Shadow Over Gravity Falls

by Lordxana0

Summary

It has been five years since Dipper and Mabel left Gravity Falls, and in that time much has changed. Both have been burdened by a responsibility that has kept them on the move, but now they find themselves returning to Gravity Falls one more time. Waiting for them is an old friend, old enemies, new monsters, and a host of questions without answers. Will the two manage to survive to the end of the summer, or will the darkness bring about their doom?

Notes

See the end of the work for notes
Chapter 1

Pacifica Northwest was not depressed, she was not antisocial, and she was not in fact horribly lonely. She was not all these things despite having multiple school therapists tell her that, despite her family informing her of that fact whenever they felt like pointing out a flaw, and despite resembling all of those remarks. But she wasn’t. Depression was just her not wanting to deal with the constant weight of her name crushing down on her, her antisocial behavior sprang up from the fact that the people around her were usually backstabbing liars who would throw her under a train for a quarter, and the only reason she was alone was not to have to deal with the previously mentioned people.

Despite not being depressed Pacifica had a hard time remember the last time she had been happy. It felt like ages ago, during one of the summers after boarding school where she had talked and enjoyed the presence of old friends, the Pine’s siblings. They had never once tried to take advantage of her, or at least if they ever did they were straight forward and thanked her a hundred times for whatever they needed her to do.

Even now remember the two brought a pang of hurt to her chest. Mabel, who was always happy, always wearing homemade clothes, and who could tell a joke at the darkest hours. And Dipper, who was smart and loyal to a fault, always there with a comforting and awkward bit of advice. Both of them had opened her eyes to a world she had never known from behind her self-imposed walls of greed and pride.

But it had been years since she had seen either of them, and their Great Uncle’s wouldn’t say a single word about them, only that they were ‘fine’ and she should either buy something or take a hike. Despite her friendship with the twins the owner of the shop had never really taken a liking to her, despite his brother being a gentlemen.

Now she found herself back in the hometown her family had claimed to found with nothing but time and empty space. There wasn’t much for a seventeen year old to do in Gravity Falls, the town hadn’t exactly grown much in five years. Somehow she had doubts that it would ever grow no matter how much time passed, it was like this place was stuck in a rut.

It was in her boredom that Pacifica found herself walking through Gravity Fall’s forest, remembering the old days with her last true friends. They had taken her on a few adventures with them, most that ended with them running and screaming from some new ungodly abomination that would be looking to either eat them or force them to sit through their one man shows…and then eat them. There was a surprising lack of variety when it came to death threats from supernatural creatures. Mostly just variations of ways they would try and kill them.

Despite knowing the dangers of being in the forest alone Pacifica wasn’t too afraid. She had good running shoes on, a bag at her side with pepper spray and a Taser, not to mention enough well practiced authority and strength in her voice to shame any monster who would dare try and harm a single hair on her head.

After about an hour of hiking through the forest she came across a small pond, surrounding on all sides by trees. “Hm, didn’t know about this place.” she said to herself. It wasn’t rare to find her talking to herself, after all it was at least nice to talk to someone you trusted every now and again. She walked toward the small pond and dipped her hand into it, bringing up the clear water before letting it drop back into the pool of water in front of her. It wasn’t deep, even in deepest part it would only come up to her waist. She brought out her phone and took a picture of the pond with a smile. When she got home she would print the picture and put it into a scrapbook, something that
Mabel had suggested she make to remember all of the good times. Most of it was pretty empty, but she knew if the brown haired girl were still around she would just say something about ‘that just means you need more good times to fill it with.’ or something of that nature.

“Hey there cutie,” a voice rang out from the forest, causing Pacifica to quickly turn around to look at who was talking to her. “Looking good, and definitely female, get ‘er boys!”

Before the blonde haired heiress could react a number of tiny darts flew out of the forest and struck the parts of her that weren’t covered in clothes, stinging like a bee where they landed. She reached the pull one out, before she felt her body freeze in place, unable to move. Without the ability to control her motor function the young girl quickly collapsed on her back, away from the pond thankfully.

Out of the forest walked a large band of small creatures with beards and red pointy hats. Pacifica remembered these creatures from back in the day, Gnomes. Dangerous in groups but not exactly intellectual powerhouses. Always on the hunt for a new ‘Queen’.

“What do you creeps want with me?” she asked with venom hanging on every word. It appeared she could still speak, despite the rest of her body feeling like it was made of lead.

“Just to make you our eternal bride, we have been hunting for one for years, but every time something or someone steps in and just makes it impossible,” the leader of the group moaned with a shake of his head. “But this time, and I am saying this with utter confidence that it is in fact true, nothing could possibly go wrong.”

“Oh, I wouldn’t say that,” before any of the Gnomes could react a pale green energy surrounded their bodies and began to slowly lift them into the air and away from Pacifica, dropping all of the assembled Gnomes straight into the drink. “Because I could always show up.”

A new figure walked out of the woods to join the small party, a rather tall young man with short brown hair. He was wearing a faded blue jeans and a t-shirt with a picture of a forest background on the front of it. “Now Jeff, what have I told you about trying to kidnap women?” his voice was light, almost like he were scolding a child.

“It…it was just a goof, just a joke you know?” Jeff looked up toward the man, fear plain in his eyes. “We weren’t planning on kidnapping her and making her our Queen for the rest of eternity I swear!”

The man pinched the bridge of his nose and let out a small breath. “I told you I was working on how to create female Gnomes for your people Jeff, and I had just finished to. All you were asked to do was not what you are doing now.”

“C-come on you know us, this is just what we do.” Jeff pleaded, fear plain to see in his eyes.

“Collected Gnomes of the Hunting Pack, your leader has betrayed the barging he forged with me. Forsake him now and vote a new leader and I will consider still keeping my end of the bargain and not turning you into ducks.” the man gave each a cold glare, as if to tell each one that his threat was no laughing matter. With a wave of his hand he removed the glow from all of the Gnomes except for Jeff.

The Gnomes huddled together and began to talk rapid fire before simply pushing on odd looking Gnome to the front. “Him, he is the new leader.” the group called out.

The man stepped forward and tilted his head to the side. “What is your name?”
“Shmebulock!” declared Shmebulock.

The man blinked for a moment before letting out a small groan. “You know what, I don’t even care anymore,” he reached into his pocket and tossed a small bag to the Gnome. “Take those back to your home and plant them, water them with love and from them Gnome women shall grow.”

“Shmebulock?” Shmebulock inquired.

“Yes I promise it will work.” the man replied to the Gnome.

“Shmebulock.” he gave a small nod and whistled to the other Gnomes to pick up their former leader before retreating back into the forest.

“Well that was a thing,” the man said while scratching the back of his neck.

“Hey weird guy, you think you can help me up, this mud is ruining my clothing.” Pacifica called out. Now that the Gnomes were gone she needed to figure out if this guy was worse news then the Gnomes.

He turned his head to look at her for a moment before smiling and waving his hand over her. As he did she found that her body no longer felt like lead, now she could move freely. “Sorry about that, I got so caught up with those guys I forgot about you for a moment.” he had the good grace to look embarrassed about his error.

“I guess its fine,” she pulled herself up and brushed off her clothing. Now that she was no longer stuck on the ground she was able to get a good look at the man who had saved her. Her impression that he was tall still seemed on the spot, as he was about a head taller than herself. Despite his apparently ability to freeze Gnomes and remove poison he seemed perfect normal, in fact if his arms were anything to go by he was in great shape. “So do you have a name, or am I just supposed to call you mysterious magic guy?”

The man blinked for a moment in confusion before laughing. “I guess you could call me the Count of Monte Cristo.”

Pacifica scrunched her nose at the man who had saved her, recognizing the name easily enough. Well if he wanted to play games then she would play right back. “Or maybe Edward Dante’s would be a bit better, seeing as you don’t exactly look like a Count.”

The man flashed her a bright grin as she joked against him. “Man you haven’t changed at all have you, still quick witted as ever.”

Confusion flashed across her face as he said that. “Do I know you from somewhere?” he looked familiar, but she couldn’t quite place everything together. Then again people usually look very different as they grew up.

“Somewhere, some when, something like that,” the man said with a small wave of his hand. “Now we should get you out of the forest before it gets dark, things have been getting crazy around here lately.”

“I can take care of myself,” the young woman said with a frown. Just as she finished saying that a deep and dangerous roar rang out from the forest, loud enough to make the trees shake. “That being said it would be in poor taste to turn down such a generous offer.”

“Agreed, let’s get going.” with that said the two began to make their way to the nearest out of the forest. As they did the young man pulled out a small leather bound journal and a pen, writing down
“Isn’t it a bit dangerous to be writing and walking at the same time?” Pacifica asked, stealing the occasional glance at him. She still couldn’t exactly match him to anyone in her memory, but if felt like only a matter of time before it clicked.

“No way, I know what I am doing so…” before he could continue he walked face first into a tree branch, knocking himself flat on his rear. “Okay so let’s pretend I didn’t just do that, okay?” he rubbed his forehead a bit, brushing his hair out of the way for the first time and revealing the final piece of the puzzle for Pacifica.

On his forehead sat a very distinctive birthmark, one that looked just like the Big Dipper.

“Dip…” Pacifica began to say, only to be cut off by said boy leaping back to his feet and covering her mouth with his hand, bringing a finger to his own lips to signify that she shouldn’t say anything else.

“This forest has ears everywhere, and saying my name will draw things right toward us who are still holding a grudge, just hold on until we are out of the forest and I promise I will explain everything.” Dipper’s voice was filled with worry as he spoke in a hushed tone.

Pacifica gave him a look that made it clear that she didn’t understand, but nodded anyway. With the nod Dipper moved his hand away from her mouth and the two of them walked the rest of the way in utter silence.

Once they finally reached the edge of the forest Pacifica turned around, wanting to ask a thousand questions. What had he done to those Gnomes back there, why was he back, where had he been, why had he never written?

But before a single word could escape her mouth Dipper’s phone went off in his pocket, playing a cover of Disco Girl. “One second,” he said, pulling out his phone, a flip phone pulled straight out of the old days, and opening it. “This is Dipper, yeah I took care of it, well yeah they aren’t easy to…okay yeah I am…I just said…okay I am hanging up the phone now.” he flipped the phone closed and sighed.

“Who was that?” Pacifica asked with a bit of a raised eyebrow.

“Mabel, I need to get back to the Mystery Shack,” he sighed a bit and shook his head. “Listen you know Lazy Susan’s Dinner?”

“That horrid little place?” she had eaten their once and had felt the need to get a stomach pump. “I know of it.”

“Meet me there tomorrow at twelve and I promise I will explain some of the stuff.” he held out his pinkie to her with a smile.

It was the same thing they used to do when they were still kids. It was the way Mabel had taught her to make deals. In her mind it was a ton more binding then any contract, through Pacifica didn’t know if she would agree with that statement. Regardless she hooked her pinkie around Dipper’s and glared into his eyes. “You better be there.”

Dipper gave a sheepish grin and stepped back, giving her a small wave before turning and jogging to the direction of the Mystery Shack.

Pacifica could only watch as her oldest friend moved away from her. She would never admit to
having been lonely, or missing him or his sister. The tears that ran down her face weren’t because of either of them, just dirt being picked up from the wind. Honestly.

After about ten minutes Dipper found himself back at the Mystery Shack, having barely worked a sweat from running all that way. To be fair he was in great shape, which came from the fact he had trained around the world, and most of the people he trained under hammered in the importance of a healthy body and a healthy mind. He looked at the Mystery Shack and smiled to himself. Despite the passage of time the place hadn’t changed a bit, not even the hanging letter had ever been fixed, despite Ford and Stan always complaining about it whenever they stepped out. With a smile on his face Dipper walked into the Shack and back toward the living room, only to see his sister sitting on the couch with a Pit Cola in her hands.

The passage of time had been more then kind to Mabel, through it had made some changes to her appearance. She had long ago trimmed her long hair into much shorter version of itself, and with her braces removed she now could smile and show not a hint of metal. Gone was any of the pudgy roundness that youth had saddled her with, now she was actually rather well toned. The only thing she still disliked was the fact Dipper had grown a bit taller than her, but she comforted herself with the fact that if they were to arm wrestle she could put his entire body through the table.

“About time you got here Bro!” she ran over and wrapped her arms around Dipper in a tight hug, one that knocked the air right out of Dipper.

“Lungs…air…need…breathe…” Dipper choked out, doing a perfect impression of a fish on land.

Mabel only laughed and held the hug for a few seconds before letting him go. “Man, you are still super lanky bro-bro.”

“Yeah but I can still beat you at chess.” Dipper huffed while fixing his hair to hide his birthmark again.

Seeing Dipper messing with his hair brought a smile to his sister’s face. “Wait a minute Bro, I have just the thing.” she bounced over to the couch and removed one of the pillows, revealing a baseball cap with a pine tree on the front of it. “It’s a Mabel original, like this new sweater,” she waved her hand over said sweater, which hair a shield with a sword standing behind it. “So you don’t need to worry about it not fitting over your huge head.”

“Heh, I heard about your new line up on the plane,” Dipper took the hat and fit it over his head. Just like she said it fit like a dream, though he would have expected nothing less of his sister. “I heard that Tony Stark retweeted your announcement tweet.”

Mabel gave a roll of her eyes at the name of the billionaire superhero. “I know, we sold out the entire line in like an hour after he called it ‘the Hot Thing of the summer’.”

“You don’t seem happy about the free publicity,” Dipper said as he took a seat on the couch. Life had been eventful since they had left Gravity Falls all those years ago. After the incident they had traveled around the world and met a ton of people while searching for a way to fix what had happened.

“Well I wanted to see how my line would go without any help, plus I bet Tony never even wore the sweater I made for him.” Mabel huffed a bit and crossed her arms. It hadn’t done much good, but they had met a host of extraordinary people and creatures. From a group of Gargoyles that came to life only at night, to the mighty Avengers, a hospital for
Superheroes, bionic humans who could perform feats beyond imagination, and even a pair of brothers who could create machines that only a kid on a sugar high could ever think of creating. Not that any of them had actually managed to find a way to fix their problem, but it was still amazing to have met so many interesting people.

That being said Dipper had his regrets. He had gone long stretches without seeing Mabel, as both of them had searched and done different things to find the solution to the problem. During that time he had always felt a part of himself missing, and now that they were back together he felt whole again. “I really missed you sis.” he said with a warm smile.

Mabel blinked a bit and smiled, hugging Dipper once more. “I missed you too Dipper,” she stepped back and looked over him. “Did you find anything new in Tibet?”

“No, the monks ran me through everything, but in the end it didn’t do anything more than the rest did,” he smirked and opened his left hand, letting the same aura that had pinned the Gnomes come around it, lifting a number of displays before setting them down. “But I did finally master telekinesis, so we can add that to the list of cool stuff it allows me to do.”

Mabel let out a small sigh after finding out that his trip had been another bust. She hadn’t had much hope to start with, but still. “I didn’t have much luck either, but I finally mastered my fencing stances,” she took a stance and held up her hand as if an invisible foil was in her hand, striking against an opponent that wasn’t there. “Boom, bang, and…” she tossed her imaginary weapon from one hand to the other and delivered a death blow. “Bam!”

Dipper clapped for a moment and humored Mabel as she bowed to a fake audience. “So where are our Grunkles?” he asked, having finally noticed they weren’t here to greet him.

“They had to head into the town over to pick up some stuff for a new exhibit, Grunkle Stan still isn’t used to the whole ‘has to at least not be super fake’ thing that Grunkle Ford insisted on.” Mabel laughed a bit at the twos bickering. She wasn’t able to spend as much time around the two as she had wanted, but was always glad for the chance.

“Yeah that sounds like them,” he let out a small breath and looked at her. “Before they get back we should make contact.”

Mabel let out a small whine and waved her hand. “I want to put that off for a bit longer, every time we do this he ends up creeping me out more. So who was there when I called him?” she waggled her eyebrows. “Some new lady you have fallen for during your adventures?”

Dipper blushed and looked away from her. It was never a comfortable experience talking to Mabel about his love life, or lack of one really. “Pacifica, she was being attacked by Gnomes and I saved her.”

The squeal that Mabel let out could have shattered glass if it were a pitch higher. “Oh my gosh! And then you took her in your arms and smooched her right?!?” she grabbed Dipper’s shoulders and pulled his face close to hers. “Like a solider returning from the war only to save his beloved from rough and tumble bikers and then they have the huge romantic kiss right?!”

“What?” Dipper’s face turned an even brighter shade of red. “Mabel no, bad!” he grabbed a nearby magazine and smacked her on the head with it.
Mabel feigned injury but smiled none the less. “Come on you two had like the biggest crushes on each other back when we were kids, you should have smooched her, right on the lips, a big wet one.”

Dipper felt his face shift from red to some sort of purplish color before he quickly backed away from his sister. “Mabel it’s been like five years, she might have a boyfriend or something!”

Dipper’s logic couldn’t destroy the light that was gathering in Mabel’s eyes. “That’s even better, she has some jerky jerk boyfriend that you need to beat up for her honor, and then she totally falls and swoons for you!” Mabel faked a swoon and fell right off the couch, landing and rolling with laughter. “Pacifica and Dipper in a tree, k-i-s-s-i-n-g!”

“Mabel just…” Dipper let out a sigh of frustration and tossed his hands into the air. “There is no talking to you like this you know that?”

“Nope,” Mabel said as she bounced back up to her feet. “But I now have my secondary mission for this summer, Operation Hook My Bro-Bro up with Pacifica Northwest!”

“Don’t we have more important things to deal with?” Dipper asked with a strained voice. “Like performing the sealing ritual to buy ourselves another year?”

“Why you got to ruin my mellow like that bro?” Mabel asked as the smile slowly slipped off her face.

“Mabel we have to be serious about this,” Dipper put a hand against his chest and let out a slow breath. “I can feel it getting stronger than before, I thought that attempting it somewhere other than Gravity Fall’s would make it more effective, but with how botched it was…” he didn’t need to remind his sister of that day, of what it had nearly costed them.

“I know how serious this stuff is,” her voice lost the child like quality to it, now taking on a much more responsible and weary tone. “It’s why I trained to be so strong, strong enough to make sure that would never happen again, and to protect you, but if we live our lives with this as our only focus…then what’s the point?”

Dipper saw how serious she was and felt a bit of shame at hinting she wasn’t serious about what was happening. “Listen…would it help if I let you give me advice on how to talk to her tomorrow?”

Mabel’s face lit up and she nodded. “How much are you going to tell her?” she asked.

“Everything, if we don’t tell her then she will probably go looking and get herself hurt, better to just lay out everything on the table and see what happens you know?” Dipper asked.

“And then you have sloppy make outs with her right?” Mabel asked with more eyebrow gymnastics.

Dipper pinched the bridge of his nose. “Okay we are done talking about this, let’s get going and meet up with him before he gets impatient.”

Mabel sighed but offered no hint of protest, sitting on the couch and crossing her legs, drawing herself into a meditation pose that she had learned years ago. Dipper did the same, and began to time his own breathing to his sisters. As twins they shared a special connection that couldn’t be described, which is what allowed them to do this together. They both focused on that bond, slowly their hearts and breath to be in perfect sync with each
other. Once that was finished they began to chant. “Tao Nistrium Triangulum, Tao Nistrium Triangulum, Tao Nistrium Tri-“ before the final word could be spoken both twins felt their minds leave their conscious bodies and ascend into a higher plane.

Neither could accurately describe the world around them, as it wasn’t on the same level of being they were used to. It was created by the ideas and flow of human thought and imagination. It was the place that held the massive flow of human consciousness. All of the darkness and light in one place together. A place of insanity and genius.

“Well well well,” a familiar voice rang out from the ever flowing stream of ideas, and before the twins astral selves appeared a yellow triangle, a top hat above his head and a cane by his side. “It’s ever so nice…to see you.” as the triangle fully formed one feature was different. The once ever seeing eye in the beings center was closed, bound by strings as if it had been sewn closed.

“And you as well, Bill.” Dipper and Mabel looked toward the Dream Demon and waited for what would happen next, their forms stiff and ready to move.
The twins stayed perfectly still as the now blind Dream Demon floated in front of them, each party waiting for the other to make the first move. Finally Bill laughed and appeared behind the two, wrapping them up and pulling them together with his stick like arms in a group hug. “Heh, you know I think I actually missed you guys this time.”

The twins gave a shared sigh of relief as they were drawn into the hug. Bill was nothing close to stable, and ever since he had lost his ability to view all of time at once he could shift between being his same happy go lucky self and being furious. “You to Bill.” Dipper finally said, stepping away from the hug.

“Any luck fixing the whammy?” Mabel asked, pointing toward the demon’s sewn shut eye. He had gotten it at the same time the whole mess had started, though he was just as much to blame for the now missing eye as the twins were.

“Not as such Shooting Star,” Bill attempted to poke the sealed eye, but a small black shield appeared in front of his finger to stop it from actually touching the area. “Whatever that thing was sure knew a thing or two about seals, five whole years and I still can’t see beyond Gravity Falls,” a bit of bitterness seeped into his voice. “Anyway what about your trips, any closer to figuring out how to stop the end of your entire dimension from happening?”

Dipper and Mabel both shook their heads.

“Yeah I figured as much, guessing you two want me to check on the seal right?” Bill looked toward them.

“Same deal as last time.” Dipper held out his hand to the creature.

“You get to copy the memories of everything we did over the year, remember copy, if I forget about any cute hunks you better believe I will know.” Mabel said with a false serious tone. Neither of them trusted Bill, but they still had a common interest right now.

“Deal accepted,” Bill broke away from the two and took their hands, blue flames traveling along his arms and down theirs as he began the process of taking the copies of their memories from their brains. The process managed to soothe the demon for a bit, giving him access to thoughts and visuals that the two had experienced. If he rationed it out he could pretend like he was watching their lives super closely. After a moment Bill broke contact and looked toward Dipper. “So do you want the bad news, or the news that will prevent you from sleeping tonight?”

Dipper gulped and steadied himself. “Just give it to me straight like usual Bill, is the seal steady?”

“Yes, the seal is still strong enough to last until the ritual, but that isn’t what’s wrong,” he tapped Dipper’s chest. “Your soul is almost completely used up from the five years of rituals we have been using it for, odds are that it isn’t going to make it through another ritual.”

Mabel’s eyes flashed with fear as she looked toward her brother. She had known that the spell had been taking a toll on him, but to hear that he only had one more left in him was unbelievable. They had worked so hard to find a way around it, but now all that time apart seemed like it amounted to nothing.

The news didn’t come as too much of a surprise to Dipper, although he still felt his heart sink as Bill told it to him. The power needed to fuel the sealing ritual was pulled directly from his soul, the
fact it had survived this long was a surprise. “What happens if we perform the sealing ritual and it burns out my soul?”

“Well, your soul basically contains all the stuff that makes you human, so once its removed you will just be a brain and a meat suit,” Bill leaned on his cane. “You will still be alive, but you will basically be just that. You won’t be able to think, or talk, or really do anything other than the basics to survive,” Bill laughed a bit darkly. “Silver lining once your soul burns out the ritual will hold until your body dies, and if it dies naturally then the seal will last for the rest of time, meaning you will save the world.”

“Can’t we just use my soul to power it, just this once?” Mabel asked, desperation plain in her voice. “If we had another year maybe…”

“We’ve been through this kid, Dipper is the one who cast the seal in the first place, that means his is the only soul that can actually power it.” Bill’s voice took on the nature of a teacher who was trying to explain an equation to a particularly dense student.

He put a comforting hand on Mabel’s shoulder. “We still have two months Mabel, maybe…maybe we can still think of something.”

She just gave a small nod and a smile to her brother, despite knowing that at most he was just trying to comfort her. “Well as nice as our meetings are Bill we need to get back to the real world.” she put a hand over her stomach and faded away from the Dreamscape.

“I suppose you are going to say ado as well Pine Tree?” Bill asked.

“Not quite,” Dipper reached into his pocket and pulled out a glowing green orb of energy, surrounded by numerous rings around it. “This is a spell that the Tibetan Monk’s taught me during my time with them, think of it like antibodies to dark magic, if I gave it to you then it might start eating away at the thing that is reducing your power.”

Bill’s entire being focused on the orb in Dipper’s hand, and even without any human identifies it was obvious that he wanted it. “Name your price Pine Tree, name it and let’s make a deal.” for once there was no joking to the demon’s voice, instead just pure need.

“A favor, that will make two that you owe me,” Dipper held out the hand with the spell and kept an even face. “Deal?”

“Yes, yes deal!” Bill took Dipper’s hand in his and gave only a single shake before pulling back and absorbing the spell into his being. “It’s slow, but I can feel it working.” his voice oozed with pleasure as the bonds around his eye began to slowly burn away. “Give me a few weeks, and I bet I could look into the future again.”

“Good to know,” Dipper said, preparing himself to exit the place. It was a risk giving back autonomy to Bill, but he knew that certain people and creatures wanted the seal to break, and soon enough they would get desperate enough to actually attack. He had to be willing to make certain deals, even if he didn’t like it. “Until next time, Bill.” with that Dipper ended the trance like state and opened his eyes to see Mabel, who was looking at him with a face filled with concern.

“We are still going to look, so don’t go giving up yet okay?” she put a hand on his shoulder and gave a brave smile. “I know we haven’t found it yet, but we have some of the smartest people on the planet working to help us.”

“I know Mabel, this isn’t the first pinch we have been in right?” he put his hand on top of hers and
let out a small sigh. When she was next to him he could at least feign strength. Even if he was scared he wouldn’t ever let Mabel see that, no matter what.

A sudden honk from outside made them both jump in shock before grins came to their faces. “They’re here!” they declared together, running outside to view a rather interesting scene.

During the five years of adventuring and running about the once distant Pine’s brothers had come together for the sake of their two great nephews, after all they wanted to provide some sort of peace for them whenever they felt they needed it. To that end Stanford had made peace with his brother and helped to keep the Mystery Shack of their youth open, though he always pushed for more honesty in the shop. This of course led to the odd creature attack, or the strange case that appeared before the twins at that moment. Atop the old beat up car that still managed to run after all these years was a massive horn that was at least triple the size of the car, its weight pressing down on the metallic top.

“I am telling you there is no way this is a Unicorn horn, it’s a Narwhal horn, Unicorn’s are like horses and there is no way a horse would have that big of a head.” Grunkle Stan exited the car from the passenger’s seat while rubbing his back gently. Despite his age Stan had managed to stay plenty strong, partly due to exercise, but mostly due to stubbornness and a refusal to allow age to slow down his desire to make money.

“You are limiting your mind to the base facts of a reality that are simply an illusion Stanley,” Grunkle Ford stepped out of the driver’s side, still dressed in a leather overcoat despite the summer heat. The years had been far kinder to Ford then Stan, mostly due to the fact his body had quite a few modifications and upgrades from all of his cross dimensional jumping. “For all we know this could be the horn of a Mega-Unicorn that once roamed the planet.”

“Ford, Stan!” both twins ran out to join their great uncles.

“Sweet Narwhal horn,” Dipper said as he approached the car.

“What?” Mabel shook her head as she looked at the massive horn. “That’s a giant unicorn horn, what are you talking about?” she punched her brother’s shoulder, which sent him into the air for about a foot before landing. “Oops, forgot my strength.” she gave a shrug and smiled.

“Kids!” Stan ran toward Mabel and wrapped her in a tight hug. “Man you grew again, another year and you might actually be taller than me,” his eyes narrowed toward the girl. “If that happens I am going to have to disown you, I am serious I don’t want you getting taller than me.”

Mabel laughed at that and hugged her great uncle back, not applying to much pressure out of worry of hurting him. “I will try.”

Ford walked over to Dipper and offered him a hand up. “So did Tibet offer anything new?” it was almost always straight to business with Ford. Given how little time they had left it was understandable.

“Nothing new on my front, but I finally mastered the last spells in the Grimoire you loaned me, and I perfected my telekinesis.” Dipper pulled himself up with the help of Ford and dusted himself off.

Ford sighed a bit and put a hand on Dipper’s shoulder. “It’s something at least, we will keep looking Dipper, remember that we still have time, don’t give up on hope quite yet.”

“Understood, thanks.” he gave a small smile that only just hid the look of cold acceptance already
in the back of his mind.

Suddenly the back of the car popped open, and out from it jumped Soos. “And Soos is here!” the once heavyset man had managed to drop a few pounds during his relationship with Melody, owing to her insistence on a shared diet and the fact he was having to work twice as hard to keep the Mystery Shack in good repair as time ate away at it.

“Soos!” both twins ran over and gave him a joint hug.

“It’s good to see you not so little dudes again,” he returned the hug warmly before stepping back to examine them. “I haven’t seen you guys since the wedding.”

Both of the twins smiled warmly at that small memory. Early last year, before Dipper had went to Tibet to practice under the monks and Mabel had left to finish her training under her numerous masters they had both come together to attend Soos and Melody’s wedding.

“Where is she anyway?” Dipper asked, having noticed her absence within the Mystery Shack. After Wendy had left for college and her relationship to Soos had reached the right level she had moved back to Gravity Fall’s and the two had bought a home, and she had started working at the Shack. It also had the added benefit of being a bit of a research project, as Melody had been trying to get her doctrine in Arcanotech, which was the theorized fusion of magic and science. It benefited her to both live in the most magically open place in America, and to always know where to find one of the few men outside of the superhero game to know about magic and multiple dimensions.

“She is off presenting her paper on some new doodad.” Soos said with a shrug of his shoulders. Despite supporting her a hundred percent he couldn’t even grasp half of what she was doing.

Dipper simply gave a nod and the family moved into the Mystery Shack, content to just let the massive horn sit atop the car for now. Once inside the group took their various places around the living room, with Stan on the couch, Ford on his recliner, and Soos and the twin’s taking the floor.

“Okay so as usual, what’s the craziest thing you two knuckleheads got up to while you were out exploring?” Stan rubbed his hands together and had that grin that always came to his face when mischief was afoot.

Mabel waved her hand wildly in the air. “Oh me first, me first!” she cleared her throat and grinned. “I fought Doctor Doom, I mean I didn’t win but I totally fought him.”

Stan’s face went from mischievous grin to utterly serious. “We talking about a different Doctor Doom then the guy who regularly fights off basically every hero in the world at once?”

Mabel’s grin slipped away as she saw the look from Stan and Ford, concern mixed with a little bit of anger from her doing something that would put her life in such great risk. “Well I was sparing with Captain America while we were waiting for Tony to finish up on some analyzing thingy that we thought might help Dipper, but then Doctor Doom attacked shouting some stuff, and there was a fight…” she shrugged a bit. “I took an energy blast and was out for the rest of it, I didn’t even break that many bones.”

Ford pinched the bridge of his nose and looked at her. “Mabel getting into a fight with someone like him was reckless, even for this family,” he turned toward Dipper. “I am sure your brother here can contest to that.”

“Well not really,” Dipper scratched the back of his neck. “I kind of…you know…went to Latveria and fought Doom.”
Ford took a moment to look at Dipper before letting out a deep and heavy sigh. “Suicidal, their genuinely suicidal Stanley!”

“I know you kids have done some reckless stuff before, but fighting him is crazy even for you two, what would your par-“ Stan froze as he saw the looks on the Twin’s faces turn dark as a stormy night, and instantly knew he had gone a stuff to far with what he was saying. “Okay never mind, I get that Mabel was in the area when he did his whole attack thing, but what in the name of sanity where you doing in Latveria?”

“Well remember Jake Long?” Dipper asked.

“Kid that turns into a dragon and talks like a super ‘hip’ guy?” Mabel asked, making sure she was remembering the exact person.

“Bingo,” Dipper said with a nod. “Well he was in Tibet on some dragon business and mentioned the whole fight in New York thing, and how you got hurt,” a rather murderous expression took over Dipper’s face. “So I jumped on a plane, found a pilot crazy enough to fly me over Latverian airspace, performed a low altitude drop, set up one of those EMP things Tony gave us, set up a magic sealing circle and then…”

It wasn’t often that Doctor Doom was forced to leave his home to deal with common vermin, but whoever had landed at the edge of his country had certainly gone a long way to anger him enough to deal with personally. When he had sent Doombots to remove the person he had somehow managed to shut them down, when he sent regular soldiers they had run off screaming about some monsters, and even some of his more magical means didn’t seem very effective in removing whatever odd thing had managed to find its way past his borders.

After teleporting to the area Doom scanned around, checking for any lifeforms that might reveal just where his target was hiding. Thankfully not too much searching was needed, as the target wasn’t making itself too difficult to find in the dense woods of Outer Latveria, instead he always seemed to be waiting.

“So you are the fool who dares to invade Doom’s homeland?” Doom growled the question as he took a step down from his hover throne, intent on destroying the annoyance. If his face was visible shock would have been easy to see as he finally caught a glimpse of the intruder, a young man dressed in the robes of an older sect of monks from Tibet, covering a plain t-shirt and jeans. “A child?”

“I prefer adult in training,” the boy gave an arrogant smirk and took a step away from Doom. “So I invaded your country, trashed your Doombots, scared off your soldiers, so now…” he looked at a piece of paper in his hands for a moment. “Oh right, Reed Richards is better than you, at all of the things, literally all of them.”

Doom’s mind snapped back from its earlier confusion and went toward the natural response when the name of his most hated foe was mentioned, rage. “You would dare mock Doom, you will know pain!” he pointed his hand toward the young man and launched a blast of green energy directly toward him, only to have if stop about a foot in front of the boy and return back to him,
knocking him directly on his rear. “Impossible!”

“Is it?” the young man waved a hand down toward the ground, drawing Doom’s eyes to a glowing line that seemed to circle around him.

“You created a barrier circle, no magic can get beyond the circle from within,” Doom’s voice seemed almost impressed. It was a rather basic trick, but even someone with a basic understanding of chemistry could create a decent acid. “Doom admits to being impressed, however you must know that I could simply walk out of the circle?”

“Could, but won’t,” the young man pulled a book out from under his robe and read something from it. “Sselesnes mih elkcit!” the boy called out, pushing forth a small blue beam of energy toward Doom.

Doom simply stood confident as the beam approached him. His armor was strong enough to take a blast from the likes of God’s and Demons, and his magical protection would prevent any harmful spell from effecting him. But to his own shock the spell connected with his armor and seemed to sink under it, but did nothing. “It seems your efforts are in vain boy,” Doom took a step forward, planning to destroy him once and for all when a rather odd feeling ran through his body.

“Wait for it.” the boy said with an insufferable smile.

Suddenly the spell hit Doom with its full effects, knocking him to the ground as he began to roll back and forth within the circle. His fists clenched hard and it seemed like his entire body was convulsing, and then it happened. Doctor Doom laughed. He laughed hard and loud, clutching his sides with a great strain on his body. “W-what manner of s-“ he burst out laughing again. “Sorcery have you cast on Doom!”?

“It’s a tickle time spell, pretty harmless,” the boy reached behind a tree and pulled out a camera and set it to record, aiming it at Doom. “But plenty embarrassing.”

“You…Doom will,” he attempted to stand but was knocked down again by the feeling of tiny hands attacking his weakest points. “Hah, destroy, ha, you!”

“Uh huh,” the boy said with a nod. “Okay so as much fun as this is let’s get to the part where we make a deal, I promise that I will never release this tape to the public if you do three things for me.”

Doom glared at the boy from behind his iron mask, but didn’t interrupt except for a few giggles caused from the spell.

“First, you let me use some sort of transport to get back to Tibet, just drop me off at an airport or something,” the boy demanded. “Second you will owe me a favor to be named at a later date that has nothing to do with the first and third requests.”

Doom’s mind spun at the boys demands. They were rather reasonable, and if it meant he could keep his pride and not suffer from Stark’s jokes it might actually be worth it. “And your, heh, third request?”

“Say you are a butt head,” the boy said with a perfect straight face. “Into the camera if you could.”

“I would rather die.” Doom replied through clenched teeth.

“So should I upload this to YouTube first, or just send it to a major news organization?” Dipper asked as he began to fiddle with the camera.
There were few people who could cause Doom to swallow his pride. Most of them were deities in one form or the other. Few men commanded any ability to cause him to eat even the smallest feather of a crow, but in this case. “Doom is…hah…a…butt head.” the words were like acid coming from his mouth.

“What, I didn’t actually think that would work,” the boy waved his hand and canceled the spell. “So uh, no hard feelings right?” he asked as he put away the camera.

Doom stood up once more, the dirt on his armor and cloak burned away by green fire that looked almost hellish. “You enter Doom’s nation, destroy his property, terrorize his guards, and then humiliate him, and you ask that?” the circle’s magic burned away to nothing as Doom stepped forward, looking much like a demon as he approached the boy.

The boy stepped back and gulped, having hoped that at the very least he would still have the circle. The kind of power it would take to short circuit something like that was unthinkable, and the fact the man in front of him possessed it suddenly made him realize just how stupid this idea was. “Yes?” he squeaked out.

Doom stopped in front of him, and suddenly the hellish flames disappeared, and Doom extended his hand. “You are brave, but not in the same foolish way that heroes are, you took advantage of my pride and arrogance, set a trap and took advantage of a weakness in my wards, that is commendable, Doom holds no ill will should you hold to the bargain we have struck.”

The boy blinked in amazement and took his hand. “Uh, yeah no worries.”

Before he could react Doom lifted the boy and threw him at a tree, hard enough to make it shake and leave the boy on the ground holding his side. “But should you break our bargain, Doom will break you.” with that said Doom disappeared in a torrent of green flames, leaving him on the ground.

“Ow…” Dipper said as he looked up toward the sky. “Maybe, not my best idea.”

“No way,” Mabel said, a tone of awe in her voice. “You didn’t.”

Dipper smirked and pulled out his camera, pressing the play button. “Doom is…hah…a…butt head.”

“Oh my gosh!” she tackle hugged her brother and smiled. “You are the best bro-bro!”

The twin’s great uncle’s looked to each other and smiled. Despite all the years, the distance, and all they had been through the twins were still always the closest people in each other’s lives. They were both glad the mistakes of their past hadn’t repeated in their present.

“Well then,” Stan clapped his hands. “How about some dinner and we get you two off to bed.”

“What?” Dipper asked, looking toward Stan. “But it’s not even that late!”

“You two have been on planes and buses for the better part of the day, you need your rest and there will be no sass.” Stan said, actually managing to pull off a half descent imitation of a responsible adult.
“But!” Mabel started.

“He said no sass lady, and I agree with him,” Ford cut off his niece with a serious expression, but then smiled. “But how about pancakes for dinner to celebrate you two coming back?”

The twins smiled eagerly for that and jumped up, ready to eat and enjoy their first time back in the Shack for the better part of a year.

Pacifica sat in her room and looked out the window toward the night sky. Her return trip home had been filled with various free flowing thoughts of what had occurred. Thankfully her parents had few questions and hadn’t batted an eye when she had asked to take her meal in her own room, a much more common occurrence. So long as she acted right in front of their friends and held her image on a national scale they could care less what she acted like in the home.

It was almost ironic, she was freer in this prison of a home then at her boarding schools that were so far away from her parents they could have been dreams. But right now her mind wasn’t focused on her miserable situation, it was focused elsewhere.

Her friends were back in the town she had first met them, and they would get to share their last summer together before college. She briefly wondered what places they might have chosen, but decided it was better left as a question for tomorrow.

There were so many things she wanted to ask, like how Dipper had subdued those Gnomes, or when he had gotten taller than her…or handsome.

A small blush came to her cheeks and she quickly patted it away. No she couldn’t be having those thoughts, not about a boy she hadn’t seen in five years. The kind of boy who never wrote her or even tried to get in contact. The kind of boy who appeared out of nowhere and saved her from monsters.

She sighed and collapsed back on her bed. “What are you doing Pacifica?” she asked herself, unsure of how to answer her own question. Maybe sleep would help.

Dipper should have been used to the nightmare by now, after all he had been having the same one for five years straight tended to get one familiar with it. But each time it still hit with the same intensity as it did the last time.

In the nightmare he was back at the Tipton hotel, surrounded by SHIELD agents along with Agent’s Trigger and Powers men. They had set up the perfect trap for the creature that was haunting the place, and Dipper was confident in his knowledge. With many other heroes or supernatural consultants away he had been called forward to take the job, with plenty of supervision.

His parents were somewhere with Mabel observing the whole process. At first they had seemed concerned, but after being reassured by the agents and Dipper himself they seemed at peace.

The ritual began to remove the spirit from the place that was when it went wrong. He still didn’t know how it happened, or why, but it did. The seals broke, the safety measures failed, and demons poured out from the site. Agents fought and died bravely, and their leader began to rise from the ashes. It had been a trap, the creature wasn’t a ghost like they had thought, but a full blown demonic king, and their ritual had weakened the bonds between reality and let it into their world.
Time froze and Bill appeared, offering him a deal. He took the deal and the demon was locked away again, the disaster stopped.

Then the voices started, blaming him for the fallen, pointing out his failure, claiming that he had been too stupid to do what was right.

He knew the voices were right, he should have been better. Should have saved them all. He fell to his knees and sobbed, feeling like the same boy who had the weight of the world put on his shoulders and faltered under the pressure.

“You did everything you could, there isn’t shame in that.” a pair of comforting arms wrapped around his body and pulled him into a tight hug. His entire being felt electrified by the presence. This wasn’t how the nightmare played out, this was different.

Dipper pulled his body back and looked at the form in front of him, a beautiful young girl with blonde hair and a warm smile.

“You did fine,” she leaned forward, her head tilted to the side and her lips coming close to his.

Dipper woke up in a cold sweat and looked around him, finding that he was back in his old shared room in the Mystery Shack. He looked over to Mabel, who was sleeping peacefully next to a fully grown Waddles, who had been more than happy to see her.

Dipper collapsed back on his bed and looked up to the ceiling. “What was that?” he whispered to himself.

On the outskirts of Gravity Falls a group of three people dressed in white robes stood observing the town.

The first figure, who was shorter than the others and a bit rounder smiled darkly, opening a small box in his hand and letting free a cloud of black dust, which floated in front of him. “Go forth and await him, strike him when he is at his weakest, end it.” the black smoke flew toward the town, disappearing in the night.

“Are you sure this is a good idea?” the second figure asked, standing taller than the others.

“Yeah, I mean I know what the endgame is but I don’t see how releasing that is supposed to help?” the third figure asked. He was smaller than the second but taller than the third, however if his robe was any indication he was unhealthily thin.

“Oh don’t worry, everything will be right as rain, and in the end,” the first figure pulled back the hood of his robe, revealing a white pompadour and a devilish smile. “Everything will be illuminated.” he laughed and turned around, the other two figured following shorting after.

“He still gives me the creeps.” the third figure said suddenly.

“Join the club.” the second figure said with a slight shiver.
Restful sleep was almost always out of the question for Dipper, but for some reason after he had woken up once last night he had managed to make it the rest of the night without waking up once. Maybe it had something to do with the last bit of his dream, the part that was quite a bit different than the usual bargain brand nightmare he had every night. He pulled himself out of bed and to his feet, quickly stretching his back with a bit of a groan. He had slept on stone floors around the world that were more comfortable than the miserable mattress that Stan had in his guest rooms. Some things never really changed.

He did a quick scan of the room and confirmed that Mabel had woken up earlier then him. Unlike his rather laid back life style with the monks she had been training with fighters and military men, so her internal clock was a lot stronger than his. It was amazing just how much she had changed, her bed was perfect neat and made, and unlike the mess she had left it in every morning growing up. Somehow her teachers had managed to make Mabel a halfway efficient adult. It was during his scanning that he found a small note on her bed. He curiously picked it up and looked down at it.

Hey bro-bro, Extra-net is all set up, if you want to go join the meeting with everyone you should go for it, I am gonna be busy making pancakes and checking up on Candy and Grenada. Also remember your super romantic rendezvous with Pacifica today! I will be along sooner or later to make sure you two crazy kids… (Cont. on back)

Dipper flipped over the note.

don’t get into any crazy trouble. Oh also since there is extra room I drew you a bunny for luck!

Dipper smirked and saw that she had indeed drawn him a small rabbit with a top hat that sported a four-leaf clover on the top of it.

She might have become a bit more mature, but she was still Mabel.

He quickly folded the paper and put it into his pocket before reaching into his travel bag and pulling out a metallic helmet with a small visor on the front of it. “Okay then let’s get started.” he sat down on his bed and slid the helmet over his head and flipped the visor down. A beam of red light scanned over his face to confirm that it was him. Once it had finished its scan the helmet let off a few beeps and started.

One moment Dipper was sitting down in the Mystery Shack, and the next he was sitting at a massive round table that was only about a quarter full. Well not him exactly, rather just a projection of himself having been extended by the helmet.

Back during the first year of searching around he had met quite a few young adults that were either hooked into the unknown and dangerous in their own way, and realizing that together they could do more than apart they had banded together to form a way to stay in contact. That’s when they had started working on the Extra-Net. It was essentially Arcanotech, mixing together astral projection with the same sort of signal redirection that allowed a cellphone to bounce a signal off a tower and send it to another phone. Except in this case the first ‘cellphone’ was a person’s body, the ‘tower’ was a specially designed satellite with cloaking technology in Earth’s orbit, and the second ‘phone’ was the meeting ground within the satellite. Once their projections got inside they entered into robots designed to look exactly like them, although they lacked basic human senses outside of sight and hearing. It gave them a secure place to meet and store important finds and other documents without having to worry about some madman stumbling across it. And if worse
came to worse they would just activate the self-destruct and let the pieces of the station and satellite rain down harmlessly and be burned up by reentry.

Dipper sometimes still laughed that a bunch of kids had managed to come up with what was essentially the perfect secret base. If they had decided to go evil they might actually give the Avengers a run for their money.

At the sight of his arrival the current members broke out in smiles and began to greet him.

“Sup home slice, how’s it chillin?” sitting back in his seat with his feet up on the table was a young man with black and green hair, dressed in faded blue jeans and sporting a red jacket. Jake Long, protector of the magical community, dragon shape shifter, and in his own words ‘a totally chill guy’, though he was easily stressed enough when you mentioned the fact that he needed to start actually applying for college soon.

“Heya D man, long time no see.” sitting at one of the other chairs was another young man with short blonde hair, and dressed in a red t-shirt with white trimmings and a pair of tan pants. Ron Stoppable, part time agent of SHIELD and part time accountant of the same organization. He was probably the oldest of the group at twenty three, and the only one at the table who thought that the soul patch on his chin was in anyway a good idea.

“Welcome back Dipper.” sitting hunched over looking at papers sat the third of the group, a rather scrawny looking young man with a head overflowing with blonde hair, dressed in a sweater vest over a button up shirt and slacks, all covered by a doctors coat. Cody Martin, twenty two years old and already a doctor in multiple fields, most of them theoretical to people outside of their group. His brother, an exact twin of him, would normally be here as well for their early meeting. But odds were that he was either busy on an undercover mission, or relaxing at home.

“Dude you made it, that is so honking bruce!” sitting across from Dipper was the youngest of the group, still only fifteen, sat a young man dressed in black jeans and a zipped up black hoodie. Randy Cunningham, secret ninja protector of Norrisville High School, home to an ancient sealed evil. He was a bit immature at times, but when it came down to it his loyalty to the group and to helping the world shinned past it.

“Hey Dipper, how was Tibet?” two young men looked up from a number of papers they had in front of them in order to greet him, despite the second mostly just giving a wave. The two were brothers by marriage, explaining their different appearances, with the first being a bit short with what some people called a ‘triangle’ shape to his head, through it was less pronounced now that they had taken care of the experiment that had messed it up in the first place, dressed in a striped t-shirt and shorts with short red hair. The second of the two brothers, the one who had silently waved, was quite a bit taller than his brother, and sported green hair atop his rather large head and wore a white shirt with a collar on it, and a pair of pants that came up a bit over his shirt. Phineas and Ferb, all around multilevel geniuses with hearts of gold. Despite only being seventeen they were working on things that were already changing the world for the better.

“Hey everyone,” Dipper gave a wave toward them and relaxed into his seat. It had taken awhile, but it seemed like he had finally found his own group. The kind of people who saw the world almost like he did, either as an adventure or a mystery to be solved/experienced. It was like a home away from home, or even a second family. “This all for the meeting today?”

“Not quite dork,” another one of the many lifeless figures suddenly sprang up as the spirit of another member took hold within it. The figure was that of a young woman with long brownish hair and wearing a rather stylish top and pants. Her name was Alex Russo, a fully trained wizard with quite a bit of experience when it came to tangling with the dark. She wasn’t the most actively
involved in the group, but she wanted to make some use of her talents in the world and not become selfish due to her power, and the group tended to keep her humble. After all everyone around the table had saved the world at least once. “Now we are all here.”

“Right then,” Phineas waved his hand and a holoscreen appeared in front of him before quickly typing a few of the projected keys. This action turned on the absolute shield of the satellite, the final bit of defense against prying ears, eyes, and detection. “Let’s get this meeting started with discussion of our current business.”

Everyone took their seats normally now as the meeting properly began. Most of them were laid back by nature, but current business was the most important part of the meeting. With their different fields and interests it was difficult to keep their attentions focused without putting a task directly in front of them, so they voted on a single task to focus the majority of research manpower on and kept on it until it was finished, sometimes creating a secondary task if they hit a point where the others couldn’t do anything. Right now the current goal had been the same for the past two years, finding out how to safely remove and reseal whatever creature Dipper had locked away all those years ago. It had taken three years and three sealing rituals for Bill to actually mention that the pressure put on his soul was actually beginning to tear it to shreds. The second he had brought it up they had shelved other projects to focus on that one goal.

Dipper took in a deep breath before speaking. “After spending a year with a sect of Monk’s who wish to remain unnamed in Tibet I have found no closer progress to finding either the name of the creature I sealed, nor have I found anything that implies a way to remove the current penalty for the sealing ritual.”

The looks of sympathy and pain from his fellow friends hurt Dipper’s heart. Assembled here were some of the best and brightest of the next generation, they were used to coming up with solutions to their problems with a single brainstorm. The idea that they could lose a friend because they couldn’t think hard enough would crush some of them.

Jake shook his head. “I wish I could say something different, but I have had my hands way full with a Black Dragon rebellion, dudes make the Huntsmen look like happy rabbits.” he gave a small shrug. He knew that no one there would judge him for saving the world, but it was disappointing none the less.

“Is that what those things were?” Randy slapped his forehead. “No wonder breaking all their stuff just made them angrier, I thought the Sorcerer had just found a way to extend his Stank power into the city.”

“I wish I could say something different, but I have had my hands way full with a Black Dragon rebellion, dudes make the Huntsmen look like happy rabbits.” he gave a small shrug. He knew that no one there would judge him for saving the world, but it was disappointing none the less.

“Dang they got as far as Norrisville?” Jake looked concerned for a moment but waved it off. “What happened after you took ‘em down old fashion style?”

“Well actually it’s a funny story, K.P. and I happened to be in the neighborhood on vacation when old one eye asked us to stop in and pick up some bad guys, got to meet the little dude there in real life, it was a blast!” Ron’s face took on a rather impish smile as he looked toward Randy. “First thing he did was ask for Kim’s autograph, he actually had a scrapbook.”

Randy quickly covered his head with the hood as the other members snickered a bit.

“I don’t know Ron, give Randy a couple of years and he might actually steal Kim away from you with his amazing scrapbook powers.” Alex gave a wink toward the younger boy and laughed a bit when he seemed to retreat deeper into his hoodie.

“Guys great as it is that we are laughing at someone and it’s not me, we should probably get back
on topic,” Cody looked up from his papers as he spoke. “I have been looking into the more hard science areas of the problem,” for all his research and doctrines Cody still preferred to stay within the realm of known science. “I have been working on a theory right now that might link what we commonly think of as a soul to another form of energy running through the human body, and if my hypothesis is right we just need to find a way to, pardon the simplification, refuel it.”

That attracted the attention of the two brothers, who shared a silent look before turning back to Cody. “Any conclusive results?”

Cody’s excited smile slowly died down as he let out a sigh. “Yes and no, I noticed that a similar unknown energy source runs through both humans and mutants, but seeing as Dipper is classified under ‘magic user’ and most of the people under that umbrella aren’t the kind to just let themselves get tested…well I can’t actually draw any final conclusions.”

“Well gee gosh and golly if only we had someone here that actually was magic and free to travel,” Alex said with a tone dripping with sarcasm. “You know, like a girl who could use magic to teleport, ride a flying carpet, or just catch a literal plane.”

Cody blushed a bit and bit his lip. “But from what you told me your higher ups don’t exactly look too fondly toward you allowing other humans to know about stuff like that.”

“Naw don’t freak about that,” Jake said with a grin. “They owe me a bit of a favor, so just chill and let me pull some strings, and you guys will be in the clear.”

“Ah come on, I don’t even get to break any rules?” Alex blew a raspberry in annoyance but gave a shrug. “Anyway just name a time and I will make some room.”

“And make sure you shoot the results to us, we have a few new devices that might be able to work it out,” Phineas said, before getting ready to open with his own update. “Ferb and I have been pretty busy dealing with some stuff on our end, mostly to do with hitting the limit on the technology we can make ourselves, so we uh…”

“We decided to infiltrate A.I.M.” Ferb finished with his usual dry tone.

Everyone looked toward the two brothers as if they were crazy, which in this case was greatly warranted. AIM, or rather Advanced Idea Mechanics were an almost cult like group of scientists looking to make advances in science and technology without being held back by any form of ethics. Calling them crazy barely scratched the surface, and that’s when they weren’t in control of what amounted to a giant head attached to a floating chair.

“Are you guy’s crazy?!” Ron asked with a look of concern on his face. Being part of SHIELD he knew very well that AIM were about as scary as the crazy groups went. Because unlike HYDRA or the various magical enemies they regularly fought AIM made all their own toys, toys that tended to be dangerous enough to have the Avengers called in.

“Eh,” Phineas replied with a small shrug of his shoulders. To be fair he had road to space before in a rocket ship held together by glue and childish wonder, so calling him crazy probably fit the bill. “We entered under false identities and when MODOK tried to backtrack us he might have uh,” Phineas put on a smile that looked quite a bit to Ron like something Doctor Drakken would have worn back in the day. “Suffered a bit of a virus.”

Dipper gave a clap at that. “So anything new?”

The two boys suddenly clamed up and looked to each other. “Well we might have something, but
we need some more time to decode the files we grabbed during our last visit, we should know by next week’s meeting.”

“Guess it’s the R man’s turn now huh?” Ron smiled and cleared his throat. “First off Kim wanted me to apologize for not being able to come today, she is doing some infiltration mission against the current HYDRA organization.”

“Zemo or Red Skull?” Ferb asked curiously.

“Strucker.” Ron replied.

Ferb snorted a bit before returning to his usual silence. In terms of things Baron Strucker was probably the least threatening megalomaniac that could be leading the terrorist organization. Zemo and Skull had big plans and the evil to real pull it off. Strucker was more of a placeholder and things were known to fall apart with him around.

“While she was setting up some special surprises in their data bases Kim came across some new ritual stuff, mostly how to bargain and contract creatures, but also some exorcism stuff.” Ron gave a grin as he dropped that bombshell. Most exorcism rituals were hard to come by, most of them either being kept secret by shadowy groups or destroyed by the very creatures they were meant to fight against.

“How soon can she get them to us?” Dipper asked, trying not to sound too desperate. They would understand, but he didn’t ever want the calm he had worked so hard to build to crack.

Ron gave a small shrug. “Fury won’t let her pull out early, and sending the files to anyone onsite could compromise her position.”

The energy that had come from the news drained away at that. They had at best a handful of months left before the last ritual would be due, and it would take time to decode and rework the exorcism rituals correctly.

“Well at least we have them.” Dipper said, putting on a brave face and giving a nod.

With Ron’s announcement out of the way they had concluded their talk on current business, and the room descended into random chatter. Mostly on current adventures or foes that the more actively heroic members would need to watch out for.

“Oh wait I have one last announcement!” Ron called out, a big grin coming over his face. “While K.P. was out I did some thinking, and,” he held out his hand and a small holographic image of a wedding ring appeared above his hand. “I am going to ask Kim to marry me when she gets back, you know really seal the deal.”

The rooms mood flew back to cheerful as everyone began to congratulate Ron and wish him the best of luck, but it quieted down when Ron raised his hand. “Also I did a lot of thinking, and I decided something,” he turned to Dipper and smiled. “I want you to be the best man, and seeing as we aren’t going to rush anything that means you have to beat this, got it?”

Dipper felt his heart drop at that statement, and for a moment he was silent. “Ron…”

“No, I know you are going to say I am being hopeful or dumb, and yeah that’s probably true,” the blonde boy waved his hand a bit. “But it really wouldn’t be the same without having all of you guys there, so you got to win okay?”

It took a moment before Dipper finally nodded. “Fine, but you owe me one.”
With the announcement out of the way they all turned to Ron and began to discuss the wedding, what he was hoping for, how he would ask Kim, and other assorted questions before Dipper realized the time.

“Hey guys I have to go,” Dipper laid back in his chair and closed his eyes. “Got a meet up with an old friend, catch you guys next week, numbers the same if something comes up.” With that said he waited for the farewell from his friends before drawing his mind back into his body, taking in a few deep breaths before standing up. Now he had a meet up to get ready for.

Pacifica woke up late in the morning to the sound of her alarm blasting out the top twenty current hits of the summer. It annoyed her to no end, but she knew that when her parents heard what they called ‘peasant music’ it bothered them even more. It was a bit petty and she knew that putting herself through infectious and irritating lyrics and the same four cords played in different ways was dumb, but that didn’t stop her in the least.

After turning off the music the young heiress pulled herself out of bed with a deep yawn, rubbing away the sleep from her eyes as she made her way into the bathroom attached to her large room, quickly showering before she went ahead and began to apply her makeup, which would leave her enough time to pick an outfit out and get a driver to take her to the dinner. She would forgo breakfast in hopes that her stomach would more easily accept the greasy food that would soon be getting it to avoid starvation.

As she finished applying the last of her makeup she entered into her walk in wardrobe and thought about what she would wear. It was just supposed to be a lunch meet up, so she doubted she would need to wear the same things she did when they had gone adventuring. But then again when it came to spending time with the Pines it was sometimes best to err on the side of caution.

She reached forward to a plain t-shirt and jeans, which she would have to sneak out of the house before pausing. For some odd reason it didn’t feel right to go to this meet up in such blasé clothing. Some part of her mind wanted to get a reaction out of Dipper, to see if maybe…

She shook her head and banished that thought, reminding herself that in five years he had never once tried to get back in contact with her. But that was neither here nor there, and for now she would simply focus on the day.

After one last glance over she decided on her outfit, a purple blouse, skinny jeans, and a pair of black flats. She reached for her jewelry box and opened it, pulling up the top of it to reveal a false bottom with a silver lama necklace that she had been given many summers ago. Her parents had called it cheap and tacky, but it was something that connected her to good times, so she kept it hidden from them and wore it when she needed a reminder of those days. She slid it on and quickly hit it under her blouse.

After her outfit was complete she tapped her phone to send a message to her driver before leaving her room, choosing to go out the exit that would take her down a path away from her father’s study and her mother’s t.v. room. Once outside she slid into the backseat of a black car, door held open by the driver, and began to check her phone out of boredom.

It took twenty minutes to get from the manor down into town, but when they finally arrived Pacifica quickly got out and waved off her driver before entering the small diner. The first thing that always hit her upon entering this place was the smell of the working class. She didn’t hold her families view of them anymore, but she knew next to nothing about other people or how they went about their business.
She quickly looked around and spotted Dipper sitting at one of the back tables, doodling something on a napkin, occasionally chewing on the back of it between writing whatever it was down. Some things never changed.

When he finally looked up from his work he noticed Pacifica and waved her to come join him, a bright smile on his face upon seeing her. Gone was the serious young man with the deadly expression who had saved her from the Gnomes, and back was the same boy who had once taught her there was more to life than just living as her parents perfect doll.

She quickly slid into the seat across from him and snapped her fingers, a cup of coffee being quickly brought to her by a waitress. “So then.”

“Yeah,” he replied, not really sure what he was supposed to say. “You look nice, really pretty.”

“Hm, of course I do, I am after all me.” Pacifica replied with practices snobbishness, not wanting to admit that even that small compliment almost brought a blush to her cheeks.

“What about me?” he asked, waving a hand over his body. He had chosen to wear a light blue button up shirt and tan pants, neither fashionable or in style.

Pacifica knew that she could point out that his outfit wasn’t anything special, but her eyes were drawn to his arms. She hadn’t had much time to examine him the previous day, but now that she was closer she could see that he had indeed filled out in the past five years, not exactly bulging with muscle but fit. “You are passable I suppose.”

Dipper mockingly put a hand over his heart. “I am wounded, my heart bleeds deeply from your comments.”

The two sat in silence for a moment before laughing, drawing the gaze of some of the other town folk.

“But seriously it is really good to see you, especially after…” Dipper waved his hand about as if trying to pull the right words out of the air.

Pacifica looked at him for a moment before sighing. “It’s okay, I don’t blame you.” it hurt to admit that, but she really couldn’t blame him for never having gotten in contact with her. After all it wasn’t like she meant anything to him.

Dipper blinked a bit and tilted his head to the side in confusion. “Blame me?” he asked in a confused tone. “Blame me for what?”

She had to draw a deep breath in as she felt anger build up in her. How could he not even know what he did? “For not even trying to get in contact with me for five years!” she growled out, not caring if any of the other diners cared.

For a moment Dipper’s mouth hung open like a fish desperately gasping for air before he spoke. “What the heck are you talking about?” he finally asked.

“You know darn well what I am talking about Dipper, five years and not a card, a text, an email, nothing and no contact from you at all!” she was well and truly fuming, and she didn’t understand why. She had met plenty of people, befriended them and lost them. But for whatever reason now that he was in front of her the pain hurt worse than any of the others. Especially when he couldn’t even understand.

“I sent you cards all the time!” he shouted back, breathing a bit heavily. “I…you never responded
but I always sent you a Christmas card and a post card from the countries I visited, along with my new numbers.”

Pacifica froze for a moment and looked at him, reading his face and trying to look for some clue that he was lying to her. But as ever his face was an open book, and she was getting nothing but the truth. “But, I, I never got any of them.” she whispered to herself.

“What?” Dipper looked confused before the gears turned in his head. “You don’t think your parents…?”

Pacifica felt her hands ball up into fists as her mind was filled with rage. She had known that her parents were low, but keeping mail from her, attempting to control her like this was beyond even what she had expected of them. “Damn it.” she said, letting the curse slip freely from her lips.

Dipper saw the pain that was on her face and reached over, putting one of his hands atop hers comfortingly. “I am sorry, if I had known I would have found another way to send you a letter, but I just thought that…well maybe you didn’t want to talk to me anymore.”

“No, of course I wanted to talk to you!” Pacifica’s eyes shot open as she looked at him. “I mean, you and Mabel were basically the only real friends I have ever had, and you…” she shook her head, realizing that this wasn’t the time. “I just…”

“I know,” Dipper said, suddenly sounding a bit older than before. “We all wish that things could be different, or that we could change the past, but hey,” he gave her a goofy grin. “At least we are here now right?”

For a moment she didn’t reply, before letting out a small laugh and bringing up the hand that wasn’t currently sitting beneath his to her eyes and drying away the tears that had begun to form. It was probably just the grease in the air. “When did you start sounding all mature?”

The smile began to slowly leave Dipper’s face, but still held out a small phantom of its image. “Let’s just say the past five years required some growing up.”

She gave a nod, figuring that she understood that well enough. “Now then, I think we have used up our emotional conversation, lets order some food and talk about something a bit lighter hm?”

“You first, my stuff doesn’t really start out too ‘light’ if you know what I mean.” Dipper laughed a bit, but it was a tad strained. He quickly grabbed his menu and began to read from it, obviously trying to draw away from the comment.

“Well I have actually been attending a boarding school abroad for most of my schooling,” Pacifica launched into her own stories. The various snobs she had been faced with, learning how to play multiple instruments, and even how she had gone along with her father on a few business trips. “And at one point my father brought me to meet Victor von Doom, the actual crazed mad man who regularly attacks superheroes.”

A small smile came to Dipper’s face. “Yeah, I know of him.”

“But otherwise my life has been fairly regular, it’s amazing that when I am not around you or your sister my life seems to be under much less of a threat,” she had meant it as a joke, but a curious wave of emotions passed over Dipper’s face. “So what of you and your sister, I am guessing you two have been attending some public school and driving your family to the edge of insanity with a monster or magical investigation every other week?”

Dipper’s face became a mask of sorrow as he looked at her. “Not…not really,” he looked up to her,
his eyes filled with sorrow. “My parents, they uh…they aren’t with us anymore.” the tone of his voice filled in the implication of his words.

“Oh Dipper, I am so sorry,” there weren’t words that came to her mind that could comfort him with that sort of loss. “When did it happen?”

“A few months after that first summer here,” he looked down at the table. “I…I probably shouldn’t…you don’t want…”

Pacifica leaned forward and cupped his chin in her hands, raising his head to look her in the eyes. “Tell me everything, please.”

Dipper drew in a deep breath and nodded. “A couple of months after we went back home Mabel and I were approached by some people who represented Wilfred Tipton.”

“You mean that awful troll that makes even my parents look tasteful?” Pacifica made a face at the name of a man that had come to many of her families get together. Usually with a new woman on his arm. And only occasionally having that new woman be the current wife he was married to. It had been a joy to hear how his daughter had bought his entire company out from him and left him with next to nothing, not even his pride.

“Bingo, anyway he offered me and my family a ton of money if I helped out with a haunting at one of his hotels, back then people didn’t really know much about magic and he heard from your family that I knew a thing or two,” he smiled bitterly at that. “My family insisted on coming along, I tried to get my great uncles to come too, but they had broken a leg each dealing with some giant frog thing. Regardless I thought it would be simple, set up a huge mirror trap with some special runes carved into them to shatter the spirits essence into a millions pieces.”

“What went wrong?” she asked, not noticing the plates that had been put in front of them with the food they had ordered, she was too wrapped up in the story.

“Everything, starting with the fact that it wasn’t a spirit that was causing the incidents, it was a demon,” Dipper looked down at his coffee, still remembering that day as if it had just happened yesterday. “I tried to cast a spell to summon it into the trap, but instead all I did was break whatever seal was holding it back and allowed it to appear in our world, the mirrors didn’t hold against it due to a flaw in one of them, after that…” he closed his eyes tight as the screams of the gathered people came to his mind. The demons summoned familiars had run rampant and either killed or wounded anyone in sight. “…it got bad, another creature appeared and made a deal to help seal it, since then I have been traveling around and trying to find a way to finish it off for good.”

“Any luck?” she asked, not knowing how else to reply to his tale. She believed every word of it, after all one didn’t live in Gravity Fall’s and deny that the supernatural existed, at least not after the mind wipe cult had been taken care of.

“No, I did learn some neat tricks,” he lifted a finger and a green field of energy appeared around the sugar container, lifting it up and pouring some into his drink. “Some magic, some tricks, stuff like that.”

“What about Mabel?”

“She went searching for answers too, ended up also getting trained by some of the strongest people in the world,” Dipper smiled with pride as he talked about his twin. “Captain America, Kim Possible, heck even Thor trained her, like actual Thor.”
Pacifica blinked and tried to imagine what Mabel must look like now, probably covered in muscle with scars all over her body. But probably still in a sweater, it was impossible to imagine her without one of her hand made products. “That’s all…wow.”

“Yeah it’s a bit much to tak…” he froze as a sudden cold feeling swept over him. “Oh no.”

“What is it?” she asked, looking behind her and noticing that the diner was now covered in a thick mist. “What, what is that?”

Dipper got up from his chair and drew in a deep breath, the same green aura that had surrounded the sugar container going over his hands. “The lady asked a question, what are you?” he called out, his voice brave despite facing an unknown foe.

“Your nightmare.” a dark voice called out form within the mist. The sound of a large blade being dragged against the wood rang out as a pair of blood red eyes glared at them from the mist.

“So much for a relaxing day.” Dipper muttered to himself.
Dipper simply refused to believe that his luck was this bad, despite all of the evidence to the contrary. On his second day back in Gravity Fall’s he had already had to beat down Gnomes and deal with Bill, and now he was being faced with some sort of monster interrupted his first meet up with Pacifica. "Name yourself!" Dipper called out, stepping in front of Pacifica. His body was protected by a few of his shield spells, so if the creature attacked at the very least he could hold the blow.

"Name name went away, won't be bound another day!" the ghoulish voice sung from its place amongst the mist.

"That's not good." he said under his breath, running through his index of spells in his mind.

"What do you mean?" Pacifica asked, slipping her hand into her purse.

Dipper put a pause in his search as he found a good enough spell to use. "Most supernatural creatures are bound by ancient rites to give some form of identification of itself, even if it's just a title, if someone made it so that it didn't have too."

"Then you would be left in the dark!" the creature laughed and the mist began to surge toward Dipper with murderous intent.

"Bingo, but there is one other thing I know that is almost universal about monsters," he grinned dangerously and raised his right hand, summoning a green ball of fire to it. "Unless you are made of it, you don't play well with fire!" he chucked the ball directly into the mist, getting a satisfying scream of pain from the creature.

"You cretin!" the monster screamed, charging forward and revealing its weapon at the front of its misty form, a massive saw toothed meat cleaver, complete with dried blood stains running along its sides. "Pay for your sins!" the creature raised the blade up and brought it in a downward arc straight for Dipper.

Dipper raised both his hands to stop the blade, creating a small force field to hold it in place above his head. But it was obvious that holding it back was straining Dipper, as even just a moment of holding it was already creating a few beads of sweat on his forehead.

"Pay with this," Pacifica pulled her hand out of her purse to reveal what looked to be a stun gun, with a sleek black coloring and an odd blue bit on its side. She aimed the weapon directly at the creature.

"Mortal weapons do not scare me wench!" the creature laughed from its home inside of the mist, its red eyes forming once more to mock the girl as he pressed down more with his blade.

"Oh yeah?" she smirked and pressed the trigger, sending out a number of small wires from the stun gun and into the mist, finding purchase directly on the head of the creature. "Well this stun gun is modified with the same technology that powers Iron Man and the wires are tipped with iron conductors, so lets test your theory." she tapped the blue bit on the side and sent a powerful arc of electricity through the wires and directly into the creatures unseen body, causing it to let out an unholy scream.

Dipper took advantage of the creatures discomfort to knock the blade back up and activate his
telekinesis, throwing the beasts form through the walls of the diner. The mist followed ever surrounding the creature, and Pacifica's stun gun retracted the wires. "Why do you have a stun gun with the direct output of one of Iron Man's cannons?"

"A lady can never be too safe," she said with an air of humor before frowning slightly. "That being said it takes a few minutes to fire a second time, most people tend not to get up under their own power after getting hit by that."

"Wench, witch, whore, thou would dare strike me with hated iron and burning light?" the mist began to expand and the red eyes began to burn with literal fire. "Let your bravery be rewarded by fear, and let your nightmare be my form!" the mist began to slowly draw back in around the creature, creating a human like shape before becoming solid, creating a truly frightful image. The creature was dressed in bright colors, a multitude of greens, yellows, blues, and oranges. Its outfit was obviously too large and bounced as the creature drew breaths. Its face was colored bone white with long and uncombed orange and green hair, with a smile filled with vicious razor like teeth. In its left hand it held the same blade from earlier. The beast let out a laugh that sounded like a multitude of horns honking before a bright red nose appeared on its face. "Time for kiddies to go to sleep!" the beast said, dribbles of slime coming from its mouth as it spoke.

Dipper tilted his head to the side and blinked at the beast. "Uh…okay?" he asked in a voice that showed just how 'scared' he was of the beast's new form. "I mean, am I supposed to be scared?"

"Not you brat, the other."

Dipper turned his head back to look at Pacifica, who was slowly backing away with fear plain to see on her face. "Really, all the things we fought and 'demonic clown' is really on the top of the list when it comes to scares?"

Pacifica wrapped her arms around herself and shivered. "Clowns are abominations, have you seen them make balloon animals?" she reached out and grabbed Dipper's shoulders, shaking him a bit. "You can't make animals out of air and latex Dipper, its black magic!"

"I...I don't know how to respond to that," he said, simply at a loose for words.

"You won't need to soon," the beast leaped forward to strike at them with its blade, only just missing the two as they dodged away from it. "For I never let go of my prey!"

"We'll see about that," Dipper slammed his hands into the ground and muttered a few words in Latin. Green energy flowed from his body and into the ground, and moments later a massive pillar of stone shot up beneath the creature and sent it flying into the air. "And for my next trick," he drew back his hand and launched another green fireball directly toward the creature, a satisfied smile coming across his face as it exploded against the creatures body. "Now that's how the clown...gets set...on fire?" he paused for a moment. "Okay banter isn't really my thing but that was awesome right?" he turned back to get confirmation from Pacifica, who was still staring up toward the sky. "What?" he turned his head and felt his heart drop.

Where he had expected to see nothing but ash left behind by his attack, instead he saw the clown creature, slowly descending from the sky and back to the ground with the same demonic smile. "Was that all little mage?"

Dipper cursed under his breath as the creature realized he had hit his limit. In order for him to use his magic he had to spend a certain amount of time charging them. After two fireballs and an earth manipulation all he had left was a minor ice spell and a defensive charm. After those were gone all
he would have were his basic protection runes and telekinesis, neither of which would be able to do much against the creature. "Pacifica, you need to run." he said calmly, watching as the stone pillar slowly retreated into the ground once more without his magic holding it in place.

She turned to look at him with shock plain on her face. "What are you talking about, I am not just going to leave you with this thing!"

"I don't have any more attacks, and we can't run…" his eyes flashed for a moment as a number of clues clicked together in his head. "I can name you." Dipper suddenly said toward the creature.

"Oh?" it asked, tilting its head to the side in curiosity. "And what would you name me human?"

"Fetch, I name thee as a Fetch." Dipper saw the creatures eyes narrow and knew his assumption was correct.

A Fetch was what happened when a weak summoner attempted to summon a number of fairies to them in order to control them. If they lost focus the fairies would rip apart the summoner and use their magic to fuse to it and form a Fetch. The mist before had been its base form, the fairies projecting the cloud to hide the skeleton underneath, the weak point that Pacifica had hit with her stun gun.

It also explained why his magic wasn't doing any real damage, the fairies would be able to disrupt it so it would only do minimal damage, and now that it had taken a form based off of the fears of a person it would be even harder for him to fight. Not only that, but he couldn't even seal the creature with a name, Fetch was a title, and he would have to learn the name of each fairy within the creature.

"A Fetch indeed small mageling, so sad that no further help will that bring." the clown leapt forward with his blade at the ready, aiming not for Dipper but rather Pacifica.

"No!" Dipper jumped in front of her and closed his eyes, ready for the coming blade to attack him. It wasn't ideal, but even if he died the creature he had sealed would still be trapped until the end of time.

But before the blade could land the creature went flying to the side, struck by a blur that had come from its side during the charge, kicking up a large amount of dust from its speed. "You know normally I don't really mind monster attacks, but this is the first time my brother has actually hung out with a girl I like for him," the dust cleared revealing Mabel, dressed in a skirt with a pair of shorts under it, and a sweater with a picture of a cute dragon on the front of it. "As my brothers number one shipper I am afraid that you are going to have to die for ruining my dreams of being an Aunt."

"Mabel!" Dipper called out, an obvious blush on his cheeks. Not that he wasn't happy to see her, but saying that kind of stuff was embarrassing for the more reserved twin.

Pacifica wasn't too concerned over the shipping talk, but was more amazed by the fact that Mabel had apparently hit the evil clown with enough force that its body skipped twice off the ground like a smooth stone across a calm lake.

The creature pulled itself up and sneered at her. "You would dare strike me?"

Mabel turned her back on the creature and smiled toward her brother and Pacifica. "Oh my gosh Pacifica you look really good, can you believe it's been five years, we totally need to hang out again!" she grinned goofily toward her old friend, ignoring the monster completely.
"You would dare…!" the creature leapt forward with intent to strike her, but Mabel simply stepped to the side and slammed the back of her fist into the monsters face, sending it flying back again with a grunt of pain.

"So what up with the clown?" Mabel asked, pointing back toward the beast she had just sent flying.

"It's a Fetch, super resistant to magic, if you can shatter the skeleton then it goes down." Dipper smiled and raised up his hand, launching his defensive spell at Mabel.

"In other words," a green aura surrounded Mabel's body as the defensive charm went into effect. "Punch him a bunch and he goes down," she reached into the pockets of her sweater and pulled out two iron knuckle dusters, putting them over her hands and taking a boxing stance.

"Foolish child, I draw my power from fear, from darkness, I am a nightmare!" the clown creature opened its maw wide and launched out a number of tied together handkerchiefs at Mabel.

She quickly stepped to the side and grabbed a hold of the handkerchiefs with a smile. "Now I want you to think very carefully about what you have done," she pulled back hard and the creature went flying forward toward her, its face slamming into her waiting first. The creature went flying back again with a howl of pain. "Not done yet!" Mabel yanked again and pulled the creature toward her, delivering a punishing uppercut that sent the creature flying into the air. As it flew up Mabel brushed off her sweater and pulled out a hand mirror, checking her reflection and turning around. "My makeup look okay?" she asked Pacifica.

The blonde haired girl blinked. "A little too much blush." she said, still slightly in shock from seeing her greatest fear getting knocked around by a girl she remembered mostly for her goofy sweaters and playful demeanor.

Mabel huffed and closed the mirror, putting it back into her pocket before stepping a bit to the right and raising her fist in the air. "Yeah I thought so to but I was in a bit of a rush," the creature landed back first onto her awaiting first, letting out a hellish scream as it did. With a smirk Mabel tossed the creature up and stepped back, bringing her shoe directly into its face and sending it tumbling. "And stay down."

The creatures body began to toss and turn on the ground, its limbs resetting and a number of bones popping could be heard, before the creature stood up, hefting its blade toward her. "So long as I draw fear there is no power strong enough to claim me!"

"Say what?" Mabel asked, turning her head to look back at Dipper.

"If someone is afraid of it then it keeps healing," Dipper turned toward Pacifica and tried to think of anything that could be done, something that could draw away her fear of the creature. Phobias weren't broken in minutes through, and she was still shell-shocked from everything that had happened. Just like the first time they had gone adventuring and she was presented with her first adventure after the mansion. A light clicked on in Dipper's head as he remembered that event, and a plan went through his head. "Pacifica," he called to her, trying to get her to turn away from the creature. "Pacifica!" he called louder.

The blonde haired girl finally turned her head, fear still plain in her eyes from being confronted by a monster straight from her nightmares, only to be pulled into a hug by Dipper, which she froze up from for an entirely different reason.

Dipper felt a slight blush rise to his cheeks as he remembered the breathing technics that had been taught to him, better to not have his heart racing a million miles an hour for this. "This thing isn't
invincible, it's not some unbeatable force of nature, really it's just a bunch of angry bugs surrounding a dumb persons bones." he put his hand on the small on her back and pressed his forehead against hers.

Pacifica's blush only grew deeper as he put his forehead against hers, and slowly she felt a sense of calm come over her. When she was younger and had nightmares a butler had always come in and helped calm her down just like this, a gentle hug and soft words explaining away her fears. It had made her feel safe. And suddenly as her fear slipped away her rational mind began to take hold of the situation. It was just a dust cloud in the shape of an evil clown, even if the outside was scary the inside was just some harmless thing. She stepped away from Dipper and gave him a small nod of thanks before turning to Mabel. "Mabel?"

The girl smiled slightly. "Yeah?"

"Show this thing the door." Pacifica said, a smile brimming with confidence taking a hold of her face as she stared down the creature.

"No, impossible," the creature grabbed its chest and winced in pain. "I can feel your fear, but I am blocked, I can't feed from it!" in desperation the beast leapt forward with its blade, bringing it down toward Mabel.

With a smirk the young girl raised her hand and caught the sharp blade in her open palm, the protection Dipper had provided her more than blocking its now weak attack. "Darkness rises." she said, glaring the creature in its dark eyes and shattered the blade by pressing down on it.

Dipper stepped forward and smiled, his body glowing with green energy. "And light falls."

"But when Might." Mabel's fist began to glow a light golden shade.

"And Magic." Dipper called out, continuing the chant as he prepared his final spell.

"Work as one!" Mabel tossed the creature into the air and crouched low against the ground.

"Darkness's plan." Dipper brought his hands together while aiming toward the Fetch, sending a freezing blast of air toward it, freezing its outer form solid.

"Will be undone!" Mabel launched herself into the air at the falling ice statue, slamming her glowing fist into the beast and shattering it into a million pieces, before landing perfectly on the ground.

The ice began to turn to steam in the air and a number of small glowing lights began to exit from the steam, flying off in multiple directions. A small cloud of them stayed and formed the words Thank you before disappearing.

"Did we win?" Pacifica asked, looking at the glowing lights as they disappeared.

"Yeah, after the skeleton shattered the fairies had no reason to hold onto their anger and despair at being summoned, now they are free to go back to their homes," Dipper put a hand on her shoulder. "In other words, we win."

A number of town folk exited their hiding places and began to cheer at the two twins, some of them recognizing them from years ago, and others who knew nothing other than the fact the twins had just fought off a clown monster.

Mabel gave a wink toward her brother and Pacifica. "You go ahead and get Pacifica home,
probably a bad idea if when the press gets here they find out she was in the middle of all this."

Dipper gave a nod and used his telekinesis to pull Pacifica's purse to them, handing it to her. "Still remember how to run away from the scene of the action right?"

"That's one lesson that is rather hard to forget." she put her purse over her shoulder and began to run in the direction of her house, Dipper following close behind.

Mabel gave a sly smile at the two of them as they made their way toward the other girl's house. That would give the two enough alone time, and now it was time to do what her Grunkle Stan had always taught her to do. Play up an audience.

"Hello Gravity Falls, if you want to see more strange and mysterious things like the 'Monster Clown from Planet X' then make a journey over to the Mystery Shack, where we are having a buy one buy two more sale!"

The crowd cheered and began to pile into the vehicles in order to go to the Mystery Shack. No doubt Stan would be over the moon about the influx of customers, leaving her time to go back to getting her hair done with the girls.

"Who is going to pay for this wall?" Lazy Susan called out from inside of her dinner, looking at the massive hole in her wall.

"Uh…" Mabel tossed down a smoke bomb and disappeared from sight, only a small snicker left in her wake. "Heh, ninja tools."

Pacifica laughed and shook her head. "You can't be serious."

"No I am serious," Dipper held back a laugh. "First time we worked together he actually managed to get caught in his own web, we still caught the bad guy but man did we get chewed out by Iron Man."

Pacifica smiled a bit as she walked beside him back to her house. She hated the fact that they had only gotten to hang out for a short amount of time, but it would be dangerous for her to be out and about with all of the attention that would be leveled toward the town. "So I have a question for you."

"If you are going to ask for either of the Spider-Men's secret identities I won't be able to answer." he said, a smile on his face but serious from the tone.

"No nothing about your superhero stuff, more simple," her eyes glanced away from him for a moment, as if the road had suddenly become very interesting. "Did you ever find a…you know…girlfriend?"

Dipper blinked in surprise at the question and shook his head. "Nope, I mean you know busy trying to figure out things about the demon, guess I just never really had the time," he blushed a bit and suddenly seemed to realize that the direction opposite of Pacifica had quite a few interesting things to look at. "Heh, you are probably going to laugh, but I haven't even really kissed a girl other than…well not like that actually counted right?"

Pacifica chuckled a bit at the memory that Dipper's blundering had brought up. It had been near the end of that summer, and she had managed to slip away from her parents in order to go on a
camping trip with the twins and a few of their friends. It had been an odd experience for her, due in no short part to having to sleep in tents and not massive moving homes. But at the end of that night the teens and kids had somehow gotten roped into a game of Truth or Date by Mabel. After everyone had been well and truly knocked out by the massive amounts of sugary foods Pacifica had been dared to kiss Dipper, a dare she had gone through with to the cheers of everyone there. "No, I suppose it wouldn't."

The two finally paused at the front gates of the Northwest Manor, looking at the walls with frowns on their faces. "You know I can probably convince Stan to let you crash in the guest room for the night." Dipper said with a scowl toward the gates.

Pacifica shook her head at that and smiled. "As nice as it would be to do that I need to find those letters, my dad is too lazy to have bothered throwing them away, probably just handed them to a servant."

"If you say so," Dipper stood awkwardly for a moment, not really quite sure what he was supposed to do. A handshake? A hug? Maybe just a wave and exit. He had no baseline for this situation. "Um…"

"You are utterly hopeless," Pacifica stated before leaning forward and pressing her lips against Dipper's in a light kiss. After a moment she broke it off and smiled lightly at him. "Now you can say you have had a real first kiss," she gave him a smile and entered through the gates. "Make sure you call me so we can set up a day to hang out without being attacked by evil nightmare clowns." as soon as she was out of view Pacifica's entire face went red and she quickly made her way into the house.

Dipper meanwhile was still standing frozen on the spot, blinking a few times before pinching his arm to make sure this wasn't just some weird dream. When the pain set it he realized this wasn't a dream and smiled brightly, before blushing darkly, and then choosing to simply start walking back to the Mystery Shack and figure out what had just happened later.

By the time Dipper got back to the Mystery Shack it was in full on sale mode, and he got quickly conscripted into the madness. Helping hawk product was a skill that one never tended to forget, and even Ford seemed to get in on the spirit of it, despite trying to sell some actually magical charms at times.

By the end of the day the four were too exhausted to do much else other than eat a quick dinner in front of the t.v. and separate to their rooms. "That was crazy, I didn't even know Gravity Falls had that many people!" Mabel collapsed on the bed and groaned.

"Yeah, gonna have to admit that no amount of training under ancient monks or mages really put me up to doing that," Dipper sighed and sat up on his bed. "Did you put out the emergency message?"

Mabel rolled to her side and gave a nod to her brother. "Yeah, meeting is in ten minutes."

Other than the weekly meets ups that the group had they would occasionally hold emergency meetings if something came up that was too unusual, just to make sure every stayed on the same page. And despite their various adventures the attack on the two of them had been strange. They didn't exactly have enemies per say, mostly of the people they had fought were actually aiming at other people at the time, and few of them would have bothered sending a Fetch. Heck the ones that could even have the power to control one were way bigger than them on the food chain.
"So how did things go walking Pacifica back?" Mabel inquired.

Dipper blushed a bit at the memory of the kiss. "It was uh…you know…just a walk and stuff…nothing to write home about…"

Mabel's eyes went wide. "Oh my gosh you guys kissed didn't you?" she jumped off her bed and grabbed Dipper's shirt in her hands, shaking him a bit. "Was it magical, did fireworks explode, did she do some weird rich girl kiss thing, oh my gosh did you guys make out or-"

Dipper felt his blush coming on harder than ever and quickly levitated Mabel back to her bed. "It was just a quick kiss Mabel."

"But that's even more romantic! She is taking it slow because she is probably super in love with you and doesn't want to make a mistake!" Mabel's entire body began to shake as hearts appeared in her eyes. "Oh my gosh this is super exciting!"

"Oh wow look at the time," Dipper looked down at his wrist, which didn't have a watch on it. "Time to go to the meeting." he quickly took his meditation pose, knowing that Mabel was doing the same before slipping out of the bounds of his body and traveling along the pathway and into the meeting room.

Once inside the meeting room they saw the table was a lot fuller this time around, as emergency summons were a lot more important than the usual meeting. Phineas and Ferb were both still there, as was Randy, Alex was sitting with a worried expression on her face and Ron looked concerned. Jake was missing, but that was to be expected with the Shadow Dragon's gaining most of their power at night. Cody was sitting next to his twin brother Zach, who was a fully registered ground trooper for SHIELD.

In addition to them other members of their club sat at the table.

Sitting next to Alex was a slightly taller boy with a bit of a lanky build, wearing a wizard hat with moving stars and moons swirling about on it. Justin Russo, head mage of a magical academy stuffed inside of another reality, hidden away from those who would attempt to manipulate it. He was one of the best versed in magical theory, and Alex's older brother.

Next to Dipper sat a shorter figure with a black full body outfit with web like trimmings around it. Spider-Man 2, or rather Miles Morales. After having been dropped in from another reality and sealed here he had taken on the mantle of Spider-Man while the now older one had taken on the role of Iron Spider in a more full time role on the Avengers and Reed Richards Future Foundation. Despite only being sixteen years old he was probably one of the more competent fighters in the room, also one of the bravest, having landed on Galactus before and hitting him with his stunning blasts.

Next to Ron was a rather tall man wearing a full button up shirt with a pair of jeans, with rather slick brown hair. His name was Charlie Landers, or rather Aaron Stone, secret agent against some of the world's most dangerous enclaves and hidden groups. He was way more on the full time hero job then most of the rest of the people in the room, but the fact he had started out as teenager had given him more than enough room to join in. He was already pushing twenty two.

The two other figures in the room sat next to each other, despite having no real relation. The first was a young woman with long brown hair in a skin tight battle suit. Bree Davenport, one of the three members that made up the black ops team known as Lab Rats, one of the words most powerful bionic humanoids, even at the age of eighteen.
The second was another young woman wearing a long red dress with pictures of various trees on it, with black hair and tanned skin. Her name was Lilo Pelekai, agent of SWORD and one of the few people that had clearance to make Nick Fury back down. She was an expert in all things alien, but wasn't a slouch when it came to the supernatural either. When she was younger she had managed to basically tame a small army of unique aliens and helped form a number of treaties to make the Earth a protected planet. Now she was one of the younger members in SWORD at the age of twenty three.

"Let's get this emergency meeting called to order," Dipper said, taking the lead since he had his sister, who had just appeared at his side in her false body wearing a sweater with her signature shooting star on its front, had been the ones to call it. All eyes in the room drew to them, concern plain to see in their eyes. "The first and most important thing that happened today was…"

"Dipper kissed a girl!" Mabel blurted out, excitement still plain to see in her eyes.

The entire room went silent as the various members in the room tried to process the complete one hundred and eighty degree turn that had just occurred.

"Okay so I realize this probably doesn't have anything to do with the actual thing, but this should probably be discussed," Zach suddenly spoke up, looking around the table. "I mean Dipper, our Dipper, kissing a girl?"

"True, we could be looking at a sign of the end of days," Alex turned to Justin, who simply rolled his eyes. "What it could be?"

"Hm," Phineas looked at a small holoscreen in front of him. "Ferb are you detecting any hell gates opening on the planet?"

"Seems not, through that doesn't quite link up with the situation at hand." Ferb replied with his usual dry tone.

Miles laughed from under his mask. "Maybe we should check if the Skrull's finally want a peace treaty, or maybe Doctor Doom is going to set up a dance studio in the Broncs."

"Nomicon isn't giving off any end of day warnings," Randy added on. "But that doesn't prove away the fact that it isn't happening."

"Oh forget them, who was it?" Bree asked, leaning in a bit.

"Was it one of us in the group?" Lilo asked, opening a holoscreen. "Because if it is then I might just be coming into some money." she gave a playful wink toward the boy.

Dipper realized that there was no way out of this without actually just talking about it. "Pacifica Northwest." he said, blushing a bit.

"Wait a minute," Randy quickly waved his arms in front of himself. "You kissed an heiress to a multibillion dollar company?" he looked around. "Come on I save the world on a regular basis, where is my super cute heiress?"

"Is this the same girl that you have been pinning over for like five years?" Charlie asked, getting in on the fun.

"Oh yeah you mentioned her back when we hung out," Ron snapped his fingers in recognition. "You were all puppy love stuff about her."
"I know and it's great, they went on a date, he saved her life, and then walked her home and got a kiss!" Mabel said, bursting with pride over the fact her brother had actually gotten a kiss.

"I feel like there is only one thing to do in this situation." Cody suddenly said, causing the room to fall into silence for a moment as everyone nodded.

And then all at once they sang. "Dipper and Pacifica sittin' in a tree, K-I-S-S-I-N-G."

Dipper banged his head against the table and sighed. "We are some of the most advanced technicians and future heroes of the next generation, are we really doing this?" he asked the assembled group.

The group looked to each other for a moment and shrugged. "First comes love, then comes marriage, then comes a baby in a baby carriage!"

Dipper simply slammed his head into the table again. This was going to be a long meeting.

Far away from the meeting in the sky sat a group of figures cast in shadow sitting around a stone table. Some of them were simply holograms being projected into the chairs, with only three people actually physically sitting around it.

Those three were the very same group that had released the Fetch to capture Dipper.

"Your agent failed Gideon." one of the projected voices said calmly.

"Failed is a pretty harsh word, seeing as I never thought he would succeed in the first place," Gideon was busy cleaning his nails as he answered the mysterious voice. "That was me getting a feelin for what kind of power we could expect from the Pine's, now that we know we just up the game a bit."

"You have a suggestion?" another one of the voices asked.

"Indeedy I do, they are pretty tough against a foe they can see, but what if we faced them with something they would never see coming?" Gideon waved his hand into the air, summoning an image of a silhouetted creature. "The Hide-Behind is one of nature's most deadly predators, mostly due to the fact it has the ability to hide anywhere, if we contract one of these little beauties then we will have Dipper in our hands."

The assembled crowd talked for a moment before giving a nod. "We authorize use of the Stone Table for the purpose of contracting and controlling this creature."

The young man nodded. "Very well, all hail the Illuminators."

"May light forever guide our path." with that said the holograms disappeared from around the table, leaving the three alone.

"Now then," Gideon stood atop his chair and smiled, a hazy blue aura surrounding his hand as the table began to glow blood red. "Let's get to work, shall we?"

The two figures, the tall and short one both gave nods of their own and held out their own hands. The tall ones hand glowing with a light brown color, while the short ones glowed dark black.
All of the lights died in the room for a moment, and when they came on the feeling of them no longer being alone fell over the assembled three.

"Now then Mr. Hide Behind, lets discuss business." Gideon laughed heavily as the darkness seemed to almost shift about. It now held a certain feeling to it.

Hunger.

Dipper breathed a sigh of relief as his spirit entered his body once more, collapsing down on the bed in exhaustion, no doubt with Mabel doing the same. They would talk more in the morning, but for now both of them needed sleep.

Their friend within the group would keep their eyes and ears open for any big supernatural stuff going on, and reach out to their contacts. It would take a while before they had anything concrete, and until then they simply had to stay strong. The Shadow Dragon Rebellion was drawing a lot of resources from the magic based community, and pulling any significant amount to help them would be too selfish for Dipper to handle.

Before he let sleep take him Dipper quickly checked his phone, seeing that he had a call from a number he didn't have connected.

*Hey there, I found your letters, my butler Nigel kept them hidden away for me. I really liked the post cards, and poetry? Isn't that a bit cliché ;)?*

Dipper chuckled a bit under his breath and quickly shot a message back to Pacifica.

*Hey you try living with a bunch of guys who literally study only magic for a living, you pick up weird habits. Getting ready to pass out, ttyl?*

It took a moment for her next text to come.

*Count on it.*

Dipper turned off his phone and set it to the side, laying back against his pillow and closing his eyes to allow sleep to take him away.
Dipper liked to think that he was quite a composed person, the type of guy that could really stand up to a lot. He had stood alongside heroes as they battled those who would seek to destroy everything that people held dear. He had meditated amongst monks that had reached such a mastery of their own bodies that they could go months without anything more than a sip of water. Yes he had truly learned his composure from the best of the best. However little of his training prepared him for the ultimate trial, one that he had stupidly forgot during his time away from Gravity Falls.

Waking up to an excited Mabel.

“Oh my gosh, oh my gosh,” Dipper felt Mabel rock his body back and forth from above his covers, trying to rouse him from the second ever night of restful sleep he had gotten since the nightmare that was now his life had started, her voice high and full of energy. “Bro camping trip, we are going on a camping trip wake up!” she continued to shake his resting form with more strength then one would normally think such a small girl could have.

Dipper turned and brought his blankets far over his head with a grunt of protest. He had spent the last few days since the attack strengthening Ford’s protection of the house against numerous threats and was too exhausted to deal with Mabel at her full morning person joy. “I am sleeping Mabel, wake me up later.”

Mabel huffed and slowly walked away from the bed, allowing Dipper to breathe a small sigh of relief, right up until a metal baseball bat came down on his left side. All at once Dipper’s mind leapt out of sleep and he threw the blankets off, his eyes turning to Mabel, who was simply smiling, trying unsuccessfully to hide a baseball bat behind her. “Oh good your up.”

“Mabel did you really just hit me with a titanium baseball bat?” he glared daggers at his sister for both waking him up and the shooting pain that was now running through the left side of his body.

“I have no idea what you are talking about,” Mabel replied with a perfect poker face. “Maybe you just slept on your side wrong or something.”

Dipper’s mouth opened and closed a few times with wordless shock as his glanced toward the baseball bat in his sister’s hands. “I can literally see you holding it behind your back.”

With a word Mabel threw the baseball bat behind her and out the open door to their room, creating a few concerning breaking and crashing noises as it went. “What baseball bat?”

With a sigh Dipper pulled the rest of the blankets off of him and looked at her. “Okay I’ll bite, why are we going camping, especially today?”

“Because its today, and I think it would be good for you to hang around a few friends before we have to meet one of the biggest jerks in the entire multiverse.” Mabel frowned and gave him the puppy dog eyes that would so often erode his will and force him to follow her crazy schemes. “Come on bro-bro, I even invited Pacifica!”

At the name of the blonde haired heiress Dipper’s mood seemed to darken even more, his eyes looking away from his sister. “Mabel can I ask you a question, a serious one?”

Hearing the weight of her brothers words Mabel’s hyper smile and mood seemed to dull a bit, and she took a seat next to him on the bed. “Of course, you can always ask me anything.”
“Is it right, for me to be getting close to Pacifica?” he glanced toward his phone, which was filled to the brim with texts between the two of them. “I mean, as much as we are going to try to avoid it this summer might literally be the last time I won’t be a vegetable, I don’t want to put her through that.”

Mabel’s felt the tears coming to her eyes as she heard the amount of pain and weight hanging off of each of her brother’s words, and instead of saying anything right off the bat she simply put her arms around him in a comforting hug. “Dip it would hurt her more if she didn’t get to spend this time with you, and it’s not really your choice alone, if she is offering you some happiness don’t you think you have done enough to get a few months’ worth?”

“But-“

Mabel gave him a stern frown before pressing their foreheads together. “But nothing Dipper Pines, you are going to enjoy the presence of a super cute girl and get all the kisses and awkward stuff that you didn’t get to go through, and that’s an order!”

Dipper couldn’t help but laugh at that and nodded, sliding out of the embrace with his sister and giving a sigh. “I guess we all have our crosses to carry huh?”

“Yeah, yours just so happens to be called Pacifica Northwest, and she is bonkers over you,” Mabel winked and hopped off the bed. “Oh hey Jake wanted me to let you know he is flying over Oregon today so he might stop by.”

“Make sure to pack extra marshmallows then,” Dipper threw off the rest of his blankets and entered his meditation position. “What spells should I prepare?“

“We are going into the forest.” Mabel replied in a rather bland voice.

“Right, so lots of punch, defense, and spooky stuff.” Dipper closed his eyes and allowed himself to drift off as Mabel left the room, neither of them aware of the blazing red eyes watching their bedroom from the edge of the barrier, which disappeared as quickly as they had arrived.

“Ugh literally a thousand outfits and not one thing to wear!” Pacifica fought hard to push down the urge to grind her teeth as her rotating closet went through every outfit combination she had. “Why do I not have any practical camping gear?!“

Despite her frustrations Pacifica realized easily enough that the lack of practical clothing wasn’t her own fault, most of what she had in her closet was bought from catalogs her parents had approved for her, and even then they would mark down her choices or just disregard them entirely.

A sudden knock at the door drew Pacifica away from her thoughts. “Ma’am I have a package from a Mabel Pines addressed directly to you.”

Despite her sour mood Pacifica smiled as she opened the door and took the package into her hand, slipping the servant a hundred dollar bill as she did. Despite her parents controlling nature they had more money than they knew what to do with, and it was easy to siphon off a bit from her personal account under the excuse of ‘rich people stuff’. With what she had built up she had even managed to buy in to a few companies under an assumed name, and now that she knew her packages were being intercepted it was a simple matter to convince/bribe a few of the staff members to just divert things from her friends to her room and lie to her parents about destroying it.

After the servant left Pacifica opened the box and found a number of different pieces of clothing, all practical and beautifully made, along with a note.
Figured you wouldn’t have many clothes for an actual camping trip so I spent the last few days making you some. I even made a few super cute outfits so you could really wow my Bro. Can’t wait to see you

_P.S. Subtly doesn’t really work on him. Be aggressive!_

Pacifica couldn’t help but laugh as she read that, tossing it aside and going through the clothes, marveling at just how far the other girl had come from putting together sweaters and the occasional dress to actually making outfits she would consider purchasing from a catalog where only the snoodiest of designers would find their products being sold.

After a quick dig through the box she selected a practical pair of jeans and a shirt with a llama on the front of it, sliding both on and looking at herself in the mirror. She wouldn’t win a beauty show in them, but for camping they would be perfect. She quickly slid on a pair of designer boots and grabbed a small suitcase filled with the essentials. Of course just the essentials inside of the bag would have been near impossible if not for small anti-gravity projectors that were placed around it to make it light enough to lift no matter what the real weight was.

She made a quick exit from the house, careful to avoid her parents between this or that activity so they wouldn’t see her exit. Of course they might notice eventually when she didn’t come home for the night, but she could always think of something later to sate their curiosity. After all it wasn’t like they could track her phone, she had worked out that they had planted a bug to keep track of her the day they had gotten her the new Techphone 10 three months before it had come out. A little routing around on the internet and she had managed to bounce around the signal so they would never get a clear track on her.

As she finally passed out the gates of the mansion she allowed herself to breathe a sigh of relief. No amount of distance could be too much from that place, at least in her own opinion. Thankfully it was only a small trek to the waiting vehicle, a beat up old car driven by Stanford, who seemed to be tinkering with some sort of ray gun as he waited. “H-hello there Mr. Pines.” she bit her lip, looking a bit unsure how to handle herself in front of him.

His eyes seemed to scan over her for a moment before simply giving a grunt and getting out of the car, opening the trunk so she could toss her luggage into it before sliding back into the driver’s side. As silent as a mouse Pacifica did the same while slipping into the back of the car and simply sitting still as the car pulled onto the road.

“So I hear you and my great nephew might have a bit more then friendship between the two of you.” the older man finally spoke, and did so in a rather conversational tone.

Pacifica blushed at the brazenness of the statement. “What-I-that-I mean…”

Ford laughed a bit and raised one of his hands in the air to pause her stuttering. “Oh don’t worry I am not going to rat on you, that would be…um…unhip…do people still use the word hip?”

“Not really.”

“Ah, still catching up,” Ford returned his focus to the road. “I am actually happy that you two are getting along so well, especially considering just how painful his life has been recently. However his life is kind of the reason that I brought it up in the first place,” he gave a small pause and sighed slightly. “I don’t know much about you, but I do know what my niece and nephew have chosen to do with their lives, during these past few years they have had to face some very ugly and dangerous creatures and people, some of them that make the biggest and meanest monster around here look
like school bullies.”

Pacifica felt her mood darken, knowing that it was inevitable that at some point someone would confront her about how dangerous being around the twins would be. “Are you saying it would be better if I didn’t see them?”

“Oh undoubtedly, our family is a magnet for weird stuff and monsters, anyone with half a brain would take one attack by a monster clown and run for the hills,” Ford glanced at her through the rearview mirror. “But what do you want?”

Those words froze Pacifica in place, it was the first time an adult had ever posed that question to her. Not even her guidance counselors had ever bothered to ask that to her, just assuming she was going to take a place in her father’s business. “I…” she took a moment before speaking again. “I want to live my life so I don’t regret looking at myself in the mirror.”

That seemed to bring a smile to Ford’s face, breaking the stoic mask he had worn after starting down his road of questions. “And what do you have to do in order to make that happen?”

“I need to stand by my friends, and…” she blushed a bit and tucked her hair behind her ear. “I guess I should also probably tell Dipper how I feel rather than draw it out all summer.”

Ford shrugged. “I don’t know about that last one, but you are probably right to go with the straightforward approach, us Pines aren’t exactly known for being able to pick up subtle hints, as for that first part,” he tossed back the ray gun he had been working on. “That’s a highly dangerous and experimental weapon, good for blowing up lots of stuff.”

“Should you really be giving this to me?” Pacifica asked, looking at the weapon with a curious eye.

Ford tilted his head to the side before using one hand to strike his own forehead. “Oh of course,” he tossed back a holster. “Can’t have you just carrying it around in your pocket can we?”

“That isn’t quite what I…” she sighed a bit and quickly remembered just how abnormal any member of the Pines family could end up being and just decided to accept the gift. “Thank you.”

Ford simply gave the girl and nod and continued the rest of the drive in relative silence, parking in front of the Mystery Shack, where the Pines twins were waited along with two other girls, Mabel’s friends Candy and Grenda.

“Oh my gosh I cannot believe that we are going camping with Pacifica Northwest, it is too exciting!” Candy quickly brought up a camera and took a picture of Pacifica.

“Not to mention this cutie!” Grenda wrapped an arm around Dipper’s neck and squeezed tightly, turning the boy’s face a rather unhealthy shade of blue.

“Air…please…help!” he waved his arms around uselessly and looked at the assembled group, most of whom just laughed at the flailing boy.

“Oh my gosh! I think that is enough girl, wouldn’t want Pacifica getting all jealous now would we?” Mabel nudged Pacifica, earning a rather bright blush from the blonde girl.

“Oh my gosh!” Grenda let Dipper go and ran over to Pacifica. “You are Dipper are actually a thing?!”

“Yes, we always expected he was…how you say…playing for the other team?” Candy added rather bluntly.
“I am literally three feet from this conversation!” Dipper called out with a minor bit of annoyance in his voice.

“The court finds this to be true but also do no…” Mabel froze as a shadow suddenly flew overhead, drawing her attention away from the fun ribbing. “Everyone get down!”

Before they had time to react to Mabel’s warning the shadow shot down from the sky and grabbed Dipper, flying him high into the air before finally speaking.

“Hey dog how you been?” a distinct voice came from the shadow as the creature finally came into view. It was a long serpent like creature, with what appeared to be green spikey hair sitting atop its head and a playful twinkle in its eye.

“Jake?” Dipper blinked in confusion as he looked up at the magical protector of the northern part of the Americas.

Jake brought himself lower to the ground before letting Dipper drop to his feet before his dragon form exploded into flames, leaving a rather tall Chinese-American boy standing in its place. “Yeah yeah, magical o.g. in the house,” his eyes shifted a bit. “I was over in Cali chillin with my honey when I thought ‘haven’t seen my Dip bro in a mo and needed to drop by.’”

“Word?” Dipper replied in a tone that was dripping with confusion. It was difficult to keep up with Jake’s slang on the best of days.

“Word,” Mabel put a hand on her brother’s shoulder and pointed toward the other three girls, who were still looking at the young man that had only moments ago been a dragon with shock. “Ladies, this is our friend Jake Long.”

“Is he single?” Candy asked, quickly blushing and covering her own mouth as soon as the words had left.

“Sorry girl but the J man already has a sweet honey,” Jake chuckled a bit, before his face turned utterly serious. “And seeing as she would probably skin me alive if I broke up with her…yeah.”

“Pretty sure skinning you alive would be the best option man,” Dipper gave him a pat on the back and smiled. “We were planning to go camping tonight, I am guessing you probably can’t stay through right?” despite the smile on his face it was easy to tell that the boys words were laced with a small amount of nervousness.

Jake laughed and scratched the back of his head as an awkward smile came onto his face. “Actually I kind of need to kick my feet up for a night, I used a bit too much power these last couple of weeks, and if I don’t take it easy then I am gonna fall on my face, feel me?”

Dipper gave a nod and tossed Jake a bag. “Fine, but you are carting the food bag if you plan to tag along, also we don’t really have an extra sleeping bag for you.”

“Nah dog its cool, a night sleeping under the stars sounds like a blast,” Jake put the bag over his shoulder and smiled at the group. “Well let’s get going!”

The five teens made their way into the forest, falling into the routine banter and small talk.

“So you are friends with a dragon?” Pacifica moved closer to Dipper and raised an eyebrow. “That must be quite the story.”

“Heh, let’s just say that our first meeting wasn’t exactly…friendly,” Dipper let out a small sigh. “I
thought he was attacking some innocent fairies and kind of rushed in to play the hero role.”

“Oh?” she couldn’t keep a hint of laughter from her voice. “You rushing into a situation to play hero, how unexpected.”

Dipper rolled his eyes but didn’t respond, knowing that given his track record it wasn’t exactly something he was about to argue against. “Anyway it turned out the fairies were the evil ones planning to summon an ancient Goddess to bring about an eternal winter, and one epic team up later him and I are hanging out and watching me faceplant off a skateboard.”

The group got a small laugh from that as they continued their walk, eventually coming across a small glade surrounded by the trees and dropping their supplies. “Okay everyone let’s get started setting up,” Mabel stepped ahead of the group and began to assign roles. “Grenda you start setting up tents, Candy you work on the fire pit, Dipper and Pacifica you guys get firewood…”

“Actually mind if I help with the firewood?” Jake raised his hand and gave a charming smile to the girl. “I haven’t had a ton of time to hang out with Dipper, and I am sure he could use some guy time.”

Mabel gave a frown and was about to argue, but thought better of it. There wasn’t a doubt in the girls mind that Jake had more in mind then just guy talk, but there was no way to bring that up without making it weird. “That’s fine, Pacifica you can help me get the rest of the supplies set up.”

Pacifica gave a reluctant nod and quickly glanced toward Dipper, who in turn offered her a shrug and a smile. “Sounds good to me.”

“Okay let’s get camping!” Mabel threw her arm into the air and the group gave a rather loud cheer before breaking off for their various tasks.

“So, what’s this about?” Dipper asked as he scanned the woods for fallen branches that would make good burning material. Thankfully it was summer, and there was plenty of it to go around.

“Man you saw through me that easy huh?” Jake picked up a large stick and broke it in half, tossing it backward to be caught by a large red dragon tail he had created from his lower back.

“Wasn’t exactly subtle,” Dipper levitated a few branches of his own before turning back to Jake, his expression serious and rather dour. He had a fairly decent idea of just what the other boy wanted to talk about, and it was a conversation a long time coming.

Jake’s energetic smile and relaxed posture disappeared, replacing the image of a regular teen with the look of the feared American Dragon, who had defeated more evil in his time than most people his age knew existed. “I have been hearing some things, the kind of things that could get you in big trouble with the magical community if they got out.”

“Oh?” Dipper asked, trying to remain casual and keep a poker face on.

A small amount of fire began to surround Jake as he fought to keep down a growing rage that was building inside of him. “Dipper man I get that what you are going through, but do you even realize how dangerous it is summoning a creature like that?”

“I have it under control.” Dipper replied, unable to meet eyes with Jake. He knew it was wrong to have not even told Jake about what he was doing, but at the same time it wasn’t something that he could just be talked out of.
“Did you have it under control five years ago—before Jake could finish Dipper moved his hand and the various branches flew toward the dragon shifter like spears, only stopping centimeters before actually striking the boy.

“You don’t get to bring that up, not even in this situation.” Dipper’s voice was cold and low, hinting toward the danger of not following his advice.

Jake carefully watched Dipper, his face set in a grim mask before giving a shrug of his shoulders and letting his more dangerous stance relax. “Fair enough, but I just had to be sure you knew what you were doing.”

Dipper blinked and retracted the branches back to him. “That was a test?”

“Yeah, I had to make sure you were still in control,” Jake let out a small sigh and shook his head. “I will go ahead and keep quiet on this as long as I can, but you are playing with some serious fire man.”

“I know, just…trust me okay?” Dipper looked toward his friend and held out his fist to him.

“I do, you know I do,” Jake bumped his fist against Dipper’s. “But you know what they say about pride man.”

“Yeah, right before the fall.” Dipper turned and continued collecting sticks, and the two boys held a not quite uncomfortable silence as they went about their work.

“So you got a cool new ray gun from Grunkle Ford huh?” Mabel and Pacifica had begun to set up various supplies around the camp, including a few bags filled with various odd smelling herbs that would keep the animals away.

Pacifica couldn’t help but laugh as she looked down toward the weapon that she had been given. “I suppose so, I still find it a bit strange your family is so okay with people our age carrying around things like this.”

Mabel simply shrugged, having long ago grown used to how crazy and chaotic her world truly was. “Well I am guessing that the ray gun is probably safer than the crossbow he gave me for hunting unicorns.” she placed down the last bag and turned to see Pacifica with a raised eyebrow.

“Unicorns are real?” she asked, a hint of mistrust in her voice.

“Real jerks, heyho!” Mabel raised her hand, and her cheer was echoed by Candy and Grenda as they finished up their own tasks. “But yeah they are real.”

There was nothing that Pacifica could say, simply shaking her head and moving toward the completed fire pit and sitting down on one of the logs. “Hey Mabel?”

“Yeah?” she hoped down next to Pacifica, with Candy and Grenda taking their own log across from them.

“Well…” Pacifica bit her lip and looked down toward her lap. “I was wondering…would you be okay with me asking your brother out on another date…and maybe asking him to be my boyfriend afterward?”

A massive grin began to grow across Mabel’s face, and her eyes began to slowly glass over. “The dream is real girls, the dream is real!”
Candy and Grenda both cheered before swarming over to Pacifica.

“What kind of flowers will you have at the wedding?”

“Oh oh are you going to smash cake in his face.”

“We are invited right?”

“If not you know we are going to crash.”

“Girls!” Pacifica held up her hands to ward off their questions, not used to the level of energy the girls were putting off. “You are seriously okay with this Mabel?”

“Why wouldn’t I be?” she tilted her head to the side.

“Well I mean…” she looked away from her. “Everyone else keeps telling me how dangerous it’s going to be, or that at the moment Dipper doesn’t have long. You are really the only one that is just saying go for it without any reservation.”

Mabel frowned for a moment before sitting down and letting out a small sigh. “Listen Pacifica I am going to be straight with you, Dipper and me, we have tried everything for the past five years to try and fix all this, and we are still holding hope but odds are by the end of the summer Dipper…” the words caught in her throat. “…well you know, so what I want for him, more than anything, is for him to be happy, if you can make him happy for even a spare minute then I will act as your personal human shield to make sure that nothing touches you,” she put her hand on top of Pacifica’s. “I want more than anything for him to enjoy what time he has left, so yeah, I don’t hold any reservations about it.”

Pacifica didn’t know what to say to that. Part of her realized that in essence Mabel had just straight out told her that she was willing to use her as a tool for Dipper’s happiness. On the other hand she perfectly understood the mindset and wasn’t actually offended by it. “I…I understand. Maybe you could give me some tips later?”

Mabel gave a small nod to the girl and flashed a grin toward her. “Okay well first you need to be super direct, Dipper isn’t really good at subtly.”

“But Dipper is pretty good at hearing when people are talking about his negative qualities,” Dipper and Jake walked out of the woods with a load of firewood, dropping it next to the already prepared pit. “So what were we talking about other than my apparent lack of subtext vision?”

“To be fair dog, they are right,” Jake dumped the firewood next to Dipper’s. “Anyway we are out here chillin in the woods, when are we going to start getting our camp on?”

The group cheered at the suggestion and rose up from their sitting positions. “I say we go for a quick hike, maybe a bit of fishing too since we brought rods.”

After gathering up their bags the group walked into the forest, confident that their campsite wouldn’t be disturbed. As they walked into the forest Mabel bumped Pacifica into Dipper, causing the two to blush nervously but walk close to each other into the woods, their hands occasionally brushing against each other.

One Montage of fun and cute hiking and fishing activities later
“That is the last time I go fishing in a forest stream,” Dipper brushed off the soot from his coat and patted out a small fire that was still lit on his hat. “I mean why the heck was there a fishing hole filled with Fire Bass?!?”

“How are Fire Bass even a thing?” Pacifica frowned at her clothing, amazed that despite the punishment it had taken the fabric seemed as good as new. Apparently Dipper knew what he was doing when it came to enchanting clothing.

“Well the short answer is magic.” Jake took off his burst jacket and tossed it to the side as they entered their camp, cursing his own bad luck. He hadn’t exactly expected to get into a fight with a bunch of massive fish that could spit out fire.

“Then what is the long answer?” Candy asked curiously.

“Maaaaaagggggiiiiicccc.” Jake said, waving his hands about with a grumpy expression on his face.

The group got a small chuckle out of that as they collapsed onto the logs and let out various sighs and grumbling. At the very least they all agreed that it was nice not to have to suffer the sun for much longer, as the day was rapidly ending.

After a few minutes of rest Mabel stood and brushed herself off. “Hey Jake would you mind entertaining Grenda and Candy for a bit?” she turned to Dipper and gave him a small smile. “Dipper, Pacifica, and I need to go into the woods and take care of some stuff.”

Dipper looked to Pacifica and back to Mabel, a small frown on his face, obviously disapproving of whatever Mabel was planning but not willing to speak up about it.

“Leaving a guy alone with two lovely ladies? Rose isn’t gonna be happy about that.” Jake put on a smile, but it was obvious from his eyes and body language that he wasn’t exactly as laid back as he appeared.

Mabel simply rolled her eyes and walked out toward the woods, motioning for Dipper and Pacifica to follow her. “I am sure she won’t mind it that much.”

“We obviously have met two different versions of my girlfriend.” Jake mumbled under his breath. Despite his protests he still waved for them to head out, through no amount of joking had taken away from the rather deflated way that he seemed to be holding himself.

Dipper and Pacifica quickly followed after Mabel. Dipper’s face was one of grim determination, while Pacifica mostly just looked confused as to what was going on.

“So what are we doing exactly?” Pacifica asked as they left the safety of the camp to walk into the rapidly darkening woods.

“Oh you know,” Mabel flashed her a grin. “Summoning a demon.”

Jake sighed as he watched the three walk into the woods, knowing exactly what they were planning to do but having no real way to prevent them from actually doing it. Despite being the magical protector of the continent he didn’t really have the ability to force either of them to stop unless they were actively harming people. There was a chance he could bring it up to others in power, but the magic police tended to be swift and brutal with anyone they thought were breaking the law.

“So you are a dragon?” Candy asked curiously, looking him up and down as if examining him for scales.
“Yeah do dragon stuff!” Grenda loudly demanded, eyes twinkling with interest.

For a moment Jake allowed his mind to slip away from Dipper and Mabel and return to the present, his face breaking into a smile at the request. “Well never in my nature to let a lady down you know?” he picked up a few pieces of firewood and tossed them into the pit before drawing in a deep breath and releasing a torrent of flames at them, creating a perfect fire that lit up the area around them.

Jake leaned back and closed his eyes, expecting to be greeted by cheers or sounds of amazement. However the only sound he heard were loud gasps by the two girls. “Come on it wasn’t that…” Jake opened his eyes and gulped as he saw what had caused the girls to react. The light cast by the fire revealed multiple pairs of glowing red eyes just on the edge of their campsites, all staring directly in.

“Our target gone but will come back again, till then a Dragon will be slain.” a chorus of voices rang out from the woods as the light of the fire seemed to dim.

Jake quickly shot up and braced himself for a fight, things were about to get a heck of a lot uglier.

After a short explanation and a few minutes of travel the trio had found themselves quite a bit away from the campsite, standing among a few cut down trees with a number of symbols carved into the ground, the most notable being the triangle in the center.

“Are you ready for this?” Dipper looked toward Pacifica, his mouth set in a rather grim line as he stood on one point of the triangle.

“Y-yeah, of course.” Pacifica steeled her nerves and took another point. This was different from playing with a Ouija board with a couple of girls from the school, from what Dipper had told her they were going to be legitimately summoning a powerful demon and ordering it to answer questions. It would be insane not to be nervous, at least in her own opinion.

Mabel took the last point and gave a comforting smile to Pacifica. “You don’t need to be here for this if you don’t want to, me and Dip have done this plenty of times with just the two of us.”

“But you said it would make it safer to have me here right?” she was obviously nervous, but didn’t want to abandon her friends. Not only that but she needed to prove to herself that she had some place in this weird world of theirs.

“Three is better than two, especially with who we are piggybacking this spell off of,” Dipper closed his eyes and took in a deep breath. “Last chance to back off.” he looked meaningfully toward Pacifica. His eyes made it clear that he wouldn’t judge her for not wanting to be a part of this, but that just seemed to strengthen her will.

“Let’s do this.”

“Right, just hold your spot and I will start the ritual,” Dipper raised his hand up and began to slowly chant. ”Tao Nistrium Triangulum, Tao Nistrium Triangulum, Tao Nistrium Triangulum!” the triangle suddenly exploded with a brilliant blue energy as the world around the three young adults turned a dull grey.

“Well well well well well well,” Bill Cipher appeared from a torrent of blue flames above the triangle, his sewn eye already missing two of the stitches that had held it together. “You actually got someone else to help you with this,” the dream demon disappeared for a moment, only to
reappear next to Pacifica. “And look what we have here, Pacifica Pines…oh wait no Northwest right now, spoilers.”

Pacifica blushed heavily and quickly shook her head. “Who…what are you?”

“Bill Cipher, dream demon and all around pain in the neck,” Dipper glared angrily at the triangular being, all while holding in his own blush. “We need to use your sealing ritual again, are you ready?”

“Aye Aye Captain,” Bill gave a lazy salute before snapping his fingers and freezing both Dipper and Mabel before turning to Pacifica. “Before we get on with that through I want to give you a bit of a gift Llama, you were always the one I left alone the most.”

“What…what did you do to them?” her hand reached toward the ray gun on her belt, but before she could reach it her entire body froze in place.

“Nothing, quantum locked them for a moment, doesn’t matter,” Bill pulled his top hat away from the top of his head and pulled out a small gold coin. “Take this, keep it safe, and whenever you need someone to talk to just flip it until it lands on heads,” he tucked the coin into her pocket and snapped his fingers, resetting time. “Now then let’s get this party started.” He flew above the group and snapped his fingers, causing the lines that made up the triangle to burst into flames for a moment, before a number of complex symbols burned themselves around the triangle in a circle.

“That’s all that is needed Bill.” Dipper didn’t turn to look at the dream demon, choosing instead to focus on the seals that had been placed and make sure they weren’t being double crossed.

“Not even a thank you after all my hard work, it’s a crying shame Pine Tree.” for a moment the creature seemed to be speaking with actual sorrow, before he burst into maniac giggling and disappeared from sight.

Pacifica reached into her pocket, feeling the coin still resting there. Part of her knew it would be best to tell the twins about what had just happened, but seeing as they were in the process of doing something so important she simply decided to wait. “So what now?”

Mabel walked over to Pacifica and slowly walked her out of the area of the sealing symbols, sitting on a small stump and motioning for Pacifica to do the same. “Now we watch Dipper do his magic thing.”

As if on cue Dipper began the second part of the ritual, his entire body glowing with ethereal green energy. “From darkest depths I do call thee, from pain and torment, from the pits of Inferno I demand thy presence before me,” the forest seemed to grow even darker, the moons light fading away and leaving only the soft glow of the seals magic. “To complete the pact made three years prior, a bargain set in stone and fire, hear my call and come to me, Halimadra Kimadra, Molhalic Dreadstian, Sardric Mephisto!” the energy around the sealing lines turned a hellish red. “Sardric Mephisto, three times and done, Sardric Mephisto!”

A massive pillar of flames erupted from the ground as demonic laugher seemed to ring from inside of it. “I am that which is known as Darkness, I am the flames that eat away at the mortal soul, I am evil incarnate,” a figure began to appear in the center of the flames, towering over Dipper and seemingly drawing even more darkness to him. “I am Mephist…oh it’s you again.” the creature waved its hand and dispelled the pillar of flames with a rather bored sigh. “Great this is going to be my whole night now isn’t it?” as the flames dissipated a large being with bright red skin and small horns coming from its forehead appeared, dressed in a even darker red outfit with a long flowing cape behind it.
Dipper let out a sigh and stepped forward. “Hello Mephisto, let’s get this over with.”
Dipper looked up at the hell lord and crossed his arms. "This is the final year of our bargain Mephisto, are you prepared to grant your end, or will the end clause of our agreement take effect?"

The red skinned creature looked upon the three, face breaking into a dark grin. "Oh always straight to business are we Mr. Pines?" his eyes rested upon Pacifica, focusing on her with dark intent. "And tell me, who is this lovely creature you bring with you?"

Without a word Dipper raised his arm up and swung it down in a fast motion, and as he did Mephisto was slammed down to his knees and began to gasp as if he were being choked. "No games Mephisto, our bargain comes to an end today, and if you don't hold your end of the deal I will ensure that your bindings will keep you away from this reality until entropy claims it, now talk!"

Pacifica stepped back at the sound of Dipper's tone, unsure of what to think. Trying to reconcile the normally shy and bookish boy with the man who was currently yelling at a demon was like trying to imagine a saint in a pub.

Mabel put a hand on the other girls shoulder and smiled gently, knowing that despite living in Gravity Falls the girls experience with the paranormal wasn't quite at their level. Dipper and Mabel had spent years learning from and fighting things that would cause people to shake in their boots or at the very least run for the hills. But she also knew that if Pacifica wanted to be part of their world then she would have to accept the duality of their lives. Mundane and magical went hand in hand for the two.

The smile slipped away into a look that almost seemed alien to the demons face, something akin to...nervousness. "I wish to remake our bargain."

Dipper was stunned into silence for a moment, it wasn't that he hadn't expected for Mephisto to try and get out of their bargain, but making to offer to change it left Dipper in a position of power. He could suggest just about anything and the demon lord would either have to follow his lead or stick with the original deal.

"And why should I let you out of the deal we already have?"

"Because if you don't you will regret the fact that you didn't," normally such a sentence would be spoken with some underlining threat, but the demon spoke it as pure fact. "If I adhere to our original deal what happens afterwards would be out of my hands and lead to a very negative road for you and the people you care about."

Those words gave him something to consider, as it wasn't often that demons went out of their way unless something was going to specially cause harm to their status or overall existence. "And if you were presented with this deal, what new offer would you ask of yourself?"

The demon sized Dipper up for a moment before answering. "Three questions so long as they do not force me to name the being whom currently inhabits your body. Furthermore I would order myself to remain in my own realm for the next two years with no possibility of any attack against or on any existence based in this dimension."

Mabel coughed out in surprise and Dipper felt his eyes go wide at what was just offered to them. Of course the binding they had put on the multidimensional being during their first team up with
Earth's Sorcerer Supreme had allowed them to put a whammy on him when the being was weak, but being offered two years where he couldn't raise a finger against anyone within the entire realm of reality was a deal unto itself.

Pacifica stepped forward and looked at the demon. "I would change the wording on that a bit?"

The demon turned to focus on the girl, eyes gleaming like burning coals. "Would you now child?"

Despite a demon glaring her down the young woman simply offered a disrespectful smirk and flipped her hair. "Yeah, three questions that you must answer to the fullest extent possible, if you leave something out not relating to the direct identify of the being then you break the bonds of the contract and are forced away from here forever, here implying everything that isn't wherever you come from. Furthermore any attempt to break your two year imprisonment will active the punishment stated in the first part of the deal, to ensure that you are honest about the deal."

Dipper's mouth dropped open and Mabel gave a fist pump and a thumbs up to the girl. Despite having thought he had seen everything watching Pacifica dress down an almost literal demon was not a sight he would be soon the forget. "Well there goes me every deciding what movies we are watching," he muttered under his breath.

Mephisto simply looked at them for a moment before giving a single nod of his head. "Despite your disrespectful tone I can agree to these terms, any three questions with the qualification that I must answer to the fullest extent of my abilities unless doing so would cause me to speak the name of the being."

Pacifica shot Dipper a thumbs up before stepping back and allowing him to take change of the situation again. "Okay three questions," Dipper thought for a moment, trying to pin down the exact wording for what he needed. "Will the current seal we are using indefinitely stop the creatures resurrection?"

Mephisto glanced over him for a moment before shrugging his shoulders. "As I have to answer in the most complete form possible the answer is that I can't be quite sure. What you contain of the being is a fraction of a fraction of its power. When the ritual was activated only a portion of it was fully revealed. The odds are good that if you died naturally the portion would simply die off with you. And because it wouldn't have a complete form it wouldn't be able to raise. However I would put it on equally good odds that if you died the portion would return to the being and it would simply have to wait until another opportunity arose to bring itself forward."

Those words were like an arrow through the chest for Dipper, because at least before they had been certain that his sacrifice would have meaning, but if the odds were fifty fifty that after his death the creature he had given his life to seal would come back felt like a blow to the stomach. But despite that he pressed on. "Without using the direct name can you give me any information on the being?"

At that question the demon actually looked a bit concerned, raising a finger so he would be allowed a moment to think. "I can give you very little, the only safe way for me to talk of it without risking untold damage to my own existence is to speak in vague terms. The being is old, older then creation itself, it is an enemy to all things that exist and takes pleasure in their torment." those were all vague and Mephisto could practically feel the contract trying to pull more out of him. "It holds multiple titles, but most of them are impossible to understand for a human, the nearest translation I can give you is 'The one who summons the revelers on Walpurgis Night', 'the True Tyrant', and 'The Elemental Evil'."

The titles alone held enough dark imagery for Dipper to get it through his mind, whatever it was he
had sealed was on a level above anything he had ever faced directly. It was beyond even a lord of another dimension like Mephisto.

A sudden thought struck him, his eyes narrowing toward the demon. "Why did you offer three questions, rather then trying to bargain for something less?"

Mephisto simply offered Dipper a dark smile. "Because at this moment your friends are under attack by a very powerful force, and the longer I keep you here the greater the chance that they will all be dead by the time you reach them."

Dipper bit back and curse and ended the seance, sending Mephisto back to his realm and looking back toward his sister and Pacifica. "We need to go, now!" he broke into a sprint with the two girls right behind him.

Being a dragon came with a number of perks, Jake would never say that it didn't. He had seen beautiful things that people would give an arm and a leg to view. He had experienced true flight that had given him a perspective on the world. And in a way his duty itself was a perk, even on his worst nights after seeing just how bad things could get he knew that at least some of what he did made a difference.

But there were times like this that really showed off the negative of the jobs. With a quick leap he dodged out of the way of an unseen attack that only a finally honed sixth sense had allowed him to predict, blocking another strike by transforming his arms from skin to hardened dragon scale to avoid any direct damage.

It was impossible to guess just how many creatures were attacking him, because they shot out from the trees in unseen blurs and were gone before he could even muster up a counter attack.

Normally in a situation like this he would have gone full dragon and started kicking butt, as was his normal response to creepy supernatural things trying to get a piece of him. Unfortunately when he had told Dipper that his magic tanks were running dry he hadn't been kidding, being dead center in a war against the Black Dragon clan had pushed him to the limit, even flying here had taken most of the magic in his body. Even changing small parts of himself like his arms or summoning his tail was quickly becoming much more difficult for him.

If he had managed to grab a quick nap or had rested for meditation rather then goofing off he might not have been so bad off, but the fact was he hadn't expected to run into anything he couldn't take out here even without a full transformation. He dodged two more quick attacks and started to run through his options.

There was a chance he could escape, but the girls that had come with them were only being protected from the fight by a cage of fire he had made around them when the attack began. He wasn't fast or strong enough at the moment to take all of them at once. It wasn't an acceptable option because he couldn't guarantee they wouldn't be hurt by whatever these things attacking him were.

The second option available would be to throw everything he had into a big attack that would strike everywhere around him without giving the creatures a chance to escape. Doing so would leave him utterly drained and would probably burn quite a few trees, which would suck but magically flame allowed for regrowth to happen faster in an area. The stories of dragons coming down and burning crops and forests had been misunderstood stories of the lands protectors coming down to burn what little remained of a harvest to ensure a good growing season the next year. He could make sure it didn't hit the girls, and that made it at least acceptable in his mind.
The last option was the one that would be the best in the short term, but down the road would increase the chances of something bad happening. When utterly tapped a dragon such as himself could feed off the ambient magic of an area to fuel themselves during a battle. Normally doing something like that would be fine, because magic would simply come back as the creatures around the area did their thing. But Gravity Fall's wasn't a normal place, the air itself tasted of dark magic due to the various evil beings who flocked to the land.

Dark magic was dangerous because it was utterly unnatural, tainted, and more then anything raw. It was like trying to grab a tornado and swing it around like a club, you might hit what you are aiming at, but its more likely you just ended up causing more damage. And to a being like Jake whose soul practically ran on magic trying to absorb it could lead to it corrupting him. He knew on a fundamental level that he was a good person, that he would never go out of his way to hurt an innocent person, but temptation had never been easy for him, and once he went down the road of solving things with dark magic he might never be able to come back.

"Which means I only have one option." Jake reached deep into himself and drew out all of his remaining magic, converting the energy into flame, surrounding himself with it until his entire body looked to be caught in the middle of an inferno. It felt like a massive pressure coming from all around him, like stone armor.

But despite this he managed to throw his arms to either side and send it out in a massive wave, hitting everything around him but the cage the girls were inside.

Trees hit by the flames instantly caught fire and were reduced the ash, grass became one with the burnt ground, and by the time it was finished the small camping spot they had taken was in the center of a circular area of complete deforestation. His breath came out in heavy pants and he fell to his knee, fighting the urge to pass out on the spot.

But for a moment he could at least be relieved that it had worked, and that his friends were out of danger. The fire cage disappeared as the last bit of his power slipped away, and when it did all his hopes came crashing down.

As soon as the lines of fire disappeared he could make out shapes hidden in the dark, their bodies still in a perfect position to hide themselves completely behind it and thus protect themselves from his attack. They had used the one blind spot he had included to protect themselves, and now he could hardly force himself to stand.

The creatures moved with incredible speed, picking up Candy and Grenda and throwing them near Jake, careful to stay out of the small amount of light the campfire was giving off. They surrounded the circle of light, slowly moving forward as if they had all the time in the world. And with each step the fire dimmed just a bit more, until they were so close that Jake was able to make out the yellow glow of their eyes more then he could the light from the campfire.

Candy and Grenda had gotten up and looked ready to fight, but they were scared despite the show of bravery. Neither of them were ignorant to the blatant weirdness of the town, and both were more then willing to defend themselves. But normally when they did this sort of thing Dipper and Mabel were there to back them up, tell them what to do. They weren't warriors, they were just people.

Jake drew in a deep breath and clenched his fist. "You two...close your eyes for me okay?" they looked at him but simply gave a quick nod and screwed their eyes shut. "I don't know who you guys are, but you are going to be really sorry by the time this is over." there was no way to run, and he was officially out of magic. Which meant it was time for option two.
He knew that after this battle there was a chance that he wouldn't be himself. There had only been two situations in his life that had made him use dark magic, the first had been a situation where if he hadn't a lot of good people would have ended up getting hurt and the bad guys would have won. The second time had just been easier, and because of his actions two people ended up dead. They were bad guys and it wasn't like even if he had beat them normally they would have just stopped being evil, but he hadn't done it because he needed to. The detox had been intense after that, and he didn't really know if he could kick it again.

But just before he could draw in any dark magic the campfire roared upwards like a volcano exploding, sending the hidden figures away to their shadows.

"Back off!" Dipper, Mabel, and Pacifica exploded from the treeline and got over to Jake and the girls in record time. "Info while their distracted, quick."

"I don't know man, haven't seen anything like them before. They are fast and don't like being seen, oh yeah and they hit like a truck." Jake finally managed to get himself to draw a breath and release the dark magic he had been about to absorb. His entire body felt like utterly weightless. "I am tapped man, I am not going to be much help here."

Mabel nodded and looked at her two friends. "Get Jake out of here, back to the Mystery Shack and get Ford," she tightened her hand into a fist and readied herself for combat.

The three of them wanted to argue, but knew it was pointless to do so. "What about Pacifica?" Grenda asked quickly.

The blonde haired girl smiled at the other two. "Unlike you two I am armed and trained to kick butt. Just get out of here and leave it to us."

Mabel felt a swell of pride for the person who she already considered a new member of their family. It had taken a bit but she had known that Pacifica was a good person, and having her say that she would stay with them despite obvious danger just confirmed what she already knew in her heart. "Dip?"

Dipper clapped his hands together and created a large ball of light, flicking it quickly over Jake and the girl. "Go, we can get them to focus on us long enough for you guys to get out of here."

Despite wanting the argue the three knew that they would be dead weight in a fight against such things, so they moved as quickly as they could out of the area and into the forest. Now it was only the three standing against the unknown number of beings hiding within the darkness of the forest.

For a moment there was silence as the two sides stared each other down.

Then one of the creatures burst forth from the dark into the small circle of light, rushing toward Mabel for another quick strike. But it had underestimated its own might after having fought the weakened Jake, as Mabel react despite the beings unnatural speed, blocking the attack with crossed arms in order to slow it down enough for Dipper to get a good look at it. But it managed to quickly get back to the shadows, appearing as little more then a flash of darkness.

"Pacifica cover me for a moment," Dipper muttered a few words under his breath and summoned the three journals Ford had created so many years ago, books he had converted into conduits for his magical power. "Cross reference of creatures, keyword fast and hidden." each of the three books opened, shooting through each page as if being quickly scanned by invisible eyes. Another of the creatures attempted a charge but Pacifica fired a warning shot before it could get close.

Years of sneaking around the manor while trying to avoid her parents had left her with razor sharp senses.
Finally one of the books stopped on an open page while the others closed, floating in front of Dipper. "Hide Behind, shoot of course it has to be one of the few creatures that has no information on it." even during his trips around the world when he had been interested in expanding upon the creatures Ford hadn't been able to write full reports on he had only found scattered reports. They were natural assassins who could spread fear into weaker willed beings, striking from the shadows and disappearing. The only clear weakness he had noticed from the reports were a strong revulsion with alcohol, leaving prey that had been drinking mauled by uneaten.

"You know us...that means you must die." they spoke as a single being, tens of voices mixed to sound like one. And the voice itself was odd, like wind pushing leaves, so soft it might have been the imagination. The creatures eyes glowed bright, making spotlights against the darkness of the night as inhuman chanting and the sounds of drums began to ring through the area. Almost immediately all of the light in the area utterly disappeared, until even the few fleeting stars in the sky seemed to blink out of existence.

"Bro?" Mabel clenched her fists and tried to make out her friends in the darkness, but before she could get adjusted she felt a powerful force ram into her and send her flying. She hit the ground hard and hardly had time to react before she felt claws drag across her sweater. It was only due to the enchantments Dipper had provided over her clothing that it took the brunt of the damage rather then her.

Pacifica found herself reaching into her pocket and touching the coin that had been offered to her, wondering if this was really the time to flip it. If they weren't fast odds were that no amount of resistance would prevent a bad end for them. But they couldn't win a fight against something they couldn't see, not with brute strength alone, that meant it was time to use her brain.

Despite knowing less about the Hide Behind then Dipper she had remembered Mabel and him arguing about it all those years ago, one of the few times they had gotten to spend together, apparently it had been some mysterious creature that he hadn't been able to document or prove existed. They didn't want to be seen, but part of their approach nagged at her. Their end goal was to kill them it seemed, but they were outnumbered and it seemed outpowered by the things so why didn't they just charge in and finish it?

Sadism was the easy answer but it had to be more then that, because if it wasn't then the only clue she had to go on would be pointless. "Wait, no thats right," part of her remembered after hearing the argument she had done research of her own, at the time she justified it as a mad interest while she knew now she had wanted to impress the two by finding out about a creature even Dipper hadn't been able to find. There had been so little, but in the hidden little library her parents had that contained so many journals kept by the seedier members of her family she had read about a small cult that worshiped a group of tall tree like beings until one day they had been wiped out. The only thing left behind was a cave that contained a number of writings and a perfectly carved out section of the wall. Not a bunch of ruble but the stone have been carved out, meaning they couldn't let it be damaged. It was a long shot, and she was overreaching because if they didn't have something they would be dead.

But no toys, no paintings, nothing to symbolize the creatures the cult worshiped, only a few scattered notes and a carved out section of the wall. No one went so far as to utterly remove pictures and stay out of the spotlight to the point where it was easier to block out all lights then just attack unless there was a point. It couldn't just be that knowing what they looked like hurt them, because at some point they had been worshiped.

The carved out section of wall, the destruction of the cult. It clicked in her mind. "Dipper!"
"What?" his pained voice called back, having been used as a punching bag by the creatures himself despite his best efforts. All of his magic required a line of sight, and any attempt to summon a light was quickly ended by the shroud of darkness the creatures had cast over the area. Using a spell was too risky if he ended up hitting the girls.

"I don't think these things can let people know what they look like, something about what they look like hurts them if cop-" a harsh cry rang out as the beings rushed to silence the girl.

Despite the pain Pacifica couldn't help but smile, she had been on the money, and the creatures rush to silence her proved it.

Dipper felt a spark of anger rise in him as hearing Pacifica's pain, and her words gave him enough of an idea of where to start in order to give out some vengeance. He needed an image of the creature in order to hurt or weaken them. But no one had ever gotten a good enough look at a Hide Behind in order to copy its image, at least none that he was aware of.

But then a thought flashed in his mind, these beings would have to carefully monitor someone who was hunting after them, like he had so many summers ago. But he had left the camera in the forest all those years ago, even if he had gotten something it wouldn't matter unless he could find it. "Unless," he put a hand over his heart and scowled. There was a chance he might be able to summon it to him, but to do so he would need to break these shadows and properly form a summoning circle. But to get enough power to break the shadows he was going to have to tap into the thing he was keeping holed up, which would damage his soul further. "No guts no glory."

Emerald flame danced to life around his hands as he focused on the dark magic in the air around him, manipulating it like a puppeteer and gathering it around him. Then with one word the power exploded around him, burning away the magically created shadows and leaving himself exhausted.

With the shadows suddenly gone the Hide Behinds were able to be seen with the small light provided by the fire, tall and skinny creatures that could have easily been living trees at the sight of them. They were each uniform, like exact copies of each other. As one the beings hissed and tried to escape toward the shadows, but Mabel gave a wolf like grin and charged directly at the surprised creatures, slamming a powerful fist into one of the beings and sent in flying. Wood chips and broken bark came off the creature, revealing small bits of fur hidden under the creatures wooden armor.

Pacifica finished the weakened foe once Mabel was out of the way with a single shot from the ray gun, hitting the spot where Mabel had hit and watching as the creature exploded into a ball of fire. Part of her felt bad about ending the things life, the other part felt relieved there was one less enemy to hit them.

Dipper meanwhile got down and began to hastily scrawl a circle with a number of strange symbols along it, pulling out a pocketknife to cut the tip of his thumb, letting three drops of the red liquid fall into the circle and imagining his camera, summoning the image to his mind from all those years ago. For a moment he worried the spell would misfire, but soon enough the camera appeared. "Ye-"

All his hopes were shattered when the one of the creatures flew forward and grabbed the camera from the ground, only to get hit by a charging Mabel, sending it high into the air. The remaining creatures made a mad dash toward the camera, long and skinny arms reaching up toward the camera. But before a single one could reach it the camera exploded just above their hands.

"Gotcha," Pacifica smiled and put the ray gun into her holster.
The creatures turned to look at her and howled like mad beasts, charging toward her before suddenly turning into dust just before they reached her, ash falling to the ground. For a moment the group stood panting and looking around toward each other with grins. "How did you know?" Dipper asked.

"A good guess, they removed images of themselves but didn't destroy them, and they are old american creatures so the whole myth of images containing a bit of them. It was a long shot but it was better than nothing." finally the exhaustion of the night caught up to her and Pacifica fell to the ground and a huff. Dipper and Mabel looked at her and laughed for a moment before falling down right after her. The three could only laugh for a moment, before a dark feeling swept over the area.

"It seems my kin have fallen, a sad day," from the darkness a new figure stepped forth. It was tall like the Hide Behinds but not as thin or covered in a layer of wood. Rather it was covered in thick black hair that blended in well with the dark, yellow eyes glowing forth. Dipper and Mabel began to pull themselves up but with a wave of a clawed hand they were forced down. "But needed, they could no longer control themselves." it walked over to Pacifica and leaned over her. "You are the one who found our weakness, you have slain an entire clan of my people."

Fear ran through the girls veins, but she simply have a defiant huff and glared up. "Its called self defense, maybe they shouldn't have picked a fight they couldn't win."

The being stayed silent for a moment before giving a harsh laugh. "Well spoken child of man," the creature slowly dragged its claws along the dirt next to her fallen body, and from the ground a blue rose grew. "Those you faced were bound by another will, eventually more will be born to replace them, but rather then death you have given them freedom from enslavement. For this service I offer you the knowledge that you have not killed a people, and should you ever need help to toss the flower onto a fire, I will know its scent and come to your aid." the creature looked toward the three and shuddered, changing into a new form, a tall and skinny black creature, so thin that it was almost impossible to make out even in the light.

"Next time we hang out in a mall," Pacifica muttered before giving into the draw of sleep.

The twins laughed at that and also gave into the call of blissful rest. They were soon found by Jake and their grunkle's who had come armed to the teeth and ready for battle, instead just finding the three asleep on the ground, beaten but no worse for wear.

A victory against all odds.

Gideon sighed and waved his hand, closing a spell he had cast to keep an eye on the battle with a disgruntled sigh. It wasn't that he had expected that it would have been so easy to defeat the Pines, but the fact they had so many allies would no doubt be quite a bit of a pain for the future plans of their organization. So many misguided fools trying to protect someone who had no idea just what trouble he could cause. "Well, guess its time to call the crew." he put his hand on the table and waited patiently as each ill defined image appeared around the massive stone table in front of him.

"I take it by the fact you don't look smug that your little mission was a failure?" one of the images asked.

It took everything in him to swallow his pride and not lash out toward the person, simply giving a nod of his head. "It appears that the Pines are not alone in their endeavors. They have made powerful friends that would put any individual ploy into check."

There were murmurs among the group, but no one seemed to directly disagree. Many of the people
around the table were powerful in their own rights but had been utterly defeated by groups of heroes before.

"This group was brought together because of the simple fact that their are certain enemies the heroes of this world are unable to face, either out of morality or ignorance. Each and everyone of us has and will continue to do horrible things to people to ensure our status, but for this very reason none of us want to see the world ended," Gideon looked at each and every one of the figures before continuing. "We have managed to do so without revealing ourselves to each other, but if we are to truly beat an unknowable foe we must know each other. There must be trust between all of us so we might better move forward."

For a moment nothing but silence ran through the room, until a small chuckle rang out from one of the figures. "Very well Gideon, I can see the logic of your statement, so I will be the first to reveal myself." one of the figures came into complete view, a handsome man in a rumpled suit jacket with eyes that gleamed with evil intent. "Elias Powers, head of scientific research and development, and of course my subdivision research assistants Dr. Doofenshmirtz and Dr. Draken." next to him two figures appeared, one an older looking man with a hook like nose and the other a blue skinned man with a heavy slump.

"Very well," another figure came into full view, wearing a royal green and gold outfit and sitting lazily on what appeared to be a throne was the Norse god known as Loki, the trickster. "Head of the Illuminators magical subdivision, aided by the ruler of the thirty fourth inferno dimension known as Tom and the ancient magical being known as the Sorcerer, both absent from this meeting."

The third figure was dressed in royal purples, armor covering his entire body. "Emperor Zerg, leader of the extraterrestrial branch of the Illuminators alongside Lord Dominator and Dr. Jacques von Hämsterviel," while linked with them the extraterrestrial branch was only interested in threats that would flow from Earth and effect the greater universe at large, such as the being within Dipper.

The fourth figure was a slender woman with a mad smirk on her face. "Heloise, no other titles needed. And I supposed I provide most of your knuckleheads with muscle. Speaking of which I am expecting extra payment, it wasn't cheap to bind so much power to a single stone tablet."

Gideon looked over the council with a grin of satisfaction, because at that moment he knew the true quality of the people whom he stood with. This was his purpose in life, to make the world a better place through means that fit his own twisted soul. "Gideon Gleeful, head of operations."

The two figures who had stood beside him lowered their hoods. "Robbie Valentino, spymaster and weaver of dark arts."

"And I guess you can call me the muscle of the group," long red hair spilled from the lowered hood, and a half serious smile looked out toward the group.

"Wendy Corduroy," she looked at the various powerful figures, each focusing their attention on her for a moment before giving a nod of her head in respect. "I believe I have a suggestion that can bring Dipper into our fold peacefully,"

"I don't know, it seems violence might be the easier method to dispose of such riffraff." an older voice from behind the three drew the attention of the rest of the group.

"Oh and how can we forget, leader of our financial division and head of funding," Gideon stepped
out of the way and revealed the last member of their group.

"Preston Northwest."

End Notes

Hi there, would love any comments/reviews of the work so far.

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