "And I can bore you all with random art history!" she scanned a bunch of what happened here. And some of it was similar to her own dimension. Well, the prehistoric art at least, which they didn't have here. But she saw an Asia section that featured ancient pottery and even a bone flute!

They went through the museum, picking up many other guests who began to follow the group in order to listen to Miz talk. At one point Miz got into an argument with an actual tour guide over the origin of a certain statue…

"Archeologists today still debate over why this triangular figure exists in so many different ancient cultures..." the official tour guide said. Miz interrupted as Seb snickered "Actually, there's a really simple reason. A creature that looks like that appeared before them and they began to worship him."

The tourist guide gave the girl a smile. "That is not a valid theory. What? Are you suggesting an alien came to those cultures?" He asked.

"I'm saying that all the ancient civilizations throughout history have a common theme in their depictions of this triangular figure." Miz stared up at the man with her hands on her hips. "And much like how multiple cultures have various depictions of dragons based on the dinosaur bones found by the ancient people, it's very possible that some sort of triangular creature used to be around back then. And what's more, that they traveled worldwide and was seen, and remembered by these civilizations."

At the confused expression of the man, Seb grinned. "So yeah, we are saying a triangle alien was around and seen by these lucky people."

The tour guide shook his head, what a crazy group, seriously, and led his group away to the next exhibition. Miz waved at him. "I don't know what's so difficult to understand, seriously, I'm all over the place!" Ford chuckled. "Some people just can't accept that their view of reality is wrong."

"And why CAN'T I reveal the existence of aliens to humanity?" Miz asked him as she took his hand.
"Because humans panic and are scared of things they don't understand...besides, I am pretty sure we would be the first one to try to attack, have you seen those movies? Other countries wouldn't be that dumb to go against superior beings!" Seb shrugged. "We would kick the aliens' butts!" Mabel exclaimed and high-fived her twin and older cousin.

Miz stared at them. "You DO know that Time Baby is going to reform himself in less than a thousand years and then take over the Earth right?"

"Wha?" Seb looked at her. Fuck…”I guess I shouldn't have killed him...right?"

"Time Baby?" Everyone not familiarized with weirdness muttered. "One of the leaders of the Federation in my world, and a Time dictator here." Miz explained. "Wait. I?" Ford looked at Seb. "What do you mean, I?" Seb laughed awkwardly. "We should go see the paintings, huh?"

Ford glared at him and Seb flinched. "It wasn't my fault? Bill was bothering me...then that asshole appeared and I kind of...shouted at him and killed him?" Miz raised her hand "Can confirm, I can shout at things and they die. It's super weird."

"You killed Time Baby?!" Ford cried, pulling at his hair. "Shh!" Seb slapped him in the mouth. "You don't need to shout, and he will regenerate later...and apparently take over Earth...but we won't have to worry about that." He smiled. He killed Time Baby twice. That was a big achievement.

"Ok ok, enough of this. We paid so we better start seeing paintings and act as if we understand the deep meaning behind them." Stan pushed his brothers forward. Miz shrugged and put this behind her for now. She didn't like having to hide her powers in public. She continued their tour through the museum, pointing out everything wrong with the information that humans had about the artifacts.

Dipper groaned. "The worst part is, I can't use any of this information in school because the teachers won't believe me!" He grumbled. That was the problem with getting information from someone who was there versus what humans theorize based on artifacts left behind.

"Just use the false information they gave you." Miz assured the teen. "Keep them in their ignorance but you know the truth now." They had a pleasant time at the museum, barring a few arguments that broke out between Miz and the tour guides. "Dammit! Why do people always think Cleopatra was a sexy seductress? People liked her because she wasn't JUST a pretty face! She was an intelligent woman who frickin' grew up in Alexandria! You know? The CITY OF KNOWLEDGE? She was really smart and witty and INTERESTING to talk to! That's why the emperors were so enamoured with her!"

Ford picked Miz up and carried her away. "I am...so sorry..." he said sheepishly to the startled tour guide.

Zach was very interested in the history behind the paintings, even if he found the paintings themselves to be boring. The way Miz explained stuff always made it sound interesting. He pouted at his twin who was now laying on the floor and refused to walk another step. Oh, Zoe, why was she always like this?

He pulled her leash in addition to dad. "Come on, Zoe, I wanna hear Miz explain more paintings." the girl whined and put her face on the floor. Wanda freed her from the leash and picked her up with a serious face. "What's wrong with you? Can you behave?" Zoe responded with a whine and hid her face on her neck.
Seb came over "What's wrong, baby?" He pet her head. "I...I don't know..." She mumbled. She wanted to behave but she also wanted to go and because she couldn't leave she wanted to burn and break stuff because dumb humans were boring. But her leash kept her from doing that and it angered it and made her want to cry.

Wanda bounced Zoe a little in her arms. "Do you want to sit down? Or are you bored? Do you want to go somewhere else?" she didn't want her baby feeling upset. The little girl just whined again, unable to put her feelings into words and defaulting to unhappy sounds. Wanda sighed. "You guys go on. I'm going to take Zoe outside and let her play in the park for a while."

Zach made to follow her but his leash held him back. "Can I go with Zoe?" He asked. Seb looked back and forth between them. "Well, don't you want to finish the tour?" he asked his son. Zach looked conflicted. He wanted to stay but he didn't want to leave Zoe. They've never been apart like this before. He watched his mother walk away with Zoe in her arms and didn't know what to do.

He sniffled, and Seb was about to panic, when Dipper called the kid. "Hey Zach! How about you walk with us? Only big boys though! So no crying."

"Nothing wrong with crying, whether or not you're a boy~" Miz called back to them as Ford carried her farther away."What about-" Mabel frowned and Dipper pushed her away "Only boys!" He repeated as Mabel pouted. Zach looked one last time at where mom had been standing and then at Dipper with a smile. "Ok..." He promised to be good and Seb freed him from his leash so he could run towards them and take Dipper's hand.

Seb sighed in relief. Zach needed to learn how to survive without Zoe for a little bit...he knew firsthand how bad it was to become dependent, he was like that with his triplets.

He joined his triplets and continued walking around. Stan shook his head slightly. He thought they were pampering the twins a little too much. He spoiled his boys too, but if Diego thought he could throw tantrums to call their attention and didn't want to walk, he would tell him to suck it up and be a man!

Ford continued holding Miz to stop her from attacking poor tour guides about their inaccurate historical knowledge. "Maybe you should just let them stay ignorant?" He suggested. Miz gave him a flat look. "And would YOU like being kept in the dark about true history?" Ford blushed. "Well...no..."

They finished the tour, somewhat tired from walking and with too many mind blowing revelations from Miz to handle. The group left the museum and found Wanda and Zoe sitting at the park near the pond.

"Splash, splash, feeding the fishies." Zoe sang happily as she threw fish food into the water. Wanda bought a little bag of food to keep her entertained. She had burnt off her energy, quite literally, burning sticks in her hand (Wanda made sure no one was watching), and now she was more calm. She wondered how Sebas handled tantrums as a kid. His powers were contained by a seal, it must have been so uncomfortable to not be able to release his stress by burning stuff.

Zoe waved at everyone when she noticed her family coming towards them. "Look! I'm feeding the fishies!" She gave the bag to her twin so he could feed fishies too. Wanda looked at Seb and walked towards him. "I had to let her burn some wood, she was really upset." she told him. Seb sighed. "Geez..."

Mabel went over to feed the fish too. The family settled down in the grass, relaxing after walking off all the food they ate for lunch. Miz found a tree to stand beside so she could be in the shade.
Meanwhile, the kids played, running and jumping around. They had to enjoy all the time they could because when summer was over, they would have to go to school! And that was scary and boring. The adults and the teens watched them play and checked their phones. The teens had been forced to keep their phones on hold while having lunch and at the museum or their parents would take them away, but now they were able to use them freely.

Their quiet time was interrupted by a male voice calling out-

"Carla? Izzat you?"

The brunette took one glance and then had to double back for a second one. Oh gosh. "Ah, hi Zed?"

It was a man with long hair tied up in a man bun.

Stan looked at Carla with a raised eyebrow "So? Who's this?"

"He's...Zed, my...ex..." Carla spoke softly. Stan's eyes widened. WOW. WOW...

Carla winced a bit when she noticed Stan growling a little.

"Oh, how long has it been, huh?! Like? 15 years? Maybe even more!" He laughed easily. Stan frowned a little at all...him. He had this natural...hippie vibe. Ugh. He thought those were gone.

"Are you Stanley?! Hello! I'm Zed. I'm so glad you are safe now" He smiled at Stan. "How's your son, Carla?" He asked in a friendly way. Carla pointed at the boys. "He's over there. And our youngest kid is playing there." She explained.

"Wow! Dillon is so big now!" He gasped. Before Stan exploded from how much he was shivering, a woman and a kid approached them. "It was very nice seeing you, Carla! We need to go now, our entirely organic vegan meal is waiting for us~"

"Meat is murder, peace sis~" His partner smiled and walked away.

Stan and Carla stayed silent for a second, blinking, before Stanley turned to look at his wife, who was looking embarrassed.

"You replaced me with a hippie? Seriously, woman?"

"Excuuuuuse me? Whadda ya mean replaced?" Carla glared. "You were straight up GONE and left me alone to raise our kid! I had no idea if you'd ever come back, or when. And for your information, this woman has NEEDS!"

The two glared at each other. Everyone else backed away, scared of getting in their fight. "Hey, let's go and hang out... over there! Waaaaay over there!" Wanda said loudly as she herded everyone away to give the two some privacy.

"I can't believe you-" Stan started, but Carla poked him. "And what about you? Are you saying that YOU, Stan Pines, mister libido king himself, never had someone in the 13 years we've been apart? I mean, so you didn't sleep with that Pyronica lady, cool. But I know you, Stan Pines."

"Well if I did it too then you have no right getting mad at me!" Stan cried. Carla snarled, "So it's okay for you to get mad at me for a short fling back when Dillon was 2?!!" Stan looked taken aback. Carla continued, "It'd been over a year. It was finally dawning on me that you were really GONE, and that maybe... you won't ever be coming back. I got depressed. I got desperate." She was shaking as she glared up at him. "I just wanted someone! Anyone at all! I just... I couldn't spend another night ALONE!"
"Carla… I…"

She wiped at her eyes. "It didn't even last a year. Zed was nice, but he wasn't YOU." She was turned away from him. "It was a long time ago, Dillon doesn't even remember him. I'm sorry I didn't tell you. But it wasn't important. Zed was nice, but he didn't mean anything to me. Even when I tried. He wasn't you, and being with him only made me feel worse."

Stan was silent for a moment, before he ran a hand through his hair and huffed. "I felt terrible ok?!" He finally admitted it. "After doing it...I tried not to, but I failed a couple of times. I missed you. I'm a grown man with needs. Heck, I tried really hard not to! To keep it to myself. I remembered you, our engagement, and that helped, most of the time. Sometimes it didn't, and it only made me mad and frustrated. But like ya said...It wasn't you. I wanted YOU. The woman I wanted ta get married with!" He smiled a little bit, staring at the floor, hoping he wasn't blushing like some girl.

"It only made it worse when I fucked up and Ford only scolded me and told me he told me not to...There was this woman I almost got married to, out in space, an accident! I swear!" He said quickly. "I'm pretty sure she spiked my drink, she was a bitch! But clever. She stole a few stuff from us, luckily not our equipment… She had like fluffy gray hair and a very sharp tooth, It was weird, you could prolly imagine the shouting that came from Ford that day." He gave Carla a small smile.

Carla leaned on his shoulder and closed her eyes. "I should have told you, shouldn't have kept it from you." She slumped in place. "But I didn't think it was important since it was so long ago. And you were finally here, now. And I just…"

"Yeah, I get it. Sorry for… getting all mad and stuff." He waved a dismissive hand and lifted his woman's chin to kiss her. Yeah, she was his now. It was ok. None of them would need to do that again. They got from each other everything they needed. Physically and emocionally.
Suddenly, they were a loud cry. Seb immediately thought it was one of the twins, but to his surprise and worry, it wasn't them, it was Diego. The kid came running towards them, followed by Zoe who had a really scared look on her face, and seconds later, Zach joined them after he got rid of the problem by setting it on fire. "Daddy! A bee attacked Diego's hand! Help him!" Zoe cried.

"Oh god, my baby!" Carla picked up her crying child. Dillon was quickly by his side, rubbing his little brother's back.

"I killed the bee!" Zach looked proud of himself. Seb wasn't going to tell him it would have probably died anyway. They panicked when Diego began gasping for air. "Hospital!" Carla cried as she looked around wildly. Miz ran up and held onto Diego's hand.

"Miz! Can you heal him?" Stan cried. Miz frowned. "I never healed a bee sting before… venom isn't the same as a physical injury..." she squeezed Diego's hand. "But I can keep him stable until we get to a hospital."

Everyone nodded, worried for the sobbing kid. Stan picked him up and put a hand on his head as he ran to the street. Miz trailing after him. Carla screamed for a taxi driver who immediately stopped and the four of them got in.

"We will be there as soon as possible!" Sebastian assured his panicking brother before they rode off.

"What the hell! Why were you even playing in there if you know fucking bees are everywhere?!" Dillon sternly looked at his little cousins who flinched away. They were sorry, they didn't know bees were there…
"Hey!" Seb snarled at his oldest nephew. "This was just an accident! Don't try to blame my kids, Dillon Pines!" He spat as the twins looked down ashamed.

"I never said-" Dillon started by Seb growled. "You were thinking about it!"

"Man, no one knew, they're just kids, calm down..." Dipper put a hand on his shoulder. Wanda placed a hand on Seb's shoulder. "It's alright. Miz is with him. She will make sure nothing happens."

'How did he even get stung? Shouldn't my Deal with Miz have prevented that?' Wanda worried internally. Was this one of those loopholes? The Deal said they wouldn't be harmed but...did it only work on immediate lethal harm? A bee sting allergy was different. It was the person's own body overreacting to the sting right? Was that what this was?

Wanda hid her worry. This loophole would mean the Deal wouldn't protect them from allergies. But an extreme allergy like Sherman's could actually kill them...in that case the Deal would work? Ugh, magic...

Seb inhaled deeply to calm himself. Everyone was worried, he shouldn't shout at Dillon either, he was worried for Diego, he understood. "We should probably go see them." He declared, checking his phone to see if Stan sent the location of the hospital they were in.

They took a taxi there and after speaking to the receptionist, the family was taken to the ER pediatric room Diego was in and mindlessly watching a cartoon. Miz was sitting on the couch with Carla and Stan, also watching the cartoon. Dillon smiled in relief when he saw Diego was fine, and sat down on the bed with him. "Hey...are you ok?"

"You gave us quite the scare, kid!" Shermie joked and Diego looked at them with a grin. "I'm fine now! It really, really hurt when I got here and I was really dizzy, even with Miz helping, but then before I felt even worse, I started feeling much better! And then with the medicine I felt even more better!"

Ford rolled his eyes, language, but still smiled at the kid. He was glad he was fine.

Wanda blinked and looked at Miz who winked at her and the blonde smiled widely. So that was it...Diego's allergy was turning lethal...and the Deal got him healing before help arrived. That made much more sense...she mouthed a 'thank you' at her daughter. Miz nodded and turned back to the tv, wishing she could change the channel but Carla had the remote.

The room wasn't big enough for the whole family but everyone shuffled in and out to check on Diego and express their relief. Zach and Zoe tearfully apologized but Diego told them it wasn't their fault. That brought up the question of how Diego had been stung in the first place.

"Because the bee attacked in self defence." Miz said quietly. "My Deal only protects you from accidents and intentional harm. A sentient creature attacking in self defence is allowed." After all, what if some member of the Pines family was...say...an abusive asshole? She left that hidden feature of the Deal in so that people can still protect themselves from them.

Dillon crouched in front of the twins who were sitting with Seb, and smiled awkwardly. "I'm sorry for snapping at you, kiddos..." He apologized, he looked at his uncle with a guilty expression. The twins hugged their cousin. "It's ok!" Zach smiled. "We forgive you!" They stayed at the hospital for a few more hours until Diego was deemed stable enough to leave. It actually surprised the doctors a little that he recovered so fast. "But if he's allergic to bees, you should keep an epipen around. Just in case." the doctor told Stan. The middle triplet nodded "We didn't know he was
allergic to bees."

The family all went home after that, worn out from the day and wanting nothing more than to relax. Miz and Seb made dinner, they decided to switch out who made dinner for the next week so it would be Seb/Miz, Carla/Kari, Abigail/Wanda and Dillon/Stan.

Kari had wanted Ford, Shermie, Dipper and Mabel to have a turn cooking too but Shermie sheepishly said he only knew how to make sandwiches (to which Abi replied with a loud "They're damn good sandwiches though! We raised two children on sandwiches alone!" "...Mom, that's not how..." "YEAH! SANDWICHES!"), no one trusted Mabel to make their food ("Whadda ya mean glitter isn't edible?!"), Ford wasn't much of a chef (unless coffee counted), and Dipper didn't know much either, but he was willing to help others if needed.

As Seb cooked, Mabel curled up next to her grandma who started petting her curls. "Why don't they let you cook?" Kari asked. Mabel sighed dramatically. "You know, Grandma, people get jealous of those better than them...I don't know why they don't trust me if my cooking is delicious!"

"Is not that we don't like it sweetie..." Abigail started. "We don't like it." Shermie coughed and she nudged him. "Mabel could totally kill us all with glitter in our food!" Seb called from the kitchen and Kari raised an eyebrow.

"You don't comprehend my art!" The girl called back. Kari laughed and shook her head. The only thing she could thank Filbrick for was giving her 4 beautiful babies.

Seb and Miz finished cooking and the kids helped to set the table, feeling super proud of themselves. Everyone's mouths watered at the sight of the steamy and delicious food. Seb and Miz were the best chefs in the family. They made sautéed cauliflower with rice, scrambled eggs and fries. Seb knew it would be the only way to get the twins and Diego to eat the cauliflower. For the meat dish, Miz made some grilled teriyaki skewers with broccoli. She also used the water used to cook the broccoli as a soup base, adding cheese and spices to make something warm and savory.

It was a lot of food, but the Pines really liked to eat, even Seb was starting to eat more, which Wanda and Miz were incredibly proud of.

"Uncle Shermie, food is ready, come!" Zoe climbed over her uncle and excitedly bit his bare arm. "OW! Zoe!" Shermie exclaimed and rubbed his arm. Damn, it hurt! He looked at the toddler's parents with a pout and while Wanda looked apologetic, Seb was laughing his head off.

That was his baby! He was so proud of her!

Miz tilted her head at Zoe. "Does he taste good?" Zoe shrugged. "Not really." Miz looked over at Shermie who was rubbing his arm. "I wonder what humans taste like..."

The Pines family all gave a collective shudder. "I'm sure we don't taste good." Stan laughed nervously. Miz pouted and turned to Ford. "Can I bite you? Just a little?"

"No biting. I don't want teeth anywhere near my body parts." Ford scolded. All the older Pines except Mabel and Kari began coughing. "Hey! Let's eat dinner!" Stan said loudly as he sat down to eat. They had a lively dinner and settled in the living room for a movie before bed. The problem was WHICH movie.

"Ghost Harassers has a full documentary movie~" Dipper whined. He held up the DVD. "Come on~please~?" he begged. "Dream Boy High XVI! The return of the Boogie!" Mabel shook her

"Gah! Too many options!" Seb pulled at his hair. "How about we send the kids to bed and we stay to watch a real movie?! Everyone wins!" He was hit by a pillow glowing blue. Zach glared. "No, bad dad!"

They decided to go for a classic children's movie, so they put on Belle and the Furry Dude. Mabel squealed. She loved the life action movie! Miz grumbled about how the live action movie was awful and destroyed everything good about the original animated movie. "They TELL her about the curse! That means it can't be true love because she KNOWS that if she DOESN'T love him, they're gonna die! That makes her declaration of love unauthentic and caused by guilt and sympathy, not real love!"

Miz threw such a fit about it, they watched the original animated movie instead. Phones were put away on a table because it was family time and after a "No, Sherman, we all have to work, suck it.", all of them were curled up in front of the huge flat TV. The kids insisted on popcorn, even when they just ate, and now they had a little bowl for them to share.

Wanda smiled and hugged Sebastian's arm as the movie started. She remembered the dresses he made for her cousins as kids...

Shermie commented that the love wasn't authentic in this version either because the girl must be going through Stockholm syndrome and Miz went off on a rant again about how THIS wasn't Stockholm syndrome at all.

"Belle was not imprisoned against her will, she ASKED the beast to take her in place of her father. She made a choice to be a prisoner in order to save her father. And she's an angry, uncooperative prisoner who refuses to do anything the beast asks of her until HE concedes and starts treating her better. She was afraid of him, but she was defiant. That's not Stockholm." She said heatedly. "You know what IS Stockholm syndrome? Rapunzel and her adoptive witch mother. The witch treats Rapunzel like a possession and manipulates her with lies. And yet, Rapunzel loved and trusted her because she thought that was her mom. And then there's Frollo and Quasimodo in which Quasi LITERALLY calls him MASTER!" Miz was very much angry about this.

"The only issue with Belle and Beast's relationship is that people who DIDN'T understand the point of the movie thought it was about how if your partner is angry and violent, you should stay with them to help because obviously they're a nice person underneath. Which WASN'T the point." Miz explained. "Notice what happens whenever Beast is being mean, or yells or is violent? Belle turns away, scolds him about it and even runs away from the castle. When he realizes he was wrong for acting and treating her the way he did, he tries to change and be nice, attentive to HER needs and treats her with respect like a decent human being, she then, and ONLY then, responds with true kindness and understanding of her own. That's what the point of the movie was! Mutual kindness and understanding. Belle is a nice girl, but she doesn't put up with bullshit. That's why she can't stand Gaston!" Miz pointed at the screen.

"Like, you see that scene where Belle and Beast are eating? He's trying really hard to use a spoon but he can't. Belle can SEE that he's trying so she finds a compromise in the middle where she sips from the bowl, letting him know that she is going to eat in the way HE does as a way of letting him know it's ok to not be able to eat like a human, as long as he tried. Made an attempt, because that's what this is. The movie is Beast trying to better himself and not be a dick anymore. Belle can see that he's legitimately trying and THAT'S why she stays."

Everyone blinked at Miz's rant. Eventually, Zach smiled. "That's adorable." He cooed and Zoe
shrugged. "I am just here for the songs." The little girl said and Miz rolled her eyes. The movie finally finished, so it was time to go to sleep. As always, the kids made a fuss and tried everything in their power to escape, but they had all the adults against them.

Miz looked at Ford who had gone back to the table once everyone struggled with Diego and the twins. "Are you going to sleep now? I'm tired."

"You can go, I have to finish something first." He looked down at his book and Miz thought his concentrated face looked pretty hot. Damn handsome Pines boys. She slid a little closer and spent some time just staring at his face. It wasn't like she COULDN'T see his face, or any other human face. It was simply more difficult for her to tell people apart without all the other cues she had to look for. Hair style, clothing, colors, shape… She COULD tell people apart. She had aesthetic types after all.

If Ford noticed her scrutiny, he didn't react to it. Miz continued to examine him, tracing the edges of his profile with her eyes. She liked the curve of his shoulders. Stan was slightly wider, rounder. Seb was thinner and had sharper angles, which she decided meant that He was the handsomest (heck, she grew up as a Shape, some of it rubbed off on her). Still, she really liked Ford too. He had a distinguished look about him, his face set into a slight frown as he concentrated.

She reached out to brush a finger along the few gray hairs forming at his temples. Ford startled. "Miz? What are you-?"

"Don't mind me. Just admiring the view." Miz continued to brush her hands through his hair. Ford blinked at her before going back to his book, writing something down. He relaxed at the sensation. It felt kind of nice having his hair brushed. Soothing. He commented quietly "Do you find humans aesthetically attractive?"

"Some humans. I'm kinda picky." Miz said. Ford nodded. "Do you find humans sexually attractive? I know you said you were Ace, but I'm told that there's a difference." He might as well learn more about her. He flipped his book over to the chapter dedicated to his observations and study of MizBill Cipher. The word William was on the top of the page. He remembered how he started this entry around 18 years ago.

"Sexually? Ugh, not really. I mean, I do like to watch humans copulate sometimes. But I just like WATCHING. I'm not really into...actually laying with any of you. No offense."

"None taken. I think I feel the same way, I think that's what being asexual means, from what I've read up on it.". Ford nodded. He paused and his cheeks warmed up. "You-You like to watch humans have sex?"

Miz paused and then it was Xin sitting there, leaning against the table. There. More age appropriate. He nodded, a faint blush on his face as he slid his finger around on the table, unable to look Ford in the eyes. "It's entertaining. And I created an entire planet while I was drunk once...in which various porn stuff happens on it...and I kinda..." He ducked his head, bright red, but still grinning "...get off on watching them..."

"O-Oh..." Ford blushed even redder. "That...is...I didn't know..." He frowned. Bill made his own planet to watch porn... "I didn't expect that." His face looked slightly disturbed.

"Don't tell anyone!" Xin pleaded and Ford gaped at him. "Do you really THINK I would mention such a thing to anyone?! Do you know how annoying my family is?" He joked. Stan and Shermie would never let him hear the end of it. Xin wiggled in his seat.
"Well...anyway...despite that, the idea of doing it myself is just...gross. And humans have all those gross, slimy fluids that are just...ew...I wouldn't mind touching, but actually doing it? No way"

Ford laughed. "Yes. It is rather unsanitary to think about."

Xin winced. "You must understand...right? You mentioned you weren't interested when we met that other 8-Ball." At his nod, Xin grinned a bit wider. So he understood.

"Actually, I can sort of understand about reading porn but not wanting to experience it." Ford was blushing so hard he felt like his head would pop off. "I... ah... might have read a few books that weren't strictly about science."

"Oh, really now?" Xin thought Ford was the type of asexual who simply didn't feel anything at all. Ford coughed. "I was a teenager once. Raging hormones and horniness were...problems I had to deal with."

Xin scooted his chair closer with a grin. "So you do feel romantic attraction either? To women? Men? Both?"

This time, the scientist looked less sure. "Eh~ I'm not sure. I had some random crushes on girls in my school. Never went anywhere, I didn't know how to talk to girls. Still don't." Xin gave him a long look and then poofed back into Miz and grinned.

"You're talking to me just fine." Miz shrugged. Ford paused. "Not quite sure this counts." He chuckled "And if I ever felt something for a boy I have no way to distinguish it now. Or know if it was simple admiration or not."

"I'm pretty sure you have a thing for Tesla." Miz deadpanned. Ford snorted so hard he choked. After he managed to get his lungs working properly again, Ford laughed. "He was my idol, don't... ah... not quite the same, but I guess in some way, I had a 'thing' for him. I-I am told he qualifies as quite handsome." Ford admitted.

He reached a hand out to pet Mi's head and was surprised when she poofed back into Xin.

"Well I think you're fine talking to anyone, girl or boy. You just get stressed when you're in situations where you think you need to act in a certain way, but don't know what that 'way' is."

Ford blinked. That was... an incredibly accurate description of his anxiety.

Xin leaned into Ford's hand. "Me though? I have no issue talking to people, even when I have a crush on them. I mean, like, whatever, right? Though I do get all these squirming feelings inside me, so that might get in the way of smooth conversation." Xin leaned against the table again, slumping in place.

"I'm more... concerned with choice. I don't want to be told who I'm allowed to be with, or even that I HAVE to be with anyone at all. Things were really strict back in the Flatlands. The Council decided who you were Paired with. And once you were Paired, you had to Click and produce children. You were required to." Xin scowled. "That was what really pissed me off. The fact that I wasn't allowed any choice in the matter, regardless of my sexuality."

Xin looked up at Ford. "But I guess... if I ever found someone I actually liked in that way, and if they wanted to do something physical, I wouldn't mind some touching. I like touching. And I like making people feel good."
Ford adjusted his glasses and nodded. "My mother basically tries every time she sees me to find someone for me to have kids with."

Xin couldn't help but burst out laughing. "Granny Kari REALLY wants grandkids, but I'm sure she'll accept it someday! Maybe convince one of your brothers to make another kid!" She suggested as a joke. "And there's always artificial insemination."

"But I don't even have a partner to do that with." Ford sighed. "Besides, I'm much too busy to go out and date. I can't just pick some random woman, that's irresponsible and wouldn't be fair to her or me." He sighed "And I wouldn't want to have a child with someone that I didn't like. And I might even have to marry her, just for the sake of polite society. I don't have the time to get to know someone like that, even less to take care of a child!"

"Well, sucks to be you." Xin giggled. Ford rolled his eyes. "Well, you've had kids. How did that work?"

Xin paused. "Well...Ammy was an accident. A virgin birth, as it were, when one of my ejected Pieces somehow got incubated and gained a Soul."

"I would love to study your reproductive system someday." Ford nearly bounced at the thought. Xin shot him down with a "Naw, no way. Nothing related to my reproductive parts." and Ford pouted like a sad owl.

"As for my other kids...well, they weren't mine, technically. Quackers was given to me through a Deal when her asshole of a mother willingly sold her own firstborn to me…"

"That's horrible!" Ford gasped.

"...and Pyrone and Pynelope were Pyronica's kids. Speaking of having children with someone you don't know, since Pyronica's species eat their own mates, it's actually normal to not have emotional connections with their mate. There are some who DO fall in love...but that just makes it tragic."

"So you became the kids'...dad?" Ford asked. Xin shrugged. "I don't know...They called me both...but it didn't really matter, I just loved them a lot." He smiled a bit, somehow managing to look sad while doing so, and leaned on Ford's arm. Ford stroked his hair comfortingly. "I bet you did, you are really good with kids, and when I met them they seemed to love you as well."

"I know...I still...miss them." Xin sighed. "Sadly, my grandkids don't like me and want nothing to do with me once their parents died." he closed his eyes "Rince hated me ever since she was a baby. I never understood why…"

He hugged Ford's arm, trying to put this thought behind him. It was a long time ago. Heck, his grandchildren were long dead by this point. He had decided to stay out of their lives, there was one time he tried, just… tried to stay in touch, but…

"Everything wrong with us is YOUR fault!"

Xin shook his head. That was a long time ago. Don't...don't think about it. Ford gazed down at the sad looking man and hugged him a little tighter. "It's ok…" He said, confused as to how to comfort his friend. He was terrible at this. "We like you a lot, and your friends too...you don't need them, if they didn't care about you."

Xin buried his face in Ford's shirt. He took a few deep breaths, allowing himself to calm. It's fine. He had his Friends and new Family now. They loved him and it was fine even if not everyone loved him, because the people who mattered loved her. Best of all, they were people he CHOSE.
Only Ammy was actually related to him... Seb and Blue, technically. Everyone else was someone who chose to be with him because they loved him and not due to familial obligations.

"You're right…" he rubbed his cheek against Ford's chest. Oh, he liked his cologne. Nice~ kinda a sweet, spicy smell. Xin wondered what it tasted like...

Ford finished reading his book, stroking Xin's long black hair from time to time and chuckling at the soft purrs he made. Ford pulled Xin closer when he felt the dragon's breathing going even. He wasn't sure what happened next, everything was so warm…

Ford blinked, lowering himself slowly. His eyelids felt heavy, and Xin was so soft against his side. Warm...

Stan, wearing his boxers and his undershirt, glared moodily at the two idiots who were cuddled against each other at the table. "Can you go to your room now, Poindexter? It is like, 2:30 am." No response. Great. They were fucking asleep. He looked at them closer and rolled his eyes. Ford was drooling on his book and mumbling stuff, probably Pi.

Ok. Fine. They could sleep there. Who cared?!

He came back one last time to cover them with a blanket. He was a good brother.

Ford woke up the next morning with his fluffy hair trapped between Xin's antlers. Needless to say, his triplets laughed at him for it.

Wooo They're up for a summer full of adventures! Stay tune~

Please comment we love reading your opinions!
Chapter 30: Let's go have fun

Chapter Summary

I mean, what're summer vacations for?

Slices of Life and Family

Chapter 30

-Lets go have fun-

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No one would say it, but they were rather glad to get back to their summer vacation. Forget all their worries and stress and just... have fun. So Stan thought it’d be good to take everyone out for a day at the park. Not the boring flowers and jungle gym park either. Naw, he wanted Rides and ROLLER COASTERS and--

It should've been a simple family day at the amusement park. Should.

In no particular order, the bumper cars had somehow escaped from the pit they were meant to be in and ran wild across the grounds with the older set of twins screaming as they tried to get off but couldn’t, the ferris wheel doubled in speed, an entire street was filled with cotton candy, Miz had turned into Xin at some point because there was a ride that she was too short to go on, there were so many bubbles floating through the air that people couldn't see where they were going, Stan convinced Seb and Miz to help him cheat on the carnival games, the younger twins set the haunted house on fire, the pirate ship ride got stuck in the upward position and caused the terrified riders to cling to their seats for 20 minutes...and the Pines family were thrown out of the park and banned for a year.

“RUN!!” Sebastian screamed as everyone laughed and ran away from the cops and security guards. Shermie, Abigail and Kari (who was being carried by a laughing Stan) were terrified but the rest of the family was having way too much fun. “This is nothing! We got chased by a gnome monster once!” Mabel exclaimed as they lost sight of the cops. “Oh yeah! I remember that day.” Dipper panted. Shermie frowned. Where had he sent his kids that year?

When they were safe, Diego clung to his Dad’s leg laughing. “Again!”

“Again!” the little twins cheered, floating in the air surrounded by a yellow glow. Wanda panted softly. It was obviously tiring, but good thing Seb and her had been going to the gym. "I think we've destroyed enough today.” She complained.

“Destroying is fun!” Her three kids and Seb argued. “Do you think we got banned?” Carla mused and Stan nodded. “Definitely. They saw us…” But he wasn’t going to be caught alive!

Ford had a huge grin on his face. He had missed feeling adrenaline running through his veins! It reminded him of when he was young and exploring Gravity Falls for the first time. He was glad. Even the roller coasters hadn't gotten him this worked up. He felt a hand squeeze his own and
realized Xin was still holding him from their mad dash to escape the park. Xin had a wide smile on his lips and a faint flush from the excitement of the day. “We should do that again some time!”

He grinned back. “Absolutely!” Xin cheered and jumped up to cling to the oldest triplet, who in return, held Xin firmly with his hands on the dragon’s wide hips to keep from falling over. “Xin! Warn me first!”

Shermie looked between his older brothers, all of them happy and excited that they were literally chased out by the police and sighed loudly. Even if Sebastian was the one who used to be a demon, the three of them were crazy as heck.

“Can we set more things on fire?!” Seb pleaded and pulled at Wanda’s hand. The twins started pulling her shorts as well. “No,” Wanda was firm about this. “Can we go to the pool then?” Zoe suggested. “With water balloons?!” Mabel smiled and Stan shrugged. “Why not?!”

They returned to their house and changed clothes to get in the pool. Miz and Mabel wore their new swimsuits and jumped into the pool together (after Miz secretly cleansed the pool of all contaminants, eeeew). “Come on Dip-Dop!” Mabel waved at her brother. “It's summer!"

Dipper rolled his eyes. “We're gonna go back to New Jersey for the rest of summer anyway. There's a beach there.” He yelped when Mabel and Miz pulled him into the pool.

“Yay! Dipper is in!” Zoe exclaimed. She threw her acorn puppy into the water who fell with a small ‘plop’. Zach tried to get Queen Flutter in as well, but the maple kitten hissed and flew away. Sir Bedazzle wiggled his little legs and barked as he tried to swim, bobbing along through the water.

Zoe grabbed the struggling puppy and put it on her older cousin’s head. “Stay there!” She told Sir Bedazzle and swam away to play with Diego and her brother. Dipper sighed and the plantimal licked his forehead. “Arf!”

Dipper left the acorn puppy on the edge of the pool and watched him shake himself before running away. He wondered if that plantimal thought he was a puppy. It seemed like it.

Uncle Stan joined them first, and eventually, all the family sans Carla and Kari were in the water, splashing each other. Carla refused to get her hair wet and Kari was simply content with seeing them so happy. Ford had been dragged into the water under the combined force of his brothers and was brushing his hair from his face.

Seb grinned. This vacation was going to be the best!

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Going back to New Jersey was certainly something for the four brothers, the birthday trip didn’t count since they stayed on the beach the whole time. The triplets hadn’t been here since they were 17 (except Seb to visit Matsuda’s grave a few more times) and Shermie hadn’t stepped foot in the town since he moved to Cali with Abigail. Kari looked around at the city that used to be their home with a sense of melancholy in her green eyes. How long has it been? 18 years?

They first went to the hotel where they reserved rooms. Stan and Carla shared one, Dillon and Diego another, Seb and Wanda had their own but connected to theirs, was a room with three beds for Miz and the twins. Shermie and Abi shared and the older twins, Ford and Kari had their own rooms. They could have tried Miz’s idea to simply expand the room via magic, but it would have been too suspicious when the cleaners came.
Miz promised Ford to visit though. There wouldn't be a problem with leaving the twins, because Seb and Wanda were right there. She was very, very excited to keep Fordsie company!

For his part, Ford didn't want to admit that he was glad for that. It was...nice to share a room with someone again. He didn’t think he’d actually want to have someone else around like that again. But he shared with Stan all his life, and McGucket once he got to college. His house in Gravity Falls always had some new specimen he caught nearby… and even behind the portal he’d been with Stan for 13 years...

Even when New Jersey was a complicated memory for the Pines brothers, they wanted to show their families where they grew up. Carla, Wanda and Abi already knew, but not their kids. “Do we have to walk?” Dillon complained. “Yes, shut up, it’ll be fun! I’ll show you where I lost a baby tooth! I bet my dried blood is still there!” Seb exclaimed and everyone let out a loud ‘Ewww!’

They walked around, chatting and laughing before a voice cut through their conversation. “Oh my god! It’s the freaks! Wow. There's more of you now?”

They turned to see a large blond man. It took the brothers a few seconds for recognition to set it. “Crampelter??!” The man, still as ugly as they remembered, grinned at the Pines. “I knew I would recognize your faces anywhere.” He laughed. “It's the SAME face after all!”

“I'll kill him.” Seb said simply and Wanda held him firmly, because she knew he would. Miz frowned at the man. Crampelter looked down and spotted her. “Whoa seriously?” He glanced up at Ford who was holding her hand “You got with a chink?” He looked around “No sign of the mother, hah! Did she leave you after seeing your fucked up hands?”

Ford narrowed his eyes and was going to retort when the large blond man suddenly fell over, clutching at his throat. Ford felt Miz squeezing his hand tightly. “Miz! You can't do that. Let him go.” Miz stared at the choking man. Her eyes had turned red with a slit yellow pupil. “No.”

“Miz...seriously.” Stan sighed. “He’s not worth it.”

Miz ignored them. “He hurt you.” This stupid Piece of shit hurt the triplets since they were little kids, and hadn’t even made any effort to try and change to be a better person even after all this time. She was going to make him pay. The man's eyes rolled up and his face was turning blue. A woman ran over to him. “Claude! What's happening? What's wrong?!”

“Ah, don’t worry, we were really happy away from here as well. We could finally breathe without
“Threats now, freak?” Crampelter swung his other arm which Seb also caught. “Back off. Just leave us alone and we leave you alone.” Seb glared. “And if you really want to start something…”

“Claude, just leave them…” His wife pleaded but Crampelter glared at her. “You shut up!” he tore his hand away from Seb and swung at her. She managed to stay back and dodge the hit, as if she had seen him do such a thing before. She flinched and stepped back a few more steps when he reared back a second time.

“Ok, that’s it!” Stan growled and threw his jacket to Dillon. He swung at Crampelter and hit his nose. Suddenly, Sherman was trying to pull Stan away as Crampelter tried hitting Stan back. Seb and Ford joined in and the kids gaped as their parents started fighting in the middle of the street.

Wanda ignored them and walked over to the scared looking woman with a frown. “Ma'am. Did your husband just try to strike you?” She knew he did, they all SAW it, but she had to ask anyway. “Does he do this often?” the woman shook her head. “N-no. He's...not normally like this…” she couldn't look at Wanda though. Wanda spoke softly “My name is Wanda Pines, I'm a lawyer. What's your name?”

“I swear he is not how you think! I-I think he has been drinking…” She excused him. Wanda sighed. “Even so, there are plenty of people who can be drunk without being violent.” Her adorable lightweight husband, for example. Whenever he wasn’t pent up with that magical energy thing he had.

“Dad, stop fighting!” Dillon called annoyed. “You'll call the cops’ attention!” Stan ignored him as he roared and jumped at the other man. Crampelter and him were covered in growing bruises as they attacked each other. “I am sick of you, stupid piece of shit!! Just leave my stupid family alone!!”

Mabel and Dipper carried the scared little twins as Dillon held a really confused Diego. Kari just took a deep breath. Miz was whispering “Kill him, kill him~” They finally managed to separate Crampelter and Stan from each other. Shermie held Crampelter as Seb and Ford held a growling Stan.

“Stop it! Just fucking leave!” Seb cried. “What's the fucking problem you have with us?! YES, WE ARE FUCKING FREAKS, if you have a problem with that you can shove it up your ass !!”

The two set of twins would have laughed if this wasn’t so serious. Crampelter sneered. “I just think you freaks shouldn't be allowed out in society!” He opened his mouth again and Miz flicked her fingers. “-Your fingers are creepy and I'm terrified that you might be contagious and everyone likes Stanfreak even though he's a freak and it's not fair that you guys are so special and all the teachers liked Ford even when he's a stupid nerd. I'm jealous that Stanley is a rich and successful sports player and it's not fair that he gets to live it up and be happy even when he's some loser from Jersey just like me!”

Crampelter slapped his hands over his mouth, eyes wide. Why had he said that?!

Seb’s eye widened a bit and raised an eyebrow. “What?” He looked at Miz who was grinning proudly. He caught what she did and grinned wickedly. “Oh yeah? So you're jealous of my brothers? You know, my nerd brother has an important research center and is recognized in the scientific community. Are you jealous of that too?” He taunted.
Crampelter glared and opened his mouth but instead of the posturing lie and taunts he wanted to say, his mouth spoke up about the insecurities he'd suppressed all his life “It's not fair! What makes you freaks so great?! Why are you so much better than me?! I hate you all! You're all freaks but people still like you! It's not fair!”

Seb folded his arms. “Well, maybe if you tried to actually DO something with your life instead of wasting your time picking on us…”

“But I’m too stupid for that! I was never good at anything in my life, that’s why I picked on you when you were much younger and smaller than me, it made me feel better with myself to attack your insecurities to hide mine.” Crampelter grimaced. What the fuck?!

Everyone was staring in shock, even the cursed man’s wife. Miz giggled. Truth curses were so much fun. “And when school started getting harder and I realized that I just couldn't make anything of myself I got so mad that I took it out on everyone around me until all my friends left me and—” Crampelter clamped his hands over his mouth.

His wife walked up to him. “Claude...is this...true?” He turned to her “Yes! And I'm such a failure that I can't even get a girlfriend and only got you because we were both drunk at that bar and I got you pregnant. I'm terrified of being a father and I know I'm not any good for us. I can see how Emmie hates me and I can't stand it but I only know how to react by getting mad because I don't want to talk about my feelings because that's stupid and only nerds and losers talk about their feelings—” he squeezed his mouth shut again. Why was this happening?!

“I think you have a lot to talk about, man. I hope you don’t ruin any more lives.” Seb nodded and patted his shoulder. He grabbed Zoe from Dipper and started walking away. “Oh, and that sucks. My children love me.” He couldn’t help but taunt him one last time.

Crampelter glared at them as they quickly followed Seb but he kept his mouth shut because he would have cried “You’re right!”

When they were away, the triplets and Miz started laughing loudly. Stan winced a bit at his bruises but still laughed. Wanda frowned. “It's not funny. That man needs help.” Miz shrugged. “And he'll get it. Once he stops lying to both himself and the people around him.” from afar they hear Crampelter shout out “I REGULARLY COMMIT TAX FRAUD!”

Mabel winced. “If he doesn't get arrested first.” She glanced at Miz. “I know I normally say that honesty is the best policy but...yikes.” She was a little worried that Miz just straight up cursed that man, but she didn’t know how to bring it up. Miz rolled her eyes. “Well, despite all his issues, he doesn't feel any guilt over how he treated you guys. So I'd say he deserves this.”

“I had forgotten about that guy.” Ford mumbled as Stan laughed. “Well, I beat the shit out of him, and I got this!” He searched into his pocket and Carla glared at him. “I swear that if you stole something from him...” Stan slowly put the item back in his pocket while Carla and their kids facepalmed. “Seriously dad?” Dillon deadpanned. “I need to buy ice and who caused these bruises?! Him!” He argued. He was simply getting his compensation!

“Did that man pick on you too, dad?” Mabel asked Sherman as they walked. “Well, not at school because he’s way older than me, but when we learned your mom was pregnant with you two he was the first one to harass me about it. And he was a grown ass man at the time, messing with a teenager!” The twins scowled annoyed. “What an asshole.” Dipper stated.

Seb sighed as he hugged Zoe. “Well, I think I'll be happier if we just stayed away from him for the rest of the summer.” Stan laughed. “If his damn mouth keeps doing that, he's probably gonna hide
away in his house for the rest of the summer!”

“Daddy, I want ice cream.” Zoe asked and Seb smiled. “Hey, guys, you think that store we used to go as kids is still around?”

“We should check!” Stan nodded. Ford, still holding Miz’s hand, frowned at her. She pouted. “What? I didn’t hurt him. So it’s fine right?”

Ford sighed. Well, she wasn’t wrong. But that didn’t make her right. “Even if someone isn’t a good person, you shouldn’t go around using your powers on them like this all the time. We should avoid calling attention to ourselves. No powers in public.” Miz pouted but nodded. “Ok, but if I meet more people who hurt you all, I’ll get mad. And I’m not going to hold back on protecting you all.” She warned. The man with glasses smiled and ruffled her hair. “I appreciate your concern, but we are grown adults now, not kids.”

They heard Stan cheer. “Look! The ice cream place is still here!” Stan and Seb raced for the building, laughing like children. It wasn’t large enough for everyone to fit inside so they sent a few adults in to get the treats for everyone else.

“Aw man...this is so nostalgic...” Seb sighed as he licked his ice cream cone. “Hey, wanna head to the harbor and check out the docks for stuff?” His twins cheered and hugged his pants.

The sun shone down at them as they walked. “Everything looks samey...but also different-y.” Shermie commented, making a face that reminded Seb a lot of Mabel. Wow, he really resembled the twins. Or rather, the twins resembled him. Those Pines genes. The little twins saw the beach ahead and wanted to run off but Seb caught their hands. “No, behave. We will stay with everyone, ok?”

They all walked around licking their ice cream and listening to the sound of the waves. They passed some fishermen and townspeople. The children wanted to check everything out but they had a quiet day out otherwise. Miz stared at the boats. Fish~

Ford noticed her longing look and chuckled. “Seriously?”

“I love fish, let me be.” Miz punched his side jokingly. “Steamed fish, grilled fish, raw fish, ground fish...”

She spent the rest of the day talking about all the different ways to prepare fish. Ford nodded, wondering if it had to do with anything Bill related or it was just Miz’s personal likings. Anyway, he should remember this for the future, who knew when it could be important.

“You always came to the beach?” Dipper asked the adults. Shermie huffed. “THEY went to the beach, they never took me, nice big brothers they were.”

“You ungrateful brat, I always took you out!” Seb complained. “Yeah, but not the three of you.”

“Did you seriously expect us, as teens, with an image to uphold, to take our toddler brother everywhere? Do you know how embarrassing that would have been?” Stan complained. Shermie shrugged and looked at the women. “You see? They thought I was an embarrassment.”

Miz frowned. “I took my youngest sister with me everywhere, with my last human family.” Which made everyone wonder about what other human family Miz had. “How is that embarrassing?” She legitimately didn’t know.
“Stan was the popular one, of course it was embarrassing for him because his friends were jocks and idiots.” Seb shrugged. “Like that one time we accompanied Fordsie to buy his DD and more D game, the ‘cool’ one with the rap song, and you abandoned me there with Shermie and Ford JUST because they saw you!”

Dipper burst out laughing. Diggity Dungeons...

Miz stared at Ford. “And...THAT wasn't embarrassing?” She raised an eyebrow at him. Ford blushed. “It was a dark time in my life…”

Shermie grinned widely. “Right! I remember! It was that time you started wearing all colorful and neon clothes, right?”


Ford didn't want to admit that Miz judging him hit harder than expected.

“I was excited and many people were doing the same!” Ford complained. “The 90s were dark times…” Seb nodded to himself. “I want to see pictures!” Mabel demanded. “I NEED them! Grandma, I’d gave you my blood!”

Kari chuckled. “I do not have my albums here I’m afraid...they are in New York at my house.” Mabel groaned and Ford sighed in relief. “Miz! Can you magic them to us?!” Mabel looked at the girl pleadingly. “No, please!” Ford pleaded and Miz grinned wickedly.

She looked around to make sure no one was watching before flicking her fingers and pulling Ford’s jacket open to tug out the photo album that was now in there. “Boop! One album of embarrassing photos!”

“Of Ford?” Stan grinned.

“Of the four of you~” Miz grinned even wider as fear and dread started coming out of them like waves. Ah~ Fear! “I’m just being fair of course. Fordsie shouldn’t have to suffer alone.”

Now the brothers were panicking. “No! Please! Stop it!” They knew those photos shouldn’t even exist! For all they knew, Miz could have created them looking into theirs and Mom’s memories! “Let’s go somewhere to look at them!” Miz announced and everyone followed her laughing.

The triplets and Shermie stayed frozen to the floor. “So...how about a collective suicide?” Seb muttered. His brothers all whimpered and nodded.

They sat down and Miz cackled as she opened the album. Mabel squee’d “Omigosh! They’re so TINY!”

That was a cute photo. The triplets were little and drinking from their feeding bottles with their little eyes closed. The triplets shared a look. That wasn’t that bad...

In the next one they were a little older, and were sitting on a mattress staring at something. It was easy to spot Seb and they had to look at the babies’ hands to see who was Ford and who was Stan. They really looked similar. Kari put her hands on her chest. Her babies~

“OH MY GOD!” Mabel roared. Why were they SO cute!!??
“I know.” Kari smiled as Carla and Wanda squealed. “Daddy, why is your eye yellow?” Zach asked, pointing at the baby. “He used to have his eye like that, but he doesn’t have it anymore.” Wanda explained easily. Zach nodded and accepted the explanation.

Kari flipped the page and everyone laughed. The triplets were eating spaghetti. A little Stanford was crying his eyes out, judging by his red face, Stanley ate his food oblivious and Seb was smiling widely, showing off proudly his front tooth and 2 little fangs and an empty bowl he definitely poured over his brother’s head. “That was a good day.” Seb commented and Ford glared half-heartedly at him.

“Wait, you remember this?!” Stan gaped and Seb shrugged. “I was conscious as a baby...my body was just way behind me.”

“So you remember being a baby?! Everything?!” Shermie exclaimed and Seb nodded slowly. “You...don’t?” What the heck? He thought everyone remembered it! “No? My earliest memory is at...4? Maybe 3.” Ford scratched the back of his head.

Kari took a hand to her mouth, eyes wide. “Oh god…” She couldn’t believe Sebastian remembered those years! She sobered when she remembered how much she fought with Filbrick when they were just babies, the things Filbrick and his family called Seb...and he was hearing it all...she slowly turned the page, regretting not doing something sooner.

They saw ‘photos’ of Stan and Ford asleep, Ford slumped over his pillow with a book on his face and Stan halfway off his bed. “Where’s daddy?” Zach asked.

“I didn't share a room with them.” Seb responded. He was also sure now that these photos weren't real photos but images received via Miz's All Seeing powers. There was a photo of little Seb clinging to a much younger Kari's dress, peeking out from behind her. “Aww~granny Kari was so pretty~”

“I'm still gorgeous.” Kari laughed. She was sitting down with her grandchildren surrounding her, on her lap and was tracing the photos fondly. There was a photo of child Seb and Stan trying to escape bathitime, convenient items in the foreground of the shot blocking anything explicit. Kari laughed. Magical photo album? Amazing.

There was a photo of the triplets at Halloween. Everyone laughed at the adorableness. Then there was Shermie being born. Seb's dark scowl aimed at the baby even as he clung to Kari's side, knuckles white. Shermie's bedroom being set up. Kari paused at the photo of Sebastian huddled in the dark attic, alone and far from his family. Oh...

There were photos of Seb glaring at Shermie and eventually the panicked look on Seb's face as Shermie choked. They gasped at the photo of Seb carrying Shermie in his arms as he ran, a look of desperation on his face. These were DEFINITELY photos formed from magic. Kari was...amazed actually.

She considered her adopted granddaughter. “Miz? Wanna learn how to scam people with psychic readings?”

“Ma! Don't teach Miz terrible things! Besides, she's already pretty good at that sort of thing.” Seb sighed. Stan scoffed. “I bet she doesn't even need to do FAKE psychic readings…”

Shermie stared at the progression photos of Seb handing the baby Shermie off to the nurses at the hospital. Wow. Seb really did save his life...he gave his older brother a quick hug.
The photos progressed as the triplets got older. The three of them playing at the beach. Finding the boat. Standing on each other's shoulders to try the trench coat trick for sneaking into R rated movies. Eating meals together. Kari flipped the pages as everyone giggled and Aww'ed at images of her children growing up.

There was a photo of Filbrick, tall, imposing and Seb, tiny little Seb, who had always been smaller than his triplets, crying on the ground, holding a hand to his red cheek. The children gasped and turned to look at Seb. He flushed. “I...I broke something. He...he was just punishing me…”

There was a photo of Filbrick tossing Sebastian outside the house, the snapshot taken while Sebastian was still in the air, mid-throw, Filbrick's face twisted into a scowl. Seb looked away “I did something bad again...it just...happened.”

Zach and Zoe were frowning. “Who is this mean man?” Dillon, Diego, Mabel and Dipper were frowning as well. Kari tightened her grip on the book. The brothers were quiet. “That's grandpa Fildick.” Miz said. Her tone was cheerful in a way that lent to a sense of foreboding. “He was really mean.” The twins looked confused. “Not Grandpa Matsuda?”

Miz shook her head. “Filbrick was granny Kari’s husband. But he was never a dad to Seb. That’s why Matsuda was Seb’s dad instead.” That seemed to explain enough, so the twins just nodded. “I’m glad Fill-bic isn’t our grandpa. He looks mean.”

There were photos of the Stans cheerfully playing together right next to photos of the beatings Seb received from Filbrick. Kari trembled. She couldn't see Miz's face since she was sitting in her lap with her back towards her. The younger children were beginning to look distressed. “Why is Fill-bic hurting daddy? Why does he keep doing it?” Zach whimpered.

“Because grandpa was scared and angry and instead of talking about how he felt, he hit daddy to make himself feel better.” Miz explained. Zoe whined. “L-like that fat man from this morning?” Kari felt Miz nod. “Exactly. But WORSE, because Fildick was a dad and dad's are supposed to take care of their kids…”

Seb grimaced and looked like he wanted to stop this whole thing. He looked away, what was this about?

The next photos featured the triplets a little older, teens now, and were in the living room with Shermie. They were grinning with food in their mouths, so it wasn’t a toothy smile, and Shermie’s mouth was covered in chocolate. It would have been a cute photo but Seb's face was a little bruised. “Oh...I...I fell.” Seb tried to excuse lamely but no one bought his words. Not with the other photos of what Filbrick did to him.

Kari trembled. The guilt was tearing her up inside. Seeing the photo, seeing the bruises that appeared on Seb's tiny body as the photos went on...she should have done something. She should have stood up for her baby more. “Not your fault, granny Kari.” Miz leaned back against her. “It wasn't your fault. It was only his fault. You're a victim too.” She reassured the old woman.

Stan gently flipped the page to continue looking. He had a pretty good suspicion this album wasn’t to embarrass them… He narrowed his eyes. Miz was trying to get something here, he knew a scheme when he saw it.

The next page made everyone flinch. Broken glass in a store. The triplets and Shermie staring at the football that had been thrown. “I-I threw the ball...should have listened to you, Sixer…” Stan smiled sheepishly. Seb covered the twins’ eyes at the next photo, where he was leaning on his hands in the glass, Filbrick had kicked him to the floor.
The kids weren’t allowed to look as the photos of Seb progressed, it showed how Seb ran away from the house, clutching his bloody hands to his chest as the man with glasses yelled something at him. The next photo featured Seb in a park helping an old man.

“Oh my god…” Seb whispered as he blinked back his tears. He hadn’t seen him since the funeral...he looked so healthy here, and smiling. “Who is he?” Mabel smiled. “He looks like a kind grandpa who gives you candies.”

“Matsuda...M-My fa-boss, my first boss…” Ford frowned, remembering the conversation he had with Miz months ago. Seb worked to earn his stay at the house...

"Grandpa!!” The young twins cheered. Kari didn't correct them.

The man, Matsuda, was treating Seb’s hand and the teen (why was he still so short?) smiled tearfully at him. A photo of Seb helping Matsuda in his workshop. “This man was the one who taught you to make clothes?” Kari gasped. Seb smiled proudly. “He was the absolute best! He even helped me with homework when I didn’t understand and no one was willing to help me, not even the useless teachers.”

“I could have helped.” Ford frowned and Seb smiled. “No offense, Sixer, but you had an incredibly short temper when it came to teaching me...I understand Stanley was easier to work with.” Stan shrugged. “We're just not as big on nerd books.” Ford rolled his eyes. Ugh, why were his brothers like this. They continued through the photo album.

Things got worse as they got older. Seb was isolated more and more as Ford tried to avoid him while Stanley was trying his best to be there for both of them. There were some photos from the dance that made Wanda smile. “That’s when Seb and I officially met.” She fondly traced the photo of Seb smirking as he utterly roasted the boy who had tried to use her.

Zach and Zoe cooed. “Mommy looks so young!”

“Mommy is still young!” Wanda complained. Carla laughed. “You know, your meeting will never be more romantic than ours~” She taunted the blonde. Stan nodded solemnly. “I was her hero. I punched a thief in the face.” Diego and Dillon gasped. So cool. Miz made the photos appear on the next page. Stan saving Carla as people cheered at him. Then watching the movie together and then kissing in the cinema. The kids made disgusted noises.

“You kissed on your literal first date?” Seb deadpanned. Stan shrugged “What can I say? I’m the best~” The brothers shoved each other playfully. Mabel and Dipper stared at their parents. “How did you two meet?”

“In a party.” “At school.” They said at unison. They looked at each other with frowns. “What the fuck? I met you at Jimmy’s place!” Abigail frowned. “Abi, we shared classes!” Shermie grimaced. “You looked hot at that party though…” She teased and the youngest Pines brother while he rolled his eyes. “We dated for a while, it was really nice. Your mom knew everyone and we got free passes to cool places with cool drinks and fun things to take.” Shermie explained. Kari and Seb scowled at him disapprovingly, not liking to hear about when the man used to do drugs.

“And before we knew it, you two little blessings came into our life!” Shermie smiled at his grown up kids. “Your dad was pissing himself when you were born.” Seb grinned. “He called me up crying and screaming for help.” Everyone cooed when the magic photo illustrated the day. “Oh yeah? Well, I was young, and away from mom. Why don’t you tell everyone how you called me crying as well when your twins were born?”
“They were premature and I was scared!” Seb shrieked. Stan rolled his eyes. They had been super chill about Carla’s pregnancy. He had been more worried about Dillon’s self esteem actually. Stan sighed. Once more, he was the only normal one in the family. They looked at the photo album. “So...how did Miz and Uncle Ford meet?” Dipper asked. They all stared at the magical photo album in anticipation even as Ford buried his face and Stan coughed.

The photo showed Ford kicking sand into Bill’s eye with a deraged, sleep deprived expression on his face. Everyone stared at the photo in deadpan before turning to Ford. “How are you not dead?” Seb gasped.

“I, contrary to popular belief, have a lot of self control… sometimes ” Miz laughed as Ford moaned. “Besides, I had just met you at the time, so I put two and two together and decided I couldn’t let your triplets die.” she reached back to pat Ford's leg. “I came pretty close though.”

Seb shuddered. “I'm very grateful you didn't kill my stupid brother.” Miz smiled at his friend. “Then I helped them survive. Oh look! Stan is playing with 8-Ball here!” She showed them the photo.

“Dad, you had long hair like a girl!!” Diego gasped and Carla snorted loudly. There was a photo of William holding Stan down and dressing him. “Aren't we skipping forward too much?” Dillon asked. “I wanna see dad when he joined the football team!”

“Ah, those were good times.” Stan nodded. “It was in college! Show them!” He looked at Miz. “Please~?” Mabel poked his cheek and he sighed. “Please.” He added. Kari’s heart skipped a beat every time she remembered how her free spirit went to college. She had been so incredibly proud.

Miz (with her plan in mind: showing everyone how badly Filbrick had treated Seb to try and make them mad enough to allow her to go after the man) turned the page and there were photos of the Stans getting their high school diplomas and getting into college, there was a photo of Stan with his football team...and a few members of the family winced. Seb was nowhere to be seen.

“Where is dad?” Zach asked again. Why wasn’t dad in most of the family photos? It didn’t make sense. Seb ruffled his hair. “I was babysitting Jackson Novikov.”

“The ice skater?” Dillon blinked. Seb nodded proudly. “But why aren’t you at your graduation?” He asked. They were the same age, so babysitting happened at the same time.

“I...didn’t graduate with my brothers...” Seb said softly, feeling his chest clenching painfully. Wanda squeezed his six-fingered hand. Dillon looked confused. “Why not?” Half the family winced. Miz turned the page and leaned back with a sigh. "Well, that's because of this."They looked at the photos and froze. After a few seconds Dillon said firmly “I want to punch grandfather.”

The twins’ eyes turned red. “I will burn him.” Zoe felt her fire forming in her palm. “Me too!” Zach growled and the rest of the cousins nodded. “Guys, guys, it’s ok! I don’t care about that anymore! I-I broke Stanford’s project and I know he hated me, it wasn’t that surprising...no one probably cared except for you, guys...” Seb looked at his mom, Stan, Shermie and Wanda.

Wanda closed her eyes. No one wondered why Seb wasn’t in school after that. She had heard people laughing...feeling relieved they wouldn’t have to see him again...It wasn’t fair.

Miz spoke up softly “I know where Fildick sleeps. And that his bedroom window isn't secure.”

“No, you guys aren’t doing shit. Just ignore it please.” Seb begged his family. He didn’t want to be
anywhere near that man. He was fine as it was. He was happy with his *real* family. The blond twins stared at the photo of the Pawnshop in concentration, memorizing every detail.

They urged the photos to be about happier things. Stan making friends and doing well in college, Ford and Fiddleford being lab buddies and Shermie raising a tiny Mabel and Dipper, mixed up as well. There were photos of Wanda finding Seb again.

The next photo made everyone gasped. It was Seb, but he had his eyepatch over his right eye, grinning as he looked around the room full of dead people with his yellow eye. Seb choked down a sob. “N-No! It wasn’t me!” Miz blinked. Shit, she hadn't actually meant to show that particular one. Shit, but this was something that had been on her mind for a while and it just--

"Sebastian, what the-" Ford whispered and stared at his brother in shock. Wanda averted her eyes. Seb told her but...God, this was horrible.

Seb looked at Miz with a tight mouth and a glare, but tears in his eye.

Miz winced back. "Sorry, but it just..." she wiggled.

"Do you think I don't have a reason to not talk about this?!” Seb spat as his eye turned red.

"But--" Miz shrank back, not used to being yelled at by Seb. "It was not your fault!" Miz insisted. "You wanted to die and Bill took advantage of that.” Miz said quietly. "He talked you into it, he tricked you into letting go and giving yourself to him. But none of that was your fault.” She looked up at him. “It was the assholes who kept stressing you--" she tried to say.

"Shut up!" Seb shouted and Miz winced. She realized Seb was looking at Zach and Zoe. Shit, she said all that in front of them, didn't she?

"I don't care. I never wanted to talk about that." Seb growled. It hurt. It was the most horrible thing he had done, he surrendered to his demon part, he didn't want to relive the pain again, didn't want his family to know.

"But you can't keep this all bottled up forever. Either you talk to your family about it or I keep showing photos.” Miz was being stubborn now, bristling up in response to the push back. A part of her (probably her mental Zyun-Kei) was saying this was a bad idea, but she couldn't stop now.

Stan tensed. This wasn't good.

Seb glared as his hands burned. "You are not telling me how to fucking deal with my life, Bill.” He said, managing to make a very deep voice as opposed to his usual high one.

Miz's eyes went wide. She trembled and shrank in on herself. Wanda reached down to pull her up and away. "Miz. You did something very bad. Apologize."

"I'm s-sorry…” Miz whimpered.

"It’s over, it’s done! It’s in the past! Why do you think you can bring it back up?” He gasped. Miz played with the bottom of her shirt, pulling and twisting the fabric. “Because there were things left unsaid that I thought should be addressed. Because I want to see you all talk about this instead of ignoring it.”

"But I didn't want to do that. And you shouldn't have forced me to."

Everyone else was shocked and didn't know if they should look away.
"I… just…” Miz’s knuckles were white where they clenched her shirt. Then she closed her eyes and took a deep breath. "I'm sorry. I shouldn't have…"

Seb rubbed his eye with his forearm. He just wanted to forget about it. Forget it happened. But he couldn’t, he still had the occasional nightmare…though they stopped since Miz started living with him…Maybe Miz saw…But still, it wasn’t her place!

Miz sniffled. "I'm sorry."

Seb sighed, ran a hand through his hair and wondered what to do in this situation. Miz did something bad. And like the twins when they did something bad, she had to be punished. But what exactly could he even do? Then it hit him.

"You're not allowed ice cream for a week." Seb finally said. "As punishment for pushing into things that weren't your business."

The look of horror on her face was enough to make Seb crack a smile.

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The mood changed after that. The kids were sent to play somewhere else while the teens and adults were just sitting there, staring at nothing. Miz was hugging her legs and leaning against Ford while Seb was leaning against his mother. None of them wanted to ask about what they saw, and honestly no one wanted to know.

Ford was still thinking too hard though, trying to piece the information he got together. Seb was on the streets, because Filbrick kicked him out, then he lived horrible, to the point he wanted to die, and he gave up his body to Bill? Well, Bill as in his demon self…and he killed...

Miz pinched his side softly. “Not your fault. Fildick’s fault.” She sighed. Ford shook his head. “Our father may have thrown him out…but I was the one who chose to not care about it…”

“You were a stupid teenager, who grew into a stupid adult.” Miz poked his side. “You were spoiled, idiotic, selfish, blind to your own faults, pig-headed, stubborn…” With each word, Ford curled into himself more and more. “…and then you grew past that.” Miz finished. She draped herself over Ford’s shoulder, still feeling down for hurting her soul brother, she didn’t mean it.

“You got over yourself. You realized you were wrong and you’re trying to make up for it.” She said simply. “Most idiots I know never move past their own ignorance. You’re trying. You’re better.” She sighed. Ford looked up at her. “Not gonna lie, you were an absolute asshole. But you’re trying not to be. That says a lot, you know?”

Ford sighed. “But it doesn’t change how much I hurt Sebastian…it doesn’t make up for everything he had to go through because of my stupid…selfishness…” His shoulders shook. He already apologized to him, but everytime he thought about their past, it was like bringing it up all over again.

He treated him so bad, and Seb still spent 13 years fixing that portal just to get them back.

Miz sighed and smushed Ford’s cheeks. "Seb loves you and Stan." She really shouldn't have insisted...Brother said she had to work on that. Why were mental attacks so hard to figure out? "Don't forget you still had your own issues created by your horrible father. And to be fair--" She lowered her voice. "Seb was a difficult child to be around. You were ALL idiots back then.” She pinched his cheek. “And you all grew up and got over it.” She stroked his sharp jawline and smiled. It made her feel a little better when she managed to make him smile as well.
"Hey, guys, I'm hungry...Um, how about we go eat? My treat!" Miz offered, looking at Seb carefully. He rubbed his face. "And where're you getting that money from?" Seb managed to joke. He was still mad, but he couldn't stay mad forever. He got a lot of hugs from his mom and while Sebastian still wasn't in any state to talk about what went down between himself and his demon half, he understood that Miz had been trying to help in her own fucked up way. Sometimes she understood people and sometimes she didn't.

Seb walked over and ruffled Miz's hair. "As part of your punishment, you have to wait till dinnertime, when the sun sets." Miz whined. "Noooooo~!" He left her and she glanced at her growling stomach. "Uwu..." Careful to note any malicious intentions, she walked off to find food.

Miz looked around and stared at the hotdogs on the cooking rack. Creating matter used up a lot of energy, but simply moving things around was easy.

She made a grasping motion but before she could have that delicious hot dog in her hands, her shoulder was grabbed and she was turned around. Her eyes went wide and she tensed up for a second. Hey~ It was Fordsie! She relaxed.

"Are you trying to steal from that hard working man?" He raised an eyebrow. It distracted Miz a little, he looked handsome when he did that... "...I'm hungry and Seb said I couldn't eat yet." she sighed. Now Fordsie will get angry at her too.

"Well..." He glanced back at the family and then at Miz. "There's nothing about me buying something for myself and letting you have some." He grinned. "If you want?" Ford laughed when the demon clung to him. "YES! Thank you~"

"As long as you don't try to steal again. It's wrong, this guy works hard." He cautioned with a stern look. Miz nodded eagerly. She was going to leave him a ruby, but it was so cute of Fordsie to try and teach her right from wrong~

Wanda crossed her arms. Dumb Ford helping Miz cheat...Expected from a partner though...

It didn't take long to go eat because the group accepted they were hungry too. They argued over which restaurant to go to before finding a sandwich/burger place. “There, we can all choose which thing we want and there won't be an issue.”

They all agreed and sat down to check the menu. Miz was drooling at all the different fish sandwiches. “Monkfish?” She gasped. “Swordfish? Tilapia!” She drooled. “I don't know what to choose!” Zoe and Zach gagged. “Fish is gross.” Zoe said. “They're slimy!”

“Fish is delish!” Miz said vehemently. “Ooh~do they have yellowtail?” Dipper and Mabel laughed. “You really like fish?” Miz nodded. “I like all meat but fish is nice because there's so many different kinds that all taste different!” She sighed happily at the thought.

“Well you need to decide on one.” Dillon pointed out. Miz whined. “Either Swordfish or Monkfish...” she couldn't decide. Wanda patted her head. “We have all summer. You can try a different fish everyday.” Miz lit up. “Ooooh!” She looked at the menu. “Eeny meeny miny you!” She declared. “Monkfish!”

Dipper and Mabel shuddered.

They ordered some things to snack on while waiting. “Seb! You should totally get the swordfish.” Miz said immediately to her brother. She quickly remembered what happened and looked down. "You know, if you want, don't want to force you or anything..."
Seb pouted. He shouldn't have shouted like that, he was upset, and Miz WAS in the wrong, but he didn't want her to be afraid of suggesting things! "It's-It's ok… suggestions are fine, but if its something serious, we need to talk it out before you do anything." He tried smiling. Wanda rubbed his shoulder. "If you get swordfish she's gonna steal it." The blonde teased.

"Theft is fine if you're hungry!" Miz declared. Ford and Stan winced at the memory of stealing food while in space.

"I never stole when I was hungry." Seb told her (making Stan and Ford feel more guilty) and ordered a swordfish anyway. Everyone shifted awkwardly. Zoe and Zach looked up from their fried fish. "Then what did you eat when you were hungry?" Zach asked innocently.

"I didn’t…” Seb smiled. "I just waited until I was not grounded, or until I found someone who would hire me to wash the dishes at a restaurant in exchange for food.” He looked at his mom, as if he was going to tell her he learned to be good from her, but she was looking at him sadly.

"Miz.” Kari said simply “You can't take Sebastian's food.” Miz nodded and went back to stealing Dipper's fries. Ford, Stan and Shermie were quiet.

"Miz makes sure we all eat though.” Seb told his mother with a small grin. He really didn't want his sister to feel bad because of him. " She would create the ingredients herself if she had to. Or teleport lunch to Wanda if she forgot to grab it in the morning. And reminds me to eat when I get engrossed in my work."


“It’s ok, I have Dipper’s fries.” She took another one. Dipper groaned. “Why me?!" Mabel grinned and took another fry. Shermie chuckled “Do you want us to buy you some fries?”

Miz nodded excitedly and Dipper looked at his dad like he was some kind of benevolent god, saver of fries. Shermie laughed. “You kids eat a lot. Watch out or you might turn into your food.”


“Is this just always going to be a thing?” Dipper groaned. “This fascination you have with eating humans?” Miz pouted. “Well, don't you guys ever wonder?"

“I heard they taste like pork.” Seb mused. “LOOK a distraction!” Dipper pointed as the waitress brought out the other food they ordered. Seb tilted his head in thought even as he picked up his swordfish burger. “Would Miz be so curious about the taste of Flatlanders, I wonder…”

“They taste like wheat.” Miz answered as she stole another fry. Everyone around the table froze except Seb who nodded. “Oh, right. You ate your brother…by accident…”

“And the ground up bodies of the dead.” Miz shrugged. Stan groaned. “Can you two NOT?! Some of us are trying ta eat here!”

Seb ignored him. “How did you eat dead people?” He shoved a few fries to his mouth. Miz shuddered. “It was actually pretty horrible to discover. This fucked up Flatland used the corpses of dead people and other shit to make baby formula.”

Everyone gaped horrified and Seb stuck his tongue out. “Horrible, but not surprised. All
Flatlanders are disgusting little creatures.” Miz nodded. “So I'm used to cannibalizing my own kind.”

“Cool.” Seb commented as he took a bite of his swordfish burger. “Oh. Shit. This is delicious.”

“Oh, so, I didn't need to know that…” Stan pouted, disgusted at the idea. The family continued eating, eventually the traumatizing information was pushed back to enjoy and laugh in the company of their big family.

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After eating, the Pines headed back to their hotel to change and get ready for a beach night. They had to enjoy the beach while it was clean and beautiful after all. With the summer pulling in tourists, it wouldn't be long for things to get dirty again.

The women rocked their bikinis, and the 3 youngest brothers gaped at their wives. Goddammit they were some lucky bastards! How the hell they managed to get wives so pretty as them?! They attacked them with kisses the moment they saw them.

Miz was wearing the swimsuit she bought too. She blushed when Wanda told her she looked lovely. They all headed down to the beach, lit up with torches as people played and some even grilling barbeques, where Mabel immediately ran towards the nearest group of teenage boys, screaming loudly “HEYO! GUESS WHO'S SINGLE AND READY TO MINGLE!!”

Shermie and Abigail facepalmed when the boys ran away screaming in fear. Abigail held back a sob “We're never going to get grandkids!” Shermie patted her back. “Don't worry. Dipper has a girlfriend. Besides, we're still too young to be grandparents, give her time until we actually look the right age.” Abigail wailed “We will never get grandkids!”

Dipper twitched. “Oi?!” He growled at how everyone always picked on him. He held a bag with another whole order of French fries his dad had bought him to-go. He munched on his fries to make himself feel better.

“Gimme your fries.” Miz jumped to try and snatch the to-go bag from Dipper. He held it out of her reach. “No! These are mine!” Miz pouted and jumped again, Dipper backpedaled, tripped over his own feet and sent the bag flying. The fries flew everywhere and the seagulls descended upon them like the ravenous flying trash compactors they were.

“Aaaaahhhhh!!” Dipper shrieked as they surrounded him.

While everyone was distracted by the flock of seagulls, Miz snuck up to her siblings. “Hey. Come on.” Zoe blinked at her sister. “Where are we going?” Miz pulled them away from the family trying to fight off the seagulls. “We're going to see meanie grandpa.”

“What? He's not my grandpa and I don’t want to see him! He was mean to my daddy and he hurt him and made him cry!” Zach sniffled. Miz and the kids walked away from the adults’ sight. “And that’s why we’re gonna make him pay, because no one hurts Sebas and gets away with it, right?”

The twins’ eyes turned red as they grinned maliciously. Miz knew the distraction she caused would buy them at least 20 minutes…

“Ahhh! They're in my shirt!!!!”

...make that 30 minutes.
Miz held onto Zach and Zoe's hand before Blanking away.

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They appeared in the alleyway near the pawnshop. Miz huffed. Good thing she ate all those fries. Starches like potatoes worked wonders for building up her energy. “Alright. Let's fuck him up.” She growled. Her brother and sister grinned with mouths filled with needle-like teeth.

“What is the plan? Can we burn his face?” Zoe asked excitedly. “We can make things float and break all the glass and cut him like he made daddy cut his hands as a kid!” Zach growled.

Miz was so proud. They were adorable, but evil inside when they needed to be. “Well…” She grinned, her eyes turning yellow. “Let's try absolute terror first…”

The demon and the kids entered the store, smiling. The man behind the counter wasn’t like the one in the photos, hitting their small daddy. His hair was almost white, and he was old, much older. He was practically defenseless...even better! Miz scowled. This fucker hurt Sebas when he was a kid, also defenseless and unable to protect himself. He deserved to suffer.

“Yes? Good evening…” He greeted them seriously. He wondered what 3 kids wanted in the store. The Asian looking girl had her head down as she glanced around the shop. “Nice place” She said in a curious voice. Filbrick sighed. “Look kids, you should get back to your parents before they worry.”

“Are parents supposed to worry?” The girl asked, still not looking up at him. Filbrick internally cursed whatever parents these kids had for letting them wander around unsupervised. “Yes. I’m sure your parents are very worried.” he watched one of the blond children flip his open sign to closed.

The girl walked around until she was in front of the counter, looking at his displays. “It's funny you should say that…” She slowly raised her head to look at him while the other two kids stood to either side of her with wide, disturbing grins.

“...considering YOU’VE never cared.” The girl grinned at him, eyes wide and glowing yellow with slit pupils.

The man’s eyes behind his glasses widened and he quickly stood up from his chair. He took a hand to his chest. Those eyes! Those eyes! “No, no! What do you want from me?!” He cried. “Oh~nothing much~just here to get a little...vengeance for what you did.” The girl walked forward and the two other children began giggling. The shutters on the store all closed. The door behind him that led to the house clicked shut and locked itself. Objects around the shop began to float.

“Tell me, dear Filbrick~” the little girl (No. Not a girl. A demon!) purred. “For what reason, did you mistreat your children so?”

“I-I never...I never…my sons had everything I could gi-give them! They had a house and food!”

“LIAR!” The blonde girl screamed and threw an object at him, just missing because she didn’t want to hurt him yet. Her eyes turned red. “You hurt one! You didn’t give him a house or food! You were a BAD dad! Don’t lie!!”

Filbrick screamed and closed his eyes when the object broke just next to his face. “I do-don't know what you're talking about!” He stuttered. He tried to run but his legs were frozen. He could only watch in horror as the three demons stalked closer.
“LIAR!” the little boy growled. He waved his hand and the display cases all shattered when the objects inside slammed against it. “You yelled at him and hit him! You pulled his hair and made him CRY!”

Filbrick gasped when his feet began to move on their own. His hands also began to move without his control. They were reaching down, toward the broken glass on the ground. “No! No please!” He cried. “Please stop!”

“Please?” The demon with the yellow eyes asked, tilting its head to the side. “That's what HE said too. But you never listened. You never stopped.” Filbrick cried out as he fell to his knees, wincing at the sharp prick of glass through his pants. His hands were hovering right above the glass. “So…” the demon came up and pulled his glasses off, forcing him to stare directly into its horrible eyes.

“... why should we?” The demon asked. It stared down at him and frowned. “How many sons did you have?” The man's sensitive eyes narrowed as they were filled with tears. “Th-Three…”

“Wrong answer.” Filbrick's hands were forced down into the glass and he screamed. He shrieked even louder when the two blond kids stomped on on his hands, grinding them into the glass shards. “That’s not true!! You had FOUR!” They screamed. “And you hit him and punched him and insulted him when he did nothing wrong!” The boy spat. They had angry tears shining in their eyes.

“Please let me go! I haven’t seen that-that demon for almost 20 years!” He sobbed, watching his blood slowly coming out of his hands.

The demon with yellow eyes grinned. “That boy wasn’t a demon, much less the one you were thinking about...I, on the other hand, am, and a very powerful one at that...and I don’t like shitty parents…” She sneered.

Filbrick trembled when she placed her hands along his neck, her hands were so small it took two to reach around, and began squeezing. He wheezed and gasped, he wanted to get away but he couldn't move. The two blond demons were still stepping on his hands, crushing and grinding at his fingers.

Filbrick couldn't even look away from those eyes. They stared at him, unblinking and filled with malice. His vision was beginning to swim. He was going to die...

He was going to die, killed by demons, like his brother, he would die alone, without any family, no one was going to know. He lost his wife, and his sons...he was going to die.

Before the twins could join Miz in squeezing this horrible man's neck, they hear the door being blown open. “WAIT! STOP!” They turned around and saw Sebastian with his triplets, panting and with a pained grimace on his face.

“Daddy?” The blonde girl winced. Filbrick gasped for air when they let go of his throat. He watched in disbelief as that demon who replaced his son waved his arms and made the children float away from him. “You three are GROUNDED!” Seb gasped. The girl with the yellow eyes, which faded into a dark brown, almost black, whined. “But Seb~”

“No. You three are in SO much trouble you hear me?!” Sebastian yelled at them. As Filbrick gasped for air and stared at the knowledge these little demons were that demon's children, his eyes widened as two ghosts appeared. “S...Stanley...St...Ford?” He croaked through his bruised windpipe. He had seen the news, but to actually see them...He went to Stanford's funeral, Stanley was declared dead as well.
Stanford, yes, he had six fingers, glared at the asian-looking demon. “You seriously took the twins here to kill our father! If Seb hadn’t looked for you with his powers you would have made them commit a crime!” He scolded the girl, sounding more worried about the act than the fact that Filbrick could have died. She frowned. “But HE DESERVES IT!”

“This is our, MY problem with him, not my kids’ and not yours, Miz!” Seb sniffled. “Please get them out of here…” He pleaded, unable to hold back his tears. Stan nodded and easily picked up Zach and Zoe under one arm and Miz under the other. The children whined and protested as Stan carried them out of the shop. Filbrick only realized then that he was shivering. He also realized that Ford had been picking the glass out of his hands and bandaging them.

Filbrick stiffened when the demon came closer. “How is he, Sixer?” He was staring at Filbrick, the old man trembled. Ford sighed. “A bit of blood loss, shock and a bruised trachea, otherwise, he’s fine. So long as his cuts don’t get infected at least.” Seb sighed. “Thank Ax we made it on time.” He was so relieved.

The man wearing an eyepatch looked down at the old man with tears in his eye. “...S-See? I didn’t kill my brothers…” He said softly. “I-I brought them back, I can be good, Filbrick…” Seb quickly wiped his tears. He wasn't ready for this and Miz forced him to dive head-first to it. She was in SO much trouble after all this! No deserts for the ENTIRE summer! Or maybe even the rest of the year! No, 5 years!

The old man coughed as he stared in disbelief at him. The younger man looked around and Seb slowly picked up the discarded glasses. He turned to the man. “We...as kids, we thought you didn’t have eyes for the longest time…” He smiled sadly and offered him the pair of dark glasses.

Filbrick was still too stunned to move. He was so confused as to what had just happened. He would have thought he imagined the whole thing if his hands weren’t in pain and his shop hadn’t been trashed. “W-wha…” He gasped. Seb sighed. “I’m really sorry about this. Miz and my kids were...really mad about, you know, fucking me up in my childhood.”

Ford crossed his arms over his chest. Miz had told him, he probably knew better why Filbrick treated him that way for more reasons than being ‘the freak son’ or ‘being a bad kid’ “And with reason...everyone is mad about what happened…” Ford sighed.

Filbrick was still gaping in shock, unmoving. “Your...kids…” He whispered. Seb put his glasses just in front of him and looked down, rubbing his arm. “Y-Yeah...I-I guess your grand...children, biologically, but they really aren’t anything to you, and I don’t want them to be, you were never my father...and you never wanted to be, but that's fine…” He sniffled and looked around. “Geesh, this place looks worse than I remember...I-I apologize for this...um, I’ll tell Miz to pay for what they broke…”

Ford scoffed. “Trashing the place should have been enough. I think that’s fine. Have Miz pay for his hospital bill instead.” He got up, Ford didn’t really care about them terrorizing Filbrick or breaking the glass, but he didn’t want Miz talking the twins into killing the man. Murder of humans was wrong. He, and everyone else, really needed to get that through to her. Ford sighed. Miz really didn't have morals. That... was something they would need to work on. Least she grow up to be the same kind of monster the other Bill Cipher had been. Ford didn't want that.

Seb looked at his hands and rubbed his extra finger. “Um...this is a horrible moment to ask this but...have you cleaned the attic since...you kicked me out?” Filbrick shook his head slowly, silently. “Um...can I go? I know you kicked me out...but I would like to go in, just a moment.” The younger man asked sheepishly. Filbrick frowned a bit. He was asking him to go in the house?!
Ford, annoyed, just opened the door leading to the house. He didn’t know what Seb wanted to do, but if they waited for an answer, they would never leave this place. His triplet instinctively winced when he passed next to the old man, still on the floor, and went upstairs. Ford looked at his father and sighed before extending a six-fingered hand. “Don’t stay on the floor…” He muttered. Filbrick grabbed the hand, bigger than his now, and stood up in pain. “H-How are you back?”

“My brother just answered you. He saved me, and he saved Stanley.” He looked at the open door. Seb quickly made his way to the attic. He hit his head on the upper door frame and cursed. “Ah, fuck!” He rubbed his aching head. This place...looked even smaller now that he had grown up.

Everything was covered in dust and cobwebs, but the bed was still unmade, just like he left it that day...he reached down and smiled fondly at the beheaded teddy bear he always had hidden. Oh man...He opened the drawers and laughed softly. He pulled out his sketchbooks, full of drawings from when he was little. They were really disturbing at first, but they slowly changed into real stuff, very detailed, like landscapes, fruits, people...

He wiped his tears with a hand. Most of his childhood treasures were here. Triangular rocks he found, the first baby tooth he lost that the tooth fairy ‘forgot’ to pick up, drawings, colors, the first scarf he knitted. He wanted to take everything with him. He didn’t have many things as a kid, he wanted to save a small part of his childhood...he decided to just take Robespierre and his drawings. He closed the door and went downstairs, where he found Ford and Filbrick awkwardly standing there.

“Um, we can go now, Fordsie…” He nodded. Ford looked at his brother and then at his perturbed father. Well, if they weren’t going to talk about this, then as he was the only other person who knew, decided to intervene. “Father, why don’t you like Sebastian?” He saw Seb stop by the door and tense up. Filbrick froze. “I have no idea what you mean.” Ford glared. Was he seriously going to deny this?

“It’ll be me breaking the rest of the store if you don’t tell me.” He said calmly and wished he hadn’t left his gun. “Sixer, Sixer let’s just go…” Seb pleaded. “I know why he hates me, I know it, I was a monster and a freak, I cost him a lot of money for repairs and hospital bills, and I ruined his reputation, I get it, can we leave?!”

“He is blaming you for something you didn’t do! He blamed you all our lives! Tell him! Tell my brother why you made him suffer, completely unjustified as we grew up!” And why he had put him against his own triplet, telling him how he couldn’t be as much of a freak as Seb was, to be better...making Ford constantly compare himself with Seb until he began to be ashamed of his own brother, hate his own brother...hurt his own brother…

Filbrick trembled when Ford grabbed his shirt halfway through his demands. Seb was pulling at Ford’s arms. “Sixer, it’s fine...put him down…” Ford shook his head. “You don’t understand. Miz told me.” Seb froze. “What? Miz said…” He shook his head. “Look, I know Miz is mad, but that doesn’t mean-”

Ford snarled “I want to hear him SAY it.” He shook Filbrick lightly. “Tell Sebastian WHY you treated him like that.” He shook the old man harder. “Sixer please stop!” Seb tried to get his older brother to let go.

“BECAUSE HE KILLED MY BROTHER!” Filbrick shouted.

They all froze. Seb looked confused. “I’m...pretty sure I didn’t.” He frowned. “I’m sure I would have remembered killing any of my uncles…” And that wouldn’t explain why Filbrick has hated him since the day he was born.
“Yes you did! I-I don’t know how-how the fuck you came back and ruined my life but you killed him and replaced the son I should have had!”

Seb flinched, the screams reminding him of the times he shouted or insulted him while Ford growled. “YOU FOOL! Sebastian is NOT that demon!” He clenched his fists. “I MET the demon that killed your twin. He ruined MY life. It was his fault Stanley didn’t see his kid grow up! He...he attacked us! Sebastian KILLED him! Saved us! Sebastian is NOT that demon. He NEVER was! I WATCHED Sebastian kill the demon that had been haunting our family!”

Seb looked at the man with tears in his eye. “Wh-What...?” His tears streamed down. He would have understood if Filbrick said it was because he hated his eye, everyone did, because he wasn’t normal...but his father hated him...because he thought he was BILL...

“You thought...you thought I was that demon...because of my eye?! That’s why you treated me like SHIT for 17 years?!” Seb sobbed and cried, hating to not be able to keep his emotions under control. “I was just a child!!” Filbrick looked confused. Ford growled “RED OR YELLOW EYES ARE THE MOST COMMON COLOR FOR DEMONIC POSSESSION AND THOSE WHO ARE CURSED BY THEM!” He snarled at his father whose eyes were going wide with realization. “You treated Sebastian like SHIT for our ENTIRE lives because you MISTOOK HIM for a demon!”

“B-But...” The old man frowned. ‘DAD, DON’T HIT ME! I’M SORRY! YOU ARE HURTING ME! I’LL BE GOOD!’ ‘YOU CAN’T BE GOOD, MONSTER!’ ‘DAD! I DON’T KNOW WHAT I DID! PLEASE TELL ME! ‘YOU KNOW EXACTLY WHAT YOU DID DEMON!’ ‘I can’t breathe...sir...please...stop...’ ‘-I wish you were dead’

“And you know why this stupid demon has been bothering us and following us our entire lives?! Because you SOLD us to him!” Ford screamed. “You let him into our lives! You promised him pawns for him to play with! Because you were stupid enough to invoke him!!” He spat, it was all Filbrick’s fault that he lost 13 years of his life behind that damn portal!

Seb sobbed and closed his eye. Linda told him he was wrong for thinking he deserved those punishments his entire life. That he deserved to be beaten up to pay for what he did in his past...but he didn’t. Not only because he was innocent...but because the Axolotl didn’t want to punish him that way...that was all Filbrick punishing him for something HE didn’t even do...

Filbrick felt like he was suffocating. His throat felt tight even though no one was squeezing him anymore. Sebastian...wasn’t the demon...he never was...he was his son...his son who had been cursed and had suffered...because of him...

Filbrick let out a sob, matching Sebastian as the two began crying. Ford trembled. Frankly, he wouldn’t have cared if Filbrick died. He just didn’t want Miz and the children to be responsible for it.

He walked up to his brother who clung to him the second he was close enough and continued crying. Ford sighed and rubbed his back. “Sh...this wasn’t your fault, it’s ok...” He held his younger brother. “I-I am sorry...” Filbrick whispered. He hadn’t, the demon said, he thought...He fucked up, everything was his fault... “Se-Sebastian...I...”

Seb sniffed. “It’s ok, no need to apologize. You-you can’t erase my scars or fix my self esteem and psychological traumas with a sorry, but...ok.” Ford sighed. What a fucked up family they were. “Ok, let’s go Seb, I don’t know how long Stan can hold your children.”

They glanced outside to see Stan crying out as the children crawled all over him, pulling at his face and clothes. Miz was hanging upside down in Stan’s arm, shrieking and waving her arms.
“Settle down you little monsters!” Stan cried as he pulled Zoe off his face. Zach was biting his arm. “Ow! You little-!” Miz whined as she kicked and tried to get out of Stan’s grip. “Put me DOWN!” Seb and Ford sighed. “Sometimes I wish they didn’t inherit my powers…” Seb groaned softly.

Seb looked at the old man. He was looking down in shame at the ground with tears in his dark brown eyes. “Good bye, Filbrick…and, thank you...even if you were mean to me, you still gave me my family, and I love them more than anything in this disgusting world, so thank you.” He smiled sincerely. Ford shook his head. Family was really important for him. He was trying to be like Seb...he wasn’t ashamed of his brother, he loved him, and he was proud, he wanted to learn from him as well.

Even with Seb being the way he was, he knew so much more about human relations than Ford did. They got outside and walked over to where Stan was waiting for them, looking close to tears. “There you are, guys! Hurry and take these little demons!” He was covered in bite marks and scratches. Seb laughed, wiping his eye and grabbed Zach and Zoe easily, having gotten used to manhandling them. The twins slumped in his arms. “Aw…” He hugged them to himself as if they were stuffed toys. His babies ...they were worried for him, and he appreciated it a lot.

Ford saw Miz pulling at Stan’s hair and rolled his eyes. “Miz, you’re too old to be acting like this.” He reached up and pulled her off. She grumbled at being manhandled. "Are you mad?" She mumbled. To her surprise, Ford shook his head. "I know you were doing it for us, so thanks…” The demon grinned wide and hugged his neck tightly.

"But it was still wrong and you shouldn't do it." Ford scolded. "Attacking people to protect us should only be done if they were an immediate threat. Attacking people for something that happened years ago is just petty revenge." Miz slumped, frowned over his shoulder. "But he needed to be punished."

"And that wasn't for you to decide, much less dragging your brother and sister into it." Miz whined. Finally, in a quiet voice, "...fine."

“Did everything go ok in there?” Stan nodded in the direction of their previous house. Seb and Ford sighed. “Well...at least it seemed he felt bad for hurting me...I don't think I can't forgive him yet though…”

The middle triplet pulled him into a hug. “You don't have to.” He assured him. The brothers hugged. After this, they had to meet with everyone again. Poor Wanda almost died when she noticed her children were gone.

Filbrick put on his glasses and stared at his bandaged hands with a troubled expression. He stared out of the pawn shop's window and watched the triplets walk away with the three...wait. Why did they have powers again? The curse? He sighed tiredly. He...actually didn't care right now. “I am sorry, son…” He whispered.

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The brothers returned to the group and they were met by a relieved cry.

“Don’t you EVER run off like that again!”

Zach, Zoe and Miz knelt on the sand and hung their heads as Wanda scolded them. “"Sorry mommy…”" They chorused. Wanda hugged all three of them. “Do you have any idea how worried I was when we looked back and saw that you were all gone?” She trembled. She had been
so afraid. Thank god for Seb’s powers. She didn’t know what would have happened if her husband wasn’t capable of just LOOKING and finding them. Wanda held them tightly. “Don’t do that to me. Ok?”

“"Yes mommy…"” The children sighed. Wanda nodded. “Also, you’re all grounded the second we get home after vacation.”


The adults laughed when the kids joined Mabel and started chasing the teenage boys away by shrieking like the little demons they were. Their older cousin cried in horror when Zach and Zoe chased away two boys by trying to bite them.

“AAAH! THIS FAMILY IS INSANE!” Mabel screamed frustrated. Seb raised his soda as he curled up on his wife, tired out from crying too much. “Sure we are! What’s your point?!”

Dipper snorted. “Mabel, you were scaring off the boys even before they joined in.” His sister pouted. “You're all jerks!” She stomped off to the water “I'm gonna go find seashells instead!” Miz and the twins ran after her “Shells! Shells! Shells!” They chanted.

Wanda sighed. “They DO remember they're still in trouble right?” Seb laughed lightly, exhausted and just wanting to nap. “Probably not.” Wanda groaned, hugging Seb to her. “We need to find a way to properly discipline them.”

“No ice cream for dessert tonight or any night for the rest of the summer?” Sebastian suggested. Diego, playing in the sand nearby, gasped. “That's too mean!” Wanda nodded. “No dessert sounds like a good punishment.”

Back at the water, the four of them picked around, searching for seashells. “I found a crab!” Zoe held it up. “It's dead!” She giggled. The little blonde opened her mouth to bite it and Dipper (who had been sent by the adults to keep an eye on the kids) screamed, and smacked it away from her.

Mabel rolled her eyes. Her cousins were so weird sometimes. She was looking out at the ocean when she spotted movement. “Oh! Is that a dolphin?” She squealed. The other kids looked over. “No, it's lumpy…” they all watched the gray shape swim and Miz gasped. “A manatee! I didn't know they came this far north!”

Mabel lit up “Oh! It's so beautiful!” she splashed into the water and waved at it. “HI~! IF YOU'RE GOING BACK TO YOUR KINGDOM LATER, PLEASE TELL MERMANDO THAT MABEL SAYS HI!” Dipper rolled his eyes. “Mabel, it's a manatee. They can't talk.”

“Who is Mermando?” Zach asked and Mabel sighed. “He was a pretty boy I met when I was 12...and my first kiss...and Dipper’s first kiss!”

“Mabel!” The boy shrieked. “I was giving him CPR! Stop with that!” He complained and the girl giggled. “Well, anyway...Mermando wrote me letters until he was forced to marry the Queen of Manatees…”

The twins frowned. Mabel’s friend married one of those lumpy grey animals? They shuddered. “Did he send you more letters?” Zoe asked. “Sometimes…” She sighed. “I miss him, he was a nice boy.” She bet that if he wasn’t a merman, something could have worked between them. “But, stop talking about me! Let’s find more pretty seashells!” She declared.
The cousins continued playing, unaware that the manatee was still watching them from afar, silently, observing. When the sky started turning black and the Pines packed to leave, the manatee nodded and dove back into the water.

He had a mission to fulfill...

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“Kids!! Don’t go too deep into the water!” Seb scolded the twins the next day. He couldn’t go farther than the shore, still scared of actual ocean water. Miz dove into the water, swimming far into the ocean. She missed playing on the beach. Should probably bring Kryptos and the others to a beach soon. It was tourist season on planet Ziziks and she wanted to try their fancy drinks. Seb gave her a few worried glances but was more focused on the twins.

Miz swam back to shore and scrambled to her feet. “We need to teach you how to swim.” She told Seb. He crossed his arms. “I don't want to hear that from someone who can only doggy paddle. And I learned how to swim! Kinda. I just...don’t like to not feel the ground.” That was why he preferred the pool.

“Hey! I can do the frog stroke too!” Miz protested. Zoe stared at her in amazement. “Can you teach us how to swim like a frog too?” Miz grinned “Sure! Come on, we'll find a spot with better height...”

Seb pouted from his spot and Wanda came to him, hugging him from behind. “Sweetie, it’s ok, Miz wouldn’t let anything happen to them.” She kissed his back. “Come, I’ll apply your sunscreen, you’re already turning red.” She giggled. Seb pouted but allowed her to drag him to their towel.

Mabel grinned when she saw a boy with a little girl. She searched around, grabbed Diego under her arms and ran towards the cute boy. Diego kicked and tried to escape. “Put me down!”

“Shush. You're my ticket to flirting.” Mabel ran over. “Hey there! Are you babysitting your siblings too?” She grinned.

The boy looked up at the girl and smiled. “Haha, hi there, no, this my daughter.” Mabel's grin faltered. “Oh...she's lovely. Is her mother here too?” The boy nodded with a smile. “We're still saving up money for the marriage.” He picked up his daughter and snuggled her fondly. “I love them both and I'm working hard for us.”

Mabel's grin turned into a more gentle smile. “That's really sweet. I wish you good luck.” She could tell by his smile that he was really happy and she couldn't help but feel happy for him. She picked up Diego and walked back to the group after waving at the boy. She wondered if Dad was like this boy when they were younger. He always said he was super proud of them. Diego freed himself and ran towards the twins to play.

With a disappointed expression, the girl walked along the shore, watching people play in the water. Failed summer romances since 2012...

A splash.

Mabel looked up to see a manatee. “Oh. Hello little guy.” Mabel waded out into the water and cooed at it. “Aw~you're so cute~” The manatee blinked and flapped its fins. “Is it safe if I go closer to pet you? You look like a water puppy!” She squealed and swam closer really slow. To her surprise, it swam closer to her and snuggled against her. “AAwww!!” Mabel cooed loudly.

Mabel pet the manatee with a wide grin. Oh my gosh! This was really happening! The manatee
nudged her with its large head, making Mabel giggle “That tickles.” It nudged her again “Whoa. You're, ah...stronger than you look huh?” Mabel stepped back as it nudged her again. The water was getting deeper. Mabel laughed nervously as she was pushed further and further into the ocean.

“Look, you're really cute but...I need to get back to shore…” Mabel tried to swim off but more manatees came out and began to surround her. “Whoa. There's...a lot of you. Ah, is there a migration going on?”

They all nudged her deeper into the ocean, the water was up to her shoulders now. “Uh...guys?” Ok, this wasn’t fun anymore! She looked at the shore and waved her arms frantically. “HELP! GUYS! HELP!”

“Shit. Just grab her!” a deep, gruff voice said. The manatees swarmed her before hitting some kind of invisible barrier. “Fuck! A protection spell?” “What should we do?” “Deploy the nets!”

“AAAAAAAAHHH!!!!” Mabel shrieked as a net of slimey woven seaweed was thrown over her. “GUYS!! GUYS!!! HEEEEELP!!! DIPPERR!!!!” She screamed before she was pulled underwater.

On the shore, Dipper gasped as he saw it. “MABEL!!!!” The other adults saw it as well and began screaming as they ran toward the water. Miz ran out until the water was up to her chest. “Shit. They're too far down and there aren't enough triangles in the ocean!”

“What?! They?! Who has my daughter⁈” Shermie screamed as he swam against the waves. “Mabel!!!!!” He was grabbed by Stanley and pulled back. “If you drown, idiot, we can’t save her!!”

“Don't worry! The Deal ensures she's not harmed lethally so she wouldn't drown. But I don't know if she can escape and swim back…” Miz was staring into the water, flickering. “GODDAMN why aren't there more triangles here⁈” She punched the water in frustration.

“Who took my daughter⁈” Abigail gasped as she looked around frantically for any signs of the kidnappers. Dipper went to hug his mom. “I saw some kind of seaweed net…”

“They probably couldn't touch her directly because of the Deal.” Wanda sighed. “But, what were they? Who were they?”

“Manatees…” Miz hissed. Everyone blinked. “What⁈” Ford shook his head. “But...manatees are gentle herbivores? They can barely swim…” Dipper was frowning though. “Well...Mabel talked to one yesterday. She asked them to give a message to Mermando…” Dipper gasped. “Maybe Mermando asked them to bring Mabel to him!”

“Who the fuck is MERMANDO⁈” Shermie screamed. Miz, Seb and Dipper deadpanned. “Well, Dad, if you remembered what we told you about Gravity Falls, you would know he is a merman we helped to return to the water and was one of Mabel’s summer romances...guess you weren't really listening to us that time after all.” The boy crossed his arms.

“So my baby has been kidnapped by the manatees because of a mermaid ex-boyfriend⁈” Shermie pulled at his hair. Ford was staring at the water. “How do we get her back. Even if the protection lets us breathe underwater, we can't swim that far.”

“We could take the boat.” Stan frowned but Seb shook his head. “Even with that, they're still UNDER the water!” He whimpered. The ocean was dangerous! He knew it!

“Guys. I have an idea.” Dipper spoke up. “Uncle Seb, you turned us into merfolk that one time! Do it again!” Seb looked at his family and shook his head worriedly. “I don’t think I can change all of you without repercussions, my powers aren’t that strong anymore.”
“You don't have to.” Ford said. He placed a hand on Miz's head. “We've got help.” They all stared at Miz. She nodded. “I made a mermaid transformation effect once. I'm sure I can do it again!”

Seb picked up the kids and handed them to the worried women. “You stay here with the kids. We're going to save Mabel.”

Carla and Wanda shared a look. Wow. That was sexist as hell, but they'd take it because they didn't want to go into the ocean.

Zach and Zoe protested “We can help!” Diego nodded “I wanna help too!” Mabel was annoying but he still loved his cousin and was worried for her.

Seb groaned. “No. It's too dangerous.”

“I still think we should bring out the boat.” Stan insisted. “You just want an excuse to sail.” Ford frowned. “Well we HAVE a boat now! Why shouldn't we?” Stan whined. Ford rolled his eyes. “Well, we need to save Mabel first.”

Shermie grabbed Stan by his shoulders and shook him. “Fucker, my daughter was kidnapped and you're trying to go SAILING?!”

“Look, she's not drowning and maybe this is all a misunderstanding?” Stan wince. “I just really want to go sailing. We PROMISED each other that we would!” Ford and Seb sighed. They understood where he was coming from. Seb reached out and hugged Stan. “Alright. How about this, 15 years from now, when all the kids are grown up, we're gonna go sailing together for a few years, just like we promised.” He looked at their wives. “You two are also invited!” They giggled.

“...Promise?” Stan looked at his triplets. Ford and Seb nodded. “Promise.” they owed Stan this, for putting up with them all these years, always caught in the middle playing peacemaker. The brothers hugged. “We promise. In 15 years we will all go sailing.”

The happy moment was broken by Shermie punching them. “Ok! That's great! My daughter is still kidnapped! Now let's go save her!” Seb whimpered at the punch. Shermie still trained...ow.

They decided that Ford, Miz, Dipper, Shermie, Seb, and Stan would be on rescue duty.

“Hey! We want to come too!” the children complained. “Meanie!!” Seb sighed. Miz knelt down in front of them. “You are helping. We need to know how to get back here, there aren't enough triangles so I need you three to hold onto this.”

She handed them a large triangular frame. “This will be a screen so you can see through these-” she held up multiple necklaces with a triangle pendant. “-which I will give to each member of the rescue party. You can speak through this frame to us, so if you see something that we miss, tell us. Ok?”

The little twins and Diego looked up at Miz and nodded solemnly. They will be the best guides! “Ok, we will!” Zoe nodded.

Miz ruffled their hair and gave each person a necklace. “Alright. Let’s go now!” They hugged the family they were leaving behind and ran into the water to get away from curious eyes that might see them transform. With each step deeper into the water, Seb’s heart beat faster. For Shooting Star...do it for Shooting Star...

Miz closed her eyes in concentration. “Ok. Brace yourselves.” Her power reached out and everyone shuddered as the feeling ran through them. The change was quick. Their legs fused together,
starting from their pelvis and spreading down. Gills formed along their chest, right over where their ribs (lungs) would be. Small flaps of skin formed between their fingers. Most of them lost their balance and fell into the water as their legs grew and were replaced by a long tail.

They flopped around in the water for a bit, trying to get used to their new anatomy.

Ford stared in fascination at his dark blue tail. What the heck?! This was amazing!! Seb was in a similar state, squealing and giggling at his long yellow tail. Shermie and Stan started screaming underwater and Dipper rolled his eyes, getting used to his light blue tail. “Calm down!” Stan looked at his red tail and shuddered. “Where the hell is my dick?!”

Miz swam around easily with her glowing golden tail. “It's retracted inside. You can coax it out if you get aroused but that's not important right now!” She looked around. “I don't know much about the ocean so I have no idea where to begin looking.”

They blushed as Seb looked around. “We could ask? Manatees don’t even live here! We have to go south and maybe we could meet another mermaid who can help us!” This reminded him of Looking for Memo. Hehe...fish.

“Alright! Should we split up?” Stan asked, reassured that his dick wasn't gone. Ford frowned. “I don't know if that's a good idea…”

Miz swam a little ahead of them. “As long as all of you have a triangle on you, I can find you. I can teleport to anywhere I can See, so if one of you finds something, tell your necklace and the kids can pass the message along.” She looked around “Speaking of...can you guys hear us?”

-Yeah. This is really cool!-
-REALLY STAN?! You're worried about your DICK?!

Stan winced as Abigail and Carla's voice screamed at him. “I panicked!” Stanley wailed.

His brothers rolled their eyes. They would never find Mabel like this… “Ok.” Shermie started. “You and me Dipper, we'll search together, Ford with Miz, and Stan with Seb.” Seb nodded and looked at his hands. Ooh~ They looked so cool...were they like fins now? Ford rolled his eyes and sighed. He knew Stan had to go with Seb to keep him from getting distracted. “Alright. Whatever you see, you inform us.” Everyone nodded and swam in different directions, searching for Mabel or a manatee to threaten.

They didn't get far before the kids told them over the chat -It's too dark. We can't see- Miz nodded and the triangle pendants began to glow like her tail did, shining like a spotlight. They continued swimming, passing many fish and other aquatic life. Seb got distracted a few times and Stan pulled on his tail. “Where IS everyone? There's nothing here but fish!” Ford and Miz swam near them, having circled around.

“Well, merfolk have never been seen for a reason...they must be very good at hiding…” Ford explained. Seb swam towards some fish and grinned. “Hey excuse me, delicious fish! Do you happen to know where the Queen of Manatees live...or how to get to Sydney?”

Ford smacked him in the back of his head. “This is serious!”

Miz swam up to a fish, which tried to swim away but she snatched it and held it close. “Take me to the undersea kingdom or I'll eat you.” The fish looked terrified. Ford sighed. “Miz, it's a fish. They
can't talk.”

“You don't know that!” Miz muttered as she tried to stare the fish down. “Talk! I'll count to 3. Then I'll start taking off scales one by one.”

“Miz, please stop threatening the fish. It can't talk.” Ford sighed. He didn't know why they were still here, they should keep searching. “One…” Miz started and Seb laughed maniacally, slowly swimming closer and opening his mouth over the fish’ head. “Two…” Ford groaned. “Just leave that poor fish alone.”

“And that's thre-” Miz pinched one of the fish's scales. “No! Wait!” the fish whimpered. Ford’s eyes widened. “What the-?!"

“Please don't kill me!” The fish sobbed. “I have a wife and 200 children to protect!” He had never seen merfolk so crazy and scary! Miz grinned. “Well~then you know what you'll need to do~” she purred as she gently caressed the fish's side. The fish whimpered.

Ford was staring in absolute confusion. “What?!”

Miz hummed. “This one had a Soul.” She said. “Not all of them did, so this guy stood out like a sore thumb.” She grinned. “So, start talking. Where's the undersea kingdom?”

They met up with the others and began to swim, following the terrified fish. He tried to escape once. Miz made sure he wouldn't try again.

Shermie shuddered. “Sebas, your daughter is terrifying.” He looked over at the whimpering fish that was missing one of his fins. “Oh, I know, and I am so proud of her.” He purred and patted her head. Miz purred.

-Woo! That’s my daughter!-
-Pull another fin!-

Shermie sighed. All his family were terrifying. Dipper looked around, trying to spot something that would help him remember the way, but all he saw was rocks, sand, water and dumb plants.

The fish whimpered again. “A-After showing you...I can leave right?” Miz petted his side. “Of course, Martin.” she purred. So delicious looking~ “And I'll even heal your fin. But you shouldn't have tried to escape from me~”

The fish (who's name was Blurniblub, but he wasn't going to argue with the hungry looking mergirl) nodded. “Yes mistress, I understand mistress!”

“Miz! That poor fish.” Ford sighed and shook his head. However, he was more interested in his new body. His chest, despite looking human, was covered in pale blue scales. They started lightly around his gills, and turned deeper and larger as they reached his tail. His gills were opening and closing, Ford wondered what was happening to his lungs. Would they be functional if they got out of the water? What if he tried breathing through his nose? This was all so amazing, he wished this wasn’t a rescue mission so he would have time to study it!

Finally, they passed through some sort of barrier, one second there was nothing but sand and rock, then they all saw the world shimmer and a vast undersea city appeared. “Whoa~” they all gasped.

Merfolk and aquatic mammals swam around, working, chatting. Some merchildren swam around laughing. As promised, Miz healed the fish, who swam off as quickly as he could, screaming.
“What a nice guy.” Miz grinned as she waved goodbye to his retreating form.

“Is this Atlantis?” Shermie gasped in awe, looking at everything despite his worry. Dipper wished he had brought his phone. It was waterproof! Would it have worked here?

“Naw, that place is a few thousand miles off that way...or at least it WAS a few thousand years ago...” Miz commented. “Huh...looks like this world’s Bill had plenty of Deals with them before the country fell...” reminded her of her own interactions and subsequent destruction of Atlantis.

“Focus guys! We need to find Mabel!” Dipper swam forward. The others quickly followed behind him. They attracted many looks from the merfolk around, (they were so pale! Who were these strangers?) and the temporary mermen stared back in wonder. Only one of them was stupid enough to voice it out loud though.

“Damn, look at those hot mermaid gals!” Stan gasped.

-Can someone hit him?!- Carla and Dillon deadpanned over the communication necklaces.

“On it!” Shermie punched his older brother in the stomach. “You’re married, poophead!” As Stan whimpered and held his stomach, Ford swam up to try and speak to a nearby merman. “Excuse me? Hello. Have you seen a human girl get dragged through here? Looks a lot like us?”


“They speak Spanish?” Seb gasped. Languages! His one strength! He was a master in languages thanks to the little knowledge he kept. “Ah, hola, disculpa.” He approached a mermaid. “Estamos buscando a una niña humana. Cabello marrón, largo, fue secuestrada por unos manatíes.”

Shermie stared at his brother in awe. He didn't know Sebastian spoke Spanish. That's pretty cool. No wonder Seb was the best brother. He was so talented.

“¿Niña humana?” The woman repeated and hummed. She called the merfolk she was with and asked them if they saw a human girl. “¡Yo la ví!” One woman smiled and Seb smiled. “She said she saw Shooting Star! ¿Dónde la vieron?”

While they were talking, a little merboy who appeared around 14 swam up to Miz and poked her glowing tail in fascination. “¡Qué linda!” He gasped. Miz squeaked. “H-hey! Hands off!” She curled her tail up. The merboy grinned at her. “Ohh, ¡Extranjera! Me gusta. ¿Cómo te llamas, preciosa? ¿De dónde vienes?” The merboy waved his tail excitedly.

“M-me llamo Miz…” Miz stuttered with a faint blush. Was this kid seriously flirting with her? She wasn't really used to that. He thought she was pretty? Oh...

“Ok, ¡gracias por su ayuda! ¿De verdad creen que podamos entrar sin que nos vean?” Seb continued his conversation as everyone floated there, feeling useless. Dipper kind of understood what was going on from school but wouldn’t dare to attempt speaking and saying something wrong.

“No. Si quieren sacarla de allí tienen que tener cuidado, la reina siempre tiene guardias alrededor del palacio.” The woman shook her head.

“Buena suerte, gringos.” Seb rolled his eyes, still not knowing why he was always called that and nodded politely. “Gracias.” The citizens swam away and he looked at his group. He frowned at the kid talking to Miz and Miz blushing, understanding only a few words here and there (her Spanish
was rusty ok?! She hadn’t used it in like… billions of years!).

“¡Hey! Fuera de aquí.” He growled and the kid quickly swam away. “Ok. They said Mabel was
dragged here in a net and taken to the palace’s dungeons.” Shermie gasped. “So, we have to be
careful getting in because guards are everywhere.”

“So it’s a jailbreak huh?” Stan grinned. “We had quite a few of those during our time in Space huh
Sixer?” Ford adjusted his glasses “Indeed.”

“How are your glasses even on your face?” Shermie asked. “*“Magic.”*” Was the chorus of
answers. “Let’s go save my niece!” Seb exclaimed and they all swam in the direction of the huge
palace. Once there, they would think of a plan.

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Mabel sighed and hugged her knees to her chest in her cell. She wondered what she did to get in
this mess. Those manatees seemed so adorable and then they just attacked her! She wasn’t
drowning for some reason. Maybe it was Miz’s doing.

Some of the manatees spoke English (they said that a scout had heard her say her name, and
recognized it as the first love of the Queen’s husband) but most of them only knew Spanish. She
wished she had paid more attention in class...

She wasn’t sure what was happening. The few manatees that knew English said that the Queen
would be coming by to see her later.

“Let me see Mermando, you big soft blubs!” The teen gripped the bars. The guards who knew
english chuckled. “You aren’t seeing the King! And after our Queen decides what to do with you
for stealing her husband’s heart...you will never see anyone else again! They laughed.

Mabel gasped. Manatees were evil?! How could this be? Wait. Stolen heart? “Mermando still likes
me?!” She gasped. Her cheeks turned red and she looked down. She...hadn’t expected that…

“We don’t have to talk to you, human.” They shook their heads. “Now be silent or you won’t be
fed!”

“I don’t want your food, uglies!” Mabel yelled. “I can’t believe I ever thought you were cute!” She
kicked at the coral bars. The prisons were large corals, not the pretty pink ones, but a dark dreary
blue that they pushed a large rock against to close off the opening they shoved her through. Mabel
tugged on the bars but it did nothing. “Let me go!”

The guards laughed. “Just be quiet while we get the Queen. She will decide what to do.” Mabel
snarled “I’LL NEVER BE QUIET! LALALALA! I’M BEING REALLY LOUD! GWAAAAA!
BLAAUGH!!”

The manatees winced and backed away. “Ugh…her voice is so grating!” “Make it stop!” “Shut up!
That's so annoying!”

“BEING ANNOYING IS MY SPECIALTY! BWAAAA! BWAAAAA!”

“Someone get the Queen fast! My ears are gonna explode!” They shouted. As Mabel screamed,
she hoped her family would find a way to save her. They always knew what to do.

One of the manatees swam off in a hurry while another one swam off to get a gag. He came back
with an octopus and shoved it through the bars of the jail cell. “Shut up!” He growled.
“LALALALA-Mmph!!” Mabel was cut off when the octopus plastered itself to her mouth. “Mmmph! Mmmph!?!?” She pulled at the tentacles. The manatees sighed in relief. “Sweet mercy…” They relaxed. Mabel glared at them. Did they really think a GAG was enough to stop her? She was Mabel FREAKING Pines and she was the MASTER of annoying people! And it ALSO applied to mean MANATEES!

She started stomping her feet and slapping her hands on the bars. The manatees stared at her. “What are you doing?” She ignored them, slapping around the coral and listening to the sounds it made. Sounds were a little different underwater so she was going to have to improvise. She continued to slap at the coral until it began to shake, the vibration making a soft sound. She continued hitting the coral, making it vibrate more and more.

“Stop that. What are you even doing? It's not gonna break.”

Mabel frowned at the idea they might not have music. It would make sense. But that was so sad! Maybe that was why they were so mean! They didn’t know how to have fun!” Mabel continued making the corals vibrate, making different soft sounds. The manatees really looked confused and Mabel sighed behind her octopus gag. A world without music was a world she would hate to live in...

The manatees realized she wasn’t doing anything dangerous, and while the sounds she made were weird, it wasn’t as annoying as her voice. They sat there, waiting for their Queen to decide what to do with this human girl already.

There were little bubble streams nearby that the manatees went to get a few breaths of air. They still weren’t sure what the human girl was doing.

Mabel hit the coral, her hands were starting to hurt but she was getting close. The vibration of the coral was letting out a very low pitched rumble and she saw the manatees start to shudder. “What...what's happening?” One asked as he felt dizzy. Mabel kept it up, feeling a little nauseous herself but refusing to stop. The octopus on her was twitching as well.

“Hey! Stop whatever you're doing!” A manatee shouted. He shook his head, he felt kind of sick. Mabel grinned through her gag. She had found this out by accident. Low sounds, like bass, made people sick. She knew this because Dipper threw up once when she turned the speakers up really high! Mabel hit the coral piece that sounded the lowest and grinned.

“Aahh! This human is attacking us!” The manatees whimpered. Mabel did it again and the animals cried. The octopus fell to the floor and crawled away and Mabel cried in victory. She was about to start screaming when two new guards appeared, shielding a manatee wearing a seaweed dress and a crown. “Oh...” She muttered.

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19 year old Mermando sighed and laid down on the floor. He was so bored~! He looked up and saw his wife was going somewhere with some guards. “Where are you going?” He asked softly and she smiled. “It's not important, dear, you just continue doing what you are doing.”

The merman smiled softly and continued sulking with boredom, his long dark hair was splayed everywhere and his tail twitched from time to time. He twirled his trident in his hands and threw it up only to watch it fall again. Hehe. “Ah…” Why did he have to rule over here so well? Nothing interesting happened, ever!

As if the gods heard his pleas, the palace’s doors were thrown open and Mermando jumped to his
tail, watching some mermen and manatee guards pushing 6 struggling and screaming mermen plus a mergirl who was cursing them in...was that Cantonese? He wasn’t sure.

“Your Highness, we found these merpeople trying to sneak inside the castle! They were destroying the marketplace to distract us!” They informed him in spanish.

“I told you this wasn’t going to work!!” Dipper screamed and kicked out with his tail. “Dad this is all your fault!”

Mermando frowned at the men. Wait, they looked...familiar. “Esperen, wait…” The merman swam closer. “Dipper?” He gasped. The teen’s hair was floating everywhere so his birthmark was fully exposed. He remembered seeing it when Dipper saved him as kids. “Dipper! That is you! What are you doing here?!” He looked down. “And how are you a merman now?”

“He speaks English! Yay!” Stan cheered.

“Hey kid, we're looking for Mabel, she was kind of kidnapped by some manatees.” Seb told him. Mermando smiled. “You are Mabel’s uncle! Wait, kidnapped?!” He gasped.

“Yes! By your manatees! Give me back my daughter, fish kid!” Shermie growled.

“Dad, stahp, you're embarrassing me.” Dipper pleaded. Mermando looked confused. “Mabel is here? I do not understand.”

“Wait, you didn’t know?” Seb asked and Stan deadpanned. “Can you order your guards to let us go?” He grunted.

“Oh, right. Let them go! They’re friends!” Mermando told the guards and they swam away. “I wasn’t aware Mabel had been brought here.” The king hummed and then gasped.”Oh no! That must have been Sarita!”

“Who?” The Pines and Miz echoed. “My wife!” Mermando said. Everyone nodded. Right. Mermando began swimming away “I must go!” He cried in worry. They followed the merman, also worried. They hoped Mabel was alright.

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“MUAAHAHAHA!! I'M AN INDESTRUCTIBLE GOD OF CHAOS!!!"

“AHHHH!” “HOW DID SHE GET LOOSE??” “AAAAUGH! SHE'S TOUCHING MEEEE!!”

Mermando and the rest of the rescue party stared, dumbstruck. A manatee guard swam past, sobbing. Miz had a wide grin. “Oh hey, the protection Deal really DOES work!”

Mabel turned from where she was smacking spears out of the guard's hands with her bare hands. “Oh. Hey guys…” She did a double take. “You're all merpeople?!” She did another double take “Mermando?!”

“M-Mabel! My old friend!” Mermando cried as he swam forward. The two embraced, spinning around in the water, laughing as they hugged each other. “I have not seen you for so long!”

“I missed you too!” Mabel sniffled as she held him. She petted his long hair. “Your hair has grown longer...and you're so much taller.” Mermando chuckled. “You look different as well, a nice different.”
Shermie blinked at the two teens hugging. Mabel looked so happy...was this an inverted Little Mermaid story? He had never seen his baby girl so happy…

“EH HEM!”

Everyone turned in the direction of the voice and saw the angry Queen staring down at them. “Sarita, this is-”

“Yes, I know who this human is, Mermando!” She exclaimed angrily. The merman frowned, still holding Mabel’s hand unconsciously. “Why did you give the order to take her here? Her human family was worried, they had to turn into merfolk to come here to get her!” He shook his head. “Why?!”

“She was trying to kill me!” Mabel exclaimed. Everyone gasped. Mabel pointed at all the spears that they had tried to stab her with, they were snapped and broken, the Deal protecting her from lethal harm.

The Queen sniffled and whimpered. “Because you still think of her! You still like her, Mermando! It's been 6 years! You never think of ME like that!” She admitted.

Mermando sighed. “Sarita…” he let go of Mabel's hand so he could swim up to his wife. “Mabel was a dear friend. She and her family saved my life. They helped me get back home, back here.” He held Sarita's flippers. “I admit, I may not have been the best husband...but I am still your husband.” He kissed her round snout. "And I do love you. I'm sorry if you got the impression that I didn't. I admit, I wasn't happy with the marriage at first, but you're someone I've grown to care about."

The kids, Dillon and their mothers gaped at the sight in the mirror. Zoe looked up at her mother with a grimace. But Mabel was so much prettier than Sarita!

Sarita sniffled and nodded, nuzzling against his face. Mabel smiled sadly and went to stand next to her Dad. Shermie hugged her and Abi pouted, seeing her baby sad made her sad.

The Queen turned to look at the merfolk and the human. “I apologize for my behaviour...I may have overreacted.” She spoke in English, her carribean accent strong. “Please, Mabel, let me offer you a feast. Mermando’s friends are all welcomed here.”


“Please, follow us! You are welcomed here!” Mermando motioned them to follow him and everyone swam after the rulers of the undersea nation. Mabel looked at Miz. “Can you turn me into a mermaid? You will recharge in a bit anyway…” She smiled. Miz rolled her eyes. “Sure.” She flicked her fingers.

The girl gasped as she felt the magic changing her. It didn’t hurt but it was super weird. Soon enough, Mabel was covered in shiny pink scales, gills, webbed hands and a long tail. Her smile widened and she swam towards her Dad and Dipper to hug them tightly. “Look! We finally match!”

Miz giggled and her stomach growled. Ok. Now her fish! The chefs, merpeople, brought them lots of different kinds of fish and Miz felt like she was in heaven. Since they were underwater, they weren't cooked in the traditional sense, the fish were killed and cleaned, their scales carefully ground off using a rough stone and then de-boned. Miz slurped up the fishes with a bright smile.
Everyone else stared at the raw fish and debated whether it was safe to eat. Stan squinted at it.
“It's...almost like sushi?”

“Yes, just eat, Stans.” Miz said, noticing Ford was wary of eating as well. The Pines ate the offered fish, ignoring how their family on the surface was gagging.

When everyone was done and the poor servers sighed in relief after swimming back and forth to bring the girl so much food, Mermindo motioned for Mabel to follow him. The girl sighed. She wondered what he wanted to say...she just hoped he wasn’t too harsh friendzoning her...

“Mabel...it really is nice to see you again.” Mermindo sighed. “Even if it wasn't under the best circumstances.” Mabel nodded. “I'm sorry I haven't written to you in a while, life has been busy.” She frowned. It wasn't fair to use that as an excuse. She could have tried to find some other way to keep in touch. Mermindo looked up wistfully. “I never got to see much of the world above the water. I was too afraid and lonely to enjoy my time up there before.”

“I'm sorry.” Mabel played with her hair. “Hey, maybe we could take you up? My cousin Miz can make you human for a little while? Like how she made us into merfolk?”

Mermindo smiled. “That would be amazing. But, I cannot leave my people. Things are peaceful now, but there has been some worry about the rising temperatures these past few decades.” He looked away to his city. “It has allowed us to venture into deeper waters, farther from the surface world...but every year, there are less fish for food. We have been farming and breeding them in order to feed my people, and Sarita's people are fine with plants, but I worry.”

He shrugged. “I am sorry for telling you my troubles. The kingdom is perfectly fine otherwise.” Mabel frowned. “I don't mind, if you're worried, I'll listen. You're...you're my friend after all.”

Mermindo sighed. “Mabel, I'll be honest, if things had been different...I would have liked for us to be more…” He gazed into her eyes. “It's kind of unfair. I have my duty to my people, to my wife.”

Mabel's eyes watered “So you really love her?” She asked. Mermindo bit his lip. “To be honest, not at first.” He laughed “I was young. I had so many things I wanted to do, and then I was to be wed to a girl I didn't know. It was...hard, at first.” He shook his head. “But I got to know Sarita over these years and I am fond of her. She is strong, intelligent, and cares deeply for her people and mine. I love her.”

The temporary mermaid wiped her eyes, even when no tears were falling. “I am glad you are happy with her, Mermindo...you're a nice guy, you don't deserve anything less!” The girl declared and hugged the merman, hearing his many hearts beating, and giggled. Mermindo hugged her back. “We can’t lose contact again!” he stated. “I can see about finding some other method of communication…”

“Build a triangular frame.” Miz said, popping out from behind a rock with a slab of fish meat in her mouth. Mabel and Mermindo jolted. “H-how long have you been there?!”

“Oh~a while~” Miz grinned. She swallowed her fish. “Build a triangular frame.” She repeated. “A decent size. That way I can enchant it and you can facetime whenever you want!”

“Face...time?” Mermindo tilted his head as Mabel squealed. “Oh Miz, thank you! Thank you!” She hugged the demon to herself. Miz snuggled into her cousin “In exchange, sneak us your dessert tonight, mom's still grounding me and the twins so we don't get any.” little blue flames appeared in her hand.
“Deal!” Mabel shook Miz's hand and smiled at Mermando, who was still looking at them confused. “We'll get to talk more now! This is Miz, my cousin, and if you get a triangular frame, we will be able to speak face to face, as if we were looking at each other!” She explained and Mermando nodded in understanding. The two friends hugged excitedly and laughed.

“I...I’m fine being your friend, Mermando! As long as I am your BEST, BEST friend!” The brunette girl told her fish friend who chuckled in his nice sexy deep voice. “You are my best friend, Mabel…”

The two laughed before swimming back to join everyone else. Miz looked around. So the rising temperature of the planet was causing problems even down here. She frowned. How did the humans allow their planet to become like this?

She decided to begin working on some way to pull the carbon from the atmosphere...anything to try and fix all the shit that's been happening on this planet…

After all, she wanted to be sure they could continue to live here healthily for as long as possible. Humanity would only last so long, she knew that. But she didn't want them to have to disappear too quickly.

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They couldn’t leave the palace until Mabel deemed the frame perfect enough, the right size, and triangular enough. Miz enchanted it and told Mermando to take care of it. Goodbyes were always bitter sweet, but Mabel left assured that she wouldn’t go years without seeing her friend. She even hugged the Queen as hard as she could, smiling widely. “You are a really lucky, girl! Take care of him!”

The guards shivered and trembled, too scared to try to protect their Queen from the insane mermaid. Sarita giggled and hugged the girl back. “I will, thank you!” After one last hug, Mermando and Mabel said bye and Miz took them back to the beach, transforming them once again into humans on the way. They tiredly swam to the shore, kicking their numb legs until they reached the sand. The Pines groaned and laid down on the sand, awaiting death.

Abigail hugged Mabel tightly the instant they rose out of the water. “I was so worried!” She sniffled as she clung to her daughter. Mabel hugged her mom and hid her wet face on her neck. “I’m sorry for your merman friend…” The dark-haired woman said softly and Mabel smiled slightly. “It...it’s ok...Mermando is happy with his wife...but he liked me, so, maybe there is someone else who can like me as well…” Abi hugged her even tighter as Dipper and Shermie stared at her.

Gee, thanks, they also existed?

The twins squealed and threw themselves over Seb. “You were a cute fish!” Zach laughed. “We want to be fishes too!” Zoe giggled. Seb answered with a groan and Wanda got the kids off him. “Maybe later ok? I think it’s time to go back to the hotel.”

“Yeah, we're hungry.” Carla sighed. Stan groaned. “Me too.” Carla glared at him. “Didn't you just eat?” And he was also surrounded by beautiful mermaids serving the food. Stan shrugged. “Raw fish ain't my thing.”

They went back to the hotel, thanking Carla for choosing a hotel close to the beach. Most of them went to have dinner, but Seb took a shower to get rid of the sea water smell on him before passing out. ‘Aw~ what a baby.’ Wanda smiled fondly.
Wanda covered him with the blankets, kissed his lips and let him sleep as she took the twins to eat with the rest of the family. They walked by a part they had never been before and Dillon announced he found the game rooms with table soccer, pool, billiards, and ping pong! It was kind of late so they preferred not making too much noise, but they would definitely go some day. Mabel was already talking with Mermando via her triangle frame and showing him around the hotel. She had to explain she didn’t live in a castle and she also explained how hotels worked. In her random walk she found herself lost and accidentally discovered a spa room and a pool! Damn, this hotel had their best stuff all hidden!

The family finished eating and tiredly said good night to each other before making their way to their rooms. Today was a fun day and they still had all summer to have more weird adventures.

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-The next day-

“Woo!” Stan laughed as he came down for breakfast at the hotel dining hall. “Another day, another romp through the beach full of lovely ladies in skimpy clothing~” Carla rolled her eyes. If she didn’t know her husband loved her dearly she would have been more upset about his flirtatious nature. Still, it was rather grating on her patience that he always did this, as if her feelings didn’t matter. The family joined some tables and sat down to eat. Wanda was keeping the twins and Diego from eating just cereal for breakfast.

“I know! The beach is fun! We can even take the boat for a sail!” Seb smiled as he sat down in front of Stanley. The older man’s eyes widened. “You're totally right!” He looked at the table with food. “Carla, be a dear, can you get me breakfast~?”

Carla sighed. “Lazy dumbass, if you keep ordering me around like that I might get annoyed. You didn’t even say the magic word.” Stan laughed. “Abracadabra?” Carla huffed and went off to get herself breakfast. If her lazy husband wanted something he should get it himself! Seb frowned at Stan. “You should be nicer. She’s your wife.” Wanda sat down next to Seb. “Yeah, dick. Get your own food. Don’t you have hands?” Stan groaned and slumped over his chair. “But I’m on vacation~”

"And so is Carla. You can't go making her work when she's also here to relax!” Seb frowned.

Ford came over and frowned. “Regardless, she IS your wife, should you not at least say please?” Stan rolled his eyes. “Don’t want to hear that from the guy who refused to say thank you.” The Stans glared at each other. “Come on, guys, I don’t think it’s too serious.” Shermie chuckled softly. “I mean, couples make each other happy, right? It can’t be that hard to bring breakfast? It’s not like he’s asking Carla to make him a sandwich.” He flinched at the glares now directed at him. Dipper and Mabel rolled their eyes. Dad should shut the fuck up before fucking it up more.

Shermie turned to Seb and Ford for support. Seb shook his head. “I’m the one who makes the sandwiches, so don’t look at me. Ford sheepishly rubbed the back of his head “I...can sort of make a sandwich? Wait, what is this conversation about?” Miz, sitting beside him, rolled her eyes “About how some people aren’t expressing proper gratitude towards their partners. Or making demands and feeling entitled to their partners obeying without question.” Ford nodded before looking confused. “But... Don't you like making the food?”

And now everyone was glaring at poor Ford too. Miz’s eye twitched. "That's not what this is about.” A small argument started when Carla came back without bringing any food for Stan. The children stared at their parents as they began to bicker. Zach and Diego whimpered while Zoe frowned. Mabel, Dillon and Dipper were attempting to calm the adults but the argument was
beginning to escalate.

“I guess if they don’t go political-” Dillon started.

“I just think women have more privileges! All they have to do is look pretty and guys will do anything for them!” Stan complained loudly. “Are you serious?!” The women screamed. “Women have been oppressed since stupid sexists were in power!” Carla growled. “But men gave them rights eventually…” Ford pointed out timidly. “WHY DIDN’T THEY HAVE IT IN THE FIRST PLACE?!” Wanda roared.

“They went political…” Dillon sighed.

Finally Miz slammed her hands on the table “You know what?! SCREW THIS!” she had a pounding headache from all the angry emotions and she was pissed now too! Her power reached out and the world twisted. A perception filter ensured no one else noticed the change. The arguing couples gasped softly as a hot sensation filled their bodies and it made them shiver, but before it actually burned, it was gone. It took them a few seconds to realize what happened.

Stan stared down at his, or rather HER chest. “W-what the?!” Everyone else gasped at their altered bodies and stood up to examine them better. Miz had swapped everyone except Kari, Zoe, Zach and Diego.

Stan started screaming as if he was being murdered, along with most of the table who were affected.

Dipper shakily touched his face, and his hands, and pulled a long strand of curly brown hair. “Why were WE included too?! We weren’t even involved?!”

“Because you all annoyed me! And I wasn't paying attention! ...Sorry 'bout that.” Miz, or rather, Xin huffed as he crossed his arms. “But it isn't all bad. I mean, you should see how it feels to walk a week in the other’s shoes.” They all gasped. A WEEK?! Stan screamed again, willing his voice to go deeper again with each shout, but he couldn't.

Kari was looking around at this blatant display of magic and could only say one thing.

“I HAVE DAUGHTERS NOW! YEEEEEES!!!!”

“Seriously?” Mabel looked at her Grandma deadpanning. Then coughed. Oh god. This was for real...her voice was deep and it sounded pretty hot but this was also scary as fuck!! She felt around her chest to find that her breasts were gone! And...ooh, there’s some muscle here… hang on… She grinned as she felt herself up.

Stan blinked. He looked down, freaking out, and saw that his hair reached past his shoulders, even longer than when he had a mullet. His muscles weren't gone, he still had muscles but he couldn't see them as well. He was all curvy! WHY!!!! He faintly realized that if he saw a woman like this he'd probably find her incredibly hot, a real Amazon type-- but it was weird when it was himself!

Xin grinned. “I think I did a pretty good job.” He nodded to himself.

Seb was squishing his new boobs curiously. “Huh...I’m so slim.” He had been in a female body before so it wasn’t as weird for him. But this was his own body, just female. Wanda was also a bit more well adjusted, though she found herself towering over her husband. “Whoa. I’m...really tall as a man…” She commented. Seb finally looked up at his wife and his jaw dropped. “Holy shit. Wanda, you’re…” His eyes roamed up and down his wife’s tall, muscular form “...super freaking hot~”
The kids all let out a loud “EWW~” They were eating, damn it! The kids couldn’t care less about their parents’ changes.

Wanda blushed. “Re-really?” She glanced at her husband as well, his hair fell in lovely long, well-formed curls, he was still wearing his eyepatch, but his brown eye had even longer, lush lashes. She had to admit he looked pretty too. So petite and slim. Wanda was almost jealous of his slender figure. Wow.

Kari smacked her hand. “Hey! Don’t touch my daughter like that.” Wanda blushed. “Sorry, Kari…” Seb was rubbing his chest. "Huh. I guess I'm not fat enough to have big breasts." They were a nice average size, Wanda blushed. "Don't play with them! The kids are…” she trailed off, the kids weren't even paying attention.

Kari examined her new daughter “Hm…” Kari placed a hand on Seb’s shoulder. “I’m...so proud.” She sniffled. Seb blushed. “Ma!” Kari laughed. “Don’t slouch, stand up straight, be proud! You are a beautiful woman and you should own it!” That made Seb slouch even more in embarrassment. He couldn’t be that beautiful right? He was used to people saying he looked weird…

Xin turned to look at Stanford and he couldn't help but smile fondly. He looked so confused and lost! And his hair was all curly and fluffy and his glasses were now a little big on her face and oh Ax! How cute!! Xin blinked and tilted his head. Huh. Ford's already lovely butt was even rounder now. Nice. He had simply set them to switch sex, wasn't sure how it'd all translate over.

Stan, Ford and Shermie groaned. “Please change us back?” They whimpered. Xin shook his head. “Nope. The Curse will last a week and then break on its own. I kinda… set it up that way. Sorry. Besides~” He went up to place a hand on Seb’s other shoulder. “Seb~You can wear all the dresses you want now~” He whispered.

Seb’s eye lit up. That...that’s true! He...he could dress up all he wanted! Do his nails! Style his hair! Wear those pretty, fluttery dresses he loved! "EEEEEEEEEEE!!"

The now men winced a bit. Now Seb's shrieks were even higher. Well, looks like they weren't getting any help from this side.

Carla was staring at herself in shock. Her arms were so thick now? And ew, why were her arms so hairy, like Stan’s?! GROSS. Abigail wasn’t as muscular as Wanda, but she was quite tall, stumbling as she got used to the new height. Stan was poking his breasts experimentally. Ford was examining himself more clinically, marvelling at how such a thing was possible. Did Xin simply double their X chromosome? That shouldn’t be enough to do this right? A full on transformation like this reminded him of being a let man yesterday, simply fascinating. Entire genetic reconstruction from the ground up. And in an instant too! Shermie sat down heavily. “I can’t believe this is happening…”

Dipper and Mabel had switched bodies once so it wasn’t AS weird as it could have been, heck, Dipper had been a pig for a while. Still, Dipper covered his chest and made distressed sounds. Mabel didn’t have boobs back then! Which he was really grateful for, that would have been TOO awkward for his poor little preteen heart.

Mabel examined her brother. She had to admit that they really looked similar, but they still had their differences. Mabel didn’t have the weird peach fuzz Dipper had, thank god, and...she grinned. “At least your boobs aren’t bigger than mine.” Dipper screamed and Dillon sighed, putting his head on his palm.

Diego looked at his mom. “Mommy, do I have to call you Daddy now?” He asked Carla, who was
running a hand through her shorter curly hair.

Xin put his hands on his hips as he examined everyone. “Hey, can you triplets stand next to each other? I want to see how you all turned out compared to each other.” He gently pushed Stan next to Ford and pulled Seb over as well. “Hm…” He tilted his head with a sly grin. “So Seb’s got the petite look, Stan and Ford are a few inches taller than him, Stan’s got the thickest arms and muscles and Fordsie has the biggest butt!” He observed cheerfully. “That’s pretty good, I wasn’t really sure how you’d all turn out. Good to know you all turned out pretty hot.”

“They were handsome as men.” Kari smiled. “It only makes sense they will be gorgeous as women.” She was just so happy! Imagining her baby boys had actually been baby girls! And FOUR! She always wanted daughters.

Xin then turned to look at Shermie and the others. “Shermie’s really pretty too, a slim, athletic build, very perky.” He noted. “Less fat than his brothers, I guess this means he’s been keeping himself more in shape than they were… makes sense, Stan was focused on bulking up.” Xin looked over at the former women. “I’m… very surprised how mom and the others turned out though. Who’d have thought mom would be a stud?”

Wanda blushed madly as Carla grinned amused. “You actually look pretty hot, Wands.” She complimented. Then she realized something. If she was a man…”Does that make me gay?” She wondered.

“I think so.” Abigail nodded solemnly. But it was weird. She still felt attracted to Shermie. “Xin, explain? I’m having a sexual orientation crisis.”

Xin shrugged. “You still love who you love. Regardless of sex. And you still have preferences beyond that. Don't think about it too hard.” He nodded at them. “So just enjoy a week like this and see if maybe you all learn something.” He sat back down to finish eating breakfast, he was feeling pretty ravenous after this use of his power. And maintaining the perception filter. The 3rd dimension always made his powers more difficult to use, even if the barrier was weaker here.

Everyone sat down, some of them shifting in their seats, trying to get used to their new bodies. Stan, Dipper and Shermie whimpered at their loss from time to time. It was as if... there was nothing down there! On the other hand, the women were shifting as they felt something that shouldn't be there and had to sit with their legs apart. Seb and Wanda were the only ones who seemed alright, though now his hair was extremely long, almost reaching his waist and he couldn't stop spitting his hair away or getting it over his food. URGH! He needed a fucking hairband!

Carla, deciding to be a dick, like the one probably resting in her pants, looked at Stan. “Love, can you bring me some napkins please?” Stan grumbled. “No.” Carla made a show of looking astonished. “Really? You won't even bring your husband a napkin? But I thought women were happy when they made their husbands happy.” She pouted.

Stan grumbled. “Not gonna do it.” Xin made a show of lidding his eyes at Stan. “I wonder if I should tack on an extra week…” everyone glared at Stan. “Stan! This is your fault! Go get your wife a napkin.”

Stan growled loudly as he pushed his chair back and went to the buffet table. His face was red and his fists clenched. Everyone looked at Xin nervously. Xin nodded, pleased. “A week it stays.”

Everyone sighed in relief. They continued eating, Stan eventually came back and angrily handed his wife the damn napkins. “Thank you, love. See? It wasn’t that hard. And I'm even thanking you for it.” “Whatever, let me eat.” He stuffed his mouth with food.
Mabel swallowed her bite of toast. “We should get names while in this form!” She declared. “I’m thinking of...Markus—that sounds cool right?”

Xin gasped. “That’s an excellent idea!” He turned to Dipper “Then, should Pinetree be Mary?” He and Mabel turned to each other with a wide grin “Cause he’s a lamb?!” The two laughed uproariously.

“I hate you both.” Dipper folded his arms but quickly let go when it squished his boobs, still not used to feeling their bump there. He wondered what Paz would say about this…

“Oh! Mommy should be Walter because it also starts with W!” Zach added, proud of his contribution. He had practice back when he was deciding his name. Wanda, currently Walter, smiled at her son and ruffled his hair. “That sounds wonderful sweetie.”

Zoe stared at her father “So daddy is...Sabrina!” She declared. Walter laughed. “So it's Sab for short?” Sebastian/Sabrina hummed to himself “I like that. It's cute.”

Kari looked at her now oldest daughter awkwardly drinking his/her coffee. “I always liked the name Stefania…” Ford choked a bit. “Oh– And you can be Fania for short! Yeah!” Xin high fived Kari.

Mabel looked at her parents . “Dad, you are Shelly now and mom...Abraham!” The ‘boy’s eyes sparkled. Both shrugged. Ok. Take it as it came, that way the overwhelming thought of being the opposite sex wouldn't crush them.

“And these two are Stania and Carlos!” Seb/Sab finished. Said people were glaring at each other. “And Dillon can be Danna.”

“If dad is a girl does this mean we take mom’s last name for now?” ‘Danna’ asked calmly. Everyone looked at each other and shrugged. “The hotel rooms are listed under the Pines family, so I think we have to keep that.”

“It’s ok, I don’t mind taking my wife’s last name.” Carlos grinned teasingly. “I love women! And I flirt with them all the time but it’s just a game!” She said with a forced smile. “Right, guys?”

Stan scowled. “Well I'm going to get jealous and nag you about it even when I know you’re not being serious.” The couple glared at each other while everyone sighed. This was going to be a long week.

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They managed to get a kind of normal breakfast, except for the fact everyone had been sex-swapped.

Zoe pleaded to go to the beach again, but the adults immediately blushed. “Like-like this!” Walter squeaked. Zoe deadpanned and nodded. “How else, dad?!” She smiled and Walter pouted with narrowed eyes.

Xin smiled widely. “I’ll get you all new swimsuits!” He squealed. He grabbed Fania’s hand. “Come on, let’s go somewhere more private.” he grinned. “I’m gonna need to create these from scratch.”

Everyone was dragged back to the hotel rooms by the children. Dipper requested to just have a t-shirt and shorts.
Markus measured herself with Dipper and gasped. “Bro bro, I think you could wear my bikinis! I already paid for them! And we’re the same inverted height!” She squealed. Dipper shook his head. “Definitely not. Leave me alone!” He cried when his sister easily picked him up. “Cute outfits!!” Markus roared as she took him to everyone.

Dipper felt like the pronouns were getting very hard to keep track of.

Sab was thrilled to try out different swimsuits in front of the mirror. S/he was a little worried about his tattoo showing, but his hair was long enough to cover it if he had it down. He pulled at his straps, pushed his breasts up and turned this way and that to look at himself. “I guess I have a nice figure?” Walter laughed. “You’re gorgeous.” He said. Then she shook her head. Ugh. Was...was the switch doing something to his, her head?

She looked over at Xin “Did you do anything to our heads as well?” Xin blinked and looked a little guilty. “Not on purpose...I can check to see if anything's happening?”

Walter nodded and sat down to let Xin examine his, urgh, her mind. The man touched the blond’s forehead. Xin frowned. “Well...it isn't directly messing with you. It's more like...if you're open to the idea of it, you start shifting towards it.” Xin looked pained. “I'm sorry...did I do bad?”

Seb and Wanda shared a look. It was...worrying. “But...this will only last a week, right?” Wanda asked. “Will we regain our... memories if we forget them?” Xin nodded.

“The curse will break after one week and you'll turn back to normal. It's...not like it changes your memories, just...your perceptions.” he frowned. “I've never had any problem switching back and forth...I guess I never thought about this?”

“Well, I don’t see a problem.” Seb eventually shrugged and smiled at Xin. “It’s just a week, right Wands? It’s to teach Stan a lesson~” He reminded her. The blond sighed but laughed. “You’re right...ok, let’s do this!” Walter took off his shirt before he chickened out, and stared at Seb with a determined look in his green eyes. “Let’s do it...” She whispered in his new deep voice.

Seb gaped. Damn... that sexy voice was making him shiver.

Walter trailed his hands down his chest. “This is so weird...I'm so muscular. How did that happen?” He guessed she focused on training more during their gym trips than she thought. Sab came forward with a light blush “Well I think you're really hot...” she said. H/she reached for his wife/husband's chest. “Can I touch you?” Walter grinned. “Only if I get to touch yours~”

Xin smiled, his job was done here, and went to the next room. Shelly and Abraham were surprisingly taking this very well, maybe because their kids were suffering it as well, and they accepted the clothes Xin gave them. Mabel was sad she couldn’t wear her new bikinis, but they were in good hands. Dipper came out of the bathroom deadpanning. “I feel utterly ridiculous with this.” He declared. Mabel gasped. Dipper looked better than her in that!! What the heck?! “Why are you cuter as a girl than I am?! That’s not fair!”

Dipper walked over to the mirror and pouted. His body had finally become a real man’s body...and now he was the exact opposite. He lifted her bangs and looked at his birthmark. This was the only thing keeping him from thinking he was some kind of weird Mabel. He was Dipper Pines. Boy or not. He decided to put on beach shorts. It made him feel a little more comfortable.

Dipper could admit, faintly, that he did make a cute girl. His lifestyle of just sitting around reading all the time didn't lead to many muscles so he was a little squishy. Dipper looked over at his sister who was now beefier than he was as a guy. Not fair that Mabel got all the muscles!
Mabel was still staring at her brother “Ugh! Why are you a cuter girl than I am?” She repeated. She looked over how soft and petite Dipper's female form was. It's not fair Dipper got all the cuteness, that was HER thing!

Xin was watching the twins with a grin. “Everything's fine, Pinetree? Shooting Star?” The teens nodded. “We are so ready for beach day.” Mabel smiled. “Absolutely not.” Dipper shook her head.

Abigail was tightening Shermie’s bikinis straps. “I love this bikini, I need one like this when I’m a woman again…” She said longingly. Shermie was staring at himself in the mirror with awe. “I look like some Amazon warrior.” He flexed and made a face. Dipper scowled. Seriously?! Even as a woman his dad was muscular. Dipper didn't even realize women could have abs as marked as that. Stan’s woman form was muscular, but in a more beefy way, while Shermie had a more specific definition. Dipper looked down at his belly and poked it. His finger sank into soft belly fat.

Xin nodded. “Well, glad to see you're all having fun. I'm gonna go check on Stan and Carla...since, you know, they caused all this…”

They waved at him and he went next door. He found Diego on the floor, wearing his trunks and looking miserable. “We will never go to the beach like this…” He whined. Xin looked up and saw Stan fighting with Carla.

“JUST WEAR IT!” Carlos screamed. “FUCK YOU! I will never put on this shit!” Stania shouted back. Dillon was on the bed with his bikini already put on and waiting for them to finish their bickering. Good girl. Xin sighed. “Stan. Shut up and wear SOMETHING. It doesn't have to be a bikini if you don't want to. I can make one piece suits too.” Stan shook his head. “No. It's girly and frilly.”

“Well then, how about this?” Xin flicked his fingers and an extremely plain black one piece swimsuit appeared on Stania. Stan looked down at himself. “I'm showing too much skin.” He complained. “You walk around shirtless half the time. Why is this any different?”

“For I'm a woman and it feels weird…” Stan grumbled, covering his chest. Carla crossed her arms. “And why? You think a woman shouldn't show skin?” She growled. “You like seeing women show their skin. And now that the shoe's on the other foot, you have a problem with it?” she scoffed. “Remember that dress you wanted me to wear for our anniversary? I told you it was too revealing for me but you insisted. Well, now you know how I feel.”

“Everyone will stare at me!” Stan blushed and Carla grinned. “Like married men look at them?” She sneered. “You don’t like others doing the shit you do! Well suck it!! You will know what it feels like!” She spat. She turned to Xin with a maniac grin. “Turn his swim suit into a sexy bikini.” She requested. “Please.”

Stan’s eyes widened. “No! Don't! I'm going to die of embarrassment!” Xin sighed and modified just enough to not look plain and boring.

“Dillon, can you take Diego down to the beach first while I deal with your parents?” Dillon nodded and got up, put on one of his t-shirts that was now big enough on her new body for decent coverage, picked up his brother and left the room. “You kinda brought this on yourself, dad.”

Xin crossed his arms and looked at the couple. “This is for you to learn empathy.” He reminded them. “Not just you Stan, everyone. You're all in this together.” Carla/Carlos was already in a pair of swim trunks, shirtless and trying not to feel self conscious “Yeah. Now you have to see what I'm always going through.”
Stania stared at her reflection and traced her curves with her eyes and fingertips. She couldn't deny she looked hella nice...Like an Olympic athlete and damn those women were hella cool.

“Ok fine! Just because I ain't no coward!” Stan looked at his reflection in the mirror and scowled with a faint blush. Carlos grinned and stood behind her, towering and placed his large hands over Stania's round bottom. “Hey babe~ I think you look great.”

Stania blushed madly as he felt Carlos' hands squeezing her butt. “You look amazing and I love your curves~” Carlos purred. He dragged the middle triplet closer to him and kissed her.

AAAAAANNDAAA that's Xin's cue to leave. He turned and left after realizing the couple probably weren't going to the beach today, they were more invested in another activity....

He went to Ford's room (the door was locked, but he knocked first and announced he was coming in unless Ford said “No.”, which he didn't), and found the human standing shirtless in front of the bathroom mirror, looking between a mix of horror and curiosity. Xin snorted. This huge nerd. He closed the door behind him and walked over to stand behind the scientist. “Having fun?” The dragon asked.

“AAHHH!” Was his response as Ford jumped and turned around to glare at him. “X-Xin!” Ford grumbled as he turned his body around so he wouldn’t see much of his chest. Wow. She looked really nice.

“Don’t stare. I don’t like it.” Ford/Fania (Xin still wasn't sure which name to use) frowned as he covered his chest and Xin nodded. “Sorry for that, I didn’t mean to pry.” Xin grinned. (She REALLY looked nice though, aesthetically, Ford made a very pretty woman). “So...beach? Yes? No?” He held up a hanger with a cute one piece suit. “Colors? Pattern? Come on, gimme something to work with here, Fordsie.”

Ford put on his sweater again and sat down on his bed, realizing he could close his legs with no problem at the moment, and he shook his head. “I am not sure I want to go out like this?” He wasn’t even comfortable wearing a swimsuit as a man, much less in a body that was not his. Well, technically it was, but...yeah...

“Even Stan’s wearing it! You can't stay behind your sisters!” Xin giggled and took her six-fingered hand. “Come on! You'll look amazing~!” his tail popped out to begin wagging in excitement. Ford pouted, looking absolutely adorable. “Well you're not wearing a swimsuit.” he complained. Xin rolled his eyes and flicked his fingers. His clothes shifted away, leaving behind nothing but a bright yellow pair of swim pants. He sat back, proudly showing off his shirtlessness. “There! Now you can't complain.”

Ford stared at Xin's exposed skin. “Scales…” He whispered. Xin blinked and looked down before flushing. “Shit. I've been using too much power today…”

“Are you losing hold of your human form?” Ford asked as he reached forward and trailed his/her fingers down the brick-like scales that were slowly growing out of Xin's skin. Xin shivered. “Looks like it. Damn. I need to get some food.” He raised one of his arms and watched the scales slowly spreading from his shoulders and down his arm. “Ew...it looks like I have some horrid skin condition…”

“No it doesn't.” Ford shook his head as he rubbed his fingers along the smooth scales. “They're pretty.”

Xin flushed. Pretty? Bu-but...it was so creepy looking...wasnt it? “But isn't it gross? Having scales
“growing out like this?” He tried to focus and stabilize his human form, to stop it from growing more inhuman traits. Ford laughed, his voice sounded so weird, he was used to having a deep voice, but this one was...He didn’t know how to describe it, it sounded...appropriate for a female version of himself. “Not at all. They're amazing.” He took Xin's hand and stroked the scales “Their color is vibrant and they're evenly spaced, I wonder if they're applicable as body armor? Like real scale mail?”

Xin blushed as Ford complimented him. This damn nerd didn't even realize it. “…you'd be a real ladies man...if you learned how to do this on purpose you know.” Xin muttered before shaking his head, “So…~ beach?”

Ford blushed. “Ok...but...” he looked away. “But what?” Xin asked, tilting his head to the side. “I...I need to go to the bathroom...” He whispered, embarrassed. “Can a person hold it for a week?” Xin burst out laughing. “Hey, if I could pee using your dick, you can learn to pee with your holes too!”

“Can you not say it like that?!” Ford stuttered. “And I prefer dying thank you.”

“You Pines are so dramatic. Can you go pee already so we can go to the beach?” Xin asked, exasperated. He was hot! He wanted to go in the water! Though he would need to get his stupid scales to go away first. Or slap on a Perception Filter and not have to bother. Maybe he’d do that. Since Fordsie seemed to like complimenting them and all that.

“For science~” Xin whispered.

“...Ok…” Ford/Fania grumbled her responde before stomping to the bathroom.

“Just sit down!”

“I am not stupid, Xin~!” Fania called from the bathroom, making Xin roll his eyes with an amused snort and turned around to give Fania some more privacy, just in case. In the meantime, he glared at his reflection and forced his scales to recede.

She took a few minutes to come out. Probably pissing herself in fear of peeing, but the woman eventually came out, blushing. Xin had managed to make some of the scales retreat, but not all. He needed to eat something. “You see? Not that hard! Now, which bikini do you want?!” He asked.

“Just-Just how did you get Stan to accept? Just-” She stuttered her words, showing just how hard she was trying. “What’s the least ridiculous or-or that shows less?”

“Just a bathing suit? Are you sure?” Xin clarified. “Wait. Am I allowed to modify it? It’ll be really nice! Nothing overboard” Fania blushed. “As long as it still covers my skin.” Xin nodded with a huge grin. Oh he was gonna have fun with this~

“Cool, but first-FOOD!” Xin threw Fania her boots and dragged them both back downstairs to the dining hall. They had taken so long that it was early lunch in the hotel by this point. Xin was glad for the perception filter he’d slapped on hiding his scales, and he went to grab a plate to choose from the buffet. This hotel was amazing. Expensive, but amazing. The all you can eat buffet was the best part~

Xin piled two plates high with food and made Fania get a plate full of stuff too. Fania rolled her eyes as they sat down and Xin began scarfing it down. “You're just constantly hungry, aren't you?” Fania took out her journal to start writing stuff down. It was important. Bill liked food, she should consider that for their visits, maybe that convinced him to stay with her longer.
Xin shrugged, moaning softly. “Well it takes twice the amount of power to do anything here as opposed to my own dimension, so I'm burning through stuff pretty quick. Plus, being in a physical body all the time is kinda draining. I use less energy as a triangle. And over on my side, I spend a lot of time flying around to do things that get my stores refilled. But it’s not all bad to be hungry.” Which was actually good. Having too much energy build up led to side effects like exploding.

Fania nodded. “Well, maybe if you found some way of storing your energy more efficiently…” Xin paused in the middle of slurping some Lo Mein. “That...is actually a good idea…” he paused to look down at himself. He's always been just compressing his energy inside himself which eventually led to explosions once he could no longer hold them. But it was obviously not a good method. What could he do? While he was in Seb's dimension, he burned through his power pretty quick. Back in his OWN dimension, where manipulating reality happened by simply thinking about it, he would get too much energy built up until he exploded, vomited everything out or used it up on purpose.

It wasn't a very good way to do things. Xin wiggled his butt, wishing he could let his tail out, as he thought about it. What if he split himself in half and sent half of himself back to his own world. So the energy would be shared between them? That seemed like a decent plan. Brother had approved of the idea for leaving half of himself in the Nightmare Realm for storage. But since he was behind a Door right now, it wasn’t something he could do.

And the only other option he could think of right now would be converting the energy into mass that he could repurpose for later use, essentially, fat. And Xin's butt was already too big. He frowned down at himself. He liked big butts (and he would not lie) but sometimes he wondered if he shouldn't have designed this body like this.

The swim suit he was wearing felt a little tight for one thing. He pulled at it and sighed before making the shorts larger. He looked at his reflection in a nearby mirror and flicked his hair. Yeah, he looked good. Right? He was attractive, he had made this body to be. He felt his stomach heat up as he digested and sighed in relief when he could stabilize his form. The scales receded and he ran a hand over his smooth skin with a sigh of relief.

He looked around for Fordsie and snorted loudly when he found the brunette woman at the buffet table. She had left her food, rude, but she was staring longingly at the chocolate cake they were serving as dessert. Ford hated to admit it, but his sweet tooth was stronger than him.

As it was around midday, there weren’t many people eating yet, and the man behind the table took that chance to make a move. “Hey, beautiful, see anything you like?” Ford froze and looked at the man. “Mm…”

“Because I see everything I want in front of me~” the man waggled his eyebrows.

Xin didn’t know if he should laugh or frown. He decided to scowl instead. Ford grimaced. Fuck, fuck, ew, ew. “Alright…” He whispered. The waiter handed the woman a piece of cake. “I’m Martin, I saw you came with your family, am I right?”

“That’s none of your business…” Fania huffed. Ugh. He didn’t want to deal with this. S/he walked back to where Xin was and frowned when she managed to hear the waiter whispering to himself, her ears trained after years of trying to survive in space. “Ugh, bitch, her sisters looked better anyway…” Fania blinked. What did that fucker just call her?!

Xin also heard him and was about to give that piece of shit what he deserved when Fania came back to the table. “Fordsie, are you ok?” She left the cake, because she wouldn’t sacrifice it, then Ford went back to the man...
And socked him right in the nose.

Xin burst out laughing. Fania scowled at the waiter. “That was for calling me a bitch!” The man groaned in pain while Xin continued laughing, pounding the table with a fist. Fania huffed and headbutted him in the forehead, bringing another fit of laughter from the dragon. “And that’s for being a fucking gross human being! What the fuck makes you entitled to talk to women like that!” Then she came back to eat her chocolate cake. Xin giggled and wiped a tear. “I would have done that if you hadn’t beat me to it.”

“He was being incredibly unprofessional. As a waiter, he should not be flirting with the guests. It's improper.” Fania complained. Xin grinned “I've already sent off a formal complaint of his conduct. There's an evaluation form filled out about him, ready and waiting for the owners to see.” Xin purred as he bit into a pork chop. He held up the paper he filled out to show Ford/Fania. Fania giggled. “You...really would have punched him as well for me?”

“Of course, Fordsie!” Xin smiled. “Do you think I would have let him treat you like that?” He continued eating and Fania blushed slightly. “Ok...” She tucked a long lock of hair behind her ear. Ford seemed confused by his behaviour, but didn't pay it much attention. First cake, then meeting everyone at the beach.

Xin peered over. “Are you only getting cake for lunch?” He asked before sliding over some chow suey. “Eat.” He told her. “We're gonna be playing on the beach again and you need your energy. What if someone gets captured by manatees again, right?” he grinned.

Ford laughed and rolled his eyes. He had to admit that adventure was fun, like, how was Xin able to modify their bodies and genetic information so easily? It was amazing! He had GILLS!

He/she watched Xin scarf down another plate of food. Well, obviously he needed to use a lot of energy to do so, but still. It was impressive. She ate some more food, because if they really did have to fight off a herd of blood thirsty manatees again...

Fania looked down at the pasta. “Well, I can’t eat all of this. And I know you’re worried about me getting food, but I... I’m going to handle my own diet. I don’t need you to be my mom for this.”

Xin looked over. “I guess you’re right. You’re an adult. But if you forget or miss a meal, I can remind you. Right?”

“As long as you’re not forcing me to eat when I don’t want to.” Fania thought about it. “I don’t eat much at night, it gives me weird dreams. I’ve gotten used to light meals in the evening.”

“I’ll keep that in mind.” Xin nodded, taking another spoonful of his own food. He still worried, ok? He really wanted her owl to be ok.

They finished up their lunch and went upstairs so Xin could make Fania's swimsuit. It didn't take long and Fania stared at herself in the mirror. “Ah...it's really...very much there.” she blushed. Xin grinned. “It's cute! You said I could do what I want with it~” she blushed. Xin grinned. “It's cute! You said I could do what I want with it~” it was pretty, and blue, and it looked like a cute short dress, made of swimsuit material. The skirt was very fluttery, swishing and bouncing as he moved and the back was open, showing her scar-covered skin. There was a crisscross of fabric but otherwise, the back was exposed. She put her hair down and it covered her back, so it wasn’t too much of a problem. Heck, Fania was more embarrassed by her tattoo.

Ford/Fania sighed. “Well, at least it's covering more of me...” s/he walked off, not noticing how the skirt would bounce up with each step and show off her large butt, which had a bikini bottom with a modest trim. Xin grinned. Butts were nice~
Dipper was in hell.

“Hey sweetheart, you're looking lonely~” “Wanna come have some real fun?” “Come on hot stuff, ditch the children and come hang out with us~”

The teen clenched his fists as the guys followed him around. These stupid assholes really didn’t know how to take a no for an answer and continued asking him to go drink something. The dock had some nice restaurants, bars, cafes, but Dipper DIDN’T WANT TO GO WITH THEM!

“I’m taking care of my cousins, fuck off.” He glared. The guys were much taller than him/her. If he was a boy, they would be the same height. Mabel was aghast at all the attention Dipper got from hot guys.

“Go away! Leave my cousin alone, ugly!” Zach cried and kicked one of the boy’s legs. “Go away or I am calling my dad!”

“Oh yeah, brat? And what will your daddy do?” the teenage boy taunted the toddler who growled. “DDAADDDDD!!!!” He screamed, making everyone flinch. Seb and Wanda took a while to realize he meant his temporary dad, so Wanda sighed and walked over the kids and Dipper. “What’s wrong, Zach?”
The boys gaped slightly at the muscular tall man crouching in front of the little kid. Dipper flipped them off with a smug grin as the boys walked away, they needed to wait to try again.

‘Oh yeah, my new uncle is strong as fuck and will break your noses if you don’t leave me alone!’

Mabel was sulking next to her Grandma under an umbrella. “How is Dipper getting asked out and not me?!?” Markus complained with a whine. Kari laughed. “I’m sure it’s because he’s not the one pursuing them. Some boys have delicate egos and knowing that you’re so much better than them, makes them too afraid to approach.”

Markus groaned. “I just don’t get it. I’m charming and adorable!” Kari patted his back. “Well, do you want to try flirting with boys as another boy? See if maybe that makes a difference?”

Markus blushed. He loved flirting with boys but...Markus looked down at his flat chest. Could he still flirt while he was a boy? How would he even find someone who would be into this? Markus looked over at Dillon, Danna now, who was very much enjoying the attention she was getting from all the boys.

“Hey Danna!” Markus ran over, noticing the men looking him up and down and making jealous faces when Danna turned to him with a bright smile. “Oh, hey Markus. Guys, this is my cousin Markus.” The hostility in their gazes faded, ok, not a rival.

“Hey guys!” Markus waved cheerfully. “Can I steal my cousin for a little while? I need to ask her something.” The boys made sad sounds but agreed. “See ya later, guys~” Dillon waved with a sweet smile and the boys melted. Markus took the girl away and raised an eyebrow. “Aren’t you with Phillip?”

“I’m sure my baby would understand how lucky I am, we usually look at other men together.” Dillon shrugged. Mabel sighed. “Ok, anyway. Dipper is getting flirted at and I never get that when I’m a girl. Should I try flirting like a boy?”

Danna stroked her chin in thought. “Maybe it wouldn’t work. Not everyone is gay, for one.” Mabel realized that it would look kind of gay. “And you could get punched and I would hate that...why don’t you try flirting with girls the same way you do as a girl? See how girls react?”

Markus pouted. “But I don't like girls that way.” Dana laughed. “Well, you don't have to be serious about it. This is just for fun. Want me to come with you?”

“...maybe.” Markus admitted. He sighed. “Why is this so difficult?” Dana laughed. Dipper walked up to them, groaning. “Ugh...why're guys so...annoying!?” His sister/brother and cousin laughed at him. “You need to be more assertive with your refusal. And kick'em in the balls!” Markus laughed.

Dipper hummed, considering the option. “Yeah, I think I’ll do it! If they really can’t take a hint. What are you guys doing? The kids are with their parents already so I don’t have to babysit. ” he followed behind the other two. Markus ran his fingers through his hair “I'm gonna try and flirt with a woman to see if there's something wrong with my flirting method or if it's just the boys who are the problem.”

“And then we can find some gay guys for you to flirt with too.” Dana, the best wingman, suggested. Markus nodded. Dipper sighed. “I feel like this isn't going to end well...”

Markus spotted a group of girls sitting around chatting. “Alright. Let's do this!” he brushed his hands down his chest. “Alright. I'm hot, I'm single and I'm ready to mingle!” he walked over with a
huge grin. “Hello! I'm Markus! And I think you're all really cute! So I thought I should introduce myself and get to know you all! I can start! My hobbies are knitting and arts and crafts!”

The women blinked at the young man and giggled. “Seriously?” One snorted. Markus nodded. “I've been knitting sweaters for myself and my family since I was 10. Oh, that's my cousin and my twin sister over there, we are on a family vacation!” He pointed at Danna and Dipper, who waved back, Danna was giving Markus two thumbs up. The women cooed. “Aw, that's so cute.”

They moved to make space. “So you think we're cute? Which one of us is the cutest?” One laughed. Markus hummed as he looked at them. “You've got really pretty eyes, they look like my favorite color of beads, but my *real* favorite color is rainbow.” The girl with the greenish eyes giggled. Markus turned to another one “And you are really rockin’ that one piece. The pattern really accentuates your figure and the color compliments your skin tone.” the girl with the dark skin looked down at herself with a smile. Markus turned to the last one “And I LOVE what you did with your hair. I can never get mine to curl like that.” Markus ran a hand through his curly hair. “Mine just goes all over the place no matter how much I brush it.”

The three young women laughed. “So...are you actually flirting to try and get with us or?”

Markus pouted. “Naw, I'm not actually into girls. No offense, but my flirting method with guys never turns out well so my cousin suggested I talk to some girls and see if there's a difference.” He shrugged and the girls all giggled. “Well, you're very enthusiastic. It's not bad though.”

Another one nodded. “It's actually too bad you're gay, you seem much nicer than some of the other men who've tried to flirt with us.” “Yeah, you've honest and upfront. And friendly. It's nice.”

Markus sat down with them, groaning. “I KNOW right? There was a group of them hounding my sister just now. Like, what the heck?” He sighed. “Worse is that I really wished they would come to ME like that! What's a guy to do to get some attention around here?”

Dipper stared slack jawed at Mabel/Markus easily chatting with the girls. “Is this really happening?” He groaned. Danna scratched her cheek and shrugged. “I don't think he's even flirting anymore. Looks like Markus just made some new friends.”

Meanwhile, back with the rest of the family, Sabrina was hugging her legs under an umbrella as she whined to herself. Dumb Bill2, dumb tattoo. She didn't want to wear a bikini anymore if her stupid tattoo was going to show all over! She thought her hair would cover it, but the wind would blow and then she had to cover herself. She looked around and found Walter’s shirt. There. Much better. Covered. Like it always should be...She glanced down at herself and groaned. Great. Now it seemed she was naked below because she was still wearing the lower part of the bikini.

She couldn't even get a hug because Walter was busy looking after the children.

A guy selling ice-cream walked by and Zoe screamed for Sab to buy them. “No. You're still in trouble.” Sab reminded them. “No dessert for the rest of the summer.” The twins gasped. “B-but Miz was the one who--”

“And Miz isn’t allowed any dessert until NEXT summer.” Sab pointed out. “Unless you two want to have her punishment too?” The two quickly shook their heads, looking horrified at the idea of no dessert for a year. Truly, attacking the mean old man was something that was really bad, since mommy and daddy never punished them THIS badly before!

“I want strawberry, honey!” The blond man grinned down at the twins, who gasped and tackled him down to the sand. “Uncle Walter, stand up! Throw me again!” Diego complained and the
blond chuckled as he threw the kid to the air, making him squeal. The twins were laughing, waiting for their turn. Mom as a Dad was so cool! He was strong and really tall! And Dad as a Mom was cool too! She was so pretty and her hair was so long and soft!

“Well I’m gonna get ice cream for everyone who isn’t being punished right now.” Sab told them all before she went to the ice cream truck. She got the strawberry for Walter and some popsicles for everyone else and then came back to continue moping over her tattoo making it so she couldn’t show off her adorable swimsuit to everyone. She was sour now and she knew it wasn’t that big of a deal, wearing a shirt, but it just pissed her off and ruined everything.

That was about when Xin and Ford joined them.

Sebastian gaped but managed to smile. “Daamn! Who are you, and what have you done to my sister?!” Kari looked up and squealed loudly. Fania looked so adorable!! Kari was kind of trying to forget for a moment they were actually tall masculine men magically transformed. Let her live out her lifelong dream of having daughters.

Fania rubbed her arm awkwardly. The kids gasped and ran towards them. “Aunt Fannnyyy! You look so cute!” Zoe roared and hugged her actually- uncle’s legs. Ford had his face entirely red, but he managed to smile. “Thanks, Zoe…” Xin snorted quietly (“Fanny! Hah!”)

Diego also told him he looked pretty, just like Dad always said, and looked at Xin. “Xin, will my parents come now?” Xin smiled sheepishly. “No, sorry, champ. They were...not up for beach day.”

“Aww...they got angry with each other?” Diego asked sadly. Xin blushed slightly, remembering he saw the ‘Do not disturb’ sign being put out. “I can assure you they are more than happy with each other right now.” Walter and Sab coughed, blushing. Ford sat down in the sand and brushed his long hair out of the way. “Well, since Stan's stubbornness is what caused this whole mess, I do hope he and Carla can work this out.”

Xin coughed. “They're working out all right.” Sab swatted his arm. “You are such a perv, oh my god!” Xin laughed. “Well Shermie and Abigail aren't coming down either. So...it's just us today.” Ford spat his hair out of his mouth. “Pleh! Pleh! Can’t you make this shorter?! This is annoying!”

“NO!” Kari and Seb roared. “You look pretty that way, Stefania, suck it!” Kari scolded, having learned plenty of slang from her grandchildren. “Be grateful YOU CAN show off your back!” Seb crossed his arms jealously. Ford brushed back his hair again. Xin knelt down behind him. “Hold still, I'm going to braid it.”

“Braid it?” Ford sighed when he felt Xin’s hands stroking his long brown curly hair. Well, at least it felt nice~ Xin took the hair and separated the strands carefully so as not to pull at them. Sab leaned against her mom and the both of them cooed. They were enjoying this too much to be healthy. “Ma, you really would have liked it better if we were born girls?” Seb asked curiously. “What would you have done?” Xin sighed. “If you had been women, maybe...Filbrick wouldn't have hit you…”

Xin scowled. “Still think I should have ripped his eyes out…” Ford reached back to grip his hands. “No. That would have been bad. You...don't want to be bad. We won't LET you be bad. We won't let you become like the other Bill.” Ford was very worried about that, he didn’t want this Bill to go down that path.

Seb huffed. He knew Filbrick would have hit him anyway… “Nothing can stop that crazy asshole. He was even more insane than my past self, and I WAS insane.” He looked at the man. “But you
are an adorable cutie pie.”

“I AM insane.” Xin pouted. Why didn't anyone take him seriously when he said so? “But not...in that way. Everyone's a little insane.” Seb shrugged. Xin grumbled. “I just want him punished for what he did to you…” Seb sighed as Wanda went over to hug her/son/daughter. “We know sweetie. But even if ripping out someone's eyes might be normal in space, it's not the right thing to do, there OR here. Earth has laws and customs and societal norms, and the murder or maiming of others is something that I as a lawyer cannot allow.”

“Which sucks!!” Seb moaned. Walter gave her a glare. They're supposed to be setting a good example for the children. Xin leaned back into his (current) father's embrace. “Stupid laws!” he grumbled.

“Daddy! Mommy!” Zach and Diego ran towards them. “We found a squishy thing! Can we touch it?” Zach asked excitedly. “A squishy thing?” Walter muttered, then his narrowed eyes widened. “Zoe, don’t touch it!!” He cried and ran to stop his daughter from touching the jellyfish. Knowing her, she’d want to take it back to the hotel.

Walter ran across the sand, the sun glimmering off his muscles and a flock of women all stared as he ran past. “Oh my god. Did you just see that guy?” One asked. Another was fanning herself as her eyes remained glued to his backside. “Finally! There's just been teenagers all over this damn beach!” Another was already walking in his direction “Finally, a real man!”

Innocent Walter, unaware the hunters had chosen him as prey, finally got to Zoe who was luckily only touching the bell of the (luckily) dead jellyfish. “Wait, no! That’s a jellyfish, you can get hurt!” He pouted. “Go, go with your mommy.” He ushered her back in the direction of Sab and he sighed. He should call a lifeguard or something to take this thing away. Some other little kid could get hurt...

The women sighed, seeing the sexy man saving a poor little girl from the horrible beast. They made their move. They were friends vacationing together and what a godsend to see this beautiful hunk of a man! “That was so brave…” One of them sighed dramatically. Walter blinked. “Um...not really?” He wasn't sure what they meant by that.

“Running so quickly just to save a child from a jellyfish.” Another woman sighed as she came closer and placed a hand on Walter's arm. Walter blinked “Um. Yeah, of course. This is dangerous.”

They smiled and one of them slowly traced his muscled arm. “You’re so strong~ You must lift weights, no~?” One of them purred. Walter shook his head nervously. What was going on!? “We were wondering if you would like to keep us company...We aren’t from around here…”

“What? Company?” He muttered. Was being a man making him slow to understand stuff? The woman giggled and ‘accidentally’ bumped their breasts on his arms and chest. “Yeah, to have a drink!” Oh...Oh! “Wait, I can’t” Luckily for him, Zach ran towards him. “Daddy, I can’t find your wallet and I want a snack!” He paused. “And it’s not a dessert snack.”

All the women stopped at once. The kid looked exactly the same as the one this sexy guy just saved. Were they his?! And twins?!

“You have kids?” Suddenly he felt much less desirable. Walter smiled widely, super proud. “Yeah, three! An older daughter and twins!” he subtly shook their hands off. “And a lovely wife whom I love more than anything!” He said loudly. The women all slumped in disappointment.
Sabrina looked over and waved. “Walter~the kids want snacks that aren’t ice-cream! I don’t know if that counts against their punishment though.” The women all stared at the wife.

They all froze as Sab made his way over to them, holding hands with the little blonde girl from earlier. The sun was glimmering off her smooth, silky skin and her lovely hair curls bounced as she walked.

“Whatcha say, Mr. Law man?” Sab stopped when she saw the women surrounding her husband. She narrowed her eye but didn’t want to start a scene. Instead, she brushed her hair back, letting the luscious locks wave through the air. “Oh Walter~the sun’s getting hotter. Can we all go get some iced drinks together~?”

Walter stuttered incoherently, unable to think straight, and only managed to nod at her. The kids happily grabbed their hands and they went back with everyone. The woman scowled. Lucky bitch. She wasn’t even that cute! She didn’t even have an eye! She didn’t deserve him!

They gasped in offense when Sab turned her head at them and flipped them off with 2 middle fingers on one hand. Sab huffed. Who did they think they were? Trying to steal HER man! Seb blinked. His woman, right. Wow, this spell was strong. He looked up at the blond. Wanda didn’t seem to mind, she looked like she took it really well and was adapting fast to being a man.

The little family cheerfully went to get more something cold to drink. No dessert meant no ice cream, but iced soda was fine. Walter also said that candy, pastries, cakes and other sweets were included in the ‘no dessert’ punishment. Fruit was fine.

“UUUGH YOU’RE TRYING TO KILL US!” Zoe complained. “Well, you were trying to kill a human being.” Walter scolded. “And murder is wrong. This will let you know that.”

“No, we didn’t! We wanted to scare him and hurt him, but not kill him!” Zach explained solemnly.

“It still isn’t right to hurt someone else if they aren’t trying to hurt you first. I know he hurt Sebastian when he was a child, and that is WRONG, but you still shouldn’t hurt him. Punishing bad men like that is my job.”

“So… are you going to punish the bad man?” Zach asked. Walter sighed. “It was a long time ago, it’d be harder to press charges, especially since Sebas is an adult now. The easiest thing to do would be suing him for it.”

“Grrrr!” The twins hissed before running away like the little gremlins they were. Sab hugged Walter’s arm onto her breasts with a fond grin. “Well, I don’t want to bother pressing charges. I just don’t want anything to do with him. I think letting him live and die all alone with no one around is a better punishment. He’s alone. Mom left him. That’s punishment enough.” Sab grinned, a little evilly. Walter nodded at that, accepting Sab’s choice.

“If that’s what you want to do.” Sab grinned and stood up on her toes to kiss Walter. Judging by the blush and happy smile on Walter’s face, he really enjoyed it. Walter pulled her closer to him. He put his big hands on her hips as he rested his chin on her head. “I love you, Sab…” He whispered.

“Love you too, Walt.” Sab nuzzled her husband. This...was going to be an odd week, but she didn't think it would be bad.Sab wondered if they could...enjoy themselves tonight~

After all, Stan and Shermie were already trying it out, it was only fair if she got to try as well...um, she briefly wondered if Xin and Ford would try as well...
Chapter 31: Fun in the Sun

Chapter Summary

Gender Bender hi-jinks, confused pronouns that change back and forth, wild physical/hormonal feelings!

Chapter Notes

(Miz: A tale of hormones and horniness.)

(BlueFrosty: NOOOO)

Slices of Life and Family

Chapter 31

-Fun in the sun-

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After they got bored of swimming and playing in the sand, Kari and Xin demanded that they all needed to go clothes shopping. For that, everyone had to go get ready first. Take a bath to get rid of the sand and wet clothes and put on some others. It took a while, they were a lot of people and they had little kids who still needed help.

It also took longer than necessary because the teens and Ford were refusing to take a bath. Seb rolled his eye. He had knocked on Stan and Shermie’s doors to inform them about the shopping trip and he had the decency to blush when Stan opened the door, wrapped up in a blanket, looking disheveled and completely happy.

“Well, did you finish having sex with Carla?” Seb crossed his arms. “Get ready, we’re going to buy clothes.” Stania nodded slowly. “Not done yet! But she passed out after our third round…” She grinned. “But we can go shopping…” Seb (blushing) was sure that after having all this time for themselves they wouldn’t mind taking a shower.

When he went back to the teens and Ford, Xin was still trying to get them to take a bath. “Seriously, it's your own body. You can't go out covered in sand!”

“Nope! I will never take a bath, I prefer being a sand monster.” Mabel crossed her arms over her now flat chest. Dipper imitated her. “Yeah, I’m not taking a bath either. Change us back.”

“I can’t change you back right now, the curse is set. Sorry ‘bout that by the way.” Xin deadpanned. “Now get your asses to your rooms and PLEASE take a damn shower!” He kept quiet about how he’d be able to break the Curse at any time. He just didn’t want to.
Dillon sighed defeatedly. He didn’t want to admit this, but he wanted to go to the bathroom, so he would have to see his body eventually. “Can I get paid? Consider you just modified my chromosomes and I am a shocked innocent victim because of my parents’ fuckery.”

Xin tilted his head before handing Dillon a pearl necklace. Seb groaned and stepped up to take the pearls before Dillon could. “Stop that. You can't just keep handing these out.” Xin pouted. “But they're pearls. Not gold. It won't mess with the inflation for gold value!”

“Um, teen waiting for their pearl necklace here? Aunt Sab?” Dillon pouted impatiently. “I will even wash my hair with a hair conditioner or whatever the other bottle is for.” Seb sighed and handed him the necklace. Danna grinned and ran to her room. She wasn’t lying, she actually was starting to get annoyed at the sand that had gotten between her breasts.

Xin turned to the twins. Mabel blushed as she looked down at herself. “I mean...I won't say I'm not...interested to know what I look like but...I don't know if I can...I mean, a bath means I'll have to touch it!” She gestured vaguely to her lower half.

“Same.” Dipper deadpanned. Xin rolled his eyes. “Well, maybe if you try…” Dipper shook his head. “Nope. Never. I don't want to.”

“...have you never touched a woman's body before?” Xin questioned. “Not even Llama's?”

“Not like... that way…” Dipper rubbed her arm. “We just kiss…” He admitted. Mabel booed. Xin waved for her to stop. “Hey, he's going at his own pace. Just because you're dating doesn't mean you HAVE to have sex. That's stupid and problematic.” Xin turned to Dipper and placed his hands on his (her?) shoulders. “It's fine if you haven't gotten that far. You shouldn't feel pressured into doing it just because people expect you to.” Xin gave her a comforting smile. “What matters is your comfort and how YOU and Llama feel. Ok?”

Dipper smiled gratefully at him. “Thanks, Xin…” The dragon nodded. “You're welcome.” Seb rolled his eyes. “Well, you still need to take a bath, virgin or not.”

Dipper and Mabel whined. Xin scoffed. “You SHOULD do this. After all, I bet your school didn't teach you shit about sexual education, this will be a good learning experience. It’s literally your body! And wouldn't you rather learn here, with your own bodies, where it's safe, than when you're actually trying to do it with your partner in the future?” He looked back and forth between them. “Wouldn't you like to learn how this works so that when you DO decide to get with someone in the future, you have an idea of how it works?”

The twins grumbled, annoyed. They knew Xin was (sort-of) right and it actually made sense. Stil...embarrassing. “We want money as well.” Markus finally declared. Seb rolled his eye. Kids these days...

“Try not to spend it all in one place.” Xin muttered as he handed each of them a pearl necklace as well. Xin paused. “Where are you even going to exchange that after we kinda...got the pawn shop closed down?” Seb sniggered. “There are other pawn shops. I can show you guys around after we're done showering.”

The twins nodded and left for their room. They’ll have to take turns... Seb and Xin turned their attention onto Ford. “So. Why are you still here? Please tell me you aren't even more embarrassed than the CHILDREN about this?” Sab glared.

Xin looked at his hands. “Do you want pearls to go take a bath as well?” He was going to need more food after this. Maybe he should start feeding more actively on the emotions around here to
Ford sighed loudly. “I still find this change...uncomfortable. You should have only changed Stanley and Carla.” Sab gasped. “And let Stan go through this on his own? Where is your sisterly love?”

Xin blushed. “I was kinda annoyed and hit all of you with the Curse. The children and granny were exempt since they didn't fall under the parameters at the time.” He tugged at a lock of his hair. “Sorry.” Seb wrapped an arm around Ford's tense shoulders. “Fordsie, this is cool, and weird! Don’t you like weird things? Please~ Ma really wants to spend some time with us! Um...do it for science!” He pleaded, knowing that word convinced his brother to do almost anything.

“I think that’s called body dysphoria or something.” Xin rubbed his chin, “I’m not sure what terms are anymore. I think that’s right?”

Seb pouted hard. “I know that you might not be liking this...but it really isn’t that bad as a temporary thing…” He said softly. “We are still triplets, we’re still the same, being women doesn’t change that. You’re still our oldest sibling and the most intelligently dumb genius to ever exist!”

Ford sighed. “I guess, but I feel how I feel.” Xin hugged her. “Would you like me to manually remove the mental dissonance so you didn’t feel so uncomfortable? It might be a little difficult with that metal plate though…”

Ford lifted her glasses to run a hand across her face. He didn’t think it could work...and he’d appreciate not having Xin trying to get in his mind, even if he was a good Bill. “I...no, it...I can bear it for seven days…” He said softly, almost to himself. Seb smiled widely and hugged him. “Yes! You're best! Hey, how about you take this as an experiment? Measure how the spell affected us all and all that stuff...Scientific method~” He sing-songed.

Ford sighed. Looks like he would have to. “Well, I suppose I may as well. But I'm not going to like it.” He slumped off to his room. Finally, it was just Sab and Xin. “Aren't you going to take a shower?” Sab asked her son. Xin sighed. “Well Ford's got the bathroom. I'll have to wait.” Xin's stomach growled. “-and I think I'm going to head down for some food first.”

Seb nodded. “Alright. Have fun I guess.” He waved bye to Xin as the dragon headed back downstairs. Xin opened up his empathic senses to start actively absorbing the emotions in the air. He normally had it turned off nowadays (as much as he could with something like this at least), and shielded himself when they were out in public due to getting overloaded, but maintaining this curse and the perception filter was draining from him constantly so he might be alright with opening back up.

Xin stumbled a little as the emotions flooded in. All the guests and workers at the hotel. Keeping his empathy closed for so long made it surge out once he let go. The range slowly shrank back to the usual area. He moaned softly as he felt his power fill back up, his abilities converting emotions into pure energy. Frustration. Joy. Excitement. Worry. Lust. Confusion. Irritation. Xin shook his head, there were so many flavors. He went downstairs to the dining hall and passed a few groups of women who turned to stare at the shirtless man.

Lust.

Xin stumbled slightly. Oh. That was a huge spike in emotion right there. One of the women reached out to grab his arm before he could fall. “Are you alright?” She blushed as her eyes roamed down this handsome man's bare chest. Lust.
Xin shook his head. “Ah...I'm fine, just a little tired from being in the sun earlier.” He pulled his arm from her grip. “S-sorry, I don't like getting grabbed like this. Thank you for catching me though.” Xin swayed as the waves of emotions hit him and were absorbed. Maybe this had been a bad idea. Probably shouldn’t have gone without his headband.

The group of women began to surround him. “No problem. Say, are you free right now?” One asked as she allowed her eyes to roam around his form. Xin was still dressed in only his swim trunks and sandals. She and her friends had failed with that hot blond earlier but this more delicate piece of man meat didn't have a wedding ring. Lust.

Xin blushed as he felt himself start to grow warm at the intense flavor in the air. “W-well I was going to go eat a late lunch…” the women all grinned. “Then, can we accompany you? We're here on vacation and don't know anyone except each other.” they came closer and Xin shrugged. “I guess? I'm just going to be eating though…”

“That's fine.” one woman said, looking down at the nice curve of his butt. Another was admiring his slanted eyes. How exotic. Lust.

Xin was blushing pretty hard now. He tried to extract himself politely from the group. “Um, c-can I get to the dining room please? You're kind of...in my way…” He managed to get past them, having to slide through them and made a run for the dining room. Women were scary.

To his dismay, they followed him. The group giggled at how shy this man was. Xin, meanwhile, was trying to muffle some moans as the energy he was absorbing started to affect him. The saturation of Lust was making him feel warm and pleasant all over. Xin quickly cut his powers off. Nope. Too much. No more please. He clamped down his Empathy and held it.

His stupid body had been about to react. That would have been embarrassing. Unfortunately, just because he cut off the absorption, didn't stop the women from sitting down at his table and trying to talk to him. At least he wasn't being overloaded by lust anymore.

“So...what’s your name, handsome?” One of them purred. Xin grimaced. Help! “X-Xin…”

“Ooh and where do you come from?” “Are you all alone here?” “If you want we can keep you company…” Another woman slowly traced his hand with a finger. Xin pulled away. He didn't like this! Stupid sexy body! What could he do to get food and get these women off him?

“G-Guys, I-I-I have a girlfriend!” He suddenly burst out without thinking. “Y-Yeah, a girlfriend! Her name is Stefania, she’s a mad genius, and-and pretty and-and I’m with her and it’s definitely not a lie.” He blushed as he lied, not used to directly lying in such a way. (He was usually much better at it! Damn distractions! That’s what he got for being so down in his vessel, letting physical sensation affect him!) But, if he was honest...being with Fordie wouldn’t be...bad. Besides, everyone already thought they were together...he doubted Stanford would want to be with him though. (Not to mention Blue would be SO unbearable if he found out his precious little sister might have a bit of a ‘squirmy feelings’ for someone, and a Stanford on top of that.)

The women easily picked up on the lie, grinning like sharks. Aw~he was shy~that made this more fun for them~ one took hold of his arm in a light hug, making him stiffen and it was only all his sessions with Ford that stopped him from throwing her off him. “A girlfriend? Really?” Xin shuddered. Another wave of Lust, it was harder to block it out when they were directly touching. He clamped down on his Empathy with all his mental strength. No. No more. He hid a hand beneath the table and formed a modified headband as a bracelet. And yeah, he wasn’t wearing the cyber gauntlet, didn’t think he needed it. And it felt weird when he was playing in the sand.
To his embarrassed horror, his stupid body was beginning to react. Especially when the women began playing with his hair and squeezing his arms. “It's so soft, what conditioner do you use?” One marveled. “It's not even tangled despite the salty sea air.” “Your skin is so soft~”

Xin clamped his legs together (glad for the long table cloth) and gently pushed the women off him. “Please stop. I'm not comfortable with this.” He glared. Enough was enough. His power hummed under his flesh, his instincts begging (demanding) him to do something awful to these women for daring to touch him.

“What~but you're clearly enjoying the attention~” one pointed out and Xin cursed at the fact that he was only wearing swim trunks. He blushed as he covered himself. “Just ‘cause my body likes it, doesn't mean I want this!” he growled. The women sighed. “Why not? Are we not good enough for you?” “Come on, this is our vacation~” “It's not like we want a full relationship~just a little fling~for fun!”

Xin growled. “That's the problem! I don't like flings! If I'm going to do something like this, not that I even want to, it would need to be with someone I love and trust! Not some random strangers!” he cried vehemently. The women looked taken aback. Weren't men supposed to like sex? One of them sighed. “Alright. If you really feel that strongly…” they looked disappointed. To Xin's relief, they left.

Which meant Xin had to sit there, hiding his boner under the table and wait for the damn thing to go away. Stupid physical reactions to lust energy...

At least he wasn't hungry anymore. This was plenty energy to get him through the rest of the day. (Lust was really a powerful source of energy… well, he understood now why the Succubus race were so hooked on it as a source of nutrition.)

Alright, Xin, calm down! Think of un sexy things! Think of unsexy things! He screamed in his mind. Stupid body, stupid! To his incredible relief, his boner went away. He simply thought about cute puppies and kittens. Wholesome and not sexy.

Before he was preyed on again by scary women, he went upstairs to his room to get ready himself. He sighed. That was so close…but he was proud of his self-control. He was really glad for his sessions with Fordsie (else he’d have shoved them bodily off him, or even hurt them in his panic to get away), he should have listened to Jessie earlier (about getting someone to do the exposure thing, for desensitization). He went to the room he was supposed to be sharing with Zach and Zoe. Zach was with Walter in his room for the shower and Xin could hear Zoe and Sabrina showering here.

He debated if he should turn back into Miz, just to avoid such incidents in the future. Xin went to sit on his bed and sighed. He liked being sexy. He designed his forms to be sexy. But he didn't really think of what that would mean. Xin was a nature god, worshipped and revered by his people, they would never dare to try and seduce him like that, it was disrespectful. And blasphemous! And Jan had bodyguards specifically to prevent such attempts. He had never really dealt with this sort of thing before on a personal, up close level.

Sure there were the occasional idiot summoner who thought they could entice Bill Cipher for sex as payment for a Deal (Ewww) but they never really got a reaction out of him. He simply wasn't interested and those people had never really desired him for his body. But people desired him like this. Xin stood in front of the mirror and trailed his hands down his body. He made himself sexy, but he'd never thought of himself as desirable.

Xin sighed, unsure how to feel. He liked looking hot, but he didn't like other people reacting to his
hotness and being touchy feely with him. He made himself sexy for his **own** enjoyment, not for other people. He didn't want to change his appearance, he worked hard to design Xin. Frankly, he didn't know what to do.

The sounds of the shower cut off and Xin decided he would ask Sabrina about it. Maybe she/he would know.

He laid down facing the ceiling as the two came out. Sabrina, wrapped with a towel around her chest (this was so much easier when one had breasts to support it instead of a flat chest), sighed loudly when she forgot to bring clothes. Guess she’ll have to wait for Walts to finish. “Zoe, go grab what you want to wear.” She instructed the little girl enveloped in a crocodile bathrobe. Zoe nodded and went to the drawer where she put all her clothes, all by herself!

“Daddy, will you be a mommy forever?” She asked curiously. “No, just a week.” Seb sighed and the girl looked up at her. “Oh, ok. I think you and mommy look nice this way too. Mommy is a lot, a lot, a lot bigger than you as a boy. Like, this big!” She climbed to the bed and jumped to show just how tall her new daddy was.

Seb laughed and walked over to jumping girl with some shorts and underwear to dress her up, seeing Zoe was too distracted right now. “Yeah, she’s taller.” Zoe looked at Sab’s chest, half covered with the towel, and she curiously put her little hands over her mother's chest to feel them and poke them. She hugged her, resting her face between the soft chest...and bit her.

“OOOWWWW!” Sabrina shrieked and pulled Zoe off her. “Ow! What the fuck?! Why did you bite me?!” She whined, and rubbed her aching chest. Zoe pouted. “But they're so soft and I thought they would be chewy…”

“You don't bite breasts!??” Sab scolded her daughter, with a very confused and worried expression “Just, don't bite people in general! Or I’ll have to bite you back!” (Like Blue had suggested.)

“Not fair! You bite people too! You already bite me!”

“I don’t bite you hard, and that’s not true, I stopped biting people!” ...well, he bit people less, he thought to himself. (Ok, no wonder Zoe never learned, she saw her dad doing it too… Seb resolved to be a better role model.) Zoe pouted. She thought it would be ok. “I’m sowy, mommy.” She also bit real mommy, but she never shouted like daddy did. She was going to stop, she didn’t want to hurt her. She started biting her finger instead.

“Zoe, stop that. When I say no biting, I mean no biting yourself either.” Sab sighed. Seb knew, she was being a hypocrite, but she wanted Zoe to grow up...not like her. Xin took that time to speak up. “Have you tried giving her chewing gum? The no sugar kind?”

Sab frowned. She was a little young to have chewing gum, but she guessed it was better than having Zoe hurt herself with the little needles she had as teeth. And perhaps Seb should try if it works for him too. “Ok, we can get chewing gum, ok? The non-sugar kind because cavities suck. But first, let’s get changed.” She motioned for the giggling girl to get closer to dress her up.

As they dressed, Xin commented “Hey Sab?” Sabrina hummed “What’s up?” She wasn't really paying attention, more focused on getting Zoe into her clothes. “How do I keep people from lusting over me?”

“Uh?” The woman blinked. She stopped half way in getting Zoe into her t-shirt and the girl shrieked. She was trapped! Help!! “From, lusting over you? Well...that isn’t something you can stop, I think. People will look at you, naked or covered from head to toe if they find you
“Some ladies earlier tried to solicit me. They touched me even when I told them I wasn't interested…” Xin rolled onto his side. “I don't want them to do that.” Sab's eyes went wide. “They TOUCHED you?!” she growled. Xin nodded, curling in on himself. Sab wanted to find these women who dared to molest his brother/son and bite THEM.

“They were letting out a lot of Lust and even made my body react...I...didn't like it…” Xin admitted quietly. His tail came out to curl around the blankets for comfort.

“Oh, Xin, I’m so sorry to hear that.” Seb sat down next to him, ignoring Zoe who fell to the floor as she tried pulling her t-shirt down, and hugged him. “That was not nice, but while there are assholes everywhere, like those women and the bitches trying to flirt with Wands, there are respectful people too, who wouldn’t touch you. I think it was just bad luck…” She rubbed his shoulder. “Do you want us to go hunt them down?”

Xin shrugged. “I don't know. I want to do something horrible to them, but I think that would be considered ‘bad’ right?” It was Sab’s time to shrug. “Yeah...to some people. But morality is relative!” She grinned. “And if it was me, I would have hurt them...though, as Wands is my conscience for human morals, I guess it relies on me to tell you, don’t do it and we can forget about the incident by shopping.”

Xin smiled. “I'd like that.” Sab gave him a hug. “Well, go take a shower then.” Xin nodded and sat up, resolving to put this behind him and just enjoy himself. He went to the bathroom, still warm and misted up from the previous shower, and pulled his swim trunks off.

He couldn't help but brush the condensation off the mirror so he could look at himself. He blushed a little as he posed, naked in front of the mirror. He shook his butt and muffled a laugh, that was a nice butt. He remembered designing this body and having too much fun making the butt larger and larger. He placed a hand on it, so round and soft. He blushed.

R-right. He came in for a shower. He almost tripped in his haste to get in and slide the curtains closed. Damn. Now he really wanted to touch himself. The lust he'd absorbed earlier was still buzzing under his skin. It would take a while to convert it into pure energy without the emotional flavor but he could get it done much faster by indulging in the lust to get it out of his system.

He did this before and after Jan's concerts too sometimes.

Xin blushed. How long had it been since he'd last indulged? And...wouldn't it be better if he got this lust out of his system before they went shopping? He checked to make sure the curtain was fully closed and allowed his mental barrier to drop.

(This scene has been removed due to Frosty enforced censorship.) )

(If you’re 18+ and really wanna read it, it's posted here:

Eventually, he got up and finished washing himself off. Ugh. Stupid Lust. The other emotions he fed on would make him happy or sad or agitated or whatever, but Lust always affected his physical body and it was really annoying. He ended up using magic to clean his hair since he was taking too long in here and finally turned off the water after he scrubbed down the tiles to make sure all traces of his fun were cleaned off.
He squeezed some of the water out of his hair and sighed. He did feel a lot better after getting that out of his system. He also felt mildly ashamed for having to do so. He blushed, he didn't fantasize about being fucked very often, he normally fantasized about watching other people get fucked. Xin shook his head. Well, whatever, it's done, he was satisfied and he had a nice day of shopping to look forward to.

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As Xin took a shower, Sabrina called Walter. She pouted and told him to bring her his clothes. Walter laughed at her, rude, but he agreed. He was changed and Zachary was dressed up as well. When Miz changed them, she also somehow changed the clothes they were wearing at the moment. They looked the same, but they were adapted to fit their new taller or shorter frames. In case of the former men, they got bras, but Seb was sure his brothers and nephews threw them away the second they noticed they were wearing them.

They had to wear the same clothes again, but at least they were going to buy some new clothes for the week, and if they didn’t put on the magic bra, he’d force them to get one.

She thanked the blond when he brought her clothes and quickly changed to check on her sisters. First she went to Abraham and Shelly. Good, they were ready. And aaw~, He helped her put on her bra! That’s so sweet. So mature~ The older twins were ready as well. Mabel definitely forced her brother to wear it, haha. He high-sixed her for the good job of getting Dipper dressed. Dillon was ready as well, watching cartoons with Diego, both curled up on a bed. He cooed loudly at them. He was scared of going to Stan and Carla, and when he heard a “Over my dead body you are putting that on me!” He decided not to bother, he trusted Carla to get Stan to suck it up.

Finally, he went to check on her oldest sister/brother. She knocked on the door. “Fordsie, is me! Your favorite sister! Can I come in?”

The voice that replied was kind of muffled but she heard the ‘Come in’. Seb entered the room and closed the door once again. Turns out Ford was in the bathroom. “You ok?”

“Urgh! Damn it!! Ye-Yeah!” Sab leaned back. “Do you need help with something?” She made a shitty grin. If it was what she thought it was…

“Damn it, Sebastian, I can get dressed on my own!”

Haha! There it was! Sabrina stood up and opened the bathroom’s door. Fania screamed angrily, holding the damn piece of underwear he couldn't put on his chest. Seb cackled as the older woman shouted. “Get out!”

“I can’t believe you’re really putting it on willingly! You’re the only one besides me who did so, congratulations!” Sab grinned widely. Ford growled and sat down on the toilet lid. She was wearing pants already, that was good. “I didn’t want to...but this” She gestured at her chest. “Was bothering me too much to be bearable and I guessed that if it had some kind of support-”

“A bra.” Seb said usefully and Ford grumbled. “Yeah, that. But I can’t put it on! What kind of useless contraption is this?! It’s impossible!” He just wanted to put the damn thing on and his shirt (which had been shrunk and cut in a more ‘feminine’ form, much to his shock), and be over with this already.

Sebas laughed and nodded. “Ok, here, let me help.” He ordered the sulking woman to turn around and easily strapped it on her back. While her breasts weren’t small, by a glance Sab could see all his sisters’ were slightly bigger. Fair, they were much larger than him. Ford gaped at him. “What?
How did you do it so fast?"

“Well, I have a wife, and I’m not a dumb nerd like you, I’ve seen how bras work.” He teased. Ford huffed. “Whatever.” He grabbed his shirt and angrily put it on. He looked up, seeing Seb admiring his long hair. “Seb...did you want to be a woman?” He just wanted to know, he was taking this too well. Sab shrugged. “I don’t mind either, I would have complained the same if I was reborn as your sister...I think I don’t see much of a difference...and I think it comes from the fact that in my past self humans were just humans…” She explained softly. “Being a woman is nice too, and...I feel nice, pretty, I guess, prettier…” It was harder to imagine himself as the monster or freako and other negative things with this female body.

Ford hummed. “Bill doesn't mind being male or female either, maybe it's an alien thing?” he wanted to write this down. Sab shrugged.

“I don’t know, I am not an alien.” He reminded him with a smile. “But I don’t really care if I am honest. Just try to enjoy the positive things about this, make Stan learn not to be so sexist, maybe you can learn a little more about women this way~ Now move it. Because we’ve taken too long already.”

Ford laughed lightly. “Alright.” He quickly got dressed and they met up with everyone else outside. “Where's Xin?”

“I think he's still in the shower, he went after all of us after all.” Sab said. She went to the twins and Miz's room and saw Xin stepping out of the bathroom with a towel wrapped around his chest. “Hey, we're all ready and waiting on you.” Sab and Fania grinned. Xin blinked and laughed. “Well then it's a good thing I can just do this…” He flicked his fingers and was dried instantly, he squeaked when his hair fluffed up.

Sab snorted. Xin blushed as he brushed his hair out of his face. “Not funny.” He mumbled. Sab laughed outright. “Yes it was!”

Xin took off his towel to reveal a simple t-shirt and shorts. “Whatever, let's go shopping!” they left the room with Sab muffling laughter and Xin pulling his hair into a ponytail. He also made sure his tail was hidden away.

“Alright, let's hit the stores!” Kari, Markus and Sab cheered. Most of the family rolled their eyes. “What's the point of spendin’ money to buy clothes just for the week?” Stan grumbled. He wasn't wearing a bra and had stolen one of Ford's turtlenecks when Carla told him his nipples were showing through his shirt. He was glad Ford was weird enough to bring a turtleneck to New Jersey...in summer.

It was...unfair. If his nipples were showing as a man, no one said anything, but when he was a woman, he was suddenly wrong. What a shitty shit.

Kari sighed. “Just indulge your mother, dear.” Stan grumbled and nodded. “I ain't paying for this.” He pointed out. Carla kissed his forehead. “I will pay all you want, dear.”

Xin held up a hand “I can turn some sand into pearls? It'll be easier than making them from scratch.”

“Oh~ Money!” Stan’s face lit up and everyone rolled their eyes. Xin went to the shore and, making sure no one was watching, he made some pearls for everyone. Stan was kind of right, they shouldn’t spend on clothes they would wear for only a week, this was his way of apologizing. Everyone did stare at him oddly when he shoved a handful of sand into his mouth.
“Doesn’t that...taste awful?” Dipper grimaced. Xin nodded. He spat out the pearls and gagged.
“Ugh. This is so much worse when I actually have taste buds...” he coughed. “I demand ice cream
to make up for this awful experience.”

“Soda. No ice cream.” Zoe reminded him usefully. Xin groaned. “But I can’t drink sodaaaaaa!”
Sab snorted. “Then suffer.”

Stan was scooping up the pearls, marveling at them. “Huh...they're pink.” He grinned. “That's
gonna make them worth MORE!” He squealed. Ok. Now he wouldn’t mind buying some stuff.
The money wasn’t his! He reluctantly gave everyone, except the kids, a bunch of pearls.

“I think we should spend this care-who am I kidding! Let’s go waste all this money!” He shouted
and the Pines chanted. “Money! Money!”

Ford sighed. Why was his family like this? He followed along and tried not to feel embarrassed
(failing horribly) at the people staring at his group chanting “Money! Money!” He felt a hand curl
around his and saw Xin grinning down at him. “Just laugh at those dorks, Fordsie.”

“Do you wanna go off and buy me an ice cream?” The dragon begged.

Ford looked at the pleading slanted eyes and smiled. “You’re still being punished, so no.” He
quickly added, when he saw Xin’s smile drop, “But other snacks are ok. As long as they’re not
desserts.” Xin perked back up, wiggling his hips back and forth. “Okay!” The dragon laughed and
ran off in the direction of the stores, pulling Ford along behind him.

Ford noticed them attracting some glances and ducked his head. Xin seemed more interested in
getting a snack. They got to the food stalls along the boardwalk and Xin scanned through the
options. Huh. Same kinda shops as back in Brother’s dimensional set. “Ooh~Can I get a box of
cheese curds?” He asked the cashier. She nodded and glanced at Ford. Ford shook his head “I’m
fine.” The cashier nodded and placed in the order. “That'll be $2.89 please.”

She looked at Xin but Xin turned to Ford, since he didn't actually have any cash. “Fania?” Ford
laughed and took out his wallet. Some of the other patrons in the food stall frowned. After Ford
paid and Xin cheerfully skipped in place with his snack, a woman and her boyfriend came up to
them. “You're making your girlfriend pay for you?” She huffed.

Ford and Xin blinked in confusion. “I don't have my wallet.” Xin shrugged. Well, he didn't have
any human money...hm...he should ask mom and Seb about getting an allowance. He babysat the
twins lots of times!

Ford blushed. He wasn’t Xin’s girlfriend. He-he wasn’t even his boyfriend! Xin wouldn’t want to
be with him anyway. He proved with Cathy that he totally sucked at relationships. “I-I don’t see
what’s wrong if I pay for him, even if he had his wallet…I do it all the time.” He mumbled to the
couple. The woman gasped. She glared at Xin. “Aren't you a man? You should take care of your
girl.”

“Excuse me?” Xin blinked. “I mean...I do feel kinda bad about making Fania pay for me all the
time, but I don't have money…”

“And he doesn’t need to take care of me! I am perfectly capable of taking care of myself even as a
woman!” Fania spat at the couple. She turned to look at Xin. “You shut up, If I cared, I would have
told you!”

Xin smiled softly. “Oh. Thanks Fania.” He nuzzled Ford's head. The scientist gave him a hug.
“Come on, Xin. We should go catch up to the others.” They left the stall, hand in hand.

The rude couple shook their heads. *Feminazis ruining traditional relationships*....

Xin caught that thought and frowned. “I bet they don't even know the definition of feminism…” he muttered. He licked at his cheese curds, his tongue was longer than a normal human one so he easily reached into the little box, disregarding the fork entirely, as he curled around the snack and pulled it back up into his mouth. Jan’s body had a longer tongue, but he didn’t need a tongue *that* long for eating snacks! He did feel bad that Ford was always paying for him though. “Are you sure you don't mind paying for me all the time? I can ask mom and Seb about getting me my own bank account?”

“You don't have a job. I do. And I make enough money to buy you some silly snacks.” Ford rolled his eyes. “Don’t listen to people who can't mind their own business, don't worry about it. Besides, you're always helping me with my experiments and teaching me stuff.” he squeezed Xin's hand. “And you're taking care of my brother and his family. That's more than enough payment.”

“...O-Ok.” Xin nodded, twining his fingers between Ford's “Thanks.” He licked a cheese curd while he felt his face heating up for some reason, he even forgot about the gross taste of sand...Fania didn’t let go of his hand, and he found he didn’t mind. The two made it back to the others, Xin being able to See where they were, and walked into the clothing store to find Kari already pulling out dresses to put her children into.

“Ah, there you are, Fania! Just in time! Here. Try this one on.” Kari squealed as she held up a pink and white monstrosity. Ford screamed and turned pleading eyes onto Xin. “Help?” Xin laughed. “Sorry, even *I* can't go against granny Kari.”

“Noo!” Ford was dragged off and Xin finished his snack with a grin. He yelped when Markus pulled on his arm. “Come on, Danna and I want to see you in some sexier clothes too!” He purred. Xin blinked. “Can I toss out my trash first?” Markus crossed his arms like the impatient boy he was. “Fine. Make it quick.”

Xin tossed the empty box into the trashcan and Markus pulled him over to the other side of the store where the men's clothing were.

Danna was ready and waiting with a whole stack of clothes. Xin noted that there seemed to be a lot of leather. The cousins grinned at him as they pushed him into the changing room. Xin didn't mind, back in his first life, her friends had made her try on all sorts of cute clothes too. She was small and they loved putting her in all the clothes they liked but couldn't wear because it didn't come in their size. So being used as a dress up doll felt rather nostalgic.

Xin hung up the clothes and pulled down the first one. Oh~this was actually pretty nice~ he hummed cheerfully and wondered if the Pines were having as much fun as he was.

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“Ma...please stop...I'm gonna die…” Stan whined as Kari and Carla fusses over his hair. “Should we tie it up?” “No, leave it down, it frames her face so nicely.” Stan pulled at his skirt, trying to make it cover more of his legs.

Walter and Abraham were sitting outside the changing room, laughing their heads off. They wanted to find some clothes for themselves, but they wanted to see the triplets and Shermie first. Their pained expressions, sans Seb, were something they couldn’t miss.
As Kari and Carla took care of Stan, Seb was fixing up his older sibling. “Fordsie, I swear this blouse looks good on you! You don’t even need to wear heels with this!! And these shorts look perfect on you!”

“Help me! My integrity is being violated!” Fania wailed. Seb opened the door and the two came out. She was wearing a really cute strapless yellow and white summer dress, high heeled sandals and her hair down, while Fania’s first outfit was a baby blue short sleeved blouse, white shorts and for now barefeet.

“Hey guys! How do we look?!” The men gaped.

“Beautiful as fuck.” Walter gasped. Fuck, he couldn’t stop staring at Sabrina’s chest! And her slender legs, and the way her hips pushed the dress just perfectly- Gah! He felt like a pervert! Stupid new male hormones!

They didn’t realize this, but the sudden sex change made their hormone levels drastically different than they were used to, making them all going through something similar to teenage horniness from their bodies ‘changing’. It was why Carlos and Stania as well as Abraham and Shelly had gotten down and dirty with their spouse so easily. It was especially noticeable in the youngest couple, who after having kids so young, barely did it anymore, focusing on companionate love. But they were rediscovering how fun it was.

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Back with Xin, he had paraded a few outfits in front of Markus and Danna, posing elegantly. Dipper was sitting there, blushing profusely. Stupid sexy dragon making everyone question their sexuality. “Aren’t you embarrassed to show so much skin?” He asked when Xin posed with some pants that had open sides with laces holding it together.

“Not really? My clothes tend to be skimpier when I'm performing on stage as Jan.” Xin shrugged. A few people passing by heard the comment and immediately blushed as they misunderstood. Xin brought his hands together and arched back in a stretch, thrusting his chest out. “At least these clothes aren't see through.” he added.

The random strangers who had been watching this little fashion show all choked before running away when Markus glared at them. Danna was snapping photos this whole time. “Oh. Lean against the side of the door frame and turn your head to the side.” She said as she positioned herself to take the shot.

Shit, they had so many good shots. Xin was really photogenic. Danna wondered if the dragon would allow her to submit these to a magazine. He could be a model if he worked out a little more. Xin pouted and lidded his eyes as he leaned against the door frame, one hand holding up his hair. Markus was squealing loudly.

Dipper sighed. “How long is this gonna take?”

“Why? Do you want it to be your turn to try on clothes?” Markus asked.

Dipper’s eyes widened and he shook his head. “Nope. I'm fine. You three have fun!”

“We still need to get clothes for ourselves, Dipper.” Danna shook her head. Markus handed Dipper the pile of clothes that he and Danna had deemed ‘Must buy’ and sighed. “Ok, Xin, try on one last outfit and then help us with finding ours ok?” Xin nodded and closed the door again. He held up the next pair of pants. “Um...these look pretty tight.” he called out. The other pants were a tight fit but
their opened sides and strings allowed them to stretch. This pair was straight fabric. Markus called through the door “Tight pants are sexy.”

“No they aren’t…” Dipper mumbled, remembering Pacifica wanted him to try one on but he refused because it looked just so…no. Besides, tight pants was Robbie’s thing!

Xin sighed but began pulling on the pants. He grunted as he got them up and then paused. “Um…” he blushed. “What's wrong?” Markus asked through the door.

“They don't fit over my butt.” Xin called back.

There was a short silence before Danna, very softly asked. “Can we see?” Dipper groaned and covered his face. He was just going to buy the same white shirt 7 times and some jeans and be done with it.

Xin fumbled for the door lock and it clicked. Danna and Markus went in and blushed. Xin had managed to pull it up almost all the way but the fabric was straining on the curve of his butt. Xin was blushing heavily. “This one doesn't have strings on the side for me to loosen!” He wailed. “Well then take it off.” Markus stuttered, staring at his butt. Xin pulled at the pants. “I'm stuck.” He whimpered.

Dipper groaned loudly. “Can you move faster?!” He called from outside. Markus and Danna glared. “We’re busy, Mary! Be patient!” Markus was examining how to get the pants off the man and Danna was trying to pull them down, blushing madly.

The boy-turned girl sighed. He stood up and walked over to the dreaded zone-- the girl’s zone…he sighed. He better get some decent clothes already or he’ll never get to leave this place. Maybe he should just copy Paz’s style. That would be easier...

“Wait! Don’t pull so hard!” Xin yelped. “I don’t want to break them!” He felt them strain. Danna growled. “Then just fix them afterward!” He pulled and Xin squealed when the fabric snapped, his butt bouncing as it was freed. Markus was drooling and awkwardly put his hands on his lower zone when he felt it twitch. He didn’t take his eyes off Xin though.

“Ok…we broke the pants…you can fix it right?” Danna asked. Xin was panting softly “Oh god! I can breath again!” He slumped against the wall. “Stupid tight pants…” he grumbled. Danna blinked at the other man. “Are you…wearing panties?” she asked incredulously. Xin shrugged. “They’re soft and comfortable.”

Danna snorted. “They have Salutations Cat on them!” She laughed. Xin grumbled and waved for them to get out so he could take the pants fully off and fix them. “They’re cute!” he defended his choice in underwear. So what if he had Hello Kitty underwear?! (Also, he couldn’t believe it was called Salutations Cat here…)

Markus looked up to the roof and took a few deep breaths. Ok, ok! Don’t panic! This was just a boner, teenage boys had them all the time, no? if she calmed down, it would go away, right?

Xin and Danna were too distracted to notice Markus's state. Xin was blushing as he covered his butt with a hand, not really succeeding. “Look, my choice in underwear isn't important.”

“And I’m saying that you need proper support. Get briefs if you like the hugging feeling. Panties just don’t give enough support for your balls.” Danna argued. “I can see your panties straining from here. And you’re flaccid right now. If you get hard you’re going to stretch them out and ruin them.” Danna frowned. “Are these the same underwear from your Miz form? No wonder they don’t
provide support!"

“Well I don't really look at men's underwear so I only know how to make boxers. And I don't like boxers!” Xin pouted. Danna sighed. “Wait here, I'm gonna bring you some briefs so you can scan them…” she got up and left, closing the door behind her.

Xin pulled the pants off before he remembered Markus was still in here. “Oh, um...can you turn around or-?”

“Yup! Yup! I’ll turn around!” The boy curled up on the floor and faced the wall. “Think of puppies...think of puppies.” He whispered. Danna quickly came back and gave Xin the different underwear for him to choose from. “Markus, move your ass from here. Let Xin change.”

Xin looked over the briefs and nodded. Ok. He could work with these. His underwear shifted and he hummed as he wiggled his butt. Ok, that did feel a little more comfortable. Markus blushed “IT'S FINE! I'm not looking!” he wasn't. He was staring at the wall and trying very hard to think about not sexy things. Baby dogs. Baby cats. Baby seals. Round. Bouncy.

“Shit!” Markus curled into a ball. How did guys deal with this? Just...random boners? Did all men get random boners? She heard that they did. As much as Mabel liked cute guys, she's never really thought about their dicks. Heck, she tried her best to avoid touching her own when she showered. But it wasn't a problem then. It is a problem now! Her pants were straining and she wanted to touch it but she held back. If she left it alone it would go away.

Markus heard the rustling of fabric as Xin pulled his walk in clothes back on. “Ok. I'm set. Markus? Do you want to use my changing room to try on your stuff?” Markus nodded. “Yes. That's fine.” He blushed. Xin left the changing room and Markus sighed in relief. He sat back and glared at his boner. Well, at least he was still only interested in boys.

He remembered his parents being a little confused at how they were still interested in their spouse despite being the opposite sex. Markus thought it was a true love sort of thing. He sighed and leaned against the wall. Nothing to do but wait for this to go away. He heard some footsteps. “Markus? I picked out some clothes I think you might like?”

“Thanks Danna.” He called back. “I'm going to hand them over the door ok?” Danna said. Markus nodded. “Thanks.” the clothes were thrown over and Danna left.

Outside the changing room, Danna and Xin were sorting through the clothes. Xin was fixing the pants subtly, glad that changing rooms didn't have cameras. “I liked those pants. And these. These were a little too tight as well. These are ok. I like the pockets on these…” Danna nodded. “So we'll get you this shirt and these...and this one too...hey, you think you can pay for these and wear them out?”

“I don't see why not. Let's go ask dad.” Xin and Danna walked off, Xin dumped the rejected clothes into the bin at the entrance to the changing rooms. There was a lot of laughter coming from the adult section of the store.

“Oh. I like that dress.” Abraham laughed as his wife came out with a poofy green sundress. It was backless with ribbons running across it. Sab was already fixing her youngest sister's hair to go with it.

Ford was sighing as yet another pink dress was handed to him “Why pink? Can I at LEAST have blue...or red?” Was his only real complaint. It wasn’t fair!
“Because pink looks amazing on you, sweetie!” Kari smiled. She would dress the 4 of them in pink like she always wanted if Seb and Shermie hadn’t chosen the colors they liked already. As the Stans were still complaining, she got to choose their clothes.

“I will never leave the hotel if I have to wear this!” Stan motioned at the clothes he was wearing. “Are you insane?! Besides, YOU are the one being sexist! Not all women wear dresses!” He argued.

“Yes…” Carla nodded and pulled down the cleavage to its right place. “But this is the kind of thing I always wear…so you are doing it too.” Stan grumbled. “Then I get to choose what clothes you wear! Deal?” Carla scoffed. “Sure.” She agreed. It's not like men had anything weird, their clothes were just shirts and pants. Easy.

“Dad! I picked out what I want.” Xin came up to show Walter his pile of clothes. “And this store has a discount if you have the passcode.” He leaned in to whisper “It's Holy Mackerel.” he was a little surprised to find this out.

Back then, a long time ago, there was a secret society called the Royal order of the Holy Mackerel, not just the Pines ancestors but a few other families had been part of it. A lot of them owned stores around the area. Xin thought this was pretty neat.

Walter nodded. It was good to know there was a way to save money, even if Stan had sold the pearls earlier. He had realized that the owner of the pawnshop didn't take him seriously as a woman and he had to barter twice as hard to get the pearls sold. It was a humbling experience for Stan. Though he responded to it with frustration at the pawnshop owner being an asshole. So women weren’t exaggerating when they said people didn’t respect them. He thought they did, but it wasn’t true. Huh.

“Ok, son, you can just go buy it. Do you have enough money?” Walter asked. Xin looked over at Dillon who nodded. He had used a different strategy with another pawnshop owner, that being leaning against the counter and pulling at his shirt to distract the man enough to drive the price up. It worried him a little how he seemed to drool over her, who was literally just barely legally an adult. Danna knew some guys were into younger women but...geez.

The two ran off to purchase the clothes, debating which ones Xin should wear for today and getting the really nice discount. After Xin got his clothes bagged, they went back to the changing room.

“Hey? Markus? Are you done in there? Xin needs to change.”

Markus, who had thankfully managed to calm himself, looked up from the shirt he was buttoning up. “Almost. I kinda only got to try on two outfits.” Stupid boner that took too long to go away. Xin nodded. “It’s ok, I’ll wait. Do you want us to hand you something?”

Markus smiled gratefully and poked his head out. “Thank you! Can you get me a few more t-shirts please? A jacket and white sneakers? I’m 42.” Well, that was Dipper’s size in shoes, but she was his height now!

Danna offered to get him cool boy clothes and soon enough, Markus had enough clothes for the week and then give to Dipper when they were back to normal. Speaking of Dipper…

“Where IS Dipper?” He looked around. Xin told them he was going to change. So Danna and Markus had to go find the girl. “Mary?” Danna called out. There was no response and Markus sighed. “Dipper?”

“Oh, hey guys.” Dipper walked over to them with a smile and Danna frowned. The little bitch…
“Dipper, where were you?!” Markus pouted and hugged his brother/sister. Dipper showed her the bags she had. “I went to get clothes? For the week?”

“I trust you chose decent clothes.” Both Markus and Danna crossed their arms. Dipper rolled her eyes. “Yes. I asked Pacifica for help. Before you say anything, I texted her, saying it was for a cousin, he helped me choose, that’s it.”

“‘Aww…’” they pouted. “I wanna see how Pacifica reacts to seeing you…” Markus sighed. Dipper rolled his eyes. “Not happening.” They heard footsteps as Xin walked over, tugging at his pants. “Seriously, all these pants are a bit tight, even the adjustable ones…” He muttered. “I see you found Dipper. So…does that mean only Danna needs clothes?”

Danna looked around and nodded. “I guess so. Markus, can you help?” The boy squealed and grabbed her hand before dragging her to the teenage girls’ zone. “You will look so pretty! I promise!” he squealed.

Dipper sighed and glanced over at Xin. “Aren’t you embarrassed to wear that?” He asked. Xin looked down at his outfit, a black tank top with a bunch of straps along his shoulders. His pants were also black (Markus and Danna both agreed it was a sexy color on him) and had ribbons along the sides to adjust the tightness. Xin had to loosen them a lot, to the point where the sides of his legs were showing between the ribbons. Xin shrugged. “I don’t see a problem?”

Dipper looked at him and blushed a little bit more. “Well, it’s more important if you like it, so, don’t mind me, I’m just weird.” Xin laughed and ruffled her hair. “Alright, Pinetree...want to check on your parents?”

“Oh, that sounds more fun…” The girl grinned and the two ran back to the changing rooms Kari and Sebastian declared theirs. The adults looked up with a smile which quickly became shocked. Sab and Walter gasped. “Xin! What are you wearing?!”

“Really? Why does everyone have a problem with it?!” Xin threw his hands in the air, his shirt lifting with the movement to expose part of his stomach. The adults all stared at him, slack jawed. Stan bluntly said “You look like a slut.”

Carla lightly smacked his arm. “Don’t say it like that!” Walter glared. “Don’t call my son a slut!” Stan scoffed. “Ow! You were all thinking it. This is gender violence!” “Shut up, Stan.”

Xin looked down at himself. “This is considered slutty?” He looked confused and a little upset. “But my crotch and nipples are covered.” Walter walked over and hugged him. “Don’t listen to Stan...he says mean things because he feels humiliated right now and he thinks HE looks like a slut, because he thinks of women that way. Don’t mind him.”

“No, I don’t!”

Carlos nodded and patted his shoulder. “Stania is just being mean.” Xin pouted. “But you were all giving me that look too…” Walter and Sab winced. “Well...you...are showing a lot of skin…”

Xin pouted harder. “But I think it looks nice...and Markus and Danna picked them out for me.” The adults groaned. They really should have had someone watching the kids while they were trying on clothes. Of course Danna and Markus would pick out something like this for poor, innocent Xin who didn’t know better.

Speaking of kids, Zoe and Zach ran up to poke Xin's legs. “We can see your butt!” Zoe giggled. Xin squeaked. “Qu-quit that! It tickles!” he covered his butt as his siblings laughed.
All the adults sighed, Walter and Sabrina shared a look. Ok. This was on them for not being responsible and checking what he was looking at. Dipper sat down and looked at the huge pile of clothes. “So, you guys picked something already?” Sab nodded excitedly as Stan huffed and Ford sighed.

“They chose for me, which is the same.” Ford sighed. They were back in the clothes they came with and despite how feminine the clothes were because they were dresses, most of them were allowed to get a few flannels, and simple pants. Thank the universe for Carla intervening for him and saying he was behaving well and deserved to choose some of his own clothes as well.

She was so nice.

Stan was still pouting hard. They got bras, again, and he said he wouldn’t wear one, again. They were so annoying! There was no way in hell he would willingly leave the changing room- “If you don’t wear it, we won’t... continue back at the hotel…” Carlos warned so Stan grabbed the damn thing and got back inside.

He didn’t want to admit it but, having a session (to borrow Sixer’s codename for his time together with Xin) as a woman was...amazing. He had been a little hesitant at first, the idea of being penetrated was scary but the second she and Carlos had started going at it… Stan flushed. So, apparently women could have multiple orgasms at once, that was pretty amazing.

The other adults were sorting through which clothes to buy as Sab and Walter tried to find some way to explain to Xin why his clothes were...somewhat inappropriate. Xin just didn't understand. “But nothing explicit is showing. And they look cool.”

“Your butt is showing.” Sab deadpanned. “No it's not. These are just the sides of my legs.” Xin protested. “And the contrast with the criss crossing ribbons looks cool!” Sab and Walter groaned softly. What could they do? They didn’t want Xin to feel bad! But he wasn’t going to like it when assholes started looking at him...what to do, what to do...

“Walter, we’re going to go look for clothes, coming?” Abraham asked the blond who bit his lip. They needed to finish shopping… “Ok, you can wear it.” He nodded. “But if you start feeling uncomfortable, just change into something else ok?” After all, it wasn’t him or Seb paying, so it was fine. If Xin had a problem, he would change, if he didn’t...then Walter had to let her son do what he wanted...

Xin hugged him. “Thanks, dad. Now go, go dress up like a handsome man and make your wife proud!” The blond laughed and followed his friends. Meanwhile, Stan came out, grumbling but already changing. This was stupid, bras were stupid, he felt stupid.

Ford came out as well and paused with wide eyes as he saw Xin walking away. His eyes were caught on the way the dragon swayed his hips. The low cut top, the way his tawny skin showed through between the black ribbons... Ford shook his head. That was... he blushed, tucking a strand of hair behind his ear. He knew, intellectually, that Xin was attractive. But... what was that phrase again? The clothes made the man? Ford didn’t understand why the black, ribbony clothes appeared more attractive than Xin in swim trunks. It was technically showing much less skin than the swimsuit, since Xin wasn’t shirtless now, and yet, it was more enticing...

Ford covered his blushing face. What was wrong with him???
He was still staring at Xin as the dragon lounged against the wall, hands in his pockets, a serene expression on his lovely face.

While Ford was having his mental crisis, Kari smiled at them all. “Alright! Now that you have clothes, we can go fulfill my second dream! Hair dresser!”

“No” Stan and Shermie said as Seb exclaimed a loud “Yes!” He’ll finally be able to enjoy a day at the hairdressers without people giving him weird looks!! “Can I get my nails done too?” Sab asked. Kari laughed. “Of course, dear.”

“Well, since Dipper and I are done, can we head out and explore the town?” Xin asked. Sab furrowed her brows in worry but glanced at Dipper. “Ok. But you two be careful. Don't accept food from strangers.”

Dipper scoffed. “Of course. I'm not stupid.” Sab rolled her eyes. “I was talking to Xin.” Dipper blinked and looked over at Xin who was pouting. “But...free food…” Dipper groaned. Oh great. He was going to have to babysit his cousin...who was secretly a several billion year old demon...who had the personality of a child...
“Don’t worry, I’ll watch him.” Dipper nodded and Sab smiled at him. “Thanks, Pinetree. Now, where was I? Oh, right. Stania! Fania COME HERE, YOU CAN’T RUN AWAY FROM ME!” She found Fania petrified with her face red, but Stania had run away. Xin laughed. “I know they’ll eventually have fun, getting your hair and nails done is relaxing! Come on, Dipper!” He pulled her outside.

The women at the hairdressers were confused when a woman came in, pushing three more inside, who were crying and trying to escape. “Don’t mind them. We need a haircut, and manicures!” Sab grinned maniacally and the Stans and Shermie feared for their lives. “Also...wax, eyebrows, legs.” she said with a tone of voice that was both excited and malicious. He was used to doing it...but not them. Mwahaha.

“’”NOOOOO!!!!’” the three women wailed.

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“So, where are we going?” Dipper asked as Xin pulled him/her down the street. The dragon was attracting some stares and Dipper pulled his hat down lower in second hand embarrassment. Xin didn't seem to have noticed (his Seal blocking it all). “Well, there's a carnival in town and I kinda wanted to see it.” Xin squealed. Dipper sighed. How was this Bill Cipher? Alternative dimensions must be weird. Then again, uncle Seb was a Bill from an alternative dimension and he acted like a huge man-child half the time... and the evil Bill had thrown a tantrum when they started beating him too... and Blue was... well... maybe all Bill Ciphers were just like that.

Oh god, were all Bill Cipher's secretly just kids!?!?

He wondered if their Bill would be different if he was reincarnated or whatever.

“Ok, carnival...With lots of people with eyes...to see us.” Dipper mumbled and Xin laughed. “Yes, humans have eyes, Pinetree, not that weird.” Dipper looked at his companion’s legs and blushed. Oh man...

They made their way to the carnival and Dipper noticed a group of men smoking in an alleyway who were eyeing them up. Dipper gripped Xin's hand tighter. “Hey, can you...like...put up a force field around us?”

“Why? Wouldn't that be suspicious if people in the crowd bump into invisible walls?” Xin blinked at the girl. Dipper sighed. “Well, can you put up some kind of...protection thing? Or some barrier that keeps away people with malicious intent? Are you worried?” Xin looked around. He was worried about being alone, but he was in Xin’s body now, much bigger than Miz. And Dipper was with him. “You’ve got that friendship bracelet from Blue protecting you.”

“That’s just for lethal harm stuff. I just think we need an extra space barrier. Just...a little. It's just us here, alone. And I'm supposed to be looking after you.” Dipper admitted. “But I’m not dumb like Uncle Stan and I know women are at a higher risk being alone, that’s why Mabel always writes to me when she gets out and stuff...” He rubbed his arm. “I’m just a little paranoid like always, but, please do it?”

“Alright.” Xin flicked off his Seal and winced. Oh. Ooh. He twitched and glanced over at the group of men. One. He turned and saw a woman pushing a baby stroller and staring at him. Two. He turned again to see a few people who were frowning at him. Three. Xin frowned. There sure was a lot of hostility here. He shook his head, slowing down his steps so he could walk side by side with Dipper. What was this flavor? It was more than just hostility. There was a distinct flavor of lust mixed in with the disgust. He shook his head again.
“Well...these are some pleasant emotions.” he muttered sarcastically. “Ok, one malice barrier coming right up.” He flicked his fingers and enclosed them both. “Seriously, what is their problem?”

“They’re probably jealous of you.” Dipper laughed. Xin nodded. “That must be it! I’m just too hot for them!” He grabbed the girl’s hand. “Come on, I want cotton candy!” he put his Seal back on so he wouldn't get overwhelmed by these emotions. He didn't want them bringing him down when he was trying to have fun. “Wait, I thought you weren’t allowed to have sweets.” Dipper deadpanned.

Xin shushed him. “‘Dad’ doesn’t have to know!” He glanced around and then whispered, “Also, I’ve realized the one grounded is Miz. Not Xin.” Dipper continued to deadpan. “That still counts. Besides, I’m not gonna help you cheat on your punishment.” Xin whimpered. No fair….

Back at the clothing store, Carlos came out of the changing room, showing off how good it looked on him. Walter and Abraham all cheered. They were taking care of the kids, because their husbands’ were suffering somewhere, and said kids were on the floor, bored. Why did adults always spend so much time on clothes?!

“It looks amazing! That color suits you so well!” Abraham exclaimed. The other men sorting out the clothes looked at them funny.

“Yeah, it looks fine, but you know what’s pissing me off?” Carlos got closer to the other men. “Body. Hair. Like, how do men stand having all their bodies looking like apes?!” He stared at his arm with anger shining in his brown eyes. Abraham groaned and nodded. “This guy here doesn’t understand the struggle!”

“Hey! Of course I do!” Walter pouted. “But you’re a blondie, and your hair is straight, it doesn’t even look that bad!” Carlos shook his head and Walter pouted harder. The workers around giggled a bit at the group of friends.

They had some clothes for the week already, plus underwear and socks. As they were quite tall, they really hoped this would fit their husbands later. They were too pretty to go to waste. “Dad~ Where is mommy and my aunts?” Zoe groaned. She was hungry again!

Walter looked at the other men who shrugged. “Right...Where are they?”

It turned out they merely had to follow the sounds of horrified screaming. The three (current) men stood in the hair salon and held back laughter at the Pines daughters (except Sab) whimpering like scared animals and sobbing as they were waxed. “Why would women subject themselves to this TORTURE?!” Stan shrieked as another strip of paper was torn off his leg, plucking a whole line of hair. He had lost SO MUCH body hair turning into a woman, and now he was losing what little was left.

“Because it’s expected. And because men would complain if we didn't.” Carlos grinned triumphantly. Ha! See how he feels. Carlos was really enjoying this whole, sex-swap thing.

Shermie sobbed loudly as the poor confused worker forced him to raise his other arm to get to his armpit. “Please, no...mercy! Merc-AH AH!”

“This sucks!” Stan wailed. And, yeah, he did like it when Carla shaved, and despite not complaining, he never said it was the best looking thing in the world. But… but… he didn’t think women had to go through something this painful to be hairless! And Seb wasn’t even flinching. Hell, none of the other women here, being waxed, were flinching! Holy shit!
“Really? You guys are such babies.” Seb rolled his eye, only hitching his breath a bit when his strips were ripped off, but otherwise unaffected. “You already have less hair right now. Imagine how I have to go through this when I'm in my proper body.”

Walter walked over to her and kissed her forehead. She was used to going with him to the hairdresser. “You are so brave…” he whispered and grabbed her face gently to turn it around and kiss her lips, effectively distracting her as the worker finished her waxing.

Kari rolled her eyes as Ford went limp. God, they were seriously so dramatic!! She wondered where they got that from, definitely not from her! “When this is done, you can get your hair and nails done.”

“Will we die as well?” Stanley asked faintly. Carlos rolled his eyes “Pfft no?” Abraham, who couldn't stand his hairy arms anymore, went to order a waxing for himself as well. Carlos nodded. “Me too please.”

“What?! But a man NEEDS his body hair! You can't wax it off!” Stan gasped. Carlos rolled his eyes. “Well I think it's annoying.” He brushed a hand over his hairy arms and shuddered. “I feel like a bear.” And that was just what was exposed.

“Besides, Sebastian does it.” Wanda added. Stan deadpanned at him. “Sebastian is weird, he doesn’t count!” He complained and let out a shriek when his poor leg finished being tortured and the last strip was torn off.

“Hey!” Seb pouted and clung to his husband. Wanda kissed his lips. “Don’t worry, baby, I love you with or without hair.”

Stan looked at Carlos. “Please don’t wax it? Just...trim it. That’s the least damaging thing you can do to yourself.” He deadpanned. Carlos wanted to do it just to annoy him, but his pout made him coo. Besides, it was probably going to hurt like hell so both him and Abraham thought better about it.

“You know, while they do this, it’s our time to sit there and complain ok?” Abraham pointed at the waiting room and the three waved at the trembling women before sitting down next to other men waiting. They burst out laughing. It took longer to get them to stop moving for their eyebrows, but after lots of screams and tears, their eyebrows looked cuter now! “You three should feel grateful. You have thick healthy eyebrows, there are poor women out there who don’t have eyebrows at all!” Sab pouted at them as they rubbed their red faces. “You know there are some women who tattoo their eyebrows on?” He thought it looked ridiculous, personally.

“Now come on! We are getting our hair and nails done now!” She squealed. The Stans and Shermie groaned and decided to bitch about it, but couldn’t complain too long as their long hair was washed and massaged. The four of them moaned. God, this was amazing...

The staff and other patrons at the salon were very confused but the perception filter prevented them from really figuring anything out. They were simply left with a sense of ‘Something's weird but we don't know what.’ Walter sighed. “Do you think we're being too hard on them?” He asked his friends. Abraham shrugged “Maybe just a little?” Carlos laughed. “No way! This is fun! Besides, Sabrina's been really happy today…” they all paused to consider that.

Abraham asked quietly “Hey, what would you even do if he wanted to stay this way? I doubt you’d want to.”

Walter looked at the bags he was holding. “He told me he didn’t mind which body he had…” He
He looked at his temporary wife telling Ford to relax for the manicure because no one gave a single fuck about their hands. “He likes having fun...if this was the other way round...I think he would also enjoy being a man…” Walter, wow, he had gotten used to this body already, hummed. He still loved Sebastian/Sabrina though...he loved him as a person, but he didn't like women.

Walter had seen plenty of other attractive women today but he didn't care for them other than noting that they were cute. He wasn't attracted to them. And yet, when he looked at Sabrina, her sweet expressions and slender legs caught his attention and he found himself staring at her. But...would he still feel the same once he was Wanda again and Sabrina didn't change back?

He bit his lip and chewed on his fist. He hoped he was getting worried over nothing. Seb was just having fun, like she was doing and all of them were doing. It was just a HIM thing, he liked crazy, weird things, and he definitely liked to stress her out with his perception of fun, like during their honeymoon.

Speaking of fun. “You two didn’t go to the beach today…” He lowered his voice as he asked the other two. “Did you have sex like this?”

Carlos puffed out his chest proudly. “Fuck yeah I did. Stania acts all high and mighty but I had her screaming my name and begging for more.”

Abraham blushed “We were curious and tried it out for fun. Oh man, Shelly's leg muscles are really something…”

Walter gasped with his cheeks bright red. Wow. “That’s...awesome.”

“Wait, wait. YOU two haven't tried yet?!” Carlos gasped. Walter shook his head. “We were at the beach all day, you know, watching over YOUR kids!” He smiled. “I guess we can try it out tonight.” He laughed excitedly. The other two men nodded. “Do. It. Don’t let the week pass. You go tonight, to your bed, and make Sabrina scream!” Walter blushed but nodded anyway.

“They’re lucky they can’t get pregnant.” Carlos said and immediately sat up straight. He looked at Walter. “They CAN’T get pregnant...right?” Carlos started panicking.

Walter's eyes widened. “I...don't know?” Oh fuck. “B-but the curse only lasts for a week! S-so…”

“But stuff can happen in a week! What if we fucked it up!? What if we somehow altered it??! Oh fuck! Oh fuck!” Carlos felt like he was going to faint. “You didn’t use a condom?” Walter frowned. “Do you think that was my priority at that moment?!” the dark haired man screamed. Abraham and Carlos started shaking the blond man. “CALL XIN!”

Abraham sat up “Wait! He's with Dipper right?!” He pulled out his own phone and started calling. The three men sat around, tense and worried as the phone rang. They thought Dipper wouldn't pick up but finally it clicked.

“Mom? This is a really bad time…”

“Dipper! I need to talk to Xin!” Abraham shouted.

“Ah...can this...wait?”

“No, this is really important.” The three men huddled closer to try and hear. There was a strange noise, like...sirens? Also, Dipper was panting as if he was running.
“Ok...hang on...Xin...yeah? Yeah...mom wants...talk...ok...” there was a shuffling sound as the phone was passed over. “Hey uncle Ab! What's up?”

“Xin, can the girls get pregnant?” Abraham asked. There were more shuffling sounds and a grunt, the distinct clicking sound of a chain link fence and Dipper yelping in the background. “Naw. They won't start their cycle until after they spend an entire month as a woman first. It takes time for the body to build up all the nutrients and stuff to make the eggs, you see? Just like you CAN’T get them pregnant without viable sperm. Which, you don’t have yet, you’ve got stuff to discharge, but it ain’t potent. And even if you did, like I said, their uterus isn’t ready for that sort of thing.” Xin responded. The men sighed loudly in relief and faintly heard Dipper in the background “Are they still after us?” and a voice they didn't recognize shouting “Get back here you fuckers!!” more shuffling and Xin said “Well, if that's all, I need to hang up now. Kinda need two hands to climb this wall…”

In the background they heard “You can't get away! Fuck! Stand still you fuckin' fag!”

“Ok, bye uncle Ab~!” Xin said cheerfully before hanging up.

The three melted on the couch in relief. Thank God, Carlos was crying. They looked at the sisters and Kari. They were getting their haircut, eyes closed and getting a manicure, completely unaware their partners almost died from a heart attack. Sab just wanted them to cut her hair a tiny bit because she liked it’s waist-length, Shermie asked to get it bra strap-length, he couldn’t have it all long like Sab wanted. Ford and Stan wanted it gone but Kari told the workers to cut their hair armpit length.

Once the relief from knowing they couldn't get their husbands pregnant faded, Abraham frowned. “Did...did it sound like something bad was happening with the boys?” The other two paused. “I'm sure it's...nothing...” Carlos chuckled weakly before his smile dropped. “Oh fuck.” the three sighed.

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Ok, so, if Dipper was honest with herself, this wasn’t really their fault. It was those fuckers who had been staring at them all day. They had been having fun at the carnival, eating snacks, going to games, bothering nobody basically, when they decided it was probably best to head back. That’s when the problems began.

“We are lost.” Dipper deadpanned as Xin growled. “I know where we are!”

As they walked they passed by a group of men, smoking what seemed to be weed from the oddly sweet smell. They started whistling. “Damn!! Hey pretty what are you doing here?” “Fuck, I'd totally bang you.” “Hey baby come on, smile.”

Dipper growled and only his self-control stopped him from punching them in the face. Xin pushed him forward. “Just keep walking...they're just stupid humans…”

Then one tried to touch Dipper’s butt, but the spell threw him backwards and onto the ground. As the men frowned in confusion, the girl snapped and with a good kick, she planted her sneakers on his ugly nose. “The fuck is your problem!?” Dipper grabbed the stunned man’s wrist and with a swift movement, swung him to the floor. Contrary to popular belief, Dipper did train! He knew a little martial arts! “Don’t touch me, fucker!”

The man on the ground, who was probably high now that Dipper thought about it, looked dazed. His friends laughed. “Hah! You just got beat by a girl!” Xin tugged on Dipper's sleeve. “We should
go.” He was worried about things escalating, and worried about the thrill of joy inside himself that wanted things to escalate.

And then one of the men slapped Xin's butt and all Hell broke loose. “Eep!” Xin squeaked as the barrier repelled it but he still jumped and covered his butt with his hands. Dipper snarled. He was supposed to be looking after his cousin. “Hey! Hands off!” He kicked the guy. They were starting to attract attention.

“Look at this? He's letting his girlfriend fight his battles!” One of the men laughed. Xin looked confused before he finally realized what was happening. Then he got mad. Dipper blinked in surprise when Xin kicked a guy and sent him flying. Oh right. Dragon.

“What the hell?! You don't touch people without asking first!” Xin scolded the men. They were starting to look irritated. “What? It's a compliment. It means you're hot stuff.” One trailed his eyes down Xin's body with a crooked smirk. “The feistiness just makes it all the sweeter…” Xin scowled at him, baring his teeth with a growl. Ew. No. He didn't want that.

That's when they started trying to grab him, another sneaking behind Dipper to try and box them in. This time they weren't just sent flying back. This time, they got set on fire.

“AUUUGH?!” They screamed. Dipper winced. He took Xin's hand “RUN!” He shouted. They took off while the men rolled around on the ground to put themselves out. “Hey! You FUCKERS!” One of the men yelled at the two of them. Some of the onlookers had called the cops. Dipper ran and pulled Xin with him. “This is bad! This is sooo bad!” he groaned.

“I think they're chasing us.” Xin pointed out. Dipper groaned again. “Dammit!” He heard sirens. “Double damn it!” It wasn’t fair! Those dicks should be the one chased! He looked around for where they could run to. His phone rang.

It was his mom, well, temporary dad, and he wanted to speak to Xin? Right now?! He gave Xin the phone and heard him give an explanation about...eggs? Periods? What? They climbed a fence at one point before going into an alleyway. They hid behind a dumpster and waited for the cops and the few men to lose sight of them.

“Are they still after us?” Dipper whispered. He and Xin turned to see one of the men who had attempted to molest them earlier turn a corner into the alleyway and spot them. “Get back here fuckers!” and begin running at them. They ran down the alley. ”You can't get away! Fuck! Stand still you fuckin’ fag!” the man yelled. Xin quickly said goodbye and hung up, handing the phone to Dipper before giving the now shorter girl a boost up the wall to reach the fire escape ladder.

Xin made a pretty impressive standing jump and caught the ladder himself. The two climbed quickly as the man screeched at them. “Where do we go now?” Dipper asked. Xin looked around. “No cameras...I could teleport us...but I want to make those jerks pay for trying to touch us.”

Dipper glared down at the high, angry fucker. He wanted him to pay too. “What do you suggest? Give him and his fuckboys a nightmare?” The teen shrugged. Xin tilted his head “But that would require them to sleep first. I was actually thinking of ripping their balls off…”

Dipper whimpered and pressed his legs together. That was horrifying...every man needed their balls. He sighed at the empty feeling in his pants. BUT! Those guys were not men, they were beasts who could do worse to any innocent person. He grinned. “I will not tell your mom if you do it. But, do it in a way that wouldn’t kill them or cause medical problems.” His lawyer uncle had a strong socratic sense of morals. Dipper was sure Walter was unable to wish harm on anyone. Not outside the law anyway.
Xin’s eyes were flickering. “If it makes you feel any better, two of those guys actually HAVE raped women and one young teenage boy. The rest have molested but didn't manage to penetrate…” he shook his head with a disgusted look. “Ugh...didn't want to see that…”

Dipper looked horrified. “Please burn them alive.” He didn’t want to share air with scums. Then he felt horrified at what he was even suggesting. “Just-- don’t kill them. Forget I said that part!” Dipper added quickly. Xin flicked his fingers and Dipper heard multiple blood curdling screams come from the alleyway below them. “Well, I punched that guy’s balls. His friends, who've raped before had theirs explode.” Xin grinned. “What else can I do to them?” Human castration had been around for centuries! He knew how to get rid of them without damaging their health…

(If BlueBill’s Stanford had been here, he’d have been horrified and felt entirely justified to point out to everyone that this was proof of the man-eater’s wickedness.)

“Burn their pants.” Dipper had an evil grin on her face. “Make them suffer. But don’t kill them or cause actual harm.” Xin giggled. “Ok~” Dipper looked over the side of the roof and saw the men lying on the ground, screaming in pain. One was clutching his crotch as blood began staining the fabric. Xin flicked his fingers and the man shrieked louder when his crotch caught fire. Enough to hurt, not enough to burn. Heck, Xin even healed their wounds so they wouldn’t bleed out or have any health complications!

Dipper laughed. Served him right. Now he’ll never hurt anyone again. Ugh. So disgusting. “Our job here is done.” He nodded. They were vigilantes. Xin purred as he tasted the Pain and Fear (taking off his Seal for this). Ooh—that was a nice flavor~ his eyes were glowing red as he gazed down at the sobbing men. Oh, these delicious flavors were doing wonders for getting his energy levels maxed out. And being allowed to do this, from Pinetree of all people? Ooooh~

Dipper wasn’t even paying attention to the screaming men. He was texting his dear girlfriend about how they made justice today. Pacifica laughed, not knowing what exactly Dipper was referring to, but sent him a few hearts. Aw~

They called the police, Xin leaving ‘video’ evidence of their crimes beside them, before he teleported his cousin back to the mall.

Xin practically buzzed with energy. He whined softly. “Dammit. Now I'm horny…” he felt a little itchy and restless. Dipper blinked at him. Seriously?!” Xin shrugged with a blush. “Leftover Lust from them…” He muttered quietly, “Don’t worry, it’ll pass.” Dipper nodded and patted Xin’s shoulder. “Thanks for helping me there.” The man smiled and ruffled her long brown hair. “Of course, Pinetree, you’re my cousin!” Dipper texted Mabel to ask where she was and Markus said he finished shopping with Danna and now they were eating pizza at the food court.

Needless to say, Xin dragged the smaller girl over to the food court while cheering, “PIZZAAA~!”

(A small part of Dipper was still horrified at what he’d allowed Xin to do. Heightened adrenaline had lowered his normally reserved inhibitions. But the thought that this experience would stop those men from hurting anyone again in such a way, mollified him somewhat.)

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The three men blinked in amusement as the Pines girls stumbled towards them, half asleep. Their hair was nicely cut, their nails were pretty and painted and the four of them had an expression of pure bliss. None of them could deny this was a very nice experience. They were denied this joy as men…
“Getting your hair washed and massaged is the best thing in the world.” Shelly mumbled and she hugged Abraham, her hair barely reaching his neck. “Be careful with your nails, baby, you wouldn’t want to ruin it.” He kissed her forehead.

“Stania? How are you feeling?” Carlos asked. Stan mumbled as he leaned against his chest, totally out of it. Carlos laughed and stroked her hair. “Ah this is nice~ What did they use? Your hair is so soft.”

“No idea...I feel drugged…” Stan closed her eyes. “Can we go already? I’m tired.” Carlos leaned in to whisper. “If you feel too tired, maybe we can continue tomorrow.” Stan’s eyes widened. “I’m not that tired!”

Kari put her hands over her chest and sniffled. Her babies were so pretty as both boys and girls! She kissed Fania’s cheek, who was staring at his hands. That woman didn’t mind his fingers...he bet she didn’t even notice. Hands were hands and it was her job to paint the nails. “I also think we should go back.”

Sab who was kissing Walter, nodded. “Ok…” she pulled out her phone “So, are the kids all together?” Walter, Carlos and Abraham began coughing.

Sab narrowed her eye and Stan looked around. “Carla...where’s our squirt?” Everyone looked around for Diego and the twins and the men panicked. “But they were here!” Abraham cried.

“Maybe they went with their cousins?” Ford suggested.

“Di-Dipper and Xin are not here…” Abraham muttered. “And I don’t know where Mabel and Dillon are.” Sab groaned and closed her eye to search for them. She had to do everything around here! Ok. The teens and Xin were eating, the kids… “Uh?” She said and Walter and Carlos grimaced. “Where are they?!”

Seb turned around and went back to the couch the men had been sitting on. Just next to it, on the floor, half hidden by a stand of magazines, were the kids sleeping. “You three are fucking idiots as men.” She scolded as she picked up Diego to give to Stan. Stania let out a relieved sigh and hugged her kid, cradling him to her chest. Then Sab repeated the process with the twins, but she gave Zoe to Fania.

“Baby...I am sorry...can I hold them?” Walter pouted. Sab huffed. “No. She’s fine with Ford.” Ford blushed when Zoe snuggled against his chest. Sab folded her arms “This is punishment for you three losing sight of them.” The three men sighed. They knew this was their own fault.

“Now let's go find the other kids. They're at the food court.” Sab told them as the group headed off. “‘Food!’” Shermie and Stan cheered. Kari giggled behind her hand. Actually, men or women, their personalities haven't changed. She paused. She guessed it was because that had nothing to do with their sex. Still, she was grateful for this day to indulge in spoiling the daughters she's always wanted. She sighed. Four sons and four grandsons. Out of all of them, she only got two and a half granddaughters (since Miz was a boy half the time). Those Pines genes were very masculine heavy.

Not that she didn’t love them though. They were her baby boys. Kari looked at Fania holding Zoe with a warm smile.

They met with the teens as Markus and Danna cooed at how beautiful their moms looked. Shelly blushed and Stania scoffed and denied liking it, also blushing heavily. When they got to a location with no people or cameras, Xin teleported them back to the hotel.
The kids woke up when they got back while the teens, Xin and Ford volunteered to watch them as the couples claimed they were tired from the day. Their innocent hearts couldn’t understand the meaning behind that. Anyway, they all went to the game room, decided to teach the kids how to play billiards.

Carlos gave Wanda thumbs up before saying good night. Wanda/Walter turned to his wife. Sab was innocently fixing up the bed so Walter could take a nap. Walter smiled fondly. “You know, actually, I don’t think I’m THAT tired yet…” He had something in mind-

“Let’s go to the bar!” Was his alcohol-loving, but unfortunate lightheaded, wife’s response. "Relax after this very stressful day huh?” Sab grinned. Walter sighed. “Well I’m limiting you to only one drink. You’re even smaller than you normally are. So, you’ll be even more of a lightweight!”

“Fiiiine~ I’ll be careful.” Sabrina sighed. They suggested the bar to the other couples. Stan looked like he really wanted (and needed) a drink. “Yes. Bar sounds amazing, I fucking need alcohol right now.”

They didn't even bother to tell Xin and Ford, they didn't drink, besides, who would watch their kids? Mwahaha~

There was a bar in the hotel, it wasn't really crowded, just some couples and single people drinking, playing billiards or watching the running football game.

Wanda and Seb got a table, as well as Abi and Shermie, while Carla and Stan sat at the bar counter. Carla grinned as Stan slumped on the counter and barked at the barman to bring him something to destroy his liver and taste buds.

"Stania, sit like a lady~ Close your legs." Carla teased him, only to be flipped off.

"Who are you, my mom?! Imma sit however the fuck I want--give me that!” He snatched the drink from the barman's hand and gulped it all down at once. Stupid Xin, stupid magic, stupid brothers being so comfortable with this.

The barman looked at Carlos. "She's on one of those days, huh?" Stan gasped, offended because NO?! He was angry because this day was horrible?! Not because he was...oh…

"Yeah, she is, don’t worry, I got this." Carlos answered for him as he rubbed Stan’s, much thinner than before, waist. "You’re an asshole, Carla." Stania grumbled as he fought down a blush at being treated like this.

"Oh, I am. You better not say this ever again to anyone, or let your friends say it. Doesn’t feel nice does it?” Carla asked him knowingly.

Stan got another drink and focused on the running game. That was his former team, nice~He was the coach of the youngest bunch of newbies for that team, in college or barely out of it. They had to start training if they wanted to make the roster for official games after all.

Now Carlos slumped over Stania's shoulder, resting his round chin on her. "Um what's happening now?” Despite going to almost every game Stan had since they were 15, she still didn't know the first thing about football.

"They're forming the 3-4-3 tactic, babe, it's heavily offensive, which means they're going for the points rather than keeping the other team away." Stan illustrated that on a napkin and Carlos nodded, concentrating as he sipped his drink. "Probably the coach is going to make them do from 'ere a triangular movement-yeah, there it is! Run, Georgo!” Stania screamed at the Tv.
A couple of people, including them, cheered when he scored.


Stan facepalmed.

"You saw that? That was a great long throw ball." Stan knew for a fact this idiot was trying to sound all smart.

"I think that was a triangular movement." Carlos commented before looking at Stania for clarification.

"Yeah. It was." She glared at the idiot.

The man laughed. "You like football, little lady?"

"I ain’t little. Nor a lady." Stania growled. The men laughed again. Stania really didn’t like his tone. "It’s okay, it’s very cute.” The man ‘assured’ him, as if he thought that would make Stania feel better. It didn’t.

The man continued babbling nonsense to Carlos, who just nodded awkwardly because, nonsense or not, he still didn't know anything about Football. Stania was going to explode!! What the fuck?!!! "Dude, what the fuck are you talking about??"

The man waved a hand dismissively. "It's just football theory, it's too much to explain.”

"It’s bullshit, is what it is!” Stania raged. “You’re just makin’ up words at this point. And you don’t know what the fuck you’re talking about! Heily is on Defense because that’s what he trained for! Not because his ‘hands are made for shoving’ or whatever the shit you just said about him!”

"Football is a men's sport, you just don't get it, sorry." The man shrugged. "It requires a lot of thinking and planning."

Carlos covered his mouth as his eyes widened. Oh no. He really should stop this now...But getting in the crossfire of Stanley's rage wasn't a very intelligent idea.

"I KNOW 'bout football, dipshit! Unlike you! I am a professional coach, you moron!"

“Yes, yes. I’m sure you’ve read a lot about it. But watching videos online and managing your kid’s team isn’t the same as actually being out on the field, playing it.” The man dismissed Stan’s words entirely, not even listening to him.

Stan wasn't sure how to react to this. No one had ever underestimated him this way. Not as a coach, or at work… no one had ever so completely disregarded him like this.

It felt horrible.

He turned to look at the game, annoyed, but the asshole shut up (for now) so he thought he could go back to enjoying the game.

"Ooohh! Noo, you dumbass! what did you do?! You had the ball right there!" She turned to look at Carla. "You saw?! He fumbled--"

“That was such a bad play, huh?” The man interrupted, nudging Stania’s arm with his elbow. “I don’t know if you saw it but--"
Stania shoved the man away from her. Personal space! “Yes I saw it! Didn’t you hear me say--”

“He didn’t pay attention to when the ball was thrown to him, really bad focus there. You see his eyes? He’s dazed from being tackled earlier--”

UUURGH FOR MOSES’ SAKE!! “Shut up! Stop talking to me! What the hell is wrong with you?!” Stania snarled. “I never asked you! I never asked for your fucking opinion! I was just here, talking to my--”

“Look, sorry,” The man held up his hands, smiling and giving Carlos a look like, ‘Wow, crazy women, am I right?’ the man gave Stania another smile. “I just thought I would help explain it to you, since it seemed like you were interested in it.” He spoke like Stania was a child being unreasonable, “I was just trying to help.”

“Help THIS you condescending asshat!” Stania decked him across the face, making the guy fly back and land on the ground with a bounce. The bar went silent. Stania stood there, panting heavily through her teeth before she snarled and stomped off. Carlos winced. “Ah, you seriously should stop treating my wife and other women like they're idiots.” He told the dazed man before leaving to catch up to Stania.

Stania was fuming and kicking a decoration in the hallway, hitting it so much it was shaking and about to fall.

"Stan...Stanley, stop."

"NO!"

"If you break it, you're going to have to pay for it, and I doubt you want that." Carlos pulled her away. The argument seemed to be valid enough for his wife because she stopped struggling and just slumped in his arms. He knew this had been a very low blow, right in her ego.

"He was a fucking asshole." Stan growled.

"Geez, yeah." Carlos winced a bit. "Sorry for not doing anything…" He heard the slightest sound of a snuffle and a broken exhalation before Stania rubbed her face on his chest. "Why does he think I have fucking brain damage just because I'm a woman…?"

“Because you’re a woman. Not everyone treats us like that, but it happens pretty often.” Carlos sighed, leaning down to hug the distressed Pines brother. “It’s… ‘normal’.”

“Normal sucks.” Stania hated all this.

"A lot." Carla agreed. Stania rubbed her eyes. "I'm sorry...I shouldn't have said those things." She mumbled her apology as if it burnt her insides. She wouldn't cry though. She wasn't a pussy.

"It's ok. We're both going to learn stuff this week, ay?" Stania yelped when Carlos picked her up, so she wrapped her legs around his waist. "How about we go make things better~?" He offered with a perverted look that could only be matched by Stania's own.

"I'd love that~" Stania rubbed her pelvis against Carlos and felt a shiver running down his spine. She was put down and the couple quickly made their way to their room.

"...His definitions were so fucking wrong…” She still complained.

They weren't the only one who had the same idea. Soon enough, the other two couples said they...
were bored and tired and that they were going back to their rooms now.

Seb once again ruffled the bedsheets so they could sleep and searched for pjs when Walter put a hand over his "Hey~ I'm not really that tired."

"Oh, come on, Wands! Make up your mind~!" He innocently complained. Walter leaned over to nuzzle against Sab’s neck. “Well~ we can sleep… so I suppose you’ll have to… undress…” He trailed a large hand down Sabrina’s side, going over her thin waist, her hips and then her thighs. She laughed. “Oh? So we’re going to ‘sleep’ are we~?"

Walter couldn’t wait anymore. He wanted to try this, he NEEDED it! “I want to spend the night with you, just the two of us, baby.” He tilted her head backwards to kiss her lips and his hands moved upwards from her waist to cup Sab’s breasts. So soft and round... Sab smiled into the kiss. “Then let’s ‘go to bed’ shall we?”

The couple stayed there for a while, still gasping for air and just hugging each other. “I love you...I love you so fucking much…” Walter whispered, burying his face in her breasts. Sab sighed contently and closed her eye. “I love you so fucking much too.” As no one was going to burst in, they didn’t bother to clean so they just got under the blankets and cuddled.

They were damn perverts but that felt fucking amazing.

When they were about to fall asleep, they heard noises, gasps and moans from the room next door, which sounded very much like...Stania...and...Carlos...

Walter and Sabrina hid under the blankets, groaning in embarrassment. They were probably heard!!

“I wonder why they're all so tired? We didn't do all that much today.” Ford wondered as he and Xin sat beside each other in the spa. The teenagers were watching the kids in the game room so the two had gone to the sauna to relax.

Xin coughed, wondering if he should tell this innocent owl what his brothers were up to. “Well…” he looked around to check that no one else was nearby. This place had small, private booths and they were lucky to get the place to themselves. No cameras either. Xin allowed his tail to pop out with a groan. “Your brothers are having wild sex with their wives.”

Xin laughed loudly at the horrified expression the woman made next to him. “Wh-What?!” She shrieked. “But-but they are...like this!” She motioned to her body. Xin nodded. “That’s what makes it more fun, trying it out from the other’s point of view.”

Ford screamed into his hands. For everything that was possible, that was completely disgusting!! “Ew!” He whined childishly and Xin laughed again. “I know, I know, but they are happy and enjoying it.”

Ford was blushing hard, it only made Xin laugh more.

Xin leaned against her. "It's so weird, we're both asexual but we feel different about stuff. For one, I feel the need for sexual satisfaction, and it's annoying to have a sex drive...when I, myself have no desire for sex. Xin muttered quietly. He looked down at his hands and the towel wrapped loosely
around his waist. “But you don't seem to get much of this, whatcha think?”

"I think it's gross." Ford crossed his arms and pouted. Xin cooed at how cute she looked. "I try not
to think much about it." She was wearing a towel around her slim waist and her bra. She rubbed her
legs together at the empty feeling and adjusted the towel around her chest. She looked up at Xin,
wondering if he was seeing...

Xin wasn't looking at her though, more focused on poking his tail and lost in thought. “I don't get
it. Like...why do people care so much about sex to the point that some people go after people who
AREN'T willing?” He growled lightly, remembering the assholes he'd met earlier that day. “Like,
if I get horny, I do it myself! I just masturbate and I’m satisfied.” He clenched fist. “How could
people ever want it so bad that they would force themselves on someone else? I just don't
understand…” he might have fantasies about weird stuff but they're just fantasies. He knew there
were things that should never be done to real people!

Ford frowned. “I don't know either.” He pushed his breasts up and adjusted them. He was sweating.
S/He looked at Xin again. Fania did it again, adjusting hi/her breasts. Xin didn’t seem to notice.

“So...do you agree that people who force themselves on others like that should be punished?” Xin
asked quietly. Ford nodded. “Of course!”

Xin's tail curled up. “I wonder if I'm similar to them?” Ford looked up in shock. “No. Of course
not! Why would you say that?” Xin ducked his head in shame. “I like watching people
fuck...without their permission.” He gave a bitter laugh. “The worst Voyeur in the
multiverse...even created a whole planet for it. A porn planet! A planet filled with people I can
experiment with. So I can twist their bodies for my own amusement and then watch them go at it
with each other.” He shuddered.

“Doesn't that make me just as bad? Even if I'm not touching them...” he questioned. “I've never
touched someone with my own hands in such a way, but I like watching them. Is that...just as bad?”
He pulled his legs up to his chest, burying his face into his knees.

Fania hummed in thought, momentarily forgetting about...whatever she was trying to do with her
breasts, and analyzed the circumstances before she put a hand over his. “I think you’re insane,” she
said bluntly, “There are things you do that are just as insane, but you aren’t a bad demon.” The
woman laughed. “You’re also not a bad person... you said you experiment with them, are you
forcing them to do anything they don’t want?”

“No, I just made a little transformation Curse that they could walk into and activate willingly, and I
give them a free try at the Curse a second time, to change things, if they weren’t happy with the
effects of the transformation the first go around... and I put them in situations where sexy times
can happen. But everything they choose to do is on them.”

“Then you're not evil.” Ford shrugged. “I'm guessing you haven’t killed anyone on this porn planet
of yours?” Xin shook his head and Fo/Fania laughed. “See?”

“But...I cursed you all into the opposite sex. I...messed with your bodies in a way more intimate
than anything...and it was just a whim...” Xin said softly. “Just because I got annoyed and because
I COULD.” he shivered. “I've done stuff like that before. In my Deals, in my experiments...just...for
fun...” Those were all the things that other Stanford always accused him of... and he was right,
and Xin hated that fact so very much...

Fania sighed. “Well, if you feel bad about it...then...stop doing it?” She wasn't sure what to say.
“Or, ask for permission first?” She suggested as she rubbed Xin's arm. “I mean, I guess being
turned into a woman was...a little distressing at first, but I've learned a lot.” She scratched her head sheepishly. “Like how much pain they go through to look nice...simply because they're expected to look nice.” He frowned. “Which is incredibly unfair. Stan could go around with his hair disheveled and his clothes unkempt but no one bats an eye. But if Carla doesn't put on makeup for a day I hear people talk about it.” Ford frowned. “I hear about it, even all the way in Oregon. Those damn paparazzi that follow Stan and Carla everywhere will comment on it and the damn thing shows up on the news.”

Xin gave a bitter laugh. “So much for equality huh?”

Ford nodded. He was sorry for saying there was equality in America, way back when. Just because he tried to respect women didn't mean others did. And even then, Ford admitted to himself that he’d been pretty awful at times too, not maliciously so, but simply because he’d grown up in that kind of culture and had learned that it was ‘normal’, even when he now knew it wasn’t. He had never even thought about the reality. He grabbed Xin’s hands and looked at his friend.

“Besides, if you feel bad about what you do, then you can’t be that bad. Bad guys don’t feel guilty over what they do. And you need that guilt to push you to try to be better. I know you can try. Like...how I’m trying to be closer to my family...and, you told me trying is a lot…” The brunette smiled sheepishly at Xin.

Xin squeezed Ford's hands and pulled one of them up to his cheek without thinking. “I guess you're right.” He laughed. “Geez, look at me, I tell others that they’re not bad people and now you're telling me...but...I still feel like a bad person...whenever I think about what I've done...what I continue to do…”

“Well, baby steps. From now on, don't transform people without asking first? Unless it’s an emergency or some other extenuating circumstance.” Ford suggested. “You know, the merfolk transformation a few days ago wasn't bad. I...enjoyed it.”

“Really?” Xin grinned. Ford nodded. “I actually wouldn't mind that again someday! If only so I can travel around underwater and see all there is to see.”

Xin laughed “Of course you did, you big nerd!” He giggled. "As a merman? Or a mermaid? It would allow you to see if the body dynamic changes~" The dragon laughed loudly when he saw Fania actually thinking about it.

Ford laughed and ran a hand over his chest. “Ugh, I'm sweating.” He complained, the towel slipping down to his wide hips, but still covering his crotch. Fania was glad for that. Heck, she was only allowing her towel to drop since it didn’t seem like Xin cared. Which was nice, not being ogled at.

Xin laughed. “That’s the point, nerd!” The dragon laughed.

“But it's collecting between my be-breasts and it feels uncomfortable.” Fania complained. Xin rolled his eyes. “Well, you're not even supposed to be wearing a bra in here, you're supposed to be naked and just have a towel.”

Ford pouted hard. Xin rolled his eyes again. “You were already chest-naked this morning in front of me and I didn’t care. Just do it, you’ll feel better.” Then the dragon giggled. “Do you need help taking it off~?”

"...Maybe." Unhooking the bra sounded like a challenge.
Xin grinned as she sat down a little closer. "It's ok, I'll help." He reached for Fania's back and gently unhooked the bra. His breasts hung a little. Xin reached to the front part of the bra, and cupped her breasts in his hands for a few long seconds before freeing her chest. Xin looked at them as Ford's chest bounced free before looking directly at him/her.

Fania reached for her towel without seeing and pulled it up to cover her big chest with a hand. She stared into Xin's eyes, they were so close, with how the dragon had gone right up in order to help her take her bra off... She never noticed Xin's eyes were coal black... (Miz's were a deep dark brown that looked black.)

"You know, you look amazing as a woman..." Xin said bluntly, speaking up at last after looking Ford over.

"Th-Thank you I guess... " He...still wasn't used to anyone complimenting him for his aspects as a man (except for Xin of course)...it was even WEIRDER to be complimented as a woman.

"Ok...tha-thanks..." he repeated, for lack of anything to say, looking down at his breasts.

"So...these don't turn you on? Even if you're admiring them?" He asked curiously.

"Yeah, like I said, I may like watching the action, but someone's body itself doesn't really affect me." Except for transformations, but he wasn't about to tell Fordsie that. Fania laughed. "That's an interesting way to say it. So you're interested in the process, but not the parts?"

"Like how people like watching movies but not enjoy sitting through all the rehearsals." Xin corrected, then laughed. "And to phrase it another way..." He scooted even closer, pressing against Fania's side with a grin. "I love watching horror movies, but I don't want to be part of one."

"Hm." Fania thought about it. "Neither would I." She glanced up at Xin's grinning face. "Do you like horror movies, for real? Or were you just using it as a metaphor?"

"I love horror movies! But I'm not allowed to watch them anymore." Xin rolled his eyes. "Why's that? Wait, you're a psychic being with reality warping powers, of course you're not allowed to watch horror movies." Fania deduced on her own.

Taking advantage of being so close to her, Xin reached for her waist and tickled her. "You're such a nerd!"

"AAAAHHH!!" Fania shrieked and tried kicking Xin away all while trying to keep the towel around her body. The two scuffled on the sauna bench, laughing and shrieking as they poked each other. It was a good thing it was late. They had this sauna room all for themselves. They ended up on the floor on top of each other, laughing. That was almost like a session. Xin tied up both their hair into buns (so they didn't accidentally pull them), but didn't feel like standing up, and neither did Fania. Resting on him, with her arms under her cheek, Fania looked at him curiously. "Are there saunas in space? This makes you sweat, but do aliens sweat? They liberate toxins through it?"

"Like, bajillions of them!" Xin laughed breathlessly, panting a little. "Most of them are natural as well. Volcanic planets are a dime a dozen! They're the new ones, the ones with molten cores still burning hot through a half formed crust. They haven't been around long enough for the mantle to close up into what you'd call 'land', which leaves the whole planet a sweltering hellscape of fire and heat." Xin laid his head back on the ground, finally catching his breath. "So naturally, a more advanced alien race looks at this burning ball of fire and goes 'Hey, we should build a luxury resort on top of it!' and then we have saunas and hot springs!"

Fania laughed. That was so cool!! "Even in space, all people care about are profits, huh?" She
asked. She was so close to Xin his face wasn't blurry anymore even with her glasses off. Fania could see the slit pupils in his dark eyes, which were only visible against the black irises due to Xin’s pupils having a faint glow around the edges. She could see the way his pupils contracted as he focused on her in return. Their noses were so close they were touching, they could feel each other's breathing. And Fania noted that she really wanted to study the anatomy of Xin’s ‘odd eyes. Pupils were for letting light in, but it almost looked like there was light coming from inside the dragon’s eyes...

Fania realized belatedly, that her towel had been flung off during their rolling around. And so had Xin’s. She was laying on him, her large breasts pressed against his chest. One of her knees was pressed against the ground between his thighs as her other leg straddled his leg. She was sweating all over, and Xin’s skin was hot. But he wasn’t sticky, like Fania knew other sweaty humans would be. Skin to skin contact was gross because of the way humans stuck to each other. But Xin felt smooth, dry but not rough. She suddenly realized that touching Xin felt comfortable. Well, she knew that already, having fallen asleep many times after a session with him before, but she hadn’t actually thought about it that way. And… here, pressed so close against him, Fania felt herself heating up, and it had nothing to do with the sauna.

Xin watched, breathless, as the brunette traced his chest with her slender 6 fingered hand, it was rough though, Fania’s hands were callused from constant use, it felt so good~ (Xin loved their texture against his skin) and her breasts shifting and moving just so slightly...her nipples pressed against his chest. ”Xin...” Fania said in a whispering tone. ”Yeah?” Xin stared up at her, holding back a purr from the way she was stroking his chest.

“...I...” Fania swallowed, trying to find her words.

A sharp beep sounded, making the two scream and jump, smacking into each other and wincing in pain. Xin rubbed his cheek, where Fania’s skull had impacted when they both jolted, and looked up. ”Oh. Our time’s up.” The timer was there for the safety of the guests. Too long in the sauna led to health risks after all. He stood up, searched for his and Fania’s towels and the two covered themselves back up. Fania wrapped herself slowly, not really wanting to leave yet.

“Hey, we can continue our discussion in the shower room?” Xin told her, and Fania felt a smile tug at her lips. ”Sure. If they have co-ed showers.” Xin cackled, ”That’s what perception filters are fooor~” He offered Fania a hand as he dramatically bowed. The scientist rolled her eyes and took it. ”Thank you.”

The two found a shower room for Fania to rinse off her sweat. Xin didn’t really need to, but he showered with her anyway so they could keep talking.

"Xin, this change, does it...make you feel different?" Fania asked softly.

"Like, mentally? I know mom and Seb have been a little confused since apparently their gender identity has been flip flopping and it's kinda worrying.” Xin said. ”It shouldn't be happening. Gender isn't related to biological sex after all. I'm a little worried that I did something wrong.”

Fania-Ford blinked. He JUST realized he had been...wow...He had been seeing himself as a woman all this time? That was something to look into, but he was referring to... other stuff (the warm feeling between her legs, for one. The way her heart was racing, for another), but nope. No way he was asking Xin about that.

“Maybe it’s easier to change it to match their sex. You know how complicated it is when you don’t match...like Zachary.” Ford theorized.
Xin hummed. “But Stan hasn't, as far as I know. From what I could tell, if the person I changed is open to the idea of being the opposite gender, they...mentally swap without even thinking about it.” He waved his tail lazily. “Which, I can't tell if that's a good thing or not? I mean, what about you? Do you feel like a woman right now?”

Ford blushed. “I...must admit that now that I've been relaxing and talking to you...I found myself not really caring about being Fania or not. It's more important to be me." They finished showering and with towels around themselves once again, they sat on a bench. Xin hummed. “You know what? I think I've figured it out.” Ford blinked. “Yes?” Xin pointed at him. “You, me, Seb and probably all of us except Stan and Dipper, we don't base our identities on what sex we are.”

Ford blinked. “I'm not sure I understand?” Xin leaned back against the wall. “For you, you're a scientist first and a man second. I'm sure, whether you're male or female, you'll always be a 'scientist'.”

“...thanks?” Ford wasn't sure if he was being complimented or teased.

“And it's the same for the rest of us. We are US first and our sex second. But for Stan and Dipper…” Xin frowned. “Dipper spent so much of his life being worried about ‘being a man’ which tells me that he puts the fact that he's a boy before being himself. Same goes for Stan. He is a manly man, who's very attached to the idea of being what your asshole father beat into him the definition of a man should be. Someone gruff, muscular, stubborn...hairy.” Xin grimaced. “Stan's spent his life putting his sex first, he's built his entire sense of identity and self worth upon that very subject.”

Ford considered it. Xin wasn't wrong. That DID sound a lot like Stan. He always talked about how he didn't do girly things like cry or talk about his feelings. He excused a lot of the stuff he did on his sex. He always worked to maintain his persona of being a ‘real’ man…

_Just like father had always told them._

Xin growled. “Your dad fucked you all up. Heck, Dipper is a little hesitant but even HE'S more open to being more than just his biological sex.”

Ford played with his sixth finger and smiled. “Well, Stan will never admit it, but I saw he enjoyed having his nails done." Xin took the woman’s slender but calloused hands and looked at her nails. “Ooh~ Pretty. Sebastian picked it out didn't he?” Ford looked down and nodded. “I don’t know about this stuff.” Xin giggled and hugged her. “It’s ok, you still have a week to learn…” Ford sighed and sank into the hug.

“If Stan begrudgingly enjoyed being pampered, perhaps there's some hope for him?” Xin grinned mischievously. “After all, he certainly enjoys one of the other parts about being female.” Ford flushed. “Have you been _watching_ them?!” He choked.

“Of course not. But I can _feel_ their Lust from down here. God. They're STILL going at it!” Xin frowned up at the ceiling. “I guess he's not a former football star for nothing. That stamina...how does Carla keep up with him?”

Ford was bright red and searching for some way to change the subject off his brother having intercourse as a woman... "Xin, I realized we left the children without supervision--"  

The dragon easily saw around. "They're at the pool now. Must be tempered. Wanna go check on them? The older kids are watching, so it’s not like they’re alone.”
“Yes. That would greatly reassure me.” Ford got up, face red from what they’d been talking about and trying to take his mind off the subject. ...And from the ongoing tingling sensation between his legs. As he breathed and, for lack of a better word, meditated, it was slowly going away. Seriously, what the fuck was going on with him? He felt like a dumb teenager again, feeling horny all the time for no reason--

Ford looked up just in time to see Xin’s towel slip and fall a few inches before the dragon caught it and pulled it back up. Oh no. The tingling was back! Goddammit!

Xin gave them swimming clothes again, and, to his surprise, Fania accepted the bikini he offered as a joke. ‘Whatever, yeah.’ Was his answer. It looked really, really good on her!! Damn Pines genes even here!

"We were wondering where you were!" Mabel waved at them as the two approached the pool. Dipper was being drowned by Diego and Zoe.

"We lost track of time, but we're back." Ford nodded.

"Get in! Play!" Zach called out at them.

Xin laughed. “How about we all hang out for a bit, but then we sleep! We can't stay here all night.” He suggested. His little brother and sister cheered. Dipper and Markus were watching their uncle/aunt with surprised looks. Woah.

Xin easily picked up the brunette and yeeted her in the pool despite her screams. The cousins moved away and Ford hit the water with a loud splash. After that, Xin jumped in.

Zoe cackled like the gremlin she was. “So what’re you and uncle Sixer doing?”

Xin picked Zoe up to place in his lap for a hug. “Why, we discuss deep philosophical questions.” He laughed. “Like, how many cat's can you own until you've reached peak happiness? If having one cat increases your dopamine and having a second gives even more, at what point would you overdose on cats?”

Zach climbed onto his brother as well while the older twins giggled and sat down in front of them. “Well, we don’t have cats, but Queen Flutter is cute and we love her and we need more! I say...at least 5 cats at once.” Zach showed him 5 little fingers. “But I like dogs too.”

Xin nodded. “Having more maple cats sounds like a good thing huh?” the younger twins nodded. “But!” Xin said “Happiness only goes up to a certain point. And once you reach max, it takes more to get you up that high again. Which means that having a lot of cats will make you super happy for a while until it doesn't work anymore because you've oversaturated yourself on cats.”

The younger twins gasped in horror. There was such a thing as too many cats? Xin nodded solemnly. “And when that happens, people think the answer is MORE cats. So they get another cat and this new cat will give them another spike of happiness...until it fades too. So, what do you think they do?” He asked them.

Zoe scrunched up her face in confusion. “They...get more cats?” She asked. Xin nodded. “And what do you think happens after that?”

“They...stop getting happy off that cat...so they have to get another new cat?” Zach guessed. Xin nodded again. “And of course, as much as you like cats, you can't keep doing this forever. That'll be too many cats and you'll still never feel satisfied. Do you understand what I'm saying?”
The twins nodded. “So...we don't need more cats. Because having one is good enough. And if we get too many then we'll never be happy.”

Xin hugged them. “Yes. That is exactly it. You're so smart. You know there are plenty of adults who haven't been able to understand this concept.”

Markus blinked. “I don't get it.” Dipper rolled his eyes. “Xin's saying that constantly seeking out things for the sake of pleasure, makes you unable to appreciate what you already have. And that if you live your life constantly trying to get more and more, you'll just end up unhappy and unsatisfied.”

Markus floated backwards and nodded. “Oohhh~ So you are saying that even if colorful stickers make you happy, you can't use stickers to be happy?” Dipper blinked and sighed. “Yes. Ok, that applies too.”

Ford rolled his eyes. Kids...

Zach kicked his legs and pushed his hair back as it was plastered to his forehead with water. “Xin...How did you turn mommy into daddy and daddy into mommy?” Zoe hit his arm. “Duh! Magic!”

“Um...can you turn me too? Because I’m a boy, but...I don’t look like my Dad...and I look like Zoe, but she’s a girl.” The little boy said and everyone fell silent. Xin pressed his lips together. “I...I want to...but I don't know if this is the right thing to do. There’s the legal papers and we’d have to make an excuse to your pediatrician and your hospital records... You're still so young…” He blinked. “Alright. How about this? When you turn 18, I'll turn your body into a guy like your dad. If that’s still what you want, once you’re older.” Xin glanced up at Ford. “That's consent, right?”

He nodded with a smile but Zach pouted. “But that's too long!”

“I think this is best, baby.” Markus stroked his hair. “As a big kid, you will know if that is your actual decision, and you will be happy because you know you decided by yourself.” Xin hugged Zach. “How about this? I will make sure you don't grow up like Zoe does, so until you're old enough to decide for real, you won't be forced to look like her before your 18th birthday?”

The kid hummed before nodding. “Ok. Deal.” He extended his hand with flames to seal it, just in case. Xin shook, his own hand on fire. Zach grinned. “I can't wait to grow up!”

Xin hugged his little brother. “Speaking of growing up...you two are gonna start school soon~”

Markus cooed and Dipper smiled. “You two are lucky. We’re part of the percentage who face dangers with a friend always by your side.” She/he high-fived his brother/sister.


“And you make friends!” Markus added. The twins grinned at that information. They loved making friends! The only had Amanda, and she’s awesome, but more friends would be cool too! Xin grinned at the older twins “How’re things with you two? Miss elementary school?”

“Welp! I already got accepted into my school!” Dipper said proudly and everyone clapped excitedly. “It’s in California so I’ll still be close to my parents and you guys.” He blushed when everyone went “Aaaaaww!”
“Well, I-I am still not sure…I'm in general studies right now.” Mabel rubbed the back of her head. “Um, but mom and dad said I should find something I like…maybe something related to arts or knitting! Or I could try politics and become president of HUGS!” She smiled. Xin grinned. “Go talk to Seb later. He's got some contacts in the textiles and fashion industry. I'm sure he can get you some recommendations if you really want to get into that. As for politics, I could make a few Deals…” (He was also planning to tear the American government apart and fix it, he just needed permission…)

Mabel rubbed her arm, unsure “I don't want to get in just because I have connections…” Xin scoffed. “Mabel, in the working world, it's ALL about connections, money and status. Finding a GOOD job in the current market is all but impossible without connections and recommendations. Society is fucked.”

Mabel wilted. “That sounds scary and grown up. I don't know if I'm ready for that yet.” Dipper hugged her. “But we'll all be here with you. We'll help you figure it out together.” She hugged him back, enveloping Dipper's slender form with her muscular arms. “Thanks, bro-bro.”

Zoe raised her hand. “I want to do what mommy does…um...kick ass!” She repeated what she heard from dad once. “I want to be a cop!” Zach added. Xin ruffled their hair. “That's my little sis and bro! Taking down bad guys!” He blinked. “Hm, I'm sure you'd be able to easily subdue criminals with your telekinesis and prevent them from hurting people or escaping.”

The twins high-fived and then they looked at their Uncle, watching them with a fond smile. “Did you always know you wanted to be a scientist and see monster’s guts?” Zoe grinned.

Ford blinked. “Eh, I don't see monster’s guts, Zoe...not anymore.” He whispered to himself. “To be honest...I wasn’t quite sure, the possibility of studying the paranormal and being in a scientific career was given to me in my last year…” Without a scholarship, he knew he’d have to work to pay for college… and he just… wasn’t made for that.

“What about you Xin?” Zoe asked. “What are you going to do?”

Xin blinked slowly. “Me?” He paused. “I don't...know?” He scratched his head. “I haven't really thought about it. I've already got my high school degree and I can easily get a scholarship on my grades alone but technically I can start working now. Except everyone thinks Miz is like...13 years old.” He leaned against the wall. “I don't know what I wanna do. I was planning to help take care of you and Zach until you grow up.”

“But what are you going to do afterward?” Zach asked. Xin didn't know. He didn't think about it. He just wanted to stay with Seb and everyone else. But he couldn't live with Seb and Wanda forever, right? Kids were supposed to move out when they grew up, right?

But he didn’t want to leave them...the twins looked at him and they smiled. “You can kick ass with us!” Zoe shrugged. Xin smiled. They were so adorable.

“Zoe, don’t say that.” Ford scolded lightly and the girl frowned. “But mommy an’ daddy, does that! Ass, ass, ass!” Her brother joined in with the chanting and Ford pinched the bridge of his nose as the older twins laughed loudly. It was so painfully clear they were Seb’s kids.

Xin giggled and splashed his pouting face.

Dipper rolled her eyes. “Does he have to act like a child even when he looks like that?” Markus shrugged. “I dunno, with the whole Chinese thing, he looks like he could be anywhere between 19 and 25?”
Ford shrugged. He was used to childishness. Paternity had gotten Seb a little more mature, but barely noticeable. He was still reckless and childish. It was part of who he was.

Xin’s hair was flowing around him in the water and Ford suddenly realized his tail was still out. “Xin!” He hissed and looked around for others. “Relax, perception filter.” He dragged the temporary woman closer to him with his tail. The two stared at each other before Xin smiled and moved Ford’s hair away from his face. “There! Your bun unravelled. Want me to help you pull it back up?”

Ford sighed and, with a blushing nod, he turned around. (For some reason, he thought it was stupid to miss a chance to let Xin touch his hair and feeling his warm body close to him again--AaAh, the warmth! the tingling!)

Xin gathered the long brown locks and gently tied it up. “A-Aren’t you a fire spirit? You seem quite at home in the water.” Ford said, to fill the silence.

"I suppose, but I always liked water best. It’s my favorite Type for BakeMon.” Xin said, swishing his tail lazily through the water. “I always started with Water.”

The scientist laughed. He understood that reference, the twins had once sat him down to show him their collection of BakeMon cards. He was a good uncle and listened to everything they said. Though the names, he didn’t remember. There was...Pikachu...green Pikachu...fire Pikachu...

Xin freed her and turned her around. "There. Much better!” The dragon smiled warmly.

“Thank--Ah!” Fonia was hit in the head by a beach ball. “Sorry, Uncle Ford!” Dipper laughed and Markus hid behind the little twins. Ford narrowed his eyes and grabbed the floating ball. “Come back here!” The cousins all screamed and swam away as Ford chased them with the beach ball. Xin grinned widely, incredibly proud of his owl. He frowned. His? Eh, he really needed to work on this possessiveness thing, didn’t he…

Xin swam off deeper into the pool, the water felt nice. He surfaced with a gasp and brushed his hair from his face. He heard a giggle. Xin turned to see a young woman outside the pool, standing a meter away from the border.

Xin blinked. “Um...hi?” The woman sat down on the edge of the pool, cross-legged. “Hello~ I guess coming to swim at night was a better idea than I thought…” She said sheepishly. “I’m Amelie, what’s your name?”

“...Xin…” The dragon frowned and hid his tail behind him under the water just in case. Well, she wasn’t being weird, and Wanda did always worry that he wasn’t making any friends with normal humans who weren’t in the family. And this girl wasn’t trying to impose on her personal space… so… well… might as well talk to her?

“Hello~ I guess coming to swim at night was a better idea than I thought…” She said sheepishly. “I’m Amelie, what’s your name?”

“...Xin…” The dragon frowned and hid his tail behind him under the water just in case. Well, she wasn’t being weird, and Wanda did always worry that he wasn’t making any friends with normal humans who weren’t in the family. And this girl wasn’t trying to impose on her personal space… so… well… might as well talk to her?

“That’s a nice name…” She smiled kindly. Xin couldn’t feel anything malicious from her, so it must be ok. “Thanks, I like your name too.” Amelie smiled and looked at the kids playing. “Are they your family?” Xin smiled proudly. “Yup! My adoptive family. Have you come with your family or with friends?” He swam a little closer and leaned against the side of the pool.

“I came with my parents. We’re going to an aunt’s wedding.” Amelie shrugged. “I don’t know anyone here and I didn’t really want to go out on my own to meet people…” She twirled a strand of her hair around a finger “I wasn’t expecting other people to be at the pool so late,” Xin laughed. “Yeah, well, my little brother and sister refuse to sleep. I figured letting them swim for a bit would tire them out enough I’ll be able to tuck them in.”
Amelie looked over at the children splashing each other. “That sounds nice. I’m an only child. Always wanted a sibling. It’s kind of lonely.” She looked a little wistful. Xin smiled and pulled himself out of the water. He sat down beside her, his tail just out of view, hidden behind his hair. “I love my siblings. I’m...really happy mom adopted me. But even if you’re an only child, I’m sure you’ve got your friends right?”

Amelie nodded. “Yeah. I wish they could have come too. It’s gonna be boring by myself all summer.” She looked (and tasted) sad. Xin felt a little bad. “Well, if it’s not too weird to hang out with someone you just met, my family’s gonna be here all summer too.” Amelie lit up. “R-really?”

Xin brushed his hair behind an ear. “I mean, sure? I...don’t really have any friends outside of my family. I’m actually a little shy around humans.” The dragon admitted. Amelie laughed. “What? Do you talk to plants instead?” Xin blushed. “Only sometimes…”

Amelie giggled. “Well I heard talking to plants helps them grow.” Xin scoffed. “Naw, there isn’t enough carbon dioxide for that. The real reason why people say that is ‘cause the people who talk to their plants generally pay more attention to them and therefore take better care of them.”

The two chatted, Xin was actually having fun. Markus stared at them and squealed. Her inner matchmaker coming to the surface. “Ooh~who’s THAT?” She ran over with a wide grin. “Um, Amelie, this is Markus, my cousin, Markus, Amelie.” The teen grinned widely at the girl sitting next to Xin. “You’re so pretty! You two look adorable together!” Dipper, Ford and the twins noticed Mabel bothering Xin and spotted the girl beside him, she looked to be in her early 20s. Dipper sighed. “Mabel, leave them alone.”

Fania watched Xin laugh as he talked to that girl. Oh, looks like he was trying to make a human friend. That was good, Fania knew that was a good thing, Bill needed more human interaction. But Fania also felt a little… lonely without the dragon’s warm presence behind him.

“Xin! Is that your girlfriend?!” Zoe screamed as she pointed at the girl. Xin laughed. “Nah, I JUST met her. This is Amelie. Amelie, these are my little brother and sister, Zach and Zoe.” The girl squealed. “Oh my gosh! Twins! That’s so cute!”

“Twins kinda run in the family. Markus has a twin sister, Mary. But we all call her Dipper.” Xin explained. “Dipper?” Amelie giggled. Zach nodded. “She has a birthmark that looks like the constellations.” He smiled. Zoe nodded. “And our mommy has two sisters! They look the same but they also don’t!”

“Triplets.” Xin explained. Amelie nodded. “Wow. I heard twins were genetic but...geez.” Zach and Zoe swam up to her. “Are you going to be Xin’s girlfriend?” Xin glared and the girl blushed. “We JUST met, we can’t be dating if we just met.” Xin scolded them.


Luckily, Dipper and Ford had swam over and distracted Amelie. “Hello.” Ford nodded, putting his hands behind his back unconsciously. “It’s nice to see Xin making friends...”

Amelia smiled. “Are you...his...mom?” She tried, but it was almost impossible. This woman was not old enough for that. Wait, no, he said he was adopted.
“NOO!” Ford cried horrified, the thought was disturbing. “I-I am his...eh...un-aunt? It’s my sister who adopted him.” He coughed. “It’s nice to meet you, young lady.”

“The pleasure is mine.” Amelia smiled. “This is our Auntie Stefania! One of our mommy’s sisters!” Zach declared proudly and Amelia nodded, taking in her face and features to try and imagine the other two women. Couldn’t be that different, right? Amelia shook hands with the woman and both blinked at their discoveries. Ford noticed the girl’s hand was unusually cold, while Amelia noticed she had 6 fingers! That was so cool! Neither of them commented on it though. No need for that.

It was when the little twins started yawning that everyone knew it was time to go to sleep already. Xin picked his little siblings out of the water and wrapped them in their crocodile and bear bathrobes. “It was nice meeting you, Amelia, hope we can meet again some other day!” Xin grinned at her. She blushed. “O-okay! Hope to see you too!” They waved to her and left, the girl going in the pool to swim for a bit on her own.

As soon as they were out of there and wrapped in towels, Xin hiding his tail under it, Markus turned to him with a grin. “Sooo~you made a pretty new friend~” He teased. Xin sighed. “She’s lonely, none of her friends are here. Why shouldn’t I try to make a friend?” Ford patted Xin’s shoulder. “Well I think that was very kind of you.”

Dipper sighed. “And how are you going to explain how your family all changed sex a week from now?” Xin waved a hand. “Details, I’ll find a way.” Dipper groaned. This was going to end horribly. They weren’t in Gravity Falls! People weren’t going to just...ignore this sort of thing. Even WITH the perception filter.

Xin just waved off his concern again. Dipper wanted to sob.

----

Bonus!

Stania and Carlos!
Walter and Sabrina!

Two dramatic bitches! 😈

Xin and Fania

And Mr. I don't like magic enjoying this ✨
Lol the same nerd XD 😅
Chapter 32: The summer goes on

Slices of Life and Family

Chapter 32

The summer goes on

----

Xin helped the twins bathe, change and tucked them into bed. He gave them each a kiss on the forehead. Their irresponsible parents had been having wild sex somewhere so it was on him to take care of these little monsters. The pool actually worked because they went to sleep without protest. Xin smiled at them fondly and flicked the lights off before going to Ford's room.

“Hey, Fordsie? I can spend the night with you, right?” He asked. Ford’s hotel room was next to Sebs’s, which was next to Stan’s. Ford opened the door. “Xin? What?” The dragon was in an oversized t-shirt, his preferred pajamas. “I was wondering if we could have a quick session? And then just...snuggle?” Xin asked. Ford blinked. “Well...I suppose it would be a good test of my strength in this body...” He frowned in thought. "You're going to come every night? Not that I mind!! I was just wondering."

“It's fun. Also, I don’t like to sleep alone. But the twins kick.” Xin admitted. “Besides, there’s plenty of room since you’re not sharing with anyone.” Ford laughed. “Sure.” He stepped back and Xin bounced into the room, wagging his tail eagerly. “Hey, maybe I’ll actually overpower you this time~” Xin laughed. Ford snorted. “Well, if you do, this means I need to train harder...”

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In Seb and Wanda’s room, the couple were lazing in each other’s arms peacefully. Walter had a hand on one of Sab’s breasts, not squeezing or anything, just lying on her, taking comfort in each other’s presence. They had gone multiple rounds and they were both exhausted. “This...has been wonderful...” Sab sighed. Walter nodded. “As nice as it is, I am looking forward to when our bodies turn back to normal, and doing this again as ourselves.”

Sab mumbled something sleepily and Walter chuckled. They sighed and were about to drift off to sleep when a thump sounded from the wall leading to Ford’s room. They blinked. A thumping came again. They heard a muffled “Ahhh~” and sat up. Was that Xin’s voice?! There was a grunting sound that Sab recognized as Ford’s female voice. The parents blushed.

“Fffffuck! Fordsie~how are you STILL so go~ooh~od at this?!”

“It’s really all about technique.”

“Ahhh~S-sooo tight...”

“Hey! Using your tail is cheating!”

“Well you’ve got me tied to the bed post! I need SOME leverage!”

“Well if you’re gonna be like that, I’m just going to leave you tied up all night.”

“...That actually doesn’t sound half bad...”
Sab and Walter blushed madly and covered their ears. It was bad enough they had to hear Stan and Carla going at it. “I can’t believe they’re still doing this…” Walter groaned. “I know they got together before I adopted Miz...but STILL…”

“Well…” Sabri yawned. “We did it...I guess they also have the right to try it this way.” She snuggled closer to Walter and covered her face with a pillow. “Besides, he’s not Miz right now…” Sab sighed. “Just...put a pillow over our head and go to sleep...I’m tired…”

Walter nodded and, ignoring what sounded like Xin having sex with Fania, he drifted off to sleep.

----

Xin was panting hard when they finished their session. It had been amazing! Ford’s hands were so much smaller but they still left tiny six-fingered marks over him. She knew she wasn’t training as hard as before, but Fania was glad to know she was still just as strong as a woman, (She did break that guy’s nose in the morning), enough to have Xin wiggling like a snake as he tried uselessly to escape.

Ford, wearing the loose shorts and t-shirts Seb insisted she needed to get as pjs because she ‘looked amazing in them’, collapsed next to his/her wrestling partner, sweating lightly. “Ah! This was amazing!” He laughed. “We haven't done this in awhile.” Xin nodded and dragged the woman closer to him. He said session AND cuddles, and cuddling Fordsie who was FINALLY shorter than him, sounded amazing.

Fania rolled her eyes when Xin’s tail hugged her waist. She easily curled up next to the dragon, resting her head between his shoulder and chest. “Now I’m tired.” she said and Xin giggled. He turned off the light and they talked for a while in the dark. About Ford’s upcoming projects, new things he had in mind, Xin's idea for a carbon scrubber to pull the excess from the atmosphere, the Island and what they were going to do with it, how the news that all the children had gone missing was apparently being kept quiet, but the info was being leaked and people were unsure how to deal with it (some were rejoicing that the children ‘escaped’ or were ‘rescued’, while the more pessimistic claimed that the US government had finally killed them all and dumped the bodies somewhere), and somehow, from a philosophical debate about morals, the topic eventually went to Filbrick.

Ford frowned. “You...you should have seen him. He actually...seemed sorry…Xin, he cried . I have NEVER seen him do such a thing… Or express any emotion whatsoever. Except… y’know… anger.”

Xin grumbled. “So he finally realized Seb's his son, but it doesn't change what he did. What he felt justified doing. To a child who couldn’t even defend himself.”

Ford nodded. “I know that...it was unfair, it-it was so unfair that Sebas didn’t have the help I did…I know I was also wrong, I let myself be blinded by what my father said...but I was also a child, I didn’t know better...for me, fee-feeling like I was better than him made me feel better with myself ...if he had told Sebastian that he was good too, if...Seb hadn’t been treated like a freak…” He hugged Xin’s tail. “Maybe we would have stayed as best friends forever…” He sniffled.

Xin hugged Ford to his chest, patting her hair. “Woulda, couldda, shouldda, that's all it is. You know...even in Seb's old dimension, where he was Bill Cipher and never messed with Filbrick, and it was just you and Stan, Filbrick STILL threw Stan into the streets when he was 17.”

“But Stanley was going to college...he got accepted even before me...Why would Filbrick kick him out? He was impressed with Stanley.”
“Because that didn't happen in the other dimension. Without Seb there to take the abuse, it fell on Stan, because he was no good at schoolwork and no one urged him to play sports, Stan was considered a loser. Filbrick never let him find out what he was good at, Stan in that world didn't have it as bad as Seb did, but he and his Ford both had to take Filbrick's bullshit growing up.”

Ford was trying really hard not to cry, but he failed, eventually. Was Filbrick really so awful in every existing dimension?! He hated his brother for years! And that other Ford never helped Stanley! He was sure every other him was tricked by Bill though...and got saved by their brothers...even when they didn’t deserve it. “I-I’m sorry…” He choked down a sob. “I’m so stupid! I should have done something! But I was a coward!”

“You were a child. It's not your job to stand up to an abuser, that's victim blaming.” Xin sighed.

“B-But-!” Ford was a mess already, cuddled closer to the dragon, trying to seek comfort, and Xin gave hi/er a hug. “He’s my triplet! I’m the oldest! I was supposed to help! To notice a-at least! Xin...af-after I...I erased his memories, it took some time for him to-to recover them...he woke up screaming...crying because he said Filbrick wanted to hurt him, or that he was being hit, or whiped...he-he said...please, please don’t tell dad, Ford! --because I was that awful! I told Dad! I always tattled on him-- I’m horrible…!” He sobbed.

Xin pet Ford's hair as he gasped through his crying. “I won't deny you were a pretty vindictive child.” Ford sobbed “--but children are assholes. They don't know what empathy is until they learn it. Filbrick certainly never taught you that. I'm amazed Seb learned it at all. You're still so-so at human interaction, but you're learning. And better yet, you're learning from good role models now, not from your shitty father.”

Ford just cried, trying to muffle his sounds with Xin’s arm. When he calmed down enough, his sobs reduced to hiccups, he mumbled “I am not...I am an idiot…” He sniffled. “A genius wouldn’t hurt their triplets.” He wiped at his cheeks.

Xin stroked his hair. Ford had talked about this to a professional, but this was something that weighed on both him and Sebas, it wouldn't really stop making them feel upset or sad. Not for a while. “Let me tell you, you can be both, actually, so don’t feel too bad.” He kissed her forehead. “Sebastian has forgiven you, remember? Go from there, show him the affection you think you didn’t give him when you were kids.”

He held Ford until she finally settled down, sniffling slightly. Quietly, Ford commented in a whisper “One good thing about being a girl...it's fine for me to cry...” Xin scoffed. “Crying is for BOTH men and women, that's a bullshit manliness idea your father has, discard it.” Ford snorted, not sure if he should feel bad or not. “So, you think I should forget everything my father taught me?”

“I'm saying there are some values he impressed upon you that are problematic and toxic.” Xin's tail curled around Ford's leg. “And you're allowed to cry whenever you want, whether you're a handsome man or a pretty woman. It shouldn’t matter.”

Ford laughed. Xin nodded into her fluffy hair. “Yup. Super pretty. Seb is still the hottest one though.”

Ford burst out laughing. “Ahahaha! Really? So Seb's just the hot one in the family?” He started giggling at the idea. Xin rolled over onto his back, Ford cradled to his chest. “Yup. You're still 2nd, but again, really close.”

“So what does that make Stan?” Ford snorted. Xin hummed playfully “Well~now that he's a
“You know, I have to admit having smooth legs is really something.” Stan commented as they had lunch, a few days later after getting used to his transformation. “I haven’t had hairless legs since I was a child.” He spoke with his mouth full as he rubbed one of his legs.

“Ok. First of all, ew, we are eating. Second of all, we are eating!” Sab scowled. “I don’t want to hear about your leg hair!”

The family laughed. Walter looked around. “Where is Xin? He normally loves eating with us.” Come to think of it, Xin had been going out on his own a lot these past few days.

Markus grinned. “He must be meeting with his girlfriend!!”

Walter spat his food back on his plate as Sab started choking on her drink. “‘Girlfriend??’” They shouted and looked at Ford who was calmly cutting his steak instead of trying to tear it up like his savage triplets. The scientist rolled his eyes. “She’s not his girlfriend! Xin made a friend when we were at the pool a few days ago.” Ford explained. Markus pouted. “But she COULD become his
“And who is this girl?” Walter asked. Dipper spoke up “Her name's Amelie. She's here with her family.” Walter narrowed his eyes “Hold old is she?” Dipper shrugged. “Like...20?” Markus shook his head “Naw, I asked her, she's 22. Had her birthday last month.” Dipper shrugged. “Well Xin's somewhere in his 20s as well so it's fine right?”

Walter bit his lip. On one hand, he was glad Xin was finally reaching out to socialize, on the other, he worried. “Could you and Markus hang out with them too? Or Danna? I'm sorry, I just worry.” Sab patted his muscled arm.

“Xin will be fine. He's got his senses up and scanning for malicious intent.” Dipper shrugged. Walter sighed and Sab patted his shoulder. “It'll be fine. It's not like it was with Miz. Xin is an adult.”

Walter pouted but he knew they were right. Xin could take care of himself… (Should be able to…)

Markus looked at Ford. “Hey, and why did you quickly affirm they aren’t dating?” The boy raised an eyebrow.

Ford blushed a bit. “Because...Xin said they weren’t, he told me.” The other triplets and Shermie shared a look. Did they fight about that? Was Fordsie jealous about Xin befriending this Amelie, was that why Xin had to reassure him that they were only friends?

Was it so hard to just say that THEY were dating? (The adults still didn’t know why Xin and Ford were keeping their relationship a secret. Or maybe they were in an open relationship? Many of them were very confused about their asexual brother apparently having wild sex with another asexual...) Well, neither of them wanted to out their brother/sister so they remained silent. Shermie simply told Markus to shut his mouth and eat. In truth, Ford had expressed his worries of Xin accidentally leading the poor girl on. Xin had told him that he had stated to Amelie that they were just going to be friends, because he wasn't interested in her in that way. Amelie had looked a little sad but accepted it, thanking Xin for being upfront and honest about it.

Ford took another bite of meat and wondered where Xin and Amelie were now…

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“-so then, he says to me ‘But I didn't know it was baking SODA that puts out fires! I thought they both worked!’ and that was how my roommate Tee- ah, Theseus burned down the kitchen.” Xin said. Amelie was snorting with laughter as she pounded the table. The two were out on the deck of the hotel's outdoor pool. Xin was glad the hotel allowed guests to take food out of the dining hall. There were bins all around for people to place their dirty dishes for pick up. Xin had been regaling Amelie with stories of his friends (changing their names to be more human friendly).

Amelie laughed. “Oh god! That’s so funny!” She wheezed. Xin nodded with a smile. “Yeah! My friends are super crazy, but I really love them.” The young woman nodded giggling. “I wish I had something as funny to tell you...the funniest thing I can think about is when I was little, I fell asleep in...the pool and my parents couldn’t find me.”

Xin snorted. “Well, I’m sure it was an exciting day for your parents. You have a pool at home?” The girl nodded “Ef, yes. We love water.” Amelie grinned. “Ever since I was a baby, I was taken to the beach and to the water.” Xin sipped his drink, a pineapple and strawberry mix “I used to go swimming a lot as a child...until my OCD and germ-phobia started getting worse and I couldn’t stand public changing rooms anymore.” He looked down at his hands. “I...feel kind of bad about
Amelie patted his hand. “You don’t have to feel bad about that, you can’t help it, it’s ok.” She smiled. “I hate closed places, if I feel like I don’t have enough space to move around, I get really upset.” Xin nodded. “Relatable.” Both laughed.

‘Unaware’ to them, the Pines were all behind the wall, spying on the alien demon. Markus was sure it was a date, Dipper was sure people from different sexes could be talking and hanging out without it necessarily being a date. Sab smacked them both, sure they were making too much noise.

“She’s very cute.” Sab mused as she looked the girl up and down. Amelie had short black hair that curled and bounced as she moved. Her fair skin was healthy looking, there was some solid muscle tone in her legs and arms, a swimmer’s build. Sab narrowed her eyes at the girl. “Too cute…” Walter smacked her arm softly.

“So what do you do when you’re not swimming?” Xin asked as he took a bite of his sandwich, a turkey and cheese with plenty of spinach and tomatoes. Amelie shrugged. “I guess, I like people watching.” Xin snorted “Mweh too.”

Amelie laughed. “Don’t talk with your mouth full.” She picked up the napkin and reached over to wipe off some of the tomato juice dripping down Xin’s chin. The Pines all gasped. “Did you see that? They’re DEFINITELY dating!” Markus hissed. Sab rubbed her chin. “Her voice is really cute too. She MUST be doing that on purpose! Trying to seduce Xin!” Walter sighed. “You’re all ridiculous. I’m sure they’re just friends, like Xin said.”

Xin brushed his hair away from his face so he wouldn’t accidentally eat it. The wind blew softly and his hair fluttered into the air like long black ribbons. Amelie stared. “Beautiful…” she was entranced by his hair as it fluttered back down as the wind died. Xin blinked. “Oh, thanks?” Sab gasped. “See?! Right there! She’s definitely into him!” She didn’t know what she should be feeling. Xin was her little brother (son)! Sab wanted to be sure he was with someone safe, who wouldn’t take advantage of him! Besides, she was just a human girl! Xin was an all powerful and all knowing alien god! He had to tell her no! At least with Ford, he already knew that Xin was Bill Cipher! Ford rolled his eyes. “No, she isn’t. Besides, everyone says that Xin’s hair is beautiful.” The unicorns had certainly liked it.

“Yeah, but not like that!” Markus pointed at them. “Ah, this is going to kill me…” He dramatically fake-fainted over his Dad and Abraham rolled his eyes. Dramatic, just like Shermie.

“What are you planning to do today? I hope I’m not keeping you away from your family.” Amelie looked apologetic. Xin waved a hand. “It’s ok. We went to the beach in the morning, everyone is just eating lunch now. Besides, I’m sure my Dad will be happy that I made a friend.” Walter nodded to their group. “Super proud.”

“Right, Dad?” Xin turned to look at the wall where the Pines gasped and hid behind it a little more. “You guys are super loud, did you really think I wouldn’t have noticed you?” Xin laughed. Markus groaned. “Damn! Dipper! You were being too loud!” Dipper scoffed. “ME? You’re the one whisper screaming.”

“So, Amelie, this is my family.” Xin giggled. He was dressed in some of the clothes Danna and Markus had picked out for him. Walter and Seb winced a little, at least this one wasn’t all black, and the pants were stretchy instead of opened to expose skin. The shirt was not much more than a
tank top though. Walter walked up with a polite smile. “Sorry, we heard that you were with a girl and your mother—” He jabbed his thumb back at Sabrina “—was convinced you were going to seduce our son away.”

“H-hey! I didn’t say it like that!” Sab pouted. “Well, regardless, it’s very nice to meet you, Amelie right?” Walter held out his hand. The girl blinked. “R-right! Yes! It’s very nice to meet you too. Are you Xin’s dad?”

“Um, yes, yes, I am his Dad.” Walter grinned and held back a giggle. Amelie shook his hand. He was a handsome man, married to a pretty woman. She extended a hand for Sabrina to shake. “Hi, it's a pleasure to meet you. I met your triplet sister a few days ago…” She giggled. “Not to sound impertinent, but you don’t really look that similar.” Sab grinned and pulled Stan to him. “Nope! This is our other sister.” Stan nodded. “Sup.”

Amelie smiled and looked at the rest of the group who happily waved at her. There were a lot of people spying on them. Xin was so lucky to have such a large family…

They all introduced themselves and then Walter dragged them away to leave the friends to their playdate. Xin laughed. “They’re so weird.” Amelie giggled too. “Humans are wonderful.” she said easily. They finished their food and went off to play with the amenities the hotel offered. The game room was filled with other young men and women hanging out. Amelie went a little closer to Xin who also pressed closer, worried about the crowd of strangers. He winced. Crowds made his head hurt. Even though he was layering now to filter out most of it, he really needed more practice. “It’s busier in here than I thought.”

“Should we go out to the beach instead?” Amelie asked. Xin nodded. “Might be better.” They turned to leave when Xin felt someone walk up to them. He dodged just in time to avoid having his butt slapped. Seriously?! Why did everyone try that? “Hey!” He growled at the guy who grinned at him. “Sorry, it was just begging to be slapped.” The guy laughed. His friends all laughed too. They were holding half empty bottles of beer. Xin groaned. Damn idiots getting drunk during the day.

“Seriously, I almost thought you were a woman, with hips like that.” The guy came up, Xin wrinkled his nose at the scent of alcohol. Seriously, were all the assholes in the city going to bother him when he was away from his family? The guy leaned closer “It’s a compliment babe.”

Xin pushed him away, using all his self-control not to punch him in his smug fuckboy face. “Well thank you, but compliments should be given with words, not hands.” He took Amelie’s hand when she seemed a little afraid and she squeezed his hand. “Come on, let's get outta here.” He and Amelie tried to get to the door but one of the guys blocked them. “Come on, it was just a joke.”

“Well it wasn’t funny. It wasn’t even hilarious.” Xin muttered. “Please excuse us.” He huffed when they refused to move. “I bet this beautiful lady here understood it was just a joke, right darling?” The guy wagged his eyebrows at Amelie. She frowned at him. Xin wanted to start punching but they were only idiots… and not scum. He felt he shouldn’t harm people who haven’t actually hurt anyone. These guys were all talk, which was good (for them). If they had done anything for real, he would have already torn them apart.

“Move, please. We wish to leave.” Xin pushed at the guy by the door, channeling some of his authority as a god, the way he normally addressed people as a dragon. He felt Amelie hold his hand tightly. The men scoffed. “Fine then. Think you’re too good to hang out with us?” Xin frowned. “Not at all, I just don’t think you’d be any fun to hang with.” He pushed his way past and got Amelie out the door before him, just in case. The guy’s friends all went “Oooh–he called you out!”

“I should clarify, you’re all being incredibly unfun right now. Come back when you’re sober and
capable of polite conversation, if you’re just after meeting people to make friends, we can see
about hanging out. If you continue to act like a child, then I will be forced to treat you like one.
Good day.” Xin scolded them before closing the door. He heard the guys all laughing at their
friend before one commented “Wait...was he talkin’ ta us too?”

Xin sighed as they got to a more public area where staff from the hotel could be seen (and
therefore, prevent incidents) and turned to Amelie. “Ok, beach then? I will change into swim
trunks first.” Amelie nodded and smiled. “I-I’ll wait for you at reception then.” Xin nodded and he
quickly trotted upstairs. The room he was supposed to share with the twins was still a mess, the
hotel cleaners hadn’t come yet, that was fine (Xin liked tidying up himself), and it was empty.
Maybe the twins were playing somewhere else. He grabbed his stuff, changed, and then knocked
on Wanda and Seb’s room. “Dad? You there?” He heard the, “Come in!” and entered. The kids
were watching TV there while Walter was on his laptop and Sab was drawing. “Dad, Sab, I’m
going to the beach with Amelie, is that ok?”

“Oh really?” Walter smiled and Sab grinned. “Have fun, but not too much fun.” Xin rolled his
eyes. “We want to go too!” The twins pleaded. “Oh, um-” Xin looked at them. He would have to
ask Amelie first…

Walter looked back at his laptop and continued working, worried about the long vacation he was
taking. The office was going to fall to pieces without him. “Take your siblings with you or you
aren’t going.” He said emotionlessly. Sab laughed. “HAHA! Yes!”

Xin rolled his eyes. “Kay-” He picked up the twins, “Come on squirts. Let’s go.” Zoe whined
“Can we take Queen Flutter and Sir Bedazzle? They’ve been stuck on the balcony for days.” Xin
sighed. “You know we can’t bring them. My perception filters can hide them from anyone who
sees them from afar but up close is more difficult, especially if they try touching them.”

The plantimals had been given the balcony of the twin’s or their parent’s room. There was plenty
of sunlight and room to run around. They watered them every morning but...the two DID look a
little bored. The twins continued to give Xin sad looks. He sighed. “Alright. I’ll see about
disguising them as real animals…” The twins cheered “Yay!”

“But they’ll need leashes, and you’re in charge of making sure they don’t escape and get lost. Ok?”
Xin told them. Walter and Sab nodded. “The plantimals are your responsibility.”

Zoe blinked. “But we’re just little kids. Kids don’t have responsibilities.” She said adorably, trying
to get away from it. Sab shook her head. “Nope. You asked for a pet, and we help you, but those
two are yours.” The twins groaned as Xin carried them back to their own hotel room and out to the
balcony to see their pets. The two plantimals perked up, thrilled to see them.

Sir Bedazzle jumped up and down, excited as usual while Queen Flutter blinked at them, confused
about what was happening, wary but unafraid. The twins and Xin looked at the plantimals. “This
won’t hurt, ok little ones?” Xin murmured as he knelt down and picked up Sir Bedazzle. The acorn
puppy whined as he felt...weird. Queen Flutter stared as the round acorn stretched until he had
become a real dog. He looked like a brown Maltese puppy. Xin placed the puppy down and Sir
Bedazzle’s eyes were wide as he wiggled around in confusion. What happened?!

Xin went to get Queen Flutter, who tried to flutter away but Xin managed to get a hold of her
“Shh...it’s ok, this will only take a second…” She ‘mew’ed in distress as Xin shifted her form as
well. Finally Xin dropped the siamese kitten to the ground. “There. All set.” Xin sighed. He
materialized some leashes and animal vests. “Now, you two need to hold onto them ok? Don’t lose
them.”
Zoe held Sir Bedazzle because he wanted to run around and she could keep up better with him, while Zach happily pulled the poor cat that didn’t want to walk. “Come Queen Flutter! We will show you the beach!” He giggled and they stopped by to wave at their parents before leaving. “I just hope they don’t get lost.” Sab sighed and went back to her new design. Thank god for tablets and laptops.

The siblings got downstairs, the twins holding their pets and Xin holding an armful of towels and a basket with beach supplies. He was in a red pair of swim trunks and a white t-shirt. He also brought jackets for when the twins got cold because of the windy ocean air. He waved at Amelie who was in a cute one piece swimsuit with seaweed patterns on it. “Hey, my brother and sister are coming too, is that alright?”

Amelie cooed. Twins~ “Of course! And...I didn’t know you had pets!” she knelt in front of the puppy and kitten. Sir Bedazzle pulled, wanting to see everything in this strange park. “He is Sir Bedazzle of the Forest, and she is Queen Fluttertail, Lady of the Feywilds! Xin made them for us!”

Amelie frowned and Xin laughed sheepishly. “She meant I brought them to the house!” He clarified quickly. Amelie giggled and knelt to pet Sir Bedazzle. He sniffed her hand before licking her. She cooed. “He’s so cute. I’ve never actually seen a dog up close before.” Zoe gasped. “What?! Really?” Amelie nodded. “I’ve only seen pictures of them.”

“But doggies are everywhere! It’s impossible you haven’t seen at least ONE!” Zach argued. Xin patted their heads. “Maybe she lives in a place with no dogs, don’t be rude.” Amelie nodded. “I actually live in a place where dogs...aren’t allowed.” The twins pouted. That was so sad. Zoe picked up Sir Bedazzle and lifted him up from the flower pot he was sniffling. “Well, we can share him so you can say you saw a puppy!” Amelie laughed. “Thank you. That’s very sweet.”

They set off for the beach, Zoe tugging on Sir Bedazzle’s leash to stop him from running off. He was delighted to be out and about, sniffing everything and everyone they passed. Oh. So this is like daddy/mommy pulling their leashes (Zoe realized) ...Queen Flutter refused to walk and Zach had to carry her. Xin and Amelie chatted about the different pets they’ve had. Amelie’s family kept a lot of fish.

“But fish don’t do much.” Zoe commented as they walked. “Oh, I can assure you they do, you just need to pay them some attention.” Amelie said with a mysterious smile. Finally they reached the beach. Xin settled the towel and the twins’ stuff. Everyone sat down. Zach hugged the little cat to his chest and Sir Bedazzle started digging in the sand, excited. “Come on, sunscreen.” Xin called out. The twins groaned but allowed Xin to rub them down with the cream. He quickly rubbed himself down and handed the bottle to Amelie.

“Oh, I already put some on earlier.” She said. Xin shrugged. He made sure their towels were secure before turning to the twins. “Ok, go have fun. But no going deeper than your knees in the water.” “Ok Xin.” the two chorused and ran off. Sir Bedazzle ran with them while Queen Flutter curled on top the towel and went to sleep. Amelie sighed wistfully. “It’s so nice here.” She commented.

Xin nodded. Tourism in the area had picked up ever since he magically cleaned the beach. No one knew who had gone through the entire area and removed all the trash during the triplet’s birthday party a few weeks back, but the hotels and other businesses in the area were quick to advertise the clean beaches. Xin remembered how everyone had been shocked to see Glass Shard Beach so swamped and bustling with activity.

Seb had commented that the nearby beaches had been so fucked up they had to drive further and further as they grew up. The beach was just the triplets’ space to search for adventure.
“Yeah, this place is awesome. Have you been here before?” Xin asked but the girl shook her head.
“No, this is my first time actually…” Xin nodded. “And when is your aunt’s wedding?”

“Around the end of the summer but dad and mom wanted to hang around with the family here...I haven't gotten used to being away from home yet.” She sighed. Xin pet Queen Flutter. “Are you far from home? Where are you from? My family’s from the west coast.”

“Oh...well, I’m not from this country.” She smiled. “I’m from up north.” Xin blinked. “Like, Canada?” Amelie laughed. “Nah, farther out at sea. Iceland.” Xin stared at her in surprise. “That’s cool. Hey, this might sound weird but, do you listen to Icelandic pop sensation BABBA?”

Amelie laughed. “Of course? Who doesn’t?” Xin giggled. “Oh man, you need to talk to Dipper, she’s a huge fan of them.”

“Oh really? That’s so cool!” Amelie laughed. “And, what about you? What music do you like?” She sat cross-legged on the towel and looked at Xin with a happy smile. It was fun spending time with this boy. Xin grinned “I’m a huge fan of Vocaloid music.” Amelie tilted her head “I don’t know what that is.”

“Well it’s this software program with a digital Diva with their own unique voice, you can buy the software and write your own songs, and make your Vocaloid sing it for you. The cool thing is that, since anyone can buy and use it, there are SO many different types of songs out there. Every genre, every subject matter, a whole range of different music made by people online around the world…” Xin gushed. “My favorite Divas are Rin and Len, they’re twins! Iroha’s great too, I love her voice...ah...there’s over 30 different Vocaloids by this point and I love finding new songs online!”

Amelie laughed. “You feel really passionate about this, huh?” Xin nodded “I love music so, so much!” He wilted slightly “So I’m kinda sad I’m not all that good at writing my OWN songs. I’ve only ever sang covers for other people’s songs… I like Kalafina and other Yuki Kajiura songs…”

“You sing?” Amelie gasped. “I like singing too, but I am not sure if I am good by human standards.” Xin chuckled. He liked how she said human instead of people. Reminded him of Seb. “Well, yeah, I sing a bit…” He petted the kitten’s fur. Queen Flutter purred loudly, this body had extra legs but she could feel the pets better. Xin hummed a little to himself.

“Kono sora no kagayaki~kimi no mune ni todoiteru~” He sang softly. “Yume miteta shirabe wa~shizukesa no you~ni~”

Amelie smiled as he sang. Eventually she started humming along. The two grinned as they began trading songs back and forth, Amelie sang a couple BABBA songs, laughing as she did. Xin made sure to keep an eye on the twins though. That’s how he saw when Zoe lost her grip on Sir Bedazzle and he ran into the ocean.

“Shit!” Xin jumped to his feet and ran towards them. The puppy was barking in distress as the waves swept him out deeper. The twins were panicking as they couldn’t use their powers in public. Xin was going to jump into the water when Amelie rushed past him and did a perfect dive into an oncoming wave. Xin gasped as she cut through the water expertly and scooped up Sir Bedazzle.

Amelie splashed back to shore to the cheers and applause of the other beach goers who had all watched the puppy getting swept away. “Wooo!” “That was awesome!” “Oh thank god the puppy is alright!”

“Sir Bedazzle!” Zoe wailed as she ran up to take the shivering puppy from Amelie’s arms. “I’m sorry! I should have held on tighter!” She sniffled. This was her responsibility! She was supposed
to keep him safe. Xin knelt down and hugged both of them. “Sir Bedazzle! Don’t scare us like that! No running off!” He scolded as his vessel’s heart pounded with panic. “God, I was so scared…”

Zach ran towards Amelie who wasn’t even panting after swimming against the waves and hugged her tightly. “Thank you! Thank you! Thank you! You saved him! You’re the best!” He sobbed. He was so scared! He didn’t want to lose his puppy, never! Amelie crouched to hold him better. “It was nothing, don’t worry.” She stroked his hair, smiling at the gratitude of this little kid. Xin picked up Zoe who was still holding a whimpering, soaked Sir Bedazzle and he hugged the girl. “I own you a big one! Thank you.” Xin thanked his friend. “Really, it was nothing.” Amelie assured him.

They went back to the towel where Xin rubbed Sir Bedazzle down with a smaller towel. The puppy was still shivering. He wasn’t going to run into the ocean again. It tasted funny and he didn’t like it. “Poor Sir Bedazzle…” Zoe stroked his little brown head. “He is scared of water like mommy now…” Zach nodded. “At least he won’t do it again…” The poor puppy curled up next to Queen Flutter who looked at him up and down before lying down again, in a way saying ‘I told you so.’

“We will stay here making sand castles…” Zoe declared. Water mood was ruined for today, but they could still play in the sand. Amelie watched them. “How do you build one?” The twins frowned. What a weird girl! “Well you put in this bucket, a lot of sand, then water and then you turn it around and there! You have a castle!” They explained. She was very amazed as the twins showed her how that worked. Xin figured that if she was from up north, it must have been colder and didn’t have many places for beach activities. (Was that how it worked?)

Soon, they were building more than just a sandcastle. It was a sand kingdom. Some other children and families began coming by to admire it and asked if they could build with them. Xin grinned. “Sure, just grab a bucket.” They started making the largest sand kingdom ever, some of the parents were sent to run to the water for more wet sand. Sir Bedazzle barked and ran around the sand city, happy to play somewhere far from the scary salty water.

“Oh my god. What have you guys been doing?” Xin looked up to see Danna and Diego. “Hey~” He waved. His cousins gasped at the community built sand kingdom. “Dude, that’s amazing.”

“We all built it! Everyone helped!” Zoe informed the siblings. Diego pouted and punched Danna’s leg. “You see?! We missed it! All because you didn’t want to move!” He whined in accusation. “Ok, ok, sorry, kid.” Danna rolled her eyes, not really sorry. “Just make another one. Can you make another castle with Diego?” Danna asked the twins who nodded happily and told him they should build a rival kingdom for them to fight!

Danna sat down. “Hey and these animals?” She petted the puppy’s head. Xin smiled tense. “Sir Bedazzle and Queen Flutter, Danna! The animals Dad and Sab have ALWAYS had!” Danna blinked but quickly understood. Haha, even the plantimals went through changes this week. They watched the children play together, the other kids on the beach joining in to enact a great war between the sand kingdoms. The great dragon (puppy) would run around and destroy the villages so they eventually came to an alliance and teamed up to capture the dragon and bring peace to both kingdoms. Everyone cheered as Zoe and Diego shook hands, cementing their alliance and the future prosperity of the now united sand kingdoms.

Xin leaned back, watching the kids play. This was so adorable. His siblings were adorable, his little cousin was adorable. His family was adorable. He was so happy right now, he loved his family so much. Amelie was watching the kids play too, entranced by the story they were telling as they played. Xin laughed. Her expression was adorable too. Everything in the world seemed so
great right now. Eventually the sun began to set and everyone returned to the hotel.

“Bye Amelie. See you tomorrow~” Xin waved. She laughed and waved back. “I had fun today, except for when your puppy almost drowned, but the rest of the day was really nice.” She rubbed her arm sheepishly. Xin gave her a hug. “Thank you again for saving him.” Amelie blushed. “I-it was nothing…” She pulled away from the hug and waved as she left. Xin and the twins returned the plantimals to the twins’ room and Xin de-transformed them. The spell was painless but you could see the little creatures were glad to be back in their real bodies.

Xin helped the twins bathe and they all went down for dinner. He noticed Amelie sitting at another table with an elder couple that Xin assumed must be her parents. They seemed nice. They were also all eating fish. Xin could approve of that. Markus poked him annoyingly and he huffed. “Can you stop it? I seriously don’t like her like that, she’s just a friend.” He hissed at the boy. Markus shrugged. “We will see, we will see.” Xin rolled his eyes. “Are you going to do this everytime I try to make a friend?”

“Maybee~” Markus giggled. “Any friend you make is a possibility for romance!” Danna rolled her eyes. Was her cousin that desperate to love someone or was he just needy? He leaned in to whisper something to Markus that made him blush. “Ew~ Danna!” He whined.

Xin hit it on the nose “Are you just projecting onto me since you can’t find romance for yourself?” Markus froze. “W-well…” Xin gave her a hug. “Look, how about this. Once the week is over and you’re YOU again, I’m going to go boy hunting with you. Ok?”

“Really?! Thank you! Thank you!” Mabel squealed and hugged the man super tight. As a girl, Mabel was strong, as a boy (with longer arms and more leverage) he left Xin breathless when he hugged him that way. Xin gasped “Ribs! My ribs!” Amelie noticed the large group of Pines sitting close to them and she waved at Xin when he looked in her direction. To her amusement, the group of 15 people waved at her back. She giggled. A large family sounded lots of fun. It seemed unusual for humans to have such large family units, but it felt right for them.

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The next day Markus had a wonderful idea while everyone was hanging out in the lobby. “WE NEED TO SING HAMILTON!” He screeched loudly. Xin was immediately by his side. “Yes.” He grabbed Markus’s hands and practically sparkled. “I call dibs on Burr.” Xin whispered. Markus narrowed his eyes at Xin. “Only if I get to be John Laurens.” The two giggled as the rest of the family sighed. Markus paced in front of his family. “Alright, you all have heard about the musical right? If not, get out of my country.” Everyone nodded. They didn’t know ALL of it but they knew most of the songs just from how much Mabel sang it.

Xin and him started assigning roles to everyone, roles were decided by who they knew would match the role. Ford screamed when Xin told him he had to be Angelica. “No! But-but-!” He stuttered. Xin shook his head. “No other way...you’re the oldest, and the wittiest ...” He sang softly and the poor scientist groaned loudly. Sab blushed when Markus told her straight out she had to be Eliza. Then Walter was Alexander...to make things spicy, Markus grinned evilly and said his mom had to be Maria. Carlos, being a dick and making Stan fear for his life, said that the week was still Stan’s punishment to learn. So it was decided HE would be Maria and Shelly, as the youngest, would be safe and only be Peggy. (“Sweet! I’m only in one song!”)

Xin waved his hand to create the lyric sheets for the songs with their parts highlighted. “We should do a full performance~” He grinned.

⅔ of the group seemed excited, the other third just groaned. Kari was simply enjoying this too
much. She was going to record all of this! It didn’t take them long to memorize their parts, and then
they joked and practiced the choruses. They were planning to use the lobby of the hotel as their
‘stage’. Carlos was trying his best to coordinate things, but he worked with *professionals*, his
family was just doing it for fun. He tried not to get stressed.

“Stania, for God’s sake...you’re supposed to be flirting!” Carlos, Xin and Markus groaned at the
woman’s deadpanning glare. “Come on, Stania! Put some effort into this. We can’t do a musical
without pazazz!” Xin whined.

“First of all, I ain’t flirting like a woman! Second, I ain’t flirting with my brother’s wife!” He
hissed. Walter and Sab sighed. “We already said we don’t mind since this is just for a performance.
There will be no kisses, man, just...flirt how you would like a woman to flirt with you?” Walter
tried.

“I’ll get you another golden chain.” Xin deadpanned. (“Stop bribing him with gold!”) Stan sighed
loudly and put more effort into it. The things he did for money...

Carlos and Xin high-fived. They got through the rest of rehearsal without too much issue. Markus
wondered what they would do about the music and Xin scoffed before waving his hand to summon
a music bubble. “We can hide this inside someone’s phone and pretend we have really good
speakers.”

The manager of the hotel, who had been watching the customers work and invade the lobby all
morning, decided to offer them the empty room that companies sometimes used for meetings.
Markus, Carlos and Xin squealed loudly at the offer and immediately accepted. The man nodded,
rubbing his ringing ears, he had never heard men screaming so high, and wondered if the hotel
could let people know they were doing this. Stanley and Ford blushed and shook their heads, but
Sab reasoned with them that they were women, no one will know who they really were so their ego
and self-esteem wouldn’t be affected.

“Ok, Markus, quick question. Are we gonna do costumes?” Xin asked. The boy gasped.
“Definitely!” He squealed, imagining the sisters in pretty dresses. “But damn! We don’t have
enough time to get them! Um…”

Carlos shook his head. The three of them were in charge of direction and as they decided
everyone’s fates, everyone was eating and revising their lines. “We can’t do full costume. As this is
not professional, not even amateur, it’s going to look forced...what we can do is get clothes that
LOOK like the characters.”

Xin raised an eyebrow. “Ah hem?” He coughed. Markus sighed. “We’re not saying you can’t make
the costumes but the homemade look is charming.” Xin considered his words. “Alright. That
makes sense.”

Stan was rocking back and forth. “I can’t believe we’re doing this...how did we get dragged into
this?!” Ford took a bite of his hamburger. “Because...Sabrina threatened to burn us alive if we
didn’t do it...and then the kids begged us and we couldn’t resist them.”

“Fuck. You’re right…” Stan sighed. “I’ll die today.” Ford sighed. “Look...just accept it, Stan. We
lost.” The triplets sighed. “Well, at least I’m getting some gold out of this…” Stan grumbled. Ford
stared at him “You need to stop using Xin to get gold.” he turned to the dragon, “Don’t give
Stanley any gold for this. He’s not a dog you can train like that.” (“Hey!”) But Xin laughed him
off.

“Guys~We need to find clothes for you~” Markus, Sab and Xin purred. The Stans hugged each
other. “AHHH!!” It took a while to search for the right clothes. They ended up looking on the internet for designs so Xin could create them, but at the end, it was perfect! They decided to go with short dresses (Sab was 100% sure the Stans and Shermie were going to trip if they wore long ones), and with a half modern and old style. They were cute dresses. Those dressing up as men were so much easier to dress and Markus was laughing hard as he dressed up Dipper. “I hate this. I didn’t think the crown would be so heaavyy!” He shrieked as he fell sideways. “But you get to be king~ or rather, queen in this case.” Markus grinned.

Dipper rolled his eyes and fixed up his robes. “Well, I’m all set for the lyrics at least.” Everyone got their costumes and were holding their lyrics to make sure they remember their lines. “So...are we all ready?”

Everyone nodded, determined. Even the kids had worked hard. This was fun! They had spent all day with their family and got to argue with the adults! They found out their little family play had called the attention of a large group who were giggling and asked if they could see their improvised play. They started shaking. Oh god they were actually doing this! It took them all day to rehearse and plan out.

Xin set the music bubble inside a cell phone hidden from view. It’ll know when it needed to change to the next song. It was magic after all. People were sitting down in front of the ‘stage’, laughing, wondering why a family suddenly decided to do this. Well, they wouldn’t complain. Among the crowd, Amelie was sitting with her parents, who agreed to come see the show with her. Xin spoke into a microphone. “Good evening, ladies and gentlemen! On this beautiful night, our family got bored and decided to perform a cover of a musical! Hamilton! So please enjoy our improvised act. Have your phones off during the play please, we have kids and adults who get distracted. Thank you.”

Everyone laughed and clapped, but fell totally silent when Xin started “How does a bastard, orphan, son of a whore and a scotsman…”

Now. There were quite a few things to recall from this wonderful family experience.

Number One. Wanda as Walter was hot, and in character even more. He wasn't a fan of singing, but was glad he could do his parts. A few women mentally orgasm'ed as the sight of the handsome blond. Especially when he trailed a hand down his chest teasingly in “My name is Alexander Hamilton…”

Number Two, and to many, the most important thing to point out...They weren't sure if Xin and Fania were just very good actors and getting into character or...

“There’s nothing rich folks like more than going downtown and slummin it with the poor! They pull up in their carriages and gawk at the students in the common just to watch them talk!”

Sab had been very concentrated on her role, swinging her dress side to side, and just loving the cheers they got from the amused crowd with their " Angelica, Peggy, Eliza! WORK!"’, raising their arms and everything, so it was really a shock to realize she got totally distracted watching the two…
"Angelica, remind me what we are looking for~" She had sung while Carlos and Abraham marched up to them. "She’s looking for me!" Fania rolled her eyes and pushed them apart to give her space, embarrassed as she was, but no one could deny her oldest sister had a great singing voice. "Eliza, I’m looking for a mind at work!" "Work work."

Xin made a marveled expression and bit his lip. "Oohh! There’s nothing like summer in the city…" He swaggered over to Fania and started circling her, gaining unimpressed looks from her. "Someone in a rush next to someone looking pretty…" Sab and Shelly gasped and looked offended behind Fania as she grinned and rolled her eyes.

"Excuse me, miss, I know it’s not funny but your perfume’s smell like your daddy’s got money!" Xin stood behind her with his hands spread out to frame her and looked down, while Fania looked up.

"Why you slummin’ in the city in your fancy heels, you searchin’ for an urchin who can give you ideals?" He wagged his eyebrows.
Fania looked away with a smile. “Burr, you disgust me…”

“Ah, so you distrust me?” Xin grinned with a raised eyebrow. Sab and Shelly gasped, and not in character this time. “I’m a trust fund baby, you can trust me…” He looked down at Fania’s chest with a smile. Fania grabbed his chin and forced him to look up at her eyes. There were a few cheers in the audience.

“I’ve been reading Common Sense, by Thomas Paine…” She let him go and walked around him as his eyes scanned her. “Some men say I’m intense or I’m insane!” She exclaimed. “You want a revolution, I want a revelation…” She got face to face with Xin, looking up at him. They were so close, their lips were almost touching…Then she turned away from him. “So listen to my declaration!”

She stood between her sisters and the younger woman stuttered to recover from that. “We hold these truths to be self-evident! That all men are created equal!” They all said at the same time, and Fania looked at Xin with a grin, not realizing he was blushing. “And when I meet Thomas Jefferson!”

“Huh!” The girls behind her put their hands on their hips in a challenging mode.

“I’m a compel him to INCLUDE WOMEN IN THE SEQUEL! WORK!!” Fania looked at the audience with a huge grin, making them all cheer and shout. She raised an arm and snapped her fingers (making Xin despair once more, that he still couldn’t figure out how to do that.)

Number three. Stan’s greediness transcended corporeal forms. In the break he negotiated with the staff to charge to 'support the artists'. Everyone sighed at that.

His ire also transcended. As vengeance, when his part came in, he decided to flirt with Walter as much as he could, just to get Sab jealous. Rubbing her body against his, trailing his jaw and chest with her hands. And it totally worked. Sab was behind the stage, biting her wrist and screaming internally.

“Really?! She’s doing this on purpose! Fez you bitch!”

Number four. Seb’s dramatic self transcended bodies and various lives. It also became very obvious that with some guidance and love, he would have made it high in this artistic branch as well.

Sab’s anger from seeing Walter with Stania made her eyes water and she made everyone in the crowd cry as she broke down singing. She was really good. In the changing of the scene, Walter hugged Sab and asked if she was really alright. Sab patted his chest. “I’m an actress, sweetheart.” The blond scoffed. Of course.

And number five. It was a very funny idea to have Walter being tackled to the floor by Stan at ‘HE AIMS HIS PISTOL AT THE SKY!’ "WAIT!” as a representation of the bullet. Their small audience seemed to like it.

“Who lives, or dies who tells your story~”

The audience cheered wildly, sobbing as well. The Pines family came up on stage and everyone bowed to thunderous applause.

“Thank you! We’ll be here all night!” Markus waved at the audience and Dipper smiled. “No we won’t!” Stan looked around and gasped when he saw the hotel staff selling snacks. The bastard was profiting off them by selling stuff! That wasn’t the deal! He had the need to fight right now! He would have gotten off the stage if Carlos hadn’t grabbed his hand. Danna was laughing loudly.
“Pines! Pines! Pines! Pines!” He started and soon enough, everyone was chanting with him, the
audience was still clapping and cheering.

Amelie had loved this little performance. She ran towards them and stopped briefly when she saw
Xin hugging one of Sabrina’s sisters really tight. "Damn!! That was so good! We need to have
karaoke night together! You sing so well!!!" The asian man roared before spinning Fania, still in a

Amelie sighed. That was so cute. They were so cute. She sighed again, miss Fania was a lucky
woman. Xin put Ford down and noticed Amelie, so she still approached them. “Xin, that was
amazing!! I didn’t understand much but it was amazing!!” Xin laughed. “Well, it’s a musical called
Hamilton, about the life story of one of the founding fathers of the United States.”

Amelie blushed. “I don’t know who that is…” Xin laughed. “It’s the guy on the $10 bill.” The girl
pulled out the wallet her parents gave her and searched for a 10. She found one and showed it to
Xin. “This one?” Xin laughed. “Yup! Dad is IDENTICAL to him, right?” Both laughed. The kids
layed down on the floor.

“Tired!!” They whined. This was fun, but now they were tired. Their parents happily picked them
up and hugged them. “You three did an excellent job!” Sab giggled and Stan rubbed Diego’s nose
Sab teased. She turned to look at him and sobered. “Bitch, touch Walter like that again and I will
destroy you.”

“I was acting?” Stan tried. Seb was unimpressed. “I know you were doing it on purpose!”
Eventually, Stan and Danna went off to fight the manager for their right to the money. Why?
Because they could.

“I want food.” Xin commented. “Alright, let’s go eat dinner.” Walter laughed. “I can’t believe we
spent all day on this…” Dipper groaned. Markus hugged him “I do! It was great! Thank you!”
Dipper patted his curls. Before they went to get dinner though, Kari begged to get a photo of all of
them, so they got together on the stage, showing off their homemade costumes and smiled. “Say
something stupid!” Markus said and everyone laughed. “Something stupid!!”

Stan reminded the guy of their deal and showed their earnings to everyone. “You see? When you
don’t charge yourself, another clever idiot will do it for you and rob you.” He extended a hand
towards Xin. “Kid, my gold.” Markus jumped over to him and hugged him. “Uncle Stan! We all
had fun, didn’t we! Can’t you do this just for fun? Without money involved?”

“Is-Is that even possible?” Stan blinked. Ford patted his back. “Let’s just go eat dinner.” Stan was
led away, still muttering about how doing things without getting money was incomprehensible.

They had a well deserved dinner before could), were allowed to eat nuggets and french they
tiredly slumped back to their rooms and fell asleep, happy.

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After their play, the family was starting to adjust to their current situation. There were a few
complaints here and there, especially from Stan, but all in all, they seemed to be doing fine, in Xin's
opinion.

Wanda, Carla and Shermie were sometimes called from work, but they wrote down that they were
sick and couldn't speak. Only text. They unfortunately had a job to keep.
It was a weird experience to go out to amusement parks or to tourist sites looking like they did and getting photos to prove it happened even more so. Stania had to admit that being left alone by the paparazzi was very refreshing though. And she gotta admit, Seb was having fun, it made him happy to see that.

Eh. Being a woman wasn't the end of the world.

"Stania, be careful! I'm gonna call Xin!" A very unmanly whine escaped from her now husband.

"Shut the hell up, Carlos!" Stania was in the gym, already positioned on the bench to lift weights. She wasn't stupid!! It wasn't even the same weight he lifted as a man. She was going to test her muscles, see how much she could still do. She was wearing shorts and a sports bra. Those things were so cool and comfortable. Plus, she had to admit she looked pretty fucking hot. The few men in the hotel's gym tried looking at her, but with a scowl and an aggressive nod, inviting them to fucking test her, they left her alone.

Danna was ready to record this, Diego cheered for his (current)mom. Unfortunately for Danna, her now mom lifted them just fine with a smug laugh, even added a few extra weights to it. "Nothing-Stops-Stan-Pines!!!" Hah! Being a woman changed NOTHING! HAH! He was still as strong as ever!

Carlos just sat down with a huff. So hot…

Sab and Walter were on the beach with the twins and Kari, the two adults cheering and trying to convince Sab to take off her cover-up. She wanted to show off her bikini but couldn't!!

"But I look so bad!! Everyone will see my zodiac!"

"You're beautiful, sweetie!" "No one cares about it, honey! The strap covers part of it, I swear!" Wanda said. God, this was apparently something she never thought about. Seb was embarrassed about his body already, that wasn't anything new.

It wasn't working. She didn't want anyone to see the horrible zodiac tattooed on her back because of fucking Bill2. Not even the concealer worked on it. The damn thing didn't want to stay on.

"No~ Don't cry!" Walter patted his wife as Seb broke down. “It’s okay. I swear it isn’t bad. B-but you don’t have to take off your shirt if you really don’t want to.”

"But I waaaaant tooooo!" Sab sobbed. Walter looked at Kari, not knowing what to do.

As they struggled with that, Xin sat down with Fania on a picnic blanket they set up nearby. Fania had a book and her journal and he had the food! "NOW we can talk! We can't work with an empty stomach now, can we?" Xin nudged Fania’s shoulder.

"You know my answer is yes we can, but I'll humour you." The curly haired woman grinned and Xin sighed in pure exasperation before sitting close next to her with an arm around her. “Food and science is the BEST combination! Unless you’re working with toxic stuff.”

For them it was just like any other time MizBill visited him to do science, but for Markus and Dipper spying on them, it was totally something else.

“But they told me they weren’t dating…” Markus frowned in contemplation. Dipper sighed. “They probably lied. Not doing very good in hiding it, if they were. Besides, bro...You'd be annoying
them constantly if they told you the truth."

"Well, now I'll be annoying them for not telling me!" Markus huffed.

"Marrkuus! Dipper!" The second pair of twins walked towards them. "Play!" Zach demanded. Zoe raised her arms to be picked up by Markus. "Aaw~ Come here~" As soon as he had her, Zoe hugged him and bit his arm. "OOOW!!"

Zoe giggled before trying to escape by kicking him. "Ow! No!!" "You're a dumb dumb! I'll eat you!"

"Nooo!!"

Dipper stroked her chin with a contemplative look. "You know, I think you ARE right, she has baby crushes...You happen to look like a more muscular me right now~"

"OOOWW!!" Markus shouted as a response as Zoe pulled at his curls. Dipper picked up Zach because he was an angel. "Look, Dipper, I found a tooth!" Zach squealed.

"Oh wow, that's weird and very gross." Dipper wondered why the hell there was such a pointy tooth around here. Maybe a shark? Didn't seem like it. She should investigate later.

"What are you guys doing?" The four cousins watched Amelie walk towards them. Markus finally fell to the sand from Zoe's kicks, and she ran over the young woman to hug her. "Amelie! Save me!!"

"Save YOU?!" Markus cried as he rubbed his bruised arm. He decided right there that being the baby crush of this baby was horrible.

The foreign girl looked confused. "What's going on?" Zoe peeked out from behind Amelie's legs and stuck her tongue out at Markus. "Markus being a no-fun~!"

"Gasp! How dare you call me a no-fun?! I'm the MOST fun!"

"No, you aren't!!" "Yes I am!" "Not you!" "Yes I am!!"

Amelie rolled her eyes and looked around for Xin, but she noticed he was with Fania. How he was holding her. Oh... Dipper saw her expression and quickly explained.

"Oh, don't worry, Xin is actually MUCH older than he looks, and you know, not actual blood or anything... I think it's an Asian thing to not look your age." She hummed. "So, it's weird, but they're not actually... um..." Dipper rubbed her hair. "You know what? I'm just gonna... shut up now..."

Amelie blinked. "So they're... together?" She'd strongly suspected it... but to have it confirmed...

"We're pretty sure, I mean, they deny it, but... look at them!" Markus waved his hands in the direction of the two. Xin was leaning over to rest his head on Fania's shoulder, peering down at the journal she was writing in.

"How can they NOT be together!" Markus wailed. It wasn't fair! Everyone had a partner except him! Auuuugh! He was horny (-ier, probably, as a guy) as fuck and wanted his summer romance dammit!

Amelie smiled. Well...they did look happy together... "So, are they just too shy to admit that
they’re together?” She asked both sets of twins. Zach and Zoe shrugged. Didn't know, didn't care.
Dipper thought about it. “Maybe they’re worried about the whole, adopted family thing.”

“If Xin’s an adult, why was he adopted?” Amelie mused aloud before her eyes widened and she
leaned closer to whisper, “Is it so he could immigrate to America? I heard all sorts of awful things
about America’s immigration policies…” She was here on a travel visa herself, not staying long.

Markus and Dipper looked at each other. Well, that kinda worked as a cover story? “It’s…
complicated.” Markus said at last, not exactly lying. Amelie nodded very seriously. “Must have
been hard.”

"Aren't we being rude…? Too close to their date?" Amelie asked nervously, not sure about the
habits around here.

Markus knew they were, but he wanted to see them! “Shh~ they’ll hear us. Come on, we can hide
behind that rock.” He crawled in the sand to get closer, wanting to see how disgustingly sweet
those two were being. Dipper shooed the little twins back to their parents while she and Amelie hid
with Markus. And then Markus listened in on what sweet nothings the two were whispering at each
other...

The boy had to hide a big roll of his eyes. Were they seriously just talking about SCIENCE on the
beach???? When they could be massaging each other and applying sunscreen very leisurely?! What
kind of humans they were!

...Oh. Right.

Dipper thought it was very appropriate, considering who they were talking about...It also made him
think back when Stanford told him Bill was his muse and he learned and looked up to him...Was
their relationship…like this? Dipper shuddered a little. Author, no!

(His only source of relief was that this Bill Cipher was nice (even if they were kinda… scary
sometimes). But still, imagining his uncle fawning over that asshole triangle gave him
goosebumps.)

“Boo~ this is so boring~” Markus complained. “I wanna see them do something more romantic!”

"What happened to 'Sh'?" Amelie mumbled.

“Like what?” Dipper deadpanned. Markus huffed. “Like going to the movies and kissing in the
dark! Or a fancy candlelit dinner--”

“It’s 2 in the afternoon.” Dipper deadpanned again. Markus reached behind himself, without
looking, to smack Dipper’s arm. “It’s 7PM somewhere on Earth!” He retorted.

"Markus, first of all, we don't even know if they're even dating---" "They are!" "And if they are!
They don't need to do all that, you read too much fanfiction. Me and Paz don't do all that stuff."

"You have a boyfriend?" Amelie looked at Dipper curiously, making him blush. "...Yes?" He
squeaked.

"Dipper, you aren't normal either, what you do in your relationship is an exception, not a norm."
The boy crossed his arms.

"Well, I had a partner for years now, I think I know more than you!" Dipper didn’t even sound
smug, s/he was just pointing it out.
Markus fumed though. "It's not my fault they don't like me!"

Amelie decided to intervene now. "Hey. It's ok, don't fight~" She smiled at them. "Let's all calm down, ok? I think couples can do the things they like the most, it's not a big deal if they do science, or math or reading as long as they're happy, right?" Amelie wouldn't say she wasn't a little disappointed, but she could see the clear feelings between them. It actually made her happy. "So, what's the game plan? Making them admit it?"

"No." "Yes!" The twins responded at the same time.

The girl sighed.

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When they were called to eat lunch, The twins invited Amelie over to have lunch with them. She was the only other soul who knew about the plan and she must help him! They sat down in a nice seaside restaurant and the appetizer of fried calamari came out.

Markus took this chance. By the REIGNS! "You two should feed each other!" He practically screamed at them.

Shelly groaned after a long moment of silence. "God, why do you embarrass me like that…"

Fania thought about it. "If someone did so, then my hands would be free to write!" Sab nodded slowly, seemingly agreeing with her. "Yeah…Having a servant!" She turned to Shelly, "As the youngest sibling, you should feed us. Hop Hop." She grinned mischievously and clapped her hands.

Shelly deadpanned, "Fuck no. I did enough of doing stuff for you guys when I was a kid."

"I think you didn't do enough." Stania shrugged. Shelly turned red in anger. These bastards had the gall!! They bossed him around all his childhood already!

Markus watched it unfold, with the triplets bullying his dad/mom. "Dang it." These idiots weren’t getting the point! "No, I mean--" He tried to say, but they weren’t listening, arguing over all the ways the triplets (specifically the Stans) had used their youngest sibling.

"You made me get stuff for you!" "Get OVER it, Shelly!" "That's why I destroyed your homework, you meanie!" "AAH?! So it was YOU?! I thought it was Sab!" " Thanks , Sixer."

"Ugh… okay, plan D!"

"What were plans B through C?" Dipper deadpanned once more. Markus rolled his eyes. "I don’t have access to a goose right now, so we can’t do that."

Before Dipper could question how Markus had a plan (two in fact) that involved a goose, Markus picked up one of the fried calamari and turned to Xin. "Hey! If you open your mouth- I’ll throw food into it!"

Xin’s mouth fell open instantly. "PUT IT IN MY MOUTH!!!!"

Dipper buried his face in his hands. "I don’t know you people!"

“Hey un-aunt Fania! You should feed Xin too! Or else he’d start eating the kids!” Markus slapped the table. Fania and the others stopped their argument and looked over. “Markus, I’m sure that Xin
wouldn’t eat the children no matter how hungry he is.” Fania adjusted her glasses. Xin hummed and looked down at Diego. “You look juicy.”

"HELP!" The freckled boy shrieked.

"See?! He's going to eat him! Save your nephew! Feed the hungry guy~"

Fania rolled her eyes and picked up the bowl of calamari. Markus was shaking with anticipation. But Fania just slid the bowl over. “Here, get some food before you eat the children.”

“Damn.” Markus muttered.

Dipper couldn't help but laugh loudly, and even Amelie giggled. They failed so epically!!

Markus tried fruitlessly to get Fania and Xin to do something romantic for the rest of the day. They ACTUALLY went to the cinema, and Markus wanted them to sit together, but unfortunately, Xin was sent to watch a children's movie with the kids because he was prohibited from watching horror movies. "Oh come on!" Markus complained. He’d even pushed Fania to go to a horror movie because he’d been hoping for Xin to get scared and hug her!

At dinner, he pushed Xin towards Fania, expecting them to trip and hold onto each other. It just ended up on Xin falling on top of Fania and both slamming against a glass. The staff panicked over them getting hurt, but it ended up with Fania BREAKING the glass with her metal plated skull.

"...Oops?” Markus winced when Dipper and Amelie glared at him. Ok. That was totally his bad. Sorry.

Dipper patted his back as they got ready for bed later at night. “I guess we’ll never get the epic summer romance between them.” Markus complained as he combed and untangled Dipper's long hair. He was still wearing an oversized t-shirt as pjs, but because he was taller, it fitted him better, so now he just wore his t-shirt of kitties and boxers.

“It’s fine, Markus. Not all people display their affection the way you want them to.”

“I guess.” Markus sighed and went to bed when Dipper's hair was ready.

Meanwhile, over in Ford’s room, Xin flopped onto the bed and groaned as his antlers and tail popped out. “It always feels so much nicer when I can let loose.” He purred, rubbing his face against the pillow. “My poor tail gets sore if it’s retracted for too long. And all the shit we went through today didn't help.” The dragon whined.

Markus didn't know, but he had indirectly accomplished his goals.

“Sore?” Fania looked at the lazily wagging appendage. “Would you like me to massage it?”

Xin looked over. He tensed at the word massage, almost instinctively. But he relaxed. “Sure, but just my tail, and don’t pull it.”

“Of course.” Fania smiled and sat down, laying the (surprisingly heavy) golden tail in her lap as she began to slowly squeeze and stroke it. Xin melted into the sheets, purring like a motor.

Fania was laughing at this, of course. It amused her to no end. "Are you enjoying it?"

"Y-Y-Y-ee-ee-ss~" Xin moaned softly. "I like your tail, the scales are so nice to touch. And I can feel all the muscles inside.” Fania squished the appendage with a smile. Xin hummed, rubbing his
face against the pillow. “And I love your hands~”

Fania flushed a little. Everytime Xin said that, she felt all warm inside. “...I like my hands too.” She said at last, finally feeling that, yes, she was quite happy with her hands. Since they were able to make someone so happy. If Xin could love them so much, then, maybe they really were amazing. And if the way Xin moaned and arched back when Fania stroked along the smooth scales meant anything, her hands must have been quite amazing indeed.

She finished massaging Xin's tail and laid down next to him. Sleepily, the dragon held one of his hands, his five fingers fitting perfectly between her six. Fania felt her face heating up, but she couldn't pull away. She closed her eyes. And Xin smiled when Fania decided to stay close, because for some reason, it made him feel so relaxed.

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The rest of the week flew by, until the day they had to change back. Xin decided to change them as they slept, so he wouldn't have to put a perception filter if someone saw them in the process of. He went to sleep with Ford, whose sleeping feminine face morphed into a sleeping masculine face. Xin curled up with him and fell asleep, only to be woken up by triumphant screams of, “IT'S BACK!!!” That was Stan.

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(Bonus picture of Amelie)
She looks human... unless you look at her too fast or out the corner of your eyes, where her eyes seem almost impossibly dark and larger than a human's. A blue so deep and dark you could almost drown in them.
Chapter 33: As it happens

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Slices of Life and Family

Chapter 33

-As it happens-

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The family slowly woke up to find themselves in their real bodies and they sighed in relief. It had been a fun but crazy week! Miz yawned as she stretched. She cuddled her Pikachu doll in one arm as she hugged Ford with the other.

“Morning Fordsie.” She rubbed her eye. It was nice to be small and cute again. Miz’s form always felt the most comfortable when she wasn’t a triangle. Being Bill was still the most comfortable but Miz was a close second.

Ford blinked awake and scratched his chest sleepily, but he quickly realized it was flat! He smiled like a really happy owl. Miz laughed. “You all survived! You should have a prize! Do you want a head that’s always screaming?” She offered and Ford shook his head.

“No, thank you, I’m fine!” He laughed. Meanwhile, with Seb and Wanda, the two were curled up together in a funny way. Wanda was hugging Seb from behind, but as she was shorter now, she didn’t get to envelop him completely. When Wanda touched a flat chest in front of her, she knew they were back to normal. “Hey...Sebas…” She whispered.

Seb mumbled. “Yeah?” Wanda groped at his pecs “I kinda miss your boobs.” She giggled. The sleepy man looked down at his chest and blinked. He patted his chest and then went back to touch between his legs. Ok. He was male now… “Really?” He asked, still tired. He turned around so he could hug Wanda and he put his hands on her breasts this time. “Soft…” He slurred.

Wanda tried to look up at him. “Seb, would you have prefered staying as a woman…?” She asked again softly.

Seb mumbled, “I told you I don’t mind either way...and as long as I am with you, I couldn’t care less…” He said like a disgusting cheesy romantic before he passed out again, snoring softly. The blonde woman rolled her eyes and went back to sleep as well. They could just sleep in today.

Everyone else got up for the day, Dipper cheered as he pulled his shirt off and saw that it was flat again. “YEES!” and the rest started checking themselves to make sure everything was back in its proper place. Stan pulled Carla into his (still hairless) arms. “So... Mini-Stan is back~” He grinned. She laughed and trailed a finger around his chin. “And?” She teased. Stan leaned closer until their chests pressed together. “We should check if it works properly~” The two grinned at each other.

Seb and Wanda groaned when their rest was interrupted by more thumping sounds. “Goddamn how do they have this much energy?!” Seb complained. “It’s, like 10 am! I want to sleep!” He whined and covered his head with the pillows. Their rest was even MORE interrupted when the twins burst in, carrying the plantimals, and gasped. “Mommy is mommy again!” They squealed and jumped into their bed, throwing the poor plantimals into the air. Sir Bedazzle hit Seb in the
face while Queen Flutter flew down elegantly to land on Wanda’s palms.

“Joy…” Seb groaned as Sir Bedazzle wiggled over him and licked his face with his little wet tongue. Stan was lucky Diego was a quiet kid. He wouldn’t survive a day taking care of his twins...

The twins curled up between them and declared they wanted to watch TV before having breakfast. The tired parents sighed and just stayed there, looking miserable, as cartoons played on. At least the cartoons muffled the sounds from the other rooms. Seriously, the walls were made of paper or something?!

Abi and Shermie were pretty much dead in their bed, unbothered and enjoying the joy of having teenage kids who were mostly self sufficient, while Miz took Ford with her to have breakfast. She was snuggling her doll with her, having been unable to take it around with her as Xin (she wanted to but Dipper and Markus said that it might get stolen by mean people who wanted to make fun of a grown man carrying a Pikachu around) and was glad she could carry it around now.

Ford looked around as they grabbed breakfast. “Hey…even if we had a perception filter last week, wouldn’t it be suspicious how we entered the hotel one day, then for a week completely different people used the room, and now we’re back?” Miz, who was getting pancakes, shrugged. “Who cares? No one got hurt did they? And no one noticed. They would have said something. My perception filter makes it so any human would feel like they didn't see anything odd and just ignore the inconsistencies.”

Ford nodded in understanding before he got coffee and a toast. Miz got more pancakes and scrambled eggs. When they sat down, she pushed the food towards him. “Seriously? Do I still need to feed you?” she grumbled. Ford laughed. “It’s fine. I’m just not a ravenous black hole like you are.” Miz still held up a forkful of eggs. “Open up.” She demanded. Ford sighed. “I can eat a third of that.” He bargained.

“Half.” Miz replied. Ford narrowed his eyes. The two stared at each other for a few seconds. “A third, but you can order me ONE meal when we go out for lunch later.” Ford decided. Miz tilted her head. “Deal.” She cut up the portions on his plate and ate the parts he wasn't going to.

Ford ate his food. He couldn’t believe Miz was ordering him around, telling him to eat. He felt like there had to be some reason why she always did that. No one worried so much about other people getting nourishment for nothing. Though...it felt nice to know she cared so much for him. He smiled at the demon devouring her own food. “Why do you insist on making me eat?” Ford asked. Miz shrugged. “Because food is important and toast doesn't have the nutrients you need to survive the day. I was starved as a kid, don’t want anyone else to go hungry.” She pushed a bowl of fruits toward him. It was one of those fruit cups with grapes, pineapples, blueberries and melon slices. There were only melons left. “Eggs for your protein, pancakes for your carbs and here's some fruit for the other stuff.”

Ford looked at the melons. “Are you just giving me the parts you're not eating?” He poked at the fruit.

“I'm allergic to melons.” Miz shrugged. Ford couldn't understand how that was possible. “You...can eat pretty much anything...but you're allergic...to melons ?!”

Miz sighed. “They make my throat all itchy. I don't like it.” Ford pulled out his journal to jot that down. “Why melons?” He mused. Miz groaned. “I have no idea! I just...AM.”

“Is it just honeydew melons and cantaloupes?” Ford questioned as he poked at the green and orange slices. Miz shook her head “Watermelons don’t make me itch but they're gross and make
me feel a little nauseous. I'm fine with melon FLAVORED stuff though.” She said. “Like, juices that are watermelon flavored or winter melon flavored are fine.”

“So...something about the actual fruit...interesting.” Ford muttered as he wrote it down. “And what if you eat it in your triangle form?” The man asked curiously. The girl grabbed a forkful of food for Ford. “Open up~” The man opened his mouth with a roll of his eyes and Miz fed him. (If Mabel were here, she’d be having a stroke on how they were finally doing what she wanted, but not in the way she wanted.)

“Well, I haven't really tried eating it in my Bill form. Melons are an Earth fruit and while the ones out in space are similar, they don't seem to cause the same problem, I just don't like their taste.”

Ford nodded, chewing his food. Miz poked his mouth with the forkful of sliced pancake and syrup. Ford opened his mouth for it too (he liked sweet things). Miz continued feeding him as he jotted down his notes. This man, dammit. Why was he so fucking cute? Miz pouted as she cut up another piece of pancake.

The older twins eventually found them and sat down with them. “Look who’s the cutest girl again?!” Mabel squealed.

“Still me.” Miz smirked. Mabel gasped. “Dipper! She's barging in on MY shtick!”

“Well, you ARE technically an adult.” Dipper shrugged as he raised an eyebrow at how Miz was feeding Ford. The scientist didn't even seem aware of them, eyes locked onto his journal as he chewed and swallowed. Mabel squealed at that, very very loudly. “FINALLY!” The people around winced.

Miz paid her no mind and wondered if she could sneak more food into him while he was distracted. She cut up a piece of corned beef and held it up to his mouth. Ford ate it absently.

Dipper smirked. Well, Mabel was right, it WAS funny. It really must be a couple thing, he had seen his parents feeding each other before. He hadn’t done that kind of thing with Pacifica, though. Would she like that?

Miz was enjoying feeding Stanford. He hadn’t even noticed he was almost done with his plate!! She began sneaking more food onto his plate. Mwahaha! She also swiped some food from Dipper’s plate as well. She was still hungry after all. Dipper gasped. “Why is it always me?!” Mabel took one of his pancakes too. “Uuuugh!” Dipper groaned. He pushed his plate towards her and angrily stood up to get more food.

Miz and Mabel high fived. As sisters, they knew what it meant to pester their siblings! And Dipper made it too much fun NOT to.


“Yes! I’m totally ready for boy hunting today! It’ll be amazing!” After speaking with Mermando these past few days (kinda hard to explain she wasn’t Dipper last week), she felt more confident of her abilities. She needed to find the right boy! “You know, Miz...maybe I’m not destined to find human boys...” she popped a strawberry to her mouth. “Maybe I am a magnet for cute supernatural boys!” She gasped in revelation.
Miz raised an eyebrow. “So...no offense, but I doubt there would be any Vampires on the beach.” Mabel pouted. “What if they go to the beach at night?!” At that question, Miz gave her a deadpan look and Mabel sighed. “Ok, well...there’s got to be more cute supernaturals besides Vampires right? Uhh! How about a werewolf?” She was already drooling. Miz rolled her eyes. “Yeah, if you like the smell of wet dog and having fur EVERYWHERE.” Mabel groaned. “Ok...then...how about a...” Mabel frowned. “I don’t know many hot supernatural guys aside from mermen.”

Miz hummed. “Well...half elves?” she suggested. Mabel gasped. “Hot elves?!” Miz shook her head. “Half elves. Full blooded elves are kinda horrifying to look at.” Mabel groaned and slumped over the table. “Elves aren’t hot. Unicorns are assholes...what other fantasies are you going to ruin for me?”

“Druids fucked horses.” Miz deadpanned. “That’s where Centaurs came from.”

Mabel made a horrified face as Dipper came back. “What are you talking about?” Miz eyed his food and pouted. The asshole got melon on purpose. Dipper saw her glance and smirked. “I rubbed everything with it, it’s polluted, you can’t eat it now.” Dipper said smugly.

“We’re thinking about what supernatural creature I could date.” The girl informed her twin and he blinked. “What? Can’t you date...a normal person?” Mabel and Miz scoffed. “I doubt a human could handle pure, undiluted Mabel-ness. They wouldn’t survive.” Miz rolled her eyes as she swiped one of Dipper’s chicken nuggets. “Hey! You can’t even eat that!” Dipper complained. “But Fordsie can~” Miz sang as she poked the meat against Ford’s mouth. He did eat it, chewing absently. Mabel gasped. “A glorious loophole indeed!” She and Miz high fived again.

“Uncle Ford~!” Dipper whined, but the man wasn’t paying attention to them. Mabel looked at Dipper. “Concentrate, Dipper! Who could I date?!” At that moment they were invaded by the younger twins, followed by a tired Wanda and Seb. “A former demon.” The boy suggested with a grin. “Or just a demon.” He looked at Ford eating his food. Mabel groaned. “Where am I going to find a cute demon boy?”

“There’s the Jersey Devil?” Seb shrugged. “He isn’t cut-Wait, what is this conversation about?”

Mabel blinked. “Isn’t the Jersey Devil just a made up story?”

Seb grabbed Zoe and sat her on a chair. “Tell that to my scars. Stan, Ford and I found him when we were kids! But the stupid Sibling Brothers had to ruin everything.” He sighed. “What do you want for breakfast, baby?” Zoe cheered. “Chocolate!” He frowned. He’ll get her fruit.

“The Sibling brothers?” Dipper gasped and Seb ignored him. “After breakfast we can chase the Jersey Devil once again? Sounds cool?” Dipper nodded eagerly. Mabel shook her head. “No! We’re supposed to be finding me a MAN!” Miz patted her back. “Don’t worry, the boys can have their dumb monster hunt, we’ve got our more important boy hunt!” Mabel gave the little girl a hug. “Right!”

Meanwhile, Seb was backing up from Dipper as the teen eagerly bounced up to him. “Oh my gosh! The Jersey Devil! The real Jersey Devil!” He gasped. “I should get a photo!”

“Will you bring thousands of cameras like you did with the Gobblewonker?” Seb asked. Dipper scoffed. “Duh? You can never be too prepared, plus my phone.” Seb rolled his eye but smiled. Alright. This adventure could be fun. He already knew where to find it after all. “Hey Fordsie~ Do you wanna capture the Jersey Devil for real this time?!” He snatched his glasses to call his attention.
“Gah! I don’t really know who you are but from the exaggerated amount of yellow, I will say you are Sebastian. Give me back my glasses!” He growled. Seb laughed. “Well at least you’re paying attention now. So, wanna come with Dipper and I to catch the Jersey Devil?”

Ford blinked. “Oh, that would be an interesting way to spend the afternoon.” Seb laughed and handed Ford his glasses. “Alright then! Monster hunt! Monster hunt!” He and Dipper chanted.

Mabel and Miz were planning what to do. "Monster boys are great and all, but we could also just look for any cute boys in general?" Miz suggested. Mabel nodded excitedly.

“Monster Hunt!” The little twins cheered as well. “No, no, this is a grown up expedition.” Seb told the kids. They whimpered. “But we wanna go too!” Zach looked at his mom for help. “No, sorry, that would be too dangerous for you. Hey, why don’t you help Mabel find a date? You might find a monster as well?”

“How can we go too?” Zoe sniffed and made huge puppy eyes at the girls. “Of course you can!” Miz pinched her sister’s cheeks. Wanda sighed. “Are you guys going to be ok?” Mabel nodded. “Don’t worry. I’ll look after them.” Wanda looked over at Miz, Zoe and Zach giggling and eating pancakes, her youngest children smearing syrup all over themselves. “…I’ll have to trust you on that…”

She looked at the boys. Dipper was giggling excitedly as Seb drank the syrup, getting his face all dirty… “Ford, take care of them…” She and Ford sighed. Right, since he was the adult here.

They finished breakfast and went to get ready. Ford had the sensation he ate more than normal. Stan wasn’t going to come, but Dillon volunteered. Diego went with the cousins his age. Mabel wondered if having so many children around would be demiterial for getting with a boy. Still, it would be nice to hang out with her cousins.

So, the two groups parted ways, the boys to one side, the girls and excited kids to another. Wanda was going back to her room to get some work done. The boy-hunt group went to the beach and settled down so Miz could locate any supernatural activity in the area. Even if this place wasn’t Gravity Falls, it had its dose of weirdness. Cool. It suited the place. She hummed and hugged her doll as she flickered around all the triangles in the area. She also tried to sense for magic. She blinked in surprise when she felt a twinge of magic.

“Huh?” She looked around but lost track of the signal. It was incredibly faint. As she looked around in confusion, a voice called out “Oh! Hey Dipper!”

The group turned to see Amelie coming over. Mabel’s eyes widened. Zach and Zoe cheered. “Amelie!” they squealed. Amelie laughed as she ruffled their hair. Mabel whispered to Miz “What do we do? I’m a girl now!” Miz shrugged. “Hey, Dipper, where is Xin?” Amelie asked kindly to Mabel. Miz waved. Amelie blinked. “Um...hi Amelie,” Miz waved. Amelie blinked. “Um...hello? I don’t think I’ve met you…” Mabel rubbed her arm. “Uh…” Mabel leaned up close to Miz “Wasn’t your perception thingie supposed to...I don’t know, make it so this kinda thing doesn’t happen?”

“Well, it ensures that humans wouldn’t question it…” Miz squinted at Amelie. “Which means…”

Amelie continued to look confused. Miz stretched out her senses. Yup. That faint magical trace was coming from her. “You’re not human, are you?” Miz asked, hugging her doll as she gazed up at her new friend. It was such a faint trace that she didn’t notice until she was actively searching for it.

“Yeah…and I’m an alien demon-dragon. What’re you?” Miz asked. Amelie still looked confused. “But...you were...and now you’re...what?” Mabel sighed and stood up to place a hand on Amelie’s shoulder. “Hi, I’m Mabel, but you knew me as Markus. It’s a long story…”

They explained the Curse that Miz had cast a week ago because she didn’t like listening to her aunt and uncle argue, and how they had all been sex swapped. Amelie nodded slowly as they explained. Finally she glanced down at Miz, kneeling in the sand and cuddling her doll. “So...that hot boy was really a small girl?” She flushed. “Now I feel kinda weird…”

“Don’t worry, I’m several billion years old.” Miz said cheerfully. Amelie laughed. “I’d find that hard to believe but...hey, magic space dragon, right?”

“So...you’re magic too, right? Since Miz’s perception thing only worked on humans…” Mabel asked. Amelie looked around nervously. “I’m not supposed to talk about it. I could get in so much trouble with my parents…”

“We won’t tell!” Zach said as he patted Amelie’s leg. “We’re really good at keeping secrets! Like, daddy is magic because he was an alien and we got magic from daddy and mommy says we can’t let anyone who’s not magic know about it!” Zoe nodded “And you’re magic and you’re nice and you saved Sir Bedazzle so you can know about it!”

“Your dad is magic? I-I guess you are talking about...Sabrina?” Amelie asked. This was so confusing, now she’ll have to learn more names! “Sebastian.” Miz grinned, feeling her confusion. “Yeah, sorry for dumping this all on you.”

“I’m not magic but I love magic and all our family knows about magic so it is safe to tell us what you are!” Mabel grinned. Amelie giggled. That was the same energy Markus had. Definitely him. “Well, first off, can you explain what exactly you are? Alien demon-dragon sounds like a made up creature.” Miz giggled. “Well I’m actually a triangle.”

“...and you’ve immediately lost me.”

“I’m an alien that looks like a triangle. I have shape shifting powers that go down into a genetic level. I’m considered a demon because of how my powers work and I’m currently shape shifted into a human-form dragon.” Miz explained.

“....still lost.”

“Certain dragons have a natural ability to change into a human form.” Miz shrugged. “I COULD turn myself into a human for real, but then I would need to deal with things like…” she shuddered “...waste production...ugh…”

“Pooping is perfectly natural!” Mabel protested. The twins and Diego let out a loud “EEWW!!” they didn’t want to hear about poop! Amelie nodded slowly. “Right...So alien. You two are kids from an alien…” She nodded. Ok she understood. And would make sense why they adopted Xin--er… Miz. She was an alien as well!

The twins felt the need to defend their daddy, but Miz put her hands on their shoulders. “So, what are you? Now that you know what I am.” Amelie rubbed her arm. “Promise you won’t laugh?” The Pines all nodded. Amelie blushed. “I’m a Selkie.”

Mabel and the others looked lost. Miz sat up with a grin “So THAT’S why I couldn’t tell you were
Diego pulled at Miz’s shirt “What’s a Selkie?” Miz cleared her throat and prepared to go into ‘teacher’ mode. “A Selkie is a magical creature, generally a Seal, who can shed their animal skin to become completely human.” Miz nodded at Amelie. “And that’s why I couldn’t tell. Amelie as a human is pretty much a normal human, aside from the faint connection she has to her Skin.”

Amelie blinked. “Oh, wow, I’ve never heard someone explain it in such a way. But, yeah. I’m a Seal. Though I HAVE met other Selkie who were dolphins.” Mabel sparkled “That sounds so cool!” Zoe tilted her head. “Why did you think we would laugh? This is really cool.” Amelie blushed. “Well...it’s embarrassing right? Someone who can shed and put back on their skin...doesn’t that sound...gross?”

“Pfft~I start growing scales all over my body when I lose control over my human form.” Miz shrugged. “And my triangle form can mutate to sprout multiple arms, legs and mouths. If anything, I’m gross.”

Amelie rubbed her arm and smiled at how Miz tried to make her feel better. “Thanks...” She said and the twins, always so affectionate, hugged her. “We burst into flames when it is too hot.” Zach giggled. “Our daddy too. That’s embarrassing.” Amelie laughed some more, “Okay, I get it. We’re all weird and that’s fine?” Once they got that settled, Amelie asked what they were doing today.

Miz looked at Amelie. “We’re looking for a cute boy Mabel can date. Do you happen to know any cute selkie boys who would be interested in this adorable human?” Amelie laughed. “What is it with your family and supernaturals?”

Mabel scoffed. “Well I’ve been TRYING to date a human boy for YEARS but for some reason, they all run away from me!” Miz patted her back. “And the only guys who HAVE been interested in me were a bunch of Gnomes in a jacket, a merman and this creepy kid who tried to kill my brother with garden shears he was levitating with his stupid magic powers!”

“It’s ok, that was years ago.” Miz hugged her cousin. “Gideon was the worst. I haven’t really heard from him in a while, which is good, but he was a creepy kid.” Mabel pouted. “I saw him once a while back, but after he tried to creep on me again and I told him ‘no’, I haven’t heard from him at all. So...that’s good?” Amelie was wide eyed. “That’s...some horrible luck.” Mabel groaned. “Tell me about it. So by this point, I think I can only attract magical guys, so I figured, I may as well make the best of it and just find a cute magical boy.”

“Well...I have a few friends, but I don’t know if their human form would be handsome to you...and they are in Iceland.” She smiled apologetically. Mabel sighed. “I will start buying cats...” She hugged Diego to herself. Miz patted her head. “Don’t give up, Mabel. We have all summer to find you a nice boy. Human or not.”

“Yeah, and if they aren’t nice, we’ll bite them!” Zoe declared while she and her twin snapped their jaws, clicking their little sharp teeth. Mabel giggled. “You’re right! Come on guys! You too, Amelie! We’re gonna find cute boys!!” They all raised a hand into the air and cheered.

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Meanwhile, the boys were walking along the beach. The sun hit their faces, trying to roast them alive, and they weren’t close yet.

“You know...I think we should give up. It’s ok to give up sometimes.” Seb said. Ford was walking in front of them. “I’m pretty sure it was around here. Remember? The lighthouse pointed to some caves, and we have to get to those caves.”
Dipper wiped the sweat from his face. “We should have brought an umbrella.” He said blearily. “Or water bottles…” His throat was so dry he felt like he was going to cough dust. Seb wasn’t doing much better. He was starting to catch fire. “I’m so hooooot…” He moaned.

Ford blinked as he watched his triplet scream. “I CAN’T TAKE IT ANYMORE!” Before he ran towards the cold water where he fell face first. “Sebastian we don’t have time for you to play.” The water sizzled as Seb sighed in relief and laid there on the wet sand, allowing the salty water to cool him. It got in his mouth sometimes, but desperate situations required desperate solutions.

Then he walked back to his group. “Done?” Ford rolled his eyes. “Well, I’m sorry for not wanting to spontaneously combust and burn everyone.” Seb pouted. “Regardless, let’s go, the lighthouse is right this way…” They finally got some blessed shade. Dipper took his hat off to let his head air out. “Ugh...I’m sweating everywhere…”

“Monster hunts don’t generally contain comforts and luxuries.” Ford stated. Dipper, Dillon and Seb stared at him “How the fuck are you still wearing long sleeves and not DYING?!”

Ford looked at his clothes and shrugged. “I don’t know. I don’t sweat as much as you do.” He said. Seb groaned and looked at his nephews. “Sixer has worn jackets and long-sleeved shirts since we were kids.” He sighed. “He’s just weird like that.”

“Are you really human?” Dillon wiped his forehead. Ford looked mildly offended. “A calm mind is a calm body. If I don’t think I’m hot, I won’t be.” Seb groaned, feeling the heat more than normal people “What kinda bullshit meditation thing is that?!”

“Regardless, we have found the cave. Perhaps this time we will have better luck.” Ford strode forward with purpose...and immediately slipped on the cave floor. He managed to catch himself before he fell but gasped when his glasses tumbled away.

“Haha, calm body and calm mind, am I right? Heyo!!” Seb laughed and his nephews high-fived him, laughing loudly.

“You were less annoying as a woman.” Ford mumbled as he patted the ground for his glasses. Seb huffed. “As a woman, you didn’t do stupid shit that deserved to be mocked. It’s pretty simple.” He grinned and grabbed the glasses. He put them on his brother’s face. “There!” Seb declared and Ford rolled his eyes. “Thanks.”

“Uh, did anyone bring a flashlight?” Dipper asked. Seb scoffed. He held up a hand and fire formed along his hand. “Ugh...still really hot…” At least the blue fire helped them see. Seb went in front with Ford and they walked forward, followed by the two teens. They looked to their feet, careful not to slip like their Uncle. “Why did you even try to find the Jersey devil anyway?” Dillon asked curiously.

“We were bored.” Seb laughed. “Also, kids do stupid things.” He bumped into Ford's back. “Oi? What's up, Sixer?” Ford was gazing down and frowning. “Was this hole always here?”

Everyone looked down. “We don't have any rope. How're we gonna get down?” Dillon asked. He wasn't really sure he wanted to be part of this anymore.

“We could go get ropes!” Dipper suggested. “Or deal to get ropes?” He looked at Seb, who glared. “Do you think I’m a dispenser or something? Though, that actually would work….”

“Well…” Ford dropped a rock down and waited. After a few minutes Dillon deadpanned “I don't hear a thunk.” he backed off. “Ok, monster hunt sounded cool but I think going into a super deep
cave without any proper tools and supplies is reckless and dangerous.”

Dipper, Ford and Seb blinked at him. “But...adventure!” Dillon facepalmed. “No wonder you guys are all insane.”

The brothers and Dipper grinned widely, proud of themselves. Seb looked at Dillon and picked him up with his mind. “Well, why don’t you check if it’s dangerous, nephew?!?” Seb laughed madly as Dillon struggled to get down. “NO, NO, NO! UNCLE SEB! UNCLE SEB!!!” Then he was floating down the hole.

“Did you seriously throw our nephew down there?” Ford raised an eyebrow. “Yup! Better than staying here like idiots! Besides, we survived a fall to the cave with dinosaurs years ago!” Seb shrugged. Dillon continued screaming as he was lowered into the hole. “It's dark!”

Dipper shrugged. “Can you lower us down as well?” Seb frowned as he lifted Dipper and Ford as well. “Wait, Sebastian, you can't lift yourself right? How're you getting down?”

Seb put them down as he thought. His left hand was still glowing, holding his screaming nephew. “Hey...I can’t lift MYSELF, but I can lift you! And you could lift me!” Seb laughed and quickly climbed onto his brother’s back. Ford grunted at the extra weight which was surprisingly less than he expected. Then Seb lifted them into the air again. “Damn, it worked! In your face, limited powers!! Ford and Dipper yelped as they were roughly floated down the hole. “ADVENTURE!” (They’d been too boring recently. Too domestically human. They needed ADVENTURE!)

Dillon glared at them when they landed near him. “I’m telling dad you threw me in a hole.” He grumbled. Seb grinned sheepishly at Dillon's expression. “But we came down with you~” Dillon scoffed. “We have no supplies.”

“We have magic~” Seb sing-songed. Dillon rolled his eyes. “Well, where are we going now?” He asked. Ford was looking around. “We really should have brought a flashlight…”

“Hey! Aren't I good enough for you?” Seb whined. Dipper snorted and patted Seb's shoulder. “You're the best flashlight, Uncle Seb.”

The youngest triplet grinned. “Damn right! And nothing shines brighter than me!” His hands caught on fire. Ford rolled his eyes so hard only the white part was left. Why, why was he like this? “OK! Now let’s go! I have a good feeling about this!” He said happily just as Dillon grumbled “I have a bad feeling about this...

The male Pines walked deeper into the cave, not knowing what was awaiting for them. Seb had made his flames cover his whole arm, so they had more light to see. Ford was gasping at some carvings on the walls and pulled Seb closer to see.

“Is this...a language?” Ford traced the markings that spread across the cave wall. This was more than he thought he would find to be honest. What was this language?

“Er...Sixer?” Did the Jersey Devil have more intelligence than he thought? Did he write these words? Or were they written by some other people? What did they say? Could he translate them?

“Sixer!”

“What is it Sebastian?” Ford turned to his brother with a frown. He paused when he realized they were surrounded by large figures pointing spears at them. “Oh.”
Dillon groaned. “If we die, I am haunting all of you.”

“So...there's a signal from one of these buildings?” Mabel asked as their group walked through the markets, licking their snowcones and sipping slushies to keep cool. Miz nodded as she drank the bright blue liquid. So nice and cold—

“There seems to be some underground tunnels...plus a faint magical source, but I can't see much down there.” Miz shrugged. “I'm guessing whoever/whatever this is, they have a shop as a front, or to earn money. Either they own the shop, or have some hidden entrance near them.”

“So they live underground? I don't want to date a mole person!” Mabel sighed.

“Oh, don’t be racist, Mabel.” Miz scolded. “Yeah! Don’t be racist!” The kids snarled. “Wait. What is racist?”

“When a person doesn’t like others because they don’t look like them or they’re from a different culture. For example, some people are racist towards people with dark skin. Or if they speak a different language from them. There are some people who will be mean to people just because of something stupid like that.” (Miz frowned, speaking of… she needed to check up on that island she created before they came to Jersey. It was something she’d made as a starter experiment, to see if a set up like this could work…)

The kids, pure and innocent, gasped in horror at the idea. “But why does it matter what color their skin is?” They asked. “Because people are stupid.” Miz huffed, quite angry at it all. Mabel sighed. “Ok, I guess it's possible there are cute mole people…”

Amelie giggled. “You guys are so weird.” (“That’s a compliment!” Miz cheered.) She rubbed her arm self consciously. “Though to be fair, I think everyone’s a little racist, even if they don’t mean to be.” She blushed a little. “Like...I was told that humans are scary if they found out about supernatural creatures. That's why we're not supposed to let anyone find out what we are. I was told that humans would want to experiment on us or hunt us down if they knew what we were… and that's me being racist against humans.” She looked a little disappointed in herself.

“Well...you're not wrong.” Miz sighed. “Lots of humans are kinda stupid. They're already mean to their OWN kind, so they have even more trouble with other species. But not ALL humans are like that.”

The twins nodded. "Mommy is nice! And our aunts and uncles.” They looked a little sad. “But there's a mean lady we met. She...is she a racist? Because she doesn't like Zach being a boy?” Zoe asked.

Miz growled. “That's not racist but what she is , is also bad. Carol’s just mean and entitled and thinks she gets to decide what other people are allowed to do with their lives, and a bad person…” She paused. “Actually... I think she's a bit racist too...something about locking her doors when she's in certain neighborhoods…” her eyes flickered briefly. “Yeesh, how Amanda is so sweet, I don’t know.”

The kids didn’t understand, but right now wasn’t the moment to teach them about the real world, they could do that when they weren’t on vacation helping their crazy cousin date a supernatural boy.

Mabel looked around, trying to spot a cute boy working. If this mole boy’s family had a shop, he
definitely had to work there too. “Um...do you see any cute boys?” They went through multiple shops, Miz was unable to pin down the source of the magic, but frankly, at this point she didn’t care. Mabel flirted with a bunch of different boys, scaring them all off as she went. Mabel was about to give up. The girl suddenly gasped when her brown eyes landed on a young man. He was behind the counter of a butcher store, and he was cutting something, probably meat, duh.

His apron had blood on it but that didn’t make him less hot. He was wearing a sleeveless shirt, showing off cool arm tattoos that looked like reptile scales, he was dark skinned, with darker hair that was really disheveled on the top of his head, but ended up in an adorable braid along the side, it seemed almost dark green, and he had very green eyes. He cleaned off his knife and looked up, noticing the girl staring at him. He smiled. “Hello?”

Mabel felt faint. “That’s it guys! My future husband!”

Zach giggled as Zoe and Diego made faces. Yucky. Getting married. “Is that a mole boy?” Zoe pulled at her sister’s hand. Miz frowned. “Not a mole...some kinda reptilian, he can't fully hide his scales.” Mabel didn’t hear any of this, since she was already bouncing over to attempt to flirt, like she’d done with all the other cute boys she’d seen today.

“Hello~I'm Mabel! But you can call me the girl of your dreams~” she batted her eyes at him. The young man blinked before laughing.
“Ah… okay? H-hello. I am not sleeping. I work.” He wiped off his hand. Mabel swooned at the very strong unknown accent he had. A foreigner~ “Hello. I-am Maxini. You call me Max, yes?” He shook her hand. Mabel squealed. His grip was firm and she saw how his muscles flexed in his arm. “If you… buy stuff, my manager--” He gestured behind him.

“You're really hot.” Mabel stared at him dreamily. Maxini laughed. “Yes? I am te-told I'm too cold? I do not understand?” And his first language was definitely not english. That was fine. Mabel would just have to try harder.

Mabel looked down at his hand. “Well, your hand is kinda cold but that feels really nice on a hot day like this.” The boy seemed a little flustered. “You think so?”

“I know so. And I didn't mean you're hot like your temperature. I'm saying that you're incredibly attractive.” Mabel grinned. The boy looked even more flustered “O-oh! Um… No one's ever said that to I…” he seemed flattered. ”Many girls think I'm…” He said softly before trailing off. “Do you...think I am good?” He rubbed his arm self consciously.
“Most girls are blind, is what they are.” The girl giggled. "OF COURSE YOU’RE ATTRACTIVE!! Boy, you sure are a good looking guy!” Mabel smiled. "If you think I'm nice too...maybe we could go out somewhere sometimes?! Like, right now would be awesome.”

Max smiled a little bit. Ooh~ cute sharp tooth smile! “Um, I think that...let-let me ask...ask...if...my- my sh-shift is-is-kauh!-t-that!!” He smiled, wiggling from side to side and turned around, bumping into a wall. He laughed sheepishly before going inside. Mabel fist punched the air. “Yeeees!”

Everyone approached Mabel. “Damn! You totally enchanted that reptile boy!” Miz laughed. “You know how hard it is for a reptilian species to even look flustered?!” Mabel hugged her arm. “I got a date!!” She squealed, the kids and Amelie laughed as they clapped. “Congrats. I guess you are a supernatural magnet.”

“Oh~I hope I don't mess this up!” Mabel pulled her hair. Miz patted her back. “You'll do fine. I think he appreciates your straightforward nature.” She and the others giggled and stepped back as Maxini came back out with clean clothes. “Ah...so...what... to do?” He looked rather shy, likely never getting asked out so directly before. “I... ah... I don’t know... how this... work?” He was somewhat nervous. He was fascinated by humans, and hadn’t gotten to talk to many beside his boss (the human male told him to send the clients over to him, as Max’s human language wasn’t good). He was excited for this, but he was nervous too.

“Just walk around I guess. Oh, these are my cousins and my friend Amelie.” Mabel introduced. Miz nodded at the boy. “Xocce. Ak’j loh daso ke mook oei.” She said. Maxini’s eyes went wide. “Oei sud foub mo cudwiuwo?”

“Yup. Hello. I'm Miz. I'm a dragon . And Amelie here is a Selkie. Don't worry about us. We know about the fact that you're not human.” The young man looked startled and looked over at Mabel. “But...you human?” Mabel nodded. “Yup.” Max found himself relaxing. A... a dragon? He’d heard the stories, but he never thought he’d actually meet one! And if there was a dragon here, he... sort of felt better. Not being alone with humans who he didn’t know.

“And...you want...want to talk with me? I’m not human?” Maxini asked. Mabel giggled and took his hand. “Of course I want to talk to you. Why should your species matter? I think you're attractive and even more interesting because you aren't human. I love learning meeting new people and learning about new cultures! I want to spend some more time with you.”

If Maxini was capable of blushing he would. Instead, he had a goofy smile on his face and wiggled back and forth, much like Miz would do when she wanted to wag her tail. “We-well you are... good too...” He stuttered, hoping he said it right. Mabel was...a pretty human.

Mabel squealed. Miz and Amelie gave her thumbs up. “You don't mind if my friend and cousins come with us, right? I'm actually supposed to babysit my little cousins today.” Mabel admitted. Maxini laughed. “There's no problem.” Mabel realized she might have a thing for accents. She also thought Mermando's accent was cute. But Max's? God, so hot. (Max was trying to figure out how this human was cousins with a dragon? That... was what Mabel said, right?)

The group went out with Mabel and Maxini holding hands as they chatted about their lives, their likes, dislikes, normal stuff. “This is rather nice. Are there any other magical beings here?” Amelie asked. Miz looked around. “A few minor blips here and there. I'm just hoping this works out for them. Of course, that'll depend on them.” Miz also placed a minor translation spell around (not on) Max so that he and Mabel could communicate better.

They walked around and the teens chatted happily. Mabel told him about where she lived, about her family, her twin brother, her parents, her uncles and the adventures they had. “Oh! And I have a
pet pig named Waddles! He’s the most adorable baby! Max listened intently. He was amazed to find himself able to understand her.

“Pork is delicious.” He said and Mabel pouted. “You’re just like my uncle Seb! He wants to eat my pet!” She punched his muscled arm jokingly and the boy grinned. He never really talked about himself to someone before, and while he was a little hesitant at first, with how much Mabel was telling him all about herself and her family, he kinda felt like reciprocating.

“Well, my family is really big. We all live together. But...not here, we don't live in the human world among humans...It's scary.” Max shifted from side to side, wondering if it was safe for him to tell them about his tribe. He was told not to interact more than necessary after all...

Mabel grinned and he took a deep breath, working up his courage. "You see, our world is not here. You can only go in and out using magic points dispersed throughout the world…"

"That explains the magic blips I felt…" Miz mused. “Like mini-portals, like all the ones around Gravity Falls leading to the hidden market. Or the rifts that used to pop up."

"Ooh~~" Mabel nodded. "So all your species know magic and that kind of stuff? You do spells?!"

Max chuckled, a low rumbling sound deep in his chest, and Mabel swooned. "Actually no. There are a few tribes who have access to magic. From what the priestesses have told me, our tribe and our closest allies located close to this land are one of them, because the point of magic is located in a cave in this part of the territory. Some rifts are in the ocean too, so food travels to both realms without problem. And sea creatures that sometimes get lost or just visit. I met an old friend of mine that way. Down in the land of the south, there's no magic points, so the Eix Leel there have no way to access the human world. This is also why we ended up developing magic as part of our culture, if we didn't we wouldn't be able to create human illusions...Though, I don't understand why our human templates are this color, most humans I've seen around here are your color." Must be because they were based on the first humans they saw inhabiting the land, many hundreds of years ago.

"So~ You come to the human world from time to time?" Mabel asked.

"Not everybody. I'm a priest’s apprentice… I'm low class, but an aunt of mine was rewarded in the military by the Queen and because I...I wasn't going to help my family in any other way…” He rubbed his arm, looking a little uncomfortable at this. "I was allowed to become a priest apprentice. There, I started to learn everything I'll need for that, including magic. I come to get foreign meat. I work here and my boss lets me take some home. The royal family likes it."

"So...You can't date?" Mabel grumbled disappointed.

"Courtship? Oh, I can. But, I'm not sure if I'd have to stop my studies or not.. I'm not sure how that works with male priests…” He hummed in thought. Miz raised an eyebrow. "What do you mean by that?"

Max grimaced a bit. "Eh~ It's kinda new for males to be priests or...work for the queen, the idea was brought from other, more progressive, cities down in the south...So, I was lucky to be accepted."

"Well, girls are better at everything!" Zoe crossed her arms proudly before Zach kicked her shin.

"It's true.” Max nodded at the little human cub with complete sincerity. "But we males can do stuff too."
The adults in the group shared a few glances, feeling something off from what Max was telling them. They found an ice-cream shop and sat down together. Mabel offered to pay for Max, since she was the one who invited him out. Max didn't know what they were going to eat but he was willing to try as long as it wasn't plant based.

Mabel coughed. "So~ You like working as a butcher?"

Max grinned widely, wiggling his butt a little bit. "Yes Yes! Like, it's super new for us to be allowed out in the human world for so long! The military is allowed to go out, like the priestesses! I heard my ancestors used to steal this animal called...cow, or was it called beef, which is very yummy! We don't have that animal! Or chicken! But now, we can work as butchers to get as many meats as we want without getting in trouble with the humans.” It was so cute how he messed up some words. The spell had its limits. It was going for a base translation after all. Miz would need something for in depth to get all the nuances.

“So you really like meat?” Mabel asked. “I like some meat but I don't eat it very often. Especially not pork.” she would never eat pigs.

Maxini rubbed his head. “I'm a carnivore so yeah, I like it ...Especially pork…” he looked a little guilty. Mabel hugged his arm. “As long as you don't eat my pet I don't see a problem.” He looked relieved at that. “Well, I like chicken second best. My people normally eat fish. Our villages and cities are built around large lakes and oceans.” Max took this time to look at Miz and the others, who’d been giving them some space, but following them nonetheless.

“So...your cousin is a dragon? How that happened?” He asked Mabel. The group finished their ice cream (Max had tried a bit earlier but couldn’t stand how cold it was) and sat down for lunch with real (sorta) food at an outdoor cafe. Amelie, Zach and Miz were watching the date cheerfully. Zoe and Diego just wanted more ice cream. “Well she's actually an alien demon-dragon. It's a long story.” Mabel shrugged.

“Well, I think the lovebirds are doing well~let's give them some privacy.” Miz giggled as she and the others moved to a different table. Close enough to watch, far enough to let them chat without too blatantly eavesdropping. But they were eavesdropping. Miz bounced in her seat.

Amelie looked over at the two teenagers holding hands under the table. “I wonder if I could find a partner someday.” Miz tilted her head. “Oh? Are you having boy troubles too?” Amelie blushed. “Well, there are a few other seals who have asked me out, but they're all interested in mating and having pups.”

“And what do you want?"

“I don't rightfully know. I never really thought about it.” Amelie shrugged. “But being here, up on land has been more fun than I originally thought. I guess I'd like to spend more time exploring the world before settling down.” she blushed. “One of my relatives is marrying a human, you know? So I know such a thing isn't forbidden.”

Amelie glanced at Miz and sighed. “I'm kinda disappointed you're actually a little girl...even if you're thousands of years old.” (“Several billion actually.”) Amelie blushed. Miz looked confused. “So...did you like me?” She asked bluntly. Amelie blushed harder. “You were very handsome, yeah, but I know you weren’t interested, and you DID tell me straight out that you wanted to be just friends.” She almost added, ‘And you were with that other woman... man?’

“Oh…” Miz wiggled in her seat. "And you're still my friend right?"
“Of course!” Amelie grinned, Miz gave her a hug. The children hugged her too. “We're not gonna stop being friends.” Miz assured her. Amelie was thrilled by that. Human and dragon friends!

Mabel ordered a belgium waffle loaded with fruits and whipped cream, and she recommended for Max to try hot chocolate if he wanted something sweet and delicious but not cold. It got them weird looks from the waiters. It was hot as heck!

Max shook his head when Mabel asked if he'd be willing to try other cold stuff that wasn't frozen like ice cream. “I have cold blood, it can make me colder if I eat something cold, even when the weather's hot, I still feel kinda cold.” Mabel put a hand over his. “Poor thing...I will protect you from weird looks!” Max chuckled. She was such a strange human…but she was such a lady, powerful, assertive...His father would approve...if she was an Eix Leel.

“So...is this your real form? I am so sorry if I sound too blunt or this is too personal.” Mabel grimaced. Max smiled. “No. Not at all! Well, I don't even know how to begin to explain...This is an illusion actually."

Max pulled a collar out over the neck of his shirt. It was one of his teeth (yes, it was that serious) with runes he carved himself) and he showed it to Mabel. "It is used to make me look human to anyone, but my real body is untouched."

"Oohhhh~~~And how did you get a human...illusion body?" Mabel asked, intrigued.

“It takes a lot of work, carving the runes and crafting the illusion to myself, so it goes around me and can fool humans. It even makes me blurry to those... cam-raws that humans try to use to capture our image.” Max explained. “We look all... blur-shiny and don’t show up very well.”

(“Built in perception filter? Nice.” Miz commented. She made a note to check out Max’s spell necklace a little closer.)

“So, what do you really look like? I bet you look super awesome!” Mabel grinned. Max wiggled in his seat, it was flattering for her to say, but Max knew he wasn’t ‘awesome’ or anything. Still, with how eagerly Mabel was looking at him, he raised his hands to his chest and started trying to describe it.

“My real body is covered in scales for one, except my front part eh~ chest? My face doesn't look like this, we have a...how you say? Muzzle? I have a tail!” Max wiggled his butt a little more, his tail was lucked up close to his back, almost tied in place to keep it from knocking into people. "This is um, more long, and more thin, like a fin." He pointed at his ears. "Also, this~" He grabbed a strand of hair. "Is very weird. I have feathers. Sorry, english is hard." The translation spell only worked when he slipped in his native words for words he didn’t know in English, his attempts at English came through just the way he said them.

“No problem, I think I get it. That’s so pretty~” Mabel cooed. “How old are you? I’m 18! Gonna be 19 at the end of the summer.” (They were in 2018 now.)

“I turned 19 a few months ago along with my brothers and sisters!” Maxini said. “We're a pretty small clutch, only 4 eggs. I have a brother and two sisters.”

“So you're quadruplets? I'm part of a set of twins. My brother isn't here right now though. He and my uncles went on a monster hunt.”

Max paled. “Monster hunt?” he gasped. Mabel shook her head quickly and waved her hands. “Don't worry!! They're nice people. Uncle Ford and Dipper are just nerds who like to find magical
creatures, it's not a REAL hunt. They said they were looking for the Jersey Devil.”

Maxini sighed in relief. “Well I hope they don't run into some of my relatives. They hate those paranormal investigator types. You know back when more of them came around searching for anything not human they almost found the magic entrance. My grandma told me about it.”

“That sounds awful.” Mabel gasped. Maxini nodded. “We were almost forced to move. They were all quite upset. It would have been awful if we had to leave our lives behind and move just because of humans.”

“Hey…” Diego piped up. “Does that mean uncle Ford is going to get in trouble if he finds your family?”

They all looked at each other before Miz face palmed. “Those idiots.”

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“Ok, everyone, stay calm.” Ford said quietly. Seb growled. “What do you mean calm?! We've been captured!” He hissed “By LIZARD PEOPLE!”

“Quiet you!” One of their captors poked his back. “Keep walking.” They realized it was a she, all of them, but couldn't understand her very well. They were very, very tall and muscular 'shes'. Their bodies were covered in green scales, and had spines on their shoulders, tails and back part of their legs. Their dark head feathers were styled to the side and wore some sort of red bandana with various decorations as well as a red and brown tunic. Their teeth were incredibly sharp as well as their claws. And they looked very pissed with them.

They had tied the Pines up and led them through the underground tunnels. Dillon was crying “We're all gonna die! I'll never get married to Phillip and we’ll never adopt dogs and babies!” He wailed.

“Dillon, shut up! You are NOT helping!” Dipper glared and they continued walking. “Um, miss Lizard women? We are so sorry for trespassing, can we leave? We promise to never come back!”

The lizard woman with disheveled black feathers, kept back with her bandana, growled at them, and the four winced at her sharp teeth. “I said quiet, human! Bringer of destruction and death!” She huffed at the teen who whimpered when she growled her unknown words at his face.

One of them looked at the growling one. "We can’t put our city in danger, you already know our secrets…” The one holding Ford scoffed. “Now we cannot let them leave.” Dillon cried harder.

"I don't know what you're sayiiiiing!” The poor teen sobbed.

“What do you plan to do with us, crocodile?!” Seb growled, showing off his sharp teeth as well, but he was ignored. He was about to shout again when they suddenly stopped and stared in horror and awe at a glowing purple fissure in the middle of the rock.

The four Pines backpedaled as they were forced through. "No!! Nonononono!!" Dipper and Dillon screamed.

The other side was...suspiciously similar to their world, but to get out, they didn't go through many tunnels. The light of the sun blinded them for a second when they emerged out of the cave.

The four Pines gasped in horrified awe when they were pushed into the beach and were met not by humans on vacations playing on the sand, but by reptilians walking around on the beach.
Compared to the green females holding them down, these seemed to be male, and they came in many different colors. Their head feathers were styled in long braids and decorated with beads. They were vibrant colors, incredibly pretty to look at.

Some were entering the water, some were getting out, shaking themselves to get rid of the water while carrying a net of fish. And all while their little kids ran around them, pulling at their tails or rolling in the sand.

It was a very beautiful sight...If it weren't for the fact that they were tied up and led somewhere potentially dangerous. The guards holding them down told the males something they didn't understand, but it made the males gasp, hide their tails and mutter nervously among them.

Were they talking about eating them? It sure looked like it. The reptilian holding Dipper laughed and showed him her fangs. That was when Dipper lost it as well and started crying.

“I am nobody's snack, scale face!!” Seb’s hands caught on fire and started burning the ropes, but the female guard holding him was very big, big and muscular and strong enough to hold him still. "Let me go!!!!" He growled as his hands flickered with flames.

The female cried in pain and let him go momentarily. "The fire beast burned me!"

If Seb understood the reptilian calling him that, he'd be pissed.

“Wait! He isn’t human!” One of the guards whispered, looking at Seb, but of course, the humans didn't understand it. The one holding Seb was now threatening him to make his fire disappear.

"This one is clearly magical. Wouldn't this one be spared?"

"No! I don't care! He looks human and they invaded our territory!" The guard motioned them to continue walking and the humans were once again pushed forward. They were led through their city, the guards exposing the disgusting scale-less creatures to the rest of the community. The males carrying their kids on their backs and tending their homes, gagged, the females carrying wood, rocks or working on their metals or ceramics growled at them. Both males and females had spines on their backs that extended menacingly.

"Have you noticed the females are bigger than the males?" Ford whispered to a very stressed Seb and crying nephews. "And the jobs they're doing...it seems to be inversed to our own, rather, their society appears to be several centuries behind ours. It seems they're still in between the period of stone and metal."

"Do you think IT'S THE RIGHT TIME TO THINK ABOUT THAT?!" Seb screamed, fed up with Ford's bullshit. He struggled but the guard snapped at him and held firmly.

"Let US GO!!!" Seb shrieked. A big building came into view. Ford whispered it might be their leader's palace.

The lizardwomen continued hissing among them in a language none of them recognized. “Nxuk jxeict no te?” “Kubo kxom ke kxo sxoav!”

"Uncle Seb~ I think this is a great moment to go monster form, don't you think?! Dipper cried.

Seb remembered he did have powers and, despite still feeling weird about it, made his second pair of arms appear. He struggled out of the guard’s arms and charged at the guard holding his brother. "Take your claws off me and my family!"
The guard fell back to the ground, shouting and the crowd around gasped and started shouting. Seb pinned her down and Ford took that distraction to kick the reptilian holding him on her legs and free himself. It didn't last long though. More guards were called by the males watching and to Dipper and Dillon's terror, they threw their uncles to the floor. One of the females charged at Seb. One bit one of his arms, planning to tear it off, and almost succeeded, but when another one wanted to pierce him with her spear, a sudden force field around him threw both of them back.

Miz's spell. No deathly harm could be posed on them. It didn’t do much for normal injuries though.

The guards finally held down the rebellious humans. A young male offered a cloth to the strong and brave soldier so she could wipe off her blood. The female nodded at him, spat the fang the fire beast knocked from her mouth into the cloth and continued pushing him towards the Queen, so she could decide his fate.

"SEB! SEBASTIAN! Are you ok?!" Ford grimaced at the large amount of blood pouring out of his brother's shoulder. Dillon was still crying. Seb winced and retreated his arms. "I-I'm fine" He gritted his teeth. "Goddammit. At least she could have bitten me in the magical ones!"

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"Will Daddy be ok?" Zach asked nervously. “Of course he will! Your Daddy is the best!” Mabel reassured, but scared as well. They got to a cave, where Miz floated everyone a little so they wouldn’t slip on the slick rocks.

Max's heart hammered against his chest as he took the group towards the portal-point. Gods, he was getting in so much trouble for this...Males weren't supposed to cause so much trouble! It'd only make his mother disapprove of him even more.

Still, he smelled traces of humans here, so it was very likely Mabel's family was in danger. He took off his shoes, shirt and pants, making Amelie and Miz cover the kids' eyes, before he recited a soft rune and changed back to his normal form.

Mabel didn't know if she was disappointed or not for not seeing anything in this form. (It was hidden away…) His reptilian form was so tall though! He was covered in green scales and he was very muscular too~ Nice~ He reached for some sort of skirt hidden away and told them to get inside.

"We must hurry. Today the soldiers were patrolling here. If they caught them, they are taking them to the Queen right now!" The humans, dragon, and Selkie crossed the fissure and followed Max.

"Not to scare, we don't eat humans, but all I know is trespassers are put to sacrifice to the protector god..."

"...Joy…” Miz winced as the kids' lips wobbled.

Miz Perception Filter’ed the shit outta their group as they passed some guards standing near the portal.

“Ah! Maxi! What-what are you doing here? I thought you were working.” A guard smiled and nudged his neck. One of his sisters. "Just came home earlier, ok, bye!" Max said quickly as he led his entourage past them.

Max led the entire group with him and ran on four legs towards the center of the city. "Come on!" He motioned for Mabel to get on his back. It made him a little embarrassed, but it was her family, and he didn't want them to get hurt. Mabel grinned and accepted the ride, almost shrieking at the
speed he had, even with her on his back.

Miz hummed in thought, too slow! Humans are too slow! She sprouted her tail and antlers. Soon enough, she was in her full triangular dragon form and picked up everyone except Maxini.

"Oh Gods…" Max almost tripped on himself at the majestic sight.

Amelie gasped. "‘‘So THIS is what you mean by ALIEN dragon demon!’’"

Max shook his head before he continued running, trying not to get distracted by how warm Mabel was.

Miz grinned like the demon she was, and dropped the perception filter just because.

Immediate screams.

Both males and females shrieked and cried at the giant creature that appeared OUT OF NOWHERE!!! Chasing (or more like following) a young male.

Miz sighed. Aah~ Fear and admiration~ So refreshing. (And yes, she was filtering correctly! She just found it funny, is all.) Her smile was wiped off her face though when she heard the familiar English shouts of her humans.

"Oh no!! They're in the temple already!" There was a patio there for ceremonies. And for stuff like this.

They moved past the terrified reptilians who wanted to watch the show and Miz knocked down a wall of the temple. Max winced. Oh fuck…

The Pines were tied up on large wooden piles, for Seb, they had used metal, after seeing how strong he was. The Queen was with the priestesses, and a group of people cheered to kill the humans.

Sebastian and Stanford were screaming, pleading them to spare the children. It seemed they were going to be burned alive? Or stoned to death? Or maybe both who fucking knew in this place?!

Luckily for them, it didn't happen, because the fucking wall was knocked down and a large dragon appeared, growling.

The group who captured the humans stepped in front of the Queen and the priestesses, growling and pointing at them with their spears, while the Queen and her priestesses stared in fearful awe.

"A dragon! I thought they were extinct!"

Mabel jumped off Max's back and smiled at her family. "Guys! Don't worry, I came to save you a second time!" She sent them a smile, too bad they were too traumatized to answer.

"Now YOU let my family go!" Mabel faced the very angry reptilians. Max winced a bit, but he knew she would be fine, she was female, they'd listen to her.

Miz flipped a paw so they could all understand the reptilian's language. She didn't like everyone not understanding things when trying to communicate.

"What the hell is going on here?!" The Queen screamed.

"There are more humans, your Majesty!" "How is that possible! There were guards at the
entrance!” "I knew we shouldn't have left amateurs there!"

"Let go of the humans, and then we’ll all leave.” Miz grumbled. Zach and Zoe jumped off her and growled at the reptiles with their little pointy teeth. "LET DADDY GO NOW!" Their arms set on fire.

"MIZ, STOP THEM!" Seb and Ford cried.

“The children! They are the fire beast’s pups!” Another pointed at them.

“Fire beast?” Mabel repeated out loud before looking at her friend. "Max! Please talk to them!”

What?

Max looked at the kids, at the dragon, at the terrified-looking tied up humans, at the Queen, priestesses and finally, at the head of that group of soldiers. His thin ears dropped and his tail was tucked between his legs before he bowed.

"Please, your Majesty. This was just a misunderstanding, they're travellers with no vile intentions…"

Without really questioning why they could understand them now, the Pines nodded. "YES! WE'RE SO SORRY!"

"How dare you speak up to your Queen? Know your place!” The Queen snarled at the male.

Max flinched, but looked at the soldiers, especially at his aunt Laxki, who was unfortunately sighing and covering her face in embarrassment. "Aunt Laxki, please." "Oh, Max...why are you always getting in trouble? Is it so difficult to be a proper male and just do as you're told?"

Miz growled at the way they spoke at the reptile boy. "That young boy is right!" She defended Max. "I am Miz, a great and powerful dragon, and I demand you free the humans. They're mine."

The soldiers looked at each other while the Queen looked lost for words. She looked at her main priestess. "But...great dragon...They trespassed! They represent a very dangerous threat to our world! They are humans! Vile and destructive creatures! What if they tell people about us?” She whimpered.

Miz snarled. “Well they're with ME and it's not like they haven't seen non humans before. So let my family go before I start ridding you of yours…” Miz snarled in a low, demonic rumble as the skies began to darken above them. Mabel, Diego and the twins stared. They'd never seen her dragon form before. In terms of dragons, she wasn't all that big, but she was large enough to tower over them, her jaws large enough to swallow them whole if she wanted. Her scales were like bricks and her arms and legs were smoothly pitch black, looking more like clawed tentacles. A giant, singular eye glared down at the trembling lizardwomen.

It was so cool.

“Ple-Please, excuse us, great dragon. We are so sorry! We-we will let you take your property back!” The Queen's tail was tensed up. Everyone was pointing at the storm clouds blocking out the sun. They’d heard that some dragons could control nature, in fact, dragons WERE forces of nature, but they’d never seen it in real life. She ordered the soldiers to free them, and to the crowd's shock, the humans hugged each other! But humans were monsters! They only killed and tortured!

Zach and Zoe squealed “DADDY!” before hugging Seb. Seb contained a wail of pain from his still
bleeding arm and hugged them back. “W-what are you all doing here?”

Dillon, Dipper and Ford all ran towards Miz to hide between her paws. Ford couldn’t help but notice Miz’s dragon form looked more like Bill than Xin’s dragon form. Once Miz was sure her humans were all here and safe, the skies cleared and it was sunny once more.

“We came to save you!” The twins sniffled and hugged their Dad’s legs. Seb sniffled and hugged them back. “Aww, thank you.”

Max remained on the ground, looking down as he stood in front of the highest authorities “You’re one of the male apprentices, aren’t you? The abnormal one!” Max flinched and Miz’s interest perked up at that. “You were allowed the opportunity to become a Priest, to restore the disgrace brought upon your family with your unnatural being, you were allowed to brave the outside world, and you bring back disgusting humans into our sacred world? You ungrateful, unworthy—”

"Wait, your honor." Mabel stepped behind him, and everyone moved forward, determined to pull her away. "It’s my fault! I was worried about my family, Max was just trying to help. A-and stop anything bad from happening!"

“Exactly.” Miz practically purred, staring down at the Queen. “If any of my humans had been killed, I would have razed your entire city to the ground and eaten all of you…” except the children, she would have simply dropped them off in the nearest tribe.

Everyone tensed at that. Ford frowned. It didn’t sound like she was lying. That… was problematic. No matter the reason, Miz shouldn’t be allowed to do such a thing. He tapped her tail, “No, no eating people.” (Some of the villagers stared at him aghast, that was the thing he had an issue with???)

One of the guards protested, “But we were simply doing our jobs! The humans had come too close! We had to--”

“You could have easily knocked them out and let them go somewhere else! Humans tend to assume they were dreaming!” Miz practically snarled at them. “And it’s more suspicious for people to go missing! The other humans would search for them! Especially if they have families outside.”

“Miz, even if we did get killed, you shouldn’t raze an entire city to the ground.” Ford scolded her next (making some of the villagers heave a sigh of relief, ok, so it wasn’t just the eating). Miz deadpanned, “They were going to kill you.” Ford nodded, “Yes, and that would have sucked. But your Deal would have protected us. We were never in danger of actually being killed.”

“Loopholes exist. Self defense against you all is something I allowed. If they truly believed that you were a danger to them, then it might count enough for them to bypass my Deal and kill you.” Miz pointed out. Everyone shivered. Shit, really?! But Ford didn’t back down. “You still shouldn’t kill all the innocent people here for the actions of a few.”

“I wouldn’t have killed everyone,” Miz started, which reassured the people listening. That was quickly dashed when she continued, “-have to leave a few survivors to pass on the message of ‘Don’t fuck with me or those who belong to me’ after all.”


She wanted to complain more, but her head turned around when she heard the twins' scared shouts.
Seb had fallen to the floor, dizzy from the blood loss. "Daddy!"

Miz gasped and nudged him with her snout. Fuck, his arm was all fucked up!! "Dude, you’re bleeding.” Miz narrowed her eye. Her tail flicked around as she turned slowly to glare at the guard who bit him.

"Yeah, no shit…" Seb gasped in pain. "One of those ladies had a bite of me…”

“Oh yes. I know… should I take a bite outta her for you?” The dragon growled at the scared guards. They trained hard to be fearless against enemies, but a dragon?! That wasn't part of the deal.

"Please, honorable dragon, let us heal your human, we do not wish to suffer your wrath." The priestesses spoke up. "We offer you the best of our physicians" They weren't even considering negotiating with the humans an option, everyone knew they were irrational beings.

“Hm…” Miz peered down at them, they couldn’t sweat, but their feathers bristled to show their nerves. “Fine– but you better pamper him properly!” Seb rolled his eye. “I don’t need pampering, I just want to stop bleeding…”

Zach and Zoe refused to let any reptilian hold Seb, so it was up to Ford and Dillon to help him walk. They were invited--well, Miz was invited into the palace, which was just next to the temple, and the humans were allowed inside as well.

They'd have to purify the place later though.

Miz shrank back into her human form, but let her tail and antlers out, just to show her power and don't let them forget who was boss here!

Max had no idea how he ended up going into the PALACE. OF THE ROYAL FAMILY, with the humans, walking next to Mabel. He must be dreaming, absolutely dreaming. Miz was demanding food (“I heard you guys have fish, I WANT fish!”) while the Healers treated Seb’s arm.

Seb screamed in pain as they treated it, and thought it would have been a better idea to just go home and see a normal doctor! These reptile ladies were going to break it even more!

Miz was offered a large amount of delicious fish and she started to devour it, easily ignoring her soul brother’s whimpers, he was fine . And he needed to learn to defend himself! Really Sebastian, you’re much stronger than this! Ford was standing in the middle, torn between watching Miz, Amelie (who he was told was actually a Selkie and he should ask more about that), Seb or Mabel, who was talking to a green reptile boy for some reason (?). Dipper felt as uncomfortable as he could be and was standing next to his oldest uncle, while Dillon clung to his arm, shivering. “I wanna go back, I don’t wanna adventure…” The oldest cousin whispered.

Dipper sighed, then twitched when Miz grew back into her dragon form so she could demand the reptilians to scrub her scales. Was she abusing her authority on them? Probably. Did they deserve it? He wasn’t really sure. They did try to eat them/murder them, but they didn’t know any better.

“No offense, thanks for saving us, but you're kinda terrifying,” Dipper told Miz at last.

Miz's tail dropped sadly and she whined. Ford scoffed and finally spoke up. “That's not true! She's wonderful!” He went up and brushed a hand along her scales. “Even more fascinating than Xin's more traditional dragon form.” He brushed a hand down Miz's smooth arm. “No scales here, it feels almost like rubber or silicon...but it's so smooth...soft…” Miz turned bright orange. “O-Oh…”
“Dammit Sixer! Quit feeling up my daughter!” Seb spat before yowling in pain as he was rubbed with something that burned like hell itself!! The Queen and the priestess shared a shocked look. One of the reptile women guards fainted. The dragon was the child of the fire beast?!

Mabel was sitting on a corner on a seat crafted from stone. Max was standing, still nervous to be in the castle and going over in his head about the things he was going to tell his family once Aunt Laxki told them about this. She’d already gone off. Just to tell them...

“Max?” Mabel called him, bringing him out of his thoughts. “Hey, sorry for all this mess...I didn’t know my family would end up here in your city.” She bit her lip, sure that this was going to be the dealbreaker, another failed romance. After all, if his people almost killed her family, and then her cousin threatened to eat his people, that was definitely reason enough for Max to want nothing to do with her.

Max rubbed his neck as his tail twitched madly. “It’s ok...I’m sorry my people almost killed your family…” Now she wouldn’t want to continue seeing him, the first girl who’s ever seemed to like him... But this whole thing went even further than simply a failed friendship. His family was going to be so angry at him! He had a hell of a storm coming to him, Mabel felt terrible when she saw his nervous expression, she knew it was their fault. “You’re getting in trouble for this, aren’t you?” She asked in a whisper, holding his clawed paw.

The reptilian boy winced. “Well, yeah...I shouldn’t even be standing here…” He rubbed his feathers nervously. “I-I’m low class, we aren’t allowed here...I think I just got in because I was with you...One of those soldiers was my aunt, she’s going to tell my parents.”

Mabel winced and rubbed her arm. “I’m sorry, Max…” The two looked away from each other, not knowing what to say.

“Oh, don’t be sad! You’re a dragon’s spokesman!” Miz lifted her head to tell the reptilian after feeling his sadness, and immediately went back to eating her food. “Think of yourself as an ambassador between your tribe and the hungry dragon who might eat them all.” Ford flicked Miz’s snout, getting a yelp out of her. “Bad Miz! No eating people! Even if they’re not human.”

“Well, I would only do it if they tried anything against you all.”

Max frowned in thought, considering the dragon’s words. He...He couldn’t be that important though, he only spoke up when he wasn’t given permission. But that was the same thing the dragon told the Queen though and it did save his butt from the priestesses’ wrath. He shook himself from head to tail before turning to look at his new friend. “Hey...I feel very uncomfortable here, how about I show you around my part of the town? It’s on me this time.” He said instead.

Mabel gasped, vaguely realizing that because of the spell, Max was speaking more clearly, so she’d be able to fully converse with him. “You...You still want to hang out with me? Even when my family caused all of this?” They could still become friends? And maybe even more than friends?!

Max grinned, showing off his sharp fangs. “I think you’re a nice human...and...my tribe tried to sacrifice your family, but I think your cousin threatened to eat us all, so I think we’re fair.”

The brunette girl squealed and, taking advantage of the fact that everyone was super busy with Uncle Seb and Miz, she followed Max outside to finally see his village properly. She didn’t get a good look around back when they were rushing here. The beach was beautiful, especially since this beach had much less trash well, no trash at all. Even with Miz cleaning the beach of all the glass shards and trash, it was summer and there were (nasty) tourists in New Jersey, there was litter
everywhere. But the sand here was soft and white and pretty. Mabel laughed as she dropped into the sand and rolled around.

Max wagged his tail at how happy she seemed and laughed. “You’re like a hatchling!” He cooed at her. “Rolling in the sand like that.”

“Oh yeah? You don’t do this? But it’s so softttt and niceeeeee!” Mabel pouted. Max looked around, noticing the people were staying away from them, (that was good, he already didn’t have the best reputation due to his appearance and he’d be kinda embarrassed to be seen playing like a kid) and dropped next to her, shaking and throwing sand everywhere. Mabel shrieked and shielded herself. She laughed as she saw him playing in the sand with her now.

“Do you make sandcastles here? Do you know what a sandcastle is? Do you play in the water? Can you BREATHE underwater?!” Mabel poured some sand she cupped in her hands over Max’s pretty feathers.

“No. I don’t know what a sandcastle is? We have sand sculptures though. Yes, we play in the water, I love playing in the water, and no we can’t breathe underwater, we aren’t fish, but we can hold our breath for a lot of time!” Max shook his head and Mabel covered her face when the sand was thrown everywhere.

“Well~ I can teach you to make one, but we’d need a bucket” Mabel pouted. “We could go find one and then come back? And you can show me around your home while we’re at it!” Mabel suggested. Max nodded, albeit his never-ending fear of seeing his family on the way. He didn’t doubt Father would have a heart attack after seeing him with a human.

They walked in the direction of the houses and workshops, where the common folk lived. Mabel really liked this place. It was like visiting an old city from the past, but in the present! And with reptilian people living on it! “My mother works with wood, she usually makes things for the higher class families, building new houses and furniture. The best things she carves are totems though.”

“Woooah~So a carpenter...Nevermind, that’s a human word I think...Well, my mom is a nurse! She heals people, like the guys “healing” my Uncle.” Max seemed very impressed. He knew humans were classified by the papers they used as money, but being a physician’s daughter here would make Mabel pretty high class.

“And well, my dad works with computers, which I don’t know if you know about that, so when we’re on my side, I’ll show you.” She promised. “It’s pretty hard, he had to read lots of tiny words and numbers and fix programs that his clients send him.”

“...Uh...That sounds pretty hard...and your dad really does that?”

“Yup! All on his own!” Max nodded at that. Oh wow. Mabel had very cool parents. And her father could read! That meant he must have been from a high class family as well. Max was lucky to be able to read, his aunt really helped him a lot there, getting him that priest-in-training position so he could learn. “Hey Max! I was meaning to ask you! All males come in different colors, right?” Mabel asked, completely changing the topic because she was like that. “I saw a guy with red scales just screaming after seeing me. That was pretty rude. But you’re the only green one I’ve seen so far! Do colors come from families? Is it genetic?”

Among his people, Mabel noticed that all the males had colorful vibrant scales ranging from bright blues to oranges to purples... while all the women were the same dulled green. Maxini was green too. They were beautiful scales, but compared to the other men, he wasn’t as ‘pretty’. Mabel thought he was very pretty regardless, but she was curious.
Max’s spines dropped and his tail tucked a little. He was hoping she wouldn’t ask about that. “Um...No, colors are just good luck...Only females are green though, when males are green they’re considered a mistake and no one would ever want to marry them.” Max rubbed his arm softly. “They’re called unnatural, abnormal...You...must have heard the priestess…”

His explanation sunk into Mabel harder than it should. She took her hands to her mouth. Shit. She fucked up. “Max…” DAMMIT! “I-I didn’t mean to make you think that! I don’t think you’re a mistake! Your scales are really pretty!” She glared. “And screw anyone who says otherwise! You’re really pretty! In both your forms!”

Max managed a small smile, but he wasn’t buying it. She was just saying that so he wouldn’t feel sad. He already accepted it, most people wouldn’t like him, but as a priest he could get more respect, apologize to his parents for getting saddled with him. “Max…” Mabel insisted, but a loud booming voice interrupted her.

“MAXINI!!!”

“Oh dear gods…”

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The Queen was a nervous wreck right now. She wanted to please the dragon, only an idiot would want to be on the bad side of a dragon (especially a noble female one), but she wanted the humans as far away from her palace and her city as possible! Her hatchlings had to be kept with guards in their rooms because they were trying to come in here to see the humans. She thought it was over when the human(?) fire beast was healed (the dragon did praise them for their magical abilities in healing), but they realized ONE OF THEIR KIND WAS GONE!! One of the guards said the human girl left with the priest’s apprentice.

The unnatural boy sure was taking this opportunity to be a pain in her tail today.

“Your dragoness, is it possible for you to leave with the humans you have at your power right now?” The Queen asked softly.

Miz licked her paw and yawned. “Nah, I can’t leave without Mabel.” She changed back to her human form and patted her full belly. “How about we go look for her, I’ll keep my humans close so they don’t mess with anything, we find Mabel, and leave? I’m curious about this place and most of my humans want to see around.” She glanced up at everyone. Dillon, Dipper and Seb, (holding his patched up arm with tears in his eye) shook their heads erratically. Ford, the twins, Diego and Amelie nodded eagerly.

Miz didn’t like how the Queen thought of Max, so getting on her nerves just for today sounded fun too.

The Queen’s eye twitched.

“Look, you can even send an escort, to make sure our tour doesn’t extend longer than necessary. We look around, get Mabel and get out. How about that? I’m feeling very generous today so I won’t walk around in my dragon form, to keep your architecture and people away from any danger.” Miz purred, sweet as can be. The Queen could see some guards making frustrated hisses and her priestesses were nodding at her, albeit reluctantly. But none of them wanted to face a dragon. “Fine, but please find your human and leave, we wish to be left alone.” She massaged her temples.
Dillon’s eyes filled with tears. No. No more of this. His heart couldn’t take all the adventuring!

...He hugged his godfather tightly, and Seb winced a bit. To be fair, he didn’t want to be here either, but Mabel gotta be found, he guessed. Shermie would finish tearing his arm off if he didn’t.

The twins took Amelie’s hands as they jumped up and down, eager to learn new things. Dipper was sticking close to Ford, also curious but scared of the creatures whose hostility towards them hadn’t changed. Meanwhile, Ford’s excitement wasn’t hidden, he was prepared to talk about everything and anything so he could write it down later. "Miz~ Is part of the tour being able to ask questions?"

The dragon sweetly turned to look at the Queen, as well as the guards who were escorting them, and the queen tiredly waved a paw and shooed them away. “Yes, yes, leave now.” Ford and Miz thanked her profusely while the guards groaned. The Queen turned to look at her servants when the humans stepped out. “I want this place cleaned, and you--” She looked at the priestesses. “Pray to the gods so they won’t take offense on this unholy presence in our city.”

-.-

The tourists of the city of the reptilians, or Heeyatl Pak, as it was the real name of their tribe, had to admit that seeing a society of supernatural creatures was amazing. Even Dillon’s eyes were dragged towards a few things.

“Hey! Don’t touch that!” “Stop! Don’t go too far!” The poor reptilian women babysitting the humans and the dragon were wishing they had continued their mother’s businesses instead of joining the military. But noooo! They wanted to be different and catch the attention of the maleees! They wouldn’t be dealing with these hideous looking humans if they had listened. (Too their relief, the dragon did herd the humans up so they couldn’t bother the citizens.)

Just like they were staring around, the family was an attraction itself. Many reptilians were staring at them with morbid curiosity, pointing at them and whispering. “Look, those are the humans!” “They’re...shorter than I thought.” “Where are their body equipment that shoots metal and kills you instantly? Will they use it against us?” “Are the smaller ones human cubs? They’re so weird and round.” “Eww~ They’re all bald and have no scales!”

Ok, their comments weren’t really nice, but they were just seeing a completely different species walking around their city, they had the right to be surprised.

A few stupidly brave hatchlings caught up to their group and stared at the twins and Diego. They wagged their tails at the sight, SO WEIRD! Zoe growled at them, making fire appear on her arms, and it immediately made the hatchlings shriek in terror, trip over their tails and ran away.

Seb rolled his eye at that. “Don’t terrify the reptiles, they already don’t like us.”

“Call them Heeyatl Pak. Don’t be rude.” Miz told them all. Dillon grinned at his uncle cheekily, and Seb answered by hitting his head with his uninjured arm. Ford was bouncing in place. He went up to a Heeyatl Pak male who was weaving a net out of thick seaweed. “Excuse me, sir. Can I ask you a few hundred questions about you, your people, your culture and your biology?

Everyone groaned at that, including the KIDS. How did Ford manage to write three books of incredible supernatural creatures...being like this...

The man squeaked in terror of the human and his spines expanded as he growled and showed off his teeth. Miz went over to save Ford before he got killed or something as one of the females
escorting them all reassured the male that they had everything under control. “Wow, they’re spines are extendable when they feel threatened.” Was the only thing Ford said. Miz shook her head fondly while Amelie frowned. She couldn’t see why Miz liked him… scientists like him were the stuff of horror stories in her family. She understood the Heeyatl Pak being so terrified of that man.

Ford looked at Seb. His arm wasn’t bleeding anymore, but it still hurt. “So...Is it time for me to give you my observations about their culture?” Seb raised an eyebrow at him, unimpressed.

“...Yes, brother. It is time…” Seb whispered, just as unimpressed.

“Females are bigger than males.” Ford repeated again. “And it seems it has an influence on their social organization.”

“You just love being a know-it-all and pointing out the obvious, don’t you?” Seb hissed. Ford grumbled something because he wasn’t going to fight with Seb, and turned to look at the pissed guard.

"Is work divided by gender? Are there male soldiers?"

The guard scoffed. "Males are too small and pretty for that stuff. And who would take care of the eggs and hatchlings if they went to war?"

"This is sexism...inversed…” Dillon frowned, confused. Miz elbowed him. “Pretty sure all sexism is sexism, no matter who’s the one on top.” “Ok. fine…”

“Why are all females green? Or better yet, why are males so different?” Ford asked the guard again. She groaned. “Do I look like a physician to ya? I don’t know! Males are different colors just because they have to look pretty!”

“Maybe it’s similar to male peacocks…” Ford muttered. “Do the colors of your feathers have any special intent as well?”

“No? Feathers come in a dark shade of your scales. You’re green, feathers are dark green. You blue, feathers are dark blue. It’s not that difficult, human.” Another guard spat.

Ford wasn’t going to get intimidated, and Dipper was actually glad he was asking all these questions, Dipper was just as curious, but too polite to actually ask such questions. “Do your...featherstyles hold any significance?”

They thought about it. “Eh...Kinda? Males wear small braids when single, females wear their feathers to one side when single. Braids are long when married, females let their feathers grow when married. The Queen styles it in a bun. We use bandanas to keep it off our eyes”

“Are you descended from dinosaurs? Since you have feathers.” Ford asked next.

“What’s a dinosaur?” They asked in a ‘duh’ tone.

Miz had already Seen into this place, but she would allow her Fordsie to have his fun and play anthropologist today.

“Do you have many wars?”

“A lot. Other cities tryin’ to take over here. Allies exist though. Sometimes we’re at peace, sometimes not.”
“And do you use weapons or your claws to fight?” “Both.”

“Currency?” “Quahog shells or channelled shells, there are three standardized sizes for the region, value depends on size. There is also bartering.”

“This is incredible…” Ford was speechless. A complete society just…hiding here!! With rules, social organization, hierarchy, economy!! All of it hidden away from humanity! The reminder felt just as good as the first time he discovered it. Miz cooed at his enchanted expression. Seriously though, Ford should know there were hidden alcoves of supernatural creatures and beings all around the planet.

Dipper shooed a little heeyatl pak away from his leg because he was prodding and poking him with his little sharp claws, (it was also to protect him from Zoe’s anger if she saw someone else other than her wausing him bruises and cuts), before he spotted a small group raising their voices.

“MABEL!!” He recognized the quick familiar blur of pink he saw. She was with the reptilian from before, and was surrounded by an older couple, a male and female around the age of Mabel’s friend, and the soldier that had led them to their almost doom.

“How could you be so irresponsible?! What was the first thing we told you?!”

“…Not talk to them more than necessary?”

“And what did you do?!”

“…Talk to them more than necessary…But, mother, not all humans are horrible! Mabel’s nice!”

His brother was speechless and his sister, who had been working with their mother in the workshop when their aunt informed them what happened, scoffed. “That’s what IT wants you to think!”

“Hey! I’m a she! Not an it! And I’m nice! And I think Max’s nice too! Unlike some girls here~!” Mabel pouted at the tall growling female.

She gasped. “How DARE you?!”

“Maxini, we put our trust in you…We didn’t allow you to go out to disobey the Queen’s laws…You spoke up to her, in favor of some humans… ” His father seemed more hurt than angry.

“…It…I was an ambassador…Between-between a dragon and us…” Max whispered. And even if it wasn’t technically the truth at the time…it was HIS decision, something he decided for HIMSELF…which didn’t happen often. And it SAVED someone! Several someones! He didn’t think the Gods would be angry at him or frown upon their family because of this.

“Oh-Oh my heart can’t take this.” His brother massaged his temples.

“What kind of bullshit is that?!” His mom cried. His aunt Laxki was about to speak because in FACT--

“Eh hem~” The family (and Mabel) turned around to see Mabel’s family! Seb scowled at her. “Bad Shooting Star! BAD!” He scolded her. “How could you have run away like that?! Your dad would have murdered us!”

“Oh no. More of them!” Max’s mom grimaced. The two families scowled at each other.

“Seriously, Max?! You talked to THIS many?!” His sister scolded him again.
“I haven’t even talked to the other ones, I only really met some of them, like Mabel.” Max defended himself. “Yeah! And it was me who talked to him and wanted to be friends, so technically it’s not his fault!” Mabel added.

Amelie meekly raised her hand “Also...If it helps, I'm not human? I'm a Selkie.” She let go of Diego when the child ran to be with his brother. Dillon sighed. “So Amelie isn't human. I'm not even surprised anymore.” He groaned.

“I don’t care! The Queen shouldn’t have allowed you all to stay for so long! Humans are dangerous!” Laxki pointed at the twins who blinked innocently. Zoe was even sucking her finger.

Maxini sighed. “We just met, but Mabel's nice and I like hanging out with her.”

“Silence, freak boy!” One of the guards who escorted them here finally snapped. She didn’t care if he was the nephew of their coworker or whatever. It was completely natural to insult and belittle a male for his appearance, especially someone with a color as horribly dull as his. Max and his family flinched as Mabel growled. "HEY!!"

“This is over. The humans leave now! Move it!” She pointed with her spear at Ford, prompting a “OW!~” from him. She did step back when Miz glared at her.

“Ok. Fine ~” Miz tugged on Ford’s hands. “Come on, everyone. A promise is a promise.” Miz walked over to Max, patted his paw and smiled. “It was nice meeting you, kid. Very good ambassador.” Dipper meanwhile, grabbed Mabel’s hand and put another hand on her shoulder. “Come on, Mabel. They’re already on the brink of their patience, let’s not anger them more.” He pleaded in a whisper.

“But-But-” How was she going to see him again?! She didn’t want to lose Max! She didn’t want to… Not when she finally felt the same fuzzy feeling in her chest after so many years. Not...when she finally realized she hadn’t felt this way since she first met Mermando all those years ago. Her eyes welled up with tears (“Huh, humans cry, who knew?” Commented Max’s brother). “Max…"

Max looked at her wide-eyed before lowering his head, spines dropping and tail tucked. He couldn’t do anything, the guards took them all in the direction of the cave. Miz waved a hand and fixed the hole she made in their temple. Would be rude not to after all the delicious fish she was given. Might as well send a blessing around the region so they’d get a minor boost to delicious fresh fish or good crops for clothes and snacks. Yes, they were carnivores, but higher classes got vegetables as dietary complements and snacks. “As thanks for the food, I will Bless your lands with a year of good harvest.”

She held onto Ford’s hand, but looked up at Mabel with a pout. All this sadness and...guiltiness, anger....She didn’t want this, not from Mabel…

“Are we leaving now?” Zach and Diego complained innocently as they were taken yet somewhere else. The reptile women huffed and led them out of the cave. This time the male Pines didn’t have to go up through the hole on the floor, apparently this place was much more complex than they originally thought. The guards growled before looking at the group of invaders. “We will let you live this time, as you were accompanied by your dragon master. But we will not be so forgiving if you come down once again!” The guards glared and the Pines nodded quickly. Ford did complain, “Miz isn’t our master.” to which Dillon shushed him. “Don’t make the scary lizard ladies mad!”

They came out of the cave and Dillon fell to his knees on the sand. “Holy Moses....We’re back, AAAHH! YAHWE I’M SORRY, PLEASE DON’T ABANDON ME!” He bowed, and the kids, who had no idea how in danger their dad and family had been, threw themselves over the sobbing
Miz turned to look at Mabel, who was rubbing her eyes with her forearm. “So~ Shooting Star, I’d like to know why the HELL did you leave with that boy without telling us?!” “How did you even-Why?!” Seb wailed. Mabel’s fists tightened just as Seb gasped.

“Wait. Don’t tell me you’re dating him now? OH Ax, how am I supposed to explain that to Sherman now?!” Seb shouted at Ford, who shrugged helplessly.

Mabel had enough. “No! No you don’t have to tell dad anything because we aren’t dating and we never will now!” She shouted at both her uncles, who froze scared. “Because you guys had to go MONSTER HUNTING and invading their land-and-and now I will never see him again!” She sobbed.

Dillon looked at her with a grimace. “Dude...THEY ALMOST KILLED US!!” He screamed and Mabel screamed back “Well that’s on YOU! You didn’t have to go around messing with them! And-And now I-I lost my chance with him, like I always do…” The girl sobbed silently and quickly wiped her eyes. Dipper, Seb and Ford felt terrible. “We didn’t know.”

“I liked him, ok?! I really liked him, for real, and-and I think he liked me too, but now I can’t be sure because he’ll never be allowed to come out again!” Mabel sniffled and started walking back to their hotel. “Shooting Star...I’m sorry.” Seb called, but he was ignored. Ford was completely at a loss, but worried for his niece, while Diego was confused and the twins whined in distress, feeling Mabel’s sadness all the way in their chest.

They all returned to the hotel in a terrible mood, exhausted and sad. And they still had to explain to Mabel’s family what had happened. Ugh.

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Max kept his hand clenched until his family finished scolding him and left him alone. Only then, did he open his hand, to see what the dragon had slipped into it earlier. A small triangle pendant. The shape appeared to be gold, the pendant had an eye in the middle. It was hollow, he wasn’t sure what the significance of this was.

He didn't think it mattered though...His mother had prohibited him from going back to his human job if he wanted to continue his studies...

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They found their family lazing around the hotel and Mabel quickly avoided them all to go to her room. She wanted to go to sweater town and never come back ever again.

Kari gasped when she saw their clothes covered in dirt, mud and scratches. Wanda screamed after seeing Seb's t-shirt and the twins' chest covered in dried blood. "What the heck happened??!" The two women screamed.

Everyone looked at each other. "Well, we went monster hunting? Seb got hurt." Ford explained sheepishly.

Amelie grimaced sheepishly as the Pines were lectured by the old woman, who was the queen of lies herself, did they really think they could pull one over on her?! Wanda scolded Seb for being so irresponsible and letting them get so messed up.

"What happened?" She demanded.
"...Mabel found a supernatural boy who is some kind of reptilian. They hit it off, but we accidentally got into the hidden magical world and they all had to save us. The boy's family is very angry at him now for bringing humans and now Mabel hates us for ruining her chances with the boy she likes." Seb said with a pout.

"Excuse me...what?" Shermie and Abigail frowned confused.

Wanda blinked and decided to just take the children upstairs for a bath, they were filthy and if she guessed right, had Seb's blood on them...

"Where's Mabel then...?" Abi looked around for her daughter. Did she go through a Romeo and Juliet kind of thing right now? She must be so devastated...She ordered Shermie to give Dipper a bath as well before going upstairs to find her baby.

“I don’t need you to bathe me! I’m almost an adult!!!” Dipper complained. Shermie shook his head. “You’ve been wearing that same shirt for 2 days. Take a bath right now!” Dipper grumbled as Shermie held him up by the back of his shirt and carried him to his hotel room.

“This goes against my integrity! I’m 18! Release me!” Dipper shrieked as his Dad carried him out of sight. Shermie huffed. The ungrateful brat. He changed his diapers to keep him clean every day for 2 years. He was getting worried for his hygiene and this little shit didn't want to!

"Where did I go wrong with youuu!"

Seb managed to smile, despite the horrible crushing feeling of guilt. "He’s a very dirty child. You know that summer he stayed with me, he refused to bathe for a week? I almost sent him to sleep with the wolves.” Everyone gasped in horror.

Miz giggled. “Maybe you need to give him a bubble bath or little duckies to play with. Pinetree is just a tall child.” Her smile was wiped off though, feeling Seb and Ford's guilt. "Hey... It'll be ok." She totally shipped them, she wouldn't let Shooting Star get separated from Max, she was her cousin and Mabel liked her. So Miz was gonna try and help her out.

Stan and Carla finally made an appearance. “Well, so, how did you get all dirty?” Carla asked her kids. Their youngest baby ran towards them. "Mom! Dad! We met some reptile people!! They're called...heeyak! And-And it was so cool!"

"No it wasn't! Uncle Seb threw me into a hole and we got captured and-and they were going to kill us!" Dillon broke down as he hugged his dad.

“Seb did WHAT?!” Stan roared. “Where is he?! I’m gonna throw HIM in a hole!” He growled as he hugged his poor, smol sons. He carried Diego easily and it took him more strength but he managed to lift the teen as well, just like he did when he was 13. “Pops, I saved him from the heeyak!” Diego informed him proudly. Stan was going to kill his triplet.

Seb quickly got out of there and went to his room to help Wanda bathe their kids. Before Stan could confront Ford about it, Miz pulled at his hand so they could bath as well. He smelled like mud, sweat and scared human. “You need to take a bath too.” She told him. He sighed. “But I need to fill in my journal about what I learned today with the liz-” Miz grabbed his hand and dragged him behind her to the elevators. “Looks like you’re getting the Dipper treatment.” She huffed. Ford gasped. “You can’t bathe me! I’m a grown man!” As the elevator doors closed everyone heard Miz respond with “It’s not like you’ve got anything I haven't seen before-”

Inside the elevator, Ford went quiet, holding Miz’s hand, finally thinking about how he and
everyone could have died today, and he wouldn’t have been able to protect them. "Thank you for saving me…" He told her.

"You're welcome."

Once they were in the safety of the room, Stanford looked at Miz, troubled. "Is Mabel really angry at us? I seriously didn't mean to ruin her...attempt at romance." He rubbed his neck.

"Yeah, she is kinda angry, but she won’t be angry forever… and it wasn't your fault you got kidnapped...You should have been more careful though." She reminded him with a pat on his arm.

"Is it bad that I want to write everything I learnt about them despite what happened?" Miz smiled a little and poked his nose. “Nah, you just love learning, I think that’s very cute.” She stretched and let her tail and antlers grow back. “If you feel bad for Mabel too you can always go talk to her, but AFTER YOUR BATH!” She pulled his sweater up and Ford groaned when she left it half way up. She wasn’t tall enough to get it up over his head.

“Miz!” She stood on the bed to pull up the rest of the sweater. “Ok, you big baby.”

“What the fuck are you doing?!” Miz and Ford turned towards the source of the voice and saw Seb in the window. Behind the window.

“What the FUCK are YOU doing?!” Ford grimaced, confused and a little offended for Seb...being here.

“Wanda wanted me to go bring the kids’ clothes, but Stan was in the hallway so I climbed out the window into the balcony and was going to hide here.” Seb said matter-of-factly, as if it was pretty normal to jump from balcony to balcony in a hotel to a room you weren’t using. While being so high up. He pushed the window and slid inside.

“Well. Get out. I’m taking a shower.” “It’s not like I’m getting in the shower with you!” Was Seb’s reply.

“GET OUT!” Ford shouted at his younger brother. “GEEZ!! Calm yourself, Sixer. I’m leaving when I hear Stan’s gone...I’ll turn around if you worry I can somehow look through the door of the bathroom??” Seb grimaced and turned around, facing the opposite wall.

Miz couldn’t help the smile that appeared on her lips when Ford took a very deep breath. PATIENCE. He went into the bathroom and closed the door after himself. “By the way-” He called out through the door. “Miz, do you mind if I ask you about your triangle dragon form? I’ve never seen anything like it before.”

“Yes.” Miz pulled a chair over to sit beside the bathroom door. The sound of the shower turned on. “Are you sure you can hear me?” Miz called out. There were some shuffling sounds and Ford responded, “You’re right, can you open some sort of communications between us?” Miz raised a finger in the air and drew a circle, the glowing light hung in the air and suddenly Ford’s face appeared in it. He startled back. “Miz! I’m showering!” He cried. “It’s only pointed at your face.” Miz responded. “But if you’re uncomfortable, I can make the call ‘audio’ only.”

“Please do so.”

Miz flicked her fingers again and the image faded away to a cartoon image of a set of speakers. “Can you hear me now?” Miz grinned. “Good.”

Seb grimaced. What was even going on? Ford started asking some boring science questions about...
what Miz’s arms were made of. “Well I don’t have bones, for one thing.” She shifted into her dragon form as she spoke, so she could inspect herself. “Oh, so… like an octopus?” Ford asked.

“I DO have tentacles.” Miz noted.

“But why is it so rubbery? Is it actually rubber?” Ford mused. Miz huffed, “Don’t ask a girl about her chemical composition!”

“Yeah, Sixer, that’s rude!” Seb glared.

"Sorry? And SHUT UP, SEBASTIAN!"

"Wash behind your ears and stop shouting at me!" Seb chastised him. “Yeah Fordsie– don’t want your ears smelling like cheese now do you?” Miz cackled. Ford grumbled about how the demons were teaming up on him. Seb and Miz high fived. Or rather, high six and high four. Well, they had an average of five between them so that counted??

"And shave with a normal razor please." Seb added.

"I don't have gasoline, of course I'd need to waste my time with a normal razor." Was the scientist's response. Seb turned to look at Miz. "Seriously. What do you like so much about this guy?"


Miz thought about what her brother had said, about how this Stanford wouldn’t like her anymore eventually, but… she didn’t want to believe that. He was nice.

Before Ford came out of the bathroom, Seb left, he was going to check on Shooting Star and see if she didn't hate him forever. He wouldn't be able to live with that thought.

Dragon Miz continued answering Ford's questions while he took his time to wash everything off his fluffy hair, but eventually, the human stopped hearing Miz over the call. When he came out, he saw the dragon deeply asleep on his bed.

He grinned and took this chance to study her anatomy some more.

The arms and legs were much like Bill’s noodle limbs in his triangle form, but much larger and with claws. Frankly, this form looked like someone took Bill’s triangle form and stretched it out until it was dragon shaped. Ford wondered how Miz created these different forms she wore. He combed his fingers through her hair. Was it hair? It didn’t feel like hair…

The long black strands coiled around his fingers and Ford’s eyes widened. Were these...thousands of thin tentacles? He felt them curl around his hand and wrists. Ford tugged but they didn’t seem to want to let go. “Um…Miz?” He tried to free his hand but the tentacles that made up her ‘mane’ continued slithering up his arm and pulled him down. Miz rumbled sleepily. Ford tugged.

“Um...Miz??”

He braced his other arm against the side of Miz’s flank and pushed to try and free himself. The tentacles gripped tight and Ford had to wiggle a lot to finally free himself. He sighed. Miz was breathing softly, snuggling against the pillow.

“Alright, here we go…” Ford muttered as he decided to cover her with the blankets. This was luckily a smaller version than the one she grew into at the Heeyatl Pak's tribe. So she could alter her size, that was interesting. Miz hadn't moved an inch. He watched her chest rise and fall. Was she visiting her space family? Ford knew she did that while she slept, sometimes.
He put on pants and sat on the bed with the dragon. The tentacles that made up her mane seemed to be limp until he reached his hand near them, at which point they would grab at his fingers and try to pull him in. Ford figured this was some sort of unconscious effect but wasn't sure what it was for. Perhaps her tentacles were attempting to capture prey?

He was getting quite obsessed with MizBill's different anatomies...it was simply fascinating. He wished he could know more, but the demon was really shy about it and he wouldn't do anything to upset her...what would it take for him to know all about her forms? For her to fully trust him and realize he cared and wouldn't hurt her?

Ford sighed and absently stroked her bricks. Part of him wondered if she could feel it. Probably not. He wanted to know more, but didn't want to do a full inspection without permission. That sort of thing was frowned upon in the scientific community. But he figured she enjoyed the petting. He leaned against her flank and reached to grab his journal. He wrote about the reptilian people they met today with an entry ‘Reptilians are among us!’ and then when he finished writing everything and sketching a male and female, he started sketching Dragon Miz. She was so amazing...

Ford glanced over at Miz, having finished the sketch of her snout and head. He pulled back the blankets so he could sketch the rest of her, but her front legs were gripping the sheets. “...if it’s just her legs, that should be fine? She was okay with me petting them before.” He lifted one of her front legs to pull the blanket from her grip, and took this chance to inspect the limb again. How WAS it moving without bones? With Miz asleep, the limb was limp and floppy, he easily twisted it this way and that. It felt rubbery, but it was nearly frictionless (in fact he had to grip very carefully to not have the limb slip out from between his hands) when he rubbed a hand along it. It felt smooth but it wasn't slimy like an octopus arm would be despite reminding him of one. Slick feeling, but not oily. A deep black color all the way around. Soft, but with a bit of firmness that allowed it to stay in shape. Elastic and very bendy, able to be bent 360 degrees all around without any sign of discomfort.

Ford wrote down his observations. He inspected her claws, she had 4 fingers, each one topped with a hard claw that Ford knew was sharp enough to tear through ropes. He poked them, rubbed them, pulled at them and held onto her hand so he could sketch them. What were they made of? Keratin? No, it had to be something much stronger.

Heck, what was Bill made of? Ford had never been able to run real tests on Bill due to him not having a physical body. And even when he GOT a physical body they didn't really have much of a time for inspections. Ford wondered if he could get Miz to agree to giving up a tissue sample...for science.

Ford wasn't sure what prompted it, but his inspection of her arm had included his observations on what it looked like, what it felt like, what it sounded like (he held it up to his ear as he bent it around), what it smelled like (didn't smell like much of anything) and finally, what it tasted like. What? It's simply scientific observation using his five senses!

Ford licked the black arm, not really expecting much, and coughed at the bitter taste. It was like...licking charcoal. Wait, didn't Miz mention something about separating her food into the elements when she ate? So was this her body expelling the carbon? Or were her limbs actually made of giant carbon chains? That didn’t seem exactly right...

(Curse you https://archiveofourown.org/works/12230157 for putting the idea in my head of Ford scientifically licking things!!)

As Ford stuck his tongue out, prepared to taste the limb again, he heard a rather incredulous voice ask “Um...what are you doing?” Ford froze with his tongue outstretched mere centimeters from the
black arm. He darted his eyes to the side and found Miz staring at him.

“Um…”

“I'm going to give you the benefit of the doubt and assume you were attempting something stupidly scieny…” Miz glared.

Ford nodded stupidly and tucked his tongue back to his mouth. “Y-Yes!” Urgh!! How stupid! “I was...I was just...trying to learn about this form...you-you look really fascinating and...and I...five senses?” He said intelligently.

Miz took a deep breath before commenting. “You’re so lucky you’re cute and I like you because I would have pulled your tongue out of your mouth if it wasn’t you.” She said and Ford paled. “R-right...sorry…”

Miz curled up again to go back to sleep. “Ok, but seriously, don’t lick me, I don’t want your mouth germs on any part of my body. You humans are gross. At least brush your teeth and stuff first.” she huffed “Wake me up when it's dinnertime.” and went back to sleep. Ford felt quite relieved that she had forgiven him. He was still blushing though. He must have looked so dumb!

He went back to drawing the reptile men and women to distract himself.

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Back with the Heeyatl Pak, the Queen was informed, by some very surprised fisherwomen and farmers, that their harvests had mysteriously doubled. The fisherwomen reported large fish leaping into their nets while the farmers reported their crops were filled to bursting, ripe and full.

The priestesses then told the Queen that the dragon had apparently blessed them with a year of good harvests as thanks for their offerings of food and pampering. The Queen shook at this revelation. Was this all the work of the dragon? If so, what would happen once that year was up? She turned to a guard. “How many people know of the dragon’s claim of blessing?”

“Ah…” The guard looked nervous. “At first it was only us and the ambassador male’s family. But after the farmers and fishers came back and started a commotion in the city square, the news has spread.” The woman winced. “There are already sculptors carving a statue to erect a place of worship for the dragon.”

The Queen twitched. “T-they can’t worship the dragon! What would the gods think if our people turned their backs on them!?”

"Do you want us to stop them?" "Immediately!" "But what if we anger the dragon, majesty?!"

"I want to see the dragon!!" The princess whined at her mother. The King listened to his wife and the priestesses panic about what to do. "It would be a good idea to keep a good relationship with the dragon. Maybe not worship her as a god, but as a protector. You could send the unnatural boy to continue his job as ambassador." The King suggested softly.

"I have an idea! "What if we send the freak boy as ambassador to keep good relationships with the dragon.” The Queen exclaimed. The king sighed, not even bothering to call his wife out on stealing his idea.

"That's an excellent idea, ma'am!" "Such great leadership." the other women praised.

The King scowled harder when his wife turned to him and demanded, "Go bring us drinks to
celebrate! You have nothing more important to do anyway.” The king sighed. “Yes, your majesty.” as he walked off, he heard the women celebrating, “This will be a historic moment for our city! The power we’d get to lift us to greater heights!”

The King was so glad the ambassador was male… Might as well help that poor cursed boy out.

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"Hi... There was a cute boy yesterday, dark skin, tattoos, green eyes."

"Sorry he hasn't come to work today. Not even a call!” The butcher sighed. He was worried, actually. That Maxini boy was very polite and kind. Obedient and earnest about doing his tasks properly. Which was better than some other workers he had who didn’t really give a shit half the time.

"... Oh…” Mabel hung her head and left the shop.

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"Hey, it's me again…” The butcher stared at Mabel for the 3rd time. "No, he hasn't come back, kid.” He gave her a sympathetic look. “I don’t know what’s going on, but his aunt came by and said there was a family emergency.” He hoped the boy and his family were alright. The butcher gave Mabel some turkey jerky, for free, since she looked so down. Wow, Max had really charmed this girl, hadn’t he. The man secretly hoped the two could meet again, she seemed nice. Max deserved a nice girl.

Mabel hugged her legs. It was official. She was never seeing Maxini again. Amelie sat next to her under the sun umbrella and let her sniffle on her shoulder. "Oh, come on, Mabel. I'm sure he's fine."

"Or maybe not! They’ll never let him out again! And I'll never teach him about phones or laptops because his poopy city with his poopy sister won't let him!"

"Hey, Mabs, don't you wanna play? Diego is offering to play with you.” Dipper approached her carrying Diego.

"Not in the mood, heeyatl pak's scarer. "

Miz walked towards her as well, soaking wet from the way the sea threw her around, but she had a wide grin. "Hey, Shooting Star! Quit the long face! Max is doing fine, more than fine I'd say!"

"Why? Is his city not sexist anymore? Is he treated like the awesome guy he is?” She grumbled.

"MABEL!!!"

The girl's eyes widened and her head spun around madly. There, a couple meters away, a dark-skinned boy with dark hair with a small braid came running towards them.

Everyone watched as Mabel stood up and practically flew towards the boy. When she was close to him, Max tripped over his own feet (because his gravity always shifted when he turned human) and fell face first into the sand.

Dipper blinked. "They're definitely made for each other…”

Mabel lifted him up and gave him the tightest hug in existence. Max gasped, thinking she was
trying to kill him, but remembered humans wrapped their arms on your body to show...affection. He tried repeating the gesture.

"Oh, Max, I thought I'd never see you again!!" Mabel wailed.

"Me too! My family didn't let me come back here for two days! But then, the Queen herself showed up at our house with her guards and the 3 main priestesses! I was so scared because I thought I was going to be killed! But-But in front of everyone she-she said that I am NEEDED in the city!" He pulled out a cloak with beautiful patterns and showed it to Mabel before pulling out a little necklace he was wearing. "I was ACTUALLY named ambassador! They-They want me to make sure the dragon receives our prayers and offerings so she blesses us and I'm the ambassador so she sees we're good to all her humans and that we hold no mean sentiment towards them!"

"And that means?!

"That I get to be here all the time! I get to work here!" Max's accent was strong in his excitement, but because of the Translation Curse Miz had placed on them all, she was hearing him fluently.

"Max, THAT'S AMAZING!!" Mabel squealed and hugged him again.

The two laughed as they spun around in the sand, collapsing back into it. Miz had the widest grin. “Shiiiiiiip~”

Back on the sand, Mabel sat up, pushing her hair out of her face. "I...I missed you a lot, Maxi" She leaned in (feeling bold) and kissed his cheek.

Max gasped softly. "What-What was that?"

Mabel giggled. "That's a kiss. We humans do many kinds of kisses, this one is a happy kiss." She explained to the shocked reptile boy.

Max touched his cheek. Wow...Humans were so amazing...Now he understood why the great dragon liked them so much and protected them…

“I need to talk to the great dragon! Thank her for everything she's done for me!” Max wiggled his butt, missing his tail.

"Thank Miz?" Mabel asked confused. Sure, Miz spoke up about Max being an ambassador to her interests, but did she make the Queen name him a real ambassador?

Max pulled out the triangular piece he got from Miz days ago. "The dragon gave me a pendant, I-I thought it was some sort of...choosing from her." Max admitted, holding up the triangle. Mabel laughed. “So Miz was keeping an eye on you! I guess she also wanted to be sure you were okay.”

"Hello, kid!" Miz finally decided that was her cue and skipped towards her new ship. Max quickly bowed down. "Great dragon Miz! I don't have words to tell you how blessed I feel for being chosen by you to convey your desires! I-I promise I'll do my best to ensure my people are honoring you rightly, so your blessing remains on our lands."

“Eh… sure.” Miz made a note to extend her Blessing upon his home, gonna have to set up a proper weather cycle system and boost the fertility of the fish in the area… make sure the fish’s food sources were boosted too… introduce more nutrients into the soil, there was a lot that went into being a harvest god. Would be cool to get worshippers here on a version of Earth.

The Pines finally approached the boy, finally able to talk without fearing to be killed. Shermie and
Abi stared in confusion, because that boy didn't look like a reptile?? And Ford was just very surprised and curious to know what kind of magic they used to create human forms.

"So...We're ok?" Dipper smiled sheepishly at Max. He grinned back. “Xhu! Everything is amazing!” Mabel just squeezed him a little more.

Shermie had a feeling he should be threatening or something? But Mabel had actually cried days ago for 'losing' this guy, it didn't feel right. Besides, he had gone through Mabel bringing home different boys a lot, so he just didn't have the energy to protest her taste in men anymore. He was old.

Seb laughed at the HUGE smile Max was giving all of them, despite being like, former enemies of his species just maybe hours ago. He was so excited for this. "You had something to do with this?" He leaned closer to Miz.

"Nah. Just gave him a pendant to keep an eye on him and be sure he was safe in there. If they had hurt him or locked him up I'd have saved him though. My ship was in danger!"

Seb rolled his eye. "Of course you do..." Well, Max didn't look like a bad kid. In fact, he felt he was too good for his own good, too innocent. Not good to be in the human world which would chew him up and spit out someone this earnest. Would they need to teach them how to act? Mabel did tell him Max had only been here for a few months… His thoughts were interrupted when he had to pull Ford away from Max, who was being protected by Mabel. "Get your own hot cryptid, Uncle Ford! Max is under MY protection now!"

Ford stepped back, because Mabel's glare was almost as scary as the reptilian females glaring down at them, but still looked at Max. "May I ask you a few million questions later on?"

Max wiggled in Mabel's hug. "I'd love to help you, sir!"

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The Pines really had a fun time in New Jersey. The rest of the summer was spent relaxing and simply enjoying each other's company. They went to amusement parks (they were careful NOT to be chased out this time), and they took lots of photos. Everywhere, at every second. When July came, they had 2 birthdays to celebrate. First it was Shermie’s, the baby of the Pines brothers, who was turning 33, yet his mother and brothers all mock-babied him.

The day for the adults was pretty fun. At night they went to party HARD, leaving the teens in charge of the kids.

Miz had to pick THEM up after the bar hopping because they were fucked up, especially Seb and Ford, as the light weights they were. Ford was babbling the periodic table somewhere and Seb was practically pole dancing for the women who were all cheering loudly…

Oh Ax, she wished she had brought a camera…she simply made one and snapped a few photos before taking them back to the hotel. It was fun seeing their hungover faces the next morning, along with their horrified ones at the blackmail Miz got...

A week later, it was Dillon’s turn. He turned 19 and everyone went nuts as if it was his first birthday ever. To no one’s surprise, Phillip was the first person to congratulate the love of his life by calling him at midnight. Dillon couldn’t even be angry, he really missed his boyfriend.

They took him to a nice restaurant to eat and everyone gasped when Stan gave him money as a present! They didn’t see that coming. Stan dragged Dillon out to a bar. He tried to sneak some
alcohol for Dillon but Ford refused to let him. “You can give him drinks when you’re at home. But we’re in public right now! And 19 isn’t 21!” Dipper was there as well, sipping his fruit juice and groaning. Meanwhile, everyone who stayed at the hotel received Phillip who had come just to see his babe. “Rainbow is here, over! Rainbow is here!” Mabel talked to her twin over the triangle pendants Miz gave everyone, and Dipper told his uncles and Dad to return to the hotel. Shermie hugged him. “The smell of alcohol is too much for him!”

Dillon was kind of disappointed but the surprise at the hotel was MORE than worth it. “PHILLIP!!” He cried and ran towards the ginger young man. Everyone cooed at the love birds who hugged each other after a passionate kiss. “You are closer to being fully adult now~” Phillip purred in his ear and Dillon grinned mischievously.

Suddenly, Stan lifted Phillip by the hem of his shirt and separated them. “You aren’t doing anything, you’re so lucky I have a kind heart and rented you your OWN room! Separated from Dillon’s. Which I’ll be guarding…” Phillip paled and nodded. Dillon groaned loudly. Damn it.

Well, whatever, he had his boyfriend with him for the rest of the summer!

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Chapter End Notes

Mizuuma: Sorry it took so long, I got distracted writing IiR
Chapter 34: A date?

Chapter Notes

Miz: The Island is something MizBill created before they went to Jersey, it was in IiR. If you haven't read it, MizBill didn't like the child internment camps and decided to teleport all the children to safety onto an Island that she created. It's in a hidden glade-like area behind the waterfall in Gravity Falls.

Slices of Life and Family

Chapter 34: A date?

Miz commented to Ford that she wanted to check up on the Island. She wanted to use some of what she’d learned from observing the Heeyatl Pak’s (that was the name of Max's tribe, while his species were called the Eix Leel) hidden ocean-side territory. A whole magical realm, in another sub-dimension, with all the space needed to nurture and breed the wild animals (fish) in the huge ocean beyond their lands. So… she wanted to do that with the Island. It was a hidden Glade, much like the unicorns had, in that it was grounded in place, a separate dimension that was perfectly stable. And, well… the size wasn’t an issue. Miz could expand it as much as she needed.

Miz had given Ownership to Stan, Ford, Fiddleford and Sebastian. So she needed their permission to do any changes. The triplets agreed easily enough, but she had to ask Fiddleford for the last one. So Stanford would accompany her on a teleport back to Gravity Falls after a long day of Miz (as Xin) going to all the restaurants and eating their food challenges, stockpiling his energy stores (and thoroughly enjoying himself.)

It was just after dinner now, and Xin was rubbing his full stomach, sighing at the burning under his skin. Even with how quick he digested… he ate way too much in one sitting and his physical form was having trouble handling it. Ford noticed the discomfort in his expression as he finished his own meal. “Are you alright? Do you have a stomach ache?”

“...a little…” Xin groaned, rubbing his stomach. “I can feel things churning around inside, tearing apart and releasing so much… heat.” This wasn’t like that one lunch visit to a buffet, this was an entire day of gorging himself on high calorie foods. Ford watched Xin groaned softly and reached out to pull Xin’s chair closer to his own. “Here, I can rub your belly for you.”

“…a little…” Xin groaned, rubbing his stomach. “I can feel things churning around inside, tearing apart and releasing so much... heat.” This wasn’t like that one lunch visit to a buffet, this was an entire day of gorging himself on high calorie foods. Ford watched Xin groaned softly and reached out to pull Xin’s chair closer to his own. “Here, I can rub your belly for you.”

Xin blinked. “Um… okay?” Ford quickly explained, “I know some stomach massages to help with digestion and bloating? I ah… looked it up.” He shrugged sheepishly. “I just thought, well, even if you digest things differently from humans, you still only have so much room in your physical stomach. So…”

“Alright, sure. Get over here and start soothing me!” Xin chuckled before groaning and placing a hand on his stomach. Ford rolled his eyes fondly as he moved his chair behind Xin’s, reaching around quite easily with his arms and placing his hands on Xin’s stomach. The dragon groaned softly as Ford rubbed around, pressing here and there. The dragon relaxed, leaning back in his chair as Ford caressed his swollen stomach. Slowly, his stomach broke apart all the physical aspects of
the food back into its atomic elements and Xin leaned his head back into Ford’s shoulder, eyes closed and relaxed.

“Enjoying yourself?” Ford asked, the grin in his tone quite clear. Xin mumbled, feeling the energy fill up his reservoirs until full. The excess could be forced into his stores (which was a little painful, what with the burning) or converted back into mass and spread through his physical vessel into his fat stores, and (not wanting to feel that itchy burning) Xin groaned softly as he felt his clothes tighten around his body as the excess was all dumped into his vessel. Ford’s brows creased as the belly he was touching seemed to shift, the painfully tight swell of the stomach all but vanishing as Xin’s lower abdomen began to swell up. “What’s…” Ford moved his hands lower and pressed his fingers into the soft skin. He felt around, confused about the change in mass, at the new tightness in Xin’s pants as the creases were all smoothed out by his growing thighs. “Did you just…” Ford glanced down at how tightly Xin’s pants were clinging to his butt, the poor fabric straining. “Turn all your food into fat?”

“D-don’t point it out!” Xin wailed, pulling his shirt down to cover his round belly. “It-- I needed to store it somewhere!” He was bright red, slapping Ford’s hands away. “Do-don’t you dare laugh!”

Ford blinked owlishly and peered around Xin’s shoulder to look down at what his hands had felt. “…did you just gain ten pounds?” He sputtered incredulously.

Face entirely red now, Xin mumbled, “…twelve…”

“…That must have been a lot of energy, if the conversion into actual physical matter ended up being so much…” Ford marveled. Xin deadpanned, “I just ate a ten pound burger challenge and then you ordered some cake just so you could eat it in front of me! So I ordered some fries and a few subs to make myself feel better over not being allowed to have any dessert-- and then the owner of the shop gave me a free smoothie-- which you said didn’t count as dessert so I drank that too-- And this was after I spent today eating the food challenges at five other locations.” Only gaining twelve pounds after all that only showed how much his internal storage had grown. Though… it appeared he still needed more. Things were so much harder in this Set than his own, where he could simply toss off his physical vessel at any time if he wanted the room to stretch out. Well, no biggie. More Deals shouldn’t be hard. (He also could, technically, expand his Mindscape, and turn more of the energy into parts of himself, but he didn’t feel like doing that, since he was planning on using up this energy, he didn’t want it to be part of himself. That’d result in the same issue as back home, where he could feel everything that was made from him. It was the reason why he stored excess energy inside vessels here, because he wanted the energy to be seperated from his Self) “Look, can we just go already?” Xin huffed, still pulling his shirt down in some futile effort to hide his belly. Ford chuckled. “Alright, lets go so you can work off everything you ate today.” He teased, patting Xin’s belly.

“…don’t think I won’t eat you for pushing your luck Fordsie.” Xin huffed, crossing his arms. Ford laughed, getting up and taking a few steps away, pausing when he realized Xin wasn’t following. “What’s wrong?”

Xin wasn’t looking at him, but his embarrassment had apparently gotten so bad that his scales were beginning to peek through, Ford could see them spreading along the sides of the dragon’s neck. “…uck…” Xin whined, pushing at the arms of the chair and wiggling. His thighs were firmly lodged into the sides of the chair. Ford burst out laughing, and didn’t stop even when Xin whined harder and started trying to kick him, “DAMMIT FORDSIE IT’S NOT FUNNY!!!”
Fiddleford checked his phone to see the time. Stanford said that he and Xin were coming over soon. He frowned. They were late, but then again, apparently they were gonna be heading over from Jersey, so maybe Stanford had forgotten to take into account the time difference between the east and west coast…

Then he heard a… soft noise and there was his best friend. “Ah, Stanford, you’re here.” Fiddleford smiled. The brunet man grinned back, his smile twitching oddly. “Yes, sorry for being late F, there was a bit of an issue with… ah…”

“Shut up shut up shut up~!” Xin whined, slapping Ford’s shoulder as the taller man held back his laughter.

Fiddleford nodded at the other man. “Ah, right, so you’re here for the… permission from me, to modify the Island?” Xin stopped his ineffectual ‘punishment’ on Ford to address the mechanic. “Yup. I’m gonna expand the space, more ocean for more habitat for the fish to breed, need to make sure there’s enough to properly sustain a population. Also wanted to get an update from you about what’s been happening there.”

“Right, well, you have my permission to add these upgrades to the Island.” Fiddleford nodded.

“Thank you.” Xin said gratefully. “Oh right, I meant to ask, have you gotten sanitary pads and stuff for the women on the island? And birth control?”

“...wh-what?” Fiddleford blinked and then nodded. “Y-yes we did. Dr. Wexler pointed those out to me.” Xin slumped against Ford, relieved at this. “Thank you. I realized I didn’t create any for them-- stupid me, should have remembered.” He straightened up and patted Ford’s shoulder. “Well, let’s go. I have a lot of redecorating to do!”

“And some weight to lose.” Ford couldn’t help but tease, which earned him a slap from Xin’s tail (which was suddenly out and writhing behind the annoyed dragon.) “It’s not funny!” Xin stormed off, not even bothering to hide his antlers and scales as they seeped out past his human form. As he passed the edge of the unicorn barrier, Xin threw off the clasps around his wrists and the items turned to dust as they hit the ground. Stupid barrier, so much trouble.

Ford winced and jogged to catch up to his friend. “I’m sorry if I took it too far. I didn’t mean it like that!” He caught up to Xin and took his hand. “Xin? I’m sorry.” He said clearly, not realizing Xin was so upset by his teasing. The dragon sniffled. “It’s embarrassing, ok?!” He rubbed his belly with one hand. “I keep--” He paused, unsure how to explain himself. “I was underweight for most of my life. A-and once I finally put on some weight to get up to something healthier--” He tightened his grip on Ford’s hand, even as they left the Center and walked into the woods. “--mom called me fat…"

Ford was very taken aback. “Wanda--”

“No, not Wanda. My other mom.” Xin shook his head. He wiped at his eyes. “A-and I don’t think she meant it like she was criticizing me-- but it-- I didn’t like it. I didn’t like that she thought I was healthier when I was--” Xin had to stop and breathe. “…I was 88 pounds for the longest time, all through high school and college… it’s… it’s not healthy to be that underweight.” He sniffled. “And when I finally got myself up-- and she made me feel bad about it…” He tightened his grip on Ford’s hand, even as they left the Center and walked into the woods. “...all of society strove to make her feel bad about it--"

“Oh Xin…” Ford wrapped his arms around the dragon and rested his chin on his shoulder, rubbing

“Yes, well, I mean-- th-that is to say--” Ford stuttered. Xin leveled a stare at him. Ford sweated as he tried to backtrack. “What I mean is you’re always cute-- no-- that’s-- ah-- wait, lemme try that again--” Ford covered his face with a hand to hide his blush. “You’re--” He felt like his tongue wasn’t listening to him, Ford worked his jaw, trying to get his thoughts (and words) in order.

“It’s fine.” Xin rolled his eyes at the flustered owl. “I think I get it?” He patted Ford’s cheek and smiled. “Quit trying to talk before you end up choking on your tongue.” He laughed, wiping the rest of the half formed tears from his eyes.

Ford sighed in relief. “Oh, yea-yeah…” his relief was short lived.

“So you think I’m cuuuuute~?” Xin giggled, skipping ahead of him down the path.

Ford started sputtering again, and even worse now. ”Xiiiin!” Ford complained with a groan, making the dragon laugh.

Back at the Center, in the security room, Fiddleford and a few of Ford’s other scientist friends were watching the interaction on the cameras that Fiddleford had set up around the forests of Gravity Falls, a precaution after Tyler got lost in there a few summers ago. They couldn’t hear what was being said but they could see the way their boss enfolded the shorter man in a hug from behind and rocked him gently. Dr. Poddar smacked the table. “I knew they were dating!”

“That isn’t proof!” Dr. Jerald complained. “You just don’t wanna pay up!” was the indignant response. Dr. Wexler hummed as she and Fiddleford peered at the screen. The mechanic turned to glance at the chemist. “Dating or not, there’s definitely something there.”

“They have to be! I mean, they were having S&M in the BREAKROOM!”

“I still think you were seeing things, dude.”

Fiddleford rubbed his chin. “Stanford always did have a thing for cryptids…”

The other scientists stopped squabbling to gawk at their co-boss. “REALLY?!”

“Ask him about Sirens sometime.” Fiddleford shrugged. Dr. Clark looked like he was choking. “Sirens… and a dragon?!”

“Damn, the guy likes them dangerous, huh?” Dr. Wexler looked almost impressed. “Didn’t take mister ‘too shy to even find a place to sit in the cafeteria he owns’ for such a thing.”

Fiddleford could have corrected them, but he found this all too funny. If Xin were there, he’d have given Fiddles a high five.

“Well let’s leave ‘em alone to their privacy, now?” Fiddleford shut off the camera feed. “Come on everyone, back to work.”

“So he’s Ace for humans but horny for cryptids.” Dr. Clark folded his arms and nodded solemnly. “I can respect that.”

“......” Everyone stared at him.
“You’re weird, dude.” Dr. Poddar deadpanned.

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The Islanders had gotten used to people coming and going, but when the Care Units all bowed their heads to Xin and called him “Creator.” they sank to their knees as well before the man—no, before their savior! Xin looked a little uncomfortable, and it wasn’t from the fact that the Islanders were worshiping him, it was because their worship of him was sending him even MORE energy that he couldn’t hold onto. Not in this tiny human-sized vessel.

Long story short, Xin was forcibly shifted back into his dragon form from the force of the worship, which only awed the Islanders even MORE to realize their savior was a DRAGON (long, serpentine and feathered! Just like the legends said!) and Xin was incredibly flustered when they all started calling him Quetzalcoatl--

“What the heck?! I thought you guys were Catholic?!” Xin sputtered as his new worshipers cheered and thanked him. “Fordsie~! Help~!”

Ford was no help whatsoever. “Well.” The scientist calmly cleaned his glasses. “Your father IS the Axolotl after all--”

“I’M CHINESE FOR FUCK’S SAKE!!” Xin wailed.

"I wouldn't be surprised they still have that legend in mind," Ford grinned. "And you ARE a God, and you DID save them… oh lord Quetzalcoatl~" He whispered teasingly.

“You all suuuuuuuuck~!” Xin whined.

He set to work fixing up the Island quickly after that, wanting to be done and out and away from their worshiping gazes (which only made their awe of him all the greater as they watched the majestic dragon expand the very ocean and fill it with fish and other bounty with merely a gesture). The care units also gave Xin an update of what was needed here in terms of supplies and such, which Xin also handled. The poor dragon had his tail down, flustered to hell and back as the people continued chanting “Quetzalcoatl!” at him. “Mi nombre es Xin!” He wailed.

That only made them chant, “Xin! Xin! Gracias, nuestro salvador Xin!”

“….at least they’re getting my name right now…” The dragon complained as he nuzzled the fruit trees that Blue had grown, taking comfort in them. His large body was trailing all across the island as he picked his way around carefully to reach the spots he had to work on.

Ford jumped onto his back with ease that came from practice, and laid down there to watch him work, amused. So amazing~

“Stop being so smug up there! Don’t think I can’t feel it!” Xin growled up at him. Then the dragon squeaked. “The children are climbing on my tail!!!!” He held very still, praying for the parents to get the kids off.

“Gran dragón, ¿por qué dejas que el gringo te monte?” One of the adults asked. Xin huffed. And then, just to get back at Ford for laughing at his predicament, answered, “Él limpia mis escamas, es mi sirviente.”

The Islanders nodded at that, a few of them snickering behind their hands.

Xin finished asking them about what else they needed and made the necessary adjustments and
upgrades to the island. Finally, he bid them farewell and winced at the surge of worship. At this rate, he wouldn’t need to eat tomorrow! And then Xin ducked down and squeezed his way through the tunnel to leave the Island. He sighed once they were back in Gravity Falls. “Well, I’m sure brother’s Sixer would be so angry with me over what just happened, never mind the fact that I derived no joy in it.”

“...that other me IS a paranoid son of a bitch.” Ford admitted, petting Xin’s antler absently. “...and seems to hate the fact that you’re a god.”

“More like ‘refuses to believe it could be in any way benevolent’.” Xin rolled his eyes as he picked his way through the trees, his magic making his paws float a tiny bit off the ground, as they had been back on the island, so as not to crush anything beneath his massive weight. He was churning with too much energy, he didn’t want to shrink back down. It was more comfortable to be big like this. But he couldn’t go back to the hotel like this! He wouldn’t fit!

Xin rumbled low in his throat and decided to just spend the night in Gravity Falls. He’d go to sleep, head home to his own set to drop off all this excess energy, and then come back tomorrow morning. Plan made, Xin made his way back to the Center. Ford blinked. “Oh, are we going to tell Fiddleford that we’re done?” Xin re-materialized his Seal again, clasping it around an antler this time.

“I’m going to bed.” Xin huffed as he slithered past the barrier and ducked his head to get in the doorway. Ford peered down from where he was perched between the dragon’s antlers. “...here?”

“Well I can’t calm down enough to go back into a human form. So I’m going to sleep here.” Xin snorted, stopping to scratch himself, damn tree leaves brushing along his belly tickled! It’d been bothering him for the past few minutes. “We’ll head back tomorrow morning.” And with that, they were in the Center again, with some workers leaving for the night (and staring, jaws dropped, at the LITERAL dragon). Ford waved at them. “Good evening, and thank you for your work today.” He told them all. The staff nodded dumbly. Right… cryptids were real. Dragons were real. What was so surprising anyway? They walked away quickly, careful to steer clear of those large paws, and sharp claws.

(Xin kept quiet about how being so much bigger than other people made him feel smug inside. This was his own guilty pleasure.)

Xin bent down and slithered inside the Center, his bulk filled the hallways, but he could fit just fine. He easily made his way to Ford’s lab, it was large enough to fit him, and he was curling up to sleep anyway. Xin wiggled his head through the door, this part was a tighter fit, he turned his head to get his antlers in as Ford slid down his body like a particularly bumpy slide. Ford waved at Fiddleford as the other man passed by in the hallways. “Good evening F. We’re spending the night here. Xin can’t change back at the moment.”

Fiddleford blinked slowly up at his friend. Then at Xin’s lower half as he wiggled around, trying to fit through the door. He opened his mouth, paused. Closed it and paused again. “Well, try not to bring the building down.” Fiddleford finally said, his tone like a desert in the peak of drought.

“Ah, right.” Ford turned back and pulled on Xin’s tail. “Xin! Stop wiggling like that before you break something!”

“...I think I’m stuck.” Was the muffled response. And looking at the doorway to Ford’s lab, you could clearly see that Xin’s larger hind legs and hips were not fitting through the doorway. Not without some help at least. Ford sighed. “Ok, hang on while I push. I think you can make it, you just need to rotate your hips this way…”
And Fiddleford turned to walk away because he was too tired to deal with this. Let Ford handle his dragon friend on his own.

“Come on, I’m going to push, just stretch your left leg back and twist your hips!” Ford placed his hands on the dragon’s underside and pushed. Xin squawked, “Where are you touching?!” as his tail writhed around. “Sorry, I’m just trying to--” He pushed again, heading towards the middle, underneath the arch of Xin’s tail. The dragon squealed, “Quit pushing between my legs!!!”

“Where am I supposed to push?!”

The two struggled a bit more, both idiots missing the obvious answer of ‘make the doorway bigger’, before Xin laid down in the hallway, still half in and out of the lab. “I’m just going to sleep here. Good night.” The pout was so clear in his tone that Ford could practically see it. “Then where am I supposed to sleep?” Ford whined, leaning against Xin’s (warm) tail. “Just sleep on the floor.” was Xin’s unhelpful answer. “That’s what I’m doing.”

“Nah, I’m going to the break room.” Ford got up to begin walking away, but paused when he heard the whimpering. “Nooo! Don’t leave me here alone!!!” Xin thrashed again. Ford patted his tail. “Ok, I won’t leave. I’m right here.”

Right, Xin didn’t like sleeping alone. Ford should have remembered. He winced at the distressed whine. He patted Xin’s tail again, “I’m here, I’m right here. I’m not going to leave you alone.” He soothed.

“...Really?” Came the quiet, almost subdued question. Ford nodded, before realizing Xin probably couldn’t see it. (The Center was shielded against Scrying now.) “Yes, I’m going to be right here.” Ford looked around and pulled at Xin’s tail, dragging the long appendage around to make a makeshift bed for himself. “See? I’m going to sleep right here.”

“Really, really?” Xin asked, curling his tail around where he could feel Ford. Ford patted the tail, smoothing down the feathers on the end (and marveling at how soft they were), “Yes. Really.” He nudged the tail around, laying down on top and pulling the tip and it’s feathers over himself like a warm blanket.

“...promise you won’t leave me alone?”

Ford yawned, feeling rather tired from the long day. He nodded, wiggling around to get more comfortable. “Yeah, promise...” He relaxed on the (surprisingly) comfortable scales, nodding sleepily. Xin didn’t respond for a while, and Ford figured he must have fallen asleep. Then, even quieter, so much so that Ford wasn’t sure if he was imagining it, Xin asked, “You really mean that?”

“Yes, I’m staying right here to sleep.” Ford rolled over snuggling into the soft feathers.

“...oh. Okay....” Xin sounded... a little strange. “Good night Fordsie.”

“G’night Xin...” Ford slurped, drifting away comfortably.

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There was a bit of a small problem the next day. Or rather, a big problem.

“What do you mean you can’t change back?” Ford rubbed his face.

Xin had wiggled out of Ford’s lab and was currently in the huge cafeteria, curled around an entire
table and attracting all sorts of stares from the other employees. The dragon huffed. “Well, the Islanders seem to be praying to me. They’ve collectively decided it would be their daily routine from now on.” He grumbled. The dragon shook his head, ruffling his feathers. “And human worship is so much more… potent, than the flavor I get from other species. I can’t risk changing back into a smaller form until I can adjust to the difference.” Xin laid his head on the table, blinking at Ford. “Can’t have me suddenly transforming into my dragon form out of nowhere, right?”

Ford groaned. “Well, what am I supposed to do with you like this?! You barely fit anywhere and we can’t have people seeing you!”

Xin stared at Ford and then slid his gaze over to the many, many people pointing and gawking at him. “Riiiiight, no letting people see me.” The dragon gave one of the nearby scientists a raised feather and the guy almost dropped his tray. (“Holy shit! A real dragon?!”)

Ford looked around at his co-workers and shrugged. "Oh, that's completely different and you know it~" He poked Xin’s side with a half formed pout. The dragon wiggled. “Can your perception filter block… all this?” Ford waved his arms at Xin helplessly. The dragon scoffed. “Of course! But I won’t be able to fit back into the hotel…” He sighed. The one upside was that he wasn’t hungry… even if he still wanted to eat, just to taste stuff.

“Well, I guess you’ll have to sleep outside for a while.” Ford chuckled. “And don't worry. I'll be there...so you won't be alone. Like I promised.” The scientist told the pouting dragon. This made him relax.

Xin purred and nudged Ford. “Hm… pet me?” He batted his eyelashes and Ford rolled his eyes. But he did reach out his hand to begin stroking Xin’s snout. The dragon continued purring, closing his eyes in bliss.

The scientists watched the interaction, gaping. So the rumors were true...the dragon nudged closer to Ford, who in return hugged the warm, soft snout. “You’re like some giant kitty.” Ford cooed as he scratched along Xin’s feathers, trailing a hand down one of Xin’s antlers. The purring did remind Ford of a cat, and the slit pupils. But weren't dragons reptiles? No, Xin was warm blooded, despite the snake-like appearance. Ford kept making his observations as he began to climb up Xin’s head to continue scratching him.

Ford laughed when Xin helped him get on top and he continued rubbing and scratching. This was so nice. His hands felt nice and warm and the dragon's heat was making his face go red. He was imagining doing this after working with Xin on a new project, or after exploring an unknown mystery with him, after a session, just curling up together every day and stroking his mane--

The purring rumble of the dragon was sending pleasant sensation all over Ford as he straddled Xin’s head, to pet him properly. Then Ford froze, catching his thoughts, clamping his legs up and together and losing his grip as another sensation made itself known.

--and fell the 2 meters back to the floor with a thud. The people around winced at the sound. They wanted to check on their boss, but...dragon.

“Fordsie? You okay?” Xin nudged him with his snout. Ford nodded, trying very hard to hide his face, he could feel how warm it was, he was blushing so hard. “I-I’m fine! Yes! Perfectly fine!” He tried not to think about the warmth tingling around him. Damn his body reacting to the vibrating sensation! Ford told himself it was merely a physical reaction to vibrations being applied between his legs. It was his own fault for sitting right on top--
“Are you sure you’re alright? That fall looked pretty bad?” Xin nudged him again and Ford waved a hand. “I’m fine! But I think I should pet you from the safety of the floor, from now on.”

"As long as you don't stop doing that wonderful thing with your fingers, I'm okay with that.” Xin purred, lying his head down on top of Ford’s legs, careful not to crush him, “Wouldn’t want you to break your wittle fragile human meatsack~” He nuzzled against Ford’s chest as the scientist rolled his eyes. “Yes well, when there’s a difference in size to this extent--"

“I could make you bigger?” Xin teased. “Or you could borrow Dipper’s grow-shrink flashlight?”


“No, we can just use the flashlight to shrink you!” Ford grinned, like that would solve everything. Xin groaned. “Not… really… I mean… you could shrink me, but I’d just have less room to hold energy and we’d be back to the original problem.”

Ford slumped over, lifting his glasses to massage his eyes. "Fuck." Xin laughed. “Sooo~ giant sized you? Yes or no?”

“We SHOULD be getting back to Jersey is what we should be doing.” Ford groaned, scratching Xin’s nose. "But you're dragon-sized and can't...What easy ways can you burn your energy, my dear dragon?" It's not like he wanted to go back exactly, he’d love to go to his lab for a while, but one, he couldn't do that because Xin, and two, Seb and Stan would claim he cheated doing work and be angry at him and he didn't have the energy to deal with those two right now.

“I could make you giant.” Xin repeated. Ford groaned. “What is it with you and transforming me?”

“....it’s fun.” Xin admitted.

"Hm. Being a giant isn't really in my top list of wishes."

“Then, what DO you wanna be? I’m open to requests?” Xin swished his tail back and forth, making some people scream and duck. (“Watch it!”)

"Can't you burn energy like, running around? Like Seb and his kids do?"

"Our powers don't work the saame~" Xin whined. "His weirdness energy is not independent... And he'd cry like a baby if his energy was stored in his body like mine!" In fact, he used to go through awful agony because of that.

"Then burn little things." Ford passed him a napkin to incinerate. Xin whined again. “Burning it that way would take aaggeesss!” His tail continued swinging around, knocking the least coordinated scientists down. (“Sir! Please take him out of the Center~!”) “And that’s a huge waste of resources! Burning things that don’t need to be burnt is a waste and contributes to air pollution!”

“I'm sure it's not quite that bad.” Ford rubbed his face, at least this talk gave him time to regain his composure. Though… Ford looked over at Xin again, watching the way the dragon wiggled his butt back and forth, sweeping his tail across the room. “But perhaps we should move this outside…”

(“Dude, where’s his dick? I can’t see anything underneath--” “What the fuck man?!” “What? It’s a freaking dragon! Why wouldn’t I try to examine his anatomy?! It's the biologist in me!”)

Xin whined loudly when he heard them and Ford smiled sheepishly before patting the dragon. "You know, let's go outside."
They stayed in the backyard of the center with a perception filter on. The tourists WERE still around after all. Though judging by Dipper's comments, tourists couldn't tell the fakes from anything real.

Xin was pouting, still feeling the energy inside him. Ford was pouting as he tried to think of a solution. They were still here and no progress...

He...was going to have to take one for the team...wasn't he? He thought with despair. “Fine, if... if you made me a giant, and then shrank me back to normal, would that use up your energy?”

Xin pawed at the ground. “Well, yes. But I’ll have a surge of energy from their morning prayers tomorrow and then this’ll happen again.”

“Can’t you just tell them to... not pray to you?”

“Worship is an internal thing. If they think about me, and hold me in their thoughts as a god to devote themselves to, I’m gonna feel it. Heck, I’ve been feeling short bursts from them all day.” Xin grumbled.

"It's hard to be a god, huh?" Ford paced as he thought on what to do!

“...yeah, kinda? I mean, it feels kinda good, at first. But it’s like eating too much ice cream, I end up feeling kinda sick if I can't process it all. And full.” Xin huffed. “But at least worship isn’t lust energy, yeesh, that stuff SUCKS!”

Ford raised an eyebrow. “Lust energy?”

“Yeah, it makes me super horny and stuff. Like, hornier than usual. It seriously sucks.” Xin grumbled. “Bad enough whenever I have dumb physical stuff on my own, I don’t... mind them, but I like to deal with them in my own time, ya know?”

Ford couldn’t believe he was having this conversation. “R-right...”

“I mean, don’t you get pent up and need to let off some steam sometimes?” Xin asked, tilting his head. Ford coughed, face red. “W-well, my body, unfortunately, does experience certain urges...in...rare occasional situations. But I merely... ah, as you put it, let off some steam, and then go back to my work.” Ford pulled at his shirt, right, it was summer, that’s why it was so warm in here.

“Your know, I never even thought about what would happen if I had a worshipper who also lusted for me?” Xin realized. “You think that’d double the sensational output? What should I do if something like that happened?”

“...I wouldn’t know.” Ford answered honestly. Xin lounged on the grass, his tail swishing around absently. “I guess, Jan’s fans would be considered that type, wouldn’t they? I don’t normally have to deal with them directly, so it's not that much of an issue. Unless I’m having a concert, then the lust is just... everywhere!” He shook his head. “One good thing about being here, being outside my Set makes it so I don’t have to feel the tiny blips of worship and lust from my fans.” He could probably just send them into a bubble so he didn’t have to deal with it, but power was power and it’d be a waste to not take what they freely gave, right? Xin huffed. Fordsie was right. Life as a god was hard. “Hey Fordsie...” Xin rumbled, nudging Ford with his snout. “Can I drain the carbon from the sky and terraform the earth to heal the messed up climate?”

“That’s way too intense.” Ford deadpanned. “I’d love to let you do that, but it has to occur slower or it can mess up the climate even worse and cause other consequences...Besides...” He nudged
Xin’s snout softly. “You already said you were going to help *me* on that, it was already *my* plan to fix the climate~” He smiled softly.

The dragon pouted, and Ford was surprised to see that he managed such an expression with his muzzle. “I know, I’m just impatient.” He wiggled his butt back and forth. (And also decided he would just go and do that, slowly pull the carbon from the atmosphere, that is.) A few scientists from the center were sneaking out to try and examine the dragon. (“So, eastern and western dragons look different in mythology, and Xin is clearly asian, so they really don’t have wings.”)

“Hey~Go back to work you fools! Shoo!” Ford waved his arms around and the scientists grumbled at being ordered to leave. Xin couldn’t help but wiggle his butt even more at how Fordsie was protecting him from those scientists' curious eyes and grabby hands. Ford sighed. “You look like you’re about to pounce.” Ford noted. Xin lidded his eyes at him. “I just might~” He sang. Ford sighed. “You’re feeling hyperactive, aren’t you?”


“No rampaging.” Ford said instantly. “Look, how about we go back to Jersey, you can swim in the ocean, maybe make me g-giant… only for a few minutes--”

“I could turn you into a dragon too~” Xin’s feathers flexed, the dragon leaning in and pressing his snout against Ford’s chest. “I’m sure you’d make quite the handsome one~”

“A dragon?”

“You’d help me even more with my energy problem. And I wouldn’t even have to mess with your actual body, could just take you out and put you in a vessel, building a neeeew vessel would take even more energy than to simply make you bigger~” The dragon purred, nuzzling him. Then to sweeten the pot, he whispered, “For *science* ~”

Ford’s face morphed into a distressed expression. (Even as another part of him also whispered -For science~)

They had gone deeper into the woods, much to the scientists’ disappointment. Ford’s hands were fidgeting nervously as Xin wiggled and practically jumped up and down like a very excited puppy.

“William, I’m not very sure about this anymore…” Ford bit his lip.

“I’m sure!” Xin purred. “I’ll teleport your body somewhere safe, like maybe back in the hotel room, and then I build a dragon vessel for you!”

“Why do I have to be in the vessel?!~”

“Because it’s more fun that way! Who would play with me otherwise?? Don’t you wanna be a draaaaaagon~? You’d have your own scales to analyze~ and tail~ and snout~”

Ford’s face was bright red. But..He had been outside his body before (in a much more embarrassing form), and Xin...he trusted him with his body. Well, within reason. Ahem. But… being a dragon?? Ford wasn’t sure if--

“Come on Fordsie~please~”

“Don’t worry~” Xin purred against Ford. “I’ll be gentle~”

That didn’t reassure Ford at all.

---

“….oh. Wow… I’m… I’m a dragon…” Ford held himself very still, oh Tesla he was so big! And… Ford glanced behind himself, marvelling at how his neck was so… long. He was also very different from Xin! For one, he had WINGS! And he didn’t have those long whisker-like things Xin had. Oh science~!! Be still his heart!

Xin lounged on some rocks nearby, the two dragons were on a rocky mass in the middle of the ocean, so as not to cause trouble for the people at the beach. Xin was admiring how handsome Ford’s dragon form turned out. A western styled dragon, yes. With deep blue scales and dark brown spines all along his back.

“Why-Why do I look...like this?”

“’Cuz you’re not Asian and it’s fitting.” Xin shrugged, trailing his gaze up and down, all along Ford’s large form. Those majestically curved horns… that wing span~ oh my~ He walked over to Ford and nudged him under his own snout. He felt so tingly~ Xin purred, rubbing himself along Ford’s flank, to the scientist’s confusion. “X-Xin?!”

“Mmm~ such a handsome boi~” Xin’s tongue lolled out and he gave Ford a grooming lick. Ford squeaked. “Come on~ you’re a dragon~ isn’t that cool~?” Xin whined. He was burning with heat and just wanted to snuggle really badly~

Wait, the way Xin was behaving, and panting… Ford frowned. “....are you in heat?” Ford deadpanned. Xin continued whining, nuzzling against Ford insistently. Ford groaned. This… was super weird. “...your vessels are really accurate, aren’t they?” he wondered aloud. Xin whined again, pawing at the ground and leaning against Ford’s side. “I-I’m a professional!” The demon-dragon wrapped his tail around Ford’s. “But I… haven’t gone into heat before?” he panted, leaning into Ford’s side.

“I’ve read that some species only have a mating response triggered when in the presence of another of their kind.” Ford noted, wishing he had his journal so he could write this down. “Fascinating, I count as another dragon for your vessel to begin displaying--”

“Sure, great! Whatever! Dammit Fordsie~ I’m burning!” Xin groaned, curling his much longer, serpentine body around Ford. The blue dragon blinked. “I’m not going to mate with you!” He sputtered. “I don’t want you to!” Xin shot back, flushing. “I just… really need to cuddle right now.” he whined.

“....if it’s just cuddling, I can do that.” Ford agreed. Then he wheezed when Xin contracted around him, like a snake squeezing its prey. “N-not sssssso tight…” Ford gasped, and Xin loosened his hold. “Sorry.”

“Y-yeah. No problem.” Ford was suddenly very worried about what would happen if Xin wrapped a human up like that? They probably wouldn’t survive, if he was being honest with himself. So Ford let Xin continue coiling/cuddling up with him, purring like a motor and radiating heat, until he eventually relaxed, loosening his hold and sliding off Ford’s body. “Xin?” Ford nudged him with his snout.

The golden dragon was still half wrapped around him, eyes closed and… appeared to be sleeping
peacefully? Ford sighed. Well, from what the sky looked like, it appeared the two of them had been here for hours. The sun was going to be setting soon. Yeesh, they really had spent the whole day as dragons together… and Ford didn’t even get to try out his new wings for any flying yet!

Well, no matter. Ford glanced over at Xin and licked his mane absently. This day had been quite… interesting… and Ford had learned more than…he actually wanted to know about dragons and… mating instincts.

As he groomed Xin’s mane, the snake-like dragon hummed, “…ove you Fordsie…” sleepily as he twitched and shuffled closer to press against him. Ford huffed. “I don’t know what you just said, but sure.” He yawned himself, rather exhausted, and hungry. Dear lord, he was hungry. Were dragons naturally hungry? Or was it because this body hadn’t eaten all day? But he didn’t trust himself to try and hunt or fly or swim without supervision, plus, Xin was sleeping and he couldn’t just leave him alone here. So Ford laid his head down over Xin, draping an arm around the slender dragon and pulling him closer before going to sleep himself.

----

Ford woke up and his first instinct was reaching for his glasses, before realizing he didn't have them on, and he was SEEING. Then he remembered he was a dragon. Right. Xin had oversaturated himself with energy. And then something about using up his energy and insisting on turning Ford into a dragon to do so.

His stomach grumbled and he nudged the golden dragon curled up next to him. "Xin...Xin, can we go back? I want to eat...as surprising as that sounds." Instinctively, he licked him a few times.

Xin opened his eyes and yawned as he stretched. "Wow...Did we fall asleep here?" He smiled as he nuzzled Ford and started licking his beautiful curly mane. Xin waited for him to say something, But Ford just sighed, “Okay, quit that. I’m hungry and I need food.”

Xin swooned, “Gasp! The Stanford Pines wants to eat something?! The world must be ending~!”

“Hah, hah.” Ford rolled his eyes. He got up, getting himself oriented to the whole… four legged thing. The water from the sea around them had risen while they slept and half his body was wet. Blegh. He shook his head and his new tail to get some water off him. Xin was laughing and running around him, looking very excited for some reason and nuzzling his side from time to time. “Haha! Hahaha!”

“So~ Can we go back to the hotel now?” Ford complained.

“I’m still full of energy!” Xin whined.

“...Are-Are you kidding me?!”

Xin laughed and nuzzled him again. Why-Why wasn’t he saying anything though? Xin had… he’d… told him yesterday… told Ford… “I love you Fordsie.” and it had been so nerve wracking to say it, he probably shouldn’t have, but he just felt so good and they had been together, and he remembered what happened, it felt so nice (and neither of them had crossed the lines of comfort for each other, even during all that), and-and he didn’t leave ... Ford had… had promised to not leave him alone-- and-- and--

But Ford wasn’t… saying anything about that! So… did he… Xin had thought… Ford had… (he must have read him wrong, oh, that’s… that’s f-fine… Xin wouldn’t… let this… stop them from being friends... )
“Xin~” Ford groaned and nudged his head. “We can discuss this later. Can we go back to normal so we can eat?”

Xin felt so confused. Why was he still nuzzling him if he didn’t…? “I could turn you back and send you back to your body. I could just…chill here until I get the hang of being worshipped here in a physical form.” The golden dragon sighed heavily.

“…No. I said I wouldn’t leave you.” Ford sighed.

???? Xin was sure he was reading all this wrong… If he wasn’t saying anything about yesterday…but he was still saying all this…Oh Ax, how dumb, he was so dumb… Xin huffed and tried not to feel down on himself. He… probably made a move too soon. Xin whined a little, his tail and ears drooping down. “…” But… Xin wanted to make sure, he wasn’t going to let this be some stupid misunderstanding! If Ford was just too unsure-- well… Xin sighed. “Um… Fordsie?”

Ford was staring down at the ocean, at the fish swimming by. His stomach growled and he was salivating.

Xin took a deep breath, gathering his nerve. “Did you um...hear what I said? Yesterday… After… that stuff we… um, did together?” Xin turned orange. Oh, yeah, he and Fordsie… did… did that mean that Xin was finally giving up his V card? Eh, not that virginity was even all that important. Screw it, he wasn’t a virgin anymore! Hah! Suck on that Pyronica! She didn’t get to tease him about that anymore!

Ford blinked and looked up from the food swimming past him. “Um...You didn’t really speak much yesterday...Um, you mean when you fell asleep? The ‘Blughbuh Fordsie?’” The former human asked in a mocking tone, ears dropping and eyes closing to imitate Xin. His tail was wagging on its own, amused at himself at how FUNNY he was.

Xin blinked....OH. So… Fordsie didn’t hear him. Well. Xin was relieved, and also annoyed as shit. Cause there was no way he was gonna be telling the idiot that again! Auuugh! Xin sighed, it… it wasn’t like he even knew if he really did like Fordsie in that way. What if he’d only felt that way at that moment because of the day they spent together? Auuuughhh! Xin flopped down onto the rocks with a splash. Fuck it. Don’t think about this anymore. It was fine to be friends and only friends. Romance? Who needed that?!

….and he DIDN’T have a crush dammit! Xin rolled around, whining. He was probably wrong. What did he even know about romance? He was just… making things more complicated for himself. Xin sighed. Ford was still staring at the water, head down near the water and his tail waving around as he salivated.

Damn Ford for being so cute.

“Come on dummy, lemme teach you how to hunt for food.” Xin walked over, smacking Ford’s flank with his tail to get his attention. Then, as Ford watched, Xin dove into the ocean, easily swimming by ribboning his long slender body around. Ford watched him chase after a school of fish and then Ford groaned.

“I’M NOT A SWIMMING TYPE DRAGOOOOOOON!!!”

---

Well, seeing as his dragon body wasn't made to swim much, Xin had to find new ways to teach Ford how to hunt. "Have you ever played that game of catching apples with your mouth?"
Yeah. Xin basically taught him to dive half his body into the water, open up his mouth, catch some fish, and come back out.

It worked. It...actually worked.

Xin, curled up in a pile, watched the blue western dragon stare at the waters with full concentration and when you least expected it, SPLASH! He was in and out with a mouthful of fish. He snapped his jaws to kill the fish before placing his hunt between him and Xin. Xin wondered how much of this was Ford, and how much was just dragon instincts...He didn't like to brag~ But he was darn good making bodies biologically correct, instincts and hormones perfectly integrated. (If not...yesterday's...thing, wouldn't have happened. Xin was very sure his big brother would be having a conniption if he ever found out about that... but Com hadn't actually known that having another dragon nearby would cause that sort of reaction!)

Ford sat down in front of him and shook himself to get rid of the water. His curly mane was everywhere now. He silently stared at the golden dragon then at his food and softly nudged some to him.

Xin purred at the gesture and walked closer. He didn't eat anything though (he was trying to get rid of energy, not get more) and curled up against Ford's chest before lowering his head. That was a no thank you, you eat this. So the other dragon obeyed and started eating.

Ford found it so weird he wasn't...chewing anything, just lifting it into his mouth, biting it in two parts before swallowing. It was weird, eating fish without cleaning it, but he had eaten worse in space, and got used to it. And the scales didn’t seem to be an issue here. His throat felt warm, and when Ford concentrated a little, he could feel some sort of burning deep inside his throat. Did he have fire?! Was his internal fire cooking the fish as it went down? Well… that was good, he was a little afraid of parasites, but if his body produced fire then the heat should kill off the bacteria and other harmful add ons.

Ford was so hungry, he wasn’t used to being this hungry. Sure, he and Stan had gone hungry before out in space, but Ford didn’t eat much to begin with and managed to bear with it. But this body was ravenous. He was kind of glad that Xin didn’t seem to be hungry, probably full on ‘worship’, Ford dove into his fish pile, chomping them up, using his long forked tongue to wrap around the weakly flopping animals to pull them into his mouth. He kept trying to grab at the fish with his paws but his manual dexterity wasn’t very good and he found it much easier to use his tongue.

Xin grinned a bit and snuggled as he purred. Yes~ Eat it all~Oh wow, the dexterity Ford had with that long tongue~ He was glad Ford wasn't weirded out by this. Sure he said it felt weird, but it didn't really disturb him and made him feel horrible, like their genderswap weeks ago had. He was too curious for his own good.

"Ah~" Ford's voice brought him back as he sighed with content, his belly now full. "Well. That was a thing." He commented, coughing some fish' spines.

Xin was about to say something, but Ford burped and a stream of flame came out. Ford’s eye went wide. “Did I just--?!” His spines were sticking up straight and he flapped his wings in excitement. “I’m really spitting fire!” He was so giddy about this. He was a DRAGON and he could spit FIRE!

Xin giggled, nuzzling against Ford’s side. “You sure did~” He also took this time to check on Ford’s body, Flickering to see him still ‘sleeping’ in his hotel room. Well, Xin took this chance to teleport some food into him, can’t have his body starving while it’s owner was out. At least, that’s what he’d been planning to do, but he saw Seb kick the door open, “Sixer! Where’s Miz? We haven’t seen her in a while and I'm obvs not worried, but Wanda’s obvs worries about everything
and she's getting worried--" He stopped and stared at the comatose Ford. "Ah come on! Are you two doing some out of body experience thing again?!" Seb groaned, long suffering, and stomped over to pull off Ford’s blankets, looking for Miz. She wasn’t there. He sighed.

"How long have you been out?! Have you eaten?!" He shouted at Ford’s unconscious body. Xin snorted. Silly.

Seb pulled his hair. What could he do??

As Ford tried spitting more fire, Xin giggled as Seb called Stan and both cursed at Ford's body. Then, apparently his brother thought Xin was an irresponsible dragon to leave Ford's body without attention and Sebastian left his own body to GO IN FORD’S BODY! Hahaha!

"Well I'll be ⅔ of our triplet union until Sixer's back!" Seb in Ford's body announced. "Look! I'm here!" He went back to his body. "And I'm here!"

Xin watched Stanley massage his temples and walk out of the room. 'Ford' with glowing yellow eyes, picked up Seb's now limp body like a sack of potatoes and followed him out, laughing madly (sounding very weird in Ford's voice.)

Xin blinked back to reality. Ok. He'd let Seb have his fun being tall and muscular for a while~

Now that he knew Fordsie’s body was going to be well looked after, Xin turned his attention back to the dragon beside him. Ford was huffing and spewing out embers, licking his mouth with a long tongue as he frowned at the taste in his mouth. “Bleh, it’s all burning. But… it’s not as disgusting as I thought.”

"Well~" Xin yawned and stretched and he floated a little bit. "It's time for flying lessons~"

Ford wagged his tail.

--.--

Ford hid his tail between his legs. Xin had taken them to an uninhabited mass of land with a very high cliff. Couldn't he learn from somewhere less...life threatening??

"Xin...I'm not very sure about this...It's too high and I really haven't had much time to get used to all these muscles." Ford looked behind him and wiggled his wings.

"Trust me, Fordsie. It'll be alright ok? I'll be right here for you. Besides, flying can’t be that hard, you actually have wings! I have to do all sorts of magic to get into the air!" Xin nuzzled him before stepping behind Ford. "Ok. I want you to extend your wings."

"Like this?" Ford flexed his shoulder muscles, feeling his wings spread out, ok, that wasn’t too hard, at least.

"Uh huh." Xin nodded. "Now, lean a bit more forward, yes, excellent, good boy!" Xin turned around, his back facing Ford.

"Now this is the hardest part ok? Close your mouth as you fall, wouldn't want insects getting in, now would ya?"

"What?"

“YEET!!!!!!”
With a hard kick from his hind legs, Xin kicked the blue dragon off the cliff.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!" Ford screamed in panic. Xin hung over the side of the cliff, lazily watching him plummet. “Just open your wings and hold them open!” He called down.

“-HHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!”

“Yeesh, still screaming?” Xin rolled his eyes. Wow. He was still falling. Eh, he was fine. Xin put a cushioning spell on him earlier in case he--

WHUMP!

--hit the ground. Xin got up, leasurily stretching his back and tail out with a low purr. Welp, time to go down and check on him. He flew down easily, ribboning through the air gracefully. He landed beside Ford, who was on his back, eyes wide and his legs all sticking up in the air. “Sooo~” Xin sauntered over to raise a paw and close Ford’s mouth, really, all that screaming, he bet the idiot swallowed a whole lot of bugs. “Care to try and figure out what you did wrong?”

“.....” Ford said.

“What was that?” Xin leaned closer.

“...can’t believe you PUSHED me!” Ford wailed. Xin rolled his eyes. “You’re fine. Not even hurt. Besides, how else did you think dragons taught their young how to fly?” (Though, if he were a real dragon, Ford would have been one of those cubs who didn’t make it, what with how poorly his first try went.) Xin nudged Ford, pushing him over onto his legs. “Now come on, let’s try that again.”

“I think I’m going to just stay right here on the ground, thanks.” Ford sounded a little strained, eyes still wide and movements stiff. That… had been… terrifying. No wonder Stanley was afraid of heights.

“Come oooon Fordsie~” Xin whined. “Don’t you wanna learn to fly?”

“Not your way, no.” Ford sniffed. “I’m going to do this the SCIENCE way!”

“...the wha?”

---

“...this is soooo boooring~!” Xin moaned, lying on the ground. Five hours! They’ve spent the past FIVE HOURS with Ford measuring wind speeds and doing flapping exercises. “It’s taking foreeeeever~!” Xin complained again.

“Hang on, I think I’ve got it this time.” Ford turned around again, having walked around the field multiple times, changing the way he was facing, as if that would make his take off chances any better. It was funny watching him jump into the air and then fall on his face… the first 20 times. After that, it just became kinda sad.

"Weren't you the one who wanted to go home?" Xin groaned, pulling at the grass absently.

"Well, not if I can't do this!" Ford huffed. "Besides, you still can't go back to normal yet either, can you?"

"..."
"That's what I thought."

"But we could be doing something fun!! Just try jumping again! Even baby birds are kicked out of their nests!" Xin groaned loudly and slammed his tail against the ground. Then he hummed. "You aren't being a proper dragon... They would just jump. Doing it the 'science way' is straying you further from being a good cryptid...Which means you aren't really an anomalist expert if you can't even do something baby dragons do~" Going for his ego-

“Well, I’m still a scientist on the inside.” Ford responded and jumped into the air again, wavering before landing. “Hm… not enough speed…”

“A BORING scientist!” Xin wailed, "You're less than a baby dragon, Fordsie~ a scardy boring BORE man!"

“...you really want to see me jump off a cliff?” Ford didn’t have eyebrows to raise but his expression was pretty obvious.

"Yes please!" Xin wagged his tail. Ford sighed. “I can find a smaller cliff.” He finally said. It wasn’t like he was actually getting bored himself or anything!

They found a smaller cliff for the wittle scared dragon. Ford had a determined look on his face, knowing he was at a lesser risk of dying here than when he was in space, or when he went into the woods, assured him a little, but he felt unsure with his new anatomy and fell clumsy as hell!

He didn't want to be a scared baby dragon though…

"Need help~"

"...Yes." And Xin, out of nowhere, sent him flying off the cliff again (but this time Ford was ready for it, and had asked him for this). Ford screamed on the way down again. But this time, he remembered to open his wings and hold them open as he went.

Xin sighed in relief when the idiot started flapping his wings. Fuckin' finally. Well, no, he wasn’t flapping, he was gliding, there’s a difference. “Good job Fordsie~!” Xin called out. Ford was laughing as he ‘flew’ around. “I’m FLYING!” He roared, shooting off some fire.

“No, you’re falling with style.” Xin called back. At least now that he could do that, it was easier for him to actually fly. He looked so cute. Like an excited little cub. “Hey Fordsie~” Xin purred, nudging him. “Now that you can fly…”

“Yes? What is it?"

“Let’s go have some fuuuun~!”

Ford had a bad feeling about this.

---

The pilot was just having a normal day, flying the plane, getting them onto a good spot where he didn’t really have to think much, this was a flight like any other, no problems what so ever. He yawned and glanced to the side, taking this time to admire the view.

It was so peaceful out there… up until it wasn't.

He started screaming at his copilot to LOOK UP!!!
The co-pilot, who was looking down at his phone, glanced up, but saw nothing more than clouds. "...what’s wrong sir?"

"YOU-YOU DIDN'T SEE IT!!! HOLY SHIT!!!" The pilot took his hands to his forehead, wide-eyed and gasping for breath.

"What was it?"

"It-It was yellow!! And-And LONG! And it had huge teeth!!! And yellow eyes-- and the thing looked at me!!"

The copilot grimaced a bit. "Are you feeling ok? Would you like me to take it from here?"

"I swear I-THERE!! HOLY SH-I-I-T!!" The pilot sobbed.

“Look, you’ve obviously been flying too long. Here, let me take over. Take a nap dude.

They changed places, but instead, the pilot searched for his phone and got ready to snap a picture. "It's impossible you didn't see it!!" He looked deeply into the front and side windows. "Where the hell is it?! It was huge!!"

The copilot sighed. Would he need to report this? The plane shook a little bit, sudden turbulence surely, and then the copilot heard his partner SHRIEK.

He looked fast towards what he was pointing and in the side window, he saw two big brown eyes staring at him, from a scaley blue face.

Now both men were screaming and trying to get help from the base, but to no avail, it suddenly stopped working. The FREAKING DRAGON moved his head a little bit to stare at them from the front window and blinked at them, almost looking… sheepish?! Then it let go of the side of the plane and glided away. The pilots were still screaming.

Wrong thing to do. They activated the microphone by accident and their passengers started panicking as their pilots sounded like they were being murdered. Things got more chaotic when dark shadows blocked out the light from outside the windows now and then. Also the turbulence. Someone looked out the window and screamed. “What are those?!” Everyone was freaking out, except the children, who were delightedly screaming, “A DRAGON!!”

The plane kept swinging from side to side as the giant creatures shifted places to look at them. The long yellow one blinked at one window and nudged it with its head. The woman at that window screamed bloody murder, but Xin and Ford couldn't hear anything since it was sound proofed.

Ford lifted his head up to look at Xin. "If the pilots get too scared, the plane could crash and they could get hurt, we should stop. This counts as terrorizing." He pouted. Xin sighed heavily. "Fine~~ But...come 'ere, we gotta show them we are wittle dragons curious of this human contraption and that we came in peace~"

The passengers all leaned to the opposite side of where the dragons were, fearing they'd tear the side of the plane. The flight attendants were trying to get them on their seats. Both were wrong. In any case they'd still die.

"The dragons are kissing!" A kid pointed excitedly. The people trying to activate their cameras were screaming because for some reason they didn't work!! But in fact, the blue and yellow dragon left the side of the plane, and flew away just enough to be seen. The yellow one nuzzled the blue one, licking at the other’s mane. With a muted roar, the two plunged down.
Now everyone was on the other side of the plane, pressed against the windows, trying to see them. But they were gone. Out below the clouds and gone. Everyone sighed, the adrenaline pumping through their veins making them hype as shit. And... of course, only NOW were their phones working!

Xin was looking at Ford as both dove down back into the ocean. "Come on. You gotta admit that was fun." Ford sighed, but he was grinning. "Well, a little. But it was still rather dangerous. What if something happened to that plane?"

"Don’t worry. I blessed it. They'll land safely with no issue. Look, a boat!! Come on~" They reached the water and sunk like cannon balls. That is to say, Xin dove into the water and swam easily, while Ford flopped around and sank beneath the water while struggling.

They didn't lose time at all. Xin rose from the water and landed on the ship, making the men on board scream their lungs out. He growled at them for being rude, don't scream so loud! Xin waited for Ford to climb on. Ford shook himself and stared at the poor men. He bared his teeth and growled.

Oh dear. One fainted.

The Xin happily went over the crates of ice with freshly caught fish. Yuuuum~ he shouldn’t be indulging, since he was supposed to be wasting energy... Xin quickly turned away and focused on the net that the men had just pulled up. It was filled to bursting with live fish. Xin began scooping them up into his mouth. But he wasn’t eating them, oh no. These fish were being teleported to the Island. Xin needed to give them more fish after all. A larger population to live in the oceans all around them. There were already plenty of sea creatures there, having been teleported along with the landmass when Xin had first sent it to it’s hidden spot in Gravity Falls, but with the recent expansion Xin had made to their ‘ocean’ area, well, he needed to fill it with food for the people.

While the yellow creature (many of them thought it was some sort of sea serpent) ate their fish, the fishermen stared at the blue one (that looked more like a dragon), it was looking around the boat with what seemed like curiosity. His nose twitched as he smelled everything and them. Their faces were very funny looking, Ford had to admit.

"It-It's ok boy...Just...Don't eat us..." The one who was being smelled by the large blue creature whispered, terrified. Ford snorted. Geez. That was the first thing he decided to tell a dragon?

"Why -Why isn’t my phone working, goddammit!!" Another man complained.

Xin finished taking half the fish to the island before walking over to Ford, slapping his head with a paw. The men watched the blue one nudge the paw back with its head. Oh no, were they going to fight?? But the blue dragon simply went over to the pile of fish and began eating his fill. And the yellow one nuzzled him, purring loudly. The fishermen stared, with their bodies trembling in fear, as the blue one sat back, licking around his mouth with a long tongue, cleaning himself off. And then the two creatures simply flew back up into the sky.

A couple fell to their knees as others finally felt safe enough to faint.

Meanwhile, Xin and Ford landed back on their rocky island and Xin laughed loudly. “Did you see the looks on their faces?! HILARIOUS!” He rolled around on the ground. Ford chuckled. “Yes, it was quite funny. But I think we should go back now. It’s been two days. I’m sure everyone’s worried. I know you’ve probably figured out a fix for your storage issue by now. I’ve seen how deeply asleep you’ve been.” (Ford wasn’t stupid, even if he was a bit oblivious. He knew that Xin must have gone back to his own side of the Door, and that meant he must have been working on his
energy storage issue.)

Xin sighed. “Yeah, fine.” He licked at his paw and rubbed it against his feathers. “I’m gonna miss being a dragon with you though.” He told Ford. “You’re very handsome.”

Ford wagged his tail nervously, and looked away. "I...thank you...Um...It's always quite the experience to be with you as well...Even...fun sometimes." He gave him a tiny smile.

“Sometimes??”

“Most times.” Ford corrected. “But that’s still not all time.”

Xin made offended sounds. “Well! Well!” He scoffed. “Then I’m going to have to try harder to make it fun ALL times mister!” He bumped Ford’s side with his butt and Ford laughed. "Looking forward to that then."

Xin took both of them back to New Jersey. They were back in the mindscape, no dragon forms. He went to Ford's bedroom but...His body wasn't there.

Right. Seb was borrowing it…

He Flickered and winced at what he Saw.

"Where's my body?" Ford groaned.

"Do you really want to know?"

"...Yes."

So Xin took Ford to where the family was. Everyone seemed uncomfortable or pissed off. Shermie was about to throw hands.

"Well, and then I did this nerd thing that exploded in my face!" Ford's body said proudly before slumping in the chair. Seb gasped. "Oh Ax~ Ford, you should be more careful!"

'Ford' opened his eyes. "Hah! Surviving is the greatest reward, yes, I love it when I do that!"

Wanda was covering her face. "He went insane...Help."

When Seb was back in his body, Ford quickly dove into his own to stop this one-one conversation.

"Seb-"

"GOD, STOP IT SEBASTIAN!!!" Sherman screamed before swinging at 'Ford's stomach. The hit was caught, just in time. Ford's reflexes had kicked in. Seb, in his own body, widened his eye as Ford's body, now controlled by probably Ford himself, wheezed a little bit, he caught the blow, but Shermie punched HARD. "That...wasn't very good timing, Sherman."

"Holy Moses, you're back." Stan gasped.

Sherman punched Ford again, much to their mom's complaints of being civil. "That's for leaving us alone with Seb while he DOES this for the past two days!!"

Ford coughed. “Right, well, that was entirely Xin’s fault.”

“Gasp!” Xin placed his hands on his chest. “You would leave me all alone in my time of NEED?!!"
“Of course not.” Ford rolled his eyes. “But you didn’t have to put me in a vessel. We could have just hung out on the ocean for a while normally.”

"...What were you two doing?” Wanda and Carla asked suspiciously.

Ford coughed. "Oh well...Just...cryptid investigation…” His family didn't seem too convinced but they decided to drop it.

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“FORD! What the hell were you and Xin doing?! The sailors are all claiming they saw DRAGONS stealing their fish!” Wanda glared. To Ford’s relief, Xin raised his hand. “That was entirely my idea. Sorry. I just thought it would be fun.”

Ford knew about this. He had gotten messages from Fiddleford about how lots of people have sent messages and letters to the Research Center telling them about dragons and to do something about it.

Wanda groaned. “Unless you have a really good excuse, you’re gonna be grounded for an extra week.”

Xin wiggled, looking chastised. Amelie was giggling behind her hand, along with the teens. It was funny watching Xin, a grown man, get scolded. “I wanted to teach Ford how to fly and swim… and I needed some more fish for the people on the Island…”

“...you could grab fish from the ocean directly, and you KNOW it.” Wanda wasn’t backing down. Xin’s feathers drooped. “…I thought it was funny? And no one got hurt-”

“Those sailors are screaming at everyone they can see along the pier and beach to beware of the dragons. The cops were called, last I checked.” Wanda deadpanned. Xin winced.

"You could have told him no, you know that." Stan deadpanned at his older triplet. Ford grinned, hands behind his back. "Well yes...But it was fun...And Xin getting scolded is a hilarious thing to watch.”

Xin sent him a glare and Ford smirked. Xin’s eyes narrowed. Oh, so it was gonna be like that huh? Well, challenge accepted.

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Xin was hyped up on energy for a whole week before he apparently raised his energy storage well enough that he could eat again. Xin was floored by this revelation. How intense human worship was. (Though, perhaps it was more potent here, with humanity that weren’t just extensions of himself? Everything in his own dimension was made out of pieces of himself after all, so maybe getting worshipped by them just didn’t have as much of a kick to it.) He hadn’t messed with that too much in his own Earth. There were a few people here and there-- but he never went out of his way to be seen as a deity to people. He was fine with being a muse. Well, there was being a cat in Egypt, which was great- but it wasn’t quite the same? And Xin found himself wondering if he should actually go for it or not. Probably not. Too much. Being a god only meant more responsibilities. And he hated having responsibilities.

He was fine with the people self governing. Micromanaging his farmlands was enough work!

After his punishment for scaring the humans passed, Mabel had the idea to go to the beach and play something. Of course, her intention was TOTALLY spending time with family, and not
because she wanted to see Max and show him all kinds of human things and admiring his pretty face lighting up at everything. Not At all.

They also invited Amelie, because she was just very nice to hang out with. Her parents didn't like her spending so much time with 'humans', but after telling them that the Pines were chill with magic (and in fact, were magic themselves, to a point), they were more comfortable to let their daughter play with them.

At some point a volleyball match started. The triplets and Shermie formed teams and everything. The only funny thing about it was how seriously they took it. As if their lives depended on it.

"You knucklehead!! Catch the ball!" "You idiot!! Don't hit me!" Stan and Shermie fought each other as they played.

Mabel and the others were playing less boisterously (though Mabel sometimes lost herself and started spiking the ball at high speeds). And Max loved the game, he got the hang of it pretty fast and didn't usually have trouble passing the ball to the other side (Mabel had to reassure the tall wittle reptile boy that no one would get angry the few times he missed) Amelie was quite good at it. Xin… on the other hand…

"Oof!!" The dragon face planted into the sand once again. He laid there, face in the sand and butt in the air.

Then the ball hit his butt. Hard. Again. Xin whined.

"Fez don't be a dick!" Seb called as Stan laughed his ass off. “It’s so BOUNCY!” Seb was smirking though, so his worry wasn't too sincere. Stanford was deadpanning at both of them for bullying the poor dragon. Dillon crouched beside Xin, “Wow. You’re really bad at this.”

“Mmph mm hmmmm!” Xin complained. He sat back up and wiped the sand from his face. “Gimme something to kick and I’ll take his head off…” He glowered in Stan’s direction. Amelie patted his head. “There, there. Everyone has things they’re good or bad at. There’s nothing wrong with that.”

They took a break from the game, it was obvious the Pines couldn't take it without fighting. Max was sitting next to Mabel, questioning her about the metal in her mouth. "It's a retainer, to hold your teeth still so they won't move and get all twisted."

"I don't get it, but cool!" Max smiled brightly. He pulled a little at his cloth belt's hem. He had been researching in the scrolls and clay tablets for information, but he had managed to transmute his cape into a long piece of cloth all by himself. He just wrapped it around his waist. He was just too proud of his new position, he felt useful, and needed and his parents felt proud of him for once in his life...It meant the world for him and he wanted to wear it.

"Oh!! I just realized I haven't shown you my phone! Here take a look! You can communicate with people even if you're far away!! And you get access to the internet, where you can learn anything you need." Mabel typed in clothes as an example and Max thought his brain was going to burst with how many things suddenly appeared in the box thing.

"Also, I got a tv in my hotel room, after this we can go watch stuff together~"

"Absolutely not!" Was Shermie's shout from somewhere.

"We're just friends!" Mabel smiled and glanced at Max. For now...
Shermie folded his arms. "Mabel Pines, as your father, I am telling you that you need to have your brother and cousins with you for any movie nights." Mabel rolled her eyes. "Sure dad~Not fun." Dipper and Dillon groaned loudly. As if they didn't have stuff to do! Max just looked adorably confused.

Xin raised his hand. "I can chaperone." He glanced down at the children. "And I can take the twins and Diego with us." Dipper jumped on this, "Yeah, the kids can go with Mabel. So me and Dillon don't have to." Dillon nodded, holding hands with Phillip. Stan grumbled a little. "Dillon needs supervision too. Diego, you go with him."

"Yay! I get to hang out with Phillip!" Diego cheered and ran towards the ginger boy who picked him up with a smile.

"Why does the Great Dragon want to come with us?" Max asked Mabel softly. "Does...Does your father not like me? I wouldn't hurt you if that's what he thinks."

"Eh... so he can spend time with us... It's not that dad thinks I'll get hurt, he's just afraid I'm gonna have too much fun," Mabel pouted at the chaperone. But she couldn't turn down the twins, who were chanting "'Movie! Movie!'"

"I thought humans liked to have fun too." Max was so confused. Mabel blushed a little and giggled. "Don't worry about that."

Xin followed the human and eix leel couple, with the twins holding each of the dragon’s hands as they made their way back to the hotel. As the twins were sharing a room, Mabel stole Dipper's tablet and settled in with Max on her bed while the twins climbed next to them, innocently unaware of the huge 'ruining of the mood' they were creating. For Zach and Zoe it was just hanging out with their cousin and a new friend. Xin sat on Dipper's bed to watch them.

"What do you want to watch? A movie is a...is a picture, a bunch of pictures that move so fast together that the images move and they tell a nice story you can watch!"

Max rubbed his (now hair-looking) feathers, confused. "Um...You can choose?" He wasn't sure if he understood the concept of a movie yet. Or a moving picture? He knew what drawings were, but how did they move?

She passed the tablet to the five year olds and told them to choose wisely. "It's Maxi's first movie ever, it has to be a good one." The twins gasped and nodded solemnly. They couldn’t believe Mabel was trusting them with such an important task.

As the twins searched and debated, Mabel leaned against Max's shoulder. She could sense the faint feeling of the pointed spines he had in his reptilian form. Magic was weird. She could feel them but...not actually grab them, nor his tail. His tail was hitting the pillow (very very softly, it was barely noticeable because of the spell) but when she waved her hand around it...she felt like a very dense mist? Without really hitting anything. Amazing~

"What sorts of stories do you like?" Mabel asked him, to see if there was a way to narrow down what sort of genre they could find for the movie.

"It's ok, we can um, watch a story you like." Max insisted but Mabel poked his cheek. "Nou~ It's YOUR choice! And your first movie! I wanna know what YOU like! I know what I like. But this is about you right now."

Max shifted awkwardly in place and glanced at the twins who were deadpanning at him like
saying 'come on man, choose already'. He sighed and after glancing at the encouraging smile of the Great Dragon, he thought about it. "Well, when I was a pup...I loved hearing from the storyteller about the stories of the Gods, their adventures and all the things they've done for us...Also, stories of great adventurers and the...exciting things they've done. I have a friend, he's a merman, and he has been around the world a lot, he used to tell me what he saw...I'd love a story with, um, these moving pictures, about an adventurer's stories...or...A hero too. There's a story of a legendary hero in my town, that is known because she defeated an entire army with just a few other females! And she saved everyone and became a hero and everyone loved her! I liked it too because...it was rumoured that she had a few blue scales mixed in with the usual green, which, made eix leel not believe in her at first...But she did it, and, and the storyteller was great telling us about her story..."

Zoe blinked. "Isn't that Mulan?"

"What's a moo-land?"

“Hang on, Disney time!” Mabel grinned, setting up the movie. Xin giggled. “There’s a tiny little baby dragon in this movie.” He said in delight. Max stared. “They had pictures of dragons?”

“They’re drawings. Humans have such wonderful imaginations~” Xin told him with a big proud smile. Max frowned. Was he being too dumb to understand what was going on? The twins patted his arms. “You’ll see when we start watching.” Zach told him cheerfully.

Mabel hummed as the movie loaded. "You see, movies can be very different. One type can be moving pictures, you see real people and objects in there, but nothing happening there is actually happening, and the other one has moving drawings! A lot of different drawings put together to make it seem they're moving"

"Look, Max! The movie is starting!! Listen!!" Zoe hit his arm to call his attention.

The music started and Max's eyes widened as everything moved on its own. "Woah…"

"Welcome to post industrial technology, Maxi." Xin waved his hands around dramatically. Everyone gathered around the tablet to watch the movie, and Max found himself rather confused about what was happening. Why was the girl being dressed up all pretty to go see the matchmaker? That was something that men did. Max remembered when he was put before the village matchmaker, and was told that there was no way any woman would want someone like him. Even if he was great at everything a male should be good at, (he could even cook better than his brother, he liked finding new things to make fish taste different), no woman would want to mate with him, for fear of their children turning out so hideous.

"-fool of me. And bring honor to my family tree. Keep my father's standing tall~ " Well, he could relate a lot to that… and also to how the main character nearly missed the event altogether. Max was sure that even if his scales were decent looking, he'd still find some way to be rejected.

Max was feeling terrible after the girl's terrible mess with the matchmaker. She fucked it all up and now no one was going to marry her either. " Why is my reflection someone I don't know~? Somehow I cannot hide. Who I am Though I've tried~ " Max sobbed.

"I don't like this story, Mabel…" He sniffed, wiping his tears rapidly. "Is it ending already?" His father told stories like this to make his brother and him behave. *Fuck up and you'll end up single and ugly, though Max is already ugly, so he needs to work extra hard if he ever wants a mate.*

“Oh Max! Nooo, it gets better!” Mabel reached out to hug the sweet baby. “Lots of human stories
have sad circumstances in the beginning, and they’re about the main character overcoming them and getting a happy ending.” She patted his hand as she wrapped her arm around him.

The story continued and the dense mist hitting the pillow got harder as his tail moved faster at the dragon's appearance. It made him smile and everyone was glad to see that.

"So...Human males go to war." "Yeah, biologically they're prone to be stronger than females so a long time ago only males could fight. Now though, many girls are part of the military and they're amazing!" Mabel explained with her hands on his shoulder. Xin wanted to correct her on the historical accuracy, but decided against it. No need to confuse Max even more.

"And...She is going to act like a human male to be accepted...But that's so easy! Human males and females look a lot more alike!" Max complained with a pout until his eyes widened. Oh~

The girl managed to do it and she became a good soldier throughout the movie. Mabel was right, the story DID get better! Which only made Max think harder about this brilliant idea he just had. All his life, everyone had told him he was such an ugly shade of green. Well, females were green, though theirs was a slightly different color, but Max was sure that with a little work he might be able to pass himself off as a small female?

The military had always been a great way to socially ascend, like his aunt and his sister. He could do that too! Like the mooland girl or the legend of the great female!

Xin sent him a raised eyebrow at the incredibly loud thoughts the eix leel boy was making and then watching him gasp loudly when Mulan was discovered to be a woman and everyone in the movie gasped, with the annoying advisor man sneering at her. "He-He can't kill her! Right?!!"

"No spoilers." Zach shrugged innocently.

Mulan's life was spared and Max fell backwards onto the pillow. Mabel patted his shoulder gently. Was the movie too much for someone seeing a movie for the first time? And a tablet? And a screen?

"You're not posing as a female in another village, Maxini." Were Xin next words at his apparent relief. "No one would spare your life like this and you know it."

"Great Dragon!" Max's green eyes widened. "Can you--" Mabel stared at Max incredulously. "Max no!! Movies are not so you go around imitating them!! Besides, I like you male!" she shook him by his shoulders. “You’re really handsome as a man!”

Zach and Zoe stared at Max with very judging looks and had to pause the movie at this. "No. Just no." Zoe shook her head. “If Max wanted to be a girl, you can’t tell him he can’t!” Zoe huffed, somehow managing to convey this controversial idea so simply despite only being 5 years old.

Zach on the other hand felt somehow offended. "But Max isn't a girl. Right? Mulan isn't a boy just because she dresses like one. She <i>could</i> be a boy but she even says that she isn’t. And even if she’s strong and good at fighting, that doesn’t make her a boy, she wants to be a daughter, not a son.” Zach huffed. He didn’t go out of his way to be all ‘manly’ like uncle Stan, he didn’t need to. He was still a boy! Zach asked Max carefully. “Do you feel like you’re a girl? Do you want to be a girl?”

Max blinked, not used to such intensity from children. “I...I suppose I don’t...No. I'm a male. I just...If Mooland could find a way to do it, maybe I could do it too. She also couldn't get married, but she...she didn't want to. I wish I could get married, that's what I...what I've always wanted in my
Max liked his apprenticeship, and learning magic, because he liked learning, but his dream had always been being able to get married, like any male. If he couldn't do that… well, then his life was pointless, wasn’t it? But here. He was SEEING how someone actually managed to make it work in the military!

"Do you actually want to join your army?" Mabel grimaced. "Again. Movies are not to be imitated! And you MUST have other things you want to do! Right? Not just...get married… Which, is fine for some people but...That can't be the only dream you have...right?"

Max shifted awkwardly. To be fair, he had always wanted to travel like merchants did, or visit places, like his merman friend did, swimming around, but that was inappropriate. "No. It is. That’s all it is.” He lied.

"But...weren't you practicing? For-For priesthood? You told me!" Mabel insisted. "Yeah, my family and I were hoping that it'd make me more valuable for someone to finally marry me…” Zoe stuck her tongue out. Ew. Marry.

Mabel pulled at her hair. This physically burned her inside. It was so horrible!! Max wouldn't ACTUALLY believe he would only be worth something when he gets married right?? And seeing how his poop village was, being married felt like he'd be owned by someone! And she didn't want that! Women and men shouldn't be thinking that was the only worth they had!

The tablet beeped and Mabel noticed it was low on battery. "Hey kiddos, why don't you bring a charger...um, Dipper forgot the charger, but any of our uncles might have one. And you could take Max around the hotel!"

Max nodded as he followed the twins to walk around the...shared...palace place Mabel was staying at. (They had to explain that they didn't own the hotel.)

Then Mabel grabbed the kittie pillow she brought with her and screamed into it.

Xin sighed and looked at Mabel. "I think you gotta understand, Shooting Star...That Maxini comes from an entirely different culture than this yours. As well as a different species. It's sexist, yes, but it’s not quite comparable to what humans have nowadays." He told the distressed teen. "Max's world is centuries of progress behind, using magic only for ritual or religious purposes. And unlike humans, who needed to develop more technology to survive, they rely a lot more on their natural instincts and physical strength than humans do..."

Mabel wiped her tears with her sleeve. "I don't want him to think that way…"

"Give him time." Xin told her. "He'll learn while he's here, he's very intelligent, even if he doesn't believe it."

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One day Amelie couldn't make it to hang out with the Pines, Mabel quickly decided to invite Max for dinner with them after his job. Xin helped teleport the daily pay of meat Max always got from his job back to his village. (The butcher thought Max's aunt asked for a very strange contract. )

Mabel ordered him a soup, he had never had soup before and observed the utensils deep in thought. Max knew those existed, but he only used big knives at his job and he had never used 'spoons' or 'forks'. The toddlers were more than glad to teach him how to hold them and after a few attempts, he weakly held it to eat his warm soup.
Mabel sighed dreamily as her twin narrowed his eyes at her. "Mabel...He's like a caveman...from a different species. Are you sure you really want to date a cryptid?" He whispered at her. Mabel scoffed (even as she told him, "Rude. He’s not a caveman!")

"Of course I do! I was so ready to date Mermando back then!" "How would that even work--"

Max coughed a little. "You-You said Mermando?"

"Um, yeah! He's a merman! He's king now! And married to a beautiful manatee queen. We met as kids!"

Max licked his spoon and gaped. "N-No way!! I-I KNOW him! He-he's the merman friend I told you about days ago! We've known each other since we were pups!"

Mabel shrieked and Stan gaped when the glass he was going to grab fuckin exploded.

"NO WAY!! OH MY GOSH!!! DIPPER DID YOU HEAR THAT?!" Mabel grabbed her twin by his shoulders to shake him. "I NEED to tell Mermando!!"

"First eat." Abigail sighed.

"Wait, Mermando? The fish man whose wife kidnapped you?" Shermie gasped. Small world!

"Yup! Dipper and I's first kiss!" Mabel waved a hand. Shermie spat his food, making Seb burst out into laughter as everyone grimaced. "For the last time, Mabel, I didn't kiss him!! I did inversed CPR!"

"Sure bro, anyway! GASP! I could tell Mermando and we could have double dates! I mean..I know we aren't dating dating yet but we could...work on that, right?"

Max had no idea what a date was, or a double one. He lifted his bowl to lick at the rests of food, and surprisingly, it was Zoe who lowered his arms. "Nono. No licking the plate. We only lick it at home."

"Woo! That's my baby!" Seb congratulated as Wanda smiled a little. "She's got the spirit."

"It'd be fun to see Mermando again with you." The boy nodded finally. Mabel cheered again.

"UM. Are we just going to iģnore the fact that Mabel's mabelness just made my glass explode??" Stan deadpanned and everyone in unison said "Yes."

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Mabel used the magic mirror to contact Mermando after dinner. The merman was rightfully shocked when he saw his friend. He didn't recognize his human form, Max had to drop the spell for a second. "Maxini! You-You were allowed to get out!"

"I was! There's so much that has happened in the last year! You haven't visited!" Max laughed, wagging his now free tail. Mabel thought it was the most adorable thing ever.

"I'm afraid ruling takes much more time, my old friend. But with Mabel's family's help we can talk through these mirrors! Also, how did you meet my dear friend Mabel?? That’s such a coincidence?" The merman smiled widely.

The three talked animatedly for a few hours before it was getting late. The Pines told Mabel it was time to say bye to her friend and she could see him tomorrow. Mabel kissed his cheek. "Good
by...You...can give me a kiss if you want to try." Mabel bit her lip in a smile.

Max nodded and after taking a second to think about the dynamics of a kiss, he pressed his lips against her cheek for 2 seconds before letting go. It was close enough and he did it with the best intention so Mabel melted under it.

The Great Dragon accompanied his 'embassador' to the rift and Max bowed as he changed back. "Was I good today, Great Dragon? I...I’m afraid I’m not good at human habits yet."

"You were amazing. And don’t worry so much, most humans don’t even know how to be human. You'll get used to it." Xin winked. "And Mabel enjoyed your company a hell lot. She really appreciates you." Max wagged his tail. "I...I enjoy her company too...She-She listens to what I say and has never told me to be silent, because I didn’t know what anything was or meant."

"We wouldn't do that." Xin assured as he purred at him. "Now go to your house and straight to your nest! It’s late and you need to sleep." He scolded softly. Max crossed the rift and Xin Blinked back to Ford's room.

Max grinned as he ran back to his house. He moved the door aside in the darkness of his village and was going to find his pile of sisters when suddenly he was forced to back up by a dangerous growl. His Dad had his spines extended as his mom stepped in front. "M-Max?!"

"It's me! Don't attack me!"

His Dad sniffed the air. "The heck are you smelling like?!!"

Max sniffed himself. He didn't know? "What-What is it?"

"Ugh! You stink of human, Maxini, get out, get the hell out!" Mis mom grabbed him by the neck.

"Mother no please, I don't want to sleep outside! Its cold!" Max whimpered as he was dropped outside the house. "Do you think we want you stinking like that inside the house?"

Max tucked his tail. "What if someone comes, please. Im scared."

"You should feel relieved if someone actually used you Maxini, we know your chances are very low." His mother rolled her eyes and Max ear fins dropped.

"Yes, mother." Max was left alone outside, feeling his body's temperature dropping. He also sniffed his arms and back again and started licking himself, trying to wash away the smell that bothered his parents so much. He curled up and sniffed.

His dad did come out with a warm stone for him though, he couldn't leave his own pup outside in the cold, and Max quickly wrapped his body around it. He would request the great dragon to help him clean up his human smell the next time he went to the outside.

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"Geesh, man, are you ok?" Dipper winced at Max's exhausted look. "I know a thing or two about exhaustion and eyebags and you look terrible."

Max yawned and rubbed his eyes. "I-I'm sorry, Dipper. I couldn't sleep well last night. I wasn't allowed inside our nest because I had your human smell all over me... but that's my fault, I should have washed myself off first.
"They didn't allow you into your house?" Seb gasped and jumped up to look at the kid. "You ok?!" He pressed his cheeks together.

"Yes, Mr. Sebastian," Max said in a muffled voice. "My mom does that sometimes."

Dipper rubbed his neck as his uncle gasped even louder. Geez. Now that he knew what his uncle went through, it disturbed him even more. "Don't let Mabel know, ok? Shed get pretty upset on your behalf and would want to return to your village and fight them."

"...Mabel would try to fight my family? Why?" Max asked, confused.

"Um, yeah," Dipper left his hand on his neck. "You know, for leaving you outside and the neglect, I guess?" Max looked so clueless it scared him a little. “Look, we don’t like the idea of people being mistreated by others. Even if it’s your own family-- ESPECIALLY if it’s your own family.” Dipper looked uncomfortable, having to explain this.

"I'm sorry for upsetting you…” Max looked down, ashamed. "No, you didn't...It's more like, actually, I’m pretty sure uncle Seb wants to fight your family too as well.” Dipper glanced at the angry fire on his very angry uncle's arms.

“If Miz finds out, she might eat your family.” Seb deadpanned. Max gasped. “I don’t want that to happen!” Dipper winced. “Yeah… um… so don’t let her know.”

“Don’t let me know what?” Miz asked, popping up beside Dipper, who jumped away with a scream. Dipper and Seb thought as fast as they could to come up with an excuse. “Don’t… let you know… that there’s a new food contest opening up on the other side of town--” Seb lied terribly. Still, Miz’s eyes lit up and she ran over to pull on Wanda’s sleeve. “Mommy! I wanna go!”

Wanda sighed. She was pretty sure Sebastian was pulling her leg, but she patted Miz’s head with a, “After breakfast, alright? We can take a walk through the town after that.” Miz nodded eagerly, full distracted now.

Mabel got to breakfast then, having fixed up her hair and make up before this, since she knew Max was coming today. They were going to have a double date with Mermando after all! She gasped when she saw Max. "Maxi! What happened?! Are you sick?" She squeezed his cheeks with her hands as she got closer to her face. "Gosh, why do you look so awful and tired? Your eyebags are huge! You look like Dipper!"

"Hey!"

Max would have blushed if he could and looked down, tucking his illusioned away tail between his legs. "I'm sorry. I had a...bad night and didn't sleep well, I didn't mean to look awful." He had even gotten fresh water to clean his human face. It did look terrible.

Mabel pulled him for a hug. Max was a very tall teen as a human, Mabel's head barely reached his nose. "No, it's ok, I'm sorry for being so blunt and mean asking it like that. Are you tired? Do you want to rest today? Do you still want to go on a double date later? We could just stay so you can rest if you want to."

"But… But you wanted to go...you even put on your...face...paint, boss's wife does that too…” Max rubbed his arm.

“Your health is more important than some silly date!” Mabel told him. “I care more about you being okay, than about my makeup.”
"I...don't get to decide...do I?" A good man didn't bother his partner with what they wanted… Dad always listened to mom and his brother listened to his mate for everything… And Mabel… wanted to date (which had been explained to him was to become partners later-- courtship--) which meant he--

"Hey, of course you get to choose, you get to choose whatever you want, Maxi…" Mabel took a deep breath. Remember what Xin said. He had to see how things worked here. "I want to be more than friends with you, Max. And I wanted a date so we can get to know each other even more and have fun while we work on that, but you have EVERY right to say no if you don't want to. Heck, you aren't obligated to hang out with me either if you don't want to. I will never force you to do anything. If you have something to say, or something you want, I want to hear it! You got it?!" She pointed at him as her other hand rested on her hip.

Max gaped a little, his tail was twitching madly. Finally, he rubbed his eyes. "I...I'm cold, Mabel." The hotel restaurant had an air conditioner, making it fresh for a human, but freezing for a cold blooded species. He didn't want to bother her before, but...she said she would listen to him. That she wanted to listen to him--

"O-Oh. I can go ask them to turn down the power a little." She smiled at him a little. Max nodded and smiled too. "And, I'd rather nap…" Mabel tiptoed to boop his nose. "Ok! Then let's get this air conditioner turned down, have some breakfast and then we can go nap!"

Max held the offered hand, sooo warm, and let the human girl lead him to the table. He had a big smile on his face and he could hear his heart hammering rapidly against his chest. With his free hand he tucked his loose hair strands away. He really, really liked this human...didn't he? (Well, no one had ever told him that they wanted to hear what he had to say before…)

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They ended up going back to Mabel’s hotel room to cuddle. Max liked how soft the beds here were, and how warm Mabel was. She stroked her fingers through his hair until he was relaxed and content. She had even turned on the heater and warmed up a blanket on it. He could hear her giggling, she said he looked funny, but he couldn't help rubbing his face on the warm cloth. Everything was so soft and warm, like napping on a warm rock on the beach but better because this was SOFT...

Max was knocked out cold/warm (?) and started thrumming loudly. Mabel was going to record it but got a message from Dipper, saying he wanted his room! Mabel huffed and typed back 'You owe me your first kiss with Paz, scram DippinDot!!'

Dipper groaned. “Fine, whatever. I’ll go hang out in Dillon’s room instead…” But Dillon was with Phillip in there, so Dipper groaned again and went to ask if he could hang out in Miz, Zach and Zoe’s room. They were out with Wanda, walking through town to the "Eating contest!" (Uncle Seb saved his ass from Miz's rage, saying he had plans with his triplets), so at least their room was free. So Dipper went to hang out there with his phone. He was happy Mabel was having fun, but with all the other times she’s dated, or had failed summer romances… well, Dipper didn’t want to be a pessimist, but he wasn’t sure if this would work out or not.

And Dipper didn’t want to see how she’d feel when her heart was broken once again. Dipper tugged at his hat, sighing. Max seemed like a nice boy, a heck of a lot nicer than some of the human boyfriends Mabel had in high school, but... still. They were different species, from different cultures. And while Dipper didn’t see a problem with the idea of dating a cryptid, he was worried about her.
He looked at the ceiling, and then curled up on his side, thinking. Did Max really like his sister? Or maybe he was happy with the attention he was receiving from a group of humans. That would be valid, but he didn't like that for Mabel. Maybe dating would bring them closer, dating existed for that reason after all! Learning about each other. Dipper himself didn't like Pacifica right away...So maybe Mabel and Max could really actually start liking each other for real during this time--

Dipper started coughing as he choked on the collar of his shirt he was chewing and trying to swallow. "Gah!!" He pulled at his wet shirt in disgust. "Urgh...darn it." He never outgrew this.

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Max felt like he was in heaven when he woke up a couple hours later. Mabel had not moved and she was still asleep, but he did notice her face paint (make...up?) was darker under her eyes now. He chuckled and nuzzled her side.

Mabel didn't take long to wake up herself. She stretched and was ready to speak to Mermando and his wife. Unfortunately, they were busy for the meeting so Mabel decided to spend the day another way! She grabbed some snacks from her bag and cuddled into Max's chest. "Ok! These are called
snacks! We have salty ones like chips, pretzels and doritos here! You've had any of these ones before?"

Max shook his head. "I've never eaten human food before eating with your family." Mabel hummed. "Ok, we'll take it easy, ok? I don't want you getting sick or anything."

"Do you think I could get sick?" Max asked sincerely and Mabel hummed. "Well~ I am not really sure...I'm not the cryptid expert...But Miz gets drunk on chocolate and I don't want anything making you feel bad later. I'll text Dip for good measure."

"Ok! Dipper says we can go for it but not go so crazy!" Mabel opened a bag and held it for Max. Max opened his mouth and put the chip in it. He chewed and blinked a little bit. "It...has salt."

"Yeah, that's why it's a salty snack. Do you like it?" "It leaves my mouth dry...but it's good!" Max laughed.

Mabel found out a lot of things. Max's favorite color was red because he'd love having that color of scales ("I love all colors, but green is being my favorite these couple of days~" was her eloquent response that made the eix leel squirm, flustered) He loved going to the beach ("Me TOO!") He enjoyed cooking fish ("Why, I'm a cooking expert myself~") and liked watching this sport in his village that was about teams hitting a ball with some sticks or hitting the opponents. It was only played by upper classes between villages but unofficial games were done among the townsfolk too, especially between the pups. ("That sounds like Lacrosse! I'm taking ya to a game sometime!")

And "Do you wanna have kids?" Mabel absolutely melted under those bright green eyes and his soft look. GOSH HE DIDN'T HAVE TO MAKE HIMSELF SO SEXY!!! HER POOR HEART!

"I'd love to have kids, my brother has his kids already as well as my old friends and I'd love to be a father..."

She snuggled closer to Max. What would she need to do to marry this guy? Maybe fight a female eix leel? Would the Queen send her warriors at her? Were marriages between humans prohibited unlike Selkies like with Amelie’s aunt? It probably prohibited, seeing how the eix leel reacted to her family...

With Mabel cuddling into Max's chest, the boy grabbed his arms around her from behind to hug her, almost afraid to do so. But Mabel was soft. And she didn’t seem to mind being enclosed like this, even though it was a 'trapping' type of grip, for catching prey or wrestling an opponent to the ground. "I like this..." Max confessed. Humans had so many interesting ways of expressing themselves. What he saw as a potential dangerous grip had a potential to be beautiful, something Mabel loved ...and Mabel trusted him to do it.

"Me too! You're so tall and you have really strong arms for hugs~" Mabel caught his arm and hugged it tightly.

Max chuckled when he realized it was once again a 'hug', and she wasn't trying to pull off his arm.
"Is...this what human courtship is about? Wrapping your arms around the other but not in a dangerous way, but to show you appreciate them?"

"Yes!" Mabel cheered.

"I don't know anything about human courtship...If-If we are going to court before becoming mates..." Max nuzzled Mabel, who giggled when he tickled her neck. "What else do you do? I want to do it correctly."

Mabel put a finger on her lips as she thought about it. "Well, dating has a lot of options...Some people go out to eat in a restaurant and chat! Others do activities together, like going to a party or dancing or some cool games or the cinema! And what we are doing...cuddling, eating chips...talking about what we like and don't...That's also a really good way of dating. In fact, I think I prefer this..." She sunk into his chest and sighed contentedly.

"Huh..." Max thought hard. "I like making my clothes look human...Most were just given to me by the priestesses, but I make my own human shoes, they're weird and I like it." He stared at his handmade boots, which were taken off and left beside the bed. You didn’t wear your shoes onto beds, Mabel had explained to him (and the great dragon had vehemently agreed with.)

Mabel laughed. "Well, I love making sweaters! So that's a plus! I can make sweaters for when you're cold!" Max laughed at that. "Great!" Then he thought in the rest of her words.

"I don't like working with my boss...I...I’m bored. I clean fish at home everyday too. And I do the same here, but with exotic meat and I don't get to eat it, just with you, the meat goes home to the priestesses and the queen. I don't like my job, I don’t hate it, but I wish I could do more...” He’d had dreams as a pup, dreams that he’d discarded, given up on, as he grew up and realized those would never come to fruition.

“Yeah that sounds boring.Reminds me of my old job” Mabel agreed. “What would you want to do instead?”

“I... I don’t know.” Max said. Could he tell her about the silly dreams he had as a pup? Would she laugh? No, Mabel wanted to hear what he had to say.

"Well, you've got all the time in the world to decide whatcha wanna do! It's not like you're dying at ten..." Mabel paled. "How long do you live?? Is 19 still a teen for you?"

"I...am an adult?? Should have had pups years ago...A neighbor reached 90 years old a few days ago?" Mabel sighed in relief loudly, melting on his chest. "Ok...you've got time...for your dreams..." She said quite breathlessly. “And whatever they are, I wanna help support you for them!”

"Huh...I..guess so.” Max wrinkled his nose in thought. Then he blinked. “You would really want to support me?” Mabel nodded. “Duh! You’re my friend Maxi. And friends support each other! Even more if we were dating to be more than friends, eh?”

Max grinned, he really liked Mabel's directness, to tell him directly that she was interested in courting. It really made him feel...less of a freak. "Thanks."

"Oh, it's nothing, Maxi~" Mabel sighed happily. "So when you know what you wanna do, I'll be here to listen and help!"

Max couldn't believe he finally found someone who liked him and wanted to court him... someone he actually felt comfortable with, made him feel pretty and heard...and it was from a completely
different species…

(And Max realized he didn’t care if they were different species. Mabel was Mabel, and she was the kindest person he’d ever met.)

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"Great Dragon, Mabel." Max welcomed them as they approached the meat stand.

“Hey Max~” Mabel waved. Max was packing up some of the exotic meats to send back to his Queen and Priestess right now. “I’ll be done soon.” He told them. Mabel grinned. “It’s fine. I don’t mind waiting.” And if she could just watch the ways his muscles flexed as he worked, well~

Once Max was done, and Xin poked the wrapped bundles of meat to teleport them (saves time waiting for Max to take them home and then come back) the three headed off to the beach.

That was where the kids were spending today playing, and Mabel liked playing on the beach too, so she had no issue with it. Dipper sighed in relief once they showed up, Zoe and Diego hanging off his arms. “Finally! Backup!”

Zach was quietly playing by himself, though Xin quickly went to join him.

Diego ran up to Max and tugged on his pant leg. “Help me make a sand castle!” He grinned.

“Ah… ok?” Max let himself be pulled away by the excited child.

Max was quietly helping Diego build his sand castle when his big brother, Dillon approached and sat down with the human with bright red hair. "Oh~ Nice sandcastle." Phillip congratulated the toddler (and Max), both smiled, equally excited. "It's Max's first sandcastle!"

"Oh, nice." Phillip wasn't aware of Max's status as 'non human', he just knew from Dillon that he was Mabel's summer romance and that Max’s family was scary and tried to kill them, which really disturbed the ginger boy. He was pretty handsome though. Good job, girl. "How's everything man?"

"It's--" Dillon interrupted him "Sorry, sorry, Dad's calling me. You ok staying with them right, sweetie?" "Yes yes, just go." Dillon lowered his head and kissed his boyfriend before trotting away.

Max gaped. He looked at Diego and then back at the boy with bright hair. "You...Mabel said kisses were for affection...A-Anyone can kiss?"

"Yeah, anyone can kiss…” Phillip narrowed his eyes confused, though he had a weird accent… "-though you kiss your partner on the lips, it's even better~" Phillip said and laughed easily when Diego stuck his tongue out, he poked his belly.

"You...Are you saying you are...partners?" How was that even possible?!!

"Yup! For years now! Dillon's ma boyfriend."

"But, both of you are male! Why would-how do you--What?!" Max was grimacing and hard. It was literally incomprehensible. Diego pulled his hand. "People love each other, it doesn't matter who!" He said like a good boy.

"But it matters, why would you be together? You can't give each other babies! I don't understand
what-why would you do this?...You-You should go with a female, that's how things work…Or do you go with...other males when females dont like you…?” Phillip frowned and narrowed his eyes a little.

"Woah. Thats like, super homophobic of you man."

"What? I just don't understand…"

"I think you got pretty sure I shouldn't be with my boyfriend, but guess what? We’re getting married and we don't care what people like you say!" Phillip poked him in his bare chest. Max stepped back flinching and Diego watched, very confused.

"Hey! Phillip what are you doing?" Mabel caught up to them and stepped between them.

"How can you be dating him? I thought you were better than this...Come on, he's being an asshole!"

Mabel grabbed Phillip by his shirt and pulled the tall teen down to her eye level. "The FUCK did you just say about Max??"

"He-" Phillip cowered. "He just said I'm dating Dillon...because I don't have 'females' that like me, what kind of guy you're dating??"

"Um, maybe a guy who isn't human?!” Mabel roared at him. Then she turned at Max with a completely different look. "Maxi, do you know about relationships like this? A boy who loves a boy? Or a girl who loves a girl?"

Max, in shock at the way Mabel came over to defend him, blinked to focus and shook his head. "I-I ve never heard of something like that…"

Mabel dragged her cousin's boyfriend closer to herself and whispered "Are you calling a boy an asshole, when he’s only been in the human world for a few months?! A guy that lives in a world completely different from ours where he's only seen as useful for the sole purpose of giving the females eggs?? And who hasn’t even seen a gay guy in his life before?!"

"I-I didn't know…” Phillip squeaked and was let go. "I-I'm sorry...I thought you were attacking me, I-I didn't know you weren't human." Phillip sheepishly apologized to Max.

Max blinked. "Ok...but I still think you're wrong." he pouted. (“Yeah, sorry, that still offends me.” Phillip deadpanned.) Mabel let Phillip fall to the sand with an 'oof!' and grinned sheepishly at him. "We'll work on it. Adding sexuality to the list of things Max gotta learn about~"

“Seriously though,” Phillip grumbled. “Even if he’s from a different culture, I don’t like him telling me to my face that I’m wrong for loving who I love. That’s still rude, no matter what.”

Mabel sighed. "I apologize for him, Philly, he's still learning a lot of stuff, I'll make him a good ally."

Phillip crossed his arms. "You better. Or start forgetting about the plans for a triple wedding."

"Nooouuuu!!" Mabel dramatically moaned. "I promise!" She solemnly put a hand on her chest. Phillip took Diego with him and Max and Mabel stayed together (Zoe had gone over to play with Zach and Xin). Mabel knelt next to Max, who was sitting and staring at the water, and she put her face in front of him, giving him a tense smile. "We gotta talk, baby." He nodded, still looking confused.
"Ok so, you said you've never heard of that kind of relationship? Or is it kind of prohibited where you live?" Max shook his head. "I've never heard of something like that...In the priestesses's notes I haven't seen anything related to it...so it's not prohibited? But I don't get WHY they'd do it and not produce eggs...If they can't fulfill their role with a female."

"Ya, ok. So, humans don't get together just to have kids, ok? People love different kinds of people and get together just so they can spend their lives together with the person they love, like Dillon and Phillip, they really love each other, no matter if they can make kids or not. Humans sometimes love someone from the same gender and that's totally ok, got it?" Mabel stroked his chin.

Xin approached them and Max bowed his head a little. "Hey, I saw what happened with Phillip." Xin stroked Max's hair. "I know a lot of human things are surprising and confusing, but not everything's about reproduction, despite what you were taught. In fact, don't tell anyone but the 8th priestesses is seeing a merchant female in secret, so this exists in your world too, though is very hidden and severely regulated because of the rigid gender roles you're given."

Max was still gasping a little. This happened back home too?! He never realized that. "But… what about the eggs?"

"Not everyone wants to produce eggs. Some people care more about loving the person they want to love." Xin told him gently. Then he leaned closer and whispered, "After all, you like Mabel, don't you? She can't lay eggs."

Max blinked. "T-that's different. She's a human, and humans don't lay eggs." He looked flustered. Mabel only heard what Max said aloud, missing the thing that Xin whispered to Max. "Well, humans have eggs, but they're different. They don't lay them out like your people do. We carry babies inside our bellies."

Max shivered. That still sounded so scary to him. "And that's why human females weren't allowed to be soldiers for a long time, because they didn't want the babies inside them to get killed in combat?" Mabel nodded, "That's one of the reasons."

"With my people, the females lay the eggs and then they can just leave the eggs with her mate when she goes to war." Max told them. "It's easier, and even if she died in combat, the children are safe at home." And then the surviving male will be given as a mate to the next available female, with the deceased female's family having priority and then passing him on as need be.

"...that doesn't seem much better." Mabel pointed out. "Can't they just send the people who don't have eggs or children? Wait, do you guys have a draft?" She gasped. When Max asked what a draft was, and they explained it, he nodded. "Well, they do have the females tested to see how large and strong they are." No point sending someone weak to get killed needlessly.

"Also, since the other tribes also have mating season around the same time, we generally don't go to war at that time. So it's not that bad."

Xin frowned. "What do your people even go to war for? Resources?"

"Yes." Max nodded. "If we need supplies that we can't get, we send raids on the other tribes. Well, first we attempt to trade, but if they refuse, even after we tried a few times, we take them by force." Xin winced at that. It came down to resources in the end, didn't it? At least something like that could be fixed, by just making more and giving it to them, which… fair's fair, only worked when they had a powerful god behind them that could just create stuff out of energy. Still, it was still better than attacking just 'cause they didn't like each other.
"...Yikes". Mabel whispered. "That still sounds kinda awful." Like, fighting and killing each other was bad to begin with. And wars were like super fights. She was older now, less naive, and she knew that sometimes you had to fight. But the idea of people being drafted and sent to fight even if they didn't want to was... still upsetting.

Xin patted Max's head. "Well. Humans are different. But even now, there are some issues with acceptance and the reason Phillip got so mad at you was because the things you said really hurt his feelings. Because they're the type of things people have said to him, to try and tell him that he's wrong for loving who he loves. And he thinks that such a thing is unfair and wrong, because other people aren't allowed to decide his preferences for him."

Max nodded slowly. When it was put this way, he thought he could understand. "But what about matchmakers? They decide who you marry?"

"Which is also unfair." Xin huffed. "The point of a matchmaker is to help you find someone you'll work with as partners, but if you don't like the person they choose for you, you shouldn't be forced to marry them."

"But... it's the orders from the Queen--" Max said quietly. "Screw that. People should get a choice. It's not fair otherwise!" Xin huffed again, almost looking like he would spit fire. "I mean, sometimes, people can choose to go along with it. Because they're passively accepting it, or too afraid to go against people... but... That doesn't make it right." He muttered, clutching his arms together.

Mabel reached out to hug Max to herself. "What we're trying to say is, we believe people should get to choose who they want to be with. But currently in the human world, there are people who claim that they have a right to choose for other people. And we think that's stupid. And Phillip and Dillon have people objecting to them being together, and Phillip thought that you were trying to tell him he's not allowed to love Dillon."

Max nodded. Yeah, he understood how that would offend and upset the red haired man. "Should I apologise?" He asked. Mabel nodded. "Apologise and tell him how you feel, after learning a bit more about the subject."

Max nodded and walked towards them. He was barefeet and Mabel winced a little, thinking how the burning hot sand would hurt his feet...and then she felt silly after she remembered Max's body was actually a physical illusion. She and Xin followed him to make sure everything went fine.

Phillip stared at the younger man bowing his head at him. "I'm sorry, fire hair man... Mabel and the Great Dragon, um, explained that humans don't always care about making babies when they choose their mates...I didn't mean to offend your human relationship with Mabel's cousin...or...tell you who you should marry or court...You should be able to love whoever you want...Like how...I like Mabel."

Xin nudged Mabel and she squirmed happily.

"Oh, well, It's good you understand that now." Phillip managed to give him a small smile. "And stop bowing, it's not something humans do, man, just sit down..." Dillon rolled his eyes. "I'm glad you're going to understand more stuff...but I kiiinda get it. Your city was very shitty, trying to murder us and shouting at ya for being male. Wouldn't be surprised if you thought marriage and dating was only for the sake of making kids." He rolled his eyes.

Max smiled and sat in front of them, hugging his long legs. "The Great Dragon told me the same...Bout...regulating with our roles... I always thought...having babies came after courting. All
the couples make eggs during mating season...But I guess it doesn't work like that...After all, Mabel's courting me to marry me and we can't have babies even we both want them."

Mabel choked with her tongue and had to lean on an amused Xin to cough. Ma-Marry??!! Right nOw?!

Dillon and Phillip blinked. "Uh...Marrying?"

Max nodded excitedly, not realizing Mabel was close. "She said she's courting me to be more than friends and courting or how you humans call it, 'dating', is to know each other before marrying!!"

"...Guess you didn't explain this to him very well, Shooting Star." Xin giggled as Mabel pulled at her hair. Nooouuuu! She liked Max but she didn't want to marry yeeeettt~!!

And-- she liked Max a lot. But marriage was a big deal! "A-ah... marriage is still a thing we don't know for sure yet!" Mabel said quickly. "I mean, I have to really get to know someone first before I decide that they're the one I want to spend my life with--"

Xin grinned slyly as he said, far too casually, "As a god of the Harvests, I'm perfectly capable of fertility Blessings. And I HAVE in fact Blessed a wedded pair from different species so they could conceive children together~" he purred. Mabel was bright red. "I'm too young to have kids! I'm still in college! I don't plan to get married until I'm at LEAST a full adult with a career!" Nevermind children! Mabel wanted kids someday. But not right now! She still had so much to do with her life, to grow as a person-- she wasn't experienced enough for kids!

"That's very mature of you, Shooting Star." Xin nodded solemnly. "Marriage and children are a lot of responsibility. Most people rush into it, because they think they're supposed to, and they end up miserable."

"Yeah, Phillip and I aren't getting married until we're both done with school," Dillon told them. "And... we're planning on adopting a kid, but not until we have enough financial stability and time to be able to raise them properly."

Max rather thought this was all incredibly complicated. Why didn't one of them just stay home to care for their pups? But apparently for humans, both partners had to work. That sounded awful. How would the children get the attention they needed?

Then his eyes widened. "Wait. Mabel, you-you aren't--" he glanced at the Great Dragon and then at Mabel. He really liked her, he really really liked Mabel, she was so nice and sweet... He wanted to be good enough for her, the best. He wanted to be able to take care of her and satisfy her needs. He could learn. He learnt the priestesses' stuff when no one thought he could, he could work on this too.

He walked over towards Mabel, towering over her as he grasped her hands into his. His hold was gentle and his bright green eyes were sparkling. "I'd never want to lose you, Mabel. I want to work on it so that we're both good for the other, so you would want to marry me when it's a good time for you." He paused before lifting her hands gently to press against his cheek. "And more than that, I want to be someone whom you would want to marry." Because Max already wanted her. It might be him being naive, but Mabel was the most positive affection and care that Max had ever known. And he... liked it. Liked her. He didn't know if this was what 'love' was, and this wasn't something that his family would ever approve of, but Max had a taste for what being respected and acknowledged felt like now, and he didn't want to lose that.

Mabel sniffled and threw herself over him to hug tightly. (Xin cheered silently at the Social Link
UP that popped up over both their heads. Yes! His shipping was coming to fruition!) Max slowly hugged her back and Mabel sent her cousin and his boyfriend a teary smile and pointed at the tall hot guy she got for herself.

Phillip snorted as Dillon gave her 2 thumbs up. Xin was way too smug. But Mabel didn't care. She was feeling so overwhelmed with fluffy feelings right now. And she loved it. Hadn't felt this in years! Frankly, she thought that joyous fluttery feeling was something she'd outgrown, but she was glad she hadn't, it felt so nice.

"Do you wanna be more than friends already? We have an in between phase, called being boyfriend and girlfriend." Mabel told him. "And it's um… a step forward to reaching the point where marriage is an option…" she twirled a lock of hair around her finger as she giggled, the fluffy feelings were everywhere!

Max had managed to get flustered again, something that amazed Xin to no end (because HOW?! This species couldn't even blush), and Max rested his forehead on Mabel's own before letting a soft grumbling sound with his eyes closed. Mabel giggled excitedly when he gently nuzzled one side of her face. "I like the idea…" He whispered and Mabel swooned at the deep voice that was produced. Even Phillip and Dillon had shivers.

"Can I teach you a new kind of kiss?" Mabel waited for the nod and tiptoed to kiss him on the lips. Max's eyes widened incredibly big.

"That's a bf-gf type of kiss~"

"Bee eff? Gee?" Max asked. "Boyfriend and Girlfriend." Mabel explained. Max wondered how those words were anything alike, but just shrugged and went with it. He also licked his lips, wondering at that feeling. Having something press against his mouth felt sort of weird. It was almost like a food response, since 'stuff against mouth' was usually for eating. But it wasn't food, it was Mabel. So it left Max feeling a little confused. Food response was good, it made him happy to eat, but this wasn't eating. But it still felt good, a rush of endorphins (not that Max knew what those were) going through him at the feeling of something pressed against his lips for a short while.

The reason humans like kissing is because human lips contain a lot of nerves, so having the mouth stimulated sets off all sorts of signals to their brain. Max's people weren't quite the same, but the resulting endorphin spike created the same effect. So Max beant his head down, and kissed Mabel again, trying to pinpoint his feelings, to figure out what this sensation was.

And Mabel full on blushed as Max kissed her, ok it wasn't kissing. He was just nudging his lips against hers, rather unevenly, as he had no idea what he was doing, and it was a rather sloppy sort of 'kiss' but Mabel shivered anyway. Ooooh~ how forward~ she hadn't expected that.

So Mabel held Max's head in her hands and moved it a little so she could sort of teach him, via touch, how a kiss worked. Phillip and Dillon had to look away to give them some privacy. Xin on the other hand, was staring at them, enraptured by it all. Dillon gave him a little smack. "Dude."

"What? I'm just looking." Xin pouted. He did finally look away, to check on the kids, they were still quietly playing in the sand. And by quietly, he meant that Zoe had stolen the flip flops from another child and was using them to make a fortification for her sand arches. He sighed. "Hang on, I need to go deal with this." And the dragon went off to convince Zoe to give them back as the other child cried loudly. Geez this girl!

After several very long seconds, Mabel had to pull away to breathe. "Gosh! Maxi, that was the...longest kiss I've had! You don't even have to breathe?" She laughed, obviously breathless.
Max didn't even look a bit winded as he smiled.

"We can hold our breath for 2 hours...I didn't know 'kissing' was tiring for humans." And they still liked to do it...Huh. It felt pretty nice though, he could see why they'd do it even if they could die. Humans were pretty hardcore.

Mabel's eyes widened a little. "Well, humans can't hold their breath very long, I can only manage like...35 seconds."

"...You must have really small lungs. How sad~" Max chuckled, sounding almost teasing. Mabel pouted and playfully punched his arm. "You're the worst~"

Max flinched and shut up, before Mabel quickly waved her hands. "It's an expression!!! A human expression! It's meant as a joke. You're not actually bad!! It means-uh-ugh. I gotta remember you're not going to get it..."

Mabel was gonna have a lot more to do with teaching Max about human stuff.

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The Pines had the privilege to be informed about Mabel and Max's current relationship status...after Mermando. Of course friends came first duh! Mermando was very happy for them and knew his old time friend was going to be fine, Mabel was so sweet and kind. He was glad Max had found someone who would love and care for him. Mermando had heard a lot about female Eix Leel and he didn't think Max would do well with that kind of partner.

"Hey family! I'm officially introducing you to~ Max! He's my new boyfriend now! Isn't he the sweetest--" She put a finger on her cheek.

The family was at the pool of the hotel this time, and blinked in perfect unison (except for the kids who didn't care and Dillon who already knew).

"Well...you do you, shooting Star!" Seb gave her thumbs up.

"It's been 2 weeks." Shermie deadpanned. Stan threw him a pool noodle from the other side. "Ah! Let the pumpkin be, you party killer! Carla and me dated from day one and look at us!!" Carla squirmed to be let go when he caught her. ("It’s Carla and I. “ Ford corrected absently. “Bitch you’ve never dated Carla!” Stan protested. Ford rolled his eyes, “That’s not what I meant--")

"Also, am I hearing teen dad talking??" Seb put a hand behind his ear and Stan let out a loud "WOOOOOO!!" before fist bumping him.

Shermie threw a beach ball at Seb's head. "I'm not the only one here with unexpected parenthood!" He told Seb with a huff.

"Sure! Your wife! HAHA!" Stan and Seb laughed loudly. "We. ARE on FIRE!" Seb raised his hand and fire flickered to life on his palms. This time, Abigail threw her flip flops at both triplets, hitting both perfectly (from perfected rolled sock throwing at twins because damn them for being just as sassy as her husband.)

"EH HEM! Can we stop making this about dad and focus on us?" Mabel grumbled.

Xin giggled as Ford, leaning against his shoulder, blinked confused. Bothering Shermie about what happened almost 20 years ago was so immature. "Well congratulations on your boyfriend ...(?)" He smiled at his niece.
"Why THANK YOU Uncle Ford! The only one who actually cares~" She sent Dipper a glare, who shrugged helplessly. "Congrats? I mean it was kinda obvious you'd start dating for real."

Mabel huffed. Her family just wasn't as excited about this as they should be. "We should have a couples party." She grinned. Maybe that would make things more exciting for people.

Xin perked up, "Party?"

"Absolutely none of you can drink." Stan waved a dismissed hand. "Well, Philly boy can, but I say no, and he can't drink."

"Yessir, absolutely sir." Phillip nodded quickly.

"We don't have to drriiiink~" Mabel dramatically leaned against Max, who easily caught her with his...big...muscle arms… oh~ Mabel traced a finger over it. "Uhh~"

"Max, I totally forgot to ask you, your family isn't going to like, come kill us for dating right?"

Max's smile was wiped off his face. Well, he wasn't planning to TELL them, so it didn't matter if they liked it or not. "I dont care." He said, defiantly. Xin clapped and let out a "Whoo! Fight da POWAH!"

"Well, as long as you're both happy, then I don't see any issue." Abi told her daughter. "But if he ever hurts you or anything…” Abi gave Max a stern look.

"I'd never hurt Mabel, I already want to marry her--" Max shamelessly said, making everyone turn to look at him. "We are doing this...bee-eff-gee-eff, to see if we're both the best for each other."

Mabel giggled sheepishly with her face completely red. Abigail looked rather impressed. Dipper just rolled his eyes. "So… that’s three people who just straight up wanna marry you after knowing you for like, a couple weeks,” he joked. “Well, Jeff only knew you for a few days, but I think my point still stands.”

“What can I say? I’m just irresistible~” Mabel winked at her brother while Max just smiled. Yes she was. Max gave her another one of those ‘hugs’ that humans liked so much, and that he found himself falling in love with. Normally, grabbing someone like this was for catching prey or capturing an opponent. And normally it meant that someone died. But with humans, no one died and you get to just keep holding the person! And Mabel was warm so Max liked holding her. So Max got to indulge in his hunter instincts by ‘catching’ Mabel and then he could just hold her! IT was great!

Mabel looked at her family smugly. "This guy learns fast!"

And then Max gave Mabel a kiss and it was much better this time.

“......he really does learn fast.” Abigail deadpanned.

Shermie was torn between being happy for her and his need to be an overprotective dad. His eye twitched and Seb poured water over his head and turned him around. "There. There. Steam's coming out."

Phillip scoffed, putting on a false-snooty air. "Well~ Dillon and I had been dating longer and we said before that we're getting married someday~ So I ain't losing my privileges of being welcomed into the family first." (‘Hey, you know about me, so that already means you’re welcome here.” Xin cheered.)
"You're a dork." Dillon rolled his eyes and kissed his nose.

"Well, Max knows about you too, so, hey! I guess he's welcomed here too!" Seb exclaimed. "Great way for bursting my boyfriend's bubble, Uncle Seb."

"Hey! Paz and I have been together longer!! Is meeting Xin the requirement?! Does this mean she isn't welcomed yet?" Dipper exclaimed, offended.

“Um… doesn’t Mabel need to breathe at some point?” Stan pointed out, and everyone turned to see Mabel swooning over and gasping for air, loudly, filling her empty lungs.

She leaned against Max, dizzy (with the euphoria of oxygen deprivation) but with a huge smile. "Woah…That's...better than smile dip..." She didn't see a problem of kissing someone who didn't need to breathe for 2 hours at all!! This was the best thing ever!!

The family was now a little worried.
Chapter 35: Summer ends

And then, at the end of the summer, the twins turned 19 themselves. And it was time for Shermie and Abi to cheer.

To no one’s surprise, Max was at the hotel lobby early in the morning, wiggling his butt excitedly as he waited for his girlfriend to come down. He held a box in his hands, having learned that humans wrapped their gifts and tore them apart to satisfy their primal apex hunter instincts. He could appreciate this human tradition. It sounded so fun!

After Mabel was crushed with hugs and kisses along with Dipper by her family, she ran towards the boy and threw herself over him, laughing.

“Max! Oh my god! You got this for me?!” She gasped as her eyes welled up with tears a little bit. She opened the box and there was a bright pink pig stuffed toy with chocolate with sprinkles. “I didn’t find glitter...the human selling the candies told me they didn't sell it in food places, but sprinkles are close enough, right?” Max asked sheepishly. Mabel giggled, “I love sprinkles!” She wanted to share the chocolate with Max but Miz told her straight out that chocolate would kill him (though hot chocolate was apparently fine, as long as it was heated up, Miz explained something about heat denaturing the enzymes, but Mabel didn’t really understand all the science talk), so Mabel quickly ate the chocolate herself. And then had to go brush her teeth and wash her face because it was still dangerous to Max if he wanted to kiss her. Miz did tell her that it would take an entire bar of chocolate to kill Max, but she should still probably refrain from the treat in the future.

Still~ He was so brave~ Buying her something that was so dangerous for him~

While they were having breakfast, Stan teasingly asked Dipper when HIS girlfriend was going to give him his birthday hug. The boy shrugged, looking a little sad. Paz hadn’t even written to him today… well, Dipper knew there was a large time difference between the East and West coasts, but still--

“I’m sure it’s nothing, she will call you, Pinetree.” Seb patted his shoulder. The Pines, Max and Amelie (who was invited by Miz) stayed at the table talking animatedly about different things and eventually, the other customers left, leaving them there only because the waiters were scared of kicking them out. Crazy family followed by crazy things.

When they were finishing their food, someone tapped Dipper's shoulder, who was being distracted by his cousin, and he jumped out of his skin when he saw the covered person behind him. His scowl turned into a huge grin though when the person, a young woman took off her head scarf revealing a grinning blonde. “Happy birthday, nerd~”

Everyone cooed and laughed when Dipper gasped and hugged his girlfriend. “You came…” Dipper whispered in surprise and Pacifica rolled her blue eyes. “Of course dummy...do you really think I
forgot!?”

The two laughed and hugged each other. Dipper shyly kissed her cheek. Mabel made a sheepish
Max stand up. “Look Paz!! This is Max!!” Pacifica looked him up and down before giving Mabel a
thumbs up. “I’d give him a solid 7.5. Good job Mabel.”

Max seemed confused and Mabel rolled her eyes. Max was a 10000/10! Paz was just cray-cray.
“And what is Dipper?” She asked, just to bother her twin. The blonde looked at Dipper and
hummed. “9.5.” She declared and Dipper looked hurt. “What am I missing then?”

“Me~” She purred and kissed his lips softly, making the boy turn red.

Everyone went nuts, cooed and squealed loudly. “Wait, so how do the rest of us rate?” Stan
muttered. Pacifica scoffed. She pointed at Stan “6. You’re a slob.” She pointed at Seb “8. Takes
good care of his skin and hair. I approve.” She pointed at Ford “7.5 because he doesn’t try hard
enough, but if he ever bothered to take better care of himself, an 8.” She looked around and pointed
at Shermie “Solid 7.5. His muscles are nice, needs to work on his tidiness.” The Pines brothers
gaped as their wives laughed loudly. Stan almost fainted as Seb cheered and Ford looked confused.
“I love you too, Pacifica.” Shermie grumbled.

She grinned proudly and waved at the little twins and Diego. They were bigger than she
remembered. She saw a girl sitting next to Mabel, probably a friend, and then saw an Asian girl
patting Ford’s arm. “Who is she?” Pacifica asked. Seb blinked. “Oh. Right. This is Miz. Me and
Wanda adopted her a few months ago.” Pacifica nodded in understanding and smiled at her. “Well,
I am Pacifica Northwest, nice to meet you. I’m Dipper’s girlfriend!” She declared proudly. Dipper
felt so proud.

“Nice to meet you in person as well! Dipper talks a lot about you!” She smiled and Dipper groaned
in embarrassment. Miz grinned up at her. “Nice to see you’ve been doing well for yourself,
Llama.” Ford sighed tiredly. Miz why...why was she like this? He knew she loved chaos...but still.

Pacifica frowned at the little girl. “Um...thanks?” She poked Dipper. “Who’s this kid?” Dipper
sighed. “She’s...not...really...human...” Pacifica raised an eyebrow. “Well, leave it to the Pines to
adopt a magic kid...”

be rude.”

“Well, they’re fine, I guess. Dad's investing in other stuff...and mom’s also working right now.
She’s training kids for beauty pageants or something. She hates to work but she has to.”

The Pines shared a look and then nodded. Right. Oh their poor multimillionaire life was harshly
taken away from them. Now they are just millionaires! Poor them!

Miz frowned. “Child beauty pageants are awful. I'm sure she could find ANYTHING else to do
with her time.” Pacifica shrugged, she couldn’t do anything about it, and hugged Dipper’s arm.
They only had a day together before summer ended. Then they would all be off to college.

They let the teens spend time together while the adults were packing and checking in for their
flights. The kids were watching TV in Stan’s room. Finally they all sat down for dinner together.
The whole Pines family plus Amelie and Maxini. “I can’t believe summer is done. It felt way too
Who’s in charge of hosting this year?”
“Fordsie!” Seb pointed dramatically at his older triplet. “An excuse to clean the house and try to make Question Mark give me a new nephew!” He grinned. Ford smiled slightly. “Right…” he would have to pick up around the shack…beg Abuelita and Melody to help make food for everyone…

He was glad he had made the extension of the house as the center was built as well.

He should build a food machine that would just cook things if he threw in the ingredients! Brilliant! As Ford scienced in his head, Miz pulled on Wanda's hand. “There's MY birthday in October!” She reminded everyone. Mabel gasped. “I need to get you a BIRTHDAY SWEATER!”

“So…it’s at Seb’s place next?” Stan asked. Wanda hugged her daughter tightly. “Yes~” She was excited, she would have to start figuring out what to do with the party. Miz didn't go to school and didn't have any friends in the neighborhood. They could invite her alien friends? But would they be…able to be hidden? Wanda frowned. These were questions that normal mothers wouldn't have…

“What do you want for your birthday, Miz?” Zoe asked. Miz hummed. “I wonder if my friends would agree to be shoved into human constructs? Or would I get away with them being here almost as themselves, since… Halloween?” Wanda hummed. That was exactly what she was thinking. “Well, if they do, it would be nice to have them in our…dimension to celebrate with you.”

Miz snuggled with her mom and clung to her. “Thanks.” Ford was relieved he wouldn’t have to clean for a while. Of course, this lack of preparation would later result in him spending multiple sleepless nights trying to dust the rooms and nearly suffocating but that's pretty much what happened when Ford procrastinated.

Which happened, not surprisingly, most of the time.

The next day, after packing and after being kicked out of their rooms, they visited the beach one last time. Miz wanted to walk along the beach and picked out pretty rocks and seashells. Amelie went with her, wanting to spend her last moments with her friend before they would be leaving. Mabel and Maxini went off for a little date together. Pacifica wanted to make it a double date and the girls squealed about it together. Dipper turned to Dillon and Phillip with begging eyes. (Max was just learning about human's courting rituals, so he was just happy to have more humans around to study!) Phillip laughed. “Sure, we can make this a triple date.” Now Dillon and the girls were squealing together.

They had a good day, they walked around town, went in places like cafes and restaurants where the twins claimed it was their birthday to get stuff for free. It worked. In all of them. It was amazing! After walking around, they ended up at the beach and walked along the shore. Max looked at Mabel, and then back at her hand he was holding. She was leaving...he was going to miss her so much… “Mabel...can we talk for a second?” He nodded to his left, begging that she understood he wanted to talk just to her. It took her a second, but Mabel nodded and they walked away, leaving her twin and cousin kissing their respective partners.

“What’s up, Max?” Mabel asked. He shuffled his feet into the sand. “I've loved out time together” Mabel smiled. "Me too!!"

Maxini smiled at her. "I love how open you are…" He muttered before getting serious. "What will we do now? you're going to leave...How am I supposed to prove I'm a good boyfriend and worthy of marrying if you aren't here?" The boy asked, terrified of losing his partner.
Mabel paused as she realized she was going back to the other side of the country.

“I think we can try and see how things work! We can talk or video chat, right? There’s that mirror-thing I have with Mermando, I can get one for you as well.” She smiled widely and Max happily wiggled his butt before hugging her. “I don't know what that is, but anything will be fine!” He pressed his cool skin against her.

Mabel made a mental note to ask Miz for help, give her another mirror. Mabel could give Miz a brand new Mabel sweater in return. She blushed before leaning forward and giving him a small peck on his lips. "Don't worry, baby. Don't think you can't get rid of me so easily. We'll make it work."

The new couple laughed and held each other close. “I’m going to miss your hugs.” Maxini sighed. “You give the best hugs.” Mabel brushed her hands down his back. “Oh course! I’m the most hug-tastic!” They finally pulled away, Maxini gave her a smile. “When will I see you again? In person?"

Mabel bit her lip in thought. “I’m...gonna have to ask my parents. And...I’m starting college soon, so it might not be for a while...I'll ask Miz for help, don't worry your pretty head with that~In fact, let's go now!” She dragged Maxini with her as they ran around the beach searching for Miz and Amelie.

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“So you’re going to go back to Greenland?” Miz asked as she bent down to pick up another intact seashell. Amelie nodded. “It’s back to the ocean with me. It’s not bad, I’ve missed my home. But it would be lonely without you guys. You’re fun.”

Miz went up to hug Amelie. “I can give you a frame so you can still talk to me. And to everyone else.” Amelie smiled softly. “I would like that.” She sighed and gazed out at the ocean. The breeze was cool. Miz shifted into Xin, stretching out with a sigh. “I could always fly over to hang out- if you want~?” he joked.

Amelie giggled at that before her expression sombered and she sighed. “I won’t deny, I kinda liked you when you were a guy. Still do.” When Xin paused to look at her, Amelie looked away “It was nice to hang out with a really hot guy who was nice and fun to talk to.” She rubbed her arm. “Most of the boys I know are all about starting a relationship and that sort of thing. So the fact that you outright said you just wanted to hang out as friends was so fresh and...it put me at ease.” She smiled at him. “It was nice to know that you wanted to be my friend, no strings attached about wanting to get together with me or anything. You wanted to get to know me for ME and not because you wanted something from me.”

Xin blinked. “Eh...so what’s the problem?” Amelie laughed. “The problem is that I started falling for you.” At Xin’s startled look, Amelie giggled. “That look on your face is hilarious. But yeah...I found myself liking you. I know I shouldn't have.” With him dating Mr. Stanford and all that.

Xin looked guilty. “I’m sorry.”

“Oh no, don’t be. I really loved hanging out with you and your family.” Amelie assured him. “Besides, it was just a small crush that first week...and then I found out you were a little girl.” She ran a hand through her hair. “But even when you had changed forms so drastically, you didn’t change. You were the same friendly sweet person who talked to me. With your funny stories and crazy antics pulling me and everyone into wacky adventures.”
“Like when we found that buried treasure a few weeks back!” Xin grinned. “Or when we had that swimming contest and Dipper got trapped on that island turtle.” Amelie laughed. The two reminisced fondly over the misadventures they had this summer. “This has been the most fun I’ve ever had, I never thought going out to hang out with land dwellers would be so much fun.” Amelie went up and hugged Xin. “So, thank you. For being my friend and bringing me with you on all these adventures. I have plenty of friends now. You, Mabel, Dipper, Zach, Zoe, Diego, Dillon...even your uncles and aunts. You’ve all been so good to me.”

Xin hugged her back. “I’m glad you had fun. I...don’t actually have many friends outside my family in this dimension. All my other friends are out in space.” Amelie laughed. “Alien, right?” Xin nodded. “I’m going to try and bring them here eventually but, it’s lonely without them. Even when I have my family.” Amelie nodded “I can understand that.”

“It’s gonna be sad saying goodbye. We can still keep in touch, though it won't be the same.” Well, Xin could set up teleporters.

“There’s always next summer?” Amelie asked hopefully. Xin smiled. “I dunno where our family is going next summer but...well...if...you wanted, you can come with us?” He offered. The selkie grinned. “I’d love that. I would need to ask my parents for permission though...”

“I can assure them that you'll be safe with us! I mean, I kept you and everyone else alive all summer, after all.” Xin cackled. The two friends laughed and held each other close. A loud voice squealed, “AHHH YOU’RE BOTH SO CUUUTE!!!”

“‘Ugh...Mabel...’” Xin and Amelie groaned.

“‘You’re even groaning in synch with each other!’” Mabel laughed. Maxini looked embarrassed. “Sorry, we didn’t mean to eavesdrop, great dragon. Mabel had a question for you to help us with your great wisdom and powers, so we came to find you.” Mabel would need to get used to Max honoring the dragon so much. He now knew the dragon could shapeshift and almost fainted from awe at the greatness he was experiencing. It took all the magic he had just to take a human form, Max had to work so hard on that, but the dragon had more than one human form! And changed between them so easily!

“Xin, can I get a new mirror to talk to Max? And also, what can you give us so we can keep in touch? Pleaseee! I would be depriving him of the best hugs in the universe!” She hugged the flustered boy.

The demon laughed. “I can give you a mirror because I SHIP you, but what’ll you give me in return if I help you more than that?” He might love his cousin, but he’s already given out too many freebies this summer. Mabel considered it. She looked around and made sure no one else was nearby. She whispered “I still have a secret stash of Smile Dip, but I may be willing to part with them in exchange for a way to see my boyfriend face to face.”

Xin’s eyes widened and he grinned toothily. “Ooh~you have my interest~” Mabel and him leaned in to whisper back and forth while Amelie snorted when she saw Maxini bowing to the dragon. Aaww.

Finally Xin straightened up and held out a hand. “So, a method of near instant transport to each other’s locations and back again, in exchange for a week’s supply of Smile Dip.” He smirked. “And extra if I request it.” Mabel nodded. “It may take a little time, my supplier’s got a busy schedule.” The two gripped hands and shook while Maxini and Amelie shifted uneasily. The reptile boy leaned over to whisper “Did we just watch a drug deal go down?” Amelie shrugged.
“Pleasure doing business with you.” Xin laughed. He held up two pendants. They were triangles with a little heart shape inside. “There’s one for both of you. If you squeeze it and whisper into it, the other can hear. So you can ask each other if you want to hang out. Once you both decide if Mabel’s going to where Max is, or vice versa, just squeeze it again and you’ll teleport to near the other. And when you want to go home, repeat. Simple.”

Mabel hugged her cousin. “Thankyouthankyouthankyou!” She went over to Maxini and handed him one of them as she slipped her own on. “I wanna test it!” Maxini laughed and the two started teleporting beside each other and back again. Xin glanced around. “You guys are so lucky I’ve had this Perception Filter going all summer.”

Amelie laughed. “Should we get those pendants too?” She teased. Xin scoffed. “Mabel would never stop teasing me if we did.” Said girl snorted with laughter. “YES! GET YOUR OWN MATCHING COUPLE PENDANTS!”

“We will get matching friendship pendants.” Xin rolled his eyes. He looked at Amelie. “If you want to. Do you want to get a pendant to talk as well?” she laughed. “I would love that.” Xin formed them, triangles with a teardrop shape inside. Mabel pouted. “How come SHE gets a freebie?”

“Because I’m doing it to spite you.” Xin stuck his tongue out at her. Mabel pouted but held onto Maxini’s arm. “Let’s go Max!” Maxini grinned widely and the two teens walked away, not before Max shouted “THANK YOU GREAT DRAGON!”

Xin shook his head with an amused grin. He turned around and gave Amelie the pendant. “Here.” The selkie girl smiled and hugged her friend, who reciprocated.

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Eventually, it was time to go. After saying bye to Max and Amelie one last time, the Pines went to the airport and hugged each other, as they were returning to their respective homes and wouldn’t see each other until Miz’s birthday. Ford wondered if the portal gun idea really would be something worth looking into, at least to cut down on travel costs.

The little twins were back on their leashes and Zoe, sitting on a chair and kicking her legs, saw some men with funny hats and little luggages. “Look! Pilots!” She pulled at Uncle Ford’s sleeve. Ford looked up and nodded. "You're correct. Zoe leaned on him. “Is it hard to ride a plane?” Ford chuckled. “Fly a plane, Zoe. And yes, pilots have to do a lot of studying and training.”

“Oh, but that’s only 2 things.” The little girl shrugged and turned around to poke Queen Flutter in her cage. Ford hummed. Well. He...had never thought of things that way. It was an oversimplification but he found Zoe's naivety refreshing. When they boarded the plane, Zach fell asleep almost immediately, but Zoe managed to stay awake to feel how the plane took off. It felt so weird and cool! As the rumbling settled down into a background roar as the plane soared through the sky, Zoe declared “I wanna fly a plane too when I grow up!”

Seb, who was trying to sleep, nodded at his daughter with a tired smile. “That’s awesome, pumpkin…” He slurred before he conked out, not really paying attention to her announcement. Zoe grinned widely and settled down to watch a video on the mini screen in front of her. Miz was once again next to Ford and she was passed out on his lap as he read. He petted her hair absentmindedly from time to time and the demon let out a purr. The plane ride was blessedly quiet.

Hours later, Seb was saying bye to his brother who had another trip by bus to Gravity Falls. (Ford didn't want to admit the portal gun idea was looking pretty good right about now. He was rather
tired and travel took a lot out of him.) “Don’t forget to eat and to sleep a few hours, Fordsie!” Miz waved with her free hand as she held Zach’s one. Zoe was still sleeping (having passed out eventually) and her mommy was carrying her.

“I’ll try to…” Ford nodded. He waved goodbye and went to the bus area. With the end of summer came the chill winds of the early morning and the coming fall. It was dark out and there weren’t all that many people at the bus stop. Ford shivered while waiting there. Good thing he had his turtlenecks. He pulled one on and sighed. It was colder than he thought it would be. Ford placed his hands under his armpits to warm them. It was quiet, the other travellers sitting with their luggage without paying any attention to each other. Ford opened his journal and filled in a...less scientific entry.

He wrote about the summer, not the anomalies and discoveries though. Ford had a faint smile as he wrote about how much fun he’d had with his family. He sketched a little picture and jumped when the woman beside him commented “That’s lovely. Is that your family?” Ford narrowed his eyes at her. The woman laughed. “Sorry for being nosy, you just...looked so happy while you were drawing that I had to see what it was.”

Ford looked down at his sketch. He was standing beside his triplets. Seb was holding Zach and Zoe in his arms while Stan had Diego on his shoulders. Miz was clinging to him, one hand wrapped in Ford’s and the other curled around Seb’s shirt. Ford traced the lines where the drawings held hands. “Yes. My family.”

When the bus came and Ford dozed lightly, he was still holding the journal that William had given him all those years before.

----

The twins started school and Wanda thought this was the best time to finally get Miz to sit down for therapy.

Linda told them that they really should get someone who specialized in traumatized children, that she could do what she could, but Linda wasn’t trained for this. She wasn’t qualified for this. And yes, she admitted that demons weren’t in her studies either, but that was an entirely separate issue.

So Miz was there, in Linda's office. And Linda tried very hard not to stare at her long tail as it curled around at her feet. Or the antlers. 'Ok, my newest client is a dragon (demon alien) who's older than Lucifer...and is also a child. Who's apparently suffered a lot of trauma. What is my life?'

Linda gave the dragon a smile. "Hello again, Miz. Do you… know what we're doing here?"

Miz nodded, swinging her legs as she leaned back on the couch. "I tell you about all the terrible things I went through, and you tell me what's a healthy way to handle it all."

Linda nodded. "Not quite, but that is a good approximation of what we'll do."

The girl gave Linda a long look. "Will you be able to handle what I tell you? It won't… make you so upset that it'd traumatize you?"

Linda thought back to hearing about Sebastian's childhood and Lucifer's deranged rants about his own father. "I'm sure I can handle it. Or at the very least, if it gets too much for me. I'll tell you to stop."

Miz nodded. "Good."
She didn't start speaking right away. She was looking down at her lap, flicking her nails, cleaning them. "I… am a reincarnation." She said finally. Linda's first thought was, 'Again?'

"I was human once… And then I was reborn as a triangle. Until I died again, and I'm a demon now. Bill Cipher." Miz told her. (Not Miz? So… her demon name was Bill Cipher?) Linda held up a hand. "So, are there… Three things I need to keep track of here?"

"Maybe. I figured that if I'm going to get you up to speed on who and what I am, I was going to need to start from the beginning."

Linda rubbed her head. "Alright. Let's do this."

"So the earliest memory I have of my human life, was when my great grandmother stepped on my pet chick and I saw it crushed to death…"

Linda twitched. Oh, she was going to be in for a ride, wasn't she?

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((((((((((((((Warning for child abuse among other things)))))))))))))))))))

"-nd he threw the tray at mom. I don't even remember what that argument had been about…"

"-took us to the beach, never realized how strange that was until years later, taking me and my sister out to a beach in the middle of the night without telling mom. But he took us home after and nothing happened, so I guess it was nothing…"

"-don't remember what I did wrong, but she had the coat hanger, and I didn't have anywhere to run so I just curled up and covered my head the best I could--"

"-as my own fault really, shouldn't have been playing near the stairwell. But shouldn't they have realized my leg was broken? Or at the very least, that I was hurt and might need to go to the hospital?"

"-ever listened to me. Ever! I got in so many arguments because he didn't understand English and I didn't know enough Cantonese to fully explain what I was feeling--"

"-they had me strip naked and examined me all over, even left me to lie there on that cold metal bed with nothing but a thin sheet, but still couldn't figure out what was wrong with me… or tell me anything at all--"

"-and then we lost the house! Like, Uuugh!"

"-then he asked me to give him my money, my savings, because he wanted to buy a new car--!!"

Linda was holding her head at the ache that had started around the 3rd 'story' Miz told her. Wow. She was really… laying it all out. No hesitation, just telling her every last thing that had ever…

And the other part of Linda was belatedly realizing…

'Oh, she had daddy issues too…'

---

"-nd that's when I died." Miz sighed. Linda jumped, sitting up in her chair where she'd been slumped over after her back began hurting from sitting up so long. She had no other appointments
today, and Miz had straight up hissed at Lucifer when he'd tried to barge in earlier, so Linda had spent the entire day listening to the abridged life story of Miz Cipher, part 1, the human years (as she called it.)

"R-right." Linda shook off her lethargy. "Well… that… is a lot to unpack, probably too much for one day…"

"I haven't even told you about my triangle life." Miz sighed. Linda wanted to sigh too. "One thing at a time. Once I've worked through your human life, as it appears a lot of who you are is based on that as a foundation, I can see about your other two lives."

"Okay." Miz agreed easily.

"For now… I think I can begin putting together a psychological profile, would help when I find someone who can help you better than I can."

Miz nodded. "Okay." She agreed again. Linda sighed. "It's not that I don't want to talk to you, I don't think I'm qualified to do so."

"But how would I even know if I can trust anyone else." Miz muttered. Linda sighed. "Yes, that will be the problem won't it? But I will try my best to find someone for you. And if all else fails…"

Linda sighed. "I could start reading up on child development…" She muttered, "Wouldn't be the first time I had to speed learn something that isn't part of my job…"

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(Miz’s brother came back and they hung out for a while, stressing everyone else out. But that’s another story.)

---

One of the things Miz's other Bill Cipher brother (Blue) influenced on this side of the multiverse, was making Ford host a dinner for his niblings and their partners, which ended up in him offering to teach Maxini more about human life and culture. So a few weeks later, in the last week of September, when Ford had his portal device fixed up (with him, Miz and Fiddleford working on it together to make sure it was safe to use) so he could get to a meeting spot to pick up Max, and bring him over for ‘human’ lessons, the mentorship officially began. (Ford wasn’t going to just make handheld portal devices for people, that was too dangerous. But Miz had mentioned setting up Teleport Spots, where people could travel to, and use, to get to other Teleport Spots. Which sounded amazing. Ford was going to work on that, but he would need to make sure they were non-hackable.)

He was looking forward to making this a commercial thing. All the time and energy saved, as well as money and resources. Without mentioning the less impact on the environment~

The boy was dressed in a jacket this time, a jacket styled a lot like Native American ones. As well as boots. The clothes, while helping keep him a little warm, probably didn't do much for him with the weather dropping it’s temperature into single digits.

"Hello, Maxini. Let's go inside so you can warm up." Ford quickly guided the excited boy inside. It was unsettling how cold he was, his lips were blue, but he was smiling and not shivering at all. Right, they didn’t really shiver, did they? That… was… Ford blinked. “Should you be hibernating right now?”
Max should his head. "Not yet. The snow hasn't fallen, which means the god hasn't arrived yet to
cover the ground with his icy blanket."

"Uh huh. Well, weather is a good first lesson, I believe!" Ford clapped his hands and grinned.
"You'll learn scientifically why the weather changes without relying on archaic beliefs."

"Scientific means...Seeing it the human way?" Max followed his new mentor as Ford paced.
“Scientific meaning the correct way!” Ford said proudly (being of the opinion that science was
better than any silly religious beliefs. And no, he didn’t realize how silly that was, considering he
was friends with a literal god.)

"Oh…” Max shook himself as the warm enveloped him and his hair puffed. "I guess you're
right...Mabel says you're the most intelligent human."

Ford waved a hand with false humbleness (already unconsciously knowing he was going to LOVE
doing this and get Max's admiration). "Oh, I just know things, which I'm going to help you learn.
Do you read in English?"

"...No...I know the characters and the numeric symbols though..."

"...Oh." Ford blinked. “Well then. Let’s start with learning the human English alphabet…”

Ford couldn’t believe he spent the next half hour in his lab singing the ABCs to Max.

He was also pretty sure his friends were behind the door listening. He sighed again. He made Max
repeat the letters again and again, drawing them in a notebook as similar as Ford drew them. (Ford
was kind enough not to use his cute extravagant handwriting, just a normal one).

"So...How do I write my name?"

Ford helped him sound it out, to get a spelling. He was quite sure it wasn’t a direct 1-1
transliteration of his name, but it was close enough.

Max seemed to like it though. When he wrote it next to it in his own language, it
looked...similarish which excited him a lot.

"Ok, you know how to speak, so forming sentences shouldn't be hard. I want you to write 5
sentences, yes? Whatever you want."

It took another half an hour for Max to finish them...Ford grimaced a bit, he was having a lot more
respect for kindergarten teachers now, teaching english was hard.

How was he supposed to make him understand 'like' for 3rd person actually was with an s and
wasn't written like it sounded but rather like, which didn't sound at all like the alphabet they just
revised??

And… "Ok, hold on, I'll fix your hand...there." He fixed Max's position holding the pencil, so now
instead of his fist, he was holding it the correct way, with his fingers. The pen shook even more
when Max tried to write again. It seemed like his manual dexterity wasn’t used to it. Ford frowned
at that. “Ok, just... um… practice holding it… whichever way feels most comfortable?”

Max nodded, motivated by sheer positiveness which actually impressed the scientist a little. "Do I
need to learn to write the words so you can teach me the scientific way of how the god brings ice
and snow?"
"Of course. You need to take notes! You'll need them to revise when I evaluate you."

"Evaluate me?"

"After some lessons, I'll measure on a scale of 1 to 100 how well you learned the things I'm teaching you. That will give you an idea of your progress and I'll know if I need to change some method or explain a subject better."

"That sounds scary…" Max muttered.

"Well, I'm fairly certain you want to live in the human world with Mabel, and one of the things you'll need is to prove you know the 12 basic years of schooling and education human children go through."

"...I need to study 12 years to know everything humans know?!"

"Oh no, I said BASIC." Ford clarified, making the eix leel boy melt in his chair, NOW looking fairly less unmotivated than before. "Human learning is hard…” Max groaned.

They went through very basic sentences and words (making Ford feel like a kindergarten teacher, writing words like mom, dad, house, girlfriend, colors etc), before Max confessed he was hungry. He took his newest pupil to the cafeteria to get something to eat and sat with him, far away from the curious looks.

Too bad his friends didn't care about privacy. Max smiled as he chewed his meat and the other scientists slid over. They'd gotten a brief summary from their boss about how he was going to have another guest over. One who didn't know a lot of English, or American culture. "Where are you from kid?" "Are you from a very traditional society distanced from western influence?"

"Uh...Yes?"

"Aaww~ And why're you here? Can we know?" Dr. Wexler looked at the boy with the cutest braid ever and then at Ford. The scientist had given up on trying to stop his friends from just being here and talking. They were too curious for their own good sometimes.

"I want to learn about humans, so that I'm the best option for my girlfriend to marry."

"No, Max. Learning is not for someone else! It's for YOU to grow and educate yourself, cultivate your intellect." Ford exclaimed. Max nodded. "It's for me to grow!"

"Uh...What?" Dr. Poddar blinked

Ford rubbed his forehead. "Maxini's a different species and wishes to be closer to human culture. I'll teach him. But keep it to yourself, I don't want the entire staff knowing about him. He can't handle the attention as well as Xin can."

“Ooooh~ another supernatural? Hello there Maxini. It’s very nice to meet you. You can call me Dr. Wexler.” the ginger grinned at him. Max was looking at her hair. “Are you and Phillip related?” Max asked. Because Mabel and her family all had fluffy brown hair, aside from some who had black or yellow, but they looked similar enough. But Phillip had red hair, and so did this woman.

"I don't know who Phillip is, but I can almost say with certainty that we're not." Dr. Wexler raised an eyebrow. Ford patted Max's shoulder. "They aren't. While genetically, being red haired is less likely, not every red haired person is directly related." he paused. “Though they could be very distantly related? Many, many generations ago.”
"What's genetically?" Max asked curiously and Ford pulled at his hair. DAMNIT! "Do you know what...DNA is?"

"It's the letters of the alphabet!" Max said brightly. "Dee is the fourth letter. En comes after Em! And Ey is the first one!"

The group of scientists giggled behind their hands as their boss took a deep breath. Ford was the least patient person they knew when it came to others, why did he volunteer for this?? Haha!

"Ok, let's make a note to explain this for biology..." He handed Max a paper. "Write red and hair and DNA." Max nodded, pulling his pencil out of his pocket and stuck his tongue out as he concentrated.

Fiddleford looked at Ford. "You'd be a terrible kindergarten teacher." he deadpanned.

"Yes. That's why I studied science and not kindergarten education. " Ford stressed, making the others laugh a little more, amused and worried about how high the standards were going to be set for Maxini.

The poor supernatural boy.

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It took the rest of September for Max to get used to writing a little more fluently and with less mistakes. Ford, shamelessly, gave the eix leel homework, which Maxini dutifully brought back the next day. He did it at night, curled up in his nest with his sisters. His parents didn't even warm him when they asked the Queen if he was allowed to and Max excused this homework to his queen by saying that, "As the human ambassador, I have to pass human tests, it is the will of the Great Dragon."

She begrudgingly had to agree and Max was allowed to continue. The priestesses told her it was better this way, because he wasn't attending much to the apprenticeship and they were more than glad to not have the freak boy around. "He did cook well though."

A lower-ranked priestesses complained, "Kind of a shame we can’t have him here, working for us anymore."

Ford tried teaching Max basic mathematical operations, and to his immense pleasure, Max knew how to add, subtract, multiply and even divide. "You see Max, the exact same thing you did with your symbols, you’ll do with these ones, called arabic numbers. That's the wonder of math and science! It's completely universal anywhere you see it!"

Max nodded slowly. Ok…(?!)

Math was the easiest subject Ford was teaching him. Max seemed horrified as to WHY more math existed for humans. Why would you mix letters and numbers?? Why are drawing lines and curves on a graph paper so important? ax+b. You don't go around measuring or weighting fish with ax+b!

"...what's this for? Why do humans learn this? What do we use it for, in human society?" Max was very confused about what the practical applications of this were. Did humans really need to know the degrees of a triangle in day to day life? Humans were so incredibly complex...

"Math is elementary for day to day life." Ford said solemnly. And triangles were important! (Ford fought down a blush at the memory of how he’d used a protractor to make sure all his drawings and paintings of Bill had been perfect--)

"You haven't even taught me the human way of seeing the weather. You say it's not the Gods, but
you haven't told me who does it.” Max crossed his arms, a bit petulantly. “I know that the Great Dragon can do it. So, is it her? Does she make the human weather too?”

"Alright. fine. We'll take a break from quadratic functions for ecology.” Max happily turned the page in his notebook and searched for an appropriate pen. Mabel had gifted him a box with colorful pens and pencils! They were so colorful and had even more colors than the rainbow and he absolutely loved it. He grabbed green, because it sounded appropriate (it was a shiny pen, which also smelled of fruits) and looked up at Dr. Pines with a raised eyebrow. (Mabel had told him that if he was confused, he could use different colors for different bits of information, to help him sort them for easier understanding later.)

Ford grabbed a globe and showed it to Max. "This is the Earth. you are in this continent called North America, in the country United States in the state of Oregon. These are the other continents, which are big pieces of land. This is South America, Europe, Asia, Africa and Oceania."

"...I don't know about those other continents… and that's not how they taught me about how the territory is laid out…"

"The Earth's not flat. Get over it." Ford deadpanned. "Anyway! This is a planet." He drew in the whiteboard the Earth and the Sun next to it. "The planet Earth orbits around a giant Star called the Sun, which is millions and millions of kilometers away from the planet, but it's rays of light enter the atmosphere-- a gaseous layer around the Earth, and warms it."

"Orbits...What?" Max frowned.

"When the planet makes an entire cycle around the sun, it takes 365 days, it makes a year. However! The earth also spins along its own axis, and that makes day and night. The side of the planet facing the Sun is the day, while the other one is the night, when it turns over like this--" Ford spun his globe. "--now this other side is in the day."

"What's an axis?"

"The Earth also has a natural satellite called the moon-" Ford searched in his drawer for the moon that came with the globe and stuck it to it with a metal stick. “What’s a satellite?!” Max asked, only to be ignored as Ford continued speaking.

Max was so incredibly confused right now. And mister Ford wasn’t stopping to clarify any of his questions.

"The moon, unlike the planet, doesn't spin, it stays the same, and it appears at night, reflected by the Sun's light. It has phases depending on how direct the Sun's hitting it. That's why you get full moons or half moons." Ford finished. Max thought this meant he could finally ask a question, but Ford continued.

"SO! Weather! Depending on the position of the planet during its orbit around the Sun, it'll give different weather to different parts of the planet. While the planet is for example in July, the northern hemisphere is in summer, while the south has winter, due to the inclination of the planet, and while we're in December, the northern hemisphere is in winter, that's when you go hibernate, and the south is in summer. The in between periods create fall and spring."

Max was sobbing softly.

“Heeeey Fordsie!” a voice called out. A voice of salvation.

“Great Dragon!” Max sobbed as he ran over to fall to his knees before Xin, who blinked at this.
"I'm so sorry!! I don't understand! I don't understand what Mr. Pines is teaching me!" Max sobbed, ashamed of himself. "I can't learn!"

Xin blinked down at him, and then gave Ford a very unimpressed look. “It’s not your fault Maxini. Ford’s just shit at teaching basic level things. It’s why he was never able to help Sebastian or Stan with their homework as kids.” (“Hey!”) Xin knelt down to brush the tears from Max’s eyes. “Oh, sweetie…” Xin coo’ed at him. “Let's sit down and lemme see what the issue is.”

Max sniffled, rising to his feet, holding the Great Dragon’s hand as he led them back to the desk. “Now Fordsie, what were you trying to explain to him?” Xin asked, crossing one leg over the other elegantly.

"How weather originated...in...the real way and not with his god myths…"

"I don't get it… I don't even know why Mr. Pines says the territory is a circle." Max sniffled. Xin sighed. “Ok, let's start from the very beginning.” He gently pulled Max down until the eix leel was lying with his head on Xin’s lap, moving his legs to rest them both on the ground so that his lep would be level.

Xin took a deep breath and started with, “Once upon a time, a planet called Earth was formed.” Ford frowned. “It’s not some story. And it didn’t just take one moment, the Earth took billions of years to--” and then Xin reached out a hand, and even though he was sitting so far away, Ford could feel a finger press against his lips. “Shush Fordsie. It’s story time.”

So Ford grumbled and sat back as Xin continued. He'd fill up his paperwork then! While Xin preferred doing storytelling instead of actually teaching him. He thought, very etnocentristic of him and allowing Xin to see why he chose science instead of any social studies.

“The Earth is like a really, really big rock. But it also has water pooled within the uneven surface of it. Have you seen rocks like that before?” Xin asked Max, stroking his hair gently. Max sniffled, but nodded. Xin smiled at him, and continued, “Now, because that rock is so big and bumpy, it collected water into all it’s little dips and cracks. But this rock is also round. So it rolls.” Xin giggled. “But here’s the thing, the rock really likes the water that it collected. So the water stays on it, even as it rolls around.” Max gasped. “Is it a magic rock?” (Ford rolled his eyes, magic may be real, but gravity wasn’t magic!) Xin shrugged. “Some people say it’s magic. You see, the thing that makes the water stick to the rock is called ‘gravity’. Gravity is an invisible power, a force, that pulls things towards other things. And the bigger something is, the bigger that pull will be. So, since this rock is suuuuuper big--” Xin opened his arms wide and MAx laughed a little. “--it was able to keep all that water pulled toward itself, so that it didn’t splash away as the rock rolled around.”

Here, Xin stopped to do a status check, “Do you understand so far?” Max nodded. Xin continued. “Now, the rock isn’t rolling along the ground, no, this rock rolls through the air, like it’s floating.” Max gasped. “So it IS magic!” Xin giggled. “Nope. It’s still gravity.” he poked Max’s nose. “You know the sun?” Max nodded. Everyone knew what the sun was. The great ball of light in the sky that warmed their bodies and brought them life. “Well, where is the sun?” Xin asked. “In the sky--” Max’s eyes widened. The sun floated in the sky. Max was told it was because the gods placed fire into the sky, to create the sun. But from what Xin was saying… “So… the sun floats in the sky… because of gravity?”

Xin nodded. Max frowned. “But… wouldn’t the sun be pulled towards us, because of gravity?”

Xin grinned and patted his head. “You’re close, but it’s the other way around. You see, the sun is actually much, much bigger than us. Our planet, our Earth, the big rock I was telling you about?
It’s much smaller than the sun.”

“...that doesn’t make sense. The sun is the size of a pup’s fist.” Max frowned. Xin continued petting him. “If I was standing very far away, how big would I be?” he prompted. Max blinked. “You’d look smaller, but you’re not actually smaller, just farther away...” and then Max connected this information on his own to, “So the sun is actually very, very far away?”

“Exactly!” Xin nodded. "And it is huuuuge!" He pointed at the globe. "If the Earth is this size, the sun is the size of this entire building!" Max’s eyes went wide. “That’s... that’s really big...” like... unthinkably big. “And that... Earth is... Earth is here.” Max opened his own arms to gesture around them. “Where we are living, and standing on. And...” he frowned as he connected all the previous points together. “And... the Earth is round, and the reason we can stand on it, even though it’s round, is because of gravity?”

Xin clapped. “Yes! Exactly! You’re doing great! See? It’s not that hard, now is it?” He cheered, making Max very proud of himself. "That actually makes much more sense..." Max rubbed his arm, sitting up and off Xin’s lap now. The dragon gave him a gentle look, "Do you need a break to get a snack? Melody's in the house making cookies, you can eat those. They don’t have chocolate in them, and I’ve run a bio-test of your body through all known foods, so you’re gonna be fine with shortbread cookies." Xin told him.

"Ok! I'll be right back." Max nodded before running away.

"Aren't you babying him?" Ford asked immediately. "You're acting like he's stupid: the rock loves having water!" Ford said in a mocking higher pitched voice. "He isn't."

Xin deadpanned. "Aren't you the one treating him like someone who knows what a hemisphere even is? You’re not even giving him any of the basics to build on."

"Any child can learn concepts, Xin. Do you think they need to learn like that?"

"Maybe they should! And I’m not treating him like he’s stupid, Max’s really intelligent, especially taking into consideration how you’ve shoved writing and grammar down his throat over the last 2 weeks." Xin shook his head. "I'm teaching him in a way he understands! Do you think their pups are sat down to write down 20 times their vocabulary list? they learn through oral tradition, storytelling~ and it's so rude for you to tell him to his face that his gods are not real, especially KNOWING Maxini is NOT going to fight you on it, or defend his beliefs. You just don't do that." Xin felt a little pang in his chest, hurt at the slight disappointment he was feeling at Fordsie. “I mean, I’m a god. Are you gonna tell me I’m not real?”

“But he thinks his gods control the weather---”

“ I can control the weather.” Xin deadpanned.

"Ok, but not on the entire planet, no. It's natural science working, it doesn't come from a God's job. I'd KNOW if there were seasonal spirits flying around bringing an icy blanket all around the land~" He batted his eyelashes

“Just ‘cause you can’t see them, doesn’t mean they’re not there.” Xin deadpanned. “And just because their ‘magic’ works via manipulating the temperature and air pressure in order to produce the effects in a way science can understand, doesn’t mean that they weren’t using their powers in conjunction with the sunlight, and the rotational spin of the planet.” Xin huffed. The gods worked WITH the planet. That’s... kinda the point! It was only aberrations like himself that went against the natural order of things. Because Bill Cipher was a rule breaker! "I don't like how you're trying
to force Max to ignore his own beliefs to shove down yours. You could easily explain things to him, but you don't. Just leave, I'm teaching him today. If you're not going to fully be into it, don’t do it, because it’s not fair for Max to feel ‘stupid’ because the 'most intelligent human' is teaching him and he doesn’t understand him." Xin pointed towards the door.

"...This is my lab…"

"Fiddleford needs help. Now go." Xin glared. “You don’t have the care and patience needed for teaching children, nor respecting someone’s religious beliefs. If you wanna teach him how to read and write, that’s fine, because at least then, you’re not making him feel like an idiot for not ‘magically’ understanding everything you’re saying.” Xin pointed at the door. “Until you can learn to respect someone else’s beliefs, especially if they in no way cause you any harm, or cause anyone any harm, for them to hold those beliefs, you are not allowed to teach Max about science.”

Max returned with a few more cookies and sat down next to Xin for the next lesson. Ford sighed, looking a little miffed and left. Max blinked. “...is mister Ford okay?”

“He’ll be fine. I’m just stomping on his pride as a teacher.” Xin shrugged. “Now, where were we… oh right. So the Earth is a big rock with water, and the sun is a super massive ball of gas that is so hot it caught on fire…”

---

Fiddleford watched his friend drag himself into his lab, dodge a flying drone without a care in the world and went to sulk on his table. "Uh...hi. How's tutoring going?"

"Xin is angry at me and just kicked me out of my lab because I don't like the idea of babying Maxini in his lessons."

Fiddleford blinked. "He told you, you suck, didn't he?" The blond deadpanned. Ford groaned. Fiddleford chuckled. “Well, what were you doing in the lesson?”

So Ford explained what he tried to teach Max. And Fiddleford’s eyes narrowed. “...you tried ta tell this boy to disregard all his religious beliefs because they weren’t ‘real’???”

“But they’re not!” Ford waved a hand. “The world runs on science. Not the gods. Even if they are real. They don’t create science. It’ll exist even without them! So why shouldn’t I tell Max he doesn’t have to put his faith into appeasing them, or thanking them for making the sun rise or the rain fall?”


“Ford, listen.” Fiddleford put his hands on Ford’s shoulders. “I am a religious man. I’m a good Christian man and I love God. And while I might be a man of science, I still hold my faith inside me, I don’t have to choose between ‘em.” He tightened his grip on Ford’s shoulders. “Now, I ain’t one ta tell anyone what they can or can’t believe in, so long as those beliefs ain’t hurtin’ anyone. And you--” He leaned in, glaring at Ford, “--are being very hurtful right now. You’re being incredibly rude and disrespectful of mine, and Max’s beliefs and values.”

Ford blinked. “But--”

“No buts. Ford, I can't believe I have to explain this to you. YOU of all people should know what it means for people to decide FOR you what is or isn’t an acceptable religion!” Fiddleford's eye twitched and waited for Ford to realize what he was talking about, and the horrified look of realization on Ford’s face. “Yeah. That.” Fiddleford deadpanned. “Just 'cause you’ve turned your
back on your god, don’t mean that you have to force everyone else to do the same.”

Ford tucked his metaphorical tail between his legs. He looked down at the floor. He wasn't trying to be rude or disrespectful… but he clearly has been. Damn he already had this conversation with Fiddleford as a teen back in college… He was being as bad as...

"I’m sorry, F. You're right… And I should apologize to the boy as well…”

Fiddleford nodded, satisfied. "Good. Also, I don't think you should be teachin’ him until you get this sort of thing settled. It makes for a very toxic learning environment.”

Ford had to sit down. “...am I a bad person?” He wondered aloud. “Nope, you’re just an idiot sometimes.” Fiddleford rolled his eyes and went back to screwdriving something.

"Also, I think you just aren't very good at teaching, and that’s a problem too. Your interns learn stuff because they're on the same page as you are. And they're here because they passed all sorts of tests to get accepted into the program in the first place." F chuckled. "And ya wanted to teach Dipper, huh?"

Ford grumbled and blushed a little. "I can learn teaching techniques...I WANT Max to learn...But I only know how I learn…” He mused.

“Yeah, yeah. Well, you know there are plenty of books on teaching and child learning? You could read up on a few of them.” Fiddleford shrugged. “The internet is a thing, there are even online courses. Also, maybe ask Ashton about how to be more respectful to other people’s beliefs. That should help a lot.”

Ford nodded, he would do so. No matter how long this would end up taking him to do.

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It took a while, as he scoured the internet and devoured the town's library (not literally of course, that would be very unappetizing). He even found a complete elementary through high school curriculum and the subjects and topics that Max should be able to do. So distracted with learning how to do this, Ford almost forgot that Miz’s birthday was coming up.

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Wanda bustled around the house. She absolutely refused to let Miz work today. It was her birthday after all. Her 13th birthday. Technically. Wanda sighed. She was a little worried about how Miz was going to pretend to grow older. Apparently Blue (Miz’s older demon brother) had taught her how, but Wanda still worried.

The way Miz explained it was that if she kept the same Vessel, and edited that, without dispersing it and making a new vessel, then it would be able to keep the changes she gave it. So essentially, Miz would have to keep her vessel here, all the time, as Miz, in order for Miz to ‘grow up’. She mentioned an older version of herself that Blue had made for her and claimed she was going to set a slow transformation between her current form and that older form, to take place over the course of 10 years. After that… she had another few older forms that Blue had helped her make, so she would be able to continue aging it past that.

Well, it shouldn’t be too much of a problem even if Miz didn’t grow all that quickly. Wanda checked on the oven to see how the cake was going. She asked Seb to take the children out for the day so she could get all the preparation done and make this a surprise. (Not much of a surprise, everyone knew it was Miz’s birthday, but it was the principle of the thing.)
Since Miz wanted her birthday in October, specifically Halloween, Wanda had a lot of work to do. Miz had said “October 26 would be more accurate but having a Halloween birthday seems more appropriate,” which Seb had found hilarious. So the kids were out Trick or Treating during the day (their neighborhood decided to do this in the mornings) and Wanda was trying to get the food done. There was a knock on the door and Wanda found Carla, Stan, his mom, and their kids. “Hi Wanda! We came early so I could help you get things done in time.”

“Thanks Carla.” The friends hugged and she invited them inside. “Sebastian's out trick or treating with the kids. You can get Diego changed so he can go too.” Diego gasped. “You're trick or treating in the morning?”

“Well it's a weekend. Our neighborhood does it during the day instead. Some of the other parents were afraid of letting the children walk around at night.” Wanda explained. Diego immediately pulled on Stan's hand. “I wanna go trick or treating!”

“Ok, lets get your costume on…” Stan laughed as he led Diego into the magical wing of the house. Carla looked at Dillon “Do you wanna go trick or treating too?” Her eldest son shook his head. “Nah. I can help you and aunt Wanda prepare for Miz’s birthday party.” Carla gave him a hug for being such a good boy. Dillon rolled his eyes. He didn't trick or treat anymore. He only did until he was around 15 because he wanted to know how trick or treating with his dad felt. But he was 19 now, too old for this sort of thing.

They worked until Shermie and Abigail arrived with their own children. To Dillon’s surprise, his cousins seemed sad they couldn't trick or treat.

“Aren’t we a little too old for it already?” He asked, to which Mabel, with a new piercing in her ear (college changed people), said. “Well, after almost dying, Dip Dop and I realized the point isn’t candy per se, but going with your twin and spending time together~” She dragged her brother to her and hugged him by his neck.

Dillon chuckled, kind of wishing he had a twin too. Uncle Seb and Uncle Shermie had twin children! He didn't know about Uncle Ford because he was never gonna give him cousins. Stupid Dad not making twins as well!

Wanda, Carla and Kari worked to cook everything while Shermie and the twins got the decorations set up. Abigail asked “Are any guests beside family coming?” Wanda sighed. “Well, the only friends Miz has outside of us are her alien friends and Amelie. I’m worried that she’s not bothering to make friends with humans around her apparent age.”

“Well, Miz isn’t really 13. Perhaps she can’t connect with the other children in the neighborhood because they aren’t mentally on her level?” Carla asked. Wanda sighed. “Well, I don’t know. I think Miz is unsure how to handle them. I’ve tried to get her to have some play dates with the other preteens in the neighborhood but she says they were all nosy and annoying.” She sighed. “They ask her all sorts of personal questions and it made her very upset.”

“Poor Miz.” Abigail shook her head. “Children can be insensitive.” She looked around. “So, are Miz’s alien friends going to be coming tonight?” Wanda nodded. “It’s Halloween, her friends would be able to walk around the neighborhood. I almost feel like Miz chose Halloween as her birthday just for that reason.” Wanda smiled “That’s how she is, she has plenty of hidden reasons for everything she does.”

Wanda wondered if she really should be pushing Miz to make human friends. If Miz didn't like the kids here, she shouldn’t be forcing her to hang out with them. Still, Miz seemed happy enough even without human friends in the neighborhood. That should be fine. “Well, Miz will be bringing her
friends over later. She and the twins are out trick or treating right now.”

“Oh, I can’t wait to see their costumes!” Carla squealed. “They must look adorable!” Wanda laughed. “Yeah. Miz is going as a dragon, Zach is a knight and Zoe is the kidnapped princess.” The women laughed. Dillon rolled his eyes. But dragons didn’t kidnap princesses.

They worked to get all the food ready. The doorbell rang. “That must be Ford.” Dillon went to get him. “Naw, it’s just trick or treaters.” He passed them their candy. Halloween in the morning? How weird. What would they think of next? Halloween in the summer? HAH! Only in Gravity Falls. Still, he understood the reason. Everything was more dangerous nowadays and anyone could hurt a child, especially at night.

Wanda looked at her nephew and smiled. “How’s college going, Dillon? I know you three made a great effort to come.” She thanked the college-aged kids.

“Pfft! Family is always first!” Mabel said with a smile. Dipper nodded. “Besides, it’s been only like, 2 months, we don’t have tests yet.” The usually stressed boy said. He wasn’t stressed...yet. The women and Shermie chuckled. “What were you studying, Dillon?” The green-eyed man asked.

“Business management. I’m continuing with the leadership of my future company…” Dillon rubbed his hands greedily. Carla smacked the back of his curly head. So much like his father. Mabel giggled. “Well...I decided to go with art for now at a community college and go from there…” She said, kind of sheepish, but her family just smiled.

“That’s great, sweetie!” Carla ruffled her hair. Dipper opened his mouth to speak but Shermie cut him off. “We ALL know what you are studying, kid. You have known and tormented us with that since you were 12.”

“You’re mean.” Dipper crossed his arms with mock annoyance. They all laughed. Shermie gave his son a hug. “It's fine. It's good that you know what you want. Makes it easier for you.”

“Speaking of which, do you know what Miz plans to do? She has technically graduated from high school. I heard she took the exams to get her diplomas?” Carla asked Wanda. The blonde sighed. “Miz isn't sure. She's legally 13 years old so she can't actually work anyway. I think she mentioned making jewelry and starting her own business for custom origami art?”

“Origami? Oh, those little paper things you've texted us photos of?” Carla asked. Wanda grinned. “Oh, you should see them in person! She makes the most beautiful things! Hang on...Seb and I have been collecting the things she makes in a box…”

She went off to get the box. She and Seb had been amazed to see her folding them one day. Seb was especially impressed because there was no magic involved, this was pure skill. When Wanda had collected them in a box, Miz had been quite confused. “You’re not throwing them away?” she had asked. When Wanda told her that she wouldn’t throw away something that Miz spent time making, the girl seemed...blown away by that very idea. That they would willingly keep the things she made. (It was almost heartbreakingly to see her confusion at the idea that they would keep her work.)

Wanda brought out the box and showed them the paper animals that Miz had made.

“Awww!” Mabel cooed. Her body screamed to touch them but her mind shouted not to because she could ruin them. “Aaahh!!” She squealed instead, trying to fight her impulsive side.
Dillon and Dipper grinned at the stuff. “That’s cool! I knew how to make a paper boat but I already forgot.” Dipper shrugged, making Shermie gasp offended. “But I taught you that~” He whined. Carla blinked at the origami pieces and then back at Wanda, who was grinning proudly. She loved showing off her kid’s stuff. No matter what it was that they made. Even if they had blood on them like in Zoe’s case...her crazy baby...

“Girl, tell Miz to start doing something! Talent is being wasted!” Carla gasped finally. Wanda laughed. “Yeah, she’s thinking of making them into jewelry. I was going to take her shopping for jewelry supplies tomorrow. And I have a few starter set tools for her birthday gift today.”

Mabel gasped when she found an origami pig. “Can I have this?!” Wanda shrugged. “Miz likes giving them away so, sure?”

The teen squealed loudly and cradled the delicate animal to her chest. Then she went to stick it in her mom’s purse. She didn’t bring her own purse (she had a backpack, but it didn’t have a safe place to put something so delicate), so she knew her beautiful mother would take care of it for her. Abi rolled her eyes at her daughter.

The doorbell rang a few more times, all trick or treaters, and everyone wondered when Ford would get here. Wanda sighed. “I’m gonna call him.” She went off to do so, tapping her foot impatiently. Finally the line picked up. “H-hello?” A groggy voice said. Wanda held back a snarl. “Stanford Pines! Where the fuck are you?”

“Oh, hello Wanda...um...I’m in my lab? Oh-- if you mean-- w-well I was working on Miz’s birthday present and-- I lost track of time--” There was some shuffling sounds. “I’m heading out now! I’ll be there-- soon--” and then the phone clicked and Wanda got the dial tone. She sighed. “Well, he was apparently making Miz’s birthday present and lost track of time.” She told everyone. She hoped he made it here on time.

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“Hey doctor Pines. Where are you off to in such a hurry?” The new intern, Jake (he wasn’t in Ford’s section so he didn’t really know this boy very well yet) asked him. Ford didn’t turn around to look at him as he continued walking to his house. “I’ll be out for the rest of the day. My lab is locked down, no one gets in, DON’T let anyone touch anything.” He warned the young man before rushing off to his house. In his hands was a large box. He searched for his car keys. If he drove fast, he was sure he would get there in less than 3 hours! Of course, he was also going to drive carefully, rushing shouldn’t get in the way of safety. (And yes, he COULD portal over to Seb’s place, but there was another stop he had to go to between the Shack and Seb’s house, and he was still worried about people finding out about his portal watch.)

“I’ll be gone for the day, Soos! Good bye!” He waved at the man in the Gift Shop before running to his car. AAH!! Wanda was going to murder him!

He did hope Miz liked his presents though.

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Seb laughed as he ran his hands through the heavy sacks of candy. “Twin costumes always get the most candy!” He cheered. Zoe whined as she pulled on her father's costume. “That's OUR candy! Not yours!” She complained. Seb, dressed as a jester, made his eye water and his lips wobble. “So you're not gonna share any candy with your poor, hungry daddy?”

“Like you can't buy your own candy?” Miz rolled her eyes, making sure to keep her tail motionless.
(They’d gone with a fantasy theme. Zach was a knight, with a sword. Zoe was a princess, with a sword. Seb was a jester, with a sword. And Miz was the dragon, who also had a sword.) Seb turned his watery gaze upon her but the demon-dragon was unmoved. Left with only one last hope, Seb turned to look at his son. Zach bit his lip and looked like he might give in but Miz patted his arm “He's got a secret stash of Choco-chews hidden in his sock drawer.”

“How did you find out?!” Seb gasped. Zach giggled, knowing it was ok to say no, and refused to share with his dad.

“Seb, I know lots of things~You should know this by now.” Miz batted her eyelashes at him. The man huffed and crossed his arms. “Well, if it wasn’t for me, you wouldn’t have costumes and you wouldn’t have come to ask for candies anyway! You still have to share with me!” Seb whined.

The twins pouted. “Ok...but just a little bit…” Zoe grumbled and Seb ruffled her hair. “That’s all I ask for.” He grinned. The group passed some neighbors and the kids greeted each other. Seb gave the other parents a polite nod.

“How has your day been? Got plenty of candy?” Heather from down the block asked. Seb grinned. “So much candy.” The adults all laughed. “Well, we're having a Halloween party later tonight. Would your kids like to come?” Heather asked. The children were all comparing their bags of candy and making trades.

“Two Giggles minis for...a Twox bar?” “I don't like licorice. Anyone got milk malts?” “I don't even know what this is?” “Ooh! You have Jimmy Jammers? I'll trade you a Waffer Cream for it!”

Seb shook his head. “Sorry, we're going to be celebrating Miz's 13th birthday tonight.” The other adults gasped. “Her birthday is today? Why didn't you tell anyone?” Kyle (a single father from a few streets down) asked. Seb rubbed his head “Well, we figured everyone else had their own parties and didn't want to get in the way of that. Besides, it's Miz's first birthday with us...as a family...so...we wanted it to be a more personal affair. Maybe next year, once Miz is more comfortable with making friends around the neighborhood?”

The other parents nodded, looking sympathetic. “Understandable. The poor dear, is she still shy around people?” Seb nodded. “She doesn't like large crowds. And I suppose she's unsure how to make friends? She hasn't really interacted much with other children.”

“Well, she is quite the smart girl. Aced her graduation exams, right?” Heather asked. Ellie (a parent from a few houses down) frowned. “Shouldn't you have let her go to school? To make friends?”

“Well, going to a school wouldn't have taught her much, she's smart enough and already knows the subject matter.” Seb shrugged. “And making her sit through classes that bored her wouldn't have helped. Wanda and I discussed this with her and she said she wanted to take her exams and get her diploma.”

“So, will Miz be going to college?” Kyle asked. Seb shrugged. “Wanda and I both think she's too young to go so far away. Wanda has been looking for online courses she can try. Miz wants to go into Art.”

“The art program?” Heather frowned. “Wouldn't that be a waste? She's so smart...” Ellie nudged the fellow mother. “There's nothing wrong with art. Why, Sebastian is a professional artist!”

Seb blushed slightly at the praise but he had learned to accept his own talents. “I'm a designer. Though, I think Miz mentioned wanting to get into Illustration or Fashion, like me?” she seemed a little unsure, mentioned how she didn't really want to do homework again. Seb lit up “You should
see the things she makes. Miz loves origami. I think Wanda said she and Miz were going to get some supplies for her so Miz can make handmade jewelry.”

Heather and Ellie gasped. “Really? Jewelry making? That sounds wonderful.” Ellie cooed “Make sure you show me some of her work soon. I'm sure it would be lovely.”

Seb nodded and bid the other parents farewell as he herded his kids back to their own street. “Come on, one last round and then we're heading home.” The kids nodded. As they turned to leave, one of the other kids pulled on Miz’s tail. “Eep!” she squeaked.

“Cool. It feels so real!” The boy grinned as he tugged on it again. Miz whimpered. Seb quickly stepped in. “Hey! Hands off!”

“Jeffery!” Ellie scolded her son. “That’s very rude! Let go of her costume!” She pulled her 10 year old son away and looked at Seb apologetically. “I’m so sorry. He didn’t break her costume right?” Miz was rubbing the base of her tail. “I-it’s fine…” She mumbled as her siblings went to stand protectively around her. Zoe glared at Jeffery. She didn't care if he was twice her size, if he touched her big sister again...

Seb cleared his throat. “Well, let’s head off now.” He frowned at Jeffery and placed a protective hand on Miz’s shoulder as they left. Ellie was still scolding her son about proper manners and how he shouldn’t touch a girl or her clothes without asking first and getting her ‘ok’ on the matter.

“You ok, Miz?” Seb asked as they walked. Miz whimpered as she massaged the base of her spine. “I think he was trying to pull it off…” She complained. It felt really weird, having her tail pulled. Kinda painful.

“He won’t touch you again, don’t worry. Do you feel like going to one more house or do you want to go home already?” He asked and Miz hummed. “I think one more house is fine.” She gave her friend a smile and the man nodded. “Ok let’s go…” this next house was...oh. Seb frowned. He wasn't sure he wanted to go.

“Maybe we should go back after all…” Seb put his hands on the kids’ shoulders, but unfortunately, the door was opened. Carol stepped out and immediately scrunched her face at them. “Oh. It’s you.” Her head was covered with a hat and... her wig. Sebastian couldn’t stop the snort that escaped him. Carol glanced down at Zach and sneered. She looked to be about to say something when Amanda ran down the street. “I’m back mommy!” She said.

The girl, dressed as a...ninja fairy(?) saw the Pines group and smiled shyly. “Hi Zoe. Hi Zu-Zach.” She waved. Zach smiled back. Even if her mom was mean, Amanda was still his best friend, even if they hadn’t been able to play together recently. “Hi Amanda.” He waved. Carol frowned and reached out to grab her daughter’s hand before dragging her back inside the house. “Come on Amanda. Where is your father?”

“Daddy is slow.” Amanda said before the door shut. She managed to give Zach another wave before the door blocked them from seeing each other. Seb sighed. “I guess we won’t be getting candy from this house.”

“I’m tired of walking anyway.” Zoe shrugged. She reached to be picked up and Seb sighed. “You are old enough to walk on your own now. And we LITERALLY live across the street from here.”

“Pwease~” The little girl pouted and Seb picked her up. “Ok, let’s go home, then.” Miz snorted and walked behind Seb with Zach. “You are weak.” She taunted and Seb pulled out his phone. “Yes, yes I am.” He managed to send Wanda a message. ‘We’re coming back now!!’
Wanda almost didn’t see the message. And when she did, she screamed and started barking orders to everyone. “We need to get this done NOW! They’re coming back early!” Everyone screamed and ran around. Sir Bedazzle was running between their legs, barking. Dipper almost dropped a plate of food. They managed to get everything set up in the backyard and Wanda wiped her forehead as she surveyed it all. “Ok. We’ve got it!”

Just in time too as the front door opened and she heard Seb call out, “We’re home!” She went back inside the house to hug her husband and children. “Welcome back, honey. Did you guys get a lot of candy?” Zach nodded and opened his bag to show her. “I got a lot! People liked our family costumes!” Wanda laughed and ruffled his hair. “Well, go greet everyone who’s waiting outside and then clean yourself up and put your candy away. We have Miz’s birthday party now.”

The children nodded and tossed their shoes off. They had flip flops they could wear when going out to the backyard.

Seb went to the kitchen to get water and Wanda crossed her arms. “Will you take off your costume?” Seb, with his cheek puffed because of the water, smiled and gulped it down. “Nah, I like it. I want everyone to see it!”

“Well after you show them, can you please channgeee~? You look like the Prankster’s boyfriend.” Wanda whined. Seb laughed loudly. “Comic edition, or Suicide Squad’s edition?”

“Comic. Now go say hi and put on normal clothes.” Seb went to the backyard and greeted his dear mom, Carla, Dillon, Shermie, Abi and the older twins. “You look like Harvey Quinn!” Shermie teased so Seb took off his hat and shoved a point in his brother’s mouth, making the twins laugh.

“I think you look really good, Sebas.” Kari gave him thumbs up, Seb grinned gratefully and hugged her again. “Where’s Stan and Diego?”

“They went trick or treating. Should be back in a while.” Dillon informed him. “Uncle Ford is late.”

“Doesn’t surprise me.” Seb sighed. He surveyed the tables with food and grinned. They took his suggestion to make the food look creepy and spooky. Meatballs made to look like eyeballs. A whole roasted chicken with ‘organs’ spilling out made of ground up vegetables combined together into a mashed potato-like paste. Jello hands (made from pouring the jello mix into a rubber glove and letting it firm up in the fridge) and ground beef shaped into brains. Pasta intestines with sausages. Fish steaks with red sauces. Broccoli fungus growing out of the meatloaf. Plenty of actual mushrooms as well. Everything also had vegetables that had been shredded or ground up into tiny pieces and mixed in with the rest of the meat to trick the children into eating vegetables.

Seb grinned at the cake. It was shaped like Time Baby. He snorted. It would be so satisfying to cut into it later.

“This looks great.” Seb grinned. He turned to see where Miz had to be held back from the food. “Dillon, let go.” Seb laughed. His nephew had gripped the girl by the back of her dress. “But she’s going to eat all of it before dad gets back.” Dillon sighed. Miz drooled as she reached for the table. “Foooood~”

“Miz, you need to wait for everyone else to get here.” Wanda laughed as she walked over to pick her daughter up. Miz whined but nodded. “But only because I’m willing to wait for Diego. The second he’s back, I’m digging in…” She pouted.

“Well, while you’re waiting, want to go get your friends?” Wanda asked. Miz nodded before slumping in her arms, fast asleep. Wanda adjusted her hold on the girl and went to sit down. “Well,
 hopefully this will give Stan some time to get back.”

“And Ford some time to get here. I can't believe he forgot about Miz's birthday.” Seb groaned. He sat down and decided to see where Ford was now…

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Halfway to Seb’s house, Ford made a quick stop to get the other gift for Miz. He realized that his gift, while Ford thought it was nice, didn’t include any food. And if there was one thing Ford understood about Miz, she liked food. And while he knew there was going to be food at her birthday party, he knew for a fact that there was a certain dish that wasn’t going to be there. Because Wanda wouldn’t know how to make it.

Ford had heard about this dish from Xin after one of their sessions once, when the dragon was half asleep and rambling about stuff he loved. And Ford had asked again for more clarification later, to confirm that William really did like it that much.

So Ford strode into the Chinese restaurant and asked for a Yi Mein to go. When Ford told them that he was bringing these noodles for someone’s birthday, they nodded and got it cooked quickly.

Ford left them a nice tip for getting the food made so fast.

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“Sixer, where are you~?” Seb whined over the phone. “Everyone is here already!” Ford sighed. “I’m almost there. Give me 20 minutes?” Apparently that wasn’t good enough “You have 19, bring your ass over here! What’s taking you so long?” Ford understood why Wanda and Seb were together.

“I drove nonstop for hours, Sebastian. It was the fastest I could do. And I made a stop to buy something else for Miz.” He tried. That made Seb’s annoyance decrease. “Aaww, that’s nice. Ok, you will be fully forgiven once you are here. It better be a good gift.”

“It will! See you there.” Ford hung up and started the car. He had 19 minutes to get there.

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Miz laid on the couch in Wanda's lap. Rather, her vessel was. If she was checked by a doctor right this moment, they would declare her to be in a Coma. But luckily, she wasn’t actually comatose and eventually stirred. There was also a lot of matter swirling around in the air above where she laid. Wanda and the others stared in awe. No matter how many times they saw it, it was still amazing.

Slowly, multiple figures appeared. They floated gently to the ground and swayed before shaking themselves. “Whoa! That feels so weird!” Keyhole groaned. All of Bill's friends had been given constructs that look essentially like their real forms but smaller. More… human sized.

If any nosy neighbors tried to peek over the fence they would just look like people in elaborate costumes or decorations. Miz opened her eyes and gasped. Oh. She definitely needed food now. She reached up a hand to tug on her adoptive mother's shirt. “Food? Please?”

Wanda laughed. “Well Stan and Diego are back. Ford should be arriving soon as well.” She picked up her daughter (Miz squealed with laughter) and carried her outside. The aliens were looking around the house in wonder. Xanthar (shrunken to the size of a mastiff) and Sir Bedazzle shuffled around each other questioningly.
“What a lovely house!” Pyronica (now 6 feet tall and NOT on fire), exclaimed. Krytos wiped imaginary dust off his plane and looked around with a scowl. He knew he should feel happy for Bill...but he couldn’t help but feel upset knowing Stanford would be here as well. He saw one of the triplets, that was Stanley, and Sebastian was nowhere to be seen yet.

Amorphous Shape was already touching everything and even slipped the TV remote into one of his blocks. Miz waved her hand and pulled it back out absently. “Come on guys! I wanna eat the food already!” She steered the multi-segment organism outside before he stole anything else.

Dipper smiled when he saw his alien friends. “Hey! Teeth! Keyhole!” The aliens ran towards the teen, who was slightly taller than the last time they saw him (Dipper was glad he was still growing, Pines genes and tall men WOO!). It didn’t help that *they* were smaller. Keyhole gasped. “Dipper, your antlers! What happened to them? Do humans shed them?”

Teeth snorted. “Well, if the Atelatioan Deer shed their antlers after mating then maybe it works the same?” Teeth turned to Dipper “Congrats on getting laid dude.”

Dipper looked horrified. “Wha-What?! No! Guys, I haven’t had-had... *sex*, with anyone!” He hissed, blushing. “Those were just from the vessel Miz created…” He covered his face. The two aliens looked confused but shrugged it off.

Hectorgon was already looking at the level of technology available here. “Ah, this touch screen is so flat. Where are your 3D interactive holograms?” He asked Dillon as he fiddled with a tablet. The teen shrugged. “We don't have those yet?” the Polysphere (who looked almost like some kind of Halloween decoration) twirled his mustache in thought.

8-Ball was giving Stan a hug. The two were the same height now. Stan laughed. “You really do look like a guy in a costume! It's cool.” the ogre grinned back. “I don't know if that was a compliment but thanks?” Stan looked at the alien and grinned. “Hey, arm wrestle rematch? Since we're the same size now?”

Over by the food table, Miz was already digging in. She had a plate piled high with food and was slurping up the noodles. She had told Wanda a few weeks ago that she *needed* noodles. Because you *have* to eat noodles on your birthday. That was tradition. Miz also said that she wasn't supposed to take a shower on her birthday, which Wanda had shrugged and didn't question her on.

“Hweh Kwuptos! Yoo haaf to twy dis!” Miz said before handing the Compass a plate with much less food on it. It was mainly the mashed vegetables and ground meat, something easy for him to eat.

Kryptos gave her a small smile before receiving the plate. “Thank you, Miz.” The demon nodded before focusing on her food. Even here, he was in a bubble, but... at least everyone had relaxed their 'punishment' of him to allow him to be close to Bill and all. As Wanda led Miz’s friends outside to eat, Seb and the blond twins went to the yard, already wearing normal clothes, and greeted everyone.

“Pyronica!” Zoe ran towards her and hugged her legs. She patted the woman’s legs and gasped. “Where’s your fire?! Do you want to borrow mine?” She made her little hand catch on fire and looked up at her big eye. Pyronica laughed. “Aw~look at how much you've grown~” she picked the girl up. “I don't think you can give me your fire though.” She giggled and hugged the girl.

“Why not? You can just catch on fire, like you were before!” The blonde girl tilted her head adorably. The Cyclopian grinned. “Well, Bill said this vessel was going to be non-flammable. Something about safety regulations?” She shrugged. “So. This is Earth huh? Bill talks about it
“I wanna see what the theaters are like here!” Teeth chattered. “Can we go to one?” Wanda looked
the Mouth up and down. “Well...you'd have to wear a very different form...you stand out too much.
It's ok because it's Halloween right now, but…”

“What's Halloween?” Ammy asked. He was picking up the meatballs and squishing them a little
before putting them back. Miz quickly put the ones he touched onto her plate. “Ammy! What did I
say about touching food?”

Ammy blinked his many eyes. “It's rude to place it back on the serving plates afterward.” He
nodded. “I forgot. I am sorry.”

Mabel giggled. “You're like a real mom.” Miz scoffed and placed a hand on her hip, the other still
holding her plate of food. “I AM his mother thank-you-very much.” Carla leaned over to nudge
Wanda. “You're already a grandmother. Ever thought about that?” Wanda rolled her eyes at her
friend.

“Right, right.” The blonde chuckled. It was weird to think about it, she tried not to, and it was SO
unfair she was the only one who got to feel old while Seb got away with it! And he was older!

He was lucky Miz already had her own father, he was like her brother and he was more than happy
with that.

“You like theatre?” Dillon looked at the mouth. “My Ma is a director and producer! She performs
sometimes too!” The teen grinned proudly and his mom ruffled his dark curls.

Teeth gasped. “I've been performing for years! I wanna be in movies someday.” He held his hands
to the sides of his jaws. “Currently I'm in musical theater. Though, people tell me my voice is only
good for comedic characters.” Miz ran over to hug him. “That's your strength! You always make
the audience laugh!”

Teeth wiggled bashfully. “Geez Bill…” the Mouth smiled though. It felt nice hearing that. Miz
pulled on his arm. “Come on. The food is delicious!” She whined as she tried to get her friends to
try some of the meal. Miz grinned. “My mom cooked it!”

“And if you don’t eat, I’ll feel really sad~” Seb grinned widely and floated Keyhole, Teeth and
Kryptos over to the table. Kryptos protested that he already ate some of the food.

Ammy picked up some of the meatloaf and placed it into his stomach block. He turned to Wanda
with a deadpan expression. “I will preemptively say this is delicious. It will take a few minutes for
my digestion to tell me whether or not this is true.” He looked down at his stomach block where
the meatloaf was breaking apart. “And if it is not delicious, then I apologise for the lie.”

Wanda blinked before nodding slowly. “It...it’s ok, don’t worry, Ammy.” She nodded and picked
up Zach. “Please, serve yourself.”

“Don't mind if I do~” Pyronica laughed as she strode over to grab the chicken. “Hm~it looks
delicious~” she opened her mouth and ate the chicken whole. “Om nom nom.” Xanthar shuffled
into the yard with Sir Bedazzle and Queen Flutter on his back and rubbed his face against Miz's
side. She giggled and began pouring some iced tea and punch over him.

The Pines laughed at their antics and Wanda hugged Seb. She was so glad Miz was having fun
with her friends. She had been worried about this, but everything was going so fine! Even Miz’s
blue friend, Kryptos, was smiling!
She scooped some food on Zach’s plate as Seb did the same for Zoe and sat down to eat as well.

Kryptos kept sliding his chair closer to Miz as she was distracted. He didn't see that weird human with the glasses. Good. Maybe he wasn't going to be here. Kryptos was stopped from getting any closer by the bubble, but he was right next to her now. “Are you worried about being in another dimension?” Miz asked him. Kryptos paused. Well, he was. A little. “It's kinda weird knowing that the me now is nothing more than a constructed shell you have placed my soul into.” He answered.

Miz laughed. “Don't worry! I exist like this all the time. It's perfectly safe.” She patted his bubble. “I won't let you come to harm Kryptos.”

The compass smiled widely. “Thank you, Miz. I know you wouldn’t…and, being here with you...is-is pretty nice--”

“Sorry I'm late!” a voice that grated on Kryptos's audio sensory organs rang out. The compass scowled as everyone turned to see Ford coming into the yard. Stan had gone to open the door for him. The eldest Pines triplet grinned as he walked up to Miz with a huge bouquet of flowers, no, not a bouquet, several pots.

Kryptos snapped his fork in half.

“Fordsie! You're super late!” Miz complained. Ford laughed sheepishly. “I was...getting your birthday present! The flowers needed to be fresh after all.” He excused as he handed her the basket filled with flower pots. “Happy birthday Miz.”

Seb, Carla, Mabel and Wanda cooed loudly as the man presented her the flowers. The rest of the humans gaped in shock and Bill’s friends looked confused.

Miz gasped at the basket and grabbed it to her chest. “Oh, Fordsie...they’re so pretty...” She whispered. She looked around at the yard. “I could plant them next to the tulips. It would look so nice there!” she was slowly trying to make a garden in the back yard. Wanda had no skill for gardening and Seb didn't care enough so Miz essentially got free reign of the yard to herself.

Ford hid his relief, glad that she liked the flowers. “Oh, and these too.” He handed her the wrapped gifts. And the takeout box of Yi Mein. Miz’s eyes widened at the smell. “Is that--” She was salivating. “Mine!” She declared, pointing at the noodle box. “That’s my birthday gift, so it’s mine! I don’t have to share!” Everyone else nodded, not wanting to compete with her for her food. They would lose.

Miz hugged Ford’s arm. “Thanks Fordsie~” she ran to put his wrapped gifts onto the present table where everyone else had put theirs. She went back to hug the scientist. “I’m glad you’re finally here. I’ll get you some food! Mommy made it and it’s actually great!”

Wanda narrowed her green eyes as Miz dragged Ford to the table. She wasn’t that bad cooking! She could feel Seb suppressing laughter right beside her and elbowed him.

Miz got Ford his own plate, and then proceeded to devour her birthday gift. Everyone stared. “So… between sushi and… whatever that is, what’s better?” Seb asked. Miz hummed. “Tough choice...” Ford was not seated beside Miz, on her other side.

Kryptos had his hands balled and trembling lightly. Stupid weird chinned human...looking so smug! He caught Keyhole looking at him worriedly and sighed. The compass allowed himself to relax. It's fine. The human was just a human. A mortal. Even if he somehow managed to charm Bill with his adorable incompetence (because why else would Bill like him?!) that meant nothing.
In the end, the human was mortal. He would die and Bill would be sad. And Kryptos would be there to comfort her. The compass relaxed, assured in his position.

They all had lunch. Kryptos on Miz’s right and Ford on her left. She wanted to spend time with him, but she wanted to spend time with everyone else as well. The demon girl jumped from place to place. She talked to her friends first. She explained to them about human food (which she’d made modified versions of, on their own side of the Door), answered Hectorgon’s questions about human technology to which Kryptos mumbled to himself “Not advanced, primitive, dumb...” and the concept of Halloween.

“There’s a lot of history to the holiday back when it was a pagan celebration but nowadays it’s the one night out of the year where it is considered acceptable to dress up super suspiciously and go to people’s homes demanding stuff without having the cops called on you immediately.”

Dipper heard the weird explanation and chimed in. “You demand candies though...you can’t go around asking for personal stuff.” He glared at the dark-haired girl. “And it’s kids who dress up, some teens also do it. When adults do it, it's weird and they don't get anything.”

8-Ball blinked his weird eyes and grabbed a distracted Diego to hug. “So...it’s a holiday for human cubs?”

“Eh, yeah, sort of.” Dipper agreed and Miz rolled her eyes. “You're NO fun.”

“I don’t get it. Why would people want to give stuff to strangers? Even if they are human children.” Ammy asked confused.

Miz laughed evilly. “Because It's trick or treating! If they don't give us a treat...we get to play a prank on them!” Dipper groaned. “Stop teaching them awful things about our holidays!”

“Human holidays sound pretty weird.” Hectorgon nodded as Pyronica grinned and crossed her arms. “I think they sound amazing! What other stuff do you humans do, cutie?” The boy blushed but stayed sitting with the aliens.

Miz took that time to check on her other cousins. She asked Dillon and Mabel about their romantic lives and wanted everything in full detail. Dillon was doing great with Phillip and was upset to admit they hadn’t used their now legally adults status for more exciting stuff. Miz patted his knee. “I’m sure you’ll find a moment to make your first time special~”

“And how is everything with Maxi, Shooting Star? Have you used your teleportation amulet yet~?” Miz asked. She had spoken with Amelie a few times since the summer ended but they hadn't found a good time to hang out in person. The Selkie apologized for being unable to make it for Miz's birthday, some undersea issue came up. (Miz was worried, the warming of the planet and the oceans had disrupted a lot of the sealife. As a mammal, Amelie was technically ok, but her people’s food and habitat was being... )

Mabel blushed. “Well~” she laughed. “We've gone out on a few dates, lots of snuggling as the weather got colder...and I knitted him a sweater with a built in battery powered electric blanket!”

“Isn't it dangerous to hook up electrical appliances to sweaters?” Dillon asked. Mabel snorted. “Naaaah~” there's no danger to having an electric blanket woven into an incredibly flammable article of clothing.

“Besides, my poor Maxi is always cold. His quadruplets handle cold much better than he does. By
the way, his sisters are SO pretty! And his brother is really cute too, but Maxini is the cutest~"
(Cute as they were, Mabel didn’t know much about them. They didn’t seem to like her much,
because she was human. She knew Maxini was trying to hide that from her, but Mabel wasn’t
stupid, she knew that his people didn’t like her.)

Miz and Dillon cooed and poked their blushing cousin. “And...have you...you know, yee-haw
yet?” Dillon started and Mabel covered her face with a squeak. “Oh god, Dillon! We’ve only been
seeing each other for a few months!” (Though, Mabel had considered it... look, she was a woman
with NEEDS!)

Miz and Dillon laughed. “So I’ll take that as a not yet. It’s fine. You don't have to rush.” Miz
assured her. “After all, Dillon's been dating Phillip for....how long has it been?” She turned to the
tall boy.

“Around 2 years.” He said proudly. “And it’s not that we didn’t want to. Oh, we wanted to do it SO
bad! There were some times we were just there, touching and-”

“Ok, we get it. No need to describe it.” Mabel laughed nervously. “Yes, describe it.” Miz grinned
wickedly.

“We just wanted to be 18 for it. And now we’re more than old enough. So we did. No problems
and all.” Dillon shrugged and looked at Miz. “You naughty girl~ What are you turning? 12? I’ll
keep your apparent kid mind safe.” He grinned mockingly, much like Stan usually did.

“I'm turning 13! Thank you very much! I'm a teenager now!” Miz huffed. “And beyond that, I'm
almost 700 billion years old!” She kicked her legs with a frown. Mabel sighed. “13 doesn’t feel
that different from 12. Trust me.” She realized that after their crazy summer with Uncle Seb.

“Nah. You’re practically a fetus.” Dillon teased. “Stop it!!” Miz growled as her eyes flashed red.

Dillon paled and raised his hands. “Ok! Ok! Phillip was on top of me, kissing my chest, we-we dr-
dry humped too! Not saying anything more than that!” He said quickly. Miz pressed her hands to
her cheeks and squealed, her eyes going back to normal. Oh~that sounded pretty hot. “Well I'm
happy for you. Both of you.” She said sincerely. “I ship you with your partners SO hard!”

The cousins grinned and blushed a bit. They were glad they had the support of a powerful demon.
They wouldn’t let their partners leave now, mwhaha.

“If Mabs get married to Max, will he be protected as well?” Dillon asked and the demon smiled.
“Of course! Anyone married to those of Pines blood!” she thought that was good enough to protect
their immediate families. “You know, I’ve asked Seb and Wanda about a Deal to be my family
forever...so that they would be immortal...but they said no.” She pouted. “Mom doesn’t like the
concept...and Seb doesn't want to be immortal again...”

Mabel and Dillon looked at each other. Oh boy. They knew what this was about but they weren't
sure how to handle it. “Miz. It's...just how they feel. I know you feel upset about that but...their
mortality is their choice.”

Miz sighed and reached out to hug her cousins. “But why? Who doesn't want immortality? Seb is
scared of being mortal! I know it...but he still doesn't want to live forever...” She sighed into
Mabel’s sweater. ”If he's afraid of losing people he cares for, I can make them immortal too! I can
make all of you immortal!” She looked up at Mabel. “Wouldn't you like that?”

“Um...I don’t know, Miz.” She stroked her head. “Living is nice but...”
“Living forever sounds exhausting…” Dillon bit his inner cheek. “You’re really brave for doing it…”

“I don’t have a fucking CHOICE.” Miz snarled into Mabel's stomach, gripping the soft sweater in her little fists. “I can't die. I just keep coming back. Over and over and over…” her shoulders started to shake. “So why can't I take the people I love and keep them with me?”

Mabel pet Miz's hair. “I'm sorry. But...we just...can't. It doesn't mean we don't love you. We just...have things here that we have to do and being immortal isn't...part of that.” She winced, wishing she was smart like Dipper and could say something more intelligent to comfort her little cousin.

Miz remained quiet and took a few deep breaths before her shoulders loosened and she pulled away. “I know. Sorry. I'm just...selfish is all.” She wiped her eyes. “Well, enough about that. I know there's a piñata around here and I want to destroy it.”

Dillon crouched in front of her. “Are you ok? You understand we love you really much, right? Even if we’re mortals.” Miz looked at the floor for a second before smiling. “Yup.” Dillon nodded and ruffled her hair. “Ok! Then I’ll tell aunt Wanda you are ready for the piñata!” he trotted away and Miz excused herself a second to go see how Ford was doing.

The scientist was sitting in the middle of his two youngest brothers who were arguing about a television series. “You just think I’m wrong because you never saw it!” Seb frowned. “House Full was a great series that showed the love family can have for each other! They went to live with him to help him raise kids!” Shermie stuck his tongue out. “It sucked! It was boring, the laugh track was too loud and nothing plot relevant ever happened! In fact there WAS no plot!”

Ford looked at Miz and grimaced. He didn’t watch any of those shows his brothers were talking about, and they kept asking him to be the tie breaker. “Help me…” He mouthed. She grinned and wagged her eyebrows. “What's in it for me?” She mouthed back. Ford held back a groan. He made a serious expression. “A session.” He mouthed. Miz grinned. Oooh~

“Hey Seb~” Miz singsonged as she leaned over to hug him. “I wanna steal Ford for a piggyback ride.” the man nodded absently, more focused on his argument. “Sure.”

“Okie dokie~” Miz grabbed Ford's hand and dragged him away from the escalating discussion about the merits of a show with no plot. Ford heaved a sigh of relief. “What's so important about some tv show?”

“People have strong feelings for shows they like.” Miz responded wryly. “Now get on your knees.”

“What?!” Ford sputtered. Miz pulled on him. “I want my piggy back ride! Now get down here you stupidly tall person!” Ford didn't appreciate the insult, but agreed and got on his knees, feeling a little incredulous. Miz climbed on and grabbed chunks of his hair to hold herself, making him grunt softly. It didn’t hurt, she wasn’t pulling, it just tickled somewhat. That caught Pyronica’s attention and she laughed loudly. “Yes! Go Bill! Ride that human! Show him who’s boss!”

Stan spat his beer as everyone who ‘knew’ about their ‘relation’ coughed uncomfortably. Miz giggled and kicked her little legs. “Go Fordsie! Fordsie the horsie!”

“That sounds stupid.” Ford grumbled before holding onto her legs and walking forward. Kryptos stared at the two of them. He wasn't sure if he should feel jealous or not. On one hand, Bill was pressed close to the human, on the other, the human was being humiliated. Kryptos chose to just
appreciate the annoyed look on his stupid face. Hah! (Not to insult Sebastian’s or Stanley’s faces, they were cool and not stupid like Stanford).

“The piñata is ready!” Wanda called out. Miz squealed and tugged on Ford’s hair. “Come on! Go go go!” The scientist wondered if he would have been better off sitting with Seb and Shermie. He glanced over.

“I do admit PALS was a better show. But that's not the point of this argument.” “Yeah well, if you just wanted a show about a family doing boring, everyday stuff, Grady Group was much better. They had the interesting and damn iconic theme song as well.”

Nope. Being a horse was still better.

To his relief, Miz asked to be put down so she could play with the piñata. It was shaped like a baby with an hourglass symbol on the forehead. Miz’s friends and those who lived through Weirdmageddon grinned, they knew about her dislike towards the baby. Meanwhile, the rest of the Pines were shocked at the shape of the piñata. Why did Miz want to hit a baby?

Miz wanted her siblings and Diego to try to hit the piñata as well, so they took turns to try to destroy the baby. None of them were managing to do it so Miz gave the bat to Kryptos. “Come on! Give it a try!”

The compass had a very vicious grin on his face. This would be practice for the real thing. (He didn’t need to kill Time Baby anymore, but one could hope and dream.) He was blindfolded and he sent out his electromagnetic senses. He had been working on that for centuries. He could feel it. The energy within all living things. Bill shone brightly. Glorious, beautiful and radiant to his senses. He nearly gasped, once again beyond grateful for whatever luck it was that made such a powerful god take an interest in him.

Compared to Bill's supernova, everyone else, everyTHING else, were barely more than candle flames, flickering weakly. The humans barely even showed up, their own energies lost in the presence of Bill's all consuming glow. Kryptos shook his head. No need to be distracted. Even if Bill was the most powerful being he had ever felt, he had a baby to destroy.

With his senses stretched out, the compass felt the shape of the person (Wanda) holding the long stick with the baby shaped paper sculpture hanging by a string. She would move it around or pull it up to make it so people couldn't hit it. Kryptos tightened his hold on the bat. He was going to do this. He would destroy the baby, impress Bill and then...

Well, this was just a practice round. He had a long way to go before he would be able to actually kill Time Baby. Kryptos swung and managed to hit the paper baby square in his face. He heard the children cheer and grinned in triumph. Kryptos pulled the blindfold off and yelped when Bill hugged his bubble close. “You did it Kryptos!” She squealed. “You got us candy!”

Kryptos slowly hugged her back. “Yes...I-I got-

“Now MOVE outta my way, man! Zoe’s gonna take everything for herself!” Miz pushed the compass to the side and she threw herself to the ground to get the delicious candies. This was one of the few times she was allowed to have chocolate after all!

Kryptos hit someone lightly and he grumbled as he fell to the floor. “I-I am so-” He looked up and Ford nodded, tilting his head to the side. “It’s quite alright. Are you ok?” He offered a six-fingered
hand to help him stand up, completely oblivious to how much Kryptos hated him. The compass averted his eye and got up by himself, dusting his plane off. He ignored Ford's hand and walked over to where Miz was fighting off her little sister for a chocolate bar.


Zoe blinked and nodded. Right. She always fought for stuff, but she couldn’t fight Miz! It was her birthday so she had to make her happy. “Ok! Have it! I’ll get you more!” The little girl declared before she ran away giggling. She snatched her twin’s chocolate bar and then stole Dipper and Dillon’s. She would collect all the bars she could for Miz!

Her parents laughed but no one was getting actually hurt so they allowed it. Miz’s friends watched as Zoe collected (stole) candies for their friend and smiled. That was so adorable. Pyronica was liking this girl even more! She was cute, strong and a fighter. Reminded her of herself when she was young.

Zach and Diego were now laying down with Xanthar and Sir Bedazzle, petting their bodies. Xanthar loved their pets. Their hands were so small and so soft~ he liked how gentle they were.

Keyhole was holding up a chocolate bar in confusion. “What IS this stuff?” He asked. Miz practically purred. “It’s chocolate~ I haven’t had chocolate in...like forever!” She got a bunch during trick or treating but she hadn't eaten any of her Halloween candy yet. Her alien friends stared at the chocolate. They had something similar out in space but it wasn't actually chocolate, this would be their first experience with the substance.

Teeth chopped down and chewed. He hummed. “Oh. It's sweet....with a faint bitterness...” that was when he began coughing and toppled over. Miz immediately went to his side to check on him. “TEETH!” She cried in panic.

She scanned her friend and paled. “Hang on...I can fix this...” She held out her hands and pulled. The particles of chocolate left the Mouth's body and he wheezed as she pulled it all out of him. “Ok. Mouths are deathly allergic to chocolate...that's good to know.” Miz sighed in relief when Teeth's breathing got better.

The humans frowned in worry but knew Miz had solved the problem. Diego walked over to him and patted his hand. “Poor Teeth...he will never eat chocolate cake or chocolate milk, or chocolate-” Stan frowned. “Diego, enough. I think we understood.”

“You humans have a lot of chocolate things.” Pyronica frowned. “Is it as dangerous for you as it is for Teeth?” She looked at Miz. If it was, it reminded her of those lunatics asking for pineapple on pizza. Eating something capable of killing you. Actually, no wonder Bill loved this chocolate stuff, it seemed dangerous.

“Um...chocolate is actually incredibly toxic to most animals even here on Earth.” Ford pointed out “It might be dangerous for them to eat it.” Pyronica blinked. Incredibly toxic? Yup, definitely something Bill would love to eat. “Humans have a ‘thing’ where they find things that probably shouldn’t be eaten, and then eat them anyway.” Miz pointed out. “It’s part of what I admire about them.”

Miz looked sad that her friends couldn't try any of the chocolate. Ammy pet her shoulder. “It's fine mother. This just means there's more for you.” That made Miz brighten up. ”'Yay!’” she munched on a chocolate Wafer.
Everyone rolled their eyes. After everyone was done, they were called to sing for Miz. Everyone crowded around the table, with her, Seb, Wanda and the twins 2.0 in the center. Then the other Pines and her friends at the front.

Miz stared at her cake the entire song, wiping happy tears from time to time. It’s been so long since she’s had a birthday...with the people she cared most next to her... “Thank you, guys...thank you for accepting me and being my family...thank you for being my friends...I don’t know where I would be without all of you...” She grabbed Seb’s hand and squeezed. She was so glad she disobeyed Ax. She met one of her best friends on that adventure, and met her big brother, and it led her to this. She was grateful for that. The children and Seb were drawing little post-it note spells to make dancing lights around the yard. It was all so beautiful. She was sad that Blue wasn’t here. But he tended to bring down the mood for everyone else, so she didn’t want him here to make her birthday... difficult for the humans.

Wanda squeezed her shoulder gently and smiled. “Make a wish, Miz.”

Miz stared into the flickering candles and closed her eyes. A wish. As a demon who granted Deals, she had been begged often for Wishes. But she couldn't grant True Wishes. It was beyond her power. This birthday ritual was just a fun thing humans created. There was no god behind it. No real deity who could grant the wishes of those who blew out the candles. Still, with enough belief, power could be generated. She knew this from her creation of Hauntfest and other such rituals. So...maybe...

‘I wish...I can stay with my family. That I will be a true part of this family. That...I can stay with them for as long as I possibly can.’

She breathed out and blew out the candles.

The rest of the party went smoothly until everyone realized that Miz was drunk.

Despite the insanity that followed, the night ended with everyone in high spirits and Bill's friends spending the night (since drunk Door’ing was apparently dangerous), they decided that the vessels Miz built would be turned into dolls for easier storage for next year's Halloween.

Miz opened the gifts, mainly anime DVDs, dolls and such. Ford had built Miz a tea maker, with sections for making infused flavors. She loved it.

The entire family banned her from eating all the chocolates from her trick or treating. “You can barely stand straight.” Wanda sighed. Miz managed to sneak the truffle and half the box Ford gave her before they caught her. Ford actually didn't end up giving Miz another session after she passed out from her chocolate high. Everyone agreed that she was only allowed one chocolate bar a week at most . And only if she had supervision.

With Miz in her arms mumbling in a delirious daze, Wanda and Seb said bye to everyone and thanked them for coming, they could confirm that the all powerful god’s first birthday was a huge success. “We’re awesome.” Seb grinned and Wanda laughed. “Hell yeah!” Miz snuggled into her chest happily. “Mmm wwhhezzz…”

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Chapter End Notes
Mizuuma: Also, for anyone who doesn't know (Therapist)Linda: Here's a compilation.
Chapter 36-What it means to learn

Chapter by bluefrosty27

Hello!
Were back, im sorry for taking so long. Im working on comic-izing the AU and Miz is working on IIR.
Hope you enjoy it!

Chapter 36

-What it means to learn-

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(Therapist) Linda looked down at the test results from the information she’d gotten out of some of the things Miz had told her. She frowned. But she couldn’t make a diagnosis yet. She would give Miz a few more tests the next time she came in for a session. There was something Linda was beginning to notice, really notice.

She knew that Miz wasn’t human. But she… was still somewhat human.

And after Linda had discovered how Sebastian had ADHD… well… she didn’t want to say anything yet, with Miz, not until she was more sure. She didn’t want to worry them if she was wrong. But she would still have to ask Miz (and her parents) to be able to run the tests. Filling out a questionnaire was one thing, more intensive tests were… well, she would need proper consent for those.

But that could be handled later, after she spoke with Miz a few more times. It wasn’t that much of an issue right now anyway. Hopefully.

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November rolled by. Xin or sometimes Yun, when Miz felt like it, had been teaching Max a few things. He now knew the weather, the natural regions of the world (something Max quite enjoyed), the continents and most countries with the main important capitals, all with songs the Great Dragon taught him.

Max just laughed. He felt like a pup again…when the storyteller would sing and describe historical events. She even sang him the multiplications tables, mentioning something about Schoolhouse Rock, whatever that was.

Miz also took advantage of the fact that Ford’s shy, unassertive ass was teaching Max a few classes to describe the different animals and species that habited the world, their classification drawn out into a big tree that she pasted onto the side of Ford’s lab. Then she would give Max all the drawings they made of the different animals to place onto the tree on the right branches based on the main characteristics You know, fish, amphibians, reptiles, mammals,
"Ok, a human's a mammal." Max dramatically pasted the drawing next to other animals. "They have all the things you said. Not eggs, yes fur, and...milk…(Do they really make milk?) I didn't know they were animals."

"Yes, they do, and that's to feed their babies because they can't eat on their own immediately after being born. Humans need to be fed at least for 6 months. And yes, humans are animals too."

"That's dangerous, and demanding." Max deadpanned to which Yun nodded solemnly. "It is. Humans are kinda super vulnerable for very long time periods."

"And in humans...their feeding...is the...big...chest thing…" Max looked away, flustered. Yun grinned. "Yup~ If you're curious, I'm pretty sure Mabel would be glad to show you."

Max squeaked and Yun clapped her hands. "Also~ Everyone is technically an animal, at some point." Yun shrugged. "Humans descend from this big fella." she showed him a materialized picture of an ape and laughed at Max's disturbed face.

"Ugh! Humans don't look like that!" He complained and Yun showed him other reptile pictures, a crocodile, a gecko and an iguana. "And you dont look like these guys, but here we are~ That's called evolution. Species lose or gain different traits to adapt better to where they live so they can survive. You are bipedal like humans, but can also walk on 4 legs, because such a thing was useful for your lifestyle and survival."

"Then… where do Mermando’s people go?” Max blinked up at the wall. "Is HE a mammal? But from the sea? Like a lion seal or a dolphin?”

"That’s actually a good question, you see…” Yun reached up to hold up a picture of a very strange looking animal. “Sometimes, there are animals who exhibit traits that aren’t normally found in their branch of life. Like this Platypus for example. It’s a mammal but it lays eggs.”

“Whoa…” Max stared at the picture. It looked so fake.

“So here’s the thing. Mermando can’t breath air directly. He can only filter it out from water.” Yun looked up at the wall. “And he’s cold blooded, like you, and like other fish.” then Yun placed the picture of Mermando on the branch that was Fish, but with an arrow beside it pointing to Mammal. “So, by all accounts, he is a fish more than a mammal. And yet, he’s capable of breeding with aquatic mammals. And even humans.” Yun made a bit of a face at that. “Which doesn’t make much sense, but there’s a common ancestor somewhere down here,” she pointed at the area close to the ‘trunk’ of the tree near where the branches split, “That kept a bunch of unique traits even as it moved out and up…”

"And he feeds babies with milk too…” Max made a thinking face. "It's so cool, knowing all this...I would have never known about science knowledge if...if I had a different scale color." Max gasped at his epiphany. "Because then, I’d already be married and I would never have met Mabel or Mr. Pines or you, Great Dragon."

"I'm pretty sure you would have learned a lot of stuff anyway, how you look doesn't change your abilities and how clever you are. And curious!" Yun poked his nose with one of her hands. She felt it colder again so she increased the room's temperature to make Max more comfortable.

“I d-don’t know about that.” Max looked down at his feet. “I would have been nesting with eggs and pups. I wouldn't even have time to want to learn stuff.” Yun reached over to ruffle his hair.
"You would have been unsatisfied all your life." Yun told him sadly, "But you have the chance to learn anything you want here with me." She said seriously and Max hugged the alien tightly, nuzzling into her side. “Thank you Great Dragon!”

“You're welcome, pup~”

There was a knocking sound and Max glanced at Dr. Pines who looked over at him with a smile. "Max. I'm sorry for being underskilled in my ability to teach you, I volunteered to teach you but I didn't respect you, your beliefs or the ways you learn." He put 4 diplomas of his online courses on the table. "I...I'd love to share my knowledge with you, to expand your own knowledge in the best way that suits you."

Max smiled easily. "Ok Mr. Pines!” He didn’t mind really. The fact that Mr. Pines was even wanting to teach him was already amazing. Yun coo’ed at the adorable smile. “Ohhh~” She ran up to hug Max to her chest. “I wanna adopt you~” she purred. Max blinked. Ford sighed and buried his face in his hands. “Max is an adult.”

“So am I,” Yun huffed.

"But I...have my parents." They were busy with the new batch of eggs they were having, but he HAD them.

"I don't care~" Yun nuzzled against him. “Oh you’re so cuuuuuute~” she had a void inside her that only CHILDREN could fill. Was that wrong? “Baaaaaby~!!!!”

Ford shook his head and helped Max free himself from Yun’s grip. "I want to hear about you and your culture Max, everything you like and the things you've learned." He had his own teaching method now. He wasn't going to explain it from zero, he'd use what Max already knew (almost what Yun had been doing these past few weeks but Ford didn't need his self esteem broken) as a base to build up the rest of his learning.

Yun sat down on the side and watched Ford with a tiny smile. He was a fuckin idiot, but she loved this about him, when he cared about something, he was capable of being his best. It was the passion with which he did things, it was quite attractive.

Ford worked hard with Max for the rest of the month and there was a clear improvement. From a daily topic it would derive in many other things, it wasn't divided rigidly in school subjects. Like, if Max talked about the Queen's laws and way of ruling with the priestesses, Ford would begin explaining how human also had monarchies before and they compare the characteristics with Max's city and way of life, it would also turn into a discussion about what a good ruler should be like and Max would learn about humans called 'philosophers' whose job was THINKING. It was so strange and awesome! And Ford found himself...actually having fun, teaching Max. It even made more sense to him, to teach a different species how humans worked. It was entirely different from teaching the interns.

Ford blinked when he felt four sets of hands wrapping around him. “Yun?” she purred against him. “You’re doing a good job, so I’m giving you affection as a way to let you know how proud I am of you~”

"That's... very specific, but thank you." Ford laughed. He was glad to get to teach and mentor Max again, properly this time.

Max ended up spending Thanksgiving with Ford, Soos, Melody and Abuelita, much to Mabel’s complete anger. (You're stealing my boyfriend!!!(}
And as for how Yun/Miz spent her Thanksgiving, well…

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The fall air was nippy and Seb sneezed when a cold breeze went by. Ugh. He sniffled and continued raking the leaves. He WOULD use his powers but this was the front yard and the whole neighborhood could see him. The former demon sighed as he moved the rake. Stupid trees and their whole, dropping leaves thing. Why were there so many oak and maple trees here anyway? Why weren't there more evergreens? At least those don't need to be raked up, right?

“Weee!” Zoe squealed before she leapt right into the pile of leaves Seb had worked so hard to make. She scattered the crunchy, dead plant material as she waved her arms around. Seb felt like crying. He worked so hard on that. In fact, his eye welled up with angry tears.

“ZOE PINES! YOU-YOU DEMON!” He sobbed angrily as the girl continued to throw the leaves carelessly into the air so the wind could blow them around the yard.

“You know what, kid?” Seb growled. He made her stand up, pulled her out of the leaf pile with a scowl. “I was working on that, and you ruined it. Now YOU have to do it.” He gave the rake to her and sat down. Zoe looked at the instrument and frowned. “But...but I’m little. I can’t work.”

“Is this your house?” Seb sneered and Zoe nodded slowly. “Then you are contributing. Now start sweeping.” Zoe pouted but her father didn’t let up so she grumbled and began raking the leaves.

Seb watched with a satisfied smirk as his demon daughter worked. She deserved that, and he was teaching them how to rake leaves. Everyone won. When Zoe was almost done, after she moaned and complained loudly, sometimes even sobbed as if she was being hit (that kid didn’t know what being hit was.), Wanda came out of the house to check on them. She was wearing a light blue turtleneck and she looked so pretty…

“Mommy! I’m being tortured! Help!” Zoe sniffled. It was getting a bit colder. She was dressed in long sleeves for that reason. Seb snorted. “You're doing chores is what you're doing.” Wanda crossed her arms with a grin as Zoe sobbed and continued working. “Zach should work too!” She complained.

“Your brother isn’t a nightmare child like you~” Seb poked her nose. “Don't worry. You’re almost done anyway.” he turned to look at his wife and Wanda smiled before kissing his chilly nose. “Sebas, are we going to spend Thanksgiving with your family or at my mom’s?” It was two weeks away after all.

“Well, I wanted to bother Shermie this year with our presence, you know how he never sets up his house for any of our family get-togethers? I think that’s pretty dumb because that means he has to drive or pay for pla-Sorry. I got distracted. What were ya saying?” Wanda rolled her eyes. “Where we will stay for this holiday.”

“Um…I don’t mind going to your parent’s house! Your niblings love me!” Seb grinned. Wanda rolled her eyes. “Because you give them money!”

“Does that take away from the fact that they love me?” Seb raised an eyebrow and the blonde laughed. “Alright…” he got her there. Her family loved Seb, they thought he was a nice hot boy back when they were teenagers and now that he was a successful designer, they liked him even more. Her uncles were forced to eat their words!

“Oh right. I haven't introduced Miz to my family yet.” they heard about the adopted daughter but
didn't know the details.

Zach and Miz came out of the house as well, upon which, Zach noticed the pile of leaves. “Weeee!” The other twin squealed before running towards the pile, and of course, destroyed it.

Zoe’s eyes turned bright red as Seb shook his head. “That’s how it feels, kid.”

“AHHHHHHHHHHH!”

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A little bruise on the cheek and an ice bag for a certain blond boy later, Wanda informed the twins and Miz about the plans for next week. She was pretty happy to see her family again.

“Cool! I’ll meet my other grandparents!” Miz cheered. Wanda was really happy for that as well. Her parents had been sad they couldn't meet Miz immediately after her adoption.

Their plans to go back to Pennsylvania for the holidays were totally cancelled when, 2 days later, Seb and Wanda were awoken by a strange noise coming from downstairs. “Seb…” Wanda whispered nervously but the man put a comforting hand on her shoulder. He mentally locked the kids’ door and jumped out of bed before looking under it. He grabbed his gun and grinned. “This is why, despite all the shit I hate about it, I like this country’s love for guns.”

He instructed Wanda to stay there and slowly walked downstairs, growling. That bastard was going to pay for interrupting his sleep. He crept down the stairs and, with his gun held steady, he flicked on the lights. “You have 5 seconds to get out of my house or-!” he paused when he saw who it was.

“Rico?!” Seb gaped and lowered his gun. “What?! ¿Qué mierda haces en mi casa?!” He demanded in Spanish.

The tall, bulky Colombian man grinned and closed the front door. He even had the stupidity to enter from the front door! Was he insane?! Well, Seb wasn’t one to judge anyone’s sanity...but still!!

“Hello, gringo. Can’t I just pay a visit to an old pal?” Rico casually looked around. Nice place. Clean but with plenty of things lying around to give it a very comfortable, lived in feel. There was a corner of the room with a shelf filled with art supplies around a desk with many drawers that was covered in paper scraps and tiny paper animals. Another desk next to it had plastic animals and dinosaur toys that had been cut into pieces and hot glued back together in different combinations. A third desk had tiny model airplanes and jets that seemed to be from one of those Make-it-Yourself toy sets. Rico figured those must be the work desks for Seb's children. It was incredibly adorable.

“At 3 am?” Seb asked unimpressed. “By breaking in?! I know you're a criminal and all...but... why like this?!” he lowered his gun but didn't put it away. “I could have shot you.”

“Bah, I’ve survived worse…” Rico waved a hand and set a duffle bag on the floor. “Hey, you lost an eye, awesome. You don’t have that healing power anymore? That was pretty awesome too. I still remember when you had that knife in your stomach. Gross, your guts were almost trying to come out.”

“Why are you in my house?” Seb asked tiredly and massaged his eye. He didn’t bother to cover his empty, scarred eye socket. The Colombian man had never come here, they always met away from here. Away from Seb's new life with his loving, innocent family. “Thanks for the visual memory...I-I love remembering my near death experiences.” He healed small stuff faster than
normal, but if he died now, he would die for real.

Rico laughed. “Lo siento. Anyway. I'm gonna be staying here for a while.” He looked around. “You have a guest bedroom? I don't mind the couch but…” he looked over at the children sized desks in the corner of the living room. “I don't know if your wife would appreciate me being so close to your kids.” He grinned. “How ARE your kids by the way? Still can't believe you got hitched. You were always a lucky Bastard.”

“What?!” Seb frowned. “M-My kids?” He said intelligently and utterly confused. “Yes, your kids. you know, the ones that came after you had sex. Your woman is hot.” Rico nodded solemnly.

Seb finally recovered from his shock enough to process the important part of Rico's words. “S-Stay?! You can’t stay! Whatever you did, it's not my problem. I worked for you a long time ago and I'm fine with helping you with little things occasionally. Keeping you here is HUGE!” He hissed.

“I don’t have another choice, kid. I’m being followed by our rivals. They are bastards! They make our job look like a nice legal job! And we are saints compared to those pieces of shits! Their leader changed recently and he wants me dead.” Rico frowned. “I am starting to think you don’t want me here.”

“No! I don’t!” Seb pushed the man with all his might but didn't move him an inch. “ I have a wife and three children that YOU will put in danger! Go hide somewhere else! Urghh!” Seb continued pushing him.

Rico blinked in amusement. “We can make a deal for that?” he held out his hand. “You like those, right?” Seb groaned and rubbed his forehead. “Look Rico, I owe you a lot. Don't think I'm not grateful for everything you've done for me-”

“Like being willing to make those fake adoption papers for your newest daughter before your wife came up with a legal way to do it instead. She's quite cute by the way. Don't know where you found her but hey, I know you aren't the type to hurt a child-”

“I didn't kidnap Miz.” Seb growled. Rico placed a hand on Seb's shoulder. “The point is, you owe me for more stuff- I keep protectin’ ya, you know? Your business is growing, some people aren't happy ‘bout that.”

He had rivals? Seb had no idea. "...Really?"

"None of my enemies know I am here and I will not be leaving the house or drawing attention to you. I had 5 other fake trails to throw them on a, what's the phrase, wild duck chase.”

"It's a goose.” Seb corrected. Rico nodded. “I haven't drawn any of them here, your family is safe. I just need a place to stay for a week...or two.” Seb groaned. “We were going to head to Pennsylvania for Thanksgiving…”

“Ah! Yes. Thanksgiving! The holiday for being kind to your fellow man and repaying them for favors past.” Rico slung an arm around Seb's shoulders. “You can't throw me out to the streets before Thanksgiving! Why, that would be cruel.” Rico hugged Seb close to him. “You wouldn't want me to live on the streets, cold and hungry would you?”

Seb groaned again. “I can't make a decision like that without my wife…” He had to talk to Wanda. Helping Rico couldn't be that hard? It was just 7 days? “Quédate. Aquí.” Seb ordered the man and Rico laughed. “Wouldn’t want to go anywhere else.”
“I’ll talk to Wanda, don’t touch or steal anything…” Rico looked offended. “We don’t steal from our gente.”

Seb went back upstairs where he found Wanda pacing nervously holding her phone with 911 typed in. She just needed to press call. “Seb! Oh thank goodness! What happened?!” She hugged him tightly and Seb smiled sheepishly. “Ok...let’s just say...it’s an old friend…” He grabbed the phone from her and erased the number. No need to get the cops involved.

“A friend?! At this hour?!” Wanda hissed.

“Do you promise not to panic or scream or wake up the kids if I show you?” Seb grimaced and after taking a deep breath, Wanda accepted. “Ok…”

The couple walked downstairs, Wanda was trembling with fear and anticipation, but when they got downstairs, she saw nothing. “Urgh, that bastard, I told him to stay here!” Seb hissed. There was a shuffling noise. They followed the noise to the kitchen and Wanda gasped as Seb scowled at Rico who was assaulting the fridge.

“What the fuck did I tell you?!” Seb snarled and the criminal looked up with a grin. “Sorry, got hungry.” He shrugged, not looking sorry at all. Wanda held onto Seb's arm. “Seb, who is this?” the man certainly looked suspicious, she didn't want to judge but he was a man who broke into their house at 3 in the morning so she wasn’t feeling very charitable at the moment.

“Ugh, this is Rico. The guy who helped me forge documents and fake Ford's death years ago.” Seb said, squeezing Wanda’s hand gently. The lawyer immediately understood. This was the man who Seb wanted help with to forge Miz's birth certificates and other paperwork for the adoption. She narrowed her eyes.

“Well, hello, preciosa~” Rico grinned. “Let me say you look much more beautiful in person~” Seb groaned as Wanda continued glaring. “Pines....” (Oh no, last name!) “What is your delinquent friend doing in our house?” she was trying very hard to be civil. As a person who cared a lot about the law...

“He needs a place to stay for a week…” Sebastian sighed. “Or two.” Rico added but Seb glared at him. “Don’t push me.” he looked back at his wife. “And he wants to stay...here?”

“What?! No! Are you insane?!”

“A little, yeah.” Seb nodded but Wanda looked angrier. “What are you thinking ?! You can’t keep a delinquent here! What if the police find him?! Do you want to go to prison?! I certainly don’t! I send people to prison!” She hissed angrily. (“Hah. Delinquent. Not feeling up to calling me a criminal?”) “Think of the twins, Sebastian!” She was mostly worried for them. She loved Miz, and she knew the dragon would be totally fine if something happened, she wasn’t really a kid. But the twins were just 5! They were barely out of babyhood! And the idiot she had for a husband wanted to keep a multiple mafia leader here?!

“I'm not happy with this either but I can't throw him out! I owe Rico a lot. And he won't be going outside or anything.”

The two looked at the latino who was happily eating their food. Wanda scowled. “Sebastian, no...please...what about my family? You said we could go! We always spend holidays with your family…”

Seb raised an eyebrow. “But you never said you didn’t like it...I thought you liked my family.” He
pouted. Wanda sighed and pulled her hair. “I like them, they’re all pretty weird and crazy and—!
And that’s not even the point, Sebastian William Pines!” She cried exasperatedly. “I don’t want him in my house!”

“...Please?” Seb pouted hard. “He helped me too...?” Rico nodded and pouted at the blonde too. “Please? I can assure you no one will find me here during this time. I just need to hide while my men work on everything. I will not do anything to your kids. I love these babies as if they were my own sobrinos!” Rico grinned.

Wanda groaned even louder and bit her hand. What to do?! What to do?! “If you stay, you will follow my conditions!” she hissed and the two men nodded quickly. “No going outside! No mafia shit here! You can’t use the phone! Wear gloves, I don’t want your fingerprints everywhere! And do not approach my kids if we aren’t nearby!” She listed off. She knew what could lead the police to someone, that was her job, so she wanted to keep Rico as invisible as possible.

“He can stay then?” Seb smiled softly and Wanda sighed heavily. “I’ll tell my mom we can’t go…” Seb hugged her tightly and kissed her lips. “Thank you, Wands...I promise I’ll repay you for this...”

“Sex is a good way to repay her. Must have done it well, no? You got twins.” Rico said usefully.

Seb’s hand caught on flames. “I’ll keep you hidden from view for 20 days at most, away from everyone except us and our family, and you will stay inside the house during the entire time, in return, you'll follow everything we said and-and you'll still help us if we need it because we're taking a huge risk right now...deal?” Rico shook his hand happily, sealing the deal. Seb raised a hand and an invisible barrier was cast. It worked like Miz’s perception filter but it also served to keep Rico inside. He nodded. This was fine.

“So~ guest room?” Rico asked. Seb grumbled. “We have a guest wing of the house. Most of the rooms are claimed but there are a few empty ones...” He led Rico to the magic door and opened it. The hallway it led to was lined with doors. They had little plaques on them with peoples names. Stan/Carla. Shermie/Abigail. Diego/Dillon. So on and on.

Rico was staring at the hallway. He stepped out and looked to the side of where the door was located. He glanced back at the long hallway. Back out. Back in. “How?” He cried. The area made no sense. From the outside it looked like the door would lead to a closet. How was there so much space inside?!

Was this more of Sebastian's black magic? The immortality was amazing enough but THIS? Rico grinned. If he could get Sebastian to make more of these spaces for him...oh the possibilities.

“Now, this room hasn't been claimed yet. You can use this for now.” Seb told him as he opened the door to a plaque-less room. “It's got it's own bathroom so you won't have to share with us.” He turned to stare at Rico firmly. “Breakfast is at seven. My children have school and I have work to do. Please don't cause problems for my family.”

“No problem, gringo. I will be on my best behavior.” Rico placed a hand on his chest. He looked in to see his temporary place of residence and couldn't hold back a gasp. It was a simple room but it was big and the bed looked incredibly soft. He could see the door to the bathroom inside as well. There were no windows, a plus.

There was one thing though...
“Why is the wallpaper images of birds choking on food?” Rico asked as he squinted at what looked like a sparrow attempting to swallow an entire watermelon. Seb snorted. “Miz has a weird sense of humor.”

“Your new daughter?”

“Yeah. She...was in charge of decorating.” Seb shrugged. “Well, good night.” Seb yawned. “See you in...like...3 hours...damn I am going to be exhausted tomorrow…” Seb turned and left.

“Please your wife! She deserves it for being so nice!” The man smiled and Seb groaned in embarrassment.

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Seb had to wake up earlier than he expected. Wanda seemed to be still upset when she was getting ready for work (she didn’t talk to him like she usually did) and Seb sighed tiredly. Now he had to solve this. All thanks to Rico.

Seb went to wake up the twins and Miz, who had been visiting her friends and was so deeply asleep she didn’t hear a single thing that happened last night. “Zach...Zoe, wake up, you have school.”

“Urgmmm…” Zoe moaned into her pillow. “A plane will crash and burn everyone...especially Mackenzie...She’s a bi-”

“Wow, wow. Ok, no, no one’s dying. Wake up.” Seb forcibly made the three kids stand up. Miz rubbed her eyes as she blinked her sleep away. “Hey, Seb~ Good morning.” she yawned.

“Ok, listen up you three. An...old friend paid me an...unexpected visit yesterday. He is...unpredictable and even if he is my friend, I haven’t seen him for a while so, don't invite him to your room, don't stay alone with him, and we will be there when you are with him.” Seb listed off in paranoia. He didn't want Rico anywhere near his children.

The twins blinked sleepily and shrugged. “Ok.” They went off to get ready for the day. Miz started making her way downstairs to make breakfast. She hadn't bothered to change her clothes, still in her pajamas (an oversized long sleeve shirt made of cotton and bamboo that was incredibly soft). She yawned as she got downstairs and began pulling out eggs, bread and other things needed to make toasted sandwiches. She reached up to try and get the non-stick spray but couldn't quite reach it.

“Here.” A large hand grabbed the item from the shelf and handed it to the girl. Miz stared in surprise at the large man for a few seconds before shrieking. Seb heard the scream from upstairs and ran down as fast as he could. “Dammit Rico! What did you do?!?” He growled. If that Bastard hurt Miz he was gonna-

Seb stared at the scene before him. Miz was huddled behind the counter while looking up at…

Seb snorted. Rico was stuck to the ceiling. The crime boss's eyes were wide and confused. “Eh...she's got powers too?!”

Seb laughed. Miz saw him and ran over to cling to his side, half hiding behind him. Seb continued laughing. “This is Rico. The friend I mentioned, kid.” Miz blinked before her eyes Flickered. “Oh. Should I put him down?”

“Nah. Leave him there until the twins go to school.”
“Pines!! ¡¡Bájame, idiota!!” Rico insulted in Spanish, making Miz groan softly. Not Spanish again! Looks like she was going to have to do a refresher on that language.

“You know, it’s not nice to insult the person putting a roof over your head.” Seb replied in Spanish as well before turning to look at Miz. “Wanda already left. Can you make breakfast while I check on the twins?” Miz nodded and the man trotted upstairs.

Rico, still on the ceiling, rolled his eyes. Who knew ‘Bill’ would end up in such a domestic life? What a softie. Though…he tugged on his arms but found that he was quite stuck. Interesting. The little girl was glancing up at him now and then but ultimately ran off back upstairs, probably to get changed.

Rico watched her go. So that was Miz. A mysterious girl that came out of nowhere and had no identification papers of any kind. Rico knew the cover story of how she was from a small village in China that kept all their records on physical documents, which were destroyed in a fire, but the fact that she didn't even have immigration papers meant she was either an illegal immigrant or there was something bigger going on. Rico grinned even as he remained stuck to the ceiling. This was interesting.

The man sighed and looked at the floor. This was getting stupid. “Can you please let me down?!?” He called but no one came. Eventually, Seb came down with Miz and his twins. The kids were tiny little blonds and they were so cute~

“Where is your friend?” The girl twin, Zoe, asked Seb. Her dad snorted and pointed up. The twins looked up at the ceiling and gasped when they saw a man there. “Is he a balloon?!?”

“I am not a balloon.” Rico narrowed his eyes. “Can you tell your dad to let me down?”


Miz (now properly dressed) quickly popped some bread into the toaster, set up the coffee maker and cracked some eggs into the frying pan after spraying the non-stick. As Seb went to help the twins make sure their backpacks were fully stocked, Miz cut up some avocados and put some turkey slices onto the frying pan as well. The toast popped up and Miz smeared avocado onto them to set the toast on plates next to the stovetop so she could put the eggs and turkey onto them once they were done cooking.

Rico could smell it from up here and his stomach growled. It looked delicious.

Miz got some lettuce out for the sandwiches as well before putting the eggs (lightly sprinkled with garlic salt) and turkey onto the toasted bread with avocado and placing the lettuce on top before putting the other slice of bread on to finish the sandwiches.

Rico's mouth was watering.

Miz set the table and got out cups filled with milk for the kids, a coffee for Seb and some non-lactose milk for herself. She considered the plates of food before putting a ruffled slice of lettuce leaf to the side of the sandwich with some cherry tomatoes just to make them look nice.

Rico quietly sobbed when Seb and the twins came back in to eat without giving him any of the food or letting him down.

“Pinnenes!” The colombian man cried. “Comee onnn! You can’t leave me here! YOU agreed I could stay!” Seb snorted. “And you ARE staying...staying on the ceiling that is!”
“You will regret this!” Rico whined.

Zach looked up at the poor man and pouted, his noble heart aching. “Daddy, why is he on the ceiling? He must be hungry and his belly must be hurting.”

“He startled me.” Miz replied. She took a bite of her sandwich. “Though, I guess he DID help me get something from a shelf…” she looked over at Seb. “Should I let him down?”

Seb stroked his chin, looking at the begging man. “Well...I guess I did warn you he was here...it’s not totally his fault you got scared…” He looked at Zach's pout, and he sighed. “Ok, ok. Put him down.”

Miz waved her hand and lowered the man gently to the ground. She even materialized another sandwich, a perfect copy of one of the others, under the table and pulled it out to hand to Rico. “Here. You're lucky I only stuck you to the ceiling. Most of the time I end up tearing off limbs when I'm startled.”

“Hahaha, awesome.” Zoe grinned just as Zach complained “I’m eating!”


“Thanks, kid...” Rico looked between Zach and Zoe as he chewed his sandwich. “So...twins, huh? How does that feel?” the twins glanced at each other before shrugging. “I beat up people who are mean to Zach.” Zoe said proudly. Seb sighed. “Yes, that’s true. Literally beat them up.”

“I think I like your kids more and more.” Rico grinned. Magic, strong kids. How cool was that!?

“And why don’t you beat them up yourself?” Rico asked Zach, who looked at his food. “It scares me...but I tell them not to bother me.”

“Yeah, you see, speaking is useless. If you want someone to listen to you, you have to knock at least one tooth out of their mouths.” Rico laughed.

“I’d appreciate you didn't teach that to the kids.” Seb smiled. He also thought that, but he agreed with Wanda that they’d teach the kids to resolve problems in a pacifist way. Violence would just get them in trouble.

Rico scoffed. “Are you a man? You need to stand up for yourself. You can’t let your sister fight for you.” He told Zach. Miz kicked him under the table while glaring. Rico stared at her, astonished at her gall. He was really beginning to like her.

“I-I am a boy! And I can fight!” Zach nodded in his direction. Seb groaned softly. “No, no, don’t fight. Ok, did you finish eating? I’ll take you to school.” He ushered the twins to stand up and led them to the living room to get their tiny backpacks. They were forced to take lots of things though, maybe it would be better to get them those backpacks with wheels.

“'Bye, Miz!'” The little kids hugged the black-haired girl before facing the tall man. “'Bye, Uncle Rico!'” They waved before walking towards the door to their dad. The mafia leader blinked at the friendly treatment. Huh.

“I’ll clean all this!” Miz called to Seb, who sent her a grateful smile before closing the door. “I’ll be right back, ok? Feel free to stick him on the ceiling again if he’s annoying you!” Rico leaned on
his chair and finished eating his food. “That bastard…” Rico huffed before facing the girl. “So what? You don’t go to school or something?”

“I graduated. Took my exams, aced them. So I’m taking a ‘break’ before college.” She shrugged. “I like not being forced to sit at a desk listening to someone talk about things I know more about than they do.”

Rico nodded slowly. “School is stupid.” He agreed. “And, you got powers because you live here now? Pines’ powers are like, transmitted? Will I get them if I stay here longer?”

Miz laughed. “Nope. I have my own powers. And nope, definitely nope. Seb’s powers aren’t transmitted by contact, I think his are genetic.” She waved her hands to get the plates into the sink to wash. Rico settled in his chair and watched her work. “Your own powers huh? Is that why he adopted you?”

Miz shrugged. “I was already living with them. I guess mommy wanted to make it official.” She finished cleaning the dishes and went about her daily chores.

Rico watched the girl bring down baskets of dirty clothes and walk off to the laundry room. He blinked at how domestic it all was despite the...powers he knew the girl had. He let her work and went to the couch to watch TV. He hadn’t watched TV in a while. It didn’t take long before the always active man groaned loudly. “I’m bored!!”

Miz shrugged. “Read?” The man stared at her as if she grew a second head. She sighed and sat down in front of him on another couch. “Why are you here anyway?” she asked.

“Someone wants my head.” Rico said easily but Miz laughed. “Fun, but why here? At this house?” Rico leaned back lazily. “Because it’s the last place they’d look. A boring little suburban neighborhood with charming little civilian families, white picket fences and just the furthest from the criminal underworld as anything.”

“Nah.” Miz grinned. “You came here because Seb is someone you actually trust. And because a boring neighborhood like this is free from anyone who might be after you. Isn’t it?”

Rico sighed and stared at the ceiling. “Well...Pines was like my right hand man when he was younger... I guess I...trust him...which is really stupid for someone like me. Trusting is lowering your guard, you know? But Wil-er, Sebastian proved to be a good ally.”

Miz nodded slowly. “Seb’s a good kid. A better man than we deserve.” she laid down on another couch. “...I'll tear you apart limb by limb and eat them.”

“...I completely understood!”

Miz smiled brightly, looking like a normal child again. “Great! So, would you mind accompanying me to the entrance for a second?” Rico was confused at the weird questions but agreed anyway. Miz led him to the back door and skipped into the backyard. She watched in amusement as Rico stepped out, or rather, tried to. The Colombian cried as an electric shock suddenly ran down his spine and he was forced to step back.

“What the fuck!”

Miz laughed. “Oh, so that’s what it does! Seb hasn’t lost his touch!” She had felt a trace of magical weirdness when she woke up, but she wasn’t really sure what it was exactly and wanted to test it out. Seb had made deal then. Interesting. His powers worked so differently from her own. “I guess
you made a Deal to not leave the house. I wonder why it's electrified though?"

She came back inside the house where Rico was grumbling. “Well, I’m gonna go work on my stuff.” She nodded to him before walking off to her personal work desk. Rico watched as she pulled out some paper and began folding. She had a pretty sizable collection of origami animals by this point. The twins loved them and would play with the larger ones she made.

She got the supplies needed for making them into jewelry and was going to get a decent stock of wares made before she tried to start her own online store. Wanda helped her make a Betsy account and Miz was hoping to be able to make money off selling handmade wares. Like she had tried to do back in her first life.

“Are you making origami?” Rico raised an eyebrow. Miz nodded without looking up at him. “I love it. Have you ever tried?” She asked curiously, and to her surprise, the man nodded slowly.

“Yes…At a, how you say, juvenile correctional as a boy…” He admitted softly. “It was entertaining, and I never forgot how to make them.” Miz wordlessly handed him a piece of colorful paper. Rico fiddled with it and there were a few minutes of quiet broken only by the sounds of paper being pressed and folded.

“Look. A bird.” Rico held up a crane. Miz smiled. “That's pretty good. I tried to teach Seb but he's awful at it. He can sew expertly but paper? Nope.” She folded a corner and hummed. “Which is really weird. He’s usually pretty good at handicrafts. He paints, and knits and sews like a professional. Origami is his weakness, I guess. My mom is really bad at art in general, her mind is her strength basically. Zoe doesn’t pay attention to follow the steps. Zach is the only one who can actually finish one animal.” She laughed.

Rico chuckled softly and grabbed another piece of paper to make another animal. He didn't really know a lot of folds. He made a turtle, a boat and a frog. Miz placed them up in a row on her desk next to her own work. Rico squinted at them. “Why are you making them so small?” He asked.

Miz pulled open a drawer to reveal some wires and beads, jewelry making supplies. “I'm gonna turn them into earrings. So they're supposed to be small.”


“Well, I have nothing else to do, so why not?” Miz taught him how to make some more stuff in a tiny version before they started working. That was how Seb found them. Sitting around the table folding origami. And he couldn’t believe his eye. Rico was cursing quietly everytime he dropped the paper or accidentally tore it. “It's so small! My fingers are too big!” He grumbled. Miz giggled as the large man struggled. Seeing him hunched over the desk was a weird scene, Rico was nearly twice Miz's size.

Seb couldn’t hold it anymore and snorted loudly. He covered his mouth with his hands and managed to muffle his laughter. The two people on the table heard him though and Rico immediately let go of the paper. “Whatcha starin’ at?”

“Nothing! Definitely not you doing origami.” Seb laughed and Rico growled. “Don’t you have work to do, Pines?”

“Oh yes.” Seb nodded. “I work at home. I would have taken less time to get back but there was an accident so the cops and the ambulance were blocking the road.” He rolled his eye. “Miz, it’s your turn to make lunch, I’ll go clean the rooms, is that ok?” The man asked and the demon gave him a
thumbs up.

“Come on. I’m gonna make some egg fried rice.” Miz told Rico as she put down her supplies and skipped off to the kitchen. Rico wasn’t sure what to do now. He would have offered to help but his cooking was...basic. “Oi. Tall man. Hand me the garlic salt. It’s in the spice shelf over there.” Miz called out and Rico moved to grab the items on tall shelves for her.

The man still wasn’t sure what to think of the girl. She looked like a normal little girl but he knew she was actually kinda scary and controlled...dark magic? Yeah, that must be it. He wondered when he had accepted that dark magic and supernatural stuff was real. He had never heard of it until he met Pines. “I guess I won’t be able to meet my other grandma and grandpa this year...” Miz said as she searched for every ingredient. “So, I'm assuming you’re staying with us for Thanksgiving? Have you ever celebrated it?”

Rico raised a hairy eyebrow and huffed. “No? I’m not from this country, remember? Besides, I don’t get it.”

“What’s not to get? The country takes a moment in history that was originally about how their ancestors leched off the native people in this land for their own gain and spin it to make it seem like a good thing by teaching people an altered version of the events. Then capitalism takes over to push sales of specific food products around this time of year so all the big businesses can profit.” She shrugged. “But it's also an excuse to have family reunions, eat food until you faint and awkwardly try to avoid talking about politics.”

“Yes. That’s what I don’t get. It is pretty hypocritical, but-” He shrugged. “Who cares? This country is weird and full of weird traditions.”

Miz laughed. “Welcome to America. The land of the hypocrites!”

Rico fake cheered as well and the two laughed. “But you know what're holidays I can REALLY get behind?” Miz asked. “Halloween! When people get a free pass to run around at night, screaming like lunatics. That's why I chose it as my birthday! Though I am kinda upset at how modern society ruined it.” She sighed. “It used to be about the whole ‘protect ourselves from being eaten by demons by pretending to be one of them’ and now I see people dressed as Sexy Hotdogs and other shit. How’s that supposed to stop demons from eating them? Dressing up to look like attractive FOOD?!”

Rico cackled loudly, hitting the table as he wheezed. “Can’t breathe!”

“Shut up!” Seb shouted from upstairs and the latino wiped a tear from his eye. “It’s true...Halloween is just another way to make money.” Miz looked at him and nodded. “Yeah... you’re smarter than you look, dude.”

Rico huffed annoyed. “I’m the mastermind behind a professional traffic network of multiple criminal gangs. I don’t think I can be classified as ‘dumb’. “ Miz rolled her eyes. “Never called you dumb, just smarter than you look.” She looked him up and down. “No offence, you look like a thug.”

“Ah, well, thank you~” Rico bowed dramatically and Miz laughed. Ok, she definitely liked this man. He was actually pretty fun!

Rico accompanied Miz as she cooked and talked about different topics, the origins of holidays, traditions and culture. Rico wasn’t sure at first if he should share stories about his work, but the girl made him feel like he could trust her, tell her whatever she wanted to know. Besides, he
promised not to say anything about her powers as well so it would be a mutual understanding of keeping each other's secrets. They barely realized it was midday when Seb poked his head into the kitchen.

“I’ll pick up the twins! Be right back.” He raised a curious eyebrow at them who barely paid attention to him as they talked animatedly. He shrugged and went to his car, and he couldn’t help but think Wanda wasn’t going to like Miz getting along with Rico.

The food was done and Miz was just making the side dish and dessert by this point. Rico’s mouth watered. Pines got to eat food like this every day? Lucky Bastard. A hot wife, adorable kids, nice house, job…and Rico found himself feeling…happy. Happy for him. Happy that the crazy, broken kid he'd met all those years ago had found a life for himself.

He settled down in a chair to watch Miz put on the finishing touches on lunch. Fried rice with eggs, chicken, diced vegetables and cheese sprinkled on top to melt into the rice as she stirred and flipped it. Another plate with pineapple shrimp and walnuts dribbled with a sweet sauce. Then she put in some cookies to bake in the oven. Rico stared. “Cookies too?”

“Zoe ate the last of our cookies. I need to refill the cookie jar.”

“This is a lot of food. More people live here?” Rico asked confused and Miz laughed. “You’d be surprised how much Seb and my siblings eat, especially Zoe. Mom only eats dinner on a weekday. There’s more food on the weekends.” The man sighed and ran a hand through his hair. “Wow, ok, ok…so, we have to wait for them to eat or?”

“Yes.” Miz rolled her eyes. She was hungry too but she had to wait for her family. The plates had been cursed to keep the food warm until they were eaten so she didn't have to worry about that. Still, she was hungry~

“If they don't get back soon I'm gonna teleport them.” Miz grumbled. Rico's head shot up. “You can teleport people?” He said with interest. He could see so many ways to use such a power for his...work. Miz nodded, staring at the food longingly. “But mommy says I'm not supposed to do that. She gets upset when I break physics.”

Rico laughed. “Can you teleport people and things to anywhere? How far is your range?” He asked. Miz hummed. “As long as I can use my powers to See the location, I can teleport there. I can See most of the world but there are places in the ocean or stuff like that where I have less Eyes.” She shrugged, seeing no issue with answering. (She answered questions if asked, that’s just how she was. And she didn’t dislike this man, since he was Seb’s ‘friend’.)

Rico allowed a grin to appear on his face. “Hey. I sometimes have packages I need to deliver. Do you think you could help me out with that?” The little girl gave him a considering look. “What's in it for me?”

The two bartered back and forth, Rico even got a Deal out of it. He doesn't cause harm to her family and she would listen to his requests, but she didn't have to do them if she didn't want to. And if she DID do something for him, he would need to give her something in exchange. Rico felt like he had scored the jackpot since all this child wanted were things like a new doll or a pretty jacket she saw online. Things that would be easily procured once he was freed from his Deal with Sebastian and could leave the house.

They had just finished shaking hands when the front door opened and the two partners in crime pretended to be talking about something else. “So that's why you can't eat chicken eggs raw.”
“Miz!!” The twins ran up to hug their big sister. Miz giggled and picked them up “Welcome home, nuggets!” The siblings giggled. Seb rolled his eye. “Come on, kids. Lunch and then homework. Remember to wash your hands first.”

“You're such a father, gringo.” Rico grinned at him. Seb stuck his tongue out. “Shut up, you’re just jealous.”

“Nah~Los mocosos are not my thing.” The older man shook his head with a grin. The twins came back, having washed their hands as soon as possible because they also were hungry, and ran back to the kitchen. Miz put the warm plates and utensils on the table so everyone could sit down to eat.

“Are you going to be on the ceiling again?” Zoe asked Rico with a grin, and the man huffed with half-heartedly annoyance. “You know I leave people hanging from the ceiling too?”

“Like balloons?” Zach asked innocently and Rico stuffed his mouth with food before answering. “Definitely. They even have the ropes and all~” Seb coughed as he choked with his food, while Miz and Zoe just laughed. That was disturbing and so hilarious~ “Ok, we don’t need to hear that on the table.” Seb coughed. He didn’t want his kids getting the wrong message on what is and isn’t ok. Sure, he thought morbid humor was hilarious, but he needed to set a good example, right?

Rico shut up, obeying the orders of his temporary boss, but he and the little girl shared a maniac grin. Hours later, Seb screamed when he came out of his office and saw stuffed toys and dolls hanging from the ceiling with ropes around their necks, nicely decorating the living room.

“ZZOOOOEEE!!!”

He had a lot of explaining to do when his wife came back, catching him pulling down the toys with a very grounded Zoe and Rico. Miz only got out of being grounded as well because she cited the fact that she was helping Zach with his homework as her alibi for not being involved with it.

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Wanda was pissed. She didn’t like having the man at the house. He was a bad influence for their already (kinda) crazy kids! The rest of the week she showed her discomfort, but Rico wasn’t leaving until the deal was done.

“I don’t want him here for Thanksgiving!” She whined at Seb, who blinked. “But...that’s the whole point of it, isn’t it?” Wanda groaned softly and buried her face into his chest. “Bad enough I couldn’t introduce our new daughter to my family...but we have to house this CRIMINAL in our house?!”

“Look, I owe him a lot. He also been keeping an eye on us for our protection.” Competition in the fashion industry seems very dangerous apparently. “It’s only a little more. He’s in hiding from some worse men who want him dead. I can’t just...toss him to the street.” Wanda sighed, hugging her husband. He was too kind for his own good. “Fine. But I’m going to set the house rules for him from now on.”

Wanda was mainly annoyed that she couldn’t go see her family. She wanted to introduce her new daughter but this had to happen and it was put off for another few months all over again. “I just don’t want him being a bad influence on the kids.”

“I'll keep an eye on them. Don't worry.” Seb assured her. “And I promise we’ll visit your family next, I’m awesome, but my family can surely live a day without me...” He said dramatically and the blonde laughed before kissing his nose.
Seb sighed. “I want to buy turkey already!”

He liked making turkey, it was delicious, mom taught him how to do it…

And he loved leaving it to thaw out in the twins’ room to make them scream. Ah~ a classic.

...forget Rico, SEB was probably the worst influence…

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To Seb's despair, Rico and Miz actually got along very well. He once caught Rico bent over Miz, brushing and braiding her long hair before she repaid the favor. Seb just watched Miz twisting ribbons into Rico's hair and wondered what was happening. Miz glanced over and waved. “Hey Seb~”

“…” Seb turned and walked back to the kitchen. Miz scoffed. “He acts like he's never seen socializing before.”

“Is that what this is?” Rico wondered, holding still so Miz could tie the end of his braid shut. She hummed. “By the way, I delivered the shipment.” She said casually, as if she had just run a package to the mailbox instead of teleporting crates of illegal imports past the border. Rico grinned wide. This child was a gold mine.

Her only real limit was that she wouldn't do anything that would hurt people. No human trafficking. Nothing that could be considered sexual slavery. No drugs that would hurt people. She also mentioned she refused to kill for him. “Did enough of that to last multiple lifetimes.”

Rico had paused at that. She's killed for someone before? He shivered. How deadly were this child's powers? Who had used her? Was that why Sebastian adopted her? So that she wouldn't be used like that again? (And Rico found himself angry at whoever it was that had done that to her. He'd gotten to know Miz over the past week, and she was a delightful child. The idea of someone making her do something so horrible was--)

So Rico made requests from her to transport supplies and medicine instead, so that his gang could send it out to sell to the unlicensed doctors. She kept a little notebook with a list of what Rico owed her once he was freed from Seb's house arrest. She had stared at Rico seriously and stated quite simply that if he didn't deliver, she was magically contract-ly obligated to make him suffer. Rico shivered again. Miz was a cool kid, but she terrified him half the time.

She continued stroking his hair with a smile. Weird girl. But he liked her, she was great for making deals with.

The twins eventually joined them, taking their toys and playing quietly to not feel excluded.

Miz asked to play and soon her and Dad’s friend were playing with them. Daddy said he couldn't be invited to their rooms but this was the living room!

As they played, Seb was preparing everything for lunch. He needed to buy turkey, now that he thought about it…He was glad all of his brothers were going to their in-laws this year. Ford was portaling over to their mother’s place and she had agreed excitedly. She liked spending time with her oldest son.

Sir Bedazzle begged for treats under his feet and Seb sighed before pulling out a bit of sugar and pouring it on the floor. The acorn puppy yipped happily and started licking the brown sugar.
“Refrigerator, refrigerator...Yes, papa? Do you have sauces~? No, papa...Telling lies, no, papa...open your door~” Seb sang to himself softly. The twins watched weird videos and he couldn't help but learn the songs from them.

Wanda would be home soon (she was so cute! Getting off work earlier because she was worried for their safety!) and he wanted to make sure there was plenty of delicious food for his family.

And his guest. He would make delicious food for everyone in the house...

He worked silently, with Sir Bedazzle loyally watching him work, his plant tail wagging lazily. It was moments like this, when everything was too quiet in his mind...that he kinda missed Bill2. He had lived more time with him making snarky comments in his mind than not...

Did he miss getting bullied by a voice in his head? No, it would mean the stupidly expensive therapy he had when the twins were babies didn’t help him shit. At least he didn't hurt himself anymore, he was better...just not completely fixed, and he was ok with that. Where would the fun be if he was completely normal?

He shook his head. Lunch. He was going to do lunch, Wanda’s favorite because she deserved it...In a few days, he would have a turkey, then he would stuff it with delicious stuff, maybe make rice too, mashed potatoes, uuhh arabic rice! Pie, a cake, what should he put there? He found a cool recipe with N&Ns, and fudge~

Seb fantasized distractedly with food, not making said food. When he realized he spaced out, he jumped back to his feet to take out the ingredients. “Sir Bedazzle, bite me if I get distracted again!”

The acorn dog barked happily. His attempts at biting were more adorable than painful since he didn't have teeth but he was going to try his best!

As Seb worked in the kitchen, Zach was moving his toys around as the three kids and one adult crafted a story about how the polar bear mailman were fighting off the monsters that lived around the world so they could deliver the packages. As they played, Rico found himself feeling...happy. This domestic life was boring and mundane but he was enjoying himself. Rico wondered about that. Him? The crime lord? Playing with some kids?

He shook his head. Bah. This was simply an escape from work, a...vacation-al prison arrest. He didn't really want this for himself (ew), but he was fond of the kids because their father was his old partner.

Even if Thanksgiving was still next week, Wanda was coming back from work sooner. For the day after Thanksgiving, she was taking a day off. The twins and Miz loved when she was home all day, they missed her.

The door’s lock was opened and the blonde came into the room, deadpanning at the sight. Rico was with the kids in the living room, alone. And Seb said he would keep an eye on him, huh? She smelled food though, so she guessed he needed to make lunch. Was it pasta with pesto sauce and grilled salmon that she smelled?!

“Mommy!!” Zach squealed and ran towards her.

“Hey baby--did you have fun today?” Wanda picked up her son to cuddle. He squealed when she tickled his belly. Zoe and Miz ran over for hugs as well. “Welcome home mommy!” “Did you kick a bad guy to jail today?” Zoe asked.

“Well, we still need to get the papers processed. But there is a bad man who's going to be put away
for a very long time.” Wanda glanced over at Rico and narrowed her eyes. Rico shivered. Why had Bill married a freaking lawyer anyway?!

“Hello to you too, cariño.” Rico nodded.

“We killed monsters today.” Zoe grinned. Wanda looked over to see cotton stuffing scattered around the floor. She sighed. Zoe ripped up her dolls again. She wished her daughter wasn't so violent when she played. She wasn’t sure why she bought them toys anymore, if Zoe was going to destroy them. It was like dog toys being destroyed. That’s what this carnage looked like. “That’s wonderful dear.” She kissed Zoe's head anyway. As long as it was only her dolls and not real animals it should be fine.

“Ahah! The food is done!” Seb cried from the kitchen. “FOOD!!” The children cheered before stampeding into the kitchen. Wanda called out “Wash your hands first!”

“Okay mommy!”

Rico stood up as well, groaning as his spine creaked from bending over the ground for hours. He glanced over at Wanda who was watching him warily. “Why the hostility? I have not done anything to deserve this?”

“You're a murderer and criminal.” Wanda said formally. “I’m a lawyer, and I could be a judge if I wanted. We are natural enemies.”

Rico scoffed. “Your husband’s killed before. And your daughter as well. How is all this any different?” He raised an eyebrow. Wanda sneered. “They didn't kill because they wanted to. And they don’t do that anymore.” she twitched. She didn't like thinking about it. But Miz had been on good behavior here. That had to count for something. Besides, a gang leader like Rico hurt others all the time. Miz… she wasn’t like that.

Rico shrugged. “They still did it. I thought that’s what the law cared about? Actions?” (“Actions yes, but the intentions are important too.” Wanda shot back.) He raised an eyebrow. “What if I told you I don’t want to do everything I do, would you stop scowling at me and look pretty?”

The blonde woman growled loudly and stomped towards the kitchen. Seriously! She just couldn’t!! She should tell Sebastian she couldn’t stand having him in the house. Maybe the twins were not in danger, but she was uncomfortable...Maybe...she should go with her mom...just for the time he was here, take the kids. Seb could stay with his delinquent friend all he wanted!

Seb smiled widely when he saw her, his brown eye lighting up. “Wands!” He squealed and ran towards her to kiss her lips. “I made your favorite!” He pointed at the table. “And I am working on the rest of the food for tomorrow! It’ll be all by me! No help from Miz!” Wanda laughed. “You're trying to get your territory in the kitchen back, huh?” She teased him.

“Miz keeps kicking me out~” Seb whined. “And she always cheats with magic when baking!” He liked how delicious her cakes and cookies were but he always caught her using magic to fix them up to ‘look’ more pretty, since her baked stuff normally came out lopsided. “It's not fair~” Wanda laughed and hugged her husband. “It's fine. She just needs to practice baking more. I've noticed she doesn't really measure ingredients when cooking. Like it doesn't even occur to her. And for anything else she cooks, it's fine. But baking requires precise amounts and she can't seem to wrap her head around that.”

“I think she thinks she knows better than the people writing the recipes.” Seb pouted. “But cheating
is still cheating!” And he missed cooking. Having to share the kitchen with her was fun but he liked having full reign.

“Actually, there was something I wanted to talk to you about.” Wanda sighed. “I want to take the kids with me to my parent's place.”

Seb blinked. “But Rico can't be out and about.” Wanda sighed. “He would stay here.” Seb paused. Well, they could stock up the pantry. He was sure Rico could take care of himself if they left for a few days but…

“I don't want to leave him alone during Thanksgiving.” Seb sighed. He'd spent many years all alone. He didn't want anyone else to go through that. Wanda hugged him. “You're too kind for your own good.”

“Which is stupid, I know, but I really can’t help it!” The man sighed and Wanda hugged. “You know...it’s not wrong to be good, right?”

“Yeah, but I don’t like it.” Seb scoffed. Being good was so stupid. “You really want to leave?” He asked softly.

“I just want to see my parents…” Wanda loved her family, but she had realized she didn’t spend much time with them. She barely visited her cousin before seeing Seb again. They went to see her family now, but Seb’s family was SO close it made her feel she was lacking interaction.

Maybe it was for her work as her mom used to say. ‘Not seeing your family and not meeting a man’. She felt like Stanford, god.

“Hey...My brain is having an eggcellent idea!” Wanda sighed at the pun. Seb grinned wide. “Tell your parents to come here! Or your cousins or whoever you want! Whatcha say?”

“There’s a delinquent in our house.” Wanda spat and Seb hugged her laughing like crazy. “Do your parents know about that?! Nope! They don't! They spend the holiday here! You are happy! They meet Miz AND we don’t leave said delinquent alone in our house.”

“And who are we supposed to say that man is?” Wanda hissed. Seb shrugged. “Ah...he can pretend to be...Miz's tutor? Since she's not going to college because she's too young to be on her own...and we hired a guy to keep up her education.”

Wanda gave Seb the most bland look. “A tutor? Really?”

“We can clean him up, give him a nice suit…” Wanda didn’t look reassured. “…

“And why would he be spending Thanksgiving with us?!” Wanda exclaimed and Seb pouted, glancing in the direction of the plates. Food... “Because...We are grateful for him teaching Miz about business and life? Don’t you wanna eat? Look~ This delicious salmon is begging you to eat it~” Seb waved a plate in her face.

Wanda groaned. “This is never going to work.” Seb took her hand. “Please? I don't want to stop you from seeing your family. We can make this work.” He gazed at her with his lips wobbling. Wanda sighed. “Look, maybe.” She said finally. She yelped when Seb picked her up in a hug. “Don't worry! We'll make this work!”

Wanda sighed. “I'll call my parents…” She pinched Seb's cheek. “So you BETTER make sure this doesn't go wrong.”
“Of course! I'll make everything perfect!” He scoffed and Wanda shook her head fondly. He was an idiot, but he was her idiot.

Wanda called the kids to eat and Seb didn’t allow Rico to eat until he washed his hands as well. As the kids sat down, (the twins were sitting on their legs, but they allowed it because they were still short), Wanda passed them their plates. “My parents are going to come for Thanksgiving.” She informed them.

“Yeah! If you can't go, force them to come!” Seb sat down.

“Grandma and grandpa?” Zach asked. He hadn't seen them in so long. Wanda nodded. “So you all have to be on good behavior, ok?” she glared at Rico as she said this.

The twins nodded. “Only grandma and grandpa will come?” They wanted some cousins to play with. They always had Diego when meeting Dad’s family, and the older twins and Dillon liked to play with them. They didn’t remember many cousins from mom’s side.

“I don’t know, maybe. It'll depend if they can come.” Wanda explained as she glanced down at his food, avoiding looking at Rico. Seb looked at him though. “You’ll be Miz’s tutor, ok? Of business or some shit like that.”

Miz looked up “Ooh? He CAN teach me how to run a long reaching criminal empire, right?” Wanda groaned. “That isn't something you should be learning to do.”

Miz gave Rico a thumbs up under the table. The crime lord held back an amused snort. He really liked this girl.

Everyone started eating, Rico couldn’t believe how good Bill was at cooking. This was so good~ “Ah! This is really good!”

The twins giggled. “Daddy is the best chef! He always makes yummy food!” Zoe slurped her pasta, getting green sauce all over her face. Miz laughed. “Well, my cooking is better.”

“Because you are a cheater!” Seb stuck his tongue out. Miz chewed her salmon, muffling a moan, this was pretty good though. “You’re just jealous of my infinite powers.” she said smugly.

“I had infinite powers...for like, 3 days, I think. Then I died! So excuse you!” Seb replied and Wanda choked on her water.

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Wanda called her mom later that day to tell her about the invitation. “Hey mom…”

“Wanda! What a surprise!” Her mom, Linda (momLinda, not TherapistLinda), exclaimed. The blonde chuckled sheepishly. “Yeah...I’m sorry...Well, I was wondering if you-” Seb took the phone from her. “Hey, Missus Friedman!”

“SEBASTIAN! My dear!” Linda squealed and Wanda couldn’t help but roll her green eyes. Her mom ADORED Sebastian TOO MUCH. “Heya Missus! How are ya? How’s the mister? Treating ya right, I expect.”

“Oh, we are doing fine, sweetie, don’t worry, we are just sad you aren’t coming for Thanksgiving...we wanted to see you and the kids...and Wanda too, of course!” Her mom added as an afterthought.
Wanda made a face while Seb snorted. “Like, mom, I am right here listening in on you.” Wanda complained.

“Well, that’s what we wanted to talk about! We thought it would be great if YOU came to spend time with us! You’ve only come once when the kids were babies! The house looks great now!”

“Oh I bet! You must be the only one taking care of it!” Linda sighed. “Do you still cook? Or has my daughter finally learned how to be a proper wife?” She asked half teasingly, half meaning it.

The blonde made a choked sound, offended. Ok, she was starting to remember why she didn’t see her parents very often. Her mom was sometimes...really something...to her!

“Nah, I like her just like she is, don’t worry, I love to cook for everyone!” Seb exclaimed, leaning against Wanda to hug her. She blushed even as she heard her mom squeal over the line.

“Aww~well, we would LOVE to go to your place! Oh, I bet the twins have gotten so much bigger~” Linda cooed. “And your new daughter? What was her name? Miz?”

“It's Miz.” Seb said cheerfully. “You'll love her! She's adorable and she likes to try and take over my kitchen.”

“Oh how precious! It's so good of you two to adopt her.” Linda sighed. “The poor dear. You didn't really tell me much about her circumstances aside from how she lost her parents in an accident?”

Seb quieted a little. It wasn't a lie. Miz HAD lost her triangle parents when her dimension was destroyed, and that WAS an accident. Wanda bit her lip, thinking about how Miz had lost her human family by dying and reforming a whole life after. They sighed. “It's complicated.” They both said.

“But she's doing much better!” Seb smiled. “And she loves Wanda soooo much! Calls her 'mommy' already!” Wanda laughed. “Miz is so good with Zach and Zoe too.”

“Zach? Not Zu?” Linda asked. Wanda winced. Right. She had forgotten. “He says he wants to be called Zach from now on.” there was quiet on the other line for a bit before Linda sighed. “As long as my grandchildren are happy.”

Wanda and Seb heaved a sigh of relief.

“Well, see you in a week, missus!”

“Oh, we’ll be looking forward to it!” Linda sighed contently and hung up. Seb hung up as well and returned the phone to Wanda. “There. You see?”

“If my mom could, she would adopt you.”

Seb simply laughed loudly.

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“Zoe! Stop putting stuff in the cart!” Seb glared at his daughter when she tried to sneak in a bag of candies.

“But I like this!”

Wanda was at work, but she would be home soon, and Rico had stayed alone at the house. Of course Seb was keeping an Eye on him so he didn’t try anything, but he just wanted to finish
shopping. They were 2 days away from Thanksgiving and he needed his turkey.

Wanda’s cousin decided to tag along apparently. She couldn’t believe Wanda was inviting people to her house! She was coming with her husband Frank and kid, Daniel, who was 6 years older than the twins (so, a little younger than Miz was pretending to be). Wanda’s cousin’s twin sisters couldn’t come unfortunately, they would have loved to see Seb, and Regina was out of the country. They were all upset that they couldn’t come over too.

Wanda’s family REALLY liked Seb.

He sighed when Zach started eating cookie samples and Miz looked around for the food, actually being helpful. Seb sighed and hummed in thought. “Hey, kids!? Who can bring me butter the fastest!??”

The three of them gasped before taking off down the aisle. Miz was more cautious, glancing around herself and keeping an eye on the twins as she went. They found the dairy section and the twins grabbed a few boxes of butter sticks while Miz picked up some more lactaid milk. She also grabbed some shredded mozzarella cheese.

The kids made their way back, Miz told them not to run or they might drop the butter and be disqualified. Seb laughed when he saw the twins holding their butter carefully, staring at them to make sure they had a good grip.

“Here!” Zoe put the butter on the cart. “I won!”

“Not fair!” Zach shrieked and Seb patted his head. “You can still help me with other stuff! You see those bags over there, get me potatoes, and Zoe, get me tomatoes! Who can bring them the fastest? Go!”

The little innocent children ran away to bring the food while Miz put her food in the cart. “Turning everything into a competition so they behave AND help. Good job.” She giggled.

“My mom did that with the Stans and me as kids. It was fun and I see why she did it.” Seb snickered. Miz was keeping watch on the twins as they ran around. They were close enough to be within sight, which reassured her.

Miz paused when they passed the Ramen section. Seb rolled his eyes when he saw her attempting to sneak a few boxes into the cart. “Miz. No.”

“Awww…” she sadly put them back. Seb saw her sad face and sighed. “Ok, but just one.”

“YAY!” She put the box in. Zoe gasped. “How come she gets to have a thing?”

“Because it's not candy,” Seb rolled his eye. “If you guys want a thing, you can, it just can’t be candy. We’ve got plenty of sweets at home already.” Zoe put her bag of tomatoes in the cart, pouting hard. “What else can I bring?!?”

“Lettuce and peas.”

With the twins actually helping and not causing chaos around the store (except with the apples falling, but that was the employee’s fault. Zach asked her for help and SHE dropped everything) they finished their shopping fairly quickly.

Seb grabbed a huge turkey at the end and gave it to Zoe. “Put it in the cart!” He grinned wickedly. “NOOOO!” The girl screamed, disgusted at the naked squishy looking thing.
Miz rolled her eyes and picked up the turkey. “What's wrong with touching them?” She asked Zoe.

“It’s horribleee!!!” Zoe moaned dramatically. Miz scoffed. “It's just flesh.” She squished it a little. “You wouldn't even have to touch it directly.” Miz was used to handling raw meat. She butchered her own kills for cooking pretty often out in space.

“Ugh, just grab it, girl.” Seb put the turkey in her arms and the little girl screamed loudly, making her twin laugh at her while the people shopping glared at them.

“Sorry…” Seb said sheepishly and watched Zoe throw the poor turkey into the cart, her eyes flickering red and with tears. “THERE!” She sniffed.

Miz and Zach clapped, which made Zoe glare at them. Her siblings just gave her innocent looks. Zoe resolved to get her VENGEANCE later. Seb was checking his list. “Still need...some bread to make the stuffing and…”

Miz spoke up “Could we get a turducken?” She's never tried a turducken before. Seb stared at her. “I have no idea how to make one of those.” It was way too labor intensive. “We can try for a turducken some other time.”

The demon girl sighed and agreed, making Seb promise to cook with her, and then they went to pay when they had everything.

“You shop much faster than Mommy.” Zach said as they waited in line. “She never finds anything and we get bored.” Seb nodded. “I know, mommy doesn’t know about food, but we still wuv her!” the 3 kids nodded. If Wanda were there she would have groaned at the lack of faith her kids had in her.

“Grandma says it's bad if mommy can't cook.” Zach pointed out. Seb sighed. “It's **not**. Mommy is fine whether she can cook or not. And she **CAN** cook. Just not as much. She's busy with work. And she doesn’t enjoy cooking like Miz and I do, which isn’t her fault and isn’t an issue. People have things they like or don’t like. And Wanda doesn’t like cooking, but that’s fine because we do.”

The kids nodded as they followed Seb to the checkout line. A few of the other customers looked over to coo at the twins holding hands with Miz. The cashier smiled at them politely. “Getting stuff for thanksgiving?” He asked. Seb nodded. “Yeah, my in-laws are coming over and I'm gonna wow them!”

The cashier laughed softly. “Ah...that’s great…”

Zoe poked her head up. “Daddy’s the best at cooking!”

The man started passing the objects through the scanner while another worker was putting them in bags. “Oh...are you a chef?”

“You could say so~” Seb grinned smugly.

“Daddy's an ARTIST!” Zach said proudly. “He makes pretty clothes. And he also makes food! And...and he takes care of us!” The boy hugged his dad's leg. “Because daddy's the best dad!” Seb blushed.

“Thanks, squirt…” Seb stroked his hair.

“Oh that's amazing.” the cashier grinned at the tiny children. He glanced up at Miz and blinked. “Your daughter?” He asked Seb. The one eyed man nodded. “My wife and I adopted her. This'll be
the first time my wife's family gets to meet her.” Seb reached over to hug Miz gently.

“Well, good luck with your dinner!” The man smiled politely. He passed the last of the items and Seb handed him his card. “Would you like to get a promotion of 3 chocolates for 2?” He asked automatically and pointed at the sign. The cashier held back a laugh at the way the children's eyes lit up.

“PLEASE!!” Zoe moaned and pulled on his pants. “We behaavveddd!!” Zach wasn't as vocal but he also stared up at Seb with pleading eyes while Miz did so as well. Seb groaned. “Ok, fine. But you don't eat them until we get home.” He didn't want Miz getting drunk in the store.

The man handed the chocolate to Seb, and the other worker accompanied them to their car with the cart full of bags. The twins wanted to hold their chocolate bars, but Seb kept it in a bag, knowing they would find a way to cheat. He did it as a kid and he knew his twins and Miz well enough.

Wanda’s car was at home when they arrived and Seb parked to start getting the bags out. “Kids! Help carry the bags inside!!” He cried as the 3 got out and ran inside. Miz paused and went back to help Seb with his bags. Because she was a good girl.

Sir Bedazzle received Seb, barking and wiggling excitedly. He was back!! Once they were inside the house, Miz and Seb levitated the bags. Screw gravity!

They also made everything float to the cabinets, drawers and fridge. Rico poked his head into the kitchen. “Oohh~ You brought food!”

“Hello to you too.” Seb shook his head. “Where’s Wands?”

“Eh, your room? She’s been there since she got here.” Rico had avoided her and she, him. The two just didn't get along. Seb sighed. “I'm going to start cooking, Wand's parents will be here tomorrow and will be sleeping over. So you...go get cleaned up. Alright?”

Rico scoffed. “I bathed.” He said, almost offended. “Yeah, but you need to look...presentable...you're supposed to be a tutor.” Seb went back to putting the ingredients along the countertop so he could start working. “It'll be fine.” Rico grumbled. Miz appeared and dragged him away. “I'll cut your hair! Come on.”

Seb shook his head and started working. First leaving the turkey to unfreeze. He should take it to the twins’ room~

As he chuckled maliciously to himself, Wanda came downstairs, looking around before coming into the kitchen. “Hi! Look, I’m starting to cook! And I’ll make lunch as well. We also bought the other stuff we were missing!”

“You are the expert…” Wanda smiled. Seb smirked. “How was work?”

“Paperwork, boring. I’ll have my court case in a few weeks… It will be a relatively easy case, domestic violence…” She liked her job, but the cases were heartbreaking. “You’ll do fine.” Seb reassured her. “You’re the best!”

“How about the store? You don’t tell me how you’re going with that.” Wanda hugged him from behind, snuggling against his back. “Yeah, I’m not the best businessman…” Seb chuckled. “I have my manager watch everything for me and the designs we produce and that stuff.” He still prefered personal customized works though. That was way more fun.

“Well, it's good you've got your manager.” Wanda grinned. “You get so distracted~” she teased as
she ‘distracted’ him from cooking, running her hands along his chest. Seb blushed. “W-Wanda! Not right now~I have to make food~”

“Hm...you could let Miz make lunch?” Wanda nuzzled the side of his face. Seb’s face got even redder. “Wanda~ Come on...What’s up with you today?”

“Why? Can’t I hug my adorable husband? Do I need a motive to hug my husband while he’s cooking?” She stuck her hands under his t-shirt.

“Wa-Wanda~” Seb whined but he didn’t push her away, a small smile forming on his face. “I haven't had the time to just... be with you in weeks ~” Wanda pouted. Her hands traced little circles along his chest. Seb moaned softly. “A-at least let me get the groceries unpacked first~”

The couple giggled as they pressed close to each other.

They quickly unpacked, both of them blushing and giggling, and Seb left the ingredients on the table. “Miiiiiz!! You’re in charge of lunch!” He called loudly as he was dragged into his room. The door was locked, blocked with a chair and then the sound of the shower running could be heard faintly.

Miz, about to cut Rico's hair in a guest bathroom, groaned. She had to do everything! She Flickered to see the kitchen and just made an Auto-Cook curse on the counter for now. She'll take over once she was done with Rico. She hummed as she snipped his hair so it was neater and straighter.

She braided it nicely and then considered his beard. “Don't shave it.” Rico said simply. Miz pouted before her eyes lit up and she started cackling. Rico wasn't sure why he was getting this foreboding feeling…

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“Mommy! Seb! Lunch is ready~” Miz's voice was muffled by the door but her adoptive parents still heard. Wanda was towel drying her hair, a spring to her step and a wide, satisfied smile on her face. Seb was lying on his bed, towel wrapped around his head and waist.


The two got dressed and made their way downstairs. They stepped into the kitchen and froze. “Don't you dare laugh.” Rico ground out. Seb snorted and had to lean against a wall as he shook with unsuppressed laughter. Wanda was much the same. “AHAAAAAHAAAHHH! What happened to your FACE?!” Seb gasped.

Rico's hair and beard had been meticulously styled into super curls up and around his face.

“Your magic daughter happened.” The man spat and Wanda wheezed, hitting Seb’s chest with her fist. “We-Well! At least you look slightly more presentable!”


“I’ll think of another thing for tonight!” Miz said. “But for now! Food!” they all ate happily except Rico who just glared at anyone who laughed. “Can we not have this for tonight?” He ground out.
Miz giggled. “I have a few other designs I wanna try out…”

Rico groaned. “At least make it less weird looking…” Miz scoffed. “Naw, I can tell them that you're a contestant in the national beard competition.” She heard Rico and Seb both mutter “That’s an actual thing?!?”

Wanda just continued laughing into her lunch.

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“And there you are! So cute!” Seb fixed Zach’s little collar and Zoe put on her bow. They were bathed, their hair combed, and dressed up nicely for the dinner. It was still a few hours more to it, but their grandparents and aunt were arriving in the evening.

“Sebastian, they will get dirty by the time the actual dinner is held.” Wanda stared at the twins. So adorable~. She wasn’t even changed yet, or Miz, or even Seb! Why was he even dressing them already?

“But they look so cuuuuute!” Seb hugged the twins to his chest as he kissed them both. They protested angrily. Miz was still messing with Rico's beard, to his frustration. She finally decided to braid it neatly, to his relief. Wanda glanced over and sighed. “That's good enough.”

“Should I get changed too now?” Miz asked. Wanda pet her hair and smiled. “I think Seb finished that dress he was working on for you.” She glanced over at Seb as his eye went wide.

“THE DRESS! FUCK!” Seb ran to his office. “Gimme five seconds!” He shouted as he left the room. Wanda sighed defeatedly. “I can't believe him sometimes…”

The twins were pulling at their fancy clothes already. “Can I take the bow tie off?” Zach complained. Wanda rolled her eyes before she loosened it. “Seb and his bow ties.” She muttered fondly. “Bow ties are awesome!” Miz said. “My bow tie in my triangle form spins!” Wanda laughed. “Alright, I get it. Bow ties are great for...demon fashion…”

She told Miz to go bother Seb with her dress as she changed the twins back to normal clothes. She took off their outer shirts but left them with their pants. They were going to get dirty. Heck, Sebastian couldn’t keep a shirt clean sometimes and he expected 5 year olds to?!

Rico was staring off at where Miz ran to. “...demon?” He asked quietly. Wanda frowned at him. “Yes.” She stared him down, ready in case he reacted poorly to the reveal of Miz's technical species.

“Well, both she and Bill are crazy.” Rico laughed. “And with their powers they could be demons!” He walked away and Wanda sighed. “You won’t tell uncle Rico?” Zach asked. “No...It’s not really important, anyway…” Wanda smiled.

Seb flinched as Miz continued glaring at him. “Are you done yet?!”

“I’m working! This dress is for the dinner party anyway! You don’t need to wear it to meet Wanda’s parents!”

“But I want to! I want to give a good impression…” She pouted and Seb smiled. “Hey, they'll love you! Really! If they like me, how could they not like you?!” He ruffled her dark hair just to annoy her. Miz grumbled and brushed her hair back in place. “Still, I’m not used to...having grandparents.” She brushed her fingers through her hair self consciously. Her human grandparents had been all the way in China and she hadn’t seen them often. And Granny Kari was different, she
was aware of magic. But Wanda’s parents weren’t.

“Well I’m almost...done...here!” Seb tied off the last thread and showed Miz the finished product. She “Ooh”ed at it. As her request, it was a lolita style dress, simple but cute. Yellow and black with a nice brick pattern and a back ribbon around the waist like a little bow. There were some frills and ribbons for accent but overall it was a simple and modest dress. Seb even got her matching black socks and a little petticoat to be worn underneath.

“Thank you!” Miz squealed as she hugged her other big brother. Seb crushed her in a hug and she shrieked. “You’re welcome kid! Now go wear it!”

As if on cue, the doorbell rang and the two heard Wanda screaming. “My in-laws are here.” Seb grinned. “I’ll go open the door all sweaty and with wrinkled clothes. Thank you.” Miz scoffed and flicked her fingers to freshen him up. (“Oh, that’s useful.”) She hugged him one last time before running to her room to get dressed.

Seb walked to the front door and frowned as Sir Bedazzle wiggled out from under the table. “Oh, I’m sorry, bud, but you are staying in my room.” He floated the whimpering acorn puppy to his room. “Don’t give me that look, just take a nap or something.”

He took a deep breath, adjusted his eyepatch and opened the door, smiling at the 5 people behind it. “Yellow~!” He said cheerfully.

“Ahhh! Sebastian sweetie!” Linda squealed as she leaned forward to hug the sweetest boy she had ever met. She held him for a few seconds before pulling away and looking him up and down. “Oh look at you! You’ve grown into such a fine man.” She never stopped repeating that, even though it’d only been a few years since the last time she saw him.

Seb blushed. “Aw thanks missus.” Linda peered around him. “Now where are my darling grandchildren? I haven’t seen them since they were babies!” Wanda came out, holding the twins by their hands after she fixed their clothes from where they had immediately rumpled them once they were freed from her sight. She had finally managed to get them presentable. “Hi mom, dad, Frank, Magda and my little Daniel that has grown up so much!” She exclaimed and the boy actually looked up from his phone to smile at her. “Hi, Aunt Wanda!”

Linda squealed as she stepped inside. Wanda raised her arms for a hug but her mom went right past her and hugged the two children. “Ahhhh! You two have gotten so biiiiig!” she squealed. Wanda deadpanned “Missed you too mother.”

Linda pulled away. “Now! Where is that mysterious third child you have?” She looked around. There were soft footsteps on the stairway and everyone went inside the house and looked up to see a little girl descending elegantly, her dress fluttering and bouncing with each step. Daniel’s eyes went wide. The girl gave them all a polite curtsy when she reached the bottom. “Hello. It’s very nice to meet you all.” She said.

“.....oh my god!!!!” Linda ran over and swept the girl up in a hug. Miz squeaked and went shock still, trying very hard to stay calm. This was grandma! Grandma was safe! Linda squeezed her before placing the girl back on her feet. “You. Are so adorable!!!” Linda pinched Miz’s chubby cheeks. The demon was in a daze. “U-um...” she was shivering with small panicked gasps. “Mom! Give Miz some space! She’s still a little shy around new people.” Wanda scolded as she walked over and Miz immediately clung to her side, shaking.

The older woman gasped. “Oh! Oh my god! I’m so sorry, Miz! I was just really excited to finally meet you…” She crouched in front of Miz and offered her a hand to shake. “I’m Linda.” Miz
peeked out from behind Wanda and slowly calmed down. “’’Hi granny Linda.’’ She said before shyly holding out her hand. Linda smiled at her. ‘’Sorry for scaring you. Some old lady just grabbing you out of nowhere.’’ She joked.

“You’re not old. You’re pretty.” Miz said simply. Linda cooed “Awww~you’re just as sweet as the other stray Wanda adopted~”

“Mom!!!” Wanda groaned while Seb blinked “Does she mean me ?” Seb stared at Elijah incredulously. The twins were just relieved their grandma wasn’t pinching them. Zach was tugging at his collar again while Zoe pulled at her dress.

Magda snickered loudly as her husband chuckled. Daniel remained silent, watching the girl in the yellow dress. His phone lay forgotten in his hand.

“Yes. She means you,” Mr. Friedman nodded solemnly. “You did look like a stray kid.”

“Daadd~” Wanda moaned and Seb looked down, blushing, when Magda agreed. “Yup. But he was a cute stray.” she hugged her husband just in case he felt jealous. Wanda blushed and pushed her family away from the door so she could close it. “Yeah, well, welcome to our house, I guess. Please take off your shoes and leave them by the door.”

“Why?” Magda asked. Wanda smiled softly. “It makes Miz feel more comfortable.” She pet Miz’s head and the girl made a content sound, relaxing enough she didn’t have to cling to Wanda’s side anymore.

Everyone obeyed and went to the living room. Wanda rubbed her arm awkwardly, only her dad hugged her, her mom went straight for Seb and the kids...Kari showed her more interest than her own mother...

Seb paused “Oh right, we have someone else here too. Ah, you heard about how Miz has already passed her high school graduation exams right?” Linda nodded, incredibly proud of her granddaughter. Magda gasped, only finding this out now. “Really?” She looked down at the little girl who blushed and buried her face against Wanda’s side again. Seb scratched his cheek “Well, since she’s obviously too young to go away to college, and we didn’t want to prevent her from continuing her education if she wanted, we hired a home tutor who would come and give her assignments.”

“A home tutor? Aren’t those expensive?” Elijah gasped. Seb nodded. “Well, he gets free room and board while he’s here so it’s not as expensive as it could be. Still costs less than actual college.” Everyone laughed at that.

“So where is this man?” Magda asked. Wanda tried hard not to wince. “Oh, he’s in the kitchen right now.” taking that as his cue, Sebastian went in to get Rico. “Everyone, this is Rico. Despite the way he looks, he’s actually a very good tutor.” Seb bullshitted. He had no idea what his last name actually was. “He-He teaches me about business and all that, I want to open a store someday…” Miz said awkwardly, and Daniel nodded slowly. So the pretty girl was a business woman?

Mr. Friedmann blinked. “You!”

Rico blinked. “Elijah?!”

“Excuse me, what the hell?!” Seb exclaimed. Daniel scoffed at the man. “Why are you always cursing?!” He huffed. He didn’t like his favorite aunt’s husband. He was too crazy. His cousins
were ok he guessed, albeit a bit crazy like him.

“Because I FEEL like it!” Seb glared slightly at his nephew.

Elijah Friedmann and Rico were staring at each other. Linda looked between her husband and the...rather large and intimidating looking man. Was he REALLY a tutor?! “Do you know him, honey?” The old man glared at Rico. “Yes! I met him a long time ago! And I thought he was my friend!”

Rico groaned. “Get OVER it!” He scoffed at the old man, but Elijah growled. “Give me my 20 dollars back you colombian fuck!”

“...Dad...??” Wanda had NEVER seen him like this. Linda hit his arm. “Control yourself! The kids are-”

“Oh my fucking circles! You know my in-law??!” Seb screamed while Rico ran a hand across his face. “And of course you are his in-law...” Magda laughed uproariously. “Oh my god. I need to hear this story. What’s this about?”

Everyone leaned in, the two oldest men glaring daggers at each other. Elijah sighed. “Back when I was younger, I took a trip down to Colombia for a vacation trip with some friends. We were just going to have fun, for the summer after we graduated college.” He glared at Rico. “I met this...MAN in a bar.” Rico scoffed, offended. “Why the harsh words Elijah? I thought we were friends.” Wanda’s father growled. “So did I! Until you borrowed $20 from me and NEVER paid me back!”

“It was 20 dollars! I needed it!”

“For what?! Drugs?! ”

“None of your business! Get over it!”

“If it’s so unimportant, then give them back!”

“Over my dead body, Friedmann!”

The two argued at each other back and forth, and the other people present blinked, looking at each other. Zoe stretched. “Well, I got bored.” She smiled at her older cousin and older sister. “Wanna come play?”

The boy was going to say no, but Miz nodded, so he agreed quickly. His eyes were drawn to the way her dress bounced as she walked. She looked really pretty in it. “A-ah- Hi! I’m Daniel!” He said quickly. Miz blinked before smiling “Hi Daniel. I’m Miz.”

“How old are you?” He asked as they went upstairs. “Miz is 13! Her birthday was on Halloween! There was lots of spooky but yummy food!” Zach informed his cousin. “O-Oh! I’m 11 but I’ll turn 12 soon!” He laughed nervously. Miz sat down on a little playmat in the living room as Zoe and Zach pulled out their legos so they could all play together. Daniel played with them, stacking the tiny blocks together to build spaceships. He glanced at Miz and blurted out “You’re pretty!”

Miz blinked. “Ah? Thank you?” She paused. Was he just being polite or? She examined the flavor of his emotions, making sure to filter them out properly first before perusal. Agitation, giddiness, nervous...oh. A crush. She turned to Daniel and told him clearly “You’re too young for me.” Daniel stopped and looked up at her. “Wha-What?”
“I appreciate what you feel, but I’m too old for you, we don’t know each other… and besides, we’re cousins…” She frowned. “But we aren’t real, real cousins…” He muttered. “And when you’re 20, I’ll be 18!”


The twins looked back and forth between them and shrugged. Big kids were weird.

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The adults finally quieted down when everyone sat down for dinner. Seb was so proud of himself as he laid out the food and preened under Linda’s praise.

“Oof! Sebastian, sweetie, this smells amazing!” The woman sighed and her husband nodded. “It looks pretty good.” he caught Rico’s eyes and both huffed.

“You have always had talent for this! You could be a chef if you wanted!” Linda continued, making Seb’s face go even redder. So many compliments at the same time! Overwhelmed! Wanda commented “I can cook too! I cooked for Miz's birthday!” Magda playfully nudged her husband. “Ya see? I’d love it if you cooked for us…” She whispered and Frank snickered. “I’ll make waffles.”

“Oh but then I wouldn’t have time for the kids.” Seb waved off bashfully. “Daddy takes us to school every day! And he picks us up because he’s the best daddy.” Zach happily informed his family before taking a sip of his drink.

Linda seemed about to faint. Oh my god~ soo cute~

Daniel was glaring at Rico sitting next to Miz. She said she liked older men...and this guy was apparently her private tutor... Rico noticed Daniel’s glare. “Yes?” He asked. Daniel responded “I won’t lose to you!” which left Rico incredibly confused. Miz was busy eating her food, oblivious to this misunderstanding.

“So how’ve you been?” Wanda asked her family. She spent more time with Seb’s huge crazy family and felt sort of bad for neglecting her own. She didn’t really keep in touch with her parents and cousins as much as she’d like to, being too busy with work most of the time.

“Well, cousin, we’ve been fine.” Magda giggled. “Working, relaxing on weekends~” “Seeing Daniel’s eyes turn square from how much he stares at his phone…” Frank laughed. Daniel looked at his dad and angrily shoved food into his mouth.

“The twins aren’t allowed any device like that though. Not until they’re older.” Wanda commented easily and her mom nodded. “Oh! I see! Seb is always taking care of my grandbabies! He’s such a good father~” Wanda nodded. “Yeah...but we both decided that.. “ Seb getting all the credit.

Zoe pouted and tried to stand in her chair “It’s not fair! Everyone else gets a phone.” Wanda sighed. “You can have a phone when you're...12 years old.” she pulled Zoe back into her seat. “There’s no reason for you to have one before then. Now eat, Zoe.”

“Oi, how harsh you are with the children!” Linda gasped. “You should try being more gentle, sweetie.”

“What? Harsh? But I-” Wanda trailed off and looked at Seb for help, but he shrugged helplessly with a grimace. Sorry... he didn’t know how to respond to that.
“But don’t worry, it doesn’t surprise me, you’ve always been kinda bossy. I really hope you don’t order Seb around...” Linda smiled while Elijah, Frank and Rico looked awkward. Miz looked between Linda and Wanda with an odd expression.

“Mommy's really nice. And we ALL boss Seb around.” Miz pointed out. Zach and Zoe nodded. “Daddy's easy to boss around.”

“Hey!” The brunet complained and huffed. “Wanda’s a natural leader, missus. You should see her at work! She’s just...wow.” He held Wanda’s hand under the table and Wands smiled a little. At least her husband and children supported her. She squeezed his hand, glad to have some of her family supporting her.

Linda blinked and really took a step back to look at her daughter. Seb and Wanda had peaceful smiles as they leaned against each other while the children all seemed perfectly happy as well. Linda sighed. “Right, I’m sorry. They’re all obviously happy. I shouldn’t criticize you so much.” She was finally realizing something.

Wanda blinked. “Mom?”

“You’re a great professional, and I admire how much you’ve grown...You have a lovely family and...” She sighed. “Well, you aren’t the daughter I sometimes imagined you would be, you are you, Wanda, and I love you just like you are...” She grabbed her hands. “I shouldn’t try to make you something you aren’t...” The older woman admitted.

“Mom...” Wanda blinked to clean her blurry sight. “Can you forgive me?” Linda asked.

“Mom, of course I forgive you...I love you, and it’s just the close-minded sexist environment you grew up in that makes you say that, but I still love you...”

“Ah, all these ‘modern’ ideas you have.” Linda laughed. “Well, as long as you’re all happy then it’s fine.” She looked over at her grandchildren. “So...Zu-Zach wants to be a boy? I admit I don’t understand it, but...” She smiled “He looks adorable in that little suit. And as long as he’s happy and you’re all happy, then I suppose there’s nothing wrong with it.”

Everyone cheered and Elijah hugged Linda softly. He was glad she was being more accepting. Rico rolled his eyes at the family happiness and continued eating. This was too lovey dovey for him.

They finished their dinner, moaning. It had been so delicious they ate until they could burst. Even Daniel had to admit his crazy uncle cooked really good. “Now Dessert!” Zoe squealed, not seemingly as full as everyone else. Miz was also ready for more food. The two sisters cheered “Dessert! Dessert!”

Seb groaned in his chair, too full to get up. And they still had leftovers! “You can get the pies out, sweetie.” He leaned back, patting his belly. Zoe and Miz went to the kitchen. Seb had made a cheesecake pumpkin pie, butter pecan and apple pie that was keeping warm in the oven. Miz carried two while Zoe grabbed the hot pie right out of the oven, not harmed by the heat.

They placed them down on the table and Miz expertly calculated the best way to cut the pies so everyone would get two slices of each, just in case. Magda cooed at the girls passing them plates with three small slices of pie on it. “Aww...thank you.”

“‘You’re welcome!’” Miz and Zoe said at unison. As they passed the plates around, Zoe was already eating her own slices, unable to wait until everyone had one. No one minded though, she
was helping and that was great, besides, she was just a child yet.

They were really full...but pie~

“Seriously, gringo, how do you make all this SO GOOD?!” Rico moaned. “You must use magic.”

“Hahaha! Nah, magic cooking is not my thing.” Seb side glanced at Miz and smirked smugly. “I do my own cooking.” The demon girl huffed. “Well then maybe you should just teach me your secrets already…” She stared her brother down. The two had identical stubborn looks on their faces. “Well maybe if someone would just follow the recipe…” Seb started. “I will not be confined by the limitations of society!” Miz retorted.

“Limitations of society my eye! It’s just a recipe so we don’t die from being poisoned by whatever ingredient you put it because ‘it feels right’!”

Zach flinched as Zoe laughed. Awesome! Debates!

“I don’t put weird stuff in my baking! They just end up soggy or too dry…” Miz mumbled. Like the cookies she shaped into cute little triangles that all melted into one big cookie. It all tasted fine! Just needed her powers to get the shapes right. And sometimes to make them hold together...

“Well, then practice.” Seb patted her head before taking a mouthful of pie to his mouth. “We’ll practice tomorrow ok?”

Miz sighed. “Ok, Seb...” Linda and the other adults coo’ed. He was such a good father~

Everyone went to the living room to play a board game after dinner. Zoe and Miz wanted to play Settlers of Gangang and a rather intense war on Sheep and Wood broke out. “You built a road through my square!!” Zoe whined. Seb stuck his tongue out at her. “Sorry, all’s fair in love and getting a supply line into the sheep territory!”

“Daadd~” Zoe whined as her dad got to harvest some Sheep on the next dice roll. Nooo she needed those to build another settlement! “Mwahahaha!” Seb cackled like the overlord he was.

Zach, unlike his screaming sister, was lying on his mom, reading his picture book like a good boy. Wanda stroked his curls absentmindedly as she talked to her family. Daniel was back on his phone, mostly because Miz was busy and he didn’t feel like socializing with his 5 year old cousins, or sharing his phone with them.

Rico was the 4th player in the game, steadily building his empire of Wheat and Bricks. He even took this time to ‘tutor’ Miz about resource management and how to haggle to get more. He was supposedly her business tutor after all. He and Miz decided to team up, an alliance if you will, Rico controlled the Wheat while Miz got Stone and the two were making it difficult for Seb to continue building his Roads.

“This...isn’t fair! You’re not allowed to team up!” Seb cried. Miz and Rico fist bumped. “It’s called an Alliance.” Rico said smugly.

“Come on, Zoe, we are making an alliance as well!” He dragged her closer to him and high-sixed. “Yeah!” The little girl shouted. “Let-Let’s destroy theeem!” She giggled excitedly and stood up to jump. With Seb sitting on the floor cross legged, she ended up leaning on his back, playing with his hair.

The rest of the family chuckled softly. While Seb’s family was loud and most meetings were noisy and crazy, Wanda’s family was way calmer and quiet, which used to drive her insane as a kid. She
appreciated it now though, liking how different it was and bringing a different type of peace.

Magda pointed at her lap where Zach had fallen asleep, biting his finger. “People say twins aren’t usually the complete opposite but I beg to differ.” She chuckled. Her younger sisters were polar opposites, just like these pair of twins.

Wanda cooed at her baby and hugged him, blocking the screams from his dad and sister so he could sleep. “Seb’s niblings are also twins and they are super different.”

Elijah shook his head, amused. “That family is full of twins!”


“HAHAHA! Take that, Rico!! Yes, sir?” Seb looked up adorably. “One of your brothers is a scientist, right? I read an article the other day on the internet.” Elijah liked reading a little bit of everything. “Ah, yes! That’s my oldest triplet, Sixer, you can call him Stanford too.” Wanda snorted at Seb’s grin. Elijah nodded “Well, has he done any research about this?”

“About what?” Seb asked distractedly, he whispered something to Zoe before she rolled the dice. “About twins.” Elijah prompted. “Um, nah, Ford’s work was mostly about the supernatural and recently, he has moved onto eco friendly research. Things for fixing the environment and such.”

“Oh, that’s incredible!”

“Yeah, he still has his own supernatural or weird projects though! And my other triplet is coach of a football team, but he has his own company...he-Zoe, that’s not gonna work, wait-does many things there, actually. And my younger brother works somewhere doing computed related stuff. I think he’s a hacker, but Shermie always denies it.” Seb concluded adorably.

Everyone nodded in understanding. “That’s great!” The man grinned proudly. Wanda smiled. “And you’re a great artist.”

“Yeah, I guess that’s true too.” Seb shrugged bashfully. Wanda laughed. “You’re brilliant and you make beautiful work. Always have.” Seb blinked. “Ah...I don’t believe it...Can you give me a reassuring kiss?” Wanda motioned at the sleeping kid on her lap. “Zoe, give Dad a kiss from me.”

The girl kissed his cheek before licking him. “There!”

“Eew! Zoe~!” Seb complained and wiped his cheek on his shoulder as everyone laughed.

Night arrived, and they were guided to the guest rooms that were cleaned for them. If they noticed something in the weird extension of the house, they didn’t comment on it. Seb crawled into bed with Wanda and gave her a hug. “So...it wasn’t bad right? We were normal?” he asked her quietly. Wanda sighed. “You don’t HAVE to be normal. I love you just as weird as you are...I just...worry, you know?”

“We did fine though!” Seb made a ‘whoosh!’ sound as he threw his eyepatch away. “Why do you worry? Your family doesn’t need to get involved in weirdness...We were lucky Phillip was just crazy enough to accept it…”

Wanda chuckled. “Yeah...but I don’t know...the kids should be able to use their powers…” Seb snuggled closer to her. “They can go a day without using them, it won’t kill them, and they have to do it with people who fully understand…” He nibbled on her hair and Wanda whined. “Explaining all my past and powers is just too long for any Mortal to understand!” He laughed. “So, what’re
Wanda sighed. “I just...want to be a good mother for them. Accept them for who and what they are.” She pouted. “And I still think Rico’s a bad influence on Miz.” Seb snickered. “So that’s what’s bothering you? The guy’s behaved all week! One week more, and then he’s gone...besides, the twins are fine with him, Miz likes him, I think this turned out better than expected.” He poked Wanda’s cheek. “And your Dad LOVES him!” Seb grinned, making Wanda roll her eyes.

“Fine, I guess. I just don’t like having a criminal in the house.”

Seb groaned. “Wands, I’ve done terrible things in the past. Miz has too. But you’re ok with us. And Rico’s—”

“But you and Miz aren’t doing any terrible things anymore, you’re trying to change and be better than that. He won’t. He’s not going to stop being a crime lord once he leaves. He’s going to get right back to his old ways of violence and law breaking and...”

Seb hugged Wanda close. “What if he doesn’t have any other way to get by? He can’t just leave. He’s got a group, an organization with a bunch of other criminals. At least he keeps them under control, so they aren’t running free causing trouble everywhere.”

“And even if what he does is bad, he isn’t bad...He helped me, I wouldn’t have survived after prison if I hadn’t been with him...And when I wanted to leave, he let me, that usually doesn’t happen...” Wanda made a humming sound and Seb buried his face into her hair. “You won’t see him again later, I promise.”

“I just… laws are important to me, you know? The ones that exist to help protect people.” Wanda turned to snuggle into Seb’s chest. She felt her husband nod. “I know that Wands, but for me, the person is more important than the law.” He shuddered as he thought back to Flatland and their terribly unfair, stupid laws. “Legality isn’t morality and all that.”

Wanda sighed. “I know...” She kissed his nose. “I’ll...try to tolerate him if you like him so much.”

“Good, that’s all I want.” He grinned. Seb hugged her close, ignoring the plantimal curled up on their legs, and sighed. “Good night...”

—

Wanda’s parents and cousin left with no further incident, Elijah shook hands with Rico, both glaring at each other. “You better educate my granddaughter about how it’s not ok to steal.”

“I’ll teach her that sometimes you have to let it go and that it’s not healthy to hold a grudge forever.” Rico grinned.

And so, Rico’s second week with the Pines started. A few days into it, Miz had an idea. “Dude, I could stop the people who want you dead.”


“I dunno. Catch them and put them in a jail cell. Leave the police clues and evidence needed to put them away?” Miz tilted her head. “You’ll probably know better than me what it would take to get people behind bars.”
Rico blinked, considering the offer. “Can you make them silent though? I don’t want them telling on us to the cops.” Miz nodded. “Yeah, that sounds easy. Though I’m gonna need to do more than just block their speech, there’s other methods of communication after all.” The man grinned maliciously and chuckled deeply. “Let’s do it…”

---

“Hey daddy, where’s Miz?” Zach asked after Seb picked them up from school. Seb blinked and looked around. She wasn’t working in the living room or watching tv. Come to think of it, the house had been quiet all day...

“Eh...I don’t know...Maybe she’s with her friends.”

“I’ll check in our room!” Zoe threw her backpack and ran upstairs, followed by Zach and Sir Bedazzle. As Seb picked up their bags and shoes, he heard a “She’s not heereee~”

Seb hummed. This was weird. “Rico?!” He called. “Riicooo!! Where are you?!”

Silence.

Seb looked for them through the triangles around the house.

Nope. They weren’t here- Seb froze. Oh no. All sorts of horrible ideas raced through his head. Maybe Rico had kidnapped Miz? No, Rico wouldn’t do that. Maybe Rico’s enemies had found him? No, Miz would have protected them. What if they used sleeping gas?! Seb was gasping for air as he collapsed to the ground in a panic.

What about the barrier? He wasn’t supposed to be able to leave!

Oh no! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

“Seb?”

“Not now! I’m panicking!”

“Sebastian…” the familiar voice said emotionlessly and Seb looked up. “M-Miz?!” And she was with Rico, who was snorting at his pain.

“Where were you?!” He cried angrily.

“Colombia.” the two shrugged. Miz gave Seb a thumbs up. “Good news. Rico’s enemies won’t be able to come after him anymore.”

“Oh...Really?” Seb blinked. Rico ruffled the demon girl’s hair and laughed. “Yup! They’re all dead meat!”

“I didn’t kill them. They might get killed in prison, but that’s beyond my control,” Miz shrugged (not really caring, since these were bad people anyway) and walked over to Seb to pat his arm. “Good thing is! Rico’s free! And he can go back to his friends!”

“Not friends. Employees.” The man corrected.

“That’s great!!” Seb laughed. “I’m so glad you’re free and leaving!” He didn’t want Wanda feeling uncomfortable anymore. Rico paused. “Oh. You’re...kicking me out just like that?” Seb froze. “Wait, no, I didn’t mean it like that. Just...Wanda doesn’t feel comfortable with you here.”
“I already knew that.” Rico rolled his eyes. Bill’s wife was scary.

“You can stay for the rest of the week, that was our deal after all, I don’t break my deals.” Seb sighed. Rico nodded. “Cool!” He threw himself onto the couch and turned on the TV. “What are we eating for lunch, gringo?”

Seb sighed. Damn it. He fell for it! He could have told him to leave! But no~ Stupid emotions made him think he couldn’t kick him out, because ‘it wasn’t a nice thing to do’. Fuck this body.

Miz laughed at Seb. What a softie. Still, she noticed the set of Rico’s shoulders were much more relaxed now. He had been tense this last week despite his assurances that his enemies wouldn’t be able to track him here. He had still been worried, not for his own life, but for Seb’s family. Miz grinned. Seb had a good friend.

Even if he was a crime boss.

----

“Hey Bill.” Rico grunted the night before he was set to leave. Seb looked up from the dishes he was washing. They’d all just finished dinner and the kids were watching cartoons in the other room. “What?”

Rico was quiet for a bit, looking around and frowning in thought. “So I was thinking about becoming Miz’s godfather.” He finally said bluntly. Seb dropped the cup back into the sink with a splash, glad it didn’t break. He looked up at him. “¿Disculpa?”

“Accepted.” Rico grinned. “I wanna be her godfather.” He repeated.

“Like in that movie?” The shorter man asked, confused and the older man chuckled. “Great movie...Anyway, can I?”

“But...why?”

“I like her, she’s cool and we do business.” Rico shrugged. “Also, I owe her like...8 dresses and a mountain of stuffed animals by this point so I’m pretty much already going to be sending her gifts. Figured I might as well make it official.”

“Oh. Right...Sure? I guess? I don’t know what godfathers are there for except for that cartoon the twins see, but you don’t have magic and you’re not a fairy, so gifts are close enough...Yeah, sure.” Seb shrugged. “Ask Miz though.” She wasn’t really a kid, she was billions or something years old and could make her own decisions.

Rico shrugged. “Asked her, she laughed for a few minutes and then said it was fine as long as her parents were ok with it.” Seb groaned. Which meant they had to ask Wanda.

“Ask her.” Rico looked at him and Seb shook his head. “No thank you, YOU are the one who wants to be her godfather!!”

“Come on! Do it!” Rico shouted. “What do you expect me to do?!” Seb shouted back.

---

When Wanda arrived home after work, coffee in hand and tired after a long day of work, she noticed that the entrance was covered in flower petals...
One of them did something...

She followed the trail and the kids received her. “Hi mommy! Look! We are already bathed and clean because Uncle Rico reminded us how important it is to be clean!” Zach smiled widely.

Zoe gave her a chocolate. “For you! Uncle Rico says he is grapeful you allowed him to stay!”

“Grateful.” Wanda corrected absently. She stared at the chocolate, and the rose petals, and the wide smiles on her twin children’s faces. “Ok, what did Rico do?” She asked wryly. “What does he want?” Because there was no way he was going out of his way to do this unless he wanted to ask a favor from her.

“Whaaaatt?? Noo! He’s good!! You can see it for yourself!” The twins exclaimed before running away. Wanda got into the rest of the house, taking a bite of the chocolate bar. The living room was nicely decorated and there were candles that smelled glorious.

Seb and Miz came out dressed like a butler and maid. “Milady~” Seb welcomed her and kissed her lips. “Table for two?”

“Did I...forget our anniversary or something?” She asked sheepishly.

“No, dear, and this dinner isn’t for us, it's for someone who wishes to talk to you about something really important.” Seb said seriously.

Wanda raised an eyebrow as Rico came out, dressed to the nines with his hair and beard neatly combed. Her expression became even blanker as he bowed to her. “Milady, may we have a nice dinner and discussion tonight?” Wanda turned slowly to stare at Seb. “Sebastian Pines~” She drawled, Seb winced. “Please just hear him out?”

“Fine, I’ll listen.” Wanda folded her arms as Sebastian led her to sit down, massaging her shoulders a little.

Elegant food was served by Miz in a maid outfit. Wanda looked at Rico. “So, what’s so important you have to tell me?”

Rico took a deep breath. “Well, first of all...I respect you, you must be a kick ass woman in your job...Second, I love your family. Bill~”

“His name is Sebastian.”

Miz and Seb winced “Sebastian, the kids and Miz, who I deeply appreciate and enjoy spending time with,” Rico continued without missing a beat. “So I would like to ask you…” Rico kneeled on the ground. Wanda’s heart stopped beating for a second.

“Can I be Miz’s godfather?”

The blonde’s heart started working again. She took a deep breath and shouted. “AAAAHHH!! YOU SCARED ME!!” She shrieked loudly. “I thought he was asking for Miz’s hand! Are you insane!?!” She turned to look at Seb and Miz who grinned widely. “Haha! Yeah!”

Wanda, with a hand over her chest, turned to look at the older man. “Ye-Yeah...Whatever...As long as you aren’t marrying her...”

Seb high-sixed Miz softly. They knew this would work.
“But you better be good to her and not put her in danger or I’ll put you in jail!” The lawyer warned. Rico laughed. “No worries Milady. I actually like her.” Rico scratched his chin. Hm, he didn’t have any children of his own, but a god daughter would be nice.

With this matter settled, the family cleaned up and Wanda ate dinner before taking a bath and relaxing from a long day at work. Seb went up to give her a massage, grinning at her. “You seriously thought Rico was gonna propose? To Miz? She’s too small for that.” He laughed.

“What was I supposed to think!? Roses?! What on earth were you all thinking?!” Wanda grumbled. Seb kept laughing. “It was fun to set up though.” Wanda snorted and relaxed as Seb’s hands worked down her back. “…what’ll we do when Miz DOES get proposed to someday?” She asked.

Seb blinked. “Wha?”

“Miz is staying with us, as our daughter, long term.” Wanda pointed out. “Which means she’s going to have to grow up eventually. And she’s adorable. There are bound to be boys who’ll try to ask her out.” Seb paused. “Oh.” He hadn’t even thought about that. He shook his head. “I doubt Miz would have any interest in CHILDREN.” He was quite sure of that. Miz wasn’t actually a child after all.

Wanda shrugged. “Still, that doesn’t mean some boy, or girl, isn’t going to try someday.”

“She doesn’t have to agree. She can say no.” Seb said. “Right? And if she wants to get with someone, she will.” He shrugged. It wasn’t such a big deal for him. “Besides... Wasn’t she, you know...sessioning with Ford?”

Wanda groaned softly. “…Right…” She closed her eyes though, the massages felt so good~

“Your brother has facets I never thought he’d have…” Wanda noted. Seb shivered. “Well…” He made a face “I didn’t realize he was into that sort of thing either...” Wanda sighed. “Can we not talk about how your brother is doing kinky things with our adopted child when they’re in an adult form?”

“R-right.” Seb shivered as they quickly changed the subject.

----

It was late in the night when a black van that had been driving around the neighborhood, parked in front of the Pines’ household. The lights had been coincidentally turned off so the security cameras weren’t working.

The twins were sleeping already, but Miz, Seb and Wanda were saying bye to Rico. “See ya tío Rico! I’ll be waiting for my gifts!” The demon girl smiled.

Seb awkwardly shook hands before he was pulled close for a quick hug and a back pat. “Be good, kid. You’re a good friend.” Rico said, before looking at Wanda. “Thank you, preciosa.” He extended a hand to shake and Wanda shook it after a bit of hesitation.

Rico handed her a 20 dollar bill, winked, and got out of the house.

As the black van drove away, Wanda sighed. “Well. THAT happened.”

“Can we go to sleep?” Seb asked as the lights in the street returned, just when the van left. “‘‘Totally’’” The women nodded with a yawn.
Miz was delighted at the shipment of clothes and dolls a few weeks later. Seb was glad Miz extended the house to be able to fit them all. She was building an incredibly elaborate nest in the twin’s room, in the alcove she’s created inside the wall. Seb wondered why no one had wondered about the impossible dimensions of their house yet.
Chapter 37

Slices of Life and Family

Chapter 37

-What makes a lab assistant-

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Something major happened. Ford had noticed because he wasn't that blind but he didn’t say anything because he wasn’t sure if he was correct, or if Melody had simply gained weight over the summer. And if he was wrong, he really didn't want Melody or Soos or Abuelita angry at him. They were very scary.

But if he was correct in his assumptions, Melody was pregnant.

And Soos was walking on air, almost literally, as he somehow got a hold of some float-shrooms and was beside himself with both excited glee and nervous anticipation. Sebastian was actually the one to tell Ford the good news, as Ford had been too afraid to ask Melody in case he was wrong.

“I’m getting another NIBLING! Soos says it'll be a baby girl!!! A NIECE!!!!” Seb screamed over the phone. Ford twitched as his poor eardrum was abused by Seb's shrill scream. “Why didn’t you tell me, bitch?!”

Ford rubbed his ear. "Because...I wasn't sure? And...it's not my place to tell you…?"

Seb huffed. "You've replaced me as Question Mark's best friend...even Stan hangs out with him more because he invests in the Shack as a pet project… Stan liked the Shack a lot…” He grumbled. Ford raised an eyebrow.

"Are...Are you jealous that I spend more time with them? I'll remind you it was your idea for them to move in here..."

"Maaaaybe! I'll go visit them but not you!!" Seb cackled. Ford rolled his eyes. “I’m sure Soos would love that.” he said sincerely, despite the mirth in his voice. “Maybe I will! Hey Miz! Get the twins! We’re gonna visit Soos!”

“Yay!” Miz cheered. Question Mark and Cadenza were going to be parents! Babies! Baaaabies!!! (Miz felt a pang inside. Babies… she just couldn't get over it. Even now. There was definitely something wrong with her.)

Ford sighed when the phone call ended. Well, he was glad everyone was so excited for this. He was looking forward to this too. He was so happy for Soos and Melody. Children...
Ford coughed. He supposed it was going to get more crowded around the Shack in the future. Maybe he’d use this as an excuse to get the house expanded again?

---

Ford entered his lab early in the morning of late November, early December, coffee mug in hand, a yawn on his lips and ready to trudge through more calculations to figure out why his newest version of the perpetual motion machine wasn't working. Well, it wasn’t a perpetual motion machine. It was a gravity battery, but he couldn’t help calling it that anyway. He closed his eyes as he yawned and opened them to see a person lounging on top of his work bench.

“Ah!” He startled and nearly spilled his coffee. The person on his desk burst out laughing.

“AHAAAAH! THE LOOK ON YOUR FACE!”

Ford placed a hand over his pounding heart. “Mi-William! What the heck?!” He scowled at the friendly version of Bill Cipher who was currently in that adorable cyclops form of his (hers? Ford still had trouble with that). Judging by the...lingerie (?) she was wearing, Ford tentatively decided she must be female right now. (The fact that she was teasing him again actually made him relieved. After what had happened with her brother, well… Ford was relieved to see her somewhat getting back to normal.)

“What are you wearing?” Ford was a little embarrassed by the sheer white fabric. Sure, he’d seen her naked before, but somehow… the half dressed look was more… enticing. And Ford realized he was tracing the edges of the ribbons with his eyes. William was blushing faintly at Ford's suddenly interested gaze. “W-well I originally wore this because I thought it would be funny because I thought it would be funny…” she covered her half exposed chest bricks with a thin arm self consciously. “But I suppose I didn't realize it would feel so embarrassing…” her attempt at flustering Ford to see the funny look on his face appeared to have backfired! Uwu… she was fine being naked around him, but somehow this felt different...

“You know, I never got to ask last time, but, are those bricks growing out of your chest? Or are they only on the surface? I didn’t get to check that before.” Ford reached forward and felt William's eye staring intently at his hand as it moved closer to her. Ford paused, remembering the rules they had agreed on. “Can I...touch?” He asked. William bit her lips and considered it. This was meant to be a joke but a small part of her couldn't help but...enjoy the feeling of Ford's eyes on her near naked form. With all her body image issues, it felt nice to see the positive interest in his eyes. He wasn't disgusted with her. This was a fact that still blew her mind, and made her feel all warm inside.

This was safe too. Ford had no interest in her body for any sort of sexual pleasure so she wouldn't have to worry about that. And he was nice, unlike that younger Ford she'd met so long ago. “Same rules apply. Touching is surface only. And if I say stop, you stop.” Her ears wiggled, the only outward show of her nerves, because being touched while wearing ‘clothes’ was different from being touched naked. “Also, it’s still a ‘no’ on needles.”

Ford nodded. “Of course.” He always felt so uncomfortable during his doctor's checkups as a child when his body was measured and inspected. It always made him feel...unnatural when the doctor simply took his hand to inspect. The doctor never told him what he was looking for, what he was writing down in his clipboard. It wasn't an experience he wanted to inflict on another. He placed his fingertips along the bricks jutting out of William's chest. She squeaked and Ford looked up to meet her eye. “What's wrong?”

“Your hands are cold!” William pouted. Ford laughed. “Sorry. It's a cold morning.” It was winter now. The air was chilly and the leaves had almost all fallen from the trees. The snow hasn't started
yet, but it was a matter of time. Ford blew on his hands and placed them behind his neck to try and warm them up. William shifted to sit on the edge of the table, her long, thin legs dangling over the side. Her legs were pressed together and her hands were folded in her lap.

“You know, even if you warm up your hands, they'll still feel cool.” William pointed out as she reached out to take Ford's hands, wincing at how cold they felt. “Since my base temperature is higher than yours, heat transfer would always make you feel cooler than I am.”

“True. But once I warm up it would feel less uncomfortable for you. I know that’s true because you don’t complain like this the other times I’ve touched you.” Ford allowed William to take his hands, wrapping her long fingers around his and he sighed at how nice it felt. Like pressing his hands against a hot water bottle. William pressed Ford's hand to her cheek, smiling at him. “You need to get mittens or something. More fingers means more chances for frostbite. Imagine if you lose your fingers?”

Ford laughed lightly. “Well I forgot to grab my gloves. Though if it would make you feel better, I did hear Mabel was knitting mittens for everyone this year.”

“Ooh~do you know if I would be getting a pair too?” William asked him, bouncing in place at the thought. It would be her first winter holidays with the Pines. Ford laughed. “I believe I overheard her agonizing over how to make one size fit all mittens since your hands change sizes.”

William giggled. “Well I'm looking forward to what she comes up with.” She trailed her fingers along Ford's palm. “Hm...try now.” She let go and Ford moved his hands down to her brick covered chest. She hummed a little but otherwise didn't protest so his hands probably felt much nicer on her skin now. Ford pressed down on the bricks, noting their firm, smooth texture. Fascinating. He touched the 'skin’ around the bricks and noted that aside from the unusual yellow color, it felt much like real human skin. Just much softer. The delightful softness that felt so delicate he worried about scratching it.

William panted softly with each caress. Especially when Ford traced her bricks. It sent tingles across her skin and she wasn't quite sure how she felt about it. She let out a soft sound when Ford began running his thumbs up and down to press from brick to skin and back, checking for the differences. “Mm...” she whined. It was...almost ticklish but not? She wasn't sure how to describe this sensation. Still, she tried to hold still as Ford's hands began pressing harder. “I'm going to pick at the edges, to see if these bricks are surface level only, or if they go much deeper.”

“A-ah… just don't try to peel off my bricks okay? That hurts…”

Ford glanced up at that. "I remember, yes-- I'll be careful." He told her firmly.

William shivered as Ford pressed his nail gently against the spot where brick became skin and scraped at it. Lightly, as if afraid of hurting her. It felt really weird and William whined. “Stop.” Ford pulled his hands away. “Sorry. Did that hurt?” William rubbed at the spot where Ford had been scratching. “A little? No. It didn't hurt but it felt…” She tried to think of how to explain it. “Like when you're about to cough because your throat itches…but on my skin instead of in my throat.”

Ford frowned. “That sounds very odd. I know you didn't like the feeling of it, but I'm curious as to why it feels like that for you.” William knew what he was getting at. Ford wanted to try and deliberately cause that sensation again so he could try and see why William felt the sensation manifest in such a way. She pouted. Well...it DID feel a little uncomfortable but she couldn't deny being curious about it too.
“Fine. But if I say to stop we're not gonna try this again today.” She finally agreed. Ford nodded
and reached out to once again slide his nail along the edge of the bricks. William shifted in place
and whimpered. That itchy feeling was growing. She couldn't hold still, crying out with each scrape
of Ford's nail. “I...I don't think you should...” she managed to gasp before her bricks twitched and
split open. Ford froze in surprise as William's chest opened up to reveal a gaping black maw, filled
with teeth.

William moaned in relief and trembled, panting as the new mouth on her chest coughed. Three
long tendrils came out, wiggling like a mix between a tongue and a tentacle. Ford stared. “So...
I'm pretty sure you can eat from that, but do you breathe from there too? Is that why you don’t
have a nose?” William squeaked and covered her chest, trying to shove the tentacles back inside
herself. “D-don't look at it!” She whimpered. She tried to turn away and hide this disgusting
orifice. She was actually kind of self conscious about it. Ford placed a hand on her shoulder. “Why
can't I look? It's amazing.”

William turned back to look at him. Amazing? He thought her gross mouth was...amazing? She
flushed. Most people found her extra mouths disgusting...

“How is this connected to the rest of you? Is there a stomach? There must be...” Ford asked gently. William made a shy sound. “If...if you're sure you want to
see it...it's really gross…”

“It's not gross. It's interesting. It's weird and different and I want to see how it works.” Ford
insisted. William wiggled a bit as she debated with herself. Finally, she took her hands away from
her chest where the mouth was 'breathing' softly. The tentacle/tongues slipped back out from
between the brick lips to wiggle bonelessly. Ford picked up one of the tongues first. “It's dry.” He
noted.

“I don't really have saliva. At most I can produce water sometimes, almost like drool but not quite.
The mouth in my head makes more, so that I can taste things, but I have to secrete it manually.”
William explained as Ford gently pulled on the tongue to see how stretchy it was. He squeezed the
dry but smooth appendage. “It...feels slick, even though there's no drool or slime.” He said in
wonder, stroking the tongue and marvelling over the lack of friction. William wiggled and made
some grunting sounds. Ooh...it felt so weird when Ford stroked him (mentally flip-flopping
between male and female with each stroke). Why were his tongues so sensitive? William decided it
may have been because her tongues were filled with nerves of some kind. She gasped when Ford
reached out to pull the edges of the mouth open. “F-Ford?!”

“How is this connected to the rest of you? Is there a stomach? There must be...” Ford asked as he
widened the chest mouth some more (“A-ahhh~”) so he could peer inside. William was moaning
and shaking all over. “Ford! Le-let go!” She tugged at his hands, trying to get him off. “It feels too
strange! Stop!”

Ford let go, the chest mouth snapping shut. The tongues had retreated back inside and Ford
watched the bricks fold back into place neatly. There was no indication this section of bricks could
turn into a mouth. William panted with a deep blush on her face. “N-no more. Don't touch my
chest mouth anymore!”

“What's wrong William?” Ford asked, worried about her trembling. She shook her head.
“I...felt...like I was going to split apart...” she patted her chest bricks. When Ford had tried to pull
her open and look inside her...for a second...she'd nearly been overcome with the desire to eat him.
Pull him inside with her tongues and swallow him whole. She panted in both relief and stress from
holding back her instincts. Anymore than that...if Ford had pulled her mouth any wider she
wouldn't have been able to hold back. She would have eaten Ford. How awful. Awful because even
now she could feel her teeth itching to bite down on him. Bite down and tear him apart. Chew him up. Eat him.

William shook her head. Stupid demon urges. They were always much more prominent in her Bill or William forms. At least when she was Xin, Jan or Miz, the fact that her bodies were physically a different species would dampen the instances from her more demonic forms. She was an eldritch horror that devoured everything. She ate/destroyed her homeworld and she'd eaten other planets too. Putting something so delicious looking so close to one of her mouths only made her hungry. She shook her head again. Nope. Not happening. Not with Ford.

She also made a note to keep this information away from him. She didn't want him to be afraid and disgusted with her if he knew just how close she'd come to killing and eating him. She felt Ford pat her head and she nuzzled into his palm. Ah...headpats always made her feel better. She rumbled as Ford scratched at her scalp, brushing carefully through her golden hair. “So, no touching your chest?” Ford asked. William nodded. “My open chest is gonna be a look but no touch area while I'm in this form.” she confirmed and clarified. “Touching normally is fine, but not when my mouth is open.”

The man seemed a bit disappointed but nodded anyway, he didn’t want to break William’s trust. No matter which form she was in. William let a sly smile spread across her face. “Though~ If you really like touching my ‘chest’ so much~that hasn't been decided yet for my other forms~” she couldn't help but tease.

Ford sputtered and tried to change the subject, he looked down at the rest of William's body. “So...lingerie huh?” He blushed a little but William's body didn't have anything resembling human sexual characteristics so it wasn't as embarrassing to look at as Xin's more voluptuous form was. And yet… something about the outfit made it all seem a little more erotic.

William shrugged. “Me and Pyronica were shopping and I just HAD to get this.” She tugged at one of the silk-like straps. “Isn't it pretty though?” She looked up at Ford, eagerly awaiting his critique while the man froze. Should he go for honest or…?

“It looks nice on you.” He said at last, going for something more neutral. It was fine, he supposed, but he thought that maid dress William wore all those years ago was much cuter. Lingerie was… well, it didn’t really match her. William was much too cute for ‘sexy’ clothing, in his opinion. William rolled her eye. “I know you don’t actually think it looks good.” She deadpanned. Ford winced, “I’m sorry. It’s very nice, but I think something cute with a fluttery-ness to it, looks better on you.” She poked Ford's nose. “Ok, I can concede that point. But I’m still gonna wear this. Maybe I should show this to Stan or Seb. Wonder what they would think…” Seb would definitely know what to say and she knew that, due to Stan’s nature, he was going to like it as well. Whether or not the two would ALSO be embarrassed as fuck was a different story.

“Did you come just to show off your new underwear?” Ford groaned. William shook her head. “I was actually hoping for another session. But if you're busy…”

“It's fine. I was actually going to ask you for help with something.” Ford smiled. “So if we had another session, would you like to hang around the lab and assist me afterward?”

William smiled. “Ok.” Within a few minutes, Ford had pinned William to the table, grunting with effort as William fought back much more efficiently. All her sessions as Xin had taught her how to break his holds and grapples so Ford would need to start getting creative to keep the upper hand in these play fights they had.

As William managed to twist out of his grip once again, Ford sighed. “You're getting too good at
this.” William laughed as she wrapped her legs around his waist. Their most recent exchange had consisted of William attempting to turn the grapple hold back on Ford and pin HIM down instead. Her ears wiggled with her excitement at their little game. Numerous bruises decorated her pale yellow skin. Ford noted that since her blood was black in this form, the bruises stood out more starkly. He wasn’t sure how to feel about the bruising. He would have to practice more, so he could grapple her without injury. Even if she didn’t mind them, he did.

“Maybe you’re just losing your touch~” William teased. Ford narrowed his eyes in competitive determination. “Oh really? Well...what if I do...THIS?” He heaved William away from the table and spun the smaller woman before dropping her back onto the table, easily gripping her thin wrists together with one hand while grabbing at her ankles with the other.

“Ah!” William cried out, if Ford hadn't been so oblivious to this sort of thing, he might have realized her cry was more pleased than pained. He quickly pulled William's arms and legs together and looked around for something to hogtie her with. As she writhed on the table, Ford looked around for that rope he’d invented just for this. When he finally found a roll of it (there were practical applications for this invention besides JUST tying down Bill Cipher), the door to his lab opened as Fiddleford bounced inside.

“Sorry I'm late, Stanford, I nearly fergot 'bout my shoes this mornin’!” He chuckled. He still had a few memory problems, luckily he was getting a lot better. “So what were we…” The man trailed off as his eyes widened. Ford turned to his old friend. “Ah. Fiddleford! No worry, I actually forgot you were dropping by to help me out today.” He was wrapping the rope around William's arms and legs, pulling tight and making sure it would be more difficult to break out of the uncomfortable position. “Oooh~” William moaned pleasantly. She wiggled, rubbing her cheek along the table. “Tighter please~” she begged breathlessly. Being bound was only scary if she couldn’t break out, but she could easily tear this if she actually wanted, so she felt safe enough to just enjoy it.

Ford did as she asked and pulled at the rope. Her moans came out louder and while Ford had long since learned to tune out the pleasure in her tone, Fiddleford didn’t have that experience. Fiddleford blinked in shock at the half naked creature Ford was tying up. He blushed a bit at the lingerie and their pleased moans. What was happening right now?! “A-am I interrupting somethin’?” Fiddleford took a step back. Ford smiled at him, perfectly at ease while those sweet sounds continued to come from the tied up creature. “No. Not at all. I was just having another session with my friend here.” He gave William's leg a little slap, she enjoyed that for some reason. She cried out again, arching up on the table.

“A-ah~”

“And no, I'm not having kinky sex. If that’s what you were thinking.” Ford explained. In case that was the issue here.

Fiddleford looked behind him and then at Ford. He-He was kidding right? What the heck was he doing?! He had a moaning cyclops in lingerie tied up on his desk! It should surely mean what he was thinking! Right?! “I…” his voice cracked and the poor man blushed bright red when the Cyclops moaned out “Fordsie~don't stop yet~ You...promised at LEAST a half hour…”

Sweet banjo polish, they've been at this for nearly half an hour?!

“Oh, I can surely make it last longer than that!” Ford grinned and looked at his friend. “Can we work on the updated gravity battery next week?” He asked innocently. Fiddleford nodded. “R-right...well...I can just…”

Ford blinked, then smacked himself in the face. “Right, I haven’t introduced you. This is William,
she’s one of Xin’s other forms.” That made Fiddleford blink slowly and relax. Oh. Okay then. “But
why are you two doing this right now?” Fiddleford deadpanned. Ford blinked. “Oh. Right, ah… I
keep forgetting that people think what we’re doing is sexual…” he groaned. (“It’s HILARIOUS!”
was William’s cheerful addition.) “The only reason I haven’t stopped you from continuing this
prank of yours is because no one’s actually treating me any different for it, and it’s relatively
harmless.” Ford rolled his eyes. “Anyway,” he turned back to address Fiddleford. “We are not
having kinky sex. William wanted to get more comfortable with being bound without being afraid,
so I’ve been helping her with that in a safe environment where she knows she’s not in any real
danger. So she’d be more level headed if such a thing were to happen for real, and not panic, so
she’d be able to get herself out of such a situation without hurting anyone.”

Fiddleford relaxed. Well, once it was explained, it made perfect sense. But… “You
realize she’s getting off on it?” Fiddleford deadpanned. Ford blinked, turned back to William. “...are you?” he
asked rather incredulously.

“...a little?” William admitted, still rather flushed. “But only because it’s you who’s doing this with
me.” And Ford wasn’t really sure how to react to that. “Oh. Um. Well. I’m… glad you’re enjoying
it?” he said slowly. He wasn’t really against the idea of William ‘enjoying’ this. Since it didn’t
really involve anything he was uncomfortable with doing. But it was really… weird.

Fiddleford sighed. “Be that as it may… I am uncomfortable with working with Ford while
you’re… like that.” He still couldn’t really look directly at her. William nodded, “Alright, hang
on.” and she easily unravelled the ropes and sat up. Then she flicked her fingers to materialize a lab
coat and cute singular glasses on herself. “Ok! Science time!” She cheered. “Lab assistant William,
ready for action!” Fiddleford chuckled. If William was Xin, and Xin was a Bill Cipher from
another dimension, then she was much too intelligent to be a lab assistant, but she seemed to be
enjoying herself so he didn’t point that out.

Ford smiled, glad this was settled. They went back to work, William pointing out the corrections
but mainly just watching them work. When Fiddleford asked about why she wasn’t doing more,
Ford rolled his eyes “She likes to see us figure it out for ourselves. She’ll give hints but otherwise,
we're on our own.”

“Watching humans think is incredibly adorable!” William smiled. “I remember when I gave the
twins a puzzle and they had to figure out how to put the 35 pieces together by themselves! It was so
cute!”

“Are you comparing us building an incredibly complex nearly-perpetual motion machine to
children solving a puzzle?” Fiddleford raised an eyebrow but William smiled even more. “Yup!” It
was almost the same anyway, she thought to herself. “Or like when I taught humanity how to
harness fire! That was great. They learned how to build a fire and the rest were easily figured out
on their own.” She sighed at the nostalgic memories. Ford stared at her. “You...taught your
humanity how to use fire?”

She nodded, not noticing his awed look “To be fair, they'd already figured out that fire was useful.
But they originally got fire from natural bushfires that happen during hot, dry days, or lightning
strikes that cause fires. I simply taught them how to make their own fire with wood, friction and
intent.”

“That's incredible!” Ford laughed, amazed and pulled his friend’s arm. “Did you hear that?”
Fiddleford nodded. “So you’ve been observing humanity since the beginning?” At her nod,
Fiddleford asked, “And you’re another Bill Cipher?” another nod, “But you’ve got no interest in
the destruction of humanity and such?” Fiddleford was pretty sure of this point, by now, with how
long Xin’s stuck around them and the whole ‘creating a hidden island where the children could live safe’ thing. But he wanted to hear it from her directly.

William grinned. “Of course not! If any of you humans died, who would make those shows I want to watch?” The two men shared a look. Ford was grinning and Fiddleford was deadpanning. His friend must be really in love…he was actually a little happy for him, even if his partner was…Bill Cipher in a nicer version. (Well, apparently Ford had a ‘type’.) William sat down behind them and the two continued working on the machine, absentmindedly asking each other about their lives and families, how they were doing since last they talked about them. And then the conversation shifted to William.

“May I ask why you are a…she?” Fiddleford asked awkwardly, unsure if this was a rude question. But her name was William, she didn’t change it when she went female?

“Well, I'm a hermaphrodite and I identify as both male and female, I just switch between them depending on my mood. I've found that the humans here see females as the less dangerous option for some silly reason. I'm making identification for all my different forms so I can do more. I’m already listed as Seb and Wanda's daughter, most of the time, and he seems to love to have me as a little sister. Fordsie doesn't mind either way.”

Fiddleford looked at Ford who adjusted his glasses and nodded. Alright, alright...He thought he got it. “So… Miz and Xin… are the same person. And they’re also you.” another nod. Fiddleford sighed. This was rather complex, what was Ford getting himself into.

“So why's yer name William? Ain't that a boy’s name?”

William rolled her eye. “Why do you humans make such a big deal out of gender divisions anyway?” She felt as confused (and frustrated) as Seb did, even after he's been living so long inside human society and dealing with its silly roles.

Fiddleford shrugged. “I just heard that most folks change their names when they change out if they’re male or female.”

William nodded. “I already do that. Xin’s a boy. And Jan’s a boy. Miz and Yun are their female counterparts. But William is still William no matter if I’m a boy or girl.” she shrugged. “Zach wanted to change his name to something masculine but that's due to his own preference.” she placed a hand on her chest “Me though, I have different names for different forms I'm wearing. Bill, Miz, Xin, Jan, Yun and William. Most of those names are pretty much short, simple and easy to remember. That was more important to me than what gender those names conformed to. It just makes more sense to me.”

“Alright, I’ll make sure I remember that.” Fiddleford said. Ford patted his shoulder in gratitude for understanding.

Ford raised an eyebrow at William. “So you’ve got any more forms that I haven't seen yet?” The cyclops shrugged. “As I’ve said, Miz and Xin are the most human looking forms I have so I normally use them. My true form as Bill and this one as William are comfortable for me to wear. Jan and Yun are just for fun. And there are a bunch of miscellaneous forms that you haven't seen.”

Speaking of, William took a few steps back and shifted into Jan, his clothes changing to accommodate the different body shape.

“Well…it’s got 4 arms, so there’s that…” Jan commented, his clothes shifting again into his usual belly dancer outfit since a lab coat really detracted from seeing Jan-Jan’s full appearance. He
looked up and flicked his hair. “It’s not THAT weird right?”

“...it’s very attractive.” Fiddleford noted. Jan nodded, “Of course!”

“It's just as amazing as last time!” Ford smiled, staring at one of Jan's dark-skinned arms. He gently trailed one of his hands along the black patterns. “You really like this form that much?” Jan asked with a roll of his eyes and the brunet nodded excitedly. “I find it quite fascinating that you can make forms that look different despite being face blind.” Ford commented as Jan shifted into Yun, his/her form filling out with delicate curves. She blinked as she tugged on the shirt over her chest, which now had the distinct (if slight) swell of breasts. “Well I know WHAT faces look like. I just...have trouble explaining them. Or connecting them to names. Or telling apart people if they have the same sort of outline to each other. It’s like looking at a photo of someone upside down and trying to figure out who they are I guess?”

“Fascinating. What do you think F?” Ford turned to Fiddleford who was blushing profusely and averting his eyes. “Ah, yes. Very interesting...um...can you put on the labcoat again?” Yun shrugged and did so, adjusting the labcoat to accommodate 4 arms. “You are really picky about clothing choices.” She grumbled.

“Yeah, F, I think those clothes were very fitting for Jan’s...sorry, Yun’s body.” Ford shrugged. Yun smiled at the compliment and hugged Ford's arm with a pair of arms. Fiddleford mumbled under his breath. ‘Too fitting to be exact...’ She definitely made herself attractive on purpose.
The three went back to work but Fiddleford found himself distracted by Yun essentially looking the part of the sexy lab assistant, with her form fitting lab coat, glasses and that cute way she tilted her head when she inspected their work. Not to mention the way she leaned against the lab bench like…

Fiddleford slapped himself. He was married for God’s sake! He glanced over at Ford who seemed perfectly at ease. How did he manage to maintain his composure like this? Fiddleford couldn’t help but request “Can you turn back into a boy? Or something less...distractin’?”

“How is Yun distracting you, F?” Ford asked, not even raising his head from his notes. “She isn’t making noise this time? I don’t find anything wrong with her clothes either? And I’m not even distracted with those hypnotic swirls on her skin this time.” He hummed “Okay, well, I am a little distracted. Aside from the scientific interest in knowing how a humanoid form with 4 arms worked, I notice her arms are slightly thinner than what a human of her comparable size would be. Not by much but…”

Ford continued to ramble as Fiddleford gaped at him. Did he not notice the obvious problem here? Yun was gorgeous (and that had to be some sort of magical effect to make her seem so, it couldn't possibly be natural) and even the lab coat couldn’t hide that fact. How much self control did
Stanford have? Fiddleford shook his head. You know what? It was fine. He would prove to himself he was loyal to his wife by NOT being distracted! Yeah! “Nevermind Ford, I’m fine. Let’s continue working.”

They went on and Fiddleford, to his relief, found that once he stopped caring so much about what she looked like, Yun was actually quite nice to talk to. Her suggestions and insight were intellectually stimulating and he found himself begrudgingly understanding what had Ford so enamoured by Bill Cipher. Crazy demon that he was, if Yun’s intelligence was anywhere close to his, he would understand why Ford loved talking to the triangle. It felt so nice to have someone around who understood so much of what they were doing, who understood MORE than they did. Rather humbling to think about.

They worked and scienced for hours, the two men listening and learning everything they could from Yun, until the girl declared she was hungry. Ford blinked and looked at the clock on the wall. Huh. He didn’t realize they had been working for so long...

“Alright, I guess we can go to the house and find something…” Ford mumbled. Did he remember to buy something? Soos and Melody had their own food in the shared fridge, but Ford didn’t want to take their stuff. “No…” Yun whined. “I don’t want boring food from the Shack!” She hummed until she smiled. “Oh! I got it! I wanna go to Greasy’s Diner!” It had been SO long since she'd gone there with her big brother. “Seb never took me there! Pleaseee!” Her two pairs of arms put their hands together in a pleading gesture.

Stanford rolled his eyes. Going to the Diner would waste time they could spend working, but if it would make Yun happy… “Very well, we can go…” besides, they could still discuss their work while at the diner.

“Eh…” Fiddleford decided to intervene. “You can’t go into town looking...like this!” He gestured to her arms. Yun rolled her eyes. “Don’t you have that ‘Nevermind all that’ law? They should just nevermind me!” She had one pair folded under her chest and the other two on her hips.

“It means the town is very set on forgetting about weirdness.” Fiddleford clarified. Yun pouted. “Well they should still just learn to not point out other people’s body shapes!” She waved her hand to change into a different outfit. A large, poofy jacket with wide sleeves she could put both arms into. She adjusted the jacket with a frown. “There. Now they can’t see it.”

“It looks fine.” Ford patted her head, smiling slightly at her upset pout. “Do you want to go now?” The incredibly poofy jacket looked quite ridiculous on her.

“YES!” Her expression changed immediately and she ran out of the lab. Fiddleford and Stanford shared a look before grabbing their jackets and following her out to the hallway. When Dr. Pines and Dr. McGucket came out of the room, following a skipping dark-skinned woman, the scientists trying to peek inside jumped out of the way, and started doing anything and looking at everything but the men.

“We will come back in an hour.” Ford told one of them and the men nodded quickly. Many of them tried to get a better look at the girl. Her large hood fell back for an instant and it was like sparkles were filling their vision. The beautiful young woman giggled and the scientists all swooned. She was a stranger to most of them, but a couple had glimpsed her before around the boss. How did their boss know so many attractive people?! “Walk faster, Fordsie!” The girl demanded before walking through the main entrance of the research center. The blond and the brunet disappeared behind her.

The scientists looked at each other before running towards the break room to start gossiping. “Oh
“for Tesla!” Dr. Jerald sighed. “Did you see that girl?!” He waved his arms. “Why was she wearing such an ugly jacket? It didn’t match her at all!”

“I just want to know who she is.” Dr. Wexler said with a faint blush. She felt her heart flutter when that woman’s sweet voice rang out. Dammit girl, no. You’ve already got a girlfriend!

Unknown to all the scientists, and even Yun herself, when they had originally created Jan’s form he was merely a physical body but over the years and years of performing for the multiverse, being worshiped by his fans, Jan (and Yun by default) had become something much like a Divine Siren (a Diva, as they were known in some parts of the multiverse, and a Deva in others), whose voice and appearance would entrance any who looked upon them. Completely unintentionally. And the effect had been minor, but with Yun’s delighted mood, and the thrumming power that practically seeped out of her from the concert Jan had back in his own ‘set before coming over here, the effect had been temporarily super charged.) Only those who knew him personally could somewhat stave off the effects. Or in the case of Ford, be entirely oblivious to them. Yun happily ran through the town, gazing in wonder at the world around her, kicking at leaf piles and laughing with delight. She didn’t really get to actually play around in the town much, spending most of her time in the forest or the Center. There were lots of pine trees that didn’t drop all their leaves but enough other trees existed here to make huge leaf piles! She didn’t notice the way she charmed everyone she ran past.

The chilly air hit the two men in the nose and they grumbled before stuffing their hands in their pockets and faces into their jackets. Even when Ford was wearing a turtleneck sweater, he still wished he took a scarf with him. “Why didn’t we take yer car, Stanford?” Fiddleford complained. Ford shrugged. “Yun already ran off, not like I can make her walk all the way back to my car now.” The two shivered when the chilly wind blew past them. Yun seemed to notice their discomfort and ran back to them. “Do you want to be less cold?” She asked. Ford responded “That would be nice.” while Fiddleford nodded, without really thinking about it and then gasped when Yun held his hand. A warmth flooded Fiddleford’s body and he gasped. It felt SO nice~ He turned to the girl, still wary but...she had come to help him, and had asked first and waited for him to agree before she did… whatever magic this was. “T-thank you.”

“No problem. Stay close, I have trouble keeping up the heat effect without having to enchant your clothes and I don’t know if you’re comfortable with that.” Yun told him before leaning over to snuggle against Ford’s side. She had one hand holding Fiddleford and her other around Ford’s. The brown haired man didn’t mind, didn’t even notice actually, and continued walking. He was interested in this ‘heat effect’ though. It felt nice. He wondered how Yun did it. They eventually reached the Diner and Ford almost fell over when Yun pulled him with extraordinary strength for someone her size. “Come on!” she squealed as she dragged the men inside the establishment.

“Welcome to the Greasy’s Diner.” The hostess trailed off and stared, slack jawed at the girl giving her the lovely smile. “Hi! A booth for three please!” She said in a sweet voice. The hostess blinked and shook her head, finally noticing Dr. Pines and McGucket standing behind her. “Ah, yes. Right this way.” She led them to a booth seat and handed them a stack of menus. “Take your time, dears.” The woman smiled at them and felt her heart flutter when the girl grinned back. “Thank you very much, ma’am!”

Yun sat down next to Ford and Fiddleford sat down in front of them. The girl grabbed a menu and hummed as she scanned the food. “I want pancakes! With ice cream! Can I please get that?” She looked at Ford, fluttering her eyelashes. She hadn’t taken off her jacket so she looked like a poofy sheep, floofing against the sides of the booth. “And also the hashbrowns! And Corned beef hash! And an omelette! With mushrooms!” Ford laughed. He heard Seb complain about Miz’s appetite constantly, but Ford found it adorable. “Anything else?” he teased.
“Hm...I want chocolate chips on my pancakes.” Yun decided. “Are you sure that’s safe?” Ford asked, which made Yun sigh. “Fine. Strawberries instead.”

Fiddleford shook his head with a faint smile. These two were too cute together. He decided on a turkey sandwich and a cup of coffee for himself. The waitress came over, a faint blush on her cheeks and asked for their orders. Fiddleford gave her his and she wrote that down before looking over at Ford and Yun. “And you?”

“I’ll just have a coffee please.” Ford said before Yun tilted her head. “Are you sure just coffee is enough? You missed breakfast this morning.” Ford blinked. Of course Yun knew about that. Ford thought about it, then turned to the waitress and said, “And a spinach omelette too, please.” Ford had been too excited to get to work this morning, hadn’t even realized he was hungry until Yun brought it up.

Fiddleford grinned. He had often told Ford to take better care of himself. Ever since he started therapy with Ashton, he did much better. Ford never overcame his food or workaholic bad habits though. He was glad this Bill was also looking out for him. The waitress smiled as well, guessing Dr. Pines had finally found himself a good girl to take care of him. About time. The man had been a bachelor for far too long...although poor Susan would be disappointed to find out her crush had finally started seeing someone. She had the vague idea they had a date but… Dr. Pines had jumped out of the window?

The waitress shook her head and revised her notes “Are ya sure you can eat all of that, sweetie?” Yun nodded. “We’ve been working all day and I’m hungry!” She pouted. “I missed breakfast two.” she said, with a twitch of her lips at the Homophone. She ate breakfast. But she missed 2nd breakfast. Which also counted as breakfast.

“Aawww~” The woman cooed at her sad expression. “Don’t worry, I’ll make sure they prepare everything as soon as possible.” She squealed internally when the girl gave her a grateful smile. “Thank you!” the pretty girl said. The waitress nodded, trying to ignore the heat on her cheeks, and walked away.

“Man, this place looks awesome! Look, the Manliness Tester that Dipper used! It’s still here!” She gasped, pointing at the machine. She didn’t get to play with that last time, in the other dimension. Ford frowned when he looked at the game. He guessed that happened when Stan and him weren’t back yet. How did Yun know about it? He was about to ask but she slipped out of the booth and sauntered over to the machine, subtly altering her vessel’s parameters as she went. “Hey Fordsie, want free pancakes?”

Ford raised an eyebrow. What did she mean by-

**WHUMP!**

Yun slammed a fist into the machine and it blared loudly as the bar rose to the very top. After Manly Dan broke the control the last time he was here, they replaced the squeeze handle with a pillow sensor you had to punch. They thought it would prevent the machine from breaking. They thought wrong. Yun blinked sheepishly as the machine whined and fell apart. “Oops.”

There was silence in the diner before Manly Dan stood up and walked over to Yun, his large form towering over her. “You…” he said roughly. Yun blinked at him innocently. Ford stood up and got ready to step between them, in case something happened.

Manly Dan got down on one knee. “Marry me.”
“EH?!?” Yun cried as she flushed. Ford slipped and nearly fell over. Manly Dan stared down at Yun, even on his knee, he was still much taller than her. “When mah wife died, I swore to myself I would never marry again unless it was to a woman who could beat mah record.”

“EH?!” Yun continued to squeak as Dan gently took one of her hands. “Ah...um...F-Fordsie?! Help?”

Ford froze to his seat.

Fiddleford kicked Ford’s leg. “Go do something, you dumb fool!” He hissed. Why was Ford doing nothing when someone propositioned his partner?! Ford shakily stood up and marched towards the huge red-headed man. “HEY!” Manly Dan turned to look at the scientist with a growl. Every other customer also turned to stare in shock at Sebastian’s brother. “What’s the problem Mr. Pines?” Dan asked. Ford frowned. “It’s Doctor. Dr. Pines.” He adjusted his glasses. He had 12 PHD’s. He deserved that title. “I believe Yun is uncomfortable with the sudden proposal.” As was Ford, but he wasn’t going to say that.

“Fordsie...” Yun sighed in relief. Then she turned to Dan, feeling a little less afraid with Ford nearby. “Listen, Dan, I-I thank you for the offer but I am NOT interested... I’m sorry but I’ll have to decline.”

“But...but you beat my record!” Dan cried. Yun shook her head. “I don’t really know you, and anyway, free pancakes for everyone!” She stepped around Dan and tried to get back to the booth. Dan protested and grabbed at her jacket. “Wait. Can we be friends at least?!” He tugged a bit harder than he meant to and Yun yelped when her jacket tore open and everyone gasped at the extra arms.

Oh fuck. Ford and Fiddleford grimaced. The townsfolk gaped in shock at the petrified girl, and then, in an extraordinary obedience to their law, slowly turned around and muttered “Never mind all that...”

Dan blinked at Yun’s extra arms before grinning. “So...do you lift? You don't look it.”

Yun facepalmed. “Friends is ok, but it’ll never be anything more. You’re very sweet, but I’m kinda already with someone right now.” Dan looked over at Ford who was standing there stupidly with his mouth open. “What do ya see in a nerd like that?” He grumbled without any real malice. Dan was a kind man and if a girl said ‘no’ then she meant ‘no’. He felt bad about ripping her jacket. He sometimes forgot his own strength.

Yun looked at the man with glasses and laughed. If she was honest, she just liked nerds. She just so happened to have chosen an oblivious one. But she liked him. Especially since this Ford obviously wasn't interested in anything sexual. “Eh, his hair is all fluffy and I like his chin dimple. But he’s also really kind to me. He makes me happy.” She smiled. All Pines were handsome as hell though. “And if I wasn’t here to keep that dummy in line, he’s bound to think coffee for each meal is a good idea.”

(Ford didn’t hear all this, as Dan’s bulk was blocking Yun from his view. He was still uncomfortable with how the other man had just outright proposed to Yun-- he didn’t even know her! Ford wasn’t-- he wasn’t saying that he got to decide who Yun wanted to go with-- but... well... she was clearly uncomfortable with Dan’s advance.)

Fiddleford hit him. "Ow." Ford complained. "Now this is your chance!"

"Uh?"
"You like Yun! Tell her. You still haven’t told her yet, have you?" Ford's face turned dark red and he quickly shook his head. Nope! "Yun’s just my friend… I-it wouldn’t--" Fiddleford sighed.

"Ford, it’s clear to anyone looking at you two that you’re wild for each other. And you’ve pretty much all but admitted it outright. Why haven’t you told her yet?"

"It’s not going to work--" Ford said softly, then Fiddleford poked him, "Ow!" "Tell her!" This time Fiddleford slapped Ford with a napkin."Hey! Quit that!" Fiddleford didn’t let go of the napkin. "You frickity dumbass! What do you mean it’s not gonna work? I mean, yeah, she’s a demon, but aren’t ya happy together?"

"Well, I guess but-oww!!" "Ya dated a frickin siren that tried eatin’ ya! THIS is an improvement!"

Back on the other side of the diner, Dan sighed and nodded. He picked up the jacket and handed it to the girl. "I apologize for this." Yun smiled brightly and patted his huge muscled arm. "Don’t worry, man, it’s ok!" She considered it a bit. “Have you tried going to the National Arm wrestling championships? They have a women’s division?” She materialized a small card with the information about the event behind her back before handing it to him. Maybe he could try his luck there.

Manly Dan took the tiny paper from her hand and his eyes lit up. “I WILL! Thank you!” He left the Diner with a smile. Yun smiled at the huge man and returned to the booth with Ford and Fiddleford, who were hitting each other. “Stop hitting me, Stanford!” “Stop hitting ME then!”

Yun came back over and the two quieted, Yun laughed nervously. “So, ah… that happened.” she rubbed her arms, looking down at the table and glancing at Ford now and then. He was glaring at Fiddleford. Yun looked back and forth between the two. “Um…?” Fiddleford kicked Ford under the table and gestured at Yun. Ford shrank in on himself.

"Hey Yun. What would ya say to someone who's been crazy for you for a while now--" "F, wait!!"

"--but it's too much of an idiot to do anything ‘bout it?"

Yun frowned a bit. "Um...do I know them?"

"Oh yes, you spend a lot of time together sciening, taking care of each other and making each other very happy." Fiddleford patted Ford’s head. Yun's blue eyes widened a little.

"This someone also thinks you’re the best. Thinks your forms are very cute, thinks you’re intelligent and sweet and appreciates your company, would LOVE sciening with you every day." Fiddleford listed.

Ford’s face couldn't be redder. "...I said her forms are fascinating…"

Yun blinked (blushing a little from the compliments, second hand as they were), almost wanting to believe-- but that wasn’t possible that Fiddleford meant it in the way she thought it was. “O-oh…” She twirled a lock of her hair nervously. “I mean, yeah, I know that. I’m awesome after all. That’s what Linda says I need to keep saying.” Yun/Jan and Xin were awesome. That was how it worked. Even if Miz/Bill/William weren’t. (She felt a twinge of depression come on and pushed past it. No, be happy. Maybe if she was happy, her brother would…) Fiddleford kicked Ford again.

"My friend--" He leaned closer to Yun to ‘whisper’ but he stole spoke loudly "Reaaaally likes you. His name starts with S and finishes in -anford. Pines. S- and then -tanford Pines. Please, I'll pull my hair out if you two continue doing this to me." The blond pleaded. Yun blinked slowly. “Um, yeah. Fordsie’s my friend, of course he likes me.” Fiddleford turned slowly to face Ford, his eye twitching. “If you don’t just tell her, I’m going to eat your glasses.” Fiddleford threatened.
“What? You’d choke.” Ford deadpanned. But Fiddleford just kicked him again. Ford slapped his arm. “I can’t-- there’s no point--” in confessing, just to have Yun turn him down like she did Dan. Because Yun wasn’t interested in ‘dating’, why would she be?

He waved a mental hand. And he already tried the dating thing, and he failed. He wasn’t good at it so there was no point in trying it with Yun, disappointing her, and having Yun leave him for that! What if she was so disappointed and put off by his pathetic attempts at romance that she gets all awkward around him?

Fiddleford started slamming his head against the table. He stood up and walked to a random table where a family with a young teen were eating. "I’ll give you a hundred dollars if you tell that lady something."

"COOL!!" the kid grinned. Easy money! And he’d get to talk to the pretty lady? Fiddleford told him what to say, and the boy strode towards them with a written napkin, with his parents gaping. "Hey, so Miss Yun, Dr. Stanford likes you and wants to be your boyfriend because he thinks you're amazing but he's an...an owl (?) and won't say it because he's too shy." The kid shrugged and went back to his seat. Fiddleford slammed the money on his table for him and strode back to his own table smugly, when Yun FINALLY gasped and stared at Ford who was trying to disappear into sweater town.

“...this… isn’t a joke, is it?” Yun said, glaring at Fiddleford. “If you’re pranking me-- this sort of thing isn’t funny.”

“No joke, no prank. That idiot is clearly head over heels for you.” Fiddleford patted Ford’s shoulder. "And I’m done with him being such a dumbass so I said it for him. So, what do you say to that?” Fiddleford asked.

And Yun looked over at Ford, who looked resigned and withdrawn. “...I want to hear him say it.” she said softly. “Because I think I want him to be my partner too, but I don’t know if such a thing’s possible. I was quite sure he wasn’t interested in me romantically.”

Ford poked his head out of his sweater with his eyes wide. "...You'd...want to be…?” He rubbed his neck.

Yun blushed faintly. “Well, I like you. Emotionally, aesthetically, and… um, well…” She played with a lock of her hair nervously. “B-but I’m... really high maintenance. Like, I’m so much trouble, I doubt anyone could really handle me…” she looked away. “So... I didn’t bother asking, didn’t... want to put that on you. Too much work, for you and…” she shrugged.

"I...I like you too...Erm, I mean, yeah, I think you're intelligent and just...being with you is fun...And your forms are very unique and I like them all...I...I don’t think you're trouble, I've never seen it that way..." He rubbed his arm.

Fiddleford leaned back. "Besides, you two spend so much time together already and you watch out for, and care for each other already. You'd just make it official." He waved a smug hand. And Yun gave Ford a shy look. “Are you really sure you want to date me?” she asked quietly. “E-even though I’m not human, and I’m awful and I’m also horny half the time?” (Fiddleford choked at that.)

Ford paused at the ‘horny’ part, but shook it off. “Yes. I... I really like you. And I want to get to know everything about you-- erm, within reason. You’re hundreds of billions of years old, there’s no feasible way for me to know all of you without having my brain explode, but you get what I mean?”
Yun giggled. “Yes. I get it.”

The two smiled at each other and Yun shyly reached to hold his hand and Fiddleford sighed with so much relief. Finally. No more pain. No more bets from the gang. "Hey, congrats! You big boy! Doing it all by himself!” F playfully ruffled Ford's hair, making him chuckle. "Ok, ok! Thank you, F…”

Yun hugged Glasses then. "I'll help with any crazy robots you want! And give you subspaces to add your raccoons!!" She squealed, she was so happy! Fiddleford’s eyes widened and Ford quickly shot down, “Nope. You can help him with a couple, but not whichever ones he wants. That’s too much.”

Yun leaned towards Fiddleford "...subspaces~" before giggling and clinging to Ford for a hug, wrapping her 4 arms around him. “Well, I’ve never dated before, so this’ll be a new experience! Don’t worry about giving me gifts of flowers, jewelry or kissing in the dark of a movie theater dates, I don’t need most of the stuff that people seem to think dating is about.” Ford took a deep breath of relief and hugged her back. “That’s good, because I’m terrible at romance.” This was fine...This was going to be fine. This was Yun. And nothing changed. They were just… dating now. Yup. That’s a thing.

....

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...........Ford had no idea what the fuck he was doing.

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They finished their food and left the Diner, Yun left a generous tip. She was prancing around, looking at the town, seeing how it changed and hadn’t changed in the time since. She also demanded Ford to give her a piggyback ride. He agreed to it, so she was cashing in on all her high maintenance needs. It wasn't half bad though. She had demanded more off him while being friends. Ford rolled his eyes fondly and let her climb onto his back. This was a good workout anyway.

As they walked through the town, Yun pouted, growing bored despite her enjoyment of the town and grinned mischievously. With one of her lower arms, she poked Ford on his side. He made a strangled noise. “Yun!” He cried. She giggled. “Sorry, couldn’t help myself.” She looked down again as Ford grumbled annoyed and embarrassed at his ticklishness. Stanley and Shermie had always taken advantage of him by- “Poke!” The young woman tickled his side again.

Ford nearly fell over. “Stop that!” He cried. “I WILL drop you!”

“You wouldn’t dare.” Yun challenged.

Ford grinned. His hands started to let go of her legs. “Oops! What have you done, Yun? You suddenly feel more slippery! I think I am losing my grip!” He laughed before choking when all four arms wrapped around him tightly. “Gahck!”

"If you drop me Stanford Filbrick Pines, I swear I will turn you inside out.” Yun hissed.

Ford gulped and adjusted his grip once again. “Hey, look at that, you’re back to normal…” He joked. Yun’s arms were still around his neck but he wasn’t choking anymore. “Can you let go of my neck now?”

“Nope~ It’s to remind you not to drop me!” Yun said cheerfully. Ford rolled his eyes. Even if she
was a nice Bill Cipher, she was still Bill Cipher. Was he insane for liking a demon god? He preferred putting it like he had very high standa-

No, who was he kidding? He had gone insane, dating the cryptid who just transformed him into a dragon months ago… and a woman before that. And wanted to turn him into a giant for some reason. (She just like transforming him, didn’t she? Was that her ‘thing’? Ford didn’t really mind, but it was a little annoying.)

He wanted to do it right though. He knew Yun enough to actually know she was pleased easily (despite her claims of being high maintenance), but...he didn't want to hurt or offend her accidentally with his lack of experience. He really needed to talk to Stanley. And Sebastian. They must have some advice for him. For the whole… dating thing.

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Yun stayed to help Ford with a few minor projects, falling asleep on his workbench at one point, to Ford’s confusion. She woke up a few hours later and told Ford that she had to leave. “The twins will be home from school soon.” She explained. Ford nodded. “Right, it was nice working with you today.” She explained. Ford nodded. “Right, it was nice working with you today.” He wasn’t sure what to do now. What did one do to say farewell to their partner? Yun, thankfully, made the decision for him, she gave him a soft hug and shyly kissed his chin. “I’ll see you next week then?” She asked.

“See you next week!” Ford nodded and smiled a bit. The woman waved before she disappeared.

Ford waited a few minutes before immediately getting on his phone and calling Stanley. He rested his cheek on the desk as he waited. The phone rang for a while before finally picking up to Stan’s gruff voice shouting, “DIEGO! You said you did your homework!” Ford almost jumped. “I forgot! My football practice was much better anyway!” Diego complained.

“-URGH YOU LITTLE-”

“Stanley?” Ford tried. “Did I call in a bad moment?” The other voice stopped, he heard Stan saying “This isn’t over--” and addressed him. “Hey! What’s the word, Sixer! Don’t worry, it’s just Diego being a little shit sometimes.”

“Hello, Stanley...why is that?” Ford asked politely. Learning about his family and how they were. See? He was a good brother. “Cuz despite being a huge nerd like you, he’s incredibly intelligent but he just doesn’t want to do what we tell him and he never does his homework! The teacher called us today…”

“Hm, I wonder why he’s such a free spirit…” Ford joked and Stan made an offended sound. “Well...anyway...how are you, why did you call?”

Ford hesitated before taking a deep breath. “So...William and I are dating now!” He couldn’t say ‘Miz’ since she was.... Well, no. Ford couldn’t say he was dating Miz.

“Yeah? What’s up?” Stan asked. He already knew Ford was dating the triangle. Still super weird to think about but, she was a nice girl, boy, chaos demon god, whatever, and Stan hoped they were happy together. He heard Ford make a whimpering sound. “How do I talk to a woman without offending her?”

Stan groaned and rubbed his face. “Did you piss ‘em off?” Ford immediately denied it. “No? I don’t think so? But she did threaten to turn me inside out if I dropped her.” Stan twitched, a little worried about his brother’s safety. “Dropped...as in?” He really hoped Ford wasn’t talking about
‘dropped’ as in ‘breaking up’ because if so...yeesh, he had no idea how to handle that. He didn’t think attempting to break up with a demon god was going to end well for any of the people involved.

“Well, I was giving her a piggyback ride and joked about dropping her.” Ford said sheepishly. “I think she thought I was being serious.”

Stan gave a loud relieved sigh. “Ok. That is way better than I thought…” He nodded. Also, Stanford giving Miz piggyback rides? That was cute, weird, but cute. “I think she was joking too? I don’t think she would actually do that, she loves us! But she likes you even more so I can bet my money she was joking and didn’t get angry for real.”

“Ah. I see. This is great news.” Ford wrote this down in a new notebook. “Well...what does one generally do when they date someone?”

“Why’re you askin’ me? You and Bill have been together for months now.” Stan grumbled into the phone.

“W-we have ?!” Ford gasped. Were they? Well...he thought back to the past months hanging out with Miz/Xin/Yun/William once a week. It sure felt longer. The lunches and dinners she sometimes cooked for him. The way she hung around his lab, lazily pointing out mistakes in his blueprints, the adventures they had in space...did that count as dating? He sat down heavily. Oh. OH. Oh...

“Poindexter?” Stan asked from the other side of the line.

Ford groaned and buried his head in his arms. “Sixer? Are you ok?” Stan asked, a little worried now.

“I...actually hadn’t realized I was dating Yun until, well, we kinda asked each other today? Fiddleford helped...and a boy who called me and owl?" Why did people CONTINUE calling him that?!

“Oh God, you know what? It-It actually doesn’t surprise me that much, Sixer. You know why?”

"Why?"

“Because you are fucking stupid!!” Stan laughed loudly. “You have spent all these months with her and you didn’t know?! HAHAHAHAHA! CARLA! CARLA COME! YOU HAVE TO HEAR THIS!"

“Stanley, stop!” Ford cried from the other side, blushing bright. “I’ll never talk to you again if you tell her!”

Stan wiped a tear from his eyes and took a deep breath to calm himself. “Alright...alright...I’m sorry, Sixer, it was just too funny!” Ford growled. “Why did you call again?” Stan snickered. He was so telling this to Carla when Ford hung up...

Ford grumbled into his phone. “Well I WAS going to ask you for advice on what to do when I’m dating someone but apparently I’ve already been doing it?” He wasn’t sure why Miz/William/Yun (he needed to decide on a name to refer to them as, probably William) liked him. He had never really done anything romantic with her... that he knew of? He blinked. Now that he thought about it...dating William was probably for the best. Ford had no interest in the physical side of relationships. He knew what sexual intercourse was and found the idea unappealing.
And William wasn’t into it either, which made him feel relieved. Win win! And he did find very how intelligent she was to be very attractive, and the vast knowledge she possessed. Though, she also said she was ‘horny’ and, to be fair, Ford wasn’t going to hold that against her. One could be Ace and have a libido at the same time. And from Ford’s experience, all it meant was that she wanted a very thorough ‘petting’, which was fine.

William was intelligent, engaging, helpful, fascinating and didn’t demand for Ford to give her sexual gratification (Though she was very demanding for sensual petting and affection). Which Ford didn’t mind, he found himself quite enjoying touching her. Not like that, of course-- but--well-- she was soft and warm and-- Ford blushed. So dating her was… well… Ford had caught onto the idea of it, but hadn’t said anything because he’d been afraid expressing this want for her wouldn’t work out. But it seemed she was happy with the idea. And was probably going to use their new ‘couple’ status to get more touching out of him in the future.

Well, it was a good thing she liked being caressed, because Ford liked touching her. He was glad he wasn’t on a video call with Stan.

“You know, Stanley? I-I think I'm good now…” Ford nodded. He should call Seb though, to ask him more about Miz/Yun/William and learn what NOT to do to avoid actually getting turned inside out. “Thank you!”

“Er, you’re welcome? I guess?” Stan scratched the back of his neck. “Be a good boyfriend.”

“Eh…? I will, I guess.” Ford nodded, rubbing his warm face. “Oh, and maybe Diego needs something more challenging at school, I know he is quite clever, and that he was attending a more specialized school, but still, he could need more. I got bored at school too, try talking with the teachers or something.”

“Oh…OH! You're a genius, Poindexter! Haha! You still have it! Thanks!” Stan hung up and Ford leaned back on his chair. Boyfriend...It was so weird. William was a girl half the time anyway so...Partner should be more than sufficient. He wondered if he should tell his mother about this.

The two had talked and he had finally told her he wasn't interested (but not opposed) in really settling down, but giving her...grandchildren wasn’t something that would happen, on account of him being asexual. But...if he told her now (about dating, NOT the grandchildren thing. He might be curious about William’s different forms and their reproductive abilities and all, but he had no intention to find that out on a personal level! Sure, Xin wanted babies, but wanting kids without the actual child-making itself was very different, and Ford was actually a little interested in seeing how that would work), she’d feel very happy that Ford had someone he was happy with...

Ma had more than enough grandchildren from his other brothers anyway! She could be satisfied with them! Stanford pinched his nose. He wouldn’t mind helping William adopt kids (or… asexually reproduce? Like with Ammy?), and...maybe he’d help raise them? He wasn’t sure entirely what dating her would entail. Ah, he should have sat her down to talk this out.

He dialed Sebastian to talk. He wanted to talk about anything but this right now! “Yellow? Why are you calling my Dad?” Zoe asked the stranger. Stanford sighed. “Greetings, Zoe, it’s your Uncle Stanford.”

“Uncle Sixer!!” Zoe squealed and kept the phone floating next to her ear as she searched for what clothes she should wear tomorrow. Oh! She was definitely taking Zach’s t-rex blue and green t-shirt tomorrow! “Why are you calling?”

“I...I wanted to know how you were! Yeah! Haha!” Ford said.
“OH! I’m fine! School is fun, except when it's not, bleh, but I love recess and we play lots of things there. A kid lost a baby tooth because she fell from the swings! It was so gross, blood was everywhere!” The girl laughed excitedly, not actually grossed out. “Is it true that if I lose a tooth, a magical fairy will come to give me money for it?! Everyone was saying that!”

Ford frowned. “The fey are not known to do so but if one does get into your house, it is dangerous. Never invite them in. The fey often kidnap children.”

“Really? But mommy said the fairies are nice...I guess you know more though...you open monsters in your lab, no?”

“What?”

“Zoe! What are you doing with my phone?” Ford heard his brother coming closer. “It’s uncle Sixer! I even said ‘yellow’ to him!” Zoe exclaimed proudly. “Haha! Classic, now go play somewhere else.” Seb took the phone from his daughter and grinned. “HI, SIXER!”

“Hello? Sebastian?” Ford winced a little at the volume. “Is Miz there?” They had gotten used to calling them by their different names but whenever they weren’t exactly sure which form the demon was currently in, they went to Miz as a default.

“Eh, I am not sure, wait. HAS SOMEONE SEEN MIZ??!” Seb shouted and Ford winced. Damn! Why was Seb always screaming?! “SHE’S WITH ME!” Zach screamed back. “SHE’S HELPING ME WITH HOMEWORKKK!” Even his kids were so loud Ford could hear them on the phone!

“THANK YOU!!” Seb screamed and then addressed his brother. “Yeah, she’s with Zachary.” He asked teasingly. “I heard.” Ford rubbed his ear. Seb laughed "Want to talk to her?

“No, I was just with her a while ago.”

“Right, your weekly sessions. Geez Sixer, I don't know how you manage to keep up with her. Even Wanda and I don't go at it so often...and now that the twins are older...”

Ford blinked. Well, yes, with Wanda busy at her job he supposed it did make it difficult for Sebastian and her to go out on dates together. But hanging out with William was no trouble at all. They would wrestle for a bit, Ford got back into shape from all the exercise and then they would have a quiet day at the lab (until something exploded at least). He shook his head “It's not all that difficult. Once I learned how to use my longer reach to leverage my weight against hers, it was quite simple to subdue her.”

“TOO MUCH INFORMATION!”

“Yeah! Let’s go burn books and the internet!” Zoe popped out from behind the couch and Sebastian screamed. “Little pest, didn’t I tell you to go bother someone else?” He growled playfully and the girl ran away, laughing. Half demon kids...

“So, did you just call me to tell me about your...rough techniques during your sessions, brother?”

“No, actually...” Ford wavered. “I simply wanted to inform you that William and I are officially dating now. Well, officially dating Yun. Have you met that identity of Miz’s yet?”

Sebastian raised an eyebrow. “Wait. You've been together...for almost a year and you've only JUST started dating officially?” He groaned. “Seriously, Sixer?” And he thought Ford was slow, this was like...a snail!
“Yes. I am very aware.”

Seb laughed loudly. Ford was an idiot. Ok. Moving on. “You said she showed you a new human form? Not Miz, Xin, Jan or William?” Seb looked at the couch and found the head of a beheaded doll. Fuck, his kids were even worse than him.

“Yes. She called her Yun, I’ve actually met her a few times before. Quite the amazing specimen. A female version of Jan, though the markings along her body are different.”

“That’s so cool, why hasn’t she shown us that one yet?!” The man pouted. “I feel offended, Sixer, really offended, but I guess you have a little more right to see her various forms…” Seb pouted as he examined Zoe's doll head. Why was it bald?! “Was this new form cute? She always made her adult forms handsome to mess with people. I’m guessing a female adult form would be gorgeous.”

“Well Jan is a masculine form, as you know, but he’s still quite delicate. Very slender. Yun is female and much the same aside from having breasts and wider hips.” Ford explained. “Actually, when I took Yun out to the diner for lunch, Manly Dan proposed to her and—” Seb was about to tease him with Susan, something like “Haha, that’s your problem now!” when he finished hearing the rest. “WHAT?!” He shrieked. “PROPOSED?!”

“Yes. It was the oddest thing. That’s when we made it official. Both of us felt…quite uncomfortable with the sudden proposal.”

Seb’s eye twitched. “Of course she was! If you had been official before, that wouldn’t have happened!” He scolded in his ‘dad voice’

“Yes.” Ford rubbed his head sheepishly. “I know… though I don’t want to seem possessive—"

“Possessive nothing, I can assure you, that Miz is ten times more possessive than you could ever be.” Seb shook his head as he laid down on the couch. Sir Bedazzle jumped over him and curled up on his chest. “But seriously, can’t believe you waited until someone tried to propose to her, to actually ask her out! How-how come I feel more of these—these lovey dovey human emotions than you?! Do you think that if someone proposed to MY wife I would have let them see the light of day ever again?!”

Ford pouted slightly. “I-I suppose not…” And he felt terrible during the exchange, quite an uncomfortable experience. "I just lack experience and information. Hadn't considered this since… ya know, the reunion and… Kathy…” Ford coughed. "And even then...I’d say I haven’t done such a thing since high school."

“Dad, have you seen the head of my doll?” Zoe asked innocently. “Her punishment isn’t ready yet.” Seb threw the head and she caught it with her mind. “Dispose of a body correctly! I don’t want more body parts around the house!” Seb scolded her.

He turned his attention back to Ford when Zoe left, ready to set some dolls on fire. “Well…” Seb had to admit that he hadn’t considered it either since he stupidly left Wanda as a teen… “Ok, I get it, you know? But...you're really intelligent… shouldn’t you have… noticed?”

“...honestly, I was afraid to scare her away, or make her uncomfortable, if she didn’t feel the same.”

“...fine, yeah, I can see that. Still, it’s kinda obvious to everyone that she adores you.”

“Well, yeah? We’re friends.” Ford told Seb patiently. “Of course she loves me. But loving me and being in love with me are two different things.” he sighed. “I still don’t… really know what I’m meant to do… about this whole dating thing. I love her. But I don’t know what I’m supposed to do.
But… I mean… I guess I… will figure it out?” He didn’t want to bore Yun so much she broke up with him. She was still his friend first and a partner second. Even if they broke up, Ford hoped he didn’t lose her as a friend. Then again, considering she’d chosen him for her Zodiac, he supposed that was a reassurance that he wouldn’t lose her, even if they were no longer romantically together.

“Yeah, yeah…” The younger man pinched the bridge of his nose. “Ok… The important thing is that you’re official now, right?” He smiled, but Ford of course couldn’t see it. “Yes.” Ford said and Seb grinned. “Good! When can I start making you a suit?!”

“A suit? For what?”

“Your weeediiinggg~” Seb teased his brother who started choking on the other side. He burst out into laughter as Ford (figuratively) died. “Sixer?? You with me?” Sebastian heard gasping from the other side of the line and cackled. “But seriously dude, what are you gonna do with the whole dating thing?”

Ford groaned. “Yun said she didn’t need gifts or special dates but I’m not sure if that’s really alright. Do you think I should do something special for her anyway? What can I even do?”

Sebastian rolled his eye. “Well, Miz is a girl of simple tastes. I think she’s just happy spending time with people. Which is good for you since I doubt you’ll be able to pull off anything romantic-”

“Hey!”

“-and aside from that, I know she loves chocolate. Well, duh, who doesn’t? And almost any other food as well. But if you’re looking for gifts, nice chocolate is always a safe choice.” Sebastian paused and considered something. “You know, you’re really fucking lucky Miz isn’t a human girl.”

“Why is that?”

“Cause you don’t have to deal with Miz on her period. I know how to treat my wife fine, but you… yeesh, I seriously doubt it! If such a thing ever happened…” Sebastian shuddered. “She would eat you alive.”

Ford blanched. “T-that… is very fortunate for me indeed.” The thought of a demon god going through unstable, hormone induced mood swings was totally terrifying. Miz already had mood swings, being on a menstrual cycle would make everything worse. “…and now I have the image of being devoured whole by my partner, thank you for that.” He drawled sarcastically. Sebastian laughed loudly, kicking his legs in the air and almost making the puppy on his chest fall. “You are very welcome! Aaahh~ Love, eh, Sixer?”

“Um…yes.” Ford said, unsure. He didn’t know what love was, but he knew that he cared for MizBill a lot, and wanted to be with her.

“What do you think the twins will think about this?” Seb wondered aloud. “What if everyone knows?! Did you tell Mom?! Can I tell her our favorite bachelor has finally been taken?!” Ford shook his head, despite Seb being unable to see it. “No, I don’t want mother to know yet. I… still have to figure out how to tell her myself. But I also don’t want to get her hopes up, if Yun gets bored with me--”

“Bitch, she wouldn’t do that to you.” Seb told him firmly. “And even if you do break up, she’d still be your friend, she wouldn’t just drop you or get ‘bored’ with you.”
“I… suppose you’re right.” Ford said with a sigh. “But, mother met Miz, she knows Miz is your adopted alien child. I can’t tell her I’m dating your adopted daughter!”

Seb started biting his finger in thought. Right! He had totally forgotten about that! “But if you present her as Yun? I mean, they’re the same person, but Yun is an adult, right? So it’s fine.” Ford frowned, only understanding half of it because his brother’s finger muffled his voice, but he understood the idea. Yes…he COULD introduce his mother to Yun. “Yes…she looks like an adult woman. It would be less strange than trying to explain that I'm dating a child. Which, I’m not. Miz… she’s not a child, even if she takes the form of one.”

Sebastian suddenly laughed. “I…I just realized! If you marry Miz, does that make me your dad?!”

“I will stop you right there, Sebastian….” Stanford shuddered. Weird, too weird, even for him. “You aren’t her real dad! And I wouldn't marry ‘Miz’ if such a thing ever happened.”

“Tell that to our official adoption papers! Hah! In your face!” Seb replied childishly. “Anyway, it wouldn’t change the fact that I am your older brother and I am NOT marrying Miz!” Ford growled. "Nor am I dating her. I can date Yun, or Xin, but I cannot, in good conscience, officially date Miz.”

“Hey son, speak with a little more respect!” Seb made his voice deeper to sound more serious and Stanford groaned, exasperated. Why hasn’t he grown up yet?! “Wait, you’re not marrying them? So…you’re just gonna date forever?” Sebastian asked. Ford paused. When Sebatian put it like that, it did sound rather odd. “Not every couple HAS to get married right?”

“No…” Seb agreed. “But humans do this…and…I like it… the whole concept of it. And the fancy party!” He blushed a bit. He remembered when he was against it. How silly of him. His wedding was the best party of his mundane human life. “I like being with Wanda this way, it’s a way to say ‘Hey fucker! This is MY wife and you can’t have her because she's mine!’ and I can fight people who offend her. Wanda socked a woman in the chin the other day for me, it was so awesome!”

Ford considered that. “I see what you mean. But what if MizBill isn’t interested in marriage? I doubt she would appreciate you planning this out when she doesn’t actually feel like it.”

“Of course you don’t plan it out by yourself, idiot! You have to talk about it with her! If Miz doesn’t want to, don’t do it, if you don’t want to, don’t do it, if both of you want to…meh, you could, who cares! Marriages are fun! You get to party, wear beautiful clothes, and eat cake and drink until you're a drunk ass!” Seb laughed maniacally.

“But of course you just want to have a party.” Ford rolled his eyes. He sighed. “I don’t think I’m ready for things like marriage. I’ve only JUST started dating…” Even now he wasn’t quite sure if this had been a mistake. He DID like MizBill. But was that enough for marriage? Ford didn’t know. He groaned when he realized that despite being fully human, he was somehow lacking in this part of the human experience. Even Seb understood romance, and he used to be a demon.

Actually.

“Does MizBill even understand romance?” He asked suddenly. “Did YOU understand romance back when you were a being of pure energy? I know Miz used to be human, and some of her Self still registers more towards the human side of emotional feelings, but...” Seb was taken aback by the sudden question. He sat up and frowned. “Miz...seems to know about it...and understand it...she’s a special Bill, she feels stuff most of them don’t…” He said softly. Was it because she was raised by the Axolotl? Or from the time she was human? Seb learned about human emotions from being human, so maybe Miz did too?
“And...what about you?” Ford asked and Seb pouted. He flickered a flame to life and watched it dance on his palm. “I…”

Make it worth something!

“I don’t know…” Seb said at last. “My past life was a little too fucked up, man...I-I'm not sure…” He hugged his knees to his chest. He didn’t want to think about Nora. About how he failed her. “I think the Bill that I used to be...might have known how to love...a long time ago.” He shook his head. “It doesn’t matter now. The past me was nothing like Miz. She’s filled with TOO much love.” He smiled fondly at the thought of his spiritual little sister, legal daughter and personal best friend.

‘So it’s just me who doesn’t understand…” Ford thought sourly.

“I’m sure she actually likes you, Sixer! I mean, she called you the second most handsome! No one can beat me of course! But being second is a great honor too! The highest of flattery! Hehe flattery, you get it?! Cuz, flat! And Bill is a triangle! HAHA!” Seb smiled and waited for his brother’s reply.

“But why does she like me?” Ford sounded somewhat lost. He really couldn’t understand. She claimed it was because she liked his fluffy hair and thought his chin looked funny. And thought his hands were sexy. And liked how creative he was-- But was that really all it took? There had to be something more. It was impossible for her to choose him merely for his love for science (there were plenty of more intelligent scientists out there, probably?) and outward appearance, she was face blind after all. Even if she could see him and find him attractive, she could just as easily find others with similar features that would also catch her fancy (Like, literally, his near identical triplets) It wasn’t as if she couldn’t see what people looked like, she clearly COULD, she simply had trouble telling people apart if they shared enough exterior traits that they ‘looked’ similar. But what made Ford so special? Aside from being her Zodiac. He wasn’t sure if that was even a factor here or not, since he very much doubted she’d be romantically inclined towards any of her other Zodiac members.

Sebastian held his phone and bit his lip. “Why are you so worried about this? Miz likes you and you like her too right? So why should it matter why?”

“But it makes no sense!” Ford cried. “I’m a mortal human! If she gets intimate with me… and then I die--” what would that do to her? Oh no, Ford hadn’t thought of this at the time, and he couldn’t just… break things off with her over this-- that would be awful! He… was going to have to talk to her about this.

“I-I don’t know, Sixer… I don’t know…” Seb whimpered. He just wanted them to be happy, and Ford sounded really upset about all this, which wasn’t good for him or Miz. “Look,” Seb sighed. “Human stuff doesn’t make sense… why did Carla choose Stanley? He’s a dumb flirt! Why did Abi stay with Shermie when she could easily have left him after he got her pregnant so young? Why does Wanda like me! That’s the biggest question! And she fell for a really, REALLY beaten up, young version of me! Miz just, just likes you! It's how it is! No science, no magic… just...poof! It happened! Well, not poof, I guess, it probably happened over time or something--” He was getting upset himself. Explaining human things to his brother, who should know this by instinct, unlike him who had to learn it, was hard!

Ford was silent on the other side of the line. He was quiet for so long that Seb almost thought he’d hung up. Finally though, Ford’s deep voice came through the phone. “And what about when I pass away? Will I tear out her heart and take it with me to the grave?” And she said that she would search for his reincarnation, but… that wasn’t fair to her, or to his reincarnated self, who probably
wouldn’t even remember her.

Sebastian bit his finger harder this time until he drew blood. He didn’t know! He didn’t know! He wasn’t the love god! He didn’t know how to help Ford! “Ok, that sounds terrifying. But... I-- I don’t know. I don’t know what you can do about that besides tell her straight out that you might die someday and she needs to just... accept that?? ”

Ford buried his face in his hand. “I...I don’t know. I thought it would be an amazing opportunity to get to know her more personally. There’s still so many things I don’t know about Miz Cipher and I just really wanted to find out. And I really do care about her-- I don’t know what to do.”

Seb wanted to cry. For what, he didn’t know at the moment, but he felt the feeling build up in his chest. “I...can only tell you to try this...official dating thing carefully, don’t do stupid shit, ‘cuz I know you are stupid and will fuck it up!” Seb wiped his eye angrily. Stupid bodily fluids! “And if you see it isn’t working, just end it...I did it once with a boyfriend I had...it didn’t last of course, but at least we tried.” Of course, it was him ending it and then he tried to kill himself, but Stanford didn’t need to know that. Augh, this was so frustrating. Why couldn’t Ford just...not have fallen for an immortal demon-god? “Look, do you love Miz?”

“Oh course. I want to stay by her side, and keep her safe and make her happy and cheer her up when she’s sad!”

“Well, if someone else tried to take her away from you, would you get...I don’t know, upset? If someone hurt her, would you step up to punch them? If she smiles at you, do you just feel like everything is just...better?”

Ford paused. Then he clutched his phone tighter. “Yes. I want-- I want her to be happy.”

“Well, then I think that’s the best you can do for now.” Seb sighed. “But seriously, if you’re really worried about the whole, dating an immortal thing? Just... talk to her about it. Work this out between yourselves--”

“AH! FIRE!” He heard a voice screaming from the street, followed by crazy little girl laughter. “BURN THE CORPSE! BURN THE CORPSE!”

“ZOE!!!” Seb screamed, “Sorry Sixer, I need to go. But seriously, talk to Miz. And I’m gonna talk to her too.” he clicked off his phone and ran to the front yard. Ok, change of plans. Teach his daughter she couldn’t sacrifice dolls out in the open (she should have told him and they could have made a firepit to sacrifice the doll properly with marshmallows and not get in trouble with the neighbors!) and THEN talk to Miz about Fordsie.

He ran out with a fire extinguisher and had to apologise profusely to Rachel from down the street. She had been walking her dog and spotted the little bonfire Zoe had built on the sidewalk. “Sorry. She’s been...ah...trying to practice cooking on her own.” He bullshit sheepishly. Rachel stared at him. “But she was clearly chanting ‘burn the corpse’ as she poked the doll with a stick.”

Seb glared at Zoe who looked entirely unapologetic. “She snitched on the group, so she deserved to die.” The girl shrugged. Seb laughed nervously and pushed Zoe back inside. “You little demon! What have I told you?! You can play with fire only when I’m watching you! Do you want to burn down the house?”

“Yes!” her pyromaniac nature shone in her heterochromatic eyes. Seb would be proud...but he would burn other people’s houses, not their own. “Ok, go to the corner and think about what you did.”
“Or what?!?” The girl challenged. “Or I am telling Mom!” Seb laughed at her scared expression. “No!” “Then go! 30 minutes to think!”

While Zoe was sulking in the corner, biting the charcoaled arm of her doll, Seb walked upstairs where Miz was with Zach doing homework, suddenly wondering WHY Zoe wasn’t doing her own homework. He found Zach diligently doing his work. Miz sat beside him, pointing out mistakes and very much being a supplemental teacher, letting Zach do what he can on his own before stepping in when he asked for help. “Am I using the word correctly?” Zach asked. Miz examined the sentence. “Yes! Very good, Zachy!” She pinched his cheeks and the boy whined. “Hey, Miz.” He called and the two turned around. “Hey, Seb!”

“Ah...can I talk to you for a second?” Seb gestured for Miz to come with him. She raised an eyebrow but got up and followed Seb to his room. “What's up?”

“Look, I know I haven't really...spoken to you about this but...how do you feel about Ford, huh?” Seb said bluntly. He wasn't in the mood to be sneaky. Miz blinked. “I love him.” She shrugged. Figures Ford immediately called his brothers for help. “If you're asking if I’m in love with him, I am. Or at least, I think these feelings I have are ‘love’. ” she paused. “I mean, I feel all fluttery and happy around him. Less of a squirmy feeling, it’s more...comfortable?” she blushed.

“Oh.” Seb blinked. “Well that was easier than I thought…”

Miz shrugged. “I mean… I’ve never dated before. So I have no idea what I’m doing.”

Seb sighed and gave Miz a lopsided smile. “So...what's happening between you and my brother?”

“Well, I've known Ford for awhile now and I've found myself...attracted to him. I like being around him, teasing him, talking to him, taking care of him and he's very nice to look at. And he’s good at making me happy, and cheering me up, and thinking about me.” Miz blushed. “So I decided I might as well go for it. If it doesn't work out...then at least I tried.”

"Just don't go too hard on him. And don’t get too angry at the poor guy. He has no idea how to date someone, but I’m sure he'll try his best. He always does.” Seb smiled.

Miz laughed. “I already know that.” She gave Seb a wry smile “I understand very well how hopeless he is with anything romantic. I'm not going to start expecting anything grand from him. Maybe little dates here and there if he feels like it.”

Seb was struck with the thought of 'Sixer's a lucky bastard that his partner is so understanding of his social inadequacy.'

“Of course, I do hope he would learn to know when I'm trying to flirt with him…” Miz sighed. Not that she was any good at flirting, but she wanted to try. It sounded fun. She also wanted to try and fluster Ford even half as hard as he managed with her. She wanted to see him flustered! He was cute when he was!

Seb laughed. “Well good luck with that.” He paused “Sixer sounds excited, but also pretty confused and doubting himself.” Relatable. "Make sure you still like him despite how useless he is~”

Miz rolled her eyes and nodded. “I'll make sure. Don't worry. And he’s not useless. He’s very useful! Don’t call him useless.” Not that she only wanted him for his uses, she just wanted him.

Seb groaned. “I wish my relationships had been this easy.” Wanda was incredible, but they both had been young, she couldn’t help him at that time. His ex boyfriend hadn’t been as serious as he
promised, he left him because he couldn’t take how broken Seb was.

“No relationships are easy Seb.” Miz scolded him lightly. “But Ford and I are adults. You and mom were teenagers. It's very different. Plus, you were going through a very stressful time in your life.” (And so was Miz, not that she liked admitting it.)

“Gah, don’t remind me…” He mumbled with a pout. Miz continued “Plus you and mom had all those hormones and teenage horniness…not to mention the drama from your fragile egos and insecurities…”

Seb blushed. “I just cried more than normal as a teen. It was your mom who started everything.” Miz grinned and poked his side. “And you gladly accepted, didn’t you? Mom told me stuff.”

“Your mom’s a liar.” Seb stuck his tongue out. Miz cackled “But regardless, what I've seen from watching others start relationships is that people tend to be under this misconception that once you start dating someone, you have to invest everything you are into it. Which is frankly, stupid. Any relationship that requires you to give up parts of yourself in a negative way cannot possibly be healthy. There's being vulnerable and open to your partner, and then there's being stupid.” she wasn't going to make Ford her entire world, that would be the pinnacle of selfishness. And if she invested that much into Ford, it would be worse for her once he passed away.

“...are you basing this off the romance movies and novels you read?” Seb deadpanned. Miz huffed “They're Shoujo manga! And my point still stands! I've seen the problems that happen in stories often enough that I refuse to conform to them just because everyone has been brainwashed by the media to think relationships are SUPPOSED to be like that.”

Seb wasn't sure how accurate a cartoon could be about romance, but found himself asking “What sorts of problems are you avoiding?”

“Ugh. Don't even get me started, the fact that people will completely fall to pieces once they're in a relationship and their partner breaks up with them, like geez, emotional investment is a thing but your partner isn't your only reason for living, right?” and she certainly didn’t want that. Emotional support wasn’t the same as emotional pillar. She wasn’t going to let Fordsie be a pillar for her. She wasn’t going to rely on him for her happiness. Sure, he could be her support, and give her happiness, but he wasn’t going to be everything to her. That was too dangerous.

Seb opened his mouth to tell her that for some people, especially the lonely and depressed type like he had been, their partners WERE the most precious and valuable thing. But then he realized what Miz meant. And how she was in fact, suicidal and yes, he could see why she didn’t want to invest everything in Ford. He sighed. “Look, I kinda get where you’re coming from, but Ford's…delicate. And aren’t you the one who falls to pieces when you lose the people you love?”

“Well my friends and my children are different. They're my family.” Miz protested before she paused. “And yes, I know Fordsie is technically family now, but...” Seb sat down beside her on the bed. “And for some people, their partner is like that. So if they lose them, it's really hard for them to move on.”

Miz bit her lip. It made sense when he put it like that. “But I still can't understand those dumb teenagers who ask out their crush and get super depressed when they get turned down. Like...they didn't love them. They lusted for them, or they were infatuated, but they didn't love them. So why do they still feel so strongly?” She didn’t want to be like that, and had never felt that way about someone before. “Heck, most of the time in stories, they’ve never even spoken to their crush!”

“Because humans are dumb, emotional creatures.” Seb pet Miz's head. “I hurt a lot when a girl
rejected me, it was just like that. Maybe you don't get it because you've never been rejected by a crush.”

“But I have.” Miz said. “I had a crush on her for over a year and we were good friends, hung out all the time together. Didn't realize I liked her until she started dating someone else. And even then, I didn't get jealous or sad that she was with someone. I was just like ‘Oh. She's dating someone. That's cool. I kinda wonder what that would be like’ and after she broke up with her girlfriend, I tried asking her out.” Miz thought back to it. “Though, I told her straight out that I wasn't interested in anything physical. I just wanted to see if we could try being together.” She looked down at her hands. “She turned me down. I wasn't upset. It was just an, ok that's cool, and then I never brought it up again. In retrospect, I probably shouldn’t have asked her right after her break up. That probably didn't help.”

Seb hummed in thought. “I’m glad love doesn’t affect you like that…” He told her honestly. But Miz was a little worried now. “But what if how I feel is...wrong? What if that's not how people are supposed to react to being rejected?” Miz asked “What if there's just something wrong with me?”

“Well...how did you feel when you asked Ford out?” Seb wondered. Miz thought back. “I… I was very happy. I’ve liked him for a while now. And he keeps doing things that make me like him more.” She blushed. “Also he kinda, sorta asked me out? When I asked. Because Fiddles paid some kid to tell me. I did ask him out too, it was the 2nd time in my life I’ve ever asked someone out.”

“Wait. Seriously? You've never asked anyone aside from that one girl who said no?” Seb gasped.

Miz shrugged. “Well I've never liked anyone else in this way since then.”

“Aaww~ So my brother is special for wittle Miz?” He teased. Miz blushed slightly. “A-A little, yeah! Fuck you.”

The man laughed and held her close in a hug. “I think you two worry for nothing! I know there’s something special between you...and I think you should just see how it goes!” Seb nodded. “Ford isn’t going to get upset if you don’t know what you’re doing, he’s very practical, you will still be friends and do...projects together.” And sessions. Seb shuddered before shaking that off.

Miz leaned against Sebastian’s chest and smiled. “Have you considered being the love god? You do a great job.” She joked. Seb sighed dramatically. “I applied, but didn’t get the job.” Both laughed easily, trying to ignore the screams from startled people outside at the drone looking like a monster the twins were controlling from the window. “Should we hide before they know it’s us?” Seb asked.

“Absolutely.” Miz agreed quickly. They ran to grab the twins and put a stop to the monster rampage before someone called the cops (again).

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Ford found William in his lab the next weekend. He/she(?) was shuffling from foot to foot, looking almost shy. "Hi, Fordsie. Um… I think we need to have a talk about our relationship.”

Ford winced. Ah. "Y-yes. So… what do you want to talk about?"

William was dressed in a colorful t-shirt and pants. He fiddled with his shirt. "So. We've been hanging out and getting to know each other. I don't expect you to go out of your way and do anything different. You're someone I like, and enjoy hanging out with. And I do find you attractive...Now we're officially a couple and I’m pretty excited, I just want to hang out with you,"
talk and cuddle, so don't think you have to go on extremes for me for anything."

Ford blinked. "That... Was a very reasonable way to put it. "So... I don't have to...take you to dances or movies every time?"

William chuckled. "No, Fordsie, you don't have to. I wouldn't mind the occasional dinner together and such, but I'm just happy doing what you want to do." Ford nodded. "Well, I also want to do what you want sometimes too. Equality is a thing. And we can find things that both of us want to do together." William nodded, "That sounds pretty fair."

Ford raised an eyebrow. "So... nothing has to change, now that we're officially together?"

"Not if you don't want it to. I mean, I can claim you as mine now. Unless you don't like that?" William blinked up at him. Ford shrugged. "You've always been possessive, I've accepted that part of you. So long as you continue to not hurt or kill anyone unless in self defense, or to protect someone else, I don't mind if you're a little possessive. As in, don't go biting off anyone's head if they try to flirt with me."


"Anything else to add?" William asked next. Ford thought about it. "Well, the 'no sex' is already established. Though you do require some sensual touching, yes?" William nodded. "And I get horny sometimes, so... um... I don't like any sort of penetrative play, but if you don't feel too uncomfortable with it, I have a need to masturbate."

"That's fine, if you have 'needs' and I'm not expected to take part, I see no issue." Ford nodded with a faint blush.

"But, like..." William's cheeks went a faint orange. "I have some really weird kinks, and sometimes you do it for me... and I should tell you this straight out."

Ford blinked. "Excuse me?"

William flushed darker. "L-like sometimes, I just get really turned on by something you do, and sometimes that happens when you touch me a certain way, and I should tell you, if you're uncomfortable with such a thing, so you'd know to stop doing that." William told him. Ford blinked. "Well, I mean..." Ford rubbed his hand along William's cheek. "It's just touching you? Along your body? The way I'm already doing?" William shivered at the feeling of Ford's skin against his own. "S-something like that?"

"Well, if it's already the stuff I've been doing with you, which you like, and I don't mind, then it shouldn't be an issue, even if it... um, turns you on?" Ford said carefully. "I DO want to help you feel good, if you like that sort of thing."

William leaned against Ford's hand. "Well, yes. And I also want to help you feel good." he said softly. Ford blushed. "You don't have to." William pouted, "I'm not going to go jerkin' you off, if that's what you were thinking." he rolled his eye. "But if there's any touching that you would like, and any kinks you might have that you'd like to have satisfied, I am willing to hear them out."

Ford choked. "I-I don't have--" and William gave him a deadpanned look as he brought his hands up to curl around Ford's. And then... William caressed Ford's hand with an almost worshipful
sensuality, trailing soft touches and strokes along every curve and point, across every wrinkle and crease, and Ford let out a full body shiver as an odd sensation spread through him. “U-um…” Ford blushed.

“Do you want me to stop?” William asked softly, stilling the movement of his fingers and staring up at Ford. The scientist felt his face heat up. “Um… no.” he finally said. “That… um… feels very good.” He coughed and looked away. William gave him a sly grin. “And? This sort of touching, on other parts of your body? Non-penetrative, of course.” he said quickly, “But… if you need touching anywhere else?”

Ford’s face was definitely burning now. “Not my genitals, but um… I g-guess touching along my body is f-fine too. On a case by case basis. You can tell me where you want to touch, and I’ll tell you if I’m comfortable with it.” William smiled, placing Ford’s hand back on his cheek. “Alright.” he practically purred. “I like touching you. You have such a wonderful texture.”

Ford rubbed a hand over his face, lifting his glasses to rub at his eyes, trying to make his blush go away. “So… um, what kinks do you have? That… that you might want me to help you indulge in?” Ford asked carefully.

William’s ears perked up. “It felt really good when you complimented me.” he said quickly. “And as long as we can do that somewhere safe, fireproof and large, it shouldn’t be an issue.”

“Actually, I’m wondering if we could somehow take that energy you put out during the process and store it?” Ford responded. “I mean, I’m all about the ‘clean’ energy sources and you…” he put both hands on William’s cheeks, rubbing his thumbs across his chin, “…are amazing for that.” and William’s face heated up. “Yes. Just like that.” Ford grinned. “We could make batteries, large industrial ones, and I’ve got my Weirdness to Electricity converter up and running. We would be able to build our own power plant that converts the excess you generate into good clean energy that humans can use-- we could cut down on fossil fuels!” Ford was getting really excited about this now.

And William let out a soft little moan, thrumming at Ford’s praise. “I’d love to help.” he breathed softly. “Just probably don’t tell people that this energy is coming from a horny alien demon-god.” he joked. Ford laughed, “Yes that… that would be problematic. Well, I’ve already published my papers about ‘Weirdness’ being a real source of energy that exists, and like I said, I already have a Weirdness to Electricity converter, so it wouldn’t be so far-fetched to say I just took it to the next level.”

William purred against his hand. “Well, should we discuss more kinks we each have?”

Ford blinked. “You’ve got more?”

“Oh pleeeeease Fordsie~” William purred, pressing himself right up against Ford’s chest. “I’m over 700 billion years old~” he rubbed himself against the other man, “The praise thing is new ~ I’ve got plenty others I’ve picked up over time~”

Ford coughed. “Well, I… think we can discuss those another time. You’re getting rather worked up and I don’t want you destroying my lab.” He could certainly feel the temperature of William’s body heat up.

“….fine~” William huffed, taking a step back and trying to calm himself.

“But thank you for telling me.” Ford smiled. “I will try to see to your needs, so long as they don’t cause me discomfort.” William nodded, managing to get his riled up energy to settle.
"Well, now that that's out of the way~" William draped himself over Ford's desk and pressed a finger against his calculations. "You have a few miscalculations here and here. So you should rework your math before attempting to build this. You're not gonna like the results if you do."

Ford rolled his eyes and sat down, glad this was settled. He was also glad that William’s idea of a date was working on SCIENCE with him. That was pretty much the greatest part about this whole dating thing!

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It wasn't always science in the lab. Or teaching Max his weekly lessons.

Sometimes Yun wanted to go out for a walk around the lake. But she also showed Ford the Gobblewonker! The REAL one! Which Ford didn't have any luck finding before now! But Yun had taken Ford below the water in a magical air bubble and Ford could investigate as much as he wanted.

Yun was dressed in a modified hoodie and had little hair clips pulling her bangs back for this date, but Ford didn't really comment or notice her outfit. Yun didn't really mind though, he was clearly distracted by the sea monster they were floating closer to. She held Ford close as the two floated through the water and secretly grinned at how there weren't a lot of people out at the lake this time of year. It was just them two, and she watched Ford's cute eager expression as he sketched the gobblewonker.

And then Ford proceeded to, like an idiot, poke the sleeping lake monster with a stick. Ford was snapping photos even as Yun pulled him away from the beast's snapping jaws and swam madly for the surface of the lake. "FASCINATING!" He squealed.

"I'm glad you like it~" Yun rolled her eyes. "But I don't want you to get eaten! We just started this relationship and you're not allowed to die on me!"

They broke the surface of the water and tumbled along the shoreline, waves crashing over them and covering them in water and sand. The gobblewonker hissed at them before going back below the surface and disappearing from view.

The two looked at each other, smiling widely and ended up laughing. They were both soaked with lake water and despite the cold weather, Ford felt warm. He didn't think it was just from Yun's magical heat either.

The next thing Ford's friends and colleagues knew was that their boss was dripping wet as he walked back into the Center, laughing madly as a dark skinned woman hugged him. "I can't believe you poked the damn thing with a stick!!" The woman in the oversized hoodie punched Ford's arm lightly as she grinned.

"Well how else was I supposed to get photos of it awake?" Ford complained through the smile on his face. The woman snickered and leaned against him. "You're nuts!" She placed a hand along his cheek and stroked his face with her thumb. "I think I like this crazy side of you. But--" and here she pulled Ford down to press their foreheads together. "--don't try to do something as stupid as that without me nearby to keep you from getting your ass killed. Okay? I don’t want to lose my boyfriend when I finally got one!"

"Yes, yes, I promise." He rolled his eyes. "Can we go change? I’m freezing, my toes will fall off." Yun burst out laughing before the two used a side door towards the house. When the door was closed, Dr. Wexler, Poddar, Jerald and Clark poked their heads out from their hiding spot.
"Oh my god~" Dr. Clark squealed. Dr. Pines had a girlfriend! That woman they saw him with a while ago was his girlfriend! **Confirmed**!

Dr. Poddar scowled and handed Clark a 10 dollar bill. “I need to stop betting against you…” he groaned.

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The next week, MizBill came to him in his Xin form and asked to go out for lunch after working at the lab for a few hours. Ford agreed because well, he had to eat at some point and this was one of those spontaneous decisions they were going to do as partners. Xin snuggled close to him as they walked into town.

Ford noticed people were staring but didn't think much of it. They got lunch and Xin stopped off at the grocery store on the way back because he wanted to try baking cookies for Ford.

Ford, with his 'secret' (it wasn't really that secret) sweet tooth, was **all** for this idea.

...and that was the day he saw with his own eyes that while MizBill was a very good cook for things that didn’t use a recipe, he couldn't bake things that ‘looked’ right without magic. And as Ford had requested no-magic for the cookies, well...

Ah. William had said that dating was about getting to know your partner and learning new things about them. This too, counted. Right?

The cookies still **tasted** good, even if their texture was on the ‘too melty’ side. He still ate them because they DID taste good and despite the way they looked, were fully cooked. Ford just had to eat them with a spoon. As they were inside the house, Xin allowed his antlers, scales and tail to be shown and he tucked his tail between his legs in embarrassment at how the cookies turned out.

"I'm sorry...I wanted to make them look good! Stupid Seb can bake really good and he doesn't have to use magic for it!"

Ford, munching his cookie with his eyes wide like an owl, blinked. "But they're good, I like them, really!" he reached over to hug Xin when the other man pouted at him. “I’m not just saying this to make you feel better. Though, perhaps you should actually follow the recipe in the future. Just because you think substituting something is a ‘good’ idea, doesn’t mean it’ll turn out the right way.”

Xin huffed. But he **was** smiling. "You only like them because it was sugary…” he said as he poked at one of the cookies, it squished under his finger and he drew a little smiley face on it, grimacing at the texture.

"Look. If you think I'm lying, then we can try again." Ford shrugged. He grabbed the dragon’s hand and squeezed softly to make him look up, and it worked, Xin looked up with his face bright red. "Yes?" Ford drew out. Xin rolled his eyes with a smile, "...ok…"
"So, dudes...how did you set the oven on fire?" Soos asked curiously. Good thing he was used to keeping fire extinguishers everywhere when Seb would spontaneously combust. Aaw, that seemed like so long ago...

Xin and Ford shared a look and...

"I'll buy a new one." Ford declared. That thing was definitely old and not working right anyway! Ford nodded to himself. That must have been it. He measured out the ingredients perfectly! Even if he changed out a few ingredients. There was no other way for the cookies to have caught fire and burn the inside of the oven!

So he got a new oven, replacing the old (and obviously defective) oven.

The townsfolk and the scientists all saw Ford shopping together with an attractive Asian man. The two were holding hands as they walked through town, paying no attention to the staring and whispers.

Needless to say, Dr. Poddar wanted his money back! Clark had been wrong!!

And Dr. Jerald handed Dr. Wexler a 20 dollar bill. “So the doc really is Biromantic?? Or Panromantic?”

“Wait, so did he break up with that other girl?”

“I don’t think so, I still see her around? Um… I think her name’s Yun?”

“Oh god, what if he’s dating both of them!”

“The… the doc wouldn’t cheat… would he?” “Of course not! He’s not that kind of man!”

“But he’s… dating Yun, we hear her call Dr. Pines her boyfriend, right? But the doc’s with Xin too?”
The scientists all gossiped long into the night. Dr. Wexler pointed out that Xin was a shapeshifting dragon and Yun might just be him in another form. Dr. Jerald countered that with the fact that Xin was male. Dr. Poddar reminded them all that such a thing meant nothing for a magically shapeshifting creature. More bets were made.

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One day though, a very cold day in December, when Ford went to search for his pupil, he wasn't there. "Max?" He called out.

Max was always on time, which was amazing, considering he didn't have a watch on him. "Max!! Are you here?" He looked around the system of caves. NOT the one taking him to the rift, but another one where they agreed to meet in.

"...M-Mr. Pines…"

Ford followed the voice and his eyes widened at the curled up boy between some rocks. "Max! What the hell? Why are you here? Are you ok?!!"

"...Yesterday...couldn't...go in...Rift...blocked...Hibernation...Tired…" Max closed his eyes, finally feeling safe to die. Death was a common thing his species lived, especially during winter. Ford took off his jacket and wrapped it around the freezing cold boy. He was pale and his lips and fingers were turning blue.

"No, you're not sleeping here, if you die, your girlfriend’s going to murder me painfully." Ford picked him up and quickly opened a portal home. He had to get Max warmed up ASAP.

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"NOOO!!! MY SON!!!" Yun pushed Ford away as soon as he carefully tucked Max into bed, with the thermostat at maximum. Ford laid on the ground with a very put upon expression as Yun fussed over the eix leel.

"If he knew the rift was going to get blocked, he should have told us!" Yun pulled Max’s collar away so his body did not take the extra strain from keeping the human illusion. 30 seconds later, Max's real form was seen. And Yun was wrapping all four of her arms around him, purring and vibrating heat directly into him. "Did he really think he could pull this off? Why didn't I think about it?!" The alien complained, stroking his feathers and his near frozen face. “I’m gonna give you a heating effect on your communication charm.” she said simply. She cursed herself for this oversight.

"Vichun...Am I welcomed in the underworld yet…?" Max mumbled tiredly (somewhat deliriously) as he stirred.

"No. No you aren't. You're still alive and not freezing to death!" Yun patted him, “Also, Vichun will have to pry you from my cold dead grasp if that asshole wants to take you before your time!"

"God Vichun...I didn't want...to miss my lessons...Dr. Pines...would be upset…"

“Fuck that, your health is more important!” Yun was glad to feel his body temperature rising. “Fordsie~! Bring more blankets!”

Ford, still lying on the ground where Yun shoved him, let out a tired sigh. “I would, but it appears I am unable to move.” he deadpanned. (“Stop being such a dramatic bitch! I didn’t even hurt you!”)
The two warmed up the eix leel, who tiredly tried reaching for his necklace that he couldn't grasp from his neck. And he wouldn't because it was on a nightstand. "Can't... show scales... humans... hunt... human form..."

"You're safe here." Yun assured him. "If any human tries to hunt you, I'll eviscerate them. You're my son now."

"No you will not." Ford mussed up Yun's hair.

"I...am...a dragon?" Max slurred tiredly. Yun wrapped another blanket around him. "Yes, Max. Definitely~" she patted his snout. "And what a handsome widdle dragon you are~"

"I'm...a dragon...?" Max said in a content sigh as the warmth in the environment finally raised his temperature.

"No you're not. Yun, don't confuse him." Ford groaned. Yun pushed him back with her lower hands. "Fordsie, hush, also you're my son and I'll always protect you." She pressed her cheek against Max's, petting him gently.

It took a couple hours for Max to fully wake up again. He didn't remember his delirious state and Ford guessed it was for the best. "Thank you for saving me... I didn't even see Mabel recently, she'd double kill me if I froze to death..."

Yun frowned at him. "Seriously, take better care of yourself. And go see Mabel after this, ask if you can stay the night. It's not safe to be waiting out in the cold like that."

Max sighed. "I know... But last night I couldn't go back into the town--" "You've been out there the entire night?!" --I didn't expect the rift to get blocked so early in the winter... I wanted to go with Mabel but-but she was busy with her school and I didn't want to bother her."

"And you preferred freezing to death?? You are perfect for the Pines family." Yun put her lower hands on her hips as she crossed the upper ones. "Hey! Your self preservation is worse than ours!"

Ford complained slightly, but, eh. Accurate.

"Anyway, since it's gonna be like this, today's lesson will be 'how to find shelter to stay warm in cold weather'." Yun told him. "Fordsie, you help out too!"

Ford learned a lot more of Max's species after this episode. Eix leel prepared themselves for winter in different ways. The main one, the rift. They couldn't eliminate it, because they didn't create it, but they've found a way to contain it and stop it from working for a couple months and they used that during their most vulnerable time. Second, he found they didn't really hibernate, it was a 'semi-hibernation' as he classified it in his unofficial paper about Max's species. They slept a lot, but were awake enough to eat a bit more before going back to sleep. They needed a decent stash of food to pass the winters in their homes, or those who didn't eat enough wouldn't have enough strength and would pass away. Many prepared fires too and used that to warm up clothes and rocks they could curl up against until they woke up.

It sounded like a very harsh time of the year. Even worse, the males were nesting their eggs during that time and if their 'nesting heat' wasn't good enough, not many eggs wouldn't develop properly and they'd end up with slug eggs. Winter was a dangerous time for them.

Still, with the rift closed, it meant Max couldn't actually get home for a few months. And Yun wanted to take him home with her, but Wanda had put her foot down. "Too many strays! I got Seb first--" "HEY!!" --and then his delinquent friend! I want to help, but this is ridiculous!" and Ford
offered to house Max for the time being.

Mabel also wanted to house her baby in her home because "HELLO?? Are you all forgetting he’s my boyfriend? Uncle Ford has spent more time with him than me!!" the poor girl complained, but Shermie and Abi also put their foot down. Who knew what they would do if they were alone together! The former teenage parents only shook their heads. “Not until you’re at least graduated.”

"I like learning from your uncle though," Max told Mabel who coo’ed. "Then you can stay with him as long as you want~~"

Max got a room in the Shack and was welcomed by Soos and Melody. Yun just couldn't take how ADORABLE Max was.

"He's a young adult, and probably considered a fully grown one in his village.” Ford reminded Yun as she screamed into his chest about how much of an absolute baby Max was.

"Baby!" Yun declared as she wrapped her arms around her unamused partner. "I want a baby…” She whispered. That was for herself, but she ended up saying it aloud.

Ford turned red.

“Ah… adoption is a thing…” Ford said slowly.

“I want ALL the babies!” Yun insisted, squeezing her partner harder.

"I’m sure you'll figure it out."

“Well.” Yun said, hands on her hips. “That thing I’m working on with Stanley should be finished soon. And then I can have all the babies!” Ford’s eyes bugged out, “WHAT?!"

What thing with Stanley?! Babies?! What?!?!?

Yun blinked. “Oh, you see, Tio Rico can make me as many fake IDs as I want. So I’ve made a proper legal identity for Yun now. And since I now legally exist, I can get a job, or rather, I can start my own business! And who better for business deals and partnerships, than the CEO of StanCo himself?”

Oh. "...Why wasn't I aware?" Ford asked his girlfriend with a raised eyebrow.

Yun raised an eyebrow right back. “...you didn’t ask?” She shrugged. “I have stuff I do outside of hanging out here, you know.” Ford blushed. “Yes, I know, I just… I didn’t realize you…” making her own business? That was… a big deal.

Yun nodded. “The world is shit right now. And Forest’s CEO is a fucking ass. So, I figured I’m going to beat him at his own game by starting my OWN delivery service, which is better, faster, and pays its workers actual living wages.”

Ford had to take a mental step back. “...a delivery service??” He wasn’t expecting that. Yun nodded. “Online shipping is huge nowadays, and with how I’m just gonna be teleporting the packages to the several thousand locations that Stan helped me find and purchase…” she shrugged. “I’m gonna make so much money! And then I can buy out the orphanages, and then I can have ALL the babies!” She said simply. Ford was left feeling faint. “...I don’t think you can do that?"

"Why not?" Yun pouted. “I’ll take good care of them, and if people wanna adopt a kid, they can still do so. I’m just going to ensure that they’ll actually get the attention and care that they need.
I’ve been perfecting my Care Units from the experience they’ve learned on the Island. They can raise children. They’re meant for that.”

"So you want control of the orphanages around the world?" Ford asked slowly. "Only to keep the kids safe! And if I can’t buy them out, I can just open my own orphanages! Once I get the money.” Yun nodded. “And the easiest way to make money is to own a business where I can hire workers to do the work for me.”

...well she wasn’t wrong?

Ford shook his head with a smile and hugged her softly. "That's actually a good idea, and it's good you want to confront a huge monopoly and use this to help others.” Yun purred in delight at his approval.

"Come on, Max, I'll teach you about economic models other than straight trades!!" Ford pulled away from Yun and went to search for his pupil.

Yun hugged herself and smiled. Babies~~

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Ford was wrapped in his long coat and scarf, riding his partner's back as Xin (in his dragon form) carried Max (in his eix leel form) in his mouth. "Are you sure this is a good idea?"

"Pfft! Anything I bring will be loved by the Islanders, especially this little cutie wittle baby~" Xin rumbled lovingly.

"Thank you, Great Dragon...but I'm not a baby?" Max kicked his hanging legs uselessly. He would blush if he could. This was so embarrassing...He didn't want to be treated like a pup, carried around by his neck scruff, but it was the Great Dragon...he had to indulge him.

Ford was just confused at why Xin was acting like this. Sure, he liked kids, but Max wasn't really a child. But he'd been babying him and essentially treating Max as if he were his own pup. (It was much later, that Ford realized that with Xin’s mating season in the summer, it meant the winter was for pampering the babies that had been born in the fall. Ford would smack himself for being an idiot and not noticing. Xin’s biological instincts were strong.)

Max was wearing a modified coat and was swinging from side to side, with his tail curled up. He didn't know what this Island was about, he just hoped it wasn't too cold. The Great Dragon said it wouldn't be.

They crossed the barrier and Ford jumped off The Great Dragon's back. Max wiggled to be put down and when his paws touched the ground, Xin stopped him with a huge paw.

“Behold!” Xin told his worshippers as they came out to greet him, “My pup!” he nudged Max forward gently.

The children and adults of the Island gasped loudly before clapping and cheering.

Though one of them looked between their god and that man who always came with him. Then she looked over at Max, who was clearly reptilian, but stood on two legs, and had fingers instead of paws and…

“...your child… with that man?” she asked hesitantly.
“Yes!” Xin said proudly. “We are raising him together!”

Ford stared at the blank space in front of him before looking at Xin. "What?"

"What?" Max also muttered, extremely confused. "Great Dragon…"

"Shh, shh it's ok~" Xin nuzzled his side and Max yelped when he was forced onto the ground for the god to lick him, grooming his feathers back. "Hmmpphh!!" He cried for help at Mr. Pines as the paws downed and trapped him. Xin was rumbling blissfully. Ford was still stuck on the previous point. “Xin, Max is not our child, he’s too old.”

“Adoption is valid!” Xin declared. And the people cheered, because hooray adoption! Though they were still rather confused at Max looking like some half human half dragon creature.

After struggling and wiggling his way out from Xin’s paws, Max spat out a few loose feathers that got into his mouth. He poked his head out and realized time had passed, because the humans were gone and Xin was asleep. He was so warm but that was not the point. He looked around and spotted Ford reading close to them. "Mr. Pines! Help!"

"I'm sorry Maxini, but I wish to keep my hands."

"I'm not a pup, do I look like a pup right now? I’m 19, I don’t want to...be treated like a baby." He sniffled. "I never had my ceremony to signalize I was old enough at 15...Maybe the Great Dragon doesn't know? Should I tell him I'm grown already? Mabel and I have-"

"Woah!!! Woah there buddy! I do not wish to hear what you do with my niece!!" Ford flushed. Then he sighed, taking pity on Max and went over to lift Xin’s paw and free him.

Ford sighed. “I don’t think this is a you thing, Xin just… really wants babies. And you’re just unfortunate enough to be here and ‘register’ as a child to him.” Huh. So THAT must be it!!

Max quickly scrambled away and sighed in relief when he got away. "Oh...And he can’t have babies? I guess you are in a similar situation to Mabel and I?"

Ford blushed. “It’s… different for us… ah…” Ford wasn’t sure how to talk about this. “We… erm… don’t like the… act of creating babies.” He said simply.

Max blinked slowly "That’s weird." Ford blushed harder but this wasn't going to be a lesson! He was not up for explaining his own sexuality right now.

The eix leel laughed, shook himself and told his mentor he was going to explore around. Ford waved at him, still blushing slightly.

Max barely disappeared from his sight when Xin's black/yellow eyes shot open and his pupils slitted. "Baby…” he rumbled deep in his throat.

Ford screamed into the air. "RUN, MAX, RUN!"

The boy's sensitive ears twitched when he heard both the shout and the dragon waking up, and yelped as Xin dashed off at him. “AHHHHHHHHH!!!!!” He knew the Great Dragon wouldn’t hurt him, but this was still scary as shit!
The Islanders watched the chase go. The green reptilian screamed as he dodged and slipped between small creases, running on all fours, while the God dragon slithered through the air.

"MMMIIIssssteeer FoooRRDDD!" Max cried as he ran across and then went again. Ford dodged Xin's massive form. "Sorry, boy!!"

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Max deadpanned and grumbled. The huge tongue made his head tilt back as he was licked. This felt so nice, he couldn't lie to himself about that part, but it'd be nicer if he had asked for it...or if it was with a partner...not like a baby! “You know I’m not a baby, great dragon?” Max said with a sigh. Xin nodded, “But you’re also still a baby.”

“But, I don’t like it.” Max said. And Xin froze. “…you… don’t?” Xin looked down at Max. The eix leel winced. “Look, great dragon, I appreciate it, but I’m… an adult. I’m not your pup. If you want a pup, you can just ask mister Ford.”

Xin's ears dropped sadly and he whined. Max smiled and patted his snout. “I understand.” And he did. “I want pups too. But I don’t know if that’s even possible for me and Mabel. And… I guess you and mister Ford are going to have the same issue.” Max understood how the great dragon felt. So he wasn’t mad, a little annoyed and embarrassed, but not mad.

"I'm sorry…"

"It's alright, Great Dragon." Max nuzzled his huge snout. "I still like how warm you are though and...If you allow it, I still think nuzzling is fine."

Xin snifflled and nodded. "O-Ok…" Ba-Baby...Not baby...
Babies though… Xin thought about it. Babies… ask… Ford…?
Xin blushed. Was such a thing even possible?
Max left him again, taking advantage of the dragon being distracted to free himself, and ran away
laughing. It's been SO long since he was in his original form and could run freely! A few children
ran after him and Max wagged his tail as they tried catching him.
Ford walked over to Xin to pat his leg, not knowing what his partner was thinking about. "Come
on. Don't worry, I'm sure he's still sleeping with you in your nest. He seems to like having that
familiarity."
“I want babies.” Xin told Ford. He nodded, “Yes, that’s why you’re going to buy up all the
orphanages.”
“No, I mean…” Xin lowered his head to stare at Ford. “I want babies .”
Ford blinked before letting out a high pitched nervous laugh. "W-What?" He squeaked.
But Xin kept staring at him. “Gimme babies, without all the baby making stuff.” he demanded.
"...How the FUCK am I even supposed to do that???" The brunette scientist cried.
“You’re the genius here.” Xin reminded him. The golden dragon leaned closer and narrowed his
eyes, as he bared his teeth. "So. Gimme. Babies."
"...Y-Yo-...B-But-uh…" Ford scratched his head, blushing madly "I...I guess...Um… I’ll figure
something out?" Xin squealed and purred down at him, nudging him with his snout.
Seb and Wanda would kill him...Ford searched for Max with his sight and found the boy rolling on
the ground with the children petting him.
This was all his fault… sigh .
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Chapter 38-The season to be thankful

Chapter by bluefrosty27

Chapter Notes

Hello! Sorry for taking so looonngg Hope you enjoy it!

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Slices of Life and Family

Chapter 38

-Oh the season to be thankful-

---

The winter holidays were coming up. While they were all fine with just having a quiet Hanukkah celebration, Mabel wanted to have Christmas as well, not for religious reasons but because she wanted any excuse for more bedazzlement and decorations.

They all agreed to meet up for Christmas together after Hanukkah was finished on the 10th. This year, 2018, Hanukkah began on the 2nd. The twins were excited to show their big sister all about Hanukkah, since she’d never celebrated it before.

“This is the menorah!” Zoe explained proudly, pointing at the candle stick holder. “It’s really pretty, and we light the candles every night, one everynight and so on, until Hanukkah ends. Also! Hanukkah starts when the sun goes down tonight.”

“We also play with the dreidels.” Zach added, holding up the tops. “And we put stuff into a pot and if you spin the dreidel and it lands on this squiggle,” he showed Miz one of the sides of the top displaying ג, “Then you win all the items in the pot!”


The twins looked at each other and shrugged. “I mean, I guess so?” Zoe tilted her head. “What’d you wanna put in it?”

“And more food!”” Miz grinned, making the twins groan. “We’re already getting food though.” Zach told her. “We make donuts with jelly. And potato pancakes!” “Yeah! And fried dough! And french fries! And other fried stuff!” Zoe cackled. Because apparently you have to fry the food, or at least, that’s what daddy said. Mommy said you didn’t have to fry all the food, but daddy liked to play with the deep fryer.

“We can also decorate the house. But mommy says that’s too much trouble, especially since we’re not having a big party with everyone coming over.” Zach shrugged. He didn’t personally mind, because cleaning up the decorations was a lot of work. “But we can make some decorations if you want?” he asked Miz.
“Hm… parties need decorations… though we don’t need too many…” Miz tilted her head in thought. “Oh! What if we make origami star of davids?” The twins gasped. “‘Yes!’” they cheered. And the three of them sat down with plenty of paper as Miz walked them through the steps to fold them. The twins were getting better with their manual dexterity, since Miz was slowly teaching them simple origami designs. They could already make (somewhat lopsided) cranes, pigs, turtles and goldfish.

Zach really enjoyed it. It felt familiar for some reason, how he sort of ‘knew’ sometimes, where a fold should go. Yeah, Phillip had showed them some of this before, but something about folding paper, sitting beside Miz, felt… right. He shrugged it off, just enjoying the peaceful time with his sisters. At least it was peaceful until Zoe set the paper on fire, cackling madly.

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“Should we invite Amanda?” Zach asked that night during dinner. His parents raised their eyebrows. “What do you mean?” Seb asked.

“I mean…” Zach wiggled in his seat. “Missus Carol doesn’t let us play with Amanda anymore. And I miss her.” Zoe nodded. “Yeah! It’s not fair that Amanda can’t come over to play with us anymore!”

Miz hummed. “Yeah, that’s not fair at all.” she decided. Wanda sighed as she filled their cups with more milk. “I know it’s not fair, but we can’t really force Carol to let Amanda play with you. We can ask, but if she says no, we… technically can’t do anything about it.”

“I still want to sue Carol.” Seb muttered. Wanda sighed. “As do I, but that would only cause problems for Amanda too.”

“That’s why I just cursed Carol.” Miz said brightly. Wanda groaned. “Still not a good way of dealing with this problem. You shouldn’t go around cursing people just because you think they deserve it.”

“What if they do deserve it?” Miz mumbled. Wanda sighed. “And how would you decide what is or isn’t something deserving?”

“I’ll ask other people next time, and get their opinion.” Miz shrugged. Wanda sighed. “Has cursing her made her any more pleasant? Has it fixed anything?”

Miz looked down, rather frustrated. “No.” she looked back up at Wanda. “How do I get Carol to stop being a meanie?”

“That’s…” Wanda rubbed her face. “You can try talking to her? I don’t know how much good it would do, but… sometimes, people are mean because they don’t know better.”

“Doesn’t matter how little she knows, making a child cry on their birthday is wrong. And continuing to insult and belittle him is also wrong.” Miz grumbled. Hard to believe that was almost a year ago. Hard to believe she’d been with the Pines for almost a year. “You cursed her because you were angry,” Wanda told Miz simply. “And that’s wrong. Lashing out because you’re angry isn’t good.”

“I don’t like her.” Miz glared. “It doesn’t matter. It’s very rude to curse someone just because you don’t like them. She’s a horrible person, yes. But she wasn’t attacking you--”

“She was MENTALLY ATTACKING Zach!” Miz snarled. Wanda had to pause at that. Well, yes. Carol was. “And has your curse done anything to make Carol stop being mean? Has it done
anything other than spite her for your own satisfaction?"

"Well then what should I do? Why can’t we just sue her?" Miz complained.

"We don’t have anything for a real case. She was rude and mean but she hasn’t… physically attacked us." Wanda sighed. “Can’t we start a case about her mistreating Amanda?"

“Domestic cases like that are difficult.” Wanda explained. “And it would distress Amanda if we went after her family in such a way.” After all, Carol was still her mother. Wanda was sure that Amanda still loved her mother.

Miz sat back, thinking, then she gave Zach and Zoe a ‘look’ which they nodded at once they understood. Wanda narrowed her eyes at them. “You’re planning something, aren’t you?”

“Whaaa? Nooo~” Miz gave her an ‘innocent’ smile. Wanda didn’t let up her suspicious stare. Miz wiggled in her seat. “I was gonna contact Amanda and see about helping her sneak out of her house to come over to hang out!”

Wanda blinked. “Well. As long as you’re not kidnapping her. If she agrees to come over, in secret.” Because Wanda really didn’t like the idea of Amanda being ‘trapped’ over there. So… well, kids snuck out all the time, sure, they were kindergarteners, but still!

“One day you’ll get caught.” was what Wanda finally told them. Miz cackled. "See? This was why she loved Wanda so much. She and the twins grinned at each other, they would work on battle strategies later. Seb blinked. Whaaat just happened? He lost them at cursing Carol. "Are we cursing Carol more?"

The twins groaned. "Pay attention to the plans!" Zach scolded him and Seb flinched back a little. "Geez!!"

---

Miz, Zach and Zoe were crouched outside Amanda's window. Were they trespassing on private property? Fuck yeah! But there weren't any cops around so it was totally legal.

Miz was staring into the house as her eyes flickered. "Carol's in her room, other side of the house. Not asleep yet. So we need to do this quietly." She whispered to the twins.

Zoe nodded and was gonna float Zach up until Miz stopped her. "No magic! Remember? We’re not supposed to show off magic in front of non-family or non-cryptids. Use your thief skills!" she whispered.

Zoe rolled her eyes and crouched to get Zach on her shoulders. "Get up dummy!"

Zach pouted, but obeyed his twin and, with a bit of trouble, managed to put a knee on the window frame. (Miz was spot checking them the whole time.) From there it was easy for him to get inside. Miz and Zoe waited for the signal.

Meanwhile, Amanda blinked at the blond on her floor. "Zach? Wha..What?" He shushed her. "My family is celebrating Hanukkah, and I know you're not Jewish, but its just games and food, and um…" Zach gave her a shy smile. "We miss you, missus Carol never lets you play with us anymore. And that's not fair. So… do you wanna sneak out to come over?"

Amanda didn't even hesitate. "Yes!" She whisper shouted. Zach grinned right back. Amanda and Zach piled some of Amanda’s dolls on her bed and threw the blankets over it, like they saw in
movies. Amanda got her shoes on (since she kept hers beside her bed instead of out near the front doors, like a heretic) and the two crawled out the window, where Miz caught them and put them on the ground. It was rather chilly, and Miz took out the spare jacket from Zoe that she brought and wrapped Amanda in it. The four giggled quietly and ran off.

(And if Miz placed a Perception Filter over Amanda’s bed in case Carol came to check on her, well… not like anyone was here to tell her ‘no’.)

Amanda’s heart was racing. She was disobeying her mom, but she didn’t care. She missed hanging out with her best friends.

She still didn’t really get why her mom was so angry. If Zach wanted to be a boy, what was wrong with that? Missus Honey at school said they could be whatever they wanted after all.

She took off her shoes at the door at the Pines’s house, they explained about how it made Miz feel more comfortable, and Amanda didn’t mind.

"Well, well well well! Look who just escaped her prison." Seb grinned down at the little girl.

Amanda laughed. "It's not a prison, Mr. Seb!"

Sebastian waved a hand. "Yeah, yeah, whatever, kid. You want some food?"

"What is?" She pouted. Seb rolled his eye. Right. Little kid. "We have rice and yummy meat!"

"Umm, ok!"

So they all sat down for a late night snack. Technically, Amanda was supposed to be in bed already and not eating, but mommy didn’t give her dinner tonight, because today was one of those ‘partial fasting’ days for a ‘diet’. Amanda didn’t really get it, she was hungry. But mommy said that sometimes you shouldn’t eat, or else you would get fat and ugly. Amanda didn’t like it when mommy talked about things like that. She wasn’t sure it was correct, but mommy made her and daddy go along with her diets. Mommy tried out all sorts of different diets. Amanda didn’t like them much.

When the plate of rice, veggies and sliced meat was placed in front of her, Amanda’s mouth watered. She was ‘cheating’ mommy’s diet, but she didn’t care. She was hungry.

As the child ate, Miz leaned against Seb. “See? I told you we needed to get her some food.”

"Ok fine." Seb huffed, not liking admitting defeat. But at least Amanda was eating, she was leaving the veggies, like he expected from a 5 year old, but she was a guest and he wouldn't force her to eat them.

The three kids then went to the twin’s room to play and have fun like little kids should do, without hate in between. "Did you leave a perception filter." Seb asked Miz absently.

"Yup!" "Good demon girl." Seb ruffled her hair affectionately.

They had to sneak Amanda back to her own bed after she and the twins got too sleepy, but they promised they would continue to meet up in secret, because they wouldn't allow Carol to stop them from being friends.

They couldn't take Amanda with them to Gravity Falls for the Christmukkah with the rest of the Pines though. Which was sad. But the twins gave her lots of hugs on their last day before they had
This time, it was Ford’s turn to receive everybody. He managed to convince the other residents of his house to help him clean everything and set up the extra rooms he had added as their tradition of meeting for holidays and birthdays suddenly became a thing. (Miz insisted vehemently on it.) Of course, Seb and his family were the first to arrive, they lived a few hours away from Gravity Falls after all. The town looked so different in winter. It was really cold, and the forest looked even creepier than normal without all the green leaves.

Seb jumped out of the car and excitedly ran towards the house as the twins, Miz and Wanda got their bags out of the trunk. “Sixer! We’re here!” He shouted and Soos opened the door.

“Sebastian, dude!”

“SOOS!!” Seb laughed and threw himself over the big man for a hug. The two friends squeezed each other before Soos looked over at the rest of the family. “Hey dudes. Little dudes.” He laughed. Miz waved “Hi Question Mark!” She looked around before shrugging and levitating the luggage. They were spending a week in Gravity Falls for the holidays.

Wanda gave Soos a hug and the twins ran towards him to hug him as well. He was really huggable! Seb dragged Miz closer to him. “Question Mark, Miz. Miz, Question Mark, aka Soos. She’s our adopted daughter. She also has powers, cool, huh?” He introduced, not knowing Soos had met her already.

“Of course! Hello.” He didn’t realize Sebastian adopted the other Bill. It made sense that he would adopt her. That’s good. Soos knew that Seb was a good guy. He’ll take care of this little triangle dudette. “Nice to see you again.” He held out his hand for a shake, his large palm easily covering her entire hand. “Soos! Get everyone inside, it’s freezing!” Melody called from the door with her hands on her hips. Her belly was showing clearly already and Sebastian made adorable little jumps after seeing her, he was so excited.

“Coming!” Soos called before addressing the Pines. “Come on, dudes! We made hot chocolate!”

“YEAH!” The twins and Miz roared before running inside. "Miz! No chocolate!” Wanda called after her. As they got in the house with Soos helping them carry their bags, Seb looked around. “Where’s Ford?” Soos shrugged. “Haven’t seen Dr. Pines since this morning. He mentioned something about how the weirdness levels always seem to elevate around this time of year and has been in his lab all day.”

Seb rolled his eyes. Working on his passion, Seb couldn’t blame him, but still. He should have at least come out to receive them. How rude.

“Come on, kids! Let’s go to your temporary rooms to put your stuff in there.” Wanda called to the twins, who skipped after her, laughing excitedly. Their Pines family meetings were always the best. Mom’s family was cool too...but their big sister wasn’t allowed to be all weird and magical around them.

Seb turned to Melody and hugged her. “How’s life with Mr. Mystery going, kid?” The woman chuckled. “Really good, Mr. Pines. It’s lots of fun.”

“Soop~ how's it feel to be a father soon~?” Seb teased. "I'm so happy I'm getting niblings!" Soos blushed even as he rubbed his head. "I'm just worried I won't be a good dad, dude."
“Shush. You’re the greatest man in the world.” Melody kissed him. “And you’ll be a good father. I know you will. You helped take care of kids all the time.” She hugged his arm “And I know you would love our children more than anything in the world.”

Seb squealed loudly. SHIP, SHIP, SHIP! He knew they would make a great couple~ “Having kids is really weird, but you’ll love them! Even if they’re little monsters, HAH!” As if on cue, the two little demons came running down the stairs and threw themselves over their dad, each one of them hugging his legs. “We unpacked!” They informed Seb who congratulated them. “Can we go see the monsters in Uncle Sixer’s lab?” Zoe asked excitedly.

“Uncle Ford doesn’t work with monsters...anymore.” Seb mumbled the last part. “But we can go bother him!” “Yay!” the twins squealed before they ran for the research center, (Miz and Wanda were putting the bags away), leaving Soos and Melody shaking their heads. Pines...

Seb took the kids to his brother’s lab, walking around the center as if he owned the place (after getting their visitor's badges) or had any right to be in a restricted research center of the state, but had the decency to knock on the door. Max was there ("Hiiii Maxini!" “Hello, great dragon.”), looking too shy to do so himself despite coming over to try and tell Ford his family was here. “Foorddsieee~ Your dear family came to viissiittt!” Seb called. There was a shuffling sound before a frazzled Ford opened the door. Seb blinked and reared back. “Yeesh! When was the last time you slept?!” Max gasped, "Were you there all night?"

“AAh!! Zombie uncle!” Zach screamed and the two blonds hid behind their dad. Ford rubbed his eyes and blinked at Seb. “Seb? Wha-what are you doing here?” He'd been working since last night, and Max hadn't realized his teacher had stayed overnight in his lab.

“Um, I don’t know, maybe visiting for Christianukkah? I don’t know, MAYBE. Because then I don’t know why all our family is coming between today and tomorrow...” Seb exclaimed sarcastically. Ford groaned loudly. “Fuck....” he lost track of time. Miz came by on the weekends, so he tended to get absorbed in his work over the week and lose track of time without her here to remind him. And Max had put their lessons on hold to spend more time with Mabel, who was complaining about her uncle stealing her boyfriend. (“Besides, I can teach him human stuff too!”)

“Yeah. Fuck. Come on. You have to sleep. Kids, help me.” He grabbed Ford and picked him up to make it look like he was actually holding him, but the kids were keeping him floating with their minds. “Wait...but, my research...” Ford pouted as his journals and notes stayed unattended on his desk. Seb closed the door and they walked back to the house. “It can wait. You gotta sleep. Remember what happens when you don’t sleep?” Ford sighed. “Yes. I know.” he rubbed his eyes.

Seb shook his head. He should have asked Miz to go check on Ford. She had been too busy with the holidays. She wanted to get the decorations and presents together. Christmas was just a bonus holiday for them but Mabel and Miz seemed to have the same idea about it.

“Why don’t you sleep, Uncle Ford?” Zach asked. “I like sleeping because my mommy and dad tuck me in and I’m really warm. You don’t sleep because you don’t have anyone to tuck you in?”

Seb laughed. “You know, kid? I think that might be the problem...besides, your uncle is kinda dumb.” He made a show of looking Ford up and down. “That’s it. I’m sending Miz to tuck you in for bed, young man.”

“Hey... I’m older...Don’t need...” Ford mumbled sleepily and the twins laughed at him. They carried him back to the house and everyone stared at the Pines carrying a half-unconscious Ford inside. “Happy holidays. We brought a dumb genius.” Seb announced.
“And he comes with extra detachable fingers!” Zoe exclaimed mirthfully. “No, no he doesn’t.” Seb lifted his brother’s hands away from his daughter in case she tried something. Miz shook her head in fond exasperation. Ford must have gotten hyper focused on something again. “I’ll tuck him into bed.” She said and blinked in confusion when Seb and the twins laughed. Ford protested sleepily as Miz floated him to his bedroom. “Come on, sleepytime.”

The three Pines waved at Ford who floated away. He bumped his head against a wall, but barely protested. “Daddy, when is Diego coming?” Zach asked excitedly and Seb hummed in thought. “Well...I think Diego and his family are coming today afternoon, or tomorrow morning.”

"And Mabel should be here by the afternoon as well." Max grinned, already anticipating it.

("I'm inviting Amelie as well. But she won't be here until tomorrow." Miz reminded them, her voice somehow reaching them despite the fact that she wasn't in the room. And Seb also realized Miz was using her powers even under the unicorn barrier. Huh, did she figure out a way around it?)

“What?! But why are they taking so long?!” Zoe moaned and threw herself to the floor, hitting her head against the wood and not even protesting. Seb winced. “They live further away.”

“They should move closer…” Zoe complained. Wanda made her stand up and told them Melody was serving hot chocolate, which made the kids quickly run to the kitchen. “So...Miz will tuck Ford in from now on, huh?” She asked as she walked over to Seb. He pulled her closer and hugged her. “Apparently…”

“This...is...ridiculous…” Ford protested as he was manhandled around with magic. “Let me go!” He whined tiredly. Miz giggled as she dropped him onto his bed. “Obviously, you need a nap. You’ve been working too hard.” She took his glasses off and placed them neatly on the desk. “Come on. Do you want me to sing you to sleep?” Ford mumbled “I’m not...baby…” he was half asleep already. Woe, he really overdid it, didn't he? Ashton would be worried.

“Suuuure~you’re not. Ugh. You need to brush your teeth...but you need sleep more.” Miz frowned at his rank breath. "Can I clean you with magic?" She asked. Ford blinked. "Oh, sure."

“Boom! You’re clean now.” She flicked her fingers and Ford shivered as he felt a burning heat rush through his whole body, leaving him feeling fresh and...cleaned. “Huh, that's useful.” he wondered how he could recreate such a thing. Some sort of ring he could pass through that could clean him off near instantly. It would be super convenient and helpful--

“Shh...no talk, no work, sleep now.” Miz pulled the covers over him and Ford nodded off. Miz waited to hear him begin to breathe evenly before nodding to herself and going back to the rest of the family.

The twins were sadly staring at the christmas tree, which only had some presents. They had brought gifts for the family, but they were just five, they still believed in Santa and were waiting for HIS extra presents..

(Ok, Santa WAS actually real, but that wasn't the point.)

“What’s up with the sad faces, kiddos?” She asked her siblings and they sighed. “We want Santa to come already…” Zoe pouted and rested her head on Sir Bedazzle’s tummy.

“Oh yes- Santa will deliver the presents, right?” She smiled and the little kids nodded. Miz looked over at Seb and raised an eyebrow. Seb shook his head with a pleading look. He didn’t want to spoil the twin’s belief in Santa. They will realize it on their own when they were older but he
didn’t want them to find out so soon.

(And that’s when Miz realized that Sebastian didn’t believe in Santa. Well, fair’s fair. Santa never visited anyone anymore so it’s no wonder people didn’t believe in him anymore.)

Miz nodded and ruffled their curls. “Well, we can’t forget to leave him cookies and milk, right?” She asked and the twins shook their heads quickly. “He needs them to have energy to continue handing out gifts to every kid in the world!” Zoe exclaimed. Zach nodded his head. “That’s why he’s so fat, so he can stay warm, and that’s how he is.”

The adults and Miz rolled their eyes and continued chilling around. At some point, while Seb helped make lunch (Wanda wanted to help but her dear husband kissed her forehead and kicked her out of the kitchen. She felt offended. Her cooking skills had improved during the years! But Seb wanted to have the kitchen right now), the kids asked to go play in the snow so Wanda and Miz accompanied them outside. Miz started rolling a snowball as the twins had their snowball fight. Miz hummed to herself as she rolled the ball larger and larger. Wanda tried to keep an eye on all her kids. “Are you making a snowman?” She asked.

Miz nodded. She missed the snow, it reminded her of when she first met Hectorgon. “It’s fun!” The demon smiled. “I like playing in the snow, sometimes I take my friends to cold planets with snow so we can have a snow day.” She casually mentioned. Wanda couldn’t help but feel a little off balance by Miz’s casual space travel.

It was still jarring to really think about how her daughter was an alien. She could pass for human most of the time.

Zoe threw her snowball so hard it knocked her brother backwards, and she ran towards him, giggling softly. Giggling because it was funny, but softly because if Zach got hurt and accused her, she could be in trouble. “I’m sorry.” She apologized and helped the boy stand up. Zach shook himself and grinned. “I’m fine!”

The twins giggled but frowned when they heard a noise, like a trashcan falling. They shared a look and rounded the corner to see what caused the noise. A little head with a beard and a red pointy hat poked out of the trashcan, making Zoe scream loudly. Wanda and Miz heard the girl screaming and ran after them to check, but found Zach pummeling something with snowballs he scooped up with his mind. “Die, little man!” (The twins had been practicing with their powers.)


“I think so…” Wanda said in awe. From the times she had come to Gravity Falls, she had been (un)lucky not to encounter any supernatural creatures. “Zach, leave the gnome alone, he’s just stealing food to survive.” Miz ordered and the kid pouted but obeyed. The gnome shook himself like a dog and glared at them. “What’s your problem?” He sniffed the air. “Hey, your energy is familiar…” He mused to himself as he looked at the human kids. “Do I know you?”

“No, but you scared me.” Zoe pouted. “You’re weird.” She said and Wanda frowned. “Zoe! That’s not nice!” The gnome scoffed. “Look in a mirror, kid. You’re a real weirdo yourself.” He turned and ran back into the forest. “That was unnecessarily rude.” Miz said. Zoe’s lower lip wobbled. Zach stuck his tongue at the direction the gnome ran to and hugged his sniffling sister. “Don’t listen to that ugly, little man.” He comforted her.

“Come on, help me make the snowman.” Miz gently steered her siblings away from the trashcan and back to her forming snowball. “I think a three stack snowman would be cool right?” She suggested. The twins nodded. “I want to make the head!” Zoe said.
Wanda sat on the porch as her kids played. She was freezing~ But they were having fun, so she could deal with a little bit of cold. Seb watched them from the window and grinned. Aaw, he wanted to play too~ Why did they have to make food? Stupid bodies needing food!

Miz finished the largest snowball for the base and helped Zach lift his torso onto it. Then she placed Zoe’s head piece on top and carefully packed more snow in place to make it stay together. “Alright. Who wants to find sticks and rocks?”

“We want!” The twins giggled and ran into the forest to find some sticks. Wanda stood up and went after them. “Kids, don’t go too deep into the forest, remember?”

“’”Ok’”’” They said at unison as they looked at the floor, picking the stuff they considered appropriate. “Miz, can we find a hat for the snowman too?” Zach asked adorably and his older sister squeezed his cheeks. “Sure! But first sticks.” She giggled. They gathered a lot of sticks and began picking out which ones were best. This one had too many tiny branches coming off it, that one still had some pine leaves. Finally they found two nice sized sticks that they all agreed on. Miz carefully inserted the sticks and sent the kids to go find rocks or anything else to make the face with.

They found rocks and soon enough, their snowman was done! “Mommy! Look! We finished!” Zoe exclaimed proudly as she pulled at her mom’s hand. Wanda chuckled. “I can see it. How about going inside now?” Zach examined the snowman, humming. “He is still missing his hat!” He gasped. “What if he needs it to be alive?!” He went over to Miz and tugged on her jacket. “You have a top hat right?”

Miz blinked. “Oh. I guess so.” She materialized her top hat and handed it to her brother. Zach ran over to place the final accessory onto their snowman. They all admired it. They used a pinecone for the nose. Zoe giggled. “The nose looks like uncle Stan’s.” They all laughed. “Or uncle Ford. Or Daddy. They have the same nose.” Zach pointed out. Miz grinned and materialized a pair of glasses. “There. Now it looks like Ford.” She placed the glasses on the snowman and the three devolved into laughter.

“Let’s get more stuff from Uncle Ford!” Zoe squealed. Miz hummed and materialized a red journal with a six-fingered hand on it. It was empty but the cover was just like his old journal they threw into the bottomless pit years ago. She grinned as she moved the stick until it could hold the false journal. The three laughed at the snowFord. Miz grinned. “Hey, I just thought of something.” The twins leaned in, eager to hear about their big sister’s fun idea. “Ok, since Ford is tucked away in his room, when everyone else gets here, we tell them that Ford messed with some weirdness and got turned into a snowman!”

The twins gasped before bursting into loud giggles. “Yes! Let’s do it! Let’s do it!” The blond kids chanted. Wanda was checking her phone, unaware of the evil deeds her children were planning. Miz got a coat and put it on the snowman as the twins carefully put more snow over the snowFord’s head to make hair.

“There! Mom, we’re done, can we get back inside now?” Miz asked and the blonde nodded distractedly. “Ok, take off your wet boots before entering though.”

The siblings giggled madly as they ran inside, eager to put their plan into action. They went to the living room, and after a few christmas movies were played, Mabel announced her presence. “LOOK WHO’S BACK INTO TOWN?!” She roared followed by a loud “Oink!”

“’”Waddles!”’” the kids squealed as they ran to hug the pig. Mabel pouted. “Wha?? You guys love Waddles more than me?!” the three grinned at her as they hugged the pig. “Yup!”
Mabel made a dramatic show of being offended and hurt. “Well, I can see when I'm unwanted!” She gasped and fell to the ground with a loud “No one loves me!!!” The twins went over to pet her head and back. “No! We were kidding! We do love you!” Waddles walked over to Mabel and snorted softly, nudging her with his snout. The teen dragged her cousins closer and hugged them.

Dipper entered the living room carrying his and Mabel’s bags with a pout. “Ugh. Mabel! You can't keep sticking me with your stuff!” He complained. Pacifica, who was invited over for the holidays, snorted. “It’s that, or you leave it in the snow outside.” Dipper rolled his eyes. “She’s lucky I’m such a nice brother.”

“Mabel!” Max heard her voice and bounded into the room, wiggling with utter joy. He was going to celebrate Christmukkah, or Hannumas with her. Max and her had been seeing each other a few days every few weeks, as both were busy. But now he was going to get a whole week with her! He leaned towards her and kissed her lips in greeting. He even counted the seconds so Mabel could breathe again.

"This is the first winter I'm not sleeping!" Max laughed loudly, practically bouncing up and down. "I'm so excited to do another human tradition!"

"And I'm excited to have a partner for a human tradition!" Mabel exclaimed back.

"I want to show you my notes!! Math smells like pineapple, English like apple, science like mint!" Max dragged a jumping Mabel away. "Also, I've tried these fruits! And they're the best!!"

Dipper and Pacifica blinked before laughing sheepishly. "Totally made for each other."

"Has the kid been drinking coffee?" Shermie watched them go. It seemed like it… "Eh, whatever, I'm getting some eggnog." And Shermie went off to the kitchen.

Speaking of coffee... “Where’s uncle Ford?” Dipper looked around. Miz and the twins glanced at each other before putting on sad expressions. “He had an...accident…” Miz said sadly.

“What?!” Dipper and Mabel gasped (Pacifica raised an eyebrow, easily seeing the lie). The blonde twins nodded. “H-he was playing with us in the snow and then...said that...there was a...a...” Zoe mumbled. “A magic snowflake!” Zach said. The three nodded. “And he said that he HAD to study it…” the three sniffled. “So he messed with it and then...and then…” Zach's lips trembled as he couldn't continue (because he had to hold back his laughter). Miz took over “And then he got turned into a snowman.” She sighed. She wasn't good at lying, but she could bullshit up a story quite easily. All that remained was for people to be so invested in the story that they believed her.

And THIS Dipper and Mabel were pretty naïve (they fell for Seb's terrible lies after all). Hm. Might be a problem, should probably have Stan sit them down and teach them how to tell when she was bullshitting...

And Pacifica quickly caught onto what Miz was doing. And she rolled her eyes, please. That was SO fake. Who would ever fall for something like--

Dipper gasped. “Noo!!! What-?! Where is he?!” He demanded. (And Pacifica face palmed at her gullible boyfriend.) The kids took his hand and led him over to the back door and pointed at the very Ford-looking snowman in the backyard. “I think it'll wear off on its own. I didn't want to mess with it.” Miz shrugged. The teen covered his mouth with his hands in shock. “Oh man...how long do you think it will last?!” The kids and Miz shrugged. Miz was hoping Ford slept the entire day. “Probably until tomorrow, most basic curses and spells wear off unless some kinda trigger is set.” (And Max was confused, because he just saw Ford earlier… and Miz poked his side and
whispered, “I’m playing a prank.” to him. Max didn’t really get it, but when Miz asked him to keep quiet for now, he agreed. Because the great dragon asked him to.)

Dipper walked over to the snowFord and knelt in front of it. “Uncle Ford, I told you, you have to be careful with weirdness! Don’t worry, we’ll make sure nothing happens to you!” He cried. The blond twins and Miz snorted with muffled laughter. Pranks!

Mabel was tugging on her hair. “This is awful.” she turned to Miz (who immediately put on a sad expression) “Does uncle Seb know?” Miz shook her head. “Everyone else thinks that Ford is asleep in his room. I don't want them to know because what if Seb decides it's too dangerous to have the winter holidays here?” Mabel and Dipper nodded. Seb WAS over protective of them.

“So we can’t let the grown ups know.” Zoe said. Miz sniffed and patted snowFord’s cheek. “I even got him a fake journal...that way...at least it still looks like him so we wouldn't mistake him for some other snowman…”

The older twins had downcast expressions as well. They hoped their uncle would be alright. Mabel stroked his coat. “Don’t worry, after this, we will keep you super warm so you aren’t cold as ice ever again.” The little twins and Miz were doing everything in their power to not cry with laughter and ruin everything. Pacifica had her head thrown back with a silent groan. Ok, she was gonna see how long it took for them to figure out they were being pranked.

“Mabel! Mason! You left your bags everywhere!” Abigail scolded her twins from the door with a serious look. Dipper groaned as his mom said his name, but he and Mabel said some reassuring words to the snowman before they all went inside.

The blond twins and Miz high-fived. This was going to be fun.

(They were really awful, all three of them.)

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“Ahaha! That snowman looks like Ford!” Stan laughed uproariously when he arrived and spotted the snowman. The older twins sweated while the younger twins grinned innocently. “Yup. We built it.” Zoe said. “So you better not touch it.” Miz placed her hands on her hips and glared at Stan. He ruffled her hair and chuckled. “No worries, kids. I ain’t the kinda guy to destroy someone’s snowman.”

“You better! This snowman is very special to us!” Mabel shouted and Stan rolled his eyes. Weird kid. Dillon and Diego ran towards their cousins after saying hi to everyone. “It really looks like Uncle Ford!” The older teen mentioned and Dillon giggled. “Let’s make more!” He said as he picked up snow with his gloved hands.

The little twins gave a pained sigh as Miz motioned the brothers to come closer. “There’s...something we should tell you.” She said as Dipper and Mabel sniffled. Diego gasped when he heard about what had happened to 'uncle Ford'. Dillon easily saw through the ruse but decided to play along for shits and giggles. If Mabel and Dipper were naive enough to fall for it, he wanted to see how this went down.

(The awful squad now consisted of four people. Pacifica sighed.)

“We should stay outside, to watch him in case something happens…” Dipper suggested while Mabel and Diego nodded quickly. Dillon groaned a bit. “He’ll be fine~ It’s cold outside!” Majority won though, the little twins and Miz also agreed to stay outside (to keep up the act), and they
stayed on the porch, wrapped up in a blanket and drinking the hot chocolate Melody and her kind soul decided to bring them.

Stan and Shermie were ordered to help and were washing the dirty pans and pots as Seb cooked. Wanda, who wasn't watching over their children anymore, helped. “Why isn’t Ford helping as well? I know he doesn’t know how to cook...but he should be doing something!” Shermie whined.

“He was sleep-deprived so I sent him to sleep for a bit. A sleep-deprived Ford is a **weird** in a bad way Ford. If we hadn’t come, he wouldn’t have slept until Christmas, and that is a whole week away.” Seb huffed. Abigail and Carla entered the kitchen carrying more plates. They were a larger group now so more of them were needed. “Does someone know why the kids outside on the porch? They’re gonna freeze out there.” Carla frowned.

“I think they’re making snowmen?” Stan suggested. The adults decided this wasn’t all that important and started talking about their kids. They proudly talked about their kids at college or at kindergarten and laughed at the age difference. Wanda said Zoe had started athletic classes seriously on weekends which was supposed to help her control her energy. She didn’t like gymnastics as much as Zach did, so they went to different classes at the gym. Miz didn’t much like the fun, but she loved the rock climbing wall just as much as Seb did. (The only problem was that she’d climb up and then get too scared to come back down without using her powers. Seb had to go up and rescue her multiple times.)

Diego wanted nothing to do with boxing, but Stan had insisted he had to practice a sport so he was trying swimming, much to Stan’s sadness who wanted him to choose football or baseball.

“He ‘doesn’t want to get hurt’! Can you believe this child?” Stan grumbled. Seb rolled his eye. “Diego is a sweet child who’s not a muscle nut like you.” He turned to Wanda “And then there’s Zoe, who will pick a fight with anyone if given the chance.” Wanda sighed. “Where does she get it from?” Everyone gave Seb a flat look. He frowned. “I didn’t pick fights! I just defended myself or Ford when we got bullied...I wouldn’t have if I knew how to give a good left hook…” Seb muttered to himself.

“Miz is trying karate classes in her free time. She’s doing fine. She likes it better than Judo for self defense because they don’t learn grapple holds or that sort of thing. Those still scare her a little.”

Everyone hummed, not really thinking too deep into it. “She’ll get used to it.” Stan finally declared with a reassuring smile. “There, I finished my part.” He put the last plate away just as more dirty pans and utensils were put in the sink. “That’s yours, Shermie!” Stan quickly said as he ran out of the room.

“Oh, what!?” The youngest brother groaned in despair at more work.

Eventually, lunch was ready and the adults set the table in the living room for them, having in mind to send the kids to the kitchen. Kari, who had been helping and watching them interact with an amused grin, went to get the cousins camping in the cold. “Kids, lunch is ready, get inside before you get frostbite!” She scolded lightly. “Food!” Miz pulled her siblings along as she ran back inside. Mabel, Dipper and Diego looked worried about leaving ‘Ford’ alone but Dillon rolled his eyes and steered them indoors. “Come on, my fingers are gonna freeze off.”

“Do you think he’s hungry?” Diego pouted and Dillon ruffled his hair. Aww, why was Diego so kind? He didn’t deserve to be lied to like this! “I’m sure he isn’t, and if he is, when he’s back to normal we’ll give him a lot of food, ok?” Diego trusted his older brother’s words and went inside the house.
Mabel ran into the living room to look for Max. He was curled up on the couch, huddled in a blanket someone wrapped around him, and she carefully woke him up. The caffeine crash had knocked him out.

Seb grinned at them before pointing at the kitchen. “You nine, kitchen. Kids' table is there.”

Pacifica and Max blinked. The what now? The brunet twins and Dillon crossed their arms. “Nah-ah! We deserve to be in the adult’s table now!” Dipper complained. “Yeah! We finished school and we’re studying in college!” Seb narrowed his eye. “Do you do taxes?” The teens sighed. “No.”

“When you pay your own taxes and stuff, call me. Now, you have your own table and we made dinosaur nuggets for you~” Mabel pushed the two boys away as she ran to the kitchen. “DINO NUGGETS!” She squealed. The boys sighed. Well, at least one of them was happy to be at the kids' table.

Miz was squeezing out the ketchup for the kids. Zoe was biting off a dinosaur’s head and laughing as the ketchup dripped down the sides of her mouth. “Mwahaha!” She laughed. Miz wiped her face off. “Don’t eat with your mouth open, that’s gross.” She scolded. Zach was more neat, nibbling off the dinosaur's limbs in a little circle before finally eating their body. Everything with his eyes closed. He could sometimes blink them open for a few seconds, but he was just more comfortable eating with his eyes closed.

Miz also ate her nuggets in this way, biting off the limbs and nibbling around them until only the torso was left. She then popped the torso in her mouth. Neither Zach nor Miz noticed the similarity.

Mabel sat next to Diego and the child froze, staring at Dillon for help. Luckily, Mabel was distracted adding ketchup to her own nuggets. The two boys sat down as well with their cousins. Well, the kids’ table wasn’t that bad. Even when they wanted to feel mature and stuff, they always got delicious food at this table. The adults were probably eating just vegetables. Dipper searched around for a juice box and opened it to serve everybody.

As everyone ate, he looked at the window and sighed. “I feel bad for eating when Uncle Ford can’t…” He poked a dinosaur with a small pout.

The blond twins giggled behind their hands, accidentally smearing ketchup and mayo over their faces. Miz sighed and cleaned them off again. Dillon simply rolled his eyes. “He’s fine, Dipper! He’s snow, not dead. Calm down.” Pacifica stared at them all with an unimpressed look. “He’s fine.” she deadpanned.

“Well, magic is weird.” Mabel shoved a mouthful of nuggets, rice and mashed potatoes into her mouth. “Once we thought him and Uncle Seb would stay as kids forever, so-” She shrugged. “We better be careful.”

Dillon rolled his eyes again. He was almost sure magic couldn’t affect them anymore. Not in a way that would really harm them, at least. Magic and weirdness loved their family anyway. “So~ How’re things with Max going?” He changed the topic to something more interesting. Mabel giggled and wiggled her arms. “Well~” She flushed and looked away. Max wiggled. Dipper groaned. “Nope. I don’t want to hear about it.”

The oldest teen grinned widely. “Tell~ Wait. Is it something you can't say in front of kids?” He asked first, glancing at his brother and little cousins. He wiggled his eyebrows. “Mabel~” He teased and both Dipper and Mabel blushed a bit. She giggled and brushed her hair behind her ears. “We can gossip later, once the kids are all asleep...” Dillion gave her a wicked grin while Dipper covered his ears. “Lalala! I’m not hearing this!” Max blinked. “We’ve compulated, is that
something humans don’t talk to their pups about?” Miz snorted. “Yeah, it’s fine. Seb and Wanda already explained reproduction to the twins.”

“Still, not everyone likes listening to it!” Dipper pulled on his hat. Pacifica chuckled and ruffled the hair on the back of his head. “It’s alright, you’re shy. It’s cute.” Dipper flushed.

Dillon and Mabel laughed. “Mabs, now I want to send Diego to bed! You’re so bad~” He pouted and the girl laughed again. Dipper tried to cover his ears and eat at the same time. He was failing, and looking quite funny. Great, now he was imagining things he shouldn’t be doing and now he couldn’t look at anyone. Dillon and Mabel were giving each other funny looks and wagging their eyebrows at each other. Dipper looked like he was going to die. The children didn’t seem to pay attention as they ate their food.

Big kids talked about boring things anyway~

ey all finished their food, washed and then went to hang out with the adults in the living room. They were talking loudly and laughing even louder, like every adult does when there’s a family meeting, so they went upstairs to play something. Mabel and Dipper went to the attic and smiled. Waddles sniffed around, he remembered the house! This was his first house!

They looked for a board game or something to play, but they couldn’t agree on anything. Miz suggested another round of Dungeons, dungeons and more dungeons. Dipper and the others looked sad at the reminder of Ford. Still, they had a few rounds of the game, did a quest in a small dungeon with a pack of squid-men who had been stealing farm animals from a nearby village. Diego’s Sorcerer managed to electrocute the squid boss and everyone cheered when they finished the dungeon.

“I want snacks.” Zoe declared and Dipper looked at her with a smile. “But we just ate, Zoe. Hungry already?” The little girl nodded and raised her arms to be picked up. Of course, her older cousin agreed and carried her. “Let’s go downstairs and see what everyone is doing. Hold on, Zoe!” Dipper trotted downstairs, making the girl squeal. Everyone but Miz followed them downstairs, she said she needed to do something first.

Miz snuck up to Ford’s room without anyone seeing her and checked on the sleeping man. He was breathing? Yes, yes he was. What a relief. She pet his curls and shook her head, Ford must have been completely exhausted if he was still sleeping. “You know...your dumb niblings think you’re a snowman.” She giggled. “So, stay here like a good boy so I can continue messing with them!”

She closed the door slowly and skipped downstairs.

What? It was a prank! Just harmless fun.

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They probably should have expected something like this would happen.

Diego and Mabel were sobbing. Paz and Max were hugging their respective partner. Dipper was screaming. Dillon was glaring at Miz and her siblings. “Are you gonna come clean? Or should I tell them?” Seb’s kids all winced.

So, Soos had to drive into town to get some stuff and everyone was forced to move their cars. During the confusion of shuffling the cars around, Stan has accidentally hit the Snow-Ford. Poor snow Ford was toppled over, his face broken in half and his arms snapped. The three kids who believed the lie were panicking and grieving.
“UNCLE FORD’S DEEEEEEAAAAAD!!” Mabel and Diego wailed.

“OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD!” Dipper had a horrible thought! What if he turned back to normal dismembered?! He gagged loudly and covered his mouth.

Mabel knelt on the snow and tried piling it up together as she sobbed. “Ma-Maybe we can fix it! We have to tryyy!!” Max tucked his tail between his legs. He didn't like Mabel feeling so sad!

The adults were watching them from a window with grimaces on their faces. Stan had apologized for it already, but they were still heart broken. “What’s going on with them?” Seb wondered. Wanda sighed. “They must have worked really hard on it.”

Zach and Zoe weren't sure if they should laugh or not. Miz was helping Mabel fix snow Ford. “Don't worry! There's plenty of snow for recovery! He's gonna be fine!” Diego ran over to help. They reassembled a lopsided snow Ford. Dipper was pulling on his hat and breathing wildly in panic. “B-but what if this doesn't work?!” He wailed.

“I'm sure uncle Ford will be fine.” Dillon glared at the blond twins. “Unless there’s something that you’d all like to say?” Zach and Zoe tried to look innocent but Dillon was Stan's son, more than that, he was good at seeing through lies. As funny as it was, their little joke was making Diego cry which wasn't nice, and he hated seeing his little brother cry. (Only Dillon got to make Diego cry!)

Diego rubbed his eyes and sniffled with a red nose. Dillon picked him up and cradled him to his chest like a baby. “It’s ok, Diego, I promise he will be fine.” He blew a raspberry on his cheek. “Let’s go inside, ok?” Diego clung to his neck, scared for their uncle’s safety. The blond twins sat down on the snow with a sad pout. Dillon was angry with them now.

Miz and Mabel put the finishing touches on Snow Ford. “That...that looks ok? Right?” Mabel bit her lip in worry. Miz nodded. “He'll be fine. Come on, it's getting dark, we should go to bed.” she tugged on Mabel and Dipper to pull them back inside. Zach and Zoe glanced at each other. “Miz? Should we tell them?” They asked.

Miz sighed. “You can tell Diego. He's too little to have to worry about this. But Twins 1.0 are free game. They should have caught on that this was a joke.” It was kind of mean but she liked seeing the looks on their faces. ‘Oh wow I really am an asshole.’ she twitched. But she actually felt a little bad, since Dipper and Mabel weren’t supposed to actually be SAD about all this. That made it less funny.

Twins 1.0 went to curl up on the couch, sad and worried. Shermie and Abi had no idea what was going on with them but decided it wasn't important. They were sulking about a snowman after all!

Paz patted Dipper's head with a bland look on her blue eyes. "There. There." as Max nuzzled Mabel's neck and rumbled against her.

Dillon was taking Diego to their room and twins 2.0 ran after them. “Diego! Dillon! We have to tell you something.” Zoe started sheepishly. Dillon crossed his arms and sighed. Diego blinked. “What?”

“Uncle Sixer isn’t a snowman...it was a joke, but we didn’t want you to be sad so now we are telling you.” Zach pouted and Zoe nodded. “Yeah, we’re sorry, but Miz said not to tell Mabel and Dip because it is funny!” Diego blinked. “That was mean! I was really scared! It’s not funny!”

“It was Miz’s idea!” The twins said quickly and Dillon grumbled. “Don’t just blame Miz, you also agreed to go along with it so you’re at fault as well. And I guess I did too, but that’s because I’m
kind of a jerk like that.” The two little blonds pouted and glanced at their feet. Dillon sighed. “But Miz is the most to blame, since I’m pretty sure this was her idea to begin with.” he knew that pranks were a thing, and frankly, he heard about some pretty messed up pranks the triplets played on each other and the rest of their family.

“I don’t want Mabel and Dipper to be worried.” Diego said and Dillon leaned back. “Well~ If they are gullible enough to still believe it, I think they deserve it.” the younger kids laughed. “Besides, I’ll distract them later with grown up conversation so they will forget about snowFord in no time.”

They promised to keep quiet and went downstairs to have dinner with the family. Miz was quietly informed of the update and she nodded (feeling a little bad about the prank, but sort of afraid to come clean now, especially with how Dillon and Pacifica were glaring at her). The older twins were sad and Dillon couldn’t help but roll his eyes. He loved them but they were kinda gullible. They really fought a demon and stopped the apocalypse? And they couldn’t tell that Miz was pranking them? If Ford had REALLY been turned into a snowman, even as a snowman, the car would never have hit him. They were protected from harm like that.

And besides, if Ford had really been turned into a snowman, there was no way Miz wouldn’t have changed him back, or possessively protected the snowman. So the fact that Miz didn’t seem worried at all about all this, should have told them that there was nothing to worry about.

Zoe, Zach and Diego were eventually put to sleep by their parents at 8:30pm. They got warm milk and they dropped like dead flies. Dillon and his adopted demon cousin made their way towards their cousins’ bedroom, the attic they always shared when they came to Gravity Falls, and found them staring at the ceiling. He sat down next to Mabel and Max while Miz sat next to Dipper and Pacifica. Pacifica was still glaring at Miz with an annoyed look. But she wasn’t clearing things up for the twins either, so she and Dillon were both of the thought, ‘Dipper and Mabel need to learn to be more observant.’

Dillon nudged Mabel. “So. You and Max have ‘copulated’ ehhh~?”

“Oh god! No!” Dipper grabbed a pillow and covered his face. Dillon, Mabel and Miz all laughed like the little perverts they were. Though Mabel still didn't seem like her usual self, worried about the snow Ford. Miz sighed. She wasn't gonna be any fun until she knew her uncle was ok.

“Hey. Ah...I have a confession.” Miz said quietly. Dillon raised his eyebrow at her. Miz wiggled in her seat. “Ford's fine. He's not actually snow. I just thought it would be funny to prank you guys.” Dipper and Mabel gasped at her. “Why would you do that?!” Mabel folded her arms with an angry look. Miz winced. “It was supposed to be a harmless prank. Ford wouldn't get hurt for real and I would be able to watch Dipper talk to a snowman. But then the snowman got knocked over and you two were so worried and…”

Dipper groaned. “You shouldn't have lied to us like that.” Dillon snorted. “I can't believe you two fell for it. Miz is terrible at lying.” The twins pouted hard. They couldn’t believe how their OWN cousins fucked with them like that. Miz did look guilty though. “It was supposed to be harmless fun.” She fiddled with her fingers. “I'm sorry. I didn't mean to actually worry you two.”

Dipper crossed his arms as Mabel sighed. She pulled the demon closer and hugged her. “Aww...Yeah, it worried us...but I would have lied to Dipper as well, it’s fun watching him panic…”

“Hey!” The teenage boy scoffed and hit her shoulder softly. Pacifica leaned her head against his shoulder fondly. “Your high pitched screaming is pretty cute.”
“So Uncle Ford is really sleeping, right?” Mabel let her go. “Wow, never thought I would say that.”

“Yup. He was so sleep deprived that we all grounded him in his room. He’s been overworking himself. And stressed from… a lot of things.” she grimaced.

Everyone nodded in agreement. Miz poked Mabel’s arm. “So...can we know how things are going with you and Max?” She asked sheepishly, hoping she would agree. Mabel laughed, a lot more light hearted now that she wasn't worried over Ford's well-being. She glanced up at Max. “Do you mind talking about what we do?” Max blinked. “I do not mind.” and then he grinned. “In fact, we should boast about how wonderful it’s been, together!” Mabel cackled and turned back to her cousins. “Well, funny story...” Mabel leaned against Max’s chest. “Max’s more comfortable in his true form, so we actually have been--”

Pacifica and Dillon’s eyes went wide. Max shrugged, not seeing the fuss (Mabel had been really excited about it for some reason.)

“AND I’M OUT!” Dipper got up and stiffly walked out of the room as Dillon, Pacifica and Miz burst out laughing. The perverts talked about all sorts of juicy, sinful things long into the night. Max was just happy to be allowed to boast about his and Mabel’s relationship. This wasn't something a male should be talking about, so this all was very exciting!

Dillon wiped his eye from when he’d laughed while talking about a funny date he and Phillip had together. “I’m surprised you're so interested in this kinda thing.” He told Miz. The demon shrugged. “Just 'cause I have no interest doing stuff like that personally, doesn't mean it's not entertaining. Nor does it stop me from being a horny little bastard.” Mabel laughed. “You are SO bad~!” She punched her shoulder and Miz just chuckled. “I’ve been told.”

The lights were suddenly turned off and the group shouted, startled. Seb and Stan poked their heads into the room and frowned at them. “It’s late. Sleep.” Stan said simply. Seb looked down at the floor in the hallway and gently kicked a passed out Dipper on the floor. What was Pinetree even doing, sleeping outside the room?!

Dillon, Mabel and Miz groaned as Seb floated Dipper onto his bed. “Noo~” Dipper grumbled and fell back asleep.

“You can talk tomorrow.” Stan rolled his eyes. Miz and Dillon sighed but got up and waved bye to Mabel. “See you tomorrow.” Pacifica kissed Dipper’s cheek before she left to head back to her own house. Miz offered to teleport her, but she waved it off. She had a car.

Dillon went to the room he was sharing with Diego and his parents while Miz went off to Seb and Wanda's room before stopping and going to Ford’s. She had left her partner alone for too long already.

He had changed position and kicked his blankets off to spread out on the bed. She smirked. Did she accidentally curse him to sleep? This must be the longest he had slept in his entire life! Miz pushed him aside and laid down next to her human. He had been alone for too long…

She pulled the blanket over them and snuggled against him. It was too cold to sleep alone anyway. “Night Fordsie~” she yawned before summoning the Pikachu doll he bought her and wrapped her arms around it. Ford's expression gained a small smile at the warm figure pressed against his side.

Still asleep, his body instinctively pulled the source of warmth closer.

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They all prepared for the Christmas holidays. As the weird family they were, they would celebrate both Hanukkah and Christmas (because Mabel wanted any excuse to have more celebrations) so they were all busy preparing the food and decorating the house. Hanukkah was long since over, but Mabel still wanted to call it that.

Ford was told about how he had fainted for an entire day and the kids made a snowman of him and were speaking to it all day. When he asked about it, they just said they missed him..

Well...he wouldn’t question them about it. (Though he noticed the guilty look on Miz’s face and made a note to ask about that later.)

Amelie arrived, to much fanfare and hugs from Miz and her siblings. Pacifica took this time to look Amelie up and down and nodded approvingly. She seemed nice, Pacifica had learned to sort of ‘tell’ what type of person someone was at a glance. It’s how she knew that Mabel and Dipper were just that type of ‘nice’ that would make them easy pickings for people that weren’t as kind. Though, they surprised her by how well they could actually stand up to her, it was something she had begrudgingly admired as a kid, and loved about them as the years went on.

Amelie didn’t really know what Christmas would be like here, she knew about the holiday, because it was something very important to humans and cultural osmosis told her the basics. Zach, Zoe and Diego were quite happy to explain it to her.

“So… a large man will go into your house and leave gifts? And eat your food?” Amelie said slowly. Max shrugged. “I do not understand why this is desirable either. Humans are quite odd.”

“Eh, Santa’s essentially retired from the whole breaking and entering thing by now anyway. Modern houses have too many cameras and also people seem to get upset nowadays when a stranger gets into their house. So… yeah.”

The children looked upset at this so Mabel quickly told them, “B-but we don’t mind if Santa comes here, so maybe he’ll show up?” (While Dipper took Miz aside and asked her to not ruin the magic of Christmas for the kids.)

“Do you think we can catch Santa?!” Zach jumped up and down as the older twins turned on the tv to show them a bad Christmas movie. Zoe rubbed her palms together. “We can make a plan to catch him!” She swore she saw bear traps somewhere...

Diego stared. “I don't think we should catch Santa. Doesn't he have an important job for the other houses that won’t mind if he comes over?” Zoe looked at him. “Well...yeah...but, wouldn’t it be so nice to meet him?! We can know where we are on his list!” She knew she wasn't the most behaved kid in the world...but she tried her best, and daddy said that was the most important.

Zoe turned to tug on her older sister's shirt. “Miz! Can you help us catch Santa?” The demon blinked slowly before shaking her head. “I'm not gonna mess with another god. I'm trying NOT to cause TOO much trouble in this dimension.”

"What a great job you're doing~" Seb sarcastic voice called from somewhere in the house and Miz fumed. Bitch. “I will mess with anything I don’t agree with! I got no problem with Christmas or Santa in and of themselves.”

Dillon groaned at this whole topic (since he was still under the impression that Santa was not real and Miz was messing with them), when Dipper, gasping, interrupted him. “Woah, woah. Did you say God?!”
Miz raised an eyebrow. “Not God, god. Yahweh is gonna get fired as soon as uncle-Ax finds a replacement anyway.” she huffed, “You shouldn’t be so surprised. You’ve met gods before, heck, I’M a god. You’ve met the Love god too, right?” She shrugged. “Santa is a god of the coming dawn, he who takes during the winter nights and then allows the spring to come.” She didn't see what the issue was. “Also, he’s apparently the forever president of America? Still don’t know what that was about, and he doesn’t actually have anyone who acknowledges him as such anyway, so it’s a moot point...”

Dipper and Dillon blinked. Well, yeah, Dipper met the Love god...but SANTA? “Are you telling me Santa isn’t that chubby man dressed in red that flies around the world delivering presents but instead is-is like a winter spirit?” Dillon felt so betrayed. One. Santa was real. Two. If he didn’t give presents, that would explain why all his letters as a little kid never brought him back Dad…

But he was a god! He could have brought him back from the portal for Christmas right?! What an assho-ho-hole!

Miz shrugged. “In the old days he would leave small gifts to those in need who gave him offerings. But the whole...toys and presents thing? Nope. That's not his thing. He attempted to give stuff before, simple things like supplies and such? But toys for children were just small things like stuff made from wood and straw. Toys like the things people actually ask for? Nope. Especially now that people are asking for things like ePads and video games...he can't give people those kinda things.”

The twins and Diego sniffled sadly. “So...We won’t get presents from Santa…?” Miz scoffed. “Why would you need gifts from him? Mom and Seb already got you stuff. And Stan, and Ford and Shermie…” she laid back on the couch. “Frankly, if people are giving each other gifts anyway, there's no point in Santa giving people stuff. He's busy enough gathering the energy needed to end winter so the spring can come…” which was getting difficult, controlling the seasons was difficult. His worship energy was tainted by commercialism so he wasn't getting as much power as he used to. And with how much the humans fucked up the environment, it was getting harder for the nature spirits to do their jobs.

The kids huffed. Rude. They were five. They liked presents. Zoe stroked her chin dramatically in thought. “Dipper! Do you wanna catch Santa~? Miz won’t, but we can!” Dipper groaned. “I don't think we should capture a god...but-” he looked up with a notebook in hand. “I do want to meet him.” he had a determined expression. Mabel and Dillon nodded as well. Mabel was bouncing in place, because meeting SANTA? Who wouldn't want to?!

“I WANNA PET A REINDEER!!” Mabel screamed. The children all cheered. “Come on! Let's ask uncle Ford and uncle Fiddle to build a Santa catching machine!” They all raced off, leaving Miz lounging on the couch. “Wait, no~” she drawled lazily. Santa, or rather, Wodanaz, the god of winter cold, the death and renewal of the earth for the coming Spring, was gonna be annoyed if he actually gets caught...but from what she's Seen, he's mellowed out over the centuries so they probably wouldn't get cursed for this… (also, he was pretty much retired. Being president of the United States didn’t really count, since he didn’t actually have real authority.)

"What?" Max asked, rather confused as to why 'Santa' was relevant for the human tradition. He wasn't mentioned by Dr. Pines in the lessons he got about human religious festivities! Not Christmas or Hand-u-kah! Dr. Pines just talked a little about the history and about the commercialism of holidays nowadays and brushed over the details. Apparently Hand-u-kah was about how people tried to kill Dr. Pines’s ancestors while Christ-mas was about a human baby who was born but was actually a god and was then painfully killed as an adult to save humans...Human religions were scary.
Though the great dragon said that the baby was, “God’s humansona.” and Max didn’t really know what that meant. Amelie thought this was all fascinating. But there was something she was worried about, “What’s with humans and wanting to capture non-humans?” she asked Miz. The dragon shrugged. “Humans are weird.” the other two cryptids nodded, that was very true.

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They spent a nice Christmas together, watching movies and eating lots of food, and then prepared to capture Santa on Christmas. And for that, they needed help.

Fiddleford didn’t appreciate getting assaulted in his own house (Tate, Tate’s wife and Fiddleford’s wife gaping as Ford and some other Pines burst in, grabbed him in a sudden kidnapping while shouting “We’ll borrow him for a few hours!” and being separated from his adorable baby granddaughter, the most adorable child in the world.) “Ford! I was havin’ a nice Christmas with ma family, you darn corn cobb!!”

Though he had to admit he was also kinda excited to meet Santa. Ford mentioned how he never bothered putting out milk and cookies and thus, never had Santa show up. (Miz was still rolling her eyes in the background, not really stopping them since she was sort of curious, in a morbid way, how this’ll all end up.)

So they got some cookies and milk together and Fiddleford built a contraption that was designed to close a cage around whoever stepped in to eat the cookies. Miz and Stan set off the trap a few times when they tried to sneak some cookies. “‘Uncle Stan!’” Zoe and Mabel pouted angrily at the trapped family members, Miz was stretching her arm to try and grab the plate of cookies despite the metal cage around her. “Nuuuuoo~” Miz whined. “Why’s the table so far awaaaaay~?”

“It was this demon’s fault!” Stan wailed as they were freed. Miz punched his arm as they were released from the cage. “You suggested it!”

“Stan, don’t ruin this trap.” Ford glared at his brother. “We are leaving this for Santa.” (Miz was not going to point out that a physical cage wouldn’t really keep in most nature spirits, but Ford knew better than to have any sort of binding circle anywhere near her.)

“There are cookies in the kitchen though!” Zach commented, and Stan and Miz ran away to gorge themselves. Ford and Dipper sighed.

Everyone went to their hiding places at night. The house was empty, and the cookies and milk were lit by the soft light of a lamp. The twins and Diego took a nap in the evening to be able to stay awake at night, and now they were buzzing with energy, excited to see Santa. “When is he coming?!” Zoe whispered loudly and Seb put a hand over her mouth. “Kid, shh!”

Zoe, being her dad’s daughter, entertained herself by biting his fingers, making Wanda roll her eyes. She still couldn't believe they had all managed to talk her into this. “What are you even planning to do when you capture Santa?”

“Ransom him for more presents!” Zoe cheered. “Pet his reindeer!” Mabel said at the same time. “Reindeer petting sounds reasonable, you will not ransom Santa though.” Wanda exclaimed and the three were shushed by Ford and Shermie. (Shermie was surprisingly into this, having secretly always believed Santa was real and he wanted to get this validation.)

The hours passed (during which Miz realized the barrier around the Shack was preventing Santa from coming in, ‘hacked’ into the barrier, and opened it up temporarily) and they were starting to get bored when, finally, something happened. There was a shimmering light around the room that
zeroed in on the plate of cookies. A figure began to form and as soon as it gained physicality, the trap was sprung. The metal bars extended and the large person-shaped figure was sealed within a cage of steel.

“Aha! We caught Santa!” Zoe cheered as she ran up to stare at the person they had captured. Everyone else came out to get a closer look. The figure resembled an elderly human male with a full, thick white beard, heavy coat of furs and glowing yellow eyes.

The little blonde gaped in awe before she smiled widely and opened her arms. “Santa!” She squealed. Everyone stared in shock, except for Miz, who looked unbothered, at the serious figure in front of them. The barrier was back up, so he couldn’t attack them, even if he tried.

“Holy sleigh…” Stan exclaimed with his eyes wide as Dipper and Ford gaped. New spirit! Must! Investigate! Said spirit glanced around. “I can't believe you seriously set a high tech trap for me? Most kids just do things like snares or such nonsense… and you’ve even got an anti-magic barrier?” the old man sighed. “How are you all awake? Could have sworn I placed a sleep spell on…” He trailed off as his eyes fell on Miz lounging on the sofa. “Oh. You had a dragon.” He sighed.

“Well-” Santa reached for the plate and ate some cookies. “Since I'm here anyway, what do you want?” he sat down on a chair nearby, still inside the cage and not really looking all that worried regardless.

Zoe stepped forward and smiled adorably at the unimpressed old man. “Hi, Santa! My name is Zoe! I’m 5! I wanted to meet you! Miz told us how you used to give presents to those who didn’t have much, and also make it spring again, and I think that’s very nice.” She grinned. She wouldn’t ransom… mommy said not to.

“He is my twin Zach, and they are my family! They also wanted to really, really meet you because you are really cool! And you have yellow eyes! Daddy said he used to have a yellow eye too!”

“Zoe…” Seb whined. “Don’t embarrass me in front of Santa~!”

The winter god raised a thick bushy eyebrow. “Ah. That's very nice, Zoe...but it doesn't quite make up for you being on the naughty list.” He munched on another cookie. “Also, you captured me and that’s very irritating.” He looked around. “It's a good thing I'm not on a schedule anymore, what with the mess of human timezones and the death of Time Baby...so I can afford to kill some time here.”

“Ah….what?” Mabel scratched her head. Santa turned to her and smiled. “Ah, Mabel Pines. Long standing top spot on my nice list. It's very nice to meet you.” Mabel looked thrilled.

Zoe's heterochromatic eyes widened in shock. But...why on the naughty list…? She always tried to be good...She tried really hard to keep her mischievous side in control because there was always a bad Zoe in her mind saying to do bad!

Zoe went over to her Dad and buried her face into his legs, whimpering softly. “Twying my best isn't good enough…” She whispered, devastated. Seb glared at Santa. “Hey! I'll have you know that Zoe has been on REALLY good behavior this year. How dare you!”

Santa sighed. Of course it was Seb Pines' daughter. He reached into his coat and pulled out a scroll of paper. It unfurled out and rolled between the bars of the cage. “Bit a classmate. Broke the pencil sharpener. On purpose. Ate the slice of cheesecake that her mother had been saving in the back of the fridge for special occasions…” He read off the list. Zoe's eyes went wide. “I didn't know that
was mommy's!” she ran over to Wanda and hugged her tightly. “I'm so sorry mommy!” She wailed. Wanda twitched. Ah. So it was Zoe who ate it. She thought Seb had done it.

Santa sighed. “Frankly, Zoe HAS been much nicer this year. She is doing much better. So, please don't feel bad. I can tell you're trying your best.” He held up a finger and pulled the list up to the bottom to point at the last note. “However, she DID want to ransom me. That's definitely naughty.” he said matter of factly.

“It-It was a joke!” Zoe sobbed her eyes out. Zach frowned and hugged her tightly, worried for her. “My sister is the best!” He defended and stuck his tongue out. “I don’t care 'bout your dumb list!”

Zoe slowly pulled away from him to be picked up by her dad, who held her tightly and wanted to cry as well. Just his luck that his chaotic tendencies for violence were inherited. No normal kid does what Zoe did, she was like him, and he was no normal kid. Oh, fuck, he was so sorry. “Noo!!” He cried and then everyone stared at Zoe and Seb crying together.

Santa watched them cry, unimpressed, and pulled back his list. “I would have expected it, she is your daughter after all, but anyone can do better and improve themselves.” Mabel glared. “Are you doing some pure of heart thing like the unicorns do?”

Santa scoffed. “Heck, no. Those overly fancy horses are a bunch of jerks.” He shook his head. “You all seem to be misunderstanding something here.” He reached up to his back and pulled open a furred sack that no one had noticed since it looked like the rest of his coat. “Being on the naughty list does not mean they are a bad person.”

Zoe blinked up at Santa with teary eyes. The old man continued “It simply means they can do better. And she has been doing much better.” He reached inside his sack and pulled out a stress doll. The type who's head could be pulled off and put back on via some Velcro. This one was shaped like an elephant. “And even naughty kids deserve a present if they're trying to be better. I haven't actually given a real gift in a long time, this is a first. Looks like my sewing practice wasn’t in vain.”

Zoe's eyes were wide as she stared at the doll Santa handed her through the bars of the cage. She shakily took it from him and hugged it. “So...so I'm not a bad girl?” She asked quietly. Santa chuckled. “Of course not. You're just naughty. I happen to have a third list that no one mentions, the blacklist, for children who do not deserve presents. But even they will get something, not a toy but a ‘moment’. A small little Charm of Luck, both good and bad, to try and teach them what they’ve done wrong. Because I want them to try and be better.” He shrugged before straightening back up. “Regardless. You all already have plenty of presents from your family, you all already receive all the love you could want from your family. There are some children who don't even get that much.” he grimaced. “And I don’t have the power I need to be able to help them. Nothing beyond leaving a toy I can make somewhere for them to find on their own.”

Max finally got the courage to raise his hand. Santa looked him up and down before making a little grin. "Yes?"

"Mr. Santa, I still don't understand what you have to do with the human religion of the birth of that god baby." He asked, completely serious. "Why are you mentioned so much? Why is bringing gifts for kids so important if the holiday is for that baby."

"Well, it's the time, dear Maxini. My main job is to maintain winter and bring spring, the present activity is a secondary thing I acquired, to bring wonder and hope.” Santa explained. “And any connections that this holiday has to the birth of Christ is due to the Christians melding their own religion with the pagan celebrations that existed around the winter as a way to appropriate and
combine their beliefs with those of the people around them.”

Max and Amelie both nodded in understanding. Humans, eh?

Dillon blinked. "Wow wow, wait. Hold on. How do you know Max's name? You do know he's a reptile guy, right Santa?" The winter god raised an eyebrow. “Reptile guy? Really? He’s an Eix Leel, please be respectful. His people are some of the few who still worship me as I was meant to be.”

Max blinked. “You…” his eyes widened. “You’re the spirit of the coming spring!” he finally put together what Miz had said earlier. “The god who brings the end of winter and warmth of the new year!” His green eyes widened incredibly wide. Amelie looked at her cryptid counterpart with a raised eyebrow.

Santa let out a hearty ‘Ho ho ho!’ at that. “Oh yes, that I am my boy.”

Max bounced in place. “I can’t believe I’m getting to meet Iliaqun in person!” he squealed loudly, rivaling Mabel’s own. Ford stared. One of Max’s gods was a real god-- oh. He flushed. No wonder Miz had been so angry about that. Max was all but falling over himself in excitement. He always worshipped his many gods, but he never thought he would actually meet one! Now he was bowing, he HAD to!

“So…” Amelie said slowly, looking Santa up and down. “This isn’t your true form, is it?” Max looked up. Right! That was not how he imagined a god to look like. Just suggesting a god would look human would cause you to be thrown out of town for insulting them in such a way.

“That it is not, my dear.” Santa chuckled again. “My name and form changes, as I am known under different ones.” he patted his round belly. “I will say, this particular one is quite enjoyable to be in.”

Ford, meanwhile, was staring at Miz. So… it was normal for gods to have different names and forms? Well, yes, Miz/Bill Cipher was a god after all. But Ford hadn’t really thought about it from this angle before.

“C-can I see your form as Iliaqun?” Max asked hesitantly/hopefully. Mabel rubbed his back. Santa laughed again, “Of course, little one.” and then, Santa glanced up and around him. He raised an eyebrow. Miz realized the issue and hacked into the unicorn barrier again to adjust the parameters to allow Santa to be an exception. Sanda noticed this, gave Miz a knowing smile. A fellow god recognizing one another. Santa wasn’t sure which god this dragon was, but she was quite powerful. And old. Unfathomably old. Almost reminded him of Cipher. All the big named powers knew of Cipher, the self proclaimed lord of Nightmares. They also knew of his downfall, within this very town in fact.

And everyone stared as Santa’s form shifted, he grew much larger, his heavy coat morphed into feathers, pure white as the freshly fallen snow. His face elongated into a large beak as his neck stretched out. A huge creature that seemed like a mix between a Gyrufalcon and an Adder, if the long scaled tail and reptilian eyes meant anything. He was huge, even taller than a full grown Eix Leel, imposing and powerful with wicked looking talons. The feathers around his head were much longer, looking like a beard.

(Miz was secretly disappointed that he didn’t look like a Delibird.)

Max stared at his god, the majestic form the totems and the paintings depicted since he was a little hatching. He was really in front of Iliaqun, a god so important to them for bringing life after the
harsh winters… Max’s eyes rolled backwards and he toppled.

Mabel yipped when Max’s tall us form fell over her and threw them both to the ground. “Wow. He really fainted from that.” Seb commented, scratching his head. Iliaqun chuckled. “That tends to happen when a devout meets their god. Well, most of the time at least.” He ruffled his feathers and shrank back into Santa. He much preferred his humanoid form. It was less scary (and had fingers) so he liked it better. Still, he wasn’t going to tell Max that. The Eix Leel admired this form.

“So,” Santa looked around. “Am I free to go now?” Mabel gasped. “Right, you’ve got more presents to deliver and stuff, right?” She called from under Max’s passed out form.

Santa paused at that. “Technically… no. I don't have it in me to be able to do all that anymore. Not for everyone. My power wanes each passing year. Heck, I only came here because I felt your dragon there,” he gestured at Miz, “Calling for me.” (Miz coughed and looked away. Well, if her sweet little siblings wanted to meet Santa, she wanted to help them do so.)


Santa sighed, sitting down heavily. “I’m pretty much retired. I can't keep up anymore. The human population grows, people keep wanting MORE than is in my power to give and I just don't have the strength to keep going anymore. Humanity doesn't need me, commercialism has already taken my job. And not enough people still follow the old ways of worship, I’m barely able to keep bringing spring as is. Sometimes I’m late, and winter goes on for longer than it should.”

Mabel and Zoe cried. “Noo~!” The little girl walked over to her Uncle Ford, listening in shock, and pulled his arm with a strength no 5 year old has. “Free him!” she demanded, not liking the fact that he was in a cage anymore, “...Please, Uncle Sixer?”

Ford nodded and deactivated the trap, freeing the spirit who remained sitting on the chair, looking sad. “But you are important, Santa!” Mabel exclaimed. “You bring magic and illusion and wonder!”

Diego and Zach nodded, even the adults nodded. “Yeah! Your list isn’t dumb…Sorry.” Zach sheepishly rubbed his arm and Diego looked up at Santa. “Everyone loves you, Santa! What will happen to Christmas if you don’t bring wonder and hope?”

The winter spirit sighed. “I don't think I'm really needed anymore for the whole ‘Christmas’ thing. Nowadays, people get suspicious when presents show up and no one knows who sent it.” he ate the last of the cookies before gulping down the glass of milk. “Frankly, it's been difficult even giving gifts to the children whose families can't afford to buy any. They end up throwing them away or contacting the police. It's all very distressing.” everyone watched as the god seemed to wilt in exhaustion.

“Right now, I just fly around to make mild adjustments to gifts, eat cookies to build my strength for the coming spring, which is much harder than you’d think, considering spring in the northern hemisphere means fall in the south, it’s very hard to keep it all working…” Santa sighed sadly. He was so sad about the world. It had improved in some things of course, but the hate and intolerance was still present, people were selfish, and just wanted more and more material things. A lot of the other gods were losing their place in this new world. He heard the Love God had all but retired from matchmaking. Something about getting into the music career now?

The Pines stared at the sad spirit with long faces. They felt bad for him, but how could they help?

Mabel managed to get off under Max (used to his weight), leaped up in the air and screamed “WE
“NEED TO SAVE CHRISTMAS!” which got her an odd look from the two gods in the room. “Christmas isn't gone, the holiday at least.” Miz pointed out. “People are still gonna celebrate it.”

“No, I mean...people should...should...” Mabel slumped. “I have no idea how to save Christmas.” Santa got up to pat her on the head. “I appreciate the thought, Mabel, but it's fine. I still donate toys to various charities that accept anonymous handmade gifts. It's...something.”

He looked around. “And I’m still managing to do my duties to the planet, even if it’s harder. I will be fine.” he didn’t really look like he fully believed it, but he didn’t want to worry them.

He looked at his sack sadly and sighed. But before he could leave, Dillon came up to the front, “There really isn’t anything we can do? I’m not an expert, but my family has saved the world from a demon!” Dillon pulled the older twins towards him for a hug. “I’m sure there’s something!” He insisted, but Santa just sighed. “No, Dillon, there isn’t…” He frowned a bit, the world was messed up and all this made him want a drink. “But...” All the Pines leaned closer.

“I could use some time to rest.” Santa gave them a small smile. “These cookies are quite good.” he gestured to the now empty plate.

Zoe snatched the plate from him and, with her twin, they both went to bring more. Seb blushed. “I made the cookies.” he partially boasted. Santa chuckled. “They’re wonderful. Thank you Sebastian.” Seb grinned, feeling giddy and nudged Shermie. "Santa thanked me..." He grinned and his younger brother rolled his eyes.

Miz, who was quiet this whole time, suddenly said, “I could take you to the Island.” when Santa stared at her, she continued, “Speaking of, I have been meaning to ask you about what to do about the situation in the world nowadays. With the children around the world suffering. If it’s not the camps they’re being kidnapped and shoved into, there’s the kids being shot and killed, there’s the kids being trafficked, the kids being raped--” Miz made a frustrated sound. “And I want to help them, but I don’t know what I’m allowed to do. I took the children in the Shlump camps and keep them safe on my Island, but I don’t know if it’s a good idea to keep on doing that with all the other kids. I just... I don’t know what to do.”

Santa watched the dragon calmly. “I don’t know. Frankly, if I had my way, all children would be protected from any and all harm. But I don’t have the power for that.”

“I could give you the power for that.” Miz said outright. Santa blinked. Then he looked her up and down. “You are powerful, no doubt you have enough for it. But your powers are...” he tried to find a nice way to put this. “...too destructive?” Miz wilted at that. “I can filter out all the resonances...”

Santa shook his head. “I’m sorry. It just wouldn’t work.”

Miz sighed. “But... can I still bring you to the Island? So that the children there can celebrate and receive gifts? I can make them as many toys as they’d want, but it’s not quite the same when I do so.”

"CAN I GO?!” Max pleaded, suddenly sitting up and scaring the life out of Stan and Kari who were just standing next to his body. "I'm going with Maxi!" Mabel smiled.

Santa sighed defeatedly. "Alright."

Abigail and Carla blinked. "Alright...have fun...I'm too tired for adventuring..." They waved half heartedly at Santa who nodded in understanding, and walked to their rooms.

Ford volunteered to go, you know, to watch Max and Mabel of course, he only cared about their
safety. Amelie joined on the adventure as well and after seeing that Dipper was going, Dillon agreed to come too. This adventure at least wouldn't end on anyone trying to eat him. It'd also be cool to talk more with Santa.

Stan and Seb eventually realized they couldn't go, because they needed to put their little kids to sleep. Curse you parenthood! Miz gave them a cheeky wave as she went off. Frankly, the children wanted to go, but they were too sleepy. The kids on the Island were probably going to be asleep by now too, but Miz, who’d shifted into Xin by the time they left the house, was sure that there would be a few still awake, that tended to happen, with some of the kids taking advantage of the fact that Xin had Blessed the Island with free Wi-Fi and full internet access.

Max had shifted into his eix leel form and after putting on the coat modified to fit his original form, he skipped and walked on four legs behind the two gods, with his girlfriend lazily riding his back. "I can't actually believe I'm in front of one of my gods! My brother and sisters will never believe it when I tell them!" He shivered when he stepped on some snow. Brr! Cold!

Santa chuckled. “I don’t think it’s really that impressive.” Xin huffed, in dragon form now, with Ford, Amelie, Dipper, Shermie, Kari and Dillon on his back, rolled his eyes. “I’m a real ass god that you’re in front of.” the dragon grumbled. Ford laughed and patted his boyfriend’s head. “Are you jealous?” he teased.

Xin huffed. “Of course I am! My pride is wounded! I’m a little annoyed is all. Max is my baby, and I’m a god.” Ford pet Xin’s head, chuckling as he went. “You poor dragon~” Xin snorted. “Do not patronize me! I am a god too! A space dragon demon god, sure, but I am!”

Ford cooed and Xin snorted at him, blowing air at him. "Argh!" Ford’s glasses fogged up from the heat. Xin snickered at that. Dillon groaned. “Do you two have to flirt so openly?” Amelie raised her eyebrows. "Oh, have they finally admitted that they like each other?"

Dillon cackled. He was so proud of this newest relationship in the family, uncle Ford seemed happy, but Miz/Xin/Yun also liked teasing the scientist, which Dillon was all for. His uncle was dating a sex/gender shifting alien demon god! This was the most LGBT thing ever, while both were ace and he loved this! "Yeah, finally. They're a thing now, and Xin’s our uncle now." Dipper nodded slowly. "Yes, this all is very confusing."

"Love is confusing!" Mabel cried from Max's back. Amelie rolled her eyes at them. “Well, love is certainly confusing, but I think the issue here is the fact that Xin has different identities for his different forms. And the fact that Xin is technically supposed to be Miz’s brother.”

“And that’s not even going into the fact that uncle Ford is officially dating Yun.” Dipper added. Amelie blinked. “Who?”

“Another one of my forms.” Xin shrugged, gliding his way through the trees. Santa looked up at that. “Ah, how many different variations do you have?” the god asked the fellow god.

“Hm…” Bill, Miz, William, Xin, Yun, Jan… “Like, six?” Xin grinned. “One for each of my daaaaarling’s fingers~” Ford choked. “Don’t say it like that! It sounds very odd!” Kari laughed uproariously. “Oh, don’t be like that dear, I think it’s adorable~” she slapped Ford’s shoulder.

“It sounds kinky, is what you mean.” Dillon cackled. Dipper was burying his face in his hands. “GuYS...You're All a bUnch of pErverts.” his voice cracked multiple times. Everyone laughed. Amelie giggled, these guys were always so amusing to hang out with. “I haven’t met any of the gods that my people worship. Are they really too?” she asked.
"Technically speaking, all gods are real, so long as someone truly believes they're real. And even if they lose all belief, if they have enough power, or move and change into becoming another god, they can stay in existence.” Xin twisted his long neck around and grinned at the people on his back. “So… yes. Cliodna is technically real, though not exactly the same as the legends.”

Amelie squealed at the news.

They finally reached the rift taking to the Island. Max licked Mabel's cheek and she 'whooped' as Max ran through it. Santa looked impressed as he looked at the magic around the area. “It’s based on a unicorn glade, isn’t it?” he raised his eyebrows. Xin made a proud sound. “Fully functional ecosystem inside, I’m still working on expanding the ocean, need more space for some of the larger fish after all.” and with certain fishes being overfished by humans out in the rest of the world, Xin liked the idea of having a safe breeding place for rebuilding populations. Like Tuna. They required an insane amount of space to grow. And needed lots of food too. Xin was working hard to build the ecosystem around the Island. Perhaps… someday… he could even expand the space enough to add another Island, for more people to escape to, to get away from the outside world… (Xin pushed down the pang of sorrow over the idea of what Blue would have said about it.)

"That's very impressive," Santa nodded with a grin. The Care Units approached the group and bowed. “Hello Creator.” Care Unit 1 said. Xin nodded at them all. “How’re the children?” he asked softly as he lowered himself so everyone could get off his back. “They have been doing well. The adults have adapted to leaving and re-entering the Island. Sometimes they take some of the children with them. We keep close track of which children leave, and do not rest until they have been returned.”

Xin nodded. He knew that everyone was wearing the pendants so they’d be able to teleport to safety if anything happened. Still, he worried. And the Care Units knew to keep track of the children carefully. There were a few adults and teenagers still awake and they came out to greet their dragon god.

Xin rumbled as he nuzzled them. “Heeey~ why aren’t you in bed? You need to rest.” he told the children. They giggled and petted Xin’s snout. “We’ll go to bed soon. We wanted to finish a few games.” Xin scoffed. “Alright~ but I’m actually gonna need you all to stay awake for a little while longer.”

"Hello, Max! Mr. Pines!” they waved at the people they knew. The dragon's 'pup' as Xin always called him, grinned and wagged his tail in greetings.

"This is my partner, Mabel!” Max proudly showed her off. Mabel looked around the island, amazed before grinning at the islanders. "Yup! My boyfriend!"

And that’s when one of the kids saw Santa. She stopped dead and stared. The other kids noticed too and they all gasped. They weren’t sure if this was real. Xin grinned at them all. “This is Santa. I realized the Island isn’t somewhere he can reach normally, so I thought I should bring him here.” Xin bent down to nuzzle Santa. “I know they’ve got cookies and milk here too.”

Santa chuckled. The adults were sort of confused, thinking that this was someone hired to pretend to be Santa for the holidays. That was… until Santa whistled and a sleigh flew through the air, pulled by reindeer.

And Xin sent the Care Units to wake the other children, so they could all meet Santa. The elemental spirit was gesturing for his reindeer to land on the beach. The children were all squealing in excitement. Because Santa was REAL! Just like in the movies! Only this was COOLER!
All the children were woken up and when they went outside and saw what was happening on the beach, they ran towards Santa squealing. The spirit’s eyes widened a little at the surge of energy. "They have very intense beliefs." He looked at Xin, who nodded solemnly. "Had to get used to it. They’re sweet kids, and they love deeply, if cautiously. As long as you treat them with love in return, they’ll be your steadfast faithful."

Santa had a contemplative look on his face. He turned back to the children. “They’re… happy.” he relaxed a little. “I’m glad you saved them.” he waved to let his reindeer loose from their harness and the kids squealed as they pet the animals. Mabel was also petting them, looking like this was the greatest day of her life.

“There are more children I want to save. But I don’t know how to go about doing it.” Xin admitted. Santa sighed. “Simply taking them would be considered kidnapping.”

“I prefer the term ‘spirited away’.” Xin snickered. Santa rolled his eyes.”Well, so long as you ask them, and their parents, if parents are available, and they agree…”

“And if the parents are no good?” Xin narrowed his eyes. Santa sighed. “Even so, to take a child from their parents, even if for their own good, it’s a delicate situation all around.”

“I know.” Xin grimaced. “I will figure something out. I don’t know yet, but I realized I need to ask other people for their own thoughts on the matter.” he tilted his head at Santa. “...why won’t you take over as the president of the united states? You’re the current and forever president, aren’t you?”

Dipper perked his head at that. Wait, he kind of remembered seeing that somewhere?! He looked at his uncle, his source of valid information, and the scientist nodded solemnly. Dillon just looked lost.

Santa groaned. “Kind of hard to really do that when most people don’t even believe I’m real.”

“You’re right here. Can’t you just… reveal yourself to the world?” Xin asked gently. The old winter spirit shook his head. “I tried, a long time ago. Things didn’t work out. Heck, when I was not so graciously ignored to the point of being kicked out, they did a whole coverup. To make it seem even MORE that I didn’t exist.” He actually sneered. “Even hired that soda company to make me their mascot for the sake of capitalism, to further soil the flavor of my worship into something twisted that I could no longer use for sustenance.”

"That's so sad." Mabel pouted. "Those dummies suck ass." Max snorted. Dipper hummed and crossed his arms. "Yeah, the whole thing about Trembley was only allowed to be known by the town after Weirdmageddon and the Northwest lost a lot of their fortune…Before that, a lot of government information was hidden." And even now, a lot of government information was still hidden.

“...what?” Dillon and Kari deadpanned. Because, seriously, what the actual fuck?

"Ughh too long to explaaaaaaain~" Mabel groaned. "Bla bla bla, the Northwest founder of Gravity Falls was a fraud, bla bla, Ben Franklin was a woman, bla Quentin Trembley threw himself off a cliff on his horse, yadayada, Time Baby will return once the polar ice caps melt, and encasing yourself in peanut brittle can make you immortal or something."

Max, Amelie and Kari blinked. Dillon slowly shook his head from side to side. “None of what you just said makes any sense.”

Xin and Santa were with the children, Santa offered to let the kids ride his sleigh and Xin wanted to give the kids a ride on his back. The adults who were here and awake were somewhat worried, but they couldn’t really stop the children from doing what they wanted. Ford was trying to assure the parents that the kids wouldn’t fall off the dragon.

The kids had a fun time flying through the air. While up in the air, one of the kids asked Santa, almost hesitantly (and with an underlying of bitterness) “Why didn’t you save us?”

Santa’s expression dropped. He sighed. “I didn’t have the power to,” he glanced over at the other children. “It’s not an excuse. And I failed you all. I’m sorry I didn’t help you all before.”

The kids considered that. And also how sad Santa looked. “So you’re not as strong as Xin?” One girl asked. Santa chuckled, “Yeah, that dragon’s something special.”

“Why didn’t Xin save us earlier?” another kid asked. Xin, flying nearby, sighed. “I didn’t come to this planet until the beginning of this year. And I’m sorry I didn’t help you all sooner.”

Dillon (also riding in the sleigh) glanced at Santa as he tucked his hands under his armpits. "So...that's why you couldn't bring back my dad sooner..."

Santa nodded ashamed. "I tried locating him, but it was so hard, multiple dimensions is not really my thing. And I barely have power here on Earth, much less out there in space." Dillon smiled at the god. Well, at least he tried. That reassured him that he wasn't been ignored him as a kid.

“It’s hard.” Santa admitted. “Knowing what all children want and ask for, and being unable to give them what they needed.” The pain of being a god with no real power, really. Xin nudged him gently. This poor guy, so good and barely keeping up because of some ASSHOLES. Well, he was going to help, because he was so awesome!

(And her pup was amazed by him.)

Xin still needed to ask more people for their opinion on what to do to help. But frankly, it was getting to the point where hostile takeover might just be the best option by this point.

They spent a few more hours, Dillon and Dipper, against their hard resistance, ended up falling asleep, leaned against their grandma like babies. Kari held said babies against each shoulder and Mabel took a photo. Max always slept early too, which she thought was adorable, and he was curled up with some very not sleepy kids, trying to listen to them and not fall asleep on them. The Care Units and the other adults helped get all the kids back to bed. Xin even went human form to help tuck a few of them in. Then Santa left some more handmade dolls for the kids, tucking one under the blankets for each child. He also thanked Xin for showing him the Island.

“Can we keep in touch? If I need someone to talk to about being the new president when I finally find a way to get rid of the current administration?” Xin asked. Santa snorted. “I don’t know much about politics and governing.”

“That’s fine. The current president doesn’t know anything about governing either. Or much of anything at all.” Xin scoffed. “Seriously though, keep in touch dude.” Xin handed Santa a triangle pendant. “As fellow gods, if you ever need help with anything, just ask.”

“...thank you.” Santa bowed his head. And then he was up in his sleigh and flying away to gather
more energy needed for the coming spring.

Xin yawned and looked around for his charges. Kari woke up her grandsons and they both groaned before climbing up to Xin's back. Amelie yawned and did the same. Mabel rubbed her eyes and followed suit because her passed out boyfriend was picked up by Xin's giant jaws and carried by his waist. He hung limply. Ford patted Xin's head. “So… getting more people for your second, third and fourth opinions?”

“It’s what I’m supposed to do.” Xin managed to answer despite holding Max in his mouth. Ford sighed. “Following your brother’s advice, when it is actually good advice, isn’t a ‘supposed to do’ type of thing.” He told Xin gently. “You don’t have to think of things as stuff you’re ‘supposed to do’ just because someone told you to.”

Xin snorted. “Like you’re telling me right now?” Ford flushed. “You know what I mean.”

Xin sobered, looking away as his feathers drooped. “…yeah…” Ford sighed. Even now, MizBill still valued what their brother said. Ford couldn’t help but be a little angry about that. At how Blue could so easily effect MizBill’s mood. “Come on, lets get the kids to bed.”

“Mmmnot a kid…” Dipper mumbled in his sleep. The adults all chuckled quietly.

When they got back, Xin shrank down both into human form and sex to Miz. She proceeded to yawn and sway on her feet until Ford picked her up (after kneeling down and opening his arms for her to choose to come to him). “Tired?” Ford asked. Miz nodded sleepily. Ford hugged her against his chest and carried her inside.

The rest of the teenagers were put to bed and the adults all went to settle into the livingroom to talk about what had happened today. Stan, Seb, Wanda and the others were still awake, having been waiting for their older kids to return.

“Well.” Kari sipped her hot chocolate. “Santa is supposed to be our president instead of that monster currently in office. Anyone else vote to let Miz take Shlump out and put Santa in charge?” she said halfway seriously. Wanda sighed. “I’m almost tempted to agree.”

Seb blinked. “Seriously?” Wanda rolled her eyes. “If things don’t get any better, and if people are going to continue being hurt and oppressed and killed, I think it might be ok to sic an alien demon dragon god on him.”

“Are we really going to let Miz go full demon-god on humanity?” Shermie twitched. He was still rather weirded out by this entire subject. “I mean, I’m all for getting rid of Shlump, but… can Santa even run a government?”

"Well, movies have already predicted alien takeovers." Seb stroked his beard. "After all, the US is the only one attacked in movies and it's perfect!" He grinned. Stan shrugged. "I don't really care. As long as she doesn't mess with us, I don't see why we can't have Santa running America."

"I need something stronger than this." Wanda looked down at her eggnog. "I'm going to need to talk to Santa Claus and ask him how much he knows about administration and delegation and knowledge on human laws and... everything." she sighed. "My real complaint against Miz taking out Shlump was that there would be no one to take over after, and now that she's found someone... well, I don't want to rush into this without checking thoroughly. And in any case, Santa would have to actually agree to do it in the first place."

"Well, this is too weird, good night." Seb waved lazily. Wanda rolled her eyes at his utter
disinterest. And she still remembered with amusement how he told Blue 'Oh yes, yes, I'll do something, definitely.' Just to make him shut up. Oh, her husband. Lying to that demon to his face.

Miz twitched in her sleep, frowning slightly where she was resting her head against Ford’s shoulder.

Speaking of Miz…

Ford was still carrying her as she slept. She refused to let go of his jacket after all. Everyone made weird, almost teasing, sounds at him when Miz shifted a little with a soft hum, and Ford just shook his head at his family. Really, what was so funny about it? Seb carried Zach all the time, and Wanda often carried Zoe. Heck, Stan held Diego when the boy fell asleep and no one made a fuss over it. How was him holding Miz any different?

Besides...Miz was his partner and they were all exhausted. They all checked the time and decided to retire for the night. Ford cuddled Miz as he fell asleep, already used to having her by his side as he slept.

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Max was a little unsure what to do with himself. There were no classes to keep his head distracted, and he couldn't just go have a walk. It was way too cold.

It'd be so amazing to just...sleep until spring came, but Max doubted he could do that, he felt this time awake had messed up his schedules. Despite that, he felt sleepy and his need to cuddle was going overboard. There would be nothing better to just curl up against the heater, with the electric blanket the Great Dragon had gotten for him (he should really talk to the priestesses to allow everyone to have these for next winter!) and have his beautiful girlfriend by his side.

But that couldn't be it.

Mabel was a bubbly active person, she was jumping from here to there, helping with someone, squeezing her pet pig's cheeks, bothering the human pups, playing outside (something Max refused to do), and Max didn't want to stop her, it was her family, though it made him feel lonely. He only knew Dr. Pines, but he also had to be with his family, and while he knew Mr. Shermie and Mrs. Abi, talking to them wasn't something he felt comfortable with.

So the young Eix Leel just wrapped the blanket around himself even more and sighed. He should nap…

"Yellow~ Mind if I sit here?" Max looked up. Oh. "Hello, Mr. Pines. Ah, I do not mind if you sit."

Sebastian smiled and sat down besides Max. “So, I’m guessing you’re super cold. Do you want Miz to put some sort of heating charm on you or something?”

“No, it’s alright. The great dragon has already helped me enough.” Max shook his head. And even if he was warmer, it still felt super weird to be out in the snow. Sebastian shrugged, “If you’re sure. So… you just gonna huddle here all day?”

“Well, I don’t know what else to do? I don’t want to go outside.” Max admitted.

“There’s plenty of stuff you can do indoors. In fact, come on kid.” Seb gestured for Max to get up and follow him. Max did, still hugging his blanket and the two went to the kitchen. “So… since Santa ate all the cookies, I thought I would bake more. And I could use some help.”
Max blinked. "I...don't know how to do that." He confessed, ashamed.

"Well, help me then." Seb shrugged. "I really want to use this new oven~ It's much better than the one I had when living here. In fact, lots of things have been repaired, I wouldn't expect anything less from Miz."

"You...You lived here?"

"Yup! Thirteen years! I bet you already saw the Mystery Shack, aye? That was my creation!" Seb opened his arms wide. "And Soos, but I won't count it as he didn't put money in it, well, not at first anyway." He waved a six-fingered hand dismissively.

Max giggled and stood closer to the funny human, towering over him. "Why are you covering one eye?" he wondered about this since neither mister Ford or Stan covered their eye.

Seb grinned and lifted the eyepatch. Max made a choking gasp and the blanket on his shoulders fell. "Holy Gods!!!" Max covered his mouth. There was NO EYE! "It looks horrible!" The Eix Leel without a filtered mouth, exclaimed.

"Thanks! I know, that's why I use the eyepatch." Seb laughed and covered his scarred eye socket once again.

Max felt a little bad for blurting that out so bluntly. Seb noticed his discomfort and laughed it off. "It’s fine kid, really." He patted Max’s shoulder and the two made it to the kitchen. It was bigger than it was when Seb owned it. Not hugely bigger, but he could see new equipment and the room had been expanded. He was glad to see that the items were more or less organized the same. He easily found the flour and butter and other ingredients.

“I have eaten cookies before, Miss Melody gave me some, but I can’t eat chocolate ones, the great dragon says I’d die.”

“I feel EXTREMELY SORRY for that. But it’s good to know. I will avoid using any chocolate.” Seb nodded. “Hm... how about... some shortbread cookies? With rosemary?” Max nodded, not having a real opinion one way or another. Seb began directing him to help with measuring things out, once Seb looked up a recipe on his phone and began reading off it.

As they started working (Max handing materials or ingredients to him or getting stuff on taller shelves “Why are you so damn tall, kid?!”), Max asked. “Why did you move from the house if you lived here? Is it because of your eye?”

“Nah, I got together with Wanda so we kinda moved to our own place, this IS Sixer’s house originally, not mine.”

“And then why were you living here?” Max was very confused at this, but Seb waved it off. “Too long too explain. People just move houses sometimes.” he paused. “Is that something your people don’t do?”

Max nodded and stared at his hands. “We only move out of our parents house when we get married. And even then, we still live in the same village...Unless you’re male, you’d then move to your wife’s family if she was from a different one.”

“Sticking close knit? That’s pretty cool.” Seb didn’t really like how annoying the people in Max’s village were (what with the whole, almost sacrificing, or eating them all thing), it was even worse than humans. It sounded as if someone took the worst of the worst of xenophobic, sexist and he’d be tempted to say racist human culture and just put it on high. But the Eix Leel weren’t human, so
Seb couldn’t really say anything about it.

When the cookies were in the oven, and the two admired their hard work, Max looked up (or down, actually, Seb is still small). “Mr. Seb, how are humans assigned their jobs?”

“How?”

“I mean...How are you chosen to be a scientist like Dr. Pines, or a merchant, like my boss in town?”

“You aren’t chosen, you just do it, like you decide to do it yourself.” Seb explained. “You study sometimes for it.” he shrugged. “I wanted to get into clothing design. So I worked really hard for it.”

“So… it doesn’t matter...uh…” Max rubbed his arm. “What have YOU chosen then? You said clothing design, but what does that mean?”

“I make clothes! FANCY clothes. I create cool looking clothes people wear!” Seb grinned as Max thought in silence. “Why would you make clothes people can do themselves?”

“Cuz humans don’t make their own clothes anymore. Well, most people don’t.” Max hummed, pulling at his jacket. He made it himself.

“That sounds amazing. Being able to choose.” he smiled. Seb shrugged again. “Ehh, well, I got lucky. Not everyone can get the job they want. There are plenty of people who work really hard but still can’t get a job in the field they want. Which sucks. Life isn't nice, or easy. You just gotta get over it and keep working as best you can with what you can.”

Max looked down, scared. Wow. That sounded horrible. “What happens to the people who can’t get the job they want?”

“It depends on the person. Some give up. Some find something else that they want more, which fits them better. Some just work on something else because there’s not much they can do. I mean, it sucks, but people need money to live. There’s paying for rent, and food and medicine… it’s hard. And most people aren’t as fortunate as I am, to be able to actually reach their dreams.” He shook his head. “Sorry for being a downer, let’s check on the cookies…” Seb bent down to stare into the oven, the cookies were looking great.

Max was still thinking. Even if there was the high possibility that he would fail, the idea of being able to try was... it was an amazing idea.

“I think they’re done!” Seb cheered as he brought the tray of cookies out. Max’s nose twitched. The smell was amazing~

In fact…

“‘‘‘COOKIES!!!’’’” Many voices screamed as Zach, Zoe, Miz, Diego and Mabel thundered into the kitchen. Seb screamed and held the tray high above his head as the children swarmed and jumped, reaching for the cookies with wild looks in their eyes. “No! You have to wait for them to cool first!” Seb scolded, even as he hid his proud smirk.

“Also, say thanks to us! Max and I made them.” He put the tray on the table and pulled Max in for a hug. The kindergarteners chorused “Thank you!” as Mabel grabbed Max’s cheek and kissed his lips. “OH YOU LIFE SAVIOR!” Max wiggled with a flex of his feathers (though because of the illusion no one could see it). He made Mabel happy! With the cookies!
“I’m sorry for abandoning you~ I’ll stay here with you now!” Mabel grinned before jumping into his arms without warning. Max easily caught her and they walked into the living room. He did glance back at Sebastian though, as if asking if it was ok to leave, and the man just shooed him off, and floated his blanket at him. When it was above him, it covered both Mabel’s and Max’s heads.

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Melody huffed as she made her way over to the couch. She was excited to be a mother, but she did wish it was a little easier on her body. Carrying another person inside her was a lot of work.

She looked up from rubbing her belly to see Miz staring. Melody chuckled good naturedly. “Do you want to feel?” she asked, having gotten used to people wanting to touch her belly. Miz looked hesitant. “U-um…” the dragon was half hidden behind the edge of the couch, crouching behind the arm. Melody patted the cushion next to her. “Come on, I don’t mind, really.”

Miz slowly made her way over. Sitting on the couch and scooting over to be closer to Melody. She didn’t reach out to touch her belly though, just staring at it. Melody reached out to place her hand gently on Miz’s head. “What’s on your mind?”

“...I’ve seen people pregnant many times. And it’s always… so cool, and also scary.” Miz admitted. “But I can’t help but… be interested in it.” she reached out, but stopped before actually touching Melody. And then Miz pulled her hand back and laid them in her lap, still staring. Melody was a little unnerved by the intensity. “What are you looking for?”

“For when they gain a Soul.” Miz said. Melody blinked. “O-oh?” she looked down at her belly. “There’s no Soul right now?” she asked. Miz tilted her head. “There is. I’m just trying to figure out when they gained it.”

“How do you call her a ‘they’?” Melody asked, as she and Soos found out the baby was female. Miz shrugged. “They’re genetically female, but I don’t know if they’re mentally female yet. The Mind isn’t fully formed.”

Melody blinked before nodding. Oh. Alright. She rubbed her belly lovingly. “We can’t wait to meet them.” Soos was also incredibly excited, as well as incredibly nervous. But she expected that.

“How does it feel?” Miz asked, finally looking away from the belly and up to Melody’s face, sort of attempting to do eye contact before her gaze slid off down to her chin instead.

“Um...I don’t know...it’s weird, not gonna lie, but exciting.” Melody chuckled. “I guess it’s also a bit of a pain? My insides feel like they’re being shoved around. I have to pee constantly, my feet hurt if I stand or walk for too long…” she listed off. Miz nodded, “Pyronica complained sometimes about how cold she felt, since her internal temperature was colder while she was pregnant.”

Melody raised an eyebrow. “Well, I do get hot and cold sometimes, I’m sure it’s because of my changing hormonal levels.” Miz slowly reached out her hand again, but hesitated and withdrew once more. Melody sighed. “Are you afraid?”

Miz shrugged. “I... maybe? I dunno. I mean, there’s some ambient Weirdness around all the time, but I’m pretty much made of it, dunno what I might do to a human embryo--” she rambled off. Melody wasn’t buying it. “What are you really afraid of?”

Miz paused. “...I’m afraid I’d get attached to yet another person who’ll someday die and leave me.”

Melody flinched. “Ah, no offense Miz, but once the baby’s born, you’re going to--”
“I know.” Miz sighed. “But when they’re…,” she gestured to Melody’s belly, “...like this? Not even fully formed, infinite possibilities, well, near infinite. I worry about what I might do…”

Melody frowned faintly. “What might you do?”

And Miz shivered. “I want a baby,” she said softly. Melody felt a bit of a chill go down her spine. “Well, you’re still a little young for that.” She didn’t bring up what she was really thinking, that being that Miz might want to take her baby, in her want to have one. She didn’t want Miz to have to admit to it, if that really was what she was thinking.

“I’m not a child.” Miz turned her head away. Melody sighed. “I feel like there’s a very long story behind this.” She said more to herself than anyone else. “I know you’re some sort of immortal alien space dragon, but right now, you’re… um… no offense…”

Miz huffed, leaning back and shifting into Yun. “I’m not a kid.” She repeated, stretching out and looking quite affronted. Melody sighed. “You have a complex about this, don’t you?” she asked gently. Yun paused. “...a little.” she said finally. “I… I’m an adult. I am! Just ‘cause I’m in child-mode most of the time doesn’t mean…” she trailed off. “I’m still trying to figure out what I want to be.” She played with her fingers, flexing them and watching the black markings swirl around along her skin. “I wanted to be a little sister, a daughter, a child who could be protected and cared for. Who doesn’t have to stress about the consequences of their own decisions, just doing what they wanted. Just having fun.” She leaned back against the couch. “But all that ended up doing was making problems that I have to deal with, because foisting my problems off on other people isn’t right.” She folded her hands in her lap again. She just couldn’t be what she wanted. She couldn’t be what other people wanted. And she ended up hurting people with her attitude and actions. (Like her brother. She hurt Blue deeply, and she still hated herself for that.)

“So, if I can’t be a child. Then… I might as well grow up and be an adult.” Yun sighed. “But even so, Miz is Wanda’s daughter. I’m still a kid part of the time. But what do I actually want to be? I don’t know.”

“Well, I think that actual age means nothing in terms of maturity, if that’s what you’re worried about.” Melody smiled reassuringly. “Maturity comes from experience. The things you learn from the things you’ve gone through.”

Yun blinked. “So… I need more life experience, with being an adult?”

“With everything, essentially. It’s not all about adulthood.” Melody chuckled. “There’s always more to learn, and experience. And you use those things to grow and change and, well… mature. And frankly, being an adult sucks. Don’t throw away your childhood. Ride tiny trains. Be weird. Have fun. There’s nothing wrong with doing that. If you’re immortal, you’ve got pretty much forever to be an adult eventually. So there’s nothing wrong with taking it slow and getting experience from everything as you go.”

Yun considered that. “...There’s a lot that I need to think about. Things I need to do.,” she ran a hand through her hair, pinching the end of her bangs and playing with it absently. “Thank you for the talk.”

Melody snorted as she laughed. “It’s no problem. I hope you figure out what you want to do.”

Yun smiled, then reached out her hand until it was hovering above Melody’s belly, not touching yet. “Can I?” she asked shyly. Melody laughed. “Sure. Just be gentle, I swear I’m gonna pee my pants if anymore pressure is applied to my bladder.”
Yun laughed as she very gently put her hand down and let it lie there, feeling the growing life inside.


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