The Call of the Golden Siren

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Summary

The year is 1874, and Dipper Pines is living on an island named Gravity Falls that is plagued occasional siren attacks. While Ford, Stan, and Mabel are determined to hunt them, Dipper would much rather learn more about the creatures and write a book about them.

Notes

Welp looks like I have no self control and started yet another writing project! As the tags say, I'll add more as I go along, since I haven't 100000% decided exactly where this is going to go. Also forgive me if I don't use proper speaking terms for the time period. I'll occasionally fact check and what not, but ignore the lingo, since it's hard for me to fully change the way I write around it :p

Hope you enjoy!
Golden Siren in the Cove

Summer had just ended for the little island of Gravity Falls, and a pleasant autumn was starting to settle in, giving the entire town that rested on it a warm feeling, since the fireplaces were all lit, and the tailors had been generous with the amount of padding in the clothes they had sown for the season.

The town had also just found a sense of peace, since a sort of war had just died down between them and the sirens that plagued the islands around them. A few other groups had tried to settle on the smaller islands, but were forced out by the angry sirens, who would kill and eat anyone who came too close to the water.

Gravity Falls however, had thrived, since they were lead by great hunters, Stanford Pines and his twin brother Stanley Pines, who had been elected their leaders. They heavily fished out the sirens around their island, and made sure to send a message to the rest of them that if they dared come too close, they would be hunted.

A few cases of missing persons would be reported here and there, which kept everyone on their toes when they came too close to the water, but overall, everyone felt safe under the protection of the Pines twins.

Dipper Pines, their great nephew, and his twin sister, Mabel Pines, trained under them, and worked hard to follow in their footsteps so that they could keep running the island once they were old enough.

Their parents had been lost to the sirens when they were very young, when the fighting between the two was the most intense, and the sirens would find ways to lure people from inland to the water. Soon after Ford had killed off two of the lead sirens though, the fighting slowly died down, and it was just then coming down to what felt like a complete halt.

The day that proved them wrong was a fairly warm one, one that had nothing incredibly remarkable about it, except for it was one of the days that both Ford and Stan held a type of class for the young adults on the island, to teach them about hunting and defending against the sirens.

“Dipper! Get up you lazy bones!” Mabel bounced up and down in front of Dipper’s bed, trying to wake him from his heavy sleep. She was much more excited about the class, since she was a prodigy at it all, and she was completely fearless when it came to the water and the sirens.

Dipper, on the other hand, was not as nimble and quick as his sister. Sure, he was smart, and could recite facts as if he had an entire library in his head, but the actual, physical hunting part was not his forte. “Can’t I wait like, five more minutes?” He had stayed up all night reading about other mythical creatures, trying to rid his mind of the many ways to kill and skin a siren.

For some reason or another, he didn’t harbor a hatred for the creatures like the others did, and preferred to learn about them and their culture, rather than how to cut them open.

“No! We’ve got to eat breakfast, do a few chores, then head to class! We’re actually going out to the beach today!” She flung the blanket off of him, determined to wake him up before she left the room to start her day.

With a groan, Dipper reluctantly rolled out of bed and got dressed, not particularly looking forward going out to the beach. He avoided it whenever possible, since he didn’t really like being out
anywhere near the sirens were. They were fascinating, that was for sure, and he would love to know more, but they were killers, and he knew he wasn’t a good enough hunter to fight them along side others without ridicule. Going by himself was fine enough, but he didn’t need the humiliation of others watching him try to defend himself.

His footsteps echoed through the hall of their large manor as he made his way down into the dining area, where his family sat at the round table, all enjoying the breakfast the cook had prepared.

“Morning Dipper!” Ford greeted him warmly as he set down his fork. “Are you ready for some more training today? We’ve got quite the lesson planned!”

Dipper scratched at the scruff growing on the sides of his face, something that had seemingly grown over night when he turned eighteen, and shrugged. “I suppose so.” He sat down at his place, and nibbled at his food. Something in his gut said today was not going to be his day for siren hunting.

“C’mon kid, don’t be so down! You’re getting the hang of it!” Stan smiled and pointed at him with his fork. “You’re probably just a late bloomer like Ford was. Took this bastard years to be as good as he is now!”

“Stan! Language,” Mabel giggled. Everyone chuckled, since Mabel herself was anything but lady-like when it came to language. Catch her in the right mood and she’ll write you a dictionary of curse words with her mouth.

Dipper kept his head down for the rest of his breakfast, and hurried to do what little chores he had for the day.

Though they had servants, Ford and Stan still thought it was good for them to do some house work, and always told them that if they were ever mean to the help, that they would lose the ability to use their services.

Dipper generally worked closely with their head workman, Soos. That was his nickname of course, but he insisted that everyone call him that, just like Dipper asked that everyone call him Dipper.

“Mornin’ Dipper! Ready to fix up some stuff around the place?” The plump man was in the basement, getting a few of his tools ready for the day.

“Sure. What do you need me to do?”

As Soos rattled off a small list of chores, Dipper thought about what he was going to do about the beach. He would be scolded if he skipped out, but he knew the others in the class would make fun of him if he went.

Once Soos had told him what needed to be done, he wandered back upstairs to the main floor, and began his tasks of fixing one of the ornate, golden door knobs on one of the many doors that lined the walls in the hallway behind the main staircase, painting over some of the chips in the white paint between the marble pillars that decorated the entry area, and adjusting the portraits throughout the house.

One of the paintings was of his parents, and he stood and stared up at it for a moment. The fight between the sirens and the humans had been a bloody one, and he was hoping that the silence that had settled among both of them would continue, though it would be nice if the silence were a more peaceful one.

After he finished, he found that he still had time to mentally prepare himself for class before he would be forced to go out to the beach. Mabel would likely make him to go a little early with her, so
he didn’t have the choice to stand in the back of the group, nor would he be able to avoid Ford when he would ask for a volunteer.

He groaned and ran a hand through his brown hair, trying to relax a bit. He was just going to have to suffer through it, and ignore the snickers and taunts of his peers.

Just as he thought she would, Mabel came bounding over to him while he was sitting on the stairs, and tugged at his arm.

“To the beach! Let’s go Dip!” As she tugged, her light pink dress swayed with her, and moved against the stairs, creating a noise Dipper couldn’t stand.

“Alright, alright! Just… can we not be right up front? You know how the others are to me.” He stood up and adjusted his brown vest, and fixed the rolled up sleeves of his white undershirt. “I’d rather not go through that today.”

Mabel huffed at him and raised an eyebrow. “I thought you didn’t mind the taunts? And besides, the bastards only spout them because they’re jealous. No one has one on one time with Ford and Stan like we do. Now come on!”

Dipper followed her reluctantly, keeping his head down as they walked from the middle of the island to the only stretch of beach that didn’t have rocks along it. The beach wrapped the strawberry-shaped island, and the only spots people ever ventured to was the clear stretch towards the northern top part of the island, and the docks, which were closer to the south of it.

The sand was always softer than Dipper remembered, and he actually took a second to enjoy the warm feeling of it between his fingers.

As if the universe didn’t want him to enjoy himself, a few of the others joined them. One of the guys that was just a bit older than he was, Robert, or as he liked to go by, Robbie, immediately set his sights on Dipper, and was ready to pick on him.

“Hey, pretty boy, what makes you think you’re going to be able to keep up with the rest of us, huh?” The black haired man kicked some sand at him, which enraged Mabel.

“Mr. Valentino, do you not know to respect your betters?” she snapped.

“No one as uncoordinated as he is, is seen as a ‘better’ in my eyes. He can’t even set a trap without trapping himself.” He crossed his arms over his black undershirt, then chuckled at his own joke.

The group behind him laughed, and Dipper felt his face getting hot.

“Don’t listen to him Dipper, remember what I said earlier?” Mabel put her hand on his shoulder to comfort him, but he shrugged it off and turned away from everyone.

“Whatever, I’m going for a walk.” Before she could protest, Dipper stormed off along the beach, mumbling under his breath.

After a little while of staring down at his feet while walking, Dipper found that he had made it all the way to the cliffside of the island, where the beach bent inward and a wall of rock reached up to where the highest point of the town sat.

It was the perfect place to be alone, since not many people would want to brave the sharp rocks, or being alone on the beach.
Dipper had never had a problem being alone on the beach, the very few times that he had been anyway. They were all peaceful and filled with blissful silence. Well, as silent as a beach could be anyway.

This was just like those times; running away to have time to himself. He hadn’t been to this particular hidden place before, but he mentally marked it so that he knew it was a good place to come back to, should he need it.

He sat against a rock, several yards from where the water splashed onto the sand, and stared out into the sea.

It wasn’t long after that he heard a strange humming sound that made him jerk his head around. No one was on the beach with him, so where had the noise come from?

“*Oh my dear, come see my love, come feel my embrace.*” A smooth, deep voice began to sing a love song, and it made Dipper’s heart begin to pound against his ribcage.

“Hello? Who’s there?” He stood up and looked around again, catching a glimpse of gold in the water.

“*Come with me, I can show you my heart, with my love for you, we shall never part.*”

The voice was beautiful, but Dipper couldn’t see where it was coming from. He felt a coldness on his legs, and realized that he was walking into the water.

A pale, nearly white haired man surfaced from the water, his eyes large and golden, and his hand was reaching out to Dipper, who mindlessly took it and let the man help him deeper into the water.

*Shit, shit, shit.* Dipper had seen and heard enough to know exactly what was happening, and mentally began to panic. His body stayed remarkably calm, since the siren’s voice was keeping him subdued, but he could feel a headache coming on from the amount of cursing and internal screaming he was doing.

Even though he had been told that sirens were ugly, horrible creatures his entire life, the creature in front of him seemed like anything but those things.

His angular features, the way his light blond hair swayed with the water, and the small, golden scales spotting his arms like freckles, all seemed more like that of an angel than a monster, and it made even his internal panic subdue a little. He had never seen one before, so it was strangely a little exciting to see one up close.

Just as Dipper felt the water reach his mouth, he heard another voice call out for him.

“Dipper! Where’d you run off to?”

The siren suddenly yanked him forward, and pulled him to one of the large rocks, where it pulled him out of the water and leaned him against the slanted rock. It was on top of him, holding both of his arms down while it listened to the people on the beach.

Dipper’s limbs felt numb, but he still tried to move out from underneath the creature, hoping that he could get out of its grasp. He let out a small whimper as he felt the rough texture beneath him rub at his back in a painful way.

It glared at him and bared its shark-like teeth. “Hush,” it snapped. The voice it used that time was harsh, and not nearly as smooth as its singing voice.
“I swear, that kid needs to learn to take a joke.” Robbie’s voice sounded behind on him on the beach, and Dipper almost called out to them, but couldn’t un-clench his jaw.

“Whatever Robbie, you just need to be nicer to him. It’s not cool when you tease him like that. You know he is Ford’s nephew, so I wouldn’t get on his bad side like that.” That was Wendy, the girl that usually stuck up for him when Robbie or others poked fun at Dipper.

Hearing her voice made him realize that he really should force out some noise, to try and warn them that a siren was there.

The siren’s eyes snapped to him when Dipper opened his mouth to yell, and he could see it panic for a moment when it realized both of its hands were busy holding him, so he couldn’t forcibly hold his mouth shut.

Or, so Dipper thought. The siren didn’t even think twice before it leaned forward and pushed its mouth onto his, keeping him from yelling out to the others.

As horrible as it was, Dipper felt himself relax into the kiss, since the siren was surprisingly really warm compared to the cold water.

Once the others could be heard walking away, the siren moved back and stared down at him. “You’re related to Ford?” It spat Ford’s name out like poison and sighed when Dipper meekly nodded. “That’s just fuckin’ great. I can’t kill you without invoking his wrath on my people, but I can’t let you go either since you’ll likely run crying to him.”

Dipper could see the siren mentally fighting with itself, and he thought for a moment on how he could get himself out of the situation. “I-I won’t tell anyone.”

Its eyes fell back on his and it raised an eyebrow. “Oh? And how do I know that, hm?”

“I won’t tell anyone, on the condition that you meet me here again tomorrow, and the days following, to tell me more about your people. I really want to write about you, and get the side of you that isn’t all murder and hatred.” Dipper gulped and felt hot under the siren’s stare.

“And how do I know that you aren’t just trying to trap me? Or use the information I give you against us?” It tightened its grip on his arms and snarled again. “You’re blood to Ford, I can’t see myself trusting you.”

Dipper nodded. “I’m not much like him, honestly. I would much rather write about you than try and kill you.”

It raised an eyebrow and Dipper could feel its grip loosen. “So, you won’t tell anyone of this, if I tell you about me?” Its tone seemed to lighten a bit, and it almost seemed amused.

“Yes. Well, not you, like personally, but sirens. I want to learn about sirens.” God he was hoping that it would say yes. He really wanted to know more about how they lived, how their lungs functioned, and anything that would help him see the side that was scientific. He was done seeing them as the monsters that killed his parents, and rationalized that if he could see them in another light, then it would somehow lessen the sadness they had caused him.

A smile spread on its face and it laughed. “Geez kid, I thought you’d be more formal than that. Here I was, thinkin’ that I needed to put on my strong face, and you’re sitting here admiring the fact that I live underwater.”

The siren’s attitude seemed to switch entirely, and it made Dipper give it a quizzical look. “Uhm,
It laughed again and let go of his arms, slipping into the water. “Fine. Tomorrow. Same time, same place. If I see another human besides you, I’m going home and not coming back. Same goes for traps; none of that.”

Dipper let himself fall into the water as well, and held onto the rock as he nodded. “Of course. I-I’ll see you then, I guess?”

It tapped him on the nose and rolled its eyes. “See you then. Pine Tree.”

“Pine Tree?” Dipper asked, but was met with the siren’s tail flicking water at him as it swam away. He stared after it for a moment, and watched it’s golden shine disappear into the murky water. “What a creature,” he chuckled.

Really, he should be shaking, and terrified of what had just happened, and mortified that he had invited the thing back, but instead, he was excited. To see it up close again, to hear its stories; it was exciting to think about.

Dipper pulled himself out of the water and shook his head, letting his semi-long hair flip around, hoping to dry off a little bit before making it back to the others, who had likely started to think he was hiding from embarrassment.

The group was gathered on the beach, some looking fired up, and others looking a bit pale. Mabel was a mix of both, and Ford and Stan looked more angry than anything.

“Uh, hey, s-sorry I kinda just ran off.” Dipper’s voice made everyone turn to face him, and they all looked a little shocked. “What’s wrong?”

Ford stepped forward and looked him up and down. “You’re soaking wet. And your arm’s bleeding. Where’ve you been?”

Dipper looked down and saw that the siren’s claws had dug into his forearm. He almost chuckled at it, since he completely hadn’t notice the pain while looking up at the siren’s golden eyes. “I-I was walking on some rocks and slipped into the water. My arm must’ve caught on one or something.”

“Come here,” he motioned for Dipper to step forward.

He gulped and did as he was told, hoping that Ford wouldn’t somehow see that he had almost been eaten by the siren.

Stan and Ford both looked over Dipper’s face. He knew what they were looking for. A person’s pupils would be dilated and unresponsive to quick movements after they had been under a siren’s spell, so he made sure to blink regularly and dart his eyes around to the others in the crowd.

“Hm. Well, I suppose you’d better head home then to change into some dry clothing. We were about to go on a hunt, since usually people who go into that cove don’t come back. Be careful next time you run off.” Ford patted him on the back and Dipper didn’t hesitate to walk away quickly after agreeing to be careful.

More waves of excitement went through him as he thought about how the next day was going to be both incredibly amazing, and intimidating. The siren was a beautiful creature, and he had no intentions of turning it in. The information it could give him could go towards a better understanding between humans and sirens, and hopefully make it so there would be no future wars.
When he got into some dry clothes, he got his field journal out and sat at his large, oak desk. He had kept the journal blank, in hopes of finding the perfect thing to write about, and was glad that he had done so. The sirens would be the perfect thing to study, and he had lucked out by accidentally buying himself leverage over one.

He wrote down the description of the siren that he had seen, then sat back and admired his detailed description of the creature. “I can’t wait to see you again, golden siren.”
Second Encounter

Chapter Notes

Ah yeah, more siren stuff. The first little bit is just going to be Dipper and Bill trying to get along, so I hope you guys enjoy that :p

The next morning, Dipper flew from his bed, eager to begin his day. Since there weren’t any hunting classes that day, no one would question Dipper disappearing for a little while.

After a quiet breakfast, since Ford and Stan seemed tired, and Mabel was preoccupied with sewing at the table, Dipper bolted back to his room, making sure he had everything that he would need to meet back up with the siren.

The thought of seeing it again gave him the chills, and it made him giddy. There was no way he wasn’t going to write down everything he could about the creature, and he was determined to draw out the creature, as detailed as possible.

Not that he was much of an artist, but he could do well enough that it would do the creature some justice.

As he gathered his notebooks and writing supplies into his bag, one of his knives caught his eye. It was sitting on the top of his desk, mostly unused, and he wondered for a moment if he should take it. Hopefully the creature still wasn’t too keen on eating the nephew of Ford, but he found himself grabbing it, just in case something did go south.

It was still too early to go see the creature, and he found himself begging Soos for something to do to pass the time. It was going to drive him mad if he stared at a wall until about three PM.

“Uh, I dunno Dipper, I think most of the smaller chores are done for now. Unless you want to help me up on the roof, then I don’t really have much for you to do. Sorry.” Soos shrugged and leaned back in the chair that was in his work room. “You could always ask Ford or Stan what they’re up to. I’m sure they’d be totally willing to give you some research stuff.”

Dipper rolled his eyes. “I bet they would, which is why I’m avoiding them. I’m not as interested in siren hunting as they are, if you haven’t noticed.”

Soos let out a laugh and nodded. “No one is as into it as they are. But like, maybe just talk to them about it? I dunno, maybe it’ll help or something.”

He shrugged. “I guess. Thanks anyway Soos.”

“No problem sir. See you later!”

With a nod, Dipper went back upstairs and tried his best not to go to the beach early, and just sit and wait for the siren. That would be a bad idea, since if a different siren came around, he might not get so lucky that time.
Of course, it was almost better than sitting in his room, staring at the wall.

“Hey, Dipper, wanna help Ford test out some new traps today? He told me he had made some that are much easier to set up.” Mabel knocked on his door and tried the handle, finding that it was locked. “C’mon, you’ve been acting a little weird since yesterday. Do you want to talk about it? Is something wrong?”

“I’m fine.” Dipper tried to have a happy tone to his voice, but he was a little worried that she might know something was up. There wasn’t much room for hiding things from Mabel, since she always seemed to sniff things out.

She was quiet for a moment, before trying the handle again. “Dipper, don’t let any of this get to you, okay? Just because you can’t do the same things others can do, doesn’t mean what you can do is lesser. You’re freakishly smart, and your writing skills are incredible. Maybe the rest of it will come to you later, but for now, just realize that you do have talent. The others are just a lump of bastards.”

That brought a smile to his face. Though she was a bit rough around the edges, Mabel always found a way to make others smile, and would die before letting Dipper be sad. “Thanks Mabes. I am okay though, really. Just, thinking.”

“Alright. I’ll be with the old men today if you need me then.”

He listened to her footsteps fade down the hall, then figured it was about time he go to the beach. He would be early, but it was better than sitting around.

As he walked along the beach, his feet began to feel heavier and heavier. Why was he suddenly a little afraid? It wasn’t like the siren was going to hurt him, since he was Ford’s nephew, but something in his gut still said to fear the creature.

He sat against the same rock that he did the last time, and opened up the journal he had written the description in. Now was a good time to write down some of the questions he was going to ask the creature.

After a while of filling two pages of questions, he heard laughter coming from the water.

“Who’s there?” He closed his book and looked for the golden color of the siren.

The siren swam out from behind a rock, and rested on a smaller one, crossing its arms over it and smiling at Dipper. “You’re lucky that it’s me kid, my family doesn’t know that a Pines hangs around the cove, and would likely have eaten you.”

Dipper blinked at it a few times before sitting as close as he could to the water without getting wet. “What’s your name? Do all sirens have their gills in the same place? How long does it take to adjust your breathing method? Does it hurt to do so?”

“Whoa, geez kid, slow down. We need to hammer out some of the finer details of this little deal we have before I give you any more information. You bought yourself time to be alone right? No other humans will be trying to sniff you out?” It swam as close as it could to shore without beaching itself, and a sly smile spread on its face.

Dipper narrowed his eyes at it and felt his chest tighten. The creature was so breathtaking, it was strange how horrible they could be. “Details such as?”

“Well, for starters, you still have to promise not to tell anyone of this, but I also expect you to try and lessen the amounts of traps in the area. I had to fight passed two of them to get here. And as for the
information I give, I refuse to say anything on where we live, or the areas that we move in. In return for those things, I will tell you most of what you ask, and not eat you. Deal?"

“I have some more terms of my own then. You cannot eat anyone from this island, and you must be willing to let me take one of your scales.” That wasn’t something he had originally planned on asking, but it would be nice to be able to see the amazing golden color while away from it.

The siren looked offended and glared at Dipper. “Why do you need it?”

He shrugged and opened up his notebook. “I just fancy your color is all. I haven’t heard much about golden sirens. From what I’ve heard, most of you are purples and blues. Gold must be rare.”

“I am a specialty, yes, but I’m not certain that I’d like to give one of them up to a little pest like you, Pine Tree.” It leaned its back on a rock and let its tail up on the sand, the waves barely covering it as they moved.

“You’ve called me that twice now. What’s with it?” Dipper began to write in his book, adding some of the smaller details about the siren that he had missed the first time.

Its tail was long, and some of the scales were darker than the others, giving the color a good depth. It had fins on its sides, not very long but they looked sharp at the tips, and the end of its tail seemed as though it had a few tears in the largest fin, possibly from traps or fighting with others.

There were claws at the end of its hands, with a dark brown color to them. They looked sharp, and were definitely something he didn’t want to be at the wrong end of again.

There were gills on its throat, three on each side, and it had its ears pierced with silver, crescent shaped earrings all up both of its ears.

“It’s a nickname we give troublesome things. There’s a tale around it, if you care to hear it.” It moved itself around again, moving further back into the water. It kept its stare on him the entire time though, looking more curious than cautious.

Dipper nodded. “Yes! Let me write it down.” He got his notebook ready, then nodded to the creature.

“Alright, well, there was a siren quite some time ago, trying to foolishly swim inland up a river. He had aspired to be the first of us to live out of the sea, and had dreamed of getting away from those in his pack that called him a fool. He had made it pretty far up that river, but was stopped by a fallen tree. A pine tree. It blocked his path, and he found it impossible to go where he so badly wanted to. On his way back, he was captured and killed. His cries for help were heard by his pack, but none bothered to save him. His radical ideas were too much for them, and they no longer cared to hear them.”

Dipper paused his writing. “That’s really sad. So, by calling me Pine Tree, that means I’m blocking your way to something important?”

It flicked a little bit of water at him with its hand, and scoffed. “It means, you’re a pain, and will likely lead to my death in the end.”

“O-oh. Well, I hope I don’t. I would like it if there was a good outcome from this.” Dipper ran a hand through his hair and looked away from the creature. “I want to use this information to help stop wars between us.”

It looked at him for a moment, a slight amused smile tugging at its lips, then it motioned for him to
come into the water. “Come here.”

“Uhm, why?” Dipper didn’t trust the creature one bit, and the way it was then smiling at him made him feel queasy.

The siren didn’t respond, but instead did another motion for him to join it in the water.

Dipper still hesitated, which made the siren roll its eyes.

“I could just force you into the water with my song.” It hid its mouth in the water and raised an eyebrow at him.

“No, that needs to be part of the deal as well. No using your siren powers on me, or anyone else on the island. Unless it somehow saves your life, of course.” Dipper put his things back into his bag, then chucked it to the side, further from the water. “I’ll come into the water if you agree with those things.”

“Fine, can do, Pine Tree. Now c’mere.”

As Dipper felt the water rise as he walked closer to it, he cleared his throat and paused for a moment. “Why do you want me in here anyway?”

“I want to show you something.” It grabbed his wrists and pulled him in a little further, stopping once the water was up to his shoulders.

Dipper felt shivers go up his spine. The siren was a strange being, and he wasn’t sure what its motives were. “Why do I need to be in the water for it?”

“Just wait here a moment, and watch.” It flipped around, and darted off into the water.

Confused, Dipper almost talked himself into getting out of the water. What if this were some kind of trick? The siren had agreed not to kill him, but he still felt uneasy with most of his body under the water.

A little while later, the siren resurfaced, flicking its light hair around. “Here.” It held out its hand, and in it, there was a bracelet, made of fish bones. “It seals our deal. You will wear it to show that you aren’t going to tell anyone.”

Dipper plucked it from its hand, and stared at it. “You’re going to need to tie it on me.”

It took it back and grabbed Dipper’s wrist, tying it on securely. “You will need to make something similar for me to wear. It’s just how we do things like this.”

He stared at the siren, who just stared back at him. “Okay, that’s fine, I guess. A little strange, but not hard to live with.”

“Good. Now, until I have one, I will only answer three questions.”

Three? Dipper had so many, how could he choose just three? He would be able to ask more later, sure, but the ones he didn’t ask would gnaw at him until they could be asked. “What’s your name, how old are you, and what made you want to try and eat me?”

The creatures swam around him on its back, and looked like it was uninterested. “Bill, twenty, and simply because you were alone. Much easier to pull someone in when it’s just them.” It stopped swimming in front of him and nodded at him. “I already know your name, so how old are you?”
Dipper snickered. “Bill? Must be short for William, yes?”


“Okay, okay, sorry I won’t. I’m a year younger than you are.” Dipper moved back from it a little bit, noticing that it was still baring its sharp teeth.

“Good. Anyway, I should be going now. I’ll be here again tomorrow. Have your part ready by then so that you can ask more.” It didn’t wait for him to answer, and swam away quickly, leaving Dipper in the water again.

Just as he had done before, he watched it swim away until he couldn’t see its golden shine anymore, then got out of the water and gathered his things.

His family was going to question why he was all wet again, so he was going to need to come up with something to cover why he was coming back to them that way.

He also needed to find a way to stop them from letting out traps near the cove. Maybe he could work the two excuses together somehow?

“Dipper, there you are!” Mabel pranced over to him, but stopped when the smell of sea water hit her nose. “Where have you been? Did you fall at the beach again?”

“N-not exactly. I’ll tell you later. First I need to put on some dry clothes.”

She nodded. “After that, hurry to supper. Ford will probably want to speak with you about where you’ve been all day.”

“Sure thing Mabel.” Once in his room, he stripped, then put on a dry outfit, consisting of plain brown trousers and a white undershirt.

The meeting with the siren wasn’t exactly all he hoped it would be, but at least in the morning he would be able to make the thing a bracelet so that he could ask it more questions.

He couldn’t get a read on the thing either, which was a little frustrating. It clearly didn’t like him much, but didn’t seem too opposed to sharing at least some information, so maybe it would warm up to him a little more once it realized he really didn’t have any intentions of harming it, or using the information it gave to hurt its people.

After he wrote down all that he could about their encounter, and covered the bracelet with a cloth bracelet, he hurried down into the dining area, where he sat at his place and picked at his food.

He wasn’t sure if Ford would ask about it, and didn’t want to make up excuses if he did, so he decided to keep it covered unless he was with the siren.

“So, Mabel tells me you came home wet of sea water again. Did you not listen to me about being careful on the beach? You know your blood will attract the things if you get cut open again.” Ford watched Dipper as he ate, and it made Dipper’s face feel hot.

He wasn’t all that good at lying, so he hoped the one that he had come up with wouldn’t come out in an awkward way. “I was in the cove again, yes. But, I was there practicing setting traps. I would actually like to request that I be in charge of trapping the area, so that I can start perfecting it. I’m sick of being so behind you all, and I’d like to start taking some initiative to fix it.” Relieved that he said the lie perfectly, Dipper let out a sigh and smiled.
Ford’s face lit up, and the others smiled warmly at him. “Dipper, that’s wonderful! I will fully support your decision, and tell the trapsmen to leave that area in your hands. Just, be sure to do it right. We can’t have a weak spot on the island for them to work with.”

“Hey, if he gets the cove, then can I have down by the docks?” Mabel spoke with her mouth full, earning a few bemused looks.

“Of course,” Ford chuckled. “I’m so proud to see you both so excited to protect our home. Your parents would be proud.”

The three continued to talk about hunting and traps, while Dipper focused more on how he might befriend the siren so that it would be more comfortable around him.

It would probably be thrilled about the trap thing, so hopefully that would make it feel a little better about the arrangement. He would have to be respectful to its way of doing things to, and make it a nice bracelet for their deal. He could ask Mabel how in the morning, so that he could do that while he waited for it to be time to see the siren again.

“You seem much happier today Dipper. I’m glad that you’ve come to a conclusion that has made you feel better.” Mabel’s voice made him look up from his plate, and he saw that all of them were staring at him.

He smiled and nodded. “I definitely think I’ve made some good decisions in the past few days.”

With his family happy, and the excitement of seeing the siren for a third time looming over him, Dipper found it easy to fall asleep that night.

His secret with the siren could be kept, and he could befriend it eventually, bringing them all a step closer to the end of the fighting.

It would be a little difficult to get past the occasional fear and hurt the creature caused him, but for the sake of learning more about them, he could do it. It also didn’t hurt that the siren was absolutely beautiful.

He shook his head and forgot about that. It didn’t matter how amazing it looked, he couldn’t go anywhere with it anyway. Friendship would be as far as the siren would probably even let him go, and he wasn’t sure letting himself get wrapped up in that would be a good idea anyway, so for now he had to focus on making it his friend.

“Easy enough,” he mumbled to himself as he got ready for bed. He could learn what the siren liked, what made it laugh. It would take time, but he could do it.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter will be from Bill's POV, explaining a little more of why he's the way he is :p Comments and Kudos are always appreciated, thanks for reading! <3
A quiet wind brushed through Bill’s hair, rousing him from his morning relaxation. He stretched out over the rock he was lying on, and wiggled his tail around a little. The air felt good that day, but he should really get himself back in the water before his scales started to itch from being dry.

With a soft splash, he let himself fall back into the water, and listened for any of the others, to see if they were calling for him.

There weren’t too many of them left after the humans had slaughtered a lot of them, but there were enough that their pack was still strong and healthy.

Someone would likely be looking for him so that he could help go hunting for food, and he was sure he would be scolded if he didn’t at least show his face for the day.

Swimming through one of the tunnels into the cavern where they gathered for group meetings, Bill kept his eyes out for those who might get on his case for being lazy.

Luckily, he was able to meet up with his small hunting group in peace, and was just barely on time for the head of the group, Orion, to start assigning hunting areas.

“You three,” the lavender tailed siren pointed to the three siren’s to Bill’s left all mature males varying in dark blue colors “take the north of the island to our west. You two,” he gestured to the siren’s to Bill’s right, both also mature males, these ones more of a pale blue “the area just off between the fifth island and ours.”

Bill watched as the others swam off, and looked back to Orion. “And where am I supposed to hunt today? Why am I not going with a pack? I mean, I’ll take a day off if you want, but I swam all the way here, so might as well give me something to do.”

Orion chuckled and swam a little closer to him. “Bill, you’re almost of age to take my place, and there’s not many others that can. We can’t have you risking your fins out by where those pesky humans leave traps.”

He understood where Orion was coming from, -different age groups did different things, to keep their lives orderly- but he wasn’t quite ready to start taking it easy just because he was next to take charge.

“So, what can I do today then? As I said, I’ve already come out of my hiding place, I might as well make myself useful to the pack.” Bill crossed his arms. There was no way Orion didn’t have something for him to do.
“How about you take some of my responsibilities for the day? I could use someone to do a headcount of the newborns, and to see how many are male or female. Also, I would appreciate it if you took the time to go out and assess the amount of boats the humans have in the water right now. Do not, get within the trap zone. You’re smart enough to steer clear of them, so you’d better come back.” Orion nodded towards him, then swam away, not waiting for him to accept or deny the chores.

Annoyed by getting the boring jobs, Bill swam off in a lazy manner towards the nursery area, where the few birthing sirens laid with and cared for the children.

There weren’t as many as usual, since the less the women ate, the less offspring they were able to produce, and since the humans were heavily fishing out the area, it was becoming harder and harder to give them what they needed.

Without speaking to any of the females, Bill swam about them and counted out the male and female children. Four boys, three girls, born to three adult females. Definitely not very healthy for the pack.

Bill was told that before the humans showed up, there would be a good ten of each per mating season, but those numbers had been dropping.

Though Bill wasn’t exactly the most productive member of the pack, he was still loyal to it. It was his family anyway, so the fact that the humans were posing such a threat to them made his blood boil.

Now it was time to check out the boats. Quickly and angrily, he swam out to the open water between the islands, where he could easily spot the fishing boats.

Large nets were being pulled up into them, all holding more fish than the humans probably even knew what to do with.

Fine. If they were going to make his numbers smaller, then he was going to return the favor.

Sure, it was risky getting so close to the island, but he was used to avoiding the traps and eyes of the humans, since he used to mess with them when he was younger. It was fun to pull humans into the water, then just swim away and watch as they ended up wet and confused. Sure, a few drowned every so often, but it wasn’t Bill’s fault that the idiots didn’t learn to swim. They lived on an island for Neptune’s sake, why would they not teach themselves to swim?

On the beach, a small gathering of humans seems to be arguing, and just as Bill hoped one would, a male broke off from the group and made his way to a cove behind the island.

Bill watched the man walk, kicking sand up every so often, clearly talking to himself angrily as he made himself more isolated.

Once the human was alone, and was sitting still, Bill figured it was the perfect time to lure him out.

He sang out some love song nonsense, and watched as the human became a little frantic, looking for where the noise came from.

“Hello? Who’s there?” The human stood and search the area again, and Bill was sure to keep himself ducked behind a rock until the man was completely under his spell.

Again he sang out, willing the man to step forward into the water. It was a little impressive at how much he fought to be under Bill’s spell, but not enough to worry about losing his pull over the man any time soon.
Once he could see that the man was coming into the water without a much more of a fight, Bill came out from behind the rock and coaxed the man out further.

This one would be fun to eat. Probably wouldn’t freak out much once he realized he was doomed. Most humans fought until they bled out, or were too broken to move, but this one seemed like he would be complacent enough.

The human was so close to being his, he was nearly under the water where Bill could just pull him away and tear him apart. But, as his luck would have it, he heard more humans approach, and were clearly looking for the man.

“Dipper! Where’d you run off to?”

Bill yanked the man forward, and thought for a second about swimming away, but knew that they would see his golden scales reflecting the sun, so he decided instead to hide until they were gone.

He hoisted the human out of the water just a bit onto a slanted rock, where he held him down and listened to the other humans.

The man let out a small noise, and Bill looked at him with a hateful glare. “Hush,” he snapped.

“I swear, that kid needs to learn to take a joke.” It was another male human, one of the ones that had been on the beach with his prey.

“Whatever Robbie, you just need to be nicer to him. It’s not cool when you tease him like that. You know he is Ford’s nephew, so I wouldn’t get on his bad side like that.” That one was a female, and she had just given Bill some very annoying, but useful information.

Hearing that name made Bill’s scales burn. The hunter who had slaughtered so much of his family, the one that was in charge of the human’s island, and Bill had managed to capture part of his family. Great.

From the corner of his eye, he saw the human open his mouth a little, and Bill knew that if he didn’t do something quickly, then he was going to call to the others for help.

With both of his hands busy holding the human to the rock, Bill decided that he would just use his mouth to cover the other’s. As an extra precaution, he dug his nails into his arm a little as well, just to be sure he knew not to fight back.

Blood seeped out onto Bill’s hand, and the smell made him excited. If the man had been anyone else, he would’ve torn into him right then. But no, he had to be related to Ford.

The other humans walked back out of his hearing range, and Bill looked down at the pinned man. “You’re related to Ford?” he spat. “That’s just fuckin’ great. I can’t kill you without invoking his wrath on my people, but I can’t let you go either, since you’ll likely run crying to him.”

How frustrating that his trip to let out anger caused more. It was bad luck, that’s what it was. This human was going to be the death of him. He just wanted to kill something, not get himself killed and his people in trouble with the hunter.

“I-I won’t tell anyone,” the human squeaked.

Bill narrowed his eyes at him. Just like a human to spit lies to save their skin. “Oh? And how do I know that, hm?”
“I won’t tell anyone, on the condition that you meet me here again tomorrow, and the days following, to tell me more about your people. I really want to write about you, and get the side of you that isn’t all murder and hatred.”

He thought for a moment. A deal with a human could mean trouble, but if it meant saving his, and his packs hides, then he might be willing to risk it.

“And how do I know that you aren’t just trying to trap me? Or use the information I give you against us?” He tightened his grip on the man’s arms and snarled at him, hoping to scare him a bit so that he might get the upper hand on this agreement. “You’re blood to Ford, I can’t see myself trusting you.”

The man nodded. “I’m not much like him, honestly. I would much rather write about you than try and kill you.”

Bill raised an eyebrow and loosened his grip on the him. “So, you won’t tell anyone of this, if I tell you about me?” How hilarious! This human wanted to learn about him, rather than kill him, even though he and his people had killed plenty of his. What a strange want.

“Yes. Well, not you, like personally, but sirens. I want to learn about sirens.”

This human was different, he could see that, and he could see in the man’s face that he was determined. Knowledge about his anatomy and life, for his life? Bill could deal with that.

He relaxed even more and let out a laugh. “Geez kid, I thought you’d be more formal than that. Here I was, thinkin’ that I needed to put on my strong face, and you’re sitting here admiring the fact that I live underwater.”

“Uhm, yes?” The human let a sheepish smile tug at his lips, and stared at him with wide eyes.

He laughed again and let go of his arms, slipping into the water. “Fine. Tomorrow. Same time, same place. If I see another human besides you, I’m going home and not coming back. Same goes for traps; none of that.” Bill would be damned before he let himself get tricked into something stupid like that.

The man fell into the water as well, and held onto the rock as he nodded. “Of course. I-I’ll see you then, I guess?”

Bill tapped him on the nose, making sure to let the human know that he was not afraid of him in the least bit, and rolled his eyes so that the man knew he was less than pleased with him. “See you then. Pine Tree.”

The insult would be lost on the human, but as Bill swam away, he felt pleased with himself for saying it.

Well, now he had to find a way to give as little information as he could, while still satisfying the human’s curiosity about them.

Easy enough, he could deal with it as it came. He was a quick thinker, and was known for his whits in tight spots. A stupid human wouldn’t stand a chance against him. In fact, he almost seemed afraid of Bill, so he might not have to worry if the human is too afraid to even show up.

“Bill, where have you been? I thought you would report back to me much sooner than this. You had me worried for a moment.” Orion swam in a pacing manner in front of Bill, looking a little frayed.

“Sorry, I had to tread carefully around the boats today. Six of them out on the open water, two large
ones at port. Newborn numbers are down this season, only four males, and three females to three mothers.” Bill threw out the words quickly, so that he could go back to his hiding place, and nearly picked the scales on his arm while he waited for an answer from his elder.

“Hm. Alright. Tell the returning hunting packs of this and let them know that if they don’t have a large enough hawl, they should go out one more time today. The mothers will need the extra to support that many males.”

With a nod, Bill swam off to wait for the hunting packs to return. He couldn’t believe the encounter he had had with the human. How strange could the man be, wanting to know more about the creatures that killed his people. Though, he did seemed really interested in Bill, so maybe he could use that to his advantage.

Maybe use this as a way to get back at Ford for what he had done, or to get information back from the human. Knowing more about their hunting tactics would be useful.

Once he reported to the hunting packs, Bill slipped away to swim to one of the smallest islands in the group, one that was used to store some of their more ancient artifacts, and held all of the knowledge that the sirens had collected over the years.

Since their numbers had dwindled so low, it was left unguarded, and Bill had all the freedom he needed to find something to wrap a plan around.

Searching through all that was hidden beneath the small land mass, Bill finally found exactly what he needed. Sure, it would take time to work, and he would need patients with the human, but if he did it right, the spell he had just found would work out magnificently.

The humans were going to be sorry for killing his parents and family, and it was all thanks to the curious man.

“Oh, you’ll learn about Sirens Pine Tree. You’ll learn plenty.”

Chapter End Notes

Bill's got big plans for Dipper :p
Dipper practically bounced down the stairs to breakfast, where his family sat and enjoyed their food. His mood was more than great, and he was practically skipping to the table, beaming from ear to ear.

“Someone’s awful chipper today,” Ford smiled. “What’s the occasion?”

The young man shrugged and took a bite of his eggs. “Just a good day is all. I’m starting to understand the traps a little better.”

“Wonderful!” Ford placed his hands on his lap and leaned back a bit in the old wooden chair, earning a creak from it. “You’ll likely be an expert within the month. We’ll have to have you demonstrate for the others some time.”

That made Dipper’s breath hitch for a moment. He still knew nothing about the traps, and was likely just as terrible, if not worse, than he had been even a few days ago. “Uh, sure. Give me time though, I don’t want to make a fool of myself in front of them all.”

“Of course,” Ford laughed lightly.

The room was quiet for a moment, save for the clinks of the cutlery on the plates, and Dipper wondered if he should ask Mabel about the bracelet now. It would take him some time to get the process down to make something even half decent, so he figured, the earlier he got started, the better.

“Hey, Mabel?”

His twin looked up and smiled softly at him. “Yes Dipper?”

“Teach me to make a bracelet? Like, a good leathered one? Possibly braided, whatever would be most resilient.” He would need something sturdy, so that the siren didn’t accidentally break it or something while it was swimming around.

Her smile turned into a devilish smirk, and she wiggled her eyebrows at him. “Oh? Who for? Yourself? Or possibly, she paused and leaned in a bit closer “a lady friend?”

Dipper’s face flushed pink, and her comment brought on the attention of the grunkles.

“You’re not doing all of this trap stuff to impress someone, are ya Dipper?” Stan kept his head down to his plate, but looked up at Dipper, making him look as if he knew some interesting secret.
“N-no! I just- it’s for a friend.” Dipper looked down at his plate, face still pink, and poked at his food.

Mabel caught his blush and giggled. “Oh man, Dipper, you are so obvious. Well, whoever it is, you have to introduce me sometime. For you to be this flustered, they must be something special.”

Dipper resisted laughing at their comments. If only they knew who it was really for. They definitely wouldn’t be making these suggestive hints.

“Either way, I need you to teach me how to do it. I have no idea how to do those kinds of things.”

She nodded and took a bite of her food. “Of course bro-bro, right after breakfast.”

The bracelet thing was a disaster. Dipper was glad that he got an early start on it, because he had about four or five mangled messes of leather strips, none looking anything close to a bracelet.

“Come on, it can’t be this hard,” he grumbled to himself.

“Just, stop thinking about it so hard. And it doesn’t have to be so perfect. I’m sure whoever it is that’s getting it won’t mind tiny mistakes.”

Dipper sighed. Would the siren care if it was perfect? Probably not, since it seemed like it just wanted the thing to tie on and stay on. Which meant that really Dipper could just bring a strip of leather and call it good, but he kind of wanted it to be decent. Maybe he could impress the siren with it.

“Oh, last try, it’s already getting to be the afternoon,” Mabel giggled. “Just braid it. I’ll tie the ends for you.”

“The braiding part is the part I’m not getting,” Dipper sighed. “But I’ll try again.” He forced himself to focus, since he wasn’t sure what the siren would do if he showed up without the bracelet for it.

With a lot of sticking out his tongue and dropping the leather strips and having to start over, finally Dipper got a decent bracelet that felt like it could withstand some wear and tear.

“You did it! Lemme tie the ends off before it falls apart.” Mabel carefully grabbed it from him and skillfully tied knots at the end, leaving loose bits so that it could be tied around a wrist.

“Thanks Mabel!” Dipper grabbed it from her, and before he bolted off, he kissed the top of her head.

If he didn’t hurry, he would be late to meet the siren, and he wasn’t sure what it would do. Would it leave? What if it didn’t come back the next day?

After he grabbed his bag, he quickly, but casually, made his way out to the cove, hoping that he wouldn’t miss it.

“Bill?” He set his bag down against a rock and sat down by the edge of the water. “Must’ve beaten him here,” he mumbled.

Dipper stared out at the water for a moment and thought about getting in the water. It wasn’t often that he could go for a swim, and now that he knew he had a siren kind of on his side, he figured, why not?

He stripped himself down to just his pants, then stepped into the water.

It was a little cold, but it felt refreshing under the hot sun, and it sent pleasant chills through Dipper’s
limbs.

Though, he realized quickly that a swim would be a little difficult with all of the rocks around, so he decided to lay down in the water, his head resting on the beach just out of reach of the waves now pushing up onto his body.

After a little while, Dipper felt like he might drift off, and started to wonder what could be keeping the siren. Perhaps it too had to make up excuses about going out?

Just before he felt himself fall asleep, a warm touch roused him and made him look down at his chest where a clawed hand was now poking at him.

“Didn’t get enough sleep Pine Tree?” the siren teased.

“Huh? N-no, I’m just...” Dipper sat up and moved away from the creature, who was smiling at him in a way that sent ice down his spine. “Waiting for you.”

Bill pushed himself up a little closer to Dipper and his smile turned into a smirk. “Waiting for me, while half naked?”

“You’re just as naked as I am! You don’t even wear clothes!” Dipper felt his face grow hot and he pulled himself from the water.

The siren laughed and rolled itself deeper into the water, almost in a playful way. “Sure, sure.” It turned to face him and rested its elbows on the sand. “You got the bracelet?”

“Oh, yeah, lemme get it.” Dipper rummaged around in his bag for a moment before pulling the braided leather out, and presented it to the siren with pride.

It looked at his wrist where the bracelet it had made him was supposed to be, and glared at the cloth. Dipper noticed it’s look and snapped his hand back. “Sorry, I have to hide it from Ford. I can’t have him asking a bunch of questions.” He quickly undid the cloth and tossed it on his bag.

“Understandable.” It plucked the bracelet Dipper had made from his hand, and examined it. “Leather, huh?” It opened its mouth, showcasing its extremely sharp teeth, and it carefully gnawed at one of the strands.

“Hey! You’re going to rip it. I worked on that all morning!” Dipper crossed his arms and pouted at it, making sure his eyes held the right amount of playfulness so that he didn’t make the siren think he was actually all that mad.

The siren rolled its eyes at him and held it out for Dipper to grab. “Tie it on me.”

Dipper obliged, and grabbed the siren’s hand so that he could pull it close enough to tie the bracelet on.

He was careful of the claws on its hand, making sure to avoid drawing blood. Ford had told him over and over that blood could make sirens go into a frenzy, and he really didn’t want to set Bill off.

The siren’s skin was really soft too, so between Dipper being slow because of the claws, and him feeling its skin, he ended up holding its hand for way too long.

“Any time today Pine Tree,” it chuckled.

“What? O-oh, god sorry.” Dipper tied the bracelet on quickly, making sure it was secure, then
scooted away, almost falling on his ass because of the sand.

It laughed at his slight panic, and made a show of mimicking his face. “You’re a riot Pine Tree! Who knew humans could be so…” It trailed off and made a strange motion with its hand.

“So… what?” Dipper pressed.

The siren shrugged and nodded lazily to him. “Alright, so what questions do you have for me today, hm?”

Dipper looked over the siren’s body. What did he want to ask it? Sure he had questions already written down to ask it, but he really didn’t want to move to get his bag, since he was really close to the siren, and didn’t want to ruin that.

“Your scales are really beautiful. Are the colors hereditary? Meaning like, did you get them from your parents? How do sirens breed anyway?”

It shot him a glare with a raised eyebrow. “Yes. We get them from our fathers. The mothers scales don’t pass down to us. As for how we breed,” it purred and moved closer to Dipper, smirking as it pulled its fish half out of the water more. “we have designated birthing sirens for the pack, who mate with the males of the hunting packs, so that our offspring come out strong.”

“So, there isn’t any like, mother and father pairings? It’s all just communale?” Dipper swallowed thickly and felt his chest grow tight, as the creature inched closer to him. They were still about a foot away from each other, but it was enough for Dipper to start feeling a little anxious.

The siren poked at Dipper’s knee, barely putting any pressure down so that it didn’t cut him, and shook its head. “There are a few times where we’ll pick specific mates. Lately it has been frowned upon though, since our population has suffered in the last few years,” he sneered.

Dipper cringed and sucked in a deep breath. “That’s interesting. And, uh, s-sorry? I would stop it all if I could, I really would. That’s what I’m hoping this information will help do.”

It stared at him for a moment, its eyes tracing his face seeming like it was looking for something, then it smiled. “You’re a strange human. Got another question?” It pulled itself beside him and sat up next to him, trying to copy his pose.

“Uh, yeah, your breathing. Do you just switch? Does it hurt, or is it uncomfortable?” He stiffened when he felt the siren’s arm brush up against his. Why was it getting so close to him?

“Yeah my body adjusts to it pretty quickly. Air is a little obnoxious after a while, but it’s not anything I can’t handle. The only thing I have to worry about while I’m out of the water is getting too dry. It makes my scales itch.” It made an itching motion with its hand over Dipper’s arm while smiling.

He nearly flinched back, but kept his arm in place while watching the siren move. Why was it being so much nicer? Was it curious too?

“Well, Pine Tree, I hate to cut this short, but the others will worry if I’m gone for too long.” It placed its hand on his head and ruffled his hair. “I’ll see you-” it froze and grabbed his bangs, pulling them up a little harshly.

“Ow, hey!” Dipper tried to move back, but the siren kept its grip on his hair.

“Interesting mark. I’ve got something like that too.” It moved its hand away and twisted itself so that
Dipper could see its back.

Just above his left shoulder blade, an almost perfect, pink triangular shape marked his pale skin. In the center of it, there was a splotch of red in the shape of an eye.

“Whoa,” Dipper breathed. He reached out to touch it, but just as his fingertips touched the siren, it made a small noise before flinching away and twisting back around to face him.

It started at him with wide eyes for a moment before glaring at him. “Your hand is cold. If you plan to touch me, warm it up first.”

Dipper felt his face flush. “B-but I can touch you?”

It nodded. “Feel free, I don't give a damn. Just warm your hands first. And I don't think I need to tell you to keep away from certain areas.”

He tilted his head to the side and examined the siren. It didn't really have any private areas that Dipper could see, so he felt like he had to ask what it meant.

“Uhm, where can't I touch?”

Its eyes widened. “I'll tell you next time. For now, I really should be going. See you tomorrow Pine Tree.”

Without much more of a goodbye, the siren pulled itself back into the water and made its way through the rocks before disappearing into the water.

Once dressed, Dipper headed back home, writing in his journal as he walked. He made sure to note how the siren didn't mind touch, and that he would add later what places it didn't want to have handled.

He also made sure to add that he still really wanted one of its scales. The color was just too breathtaking not to want one.

It had also mentioned that it got its color from its father, which meant there was another golden siren around the island at one point.

There was no way it would give him one at this point, so Dipper was just going to have to try and earn enough of its trust for it to give one to him.

He stopped walking just in front of the entrance to the manor, and closed his journal.

“I'll see you tomorrow, siren. And I'm getting one of your scales,” he mumbled as he opened the door.

As he laid in bed, he repeated those words in his head over and over again.

He would be friends with the siren. They would trust each other. And he was going to get one of its scales to prove it.

Chapter End Notes
Dips got a crush on the siiireeen. Open invitation to touch? Yes please :D
Wooo I updated something! Sorry about the wait, I've had to kind of space out the updates since my laptop is in and out on when it works. It makes writing damn near impossible, so I'm only updating this one since I have some of it written out already.

Anyway, enjoy!

I'mNotSorryAboutTheTittleOfThisChapterBTW

As Bill swam away from the human, he couldn’t help but laugh at the encounter they had just had. Hiding the bracelet from Ford? This kid was really trying to make friends with him. Which, now that he had a plan in place, was perfect.

Bill needed him to be wanting to get closer. The more the kid liked him, the better. And, now that the bracelet thing was done and over with, he was well on his way to getting exactly what he wanted. Hopefully anyway.

“Where have you been?” Orion was swimming around the front of the island in a pacing-like manner, worrying at the scales on his arms. “You keep disappearing, you’d better not be going to the human island.”

“Psht.” He tried his best to nonchalantly hide his bracelet behind his back, and waved at the other siren with his free hand. “I’m not stupid Orion. Those humans are boring anyway.”

The older siren stopped swimming and glared at him. “You’d better not be. They’ve been fishing heavily these past few days, and I’d hate for you to get caught in one of their nets. The hunting packs have had to go out to the further islands and are taking their sweet time returning. I expect you to join them tomorrow, as I wasn’t expecting this from the humans.”

“You already made me do headcount today, and that took forever,” Bill half whined. “Besides, it’s not like me being there will make a difference.”

Orion’s eyes widened, then he nearly snarled at Bill. “Are you trying to tell me you don’t want to help the pack? That you intend to disappear again and not be all that you can be? Bill, you’re next to take my place, don’t mess that up.”

“Fine, I’ll go out tomorrow.”

With that, Bill swam off to his usual hiding place to think of a way to meet the human on time. Would the human wait for him? He did today, but if Bill were too much later, he might leave.

He pulled himself through the small opening of the cave he had found years ago, and rested against the wall.

The cave was small, but it had an open top, perfect for moonbathing. Roots and plants hung around
the edges of the opening, some strong enough for Bill to hang on when he was really bored, or to just pull himself out of the water when he wanted to dry off a bit.

Using his nail to scratch at the wall, Bill thought about what he could do to get to the cove on time. Maybe he could go really early and leave some sort of note to tell the human to wait? Well, that would work if Bill knew how to write in English, and he doubted the kid knew his tongue well enough to read a letter written in it.

He huffed and slapped his hand down into the water. Small waves bounced off the walls of the cave and rippled back towards him.

The bracelet on his wrist felt like it tightened a bit, and it made the siren smile. The spell was working. Hopefully the human hadn’t noticed his doing it, and wouldn’t ask about it the following day. If he did, he figured he could come up with some bullshit excuse.

After a while of thinking some things over, Bill eventually laid down on the floor of the cave and looked up through the water to the sky, which was starting to darken.

He fell asleep without noticing, and was awoken the next day by someone calling his name.

“Bill? Where are you? It’s almost time to go out with the hunting packs, and I swear you are not skipping out on this one.”

Bill rolled his eyes and forced himself to move, making his way out of the small opening of the cave. “I’m right here,” he mumbled.

Orion eyed him and crossed his arms. “Sleeping in I see. Well, you’d better move it, you’re going out with Teeth’s group today, and I’m sure you know how ruthless that group can be to those who are late.”

“Yeah, yeah,” Bill waved him off.

At least he was with a fast group that day. Maybe he could get hunting over with before the human left.

Once at the meeting area, a familiar, deep purple siren swam over to Bill and nudged his shoulder. “Finally you join us. Thought you might be too good for us, now that you’re up for Orion’s place.”

“Am not Tad, and you know it. Orion’s just been getting me used to his chores.” Bill moved back from the other siren and scowled at him.

Tad shrugged and swam forward, towards Teeth, a pale pink siren with white hair. “You’ve been out with us before, so you know our rules. We’re the main hunting pack, and we act like it. We bring back more than the others, and we bring back the good stuff.”

The two other sirens, Pyronica, a pink-purple siren who was the only female to hunt, and Keyhole, a dull-blue siren, both cheered and pumped their fists.

“Let’s do this!” Tad cheered with them.

The group swam off, the others much more enthused than Bill was, and made their way over to the human island.

Confused, Bill stopped and waved at the others to do the same.
“We’re going to the human island? I thought Orion said we were to go out to the back islands.” Bill crossed his arms and glared at Tad, since it was likely his idea.

“Yup. We’re bringing back a human or two. Serves them right for fishing the area out so heavily. Besides, you know as well as I do that there’s bound to be one or two dumb enough to be out on the beach. It’s their fault, really,” Tad scoffed.

The human was waiting for him at the cove. If they went there he’d have to make an excuse as to why they couldn’t eat that one. Or really, any of the humans, since Bill was sure Dipper would be upset if he let other sirens take someone.

“Are you sure we need to get a human? I mean, they’re already clearly trying to run us out of the area, if they see that we’re taking humans it might start the fighting back up. I’m not sure we can afford to lose many more of us.” Bill grabbed Tad’s arm and yanked him back. “Orion doesn’t want us this close anyway.”

Tad pulled his arm away and growled at Bill, baring his teeth. “If you aren’t with us on this, then you’re against us. I thought you hated the humans, and yet here you are trying to protect them?”

Bill snarled back and puffed his chest, letting Tad know that he would fight him if he had to. “I do, I just think it would be stupid to attack them right now.”

“Against us then,” Tad growled.

Just as Bill thought he would, Tad swung at him, trying to scratch at his face.

He moved back and hit Tad with the end of his tail, smacking him in the face and sending him a few feet back. “Don’t think I can’t take you Tad. We’ve already had this fight. I know you’re jealous of me, but you don’t have to fight me over it.”

After righting himself, Tad growled at him again and clenched his fists. “I think the others agree with me, and you can’t take us all, Bill,” he spat.

The others snarled at him as well and all bared their teeth.

Luckily for Bill, he didn’t feel too intimidated. “They won’t dare attack me. If Orion found out, they would be in a lot of trouble.” He stood his ground and a smug smile found his lips.

Which, pissed Tad off even more. “If they won’t, then I will.”

A flash of purple went by Bill’s face, and he felt his arm get yanked forward. Tad pulled him away from the others then swung at him again, that time getting a scratch along Bill’s chest.

Bill yelped and lunged forward, his claws digging into Tad’s shoulders as he threw him to the side.

It didn’t take Tad long to come back at Bill, and out of anger, he went right for Bill’s throat, his claws catching on his gills and ripping them wider.

Blood began to ooze out at an alarming rate, and the other sirens started to panic.

“Tad, you idiot! You’ve probably killed him!” Pyronica swam a little closer, trying to see Bill’s wound through the blood.

The world around him started to go black, and Bill knew he had to swim somewhere to tend to the wound before he passed out completely, since the others were likely going to leave him there to die.
“Good, the smug bastard.” Tad was clearly freaked out, but instead of helping, swam off, and the others followed.

Bill knew he wasn’t going to be able to swim for very long, and he was much closer to the human island than his home, so he started to swim as quickly as he could to the cove, hoping that the human was still there.

As he reached the rocks, Bill started to pant, and felt like he had just swam the entire ocean.

“Bill?” The human was drawing in the sand, clearly bored, but stood up when he saw Bill start to pull himself out of the water.

“C-ca- Pine T-” Bill’s throat hurt too badly to say much more, and he used what energy he had left to pull himself to the beach, so that Dipper could see that he was hurt.

Dipper immediately went to his bag, where he pulled a small box out and started to grab some things from it.

Bill let himself fall onto the beach and focused on his breathing. Pine Tree was there to help now, and he doubted the human would let him die, so he felt much more relaxed.

“I’m going to lift you up a bit, okay?”

He made a small noise, hoping Pine Tree knew that it meant that it was okay. As long as he was able to stop the bleeding, Bill didn’t care about what the human did.

After Bill was lifted onto Dipper’s lap, he let out another sound, trying to tell him that this position was good.

“Ah, this isn’t too deep, you’ll be okay. This will sting a little though, okay? I have to clean it.”

Bill just cringed and waited for the pain, and hoped that it would pass quickly.

His eyes snapped open when he felt the human… petting him? Pine Tree was running his hand through Bill’s hair while he poured something over the cuts, and it distracted Bill enough to only slightly flinch at it.

Pine Tree continued to play with his hair while he wrapped his neck in a cloth of some sort, and only stopped to rub some sort of goo onto his chest, where Tad had got the first blow in.

“Tomorrow you can tell me what happened. For now, you should relax.”

What the hell. The human really wanted to play nice, didn’t he? Sure, it was nice and probably saved his life, though Bill wouldn’t address or admit to that, but he really didn’t expect Pine Tree to be so… gentle with him.

Bill found himself relaxing into Dipper’s arms, trying to regulate his breathing, since his body was still panicking a bit.

Dipper carefully adjusted them so that his legs were on the sides of Bill, and Bill’s head was on his chest. “I don’t mean this to offend you, but I’ve read that fish always need to have some time to calm down before going back into the water after they’re caught. I think that kind of applies here? Either way, you should probably like…” he cleared his throat “T-take a nap? I-I’ll like, sit here with you.”

A strangled laugh came from Bill, and he nodded slightly, cringing at the pain is his neck.
“Lemme just, grab my coat. I brought it since it’s kind of cold today. Good thing I did.” Pine Tree leaned back a bit, rustling around in the sand for a moment before something warm fell over Bill.

He looked down as best as he could, seeing that the human had draped it over him. “Th-than-”

“Hush.” Pine Tree started to play with his hair again, humming some tune Bill had never heard before.

Before long, Bill found himself drifting off, the sound of Pine Tree’s heartbeat and humming lulling him to sleep.

Hours later, Bill woke up suddenly and found himself underwater. And, in a net.

He began to panic and thrashed around a little, but couldn’t do it for long, since his wounds still hurt. He had no idea how long he had been out for, and was getting angry.

Why did Pine Tree save him if he was just going to trap him like this? What was the point? To show off to his family that he caught a stupid siren?

Bill punched at the water in front of him and pouted. Why was the human so nice, so gentle, if he was just going to have him killed?

“Ugh!” Bill tried to tug at the net, but found the rope too thick to cut through in his weak state. “Stupid Pine Tree,” he mumbled. Now the nickname really did fit the kid.

With nothing else to do, Bill let himself sink to the ground and blew bubbles while he waited for the humans to come and get him. Why were they taking so long anyway?

He felt himself start to fall asleep again, but was jolted awake by the smell of blood. His body reacted and put itself into a frenzy. Every muscle tensed, his claws grew ever so slightly, and his pupils widened until the world around him looked a bit fuzzy.

“What?” That was Pine Tree. “I, uh, brought you some fish. They were just caught this morning, so sorry about all the blood. Though I’m sure you’re f-fine with it. Right?”

Bill turned to where the smell of blood was coming from, and saw that Pine Tree had dumped a few dozen fish in the water.

Without giving it a second thought, he tore into the fish, ignoring the fact that Dipper was talking to him.

“What’s wrong?” Dipper asked once he was done with the fish.

Bill calmed himself, then poked his head out of the water to speak, pushing the net up with him. “I’d be a lot better if I knew why I was in a net.” He tried to raise his voice, but it came out raspy and weak.

Pine Tree raised his hands in defense and smiled. “I-I just thought, you’d probably try to swim away when you woke up, and I really wanted to make sure you were okay before you did. I wasn’t sure what happened to you, so I wanted to keep you kind of locked up so that whatever did this to you couldn’t do anything else. I even managed to lay some traps a little ways out so that nothing could come and get you.”

Well, that was… nice. “You went to all of that trouble? For me?” Bill tried to sound like his usual catty self, but his voice was still cracking and soft.
“Well, yeah. W-we, uh, do have a deal after all. And, I-I kinda thought, we were li-like, f-friends now?”

A large smile found Bill’s lips. This human was falling right into Bill’s plan, and he didn’t even have to try that hard. Who knew a shitty situation would end up in his favor?

“Thanks,” Bill mumbled. “Can you take the net off?” He put his mouth in the water, and gave his best guppy-eyed look while he wiggled his fins a little, hoping the human would give in instantly.

“Yeah, yeah, sorry.”

Success.

Once the net was removed and tossed on top of some rocks, Bill pulled himself up on the sand and motioned for Dipper to sit next to him.

With a red face, Pine Tree sat a good foot or so away from Bill, which irked him a bit.

“You didn’t mind being so close yesterday,” Bill teased.

“Yeah, well you were hurt then. I figured you wouldn’t want me so close again.”

Bill smiled and inched a little closer to Dipper. “I already said you can touch me,” he purred.

Pine Tree’s face turned a deep red and he cleared his throat. “W-where, can’t I touch? I was gonna, a-ask toda…” He trailed off a Bill inched closer to his face.

“Just don’t touch my fins.” Bill leaned on Dipper and couldn’t hide his sly smile. This human was mush for him already.

“R-right,” Dipper squeaked.

Bill was sure to push up against him, and hummed contently once he was comfortable.

Pine Tree audibly gulped and moved his hand up to Bill’s shoulder, trembling a little as his hand met Bill’s skin.

He made sure not to react to it so that the human would continue. This was going so smoothly, and it didn’t feel half bad either. Win-win for him.

Dipper’s hand rubbed over his arm, pausing at the scales speckled along it. “Th-these are cool.” His voice cracked, which earned another smile from Bill.

“Just be careful. I’m still sore,” Bill whined. Playing helpless seemed to work best, as Pine Tree seemed to have a bit of a motherly side to him.

“What happened to you anyway?” Dipper got a little more brave, and he moved his hand more surely along Bill’s back, rubbing it in a reassuring way.

Bill hummed at it and let more of his weight lean into Dipper. “Another siren wanted to try and take a human from the island. Since you were likely who they would see, I told him no, and he got upset over it. I didn’t think the urchin would actually try to kill me over it, but he’s likely in trouble now anyway, so whatever.”

“Y-you were protecting me?” Pine Tree’s hand paused its movement, and Bill whined at the absence. Dipper started to move his hand again, and leaned a little more into Bill.
“Yeah, we have our deal. Plus, you’re definitely not the worst human I’ve ever met. In fact, you’re kind of the only human I’ve ever had a real conversation with.” He looked up at Dipper and smirked at his deep red cheeks.

“The first time we met, y-you kissed me. That was just to keep me quiet, right?”

Bill thought back for a moment to when they met, and chuckled. Look at that, he had kissed the human. Well, it was more like, mashed his lips onto his so that he didn’t yell for help, but, Pine Tree didn’t need to know that.

“Maybe, maybe not. What’s it to you?”

The red didn’t seem like it was coming off of his cheeks any time soon, and Dipper seemed to only be able to stammer for a moment before an answer finally came out. “It’s just, you… seem to like being close to m-me? Not like I mind, I mean, I don’t, but uh, why?”

“Why do I want to be close to you?” Oh it was hard to hold back a laugh. Pine Tree was so easy.

“Yeah.”

The rubbing continued and Bill let out another sound of approval. “You’re comfortable.”

“O-oh. That’s it?”

Bill raised an eyebrow and looked up at him. “For now, yeah.”

He heard Pine Tree mumble under his breath. “…For now…?”

Instead of responding, Bill elected to pretend not to hear it, and just sighed. “Though, I really should be going home. I’d hate for them to come looking for me.”

Pine Tree stopped the rubbing and hugged Bill carefully, almost protectively. “Are you sure you’re okay to?”

“Yup. Walk me to the water?” Bill gave his cutesy look again and smiled up at the human.

“I’ll one up that.” Dipper began to stand up, but was taking Bill with him. He was very careful of Bill’s neck, and his other hand went underneath his tail, being obviously careful not to touch any fins.

He was not expecting to be picked up, and instinctively wrapped his arms around Pine Tree’s neck, holding on tightly.

“Sorry, should’ve warned you,” Dipper chuckled.

“No, it’s fine. Just put me past the rocks.”

Dipper did as he was told, and walked Bill out just far enough that he wouldn’t have to maneuver through the rocks.

Once Dipper let go of Bill, they both stretched out their limbs.

“Can’t wear this, or they’ll know a human helped me,” Bill said as he untied the cloth from his throat.

Dipper took it from him and inspected the cuts. “Hey, look at that, they’re already healing. You guys
must actually be kind of magic then.”

“Of course we are,” Bill scoffed. Before leaving, Bill took the human’s face in his hands and wiped away some water that had splashed up onto his cheek. “Don’t have too much fun without me, Pine Tree.” After a quick peck on Dipper’s nose, Bill turned and swam off, trying to baby his wounds as he went.

It felt like it took forever to reach home, since Bill had to swim a lot slower than he usually did, and he figured he could take a nap before telling the others that he was okay.

Once he gingerly wiggled his way into the small cave, Bill let himself sink down, and welcomed the familiar rock floor.

A weird feeling went through his gut and a thought crossed his mind.

*Pine Tree is more comfortable than this.*

Bill shook the thought from his head and chuckled. The human was supposed to be falling for him, not the other way around. He would have to be careful not to do anything that actually made him thankful for the human.

Even Tad wouldn’t be able to argue with Bill if his plan worked.

Get the human to fall in love with him so that the spell would work, then use the spell to get Ford to turn against his nephew. It would make the man realize how painful it was to lose someone to this pointless war they had going.

“You’ll regret what you did *Ford*. And you’re little Pine Tree is the one who’s going to pay for it.”

Chapter End Notes

Ooooohh, Bill you're being ominous again... ;D

Also, I guess there's been some trouble with finding my main blog, so I'll be posting a direct link to it in a few places on here so that people can get to it! Sorry about that :p

http://roboticspacecase.tumblr.com/
Dipper would never admit it to the siren, but the kiss on the nose had made his night.

After he had gone through the trouble of staying out way later than he was supposed to, actually figuring out how to lay some traps, and keeping anyone from asking questions, Dipper felt the kiss had made it all worth it.

That night he was lying in bed, staring up at the ceiling, deep in thought about the siren.

Was it being nice just because he was Ford's nephew? Or did it have other motives? The siren was getting awful close earlier…

No, it was probably just being nice since he had helped it. Though he was starting to feel bad about the net thing. It seemed genuinely upset about that.

Dipper decided that he wouldn't be bringing anymore hunting stuff around the siren unless he had to.

Eventually sleep came, and Dipper had a strange dream about sitting in his bed with Bill, the two wrapped up in a warm embrace, Bill nuzzling his face into Dipper’s chest, and almost making a purring noise.

It was hard not to run his hand over the scales on Bill’s arm, and play with the near white hair in front of his face.

Surprisingly he didn’t smell of sea water, or fish, but instead just smelled… comforting. Dipper didn’t know how to explain it, but he found his dream self pulling Bill close, and taking in a deep breath.

Just as the siren looked up at him, clearly about to say something, Dipper found himself sitting up in bed, awake and alone.

Shaking the dream from his head, Dipper made his way down to breakfast, his family already up and eating.

Mabel gave him a bit of a sly smile, but kept her focus on eating. That made Dipper a little weary.

“‘M-morning,” he mumbled as he sat down.

“‘Mornin’,” Stan smiled. “You got another ‘busy’ day today Dipper?”

They all snickered, and Dipper felt a horrible blush creep onto his cheeks, and crawl all the way to the tips of his ears.

The dream flashed in his mind and he felt the blush deepen. He probably looked absolutely guilty of
something right then.

He *had* told them he was going to visit a friend when he went to help Bill, just to keep them from wondering why he was gone for so long. They probably all thought that he had gone to spend time with a girl.

“Only for a little while,” he mumbled.

Ford tapped his fork on the plate to silence the giggles from Mabel and Stan, and nodded to Dipper. “How have the traps been coming along?”

Dipper smiled in response to that. He actually *was* learning a bit from being around Bill.

When he hadn’t been sure what had hurt Bill, and was trying to lay traps to protect him, Dipper mastered the smaller traps in mere *minutes* because of his drive to help the siren.

In fact, Dipper was sure that he could do it again without blinking, if it meant helping Bill.

The blush came back in full force and he cleared his throat. “Good, great. I’ve got the little ones down so far.” His voice cracked horribly, and he tried a smile, though he was sure that it was more incriminating than reassuring.

“Uh huh.” Ford couldn’t hide his smile and just nodded. “Well, good luck today. Stay out as late as you may need.”

Oh, god, they were all thinking he was sneaking off to see some girl or something. The blush was making his face feel hot, and Dipper elected to eat quickly, so that he could go and hide in his room for a little while before going to see Bill.

His family didn’t say much else to him, and didn’t stop him from running up to his room, where he made sure his bag was packed and ready to go.

After what had happened, Dipper wanted to make sure that he always had first-aid supplies in his bag, and his knife, just in case he had to actually help Bill fight something off.

While making sure he had clean bandages, his drawing supplies caught his eye. They were tucked away in one of his drawers, only being noticed because of how harshly he accidentally pulled it open.

He had been meaning to draw out a picture of the siren…

Maybe it would pose for him since he had helped it. Or maybe he could claim that the posing was a part of the deal? Getting Bill’s anatomy down was technically getting information…

Dipper shook his head quickly, feeling the blush fill his cheeks again.

*Oh no.*

He was getting awful warm and fuzzy over Bill.

It wasn’t something that he could let happen, and had to remind himself that Bill wasn’t human. He could be his friend, but in the long run, things wouldn’t work. Developing a crush on the siren would be bad news, likely for both of them.

Besides, it wasn’t like the siren would ever like him back anyway.
Sucking in a deep breath, Dipper grabbed the art supplies and tucked them into his bag. He was at least going to draw a decent picture of the thing. He could ignore how pretty, amazing, stunning...

Anyway, he stopped himself from thinking.

Maybe he could leave early and walk around town a bit before heading to the cove, just to clear his head.

With a single nod to Mabel, who was helping one of the maids mend a curtain in the entry area, Dipper made his way out the doors, and onto the rock path that lead out into the street.

Their manor was right smack in the center of the town, and its marble and gray brick color stood out from the wooden and brown-bricked buildings surrounding it.

Being surround by the ocean, the entire town had a smell to it that no local would ever notice, but to any newcomer, they would immediately be pelted with the scent of fish, wet wood, and salt.

Though Dipper couldn’t notice the smell, he did find that whenever he walked outside, he could taste the air around him, the salt being so strong that he sometimes felt he may need a drink to get his mouth to stop from drying out.

As he walked along the half dirt, half stone road, Dipper looked up to the sky and hummed to himself, while thinking about ways he could ask the siren to pose for him.

Really it should be a simple, “I want to draw you, so hold still and show me a good pose to get the whole of you in view.” But, knowing himself, Dipper doubted it would come out that smoothly.

Perhaps he could just start to draw it, and Bill would get the hint and pose for him without Dipper needing to ask.

Again, he doubted things would go so smoothly.

With a sigh, Dipper decided he could head to the cove early, and relax a bit while he waited for Bill.

That is, if Bill showed up. Dipper hadn’t even thought about the other sirens keeping him from leaving since he had been hurt.

Of course, Bill had healed pretty quickly. He doubted that the marks were even still there with how quickly they seemed to be healing.

Either way, Dipper would go down there and wait for him. He would hate to not show up and make Bill question things.

Once he was at the usual spot, Dipper got his supplies out and laid them carefully on top of a rock.

He had everything he would need to draw the siren out, and add the color he would need to.

Taking off his shoes, Dipper felt a rush of excitement. If the siren was cool about it, drawing it would be a lot of fun.

He walked to the water and let his feet get wet, wiggling his toes around in the sand.

“You humans and your feet,” Bill snickered.

The sudden voice ripped Dipper from his thoughts and made him stumble back and fall onto his ass.
“Yeesh, calm down.” The siren pulled himself onto the sand and sat next to Dipper. “Don’t hurt yourself.”

With how close Bill was getting, Dipper couldn’t help but remember his dream, and he became flustered.

“Draw. Can I?”

Bill’s eyes widened and he laughed. “I don’t know, can you?”

“Uh huh. I mean, you. Can I draw you?” Dipper was screaming internally. The siren probably thought he was a giant idiot right now.

“Sure? But I hope you’re a somewhat decent artist. Last thing I need is a document about sirens with me looking like a puffer fish.” Bill nudged him and chuckled.

“Mhmm. Just, uh, like lay on the edge of the water as high up as you can so that I can see most of you.” Dipper stood up and brushed himself off, then went over to his bag to grab his notebook.

With a confused look, Bill laid on the sand, turning on his side to face Dipper. “Like this?”

Dipper sat himself next to the rock holding his supplies, and readied himself to draw. “Mm…” He put the notebook down and got up, in search of a rock small enough to move, but big enough for Bill to lean on.

Once he found one, he carried it over and found that he could make a better looking background if he put a few more rocks around it. Plus it would be easier for Bill to pose if he had things to lean on.

A few rocks later, Dipper was sweating, and ready to draw.

“Alright, use the rocks to kind of relax yourself in an open position.” He readied his notebook again and watched Bill lay one the rocks, putting his arms up near his head, twisting his upper body just enough to face Dipper.

“Like this?”

“Put your arm closer to your face. And tilt your head down a bit. Keep your eyes on me. And try to stay still.”

Bill did as Dipper told him to, and as soon as the siren stilled, Dipper started to draw.

He got incredibly focused, trying to make sure he got all of the details that he could. Occasionally he would find himself sticking out his tongue, or chewing on the end of his pencil while he looked at Bill and tried to figure some of the angles out in his head.

“You look so serious,” Bill chuckled.

“Focusing,” Dipper mumbled in reply.

The sun was reflecting his scales beautifully, and Dipper couldn’t help but stare at his face, since his jawline was so perfect and his lips looked so soft…

“That better not be a blush I see on your face Pine Tree.”

Dipper snapped his head up and blinked. That damn blush wouldn’t leave his face today. “I-it’s just hot out. Th-that’s all. Now hold still.”
“Sure, sure.” A mischievous smile spread on Bill’s face, and Dipper made sure to avoid eye contact after that.

Almost an hour later, Dipper finally set his drawing supplies to the side, and let out a satisfied huff.

“Are we done now? I’m cramping up so bad,” Bill whined.

“Yeah, yeah. It’s done.” Dipper stretched out his arms, and Bill did the same.

His back arched and revealed a fin on his lower back that Dipper hadn’t seen before. Time seemed to freeze as Bill continued his stretch, his arms found their way even higher above his head, and his tail lifted a bit as his back stayed in the arch.

The nearly white hair on his head fell out of his face as he lifted his chin to stretch his neck, and Dipper found himself biting his bottom lip while he stared at all of the perfect curves Bill was creating with his body.

“Lemme see it.”

Dipper blinked and realized Bill had finished his stretch, and was looking right at him, with the best, and worst, smile on his face.

“Uh, y-yeah. Just careful not to get the book wet.” He carefully made his way over to Bill, letting his joints pop and crack as he moved them.

Bill sat up and shook his head back and forth to get his hair to lay back in its usual position.

He handed Bill the notebook, open to the picture, and watched his reaction carefully, hoping that it was a positive one.

“I like the drawing. The notes though?” Bill turned the book to Dipper and pointed at the word “it”.

“I am not an it. I’m a male. Or you know, you can use my name.”

Dipper felt his gut clench and his face got hot. He didn’t know that would offend Bill so much. “O-oh, yeah, no sorry. I’ll change that.”

He smiled and gave Dipper the book back. “Good. But I do like the drawing. You’re pretty good Pine Tree.”

Yet again his cheeks flushed pink and he gulped. “Thanks. I used to do it all the time when I was bored and waiting for new books.”

Bill nodded. “Well, I’m starting to feel pretty dry, and I’m sure the others want me back soon. Am I free to go?” Another smile that screamed mischief found Bill’s face and Dipper felt his chest grow tight.

“O-of course. See you tomorrow?”

“Yep. Carry me out again? I hate moving when I’m dry.” Bill made a bit of a grabbing motion towards Dipper and pouted.

“Yes, sure.” Dipper cleared his throat and nearly stumbled over to Bill.

Bill wasted no time in wrapping his arms around Dipper’s neck and even lifted his tail a bit so that Dipper could easily put his hand under it.
As he lifted Bill, he wondered why he hadn’t noticed before that Bill’s breath was so hot, and was hitting his neck and cheek.

Once they were deep enough, Dipper loosened his grip on Bill, and waited for the siren to do his usual quick goodbye.

“It’s been fun Pine Tree. Can’t wait to see what silly thing you have waiting for me for tomorrow.” With another quick peck to Dipper’s nose, Bill pushed off of him and swam away, his golden color taking its sweet time vanishing from Dipper’s view.

Dipper stood in the water dumbfounded.

Yikes. That wasn’t helpful. Now Dipper couldn’t help but start thinking of new things he’d like to dream about, and though he was in the cold water, he felt his entire body get hot.

With a shaky sigh, he made his way back onto the beach to gather everything back up.

On his way home, Dipper tried his best to take the long way so that he was a bit more dry when he got home, but found it to be a moot point, as he was soaked up to his neck.

“So, more trap setting today?” Mabel cooed. A horrible grin was glued to her face and the eyebrow wiggle didn’t help.

“Shut up,” he grumbled, unable to hide his grin.

“Oh jeez, Dip, you’ve been red in the face all day, haven’t you? I really need to meet the girl that’s doing this to you!” Mabel bounced up and down in front of him, and held her hands up near her mouth.

Dipper rolled his eyes. “I need to go change.” With that, Dipper moved around her and nearly ran up to his room.

As he put dry clothes on, he found himself smiling like an idiot at the wall.

Okay, so he was crushing on the siren. Hard. But he could handle that. A crush could go away. It was probably just because he was a siren and they had that effect on people. He would just have to try not to be too obvious about it anymore.

“Crushes can go away,” he reminded himself.

He unpacked his bag to look over his notes and add a few more, and the picture of the siren immediately stole his attention, and he found himself stuck staring at it.

Dipper smiled at the paper. “Though, crushing for a little longer won’t hurt anyone.”

Chapter End Notes

If you've seen Titanic, then I'm not even sorry for this entire chapter. If not, then, well, go watch it so you can appreciate my jokes XD Dipper's heart cannot go on, he's hooked.
Alright, so here's an update for this :D Sorry updates have been weird. As I have said before, my laptop broke and really threw me for a loop, for like a whole month. Hopefully they’ll be more regular now that I’m back in my groove :p

Since the next part of the story needed to take place a bit later in time, there's a bit of a time jump to where I needed them to be. I'm not a huge fan of how it turned out, but I couldn't think of another way to write it, and it needed to happen, so it's whutevvs.

And of course, Bill's a jerk. Whomp whomp :p I hope you enjoy! :D

Meeting up with the human became less and less of a chore, since the other sirens let Bill do mostly what he wanted after he had been attacked.

Tad and the others were punished, having to spend their free time cleaning, going hunting in the worst parts of the water, or flat out waiting on Orion hand and fin, which Bill of course thought was hilarious. Shows Tad for being such a leech.

Bill was excused from most of the chores, Orion not wanting to chance losing him, so sneaking off to hang out with Pine Tree was a breeze.

The kid was always there, the same time every day. A few times he was a bit late, or would have to cut the session short, but for the most part they were with each other every afternoon for about two months, luckily not drawing any unwanted attention.

Pine Tree never asked anything too intrusive, mostly just about his anatomy or eating habits, but occasionally he would ask specifically about Bill as a person.

It was simple stuff, and he never minded answering it, and he knew that it meant Dipper was falling for his plan. Get the human to love him, then use the spell. Once the spell was cast, use Dipper to get back at Ford.

Easy enough. The only real problem being that Bill was starting to kind of feel bad about it. The kid was never once mean to him, and would smash his face into a rock if Bill asked him nicely enough.

He had to push passed that though. There was no way he could get to Ford himself, so Pine Tree was the next best thing. It wouldn’t be too hard, feelings could go away.

The day he planned to get things rolling was a really sunny one, no breeze or clouds to help hide the blazing sun. Which was a little unfortunate, since Bill hated being out when it was so dry, but he would get over it.

He swam his usual route, avoiding the traps that Pine Tree had to set out to keep his family from being suspicious, and made it to the beach a little bit early. He had to seem super eager to see the human.
It happened to be one of the days that he was a little late, so Bill decided to build a little tower out of rocks.

“Having fun?” Dipper chuckled as he made his way over a few rocks.

Bill had managed to make a sizable tower, only to knock it over when he looked up at the human. “Eh, I have more fun when you’re around.”

Pine Tree laughed and his face flushed pink. “Anyway, I brought you some fish. You mentioned the other day about how sometimes you don’t eat very well because of our fishing, so, uh, yeah.”

A fairly large net filled with freshly killed fish plopped down in front of Bill, some of them spilling out a bit.

Bill’s eyes widened and he tilted his head at them. “You really did this for me?” He was using his usual fake happy tone, since Pine Tree seemed to blush at it every time.

“Oh, yeah,” he chuckled and scratched at the back of his neck. “I uh.” He cleared his throat. “I don’t want you to be uncomfortable in anyway.”

Oh, this was turning out nicely. It almost sounded like the human was going to confess his feelings before Bill even had to try to pry it out of him.

“Thanks Pine Tree. You’re definitely my favorite human,” he chuckled. Picking up one of the fish, Bill felt something strange in his chest. This was a really nice gesture. Pine Tree did a lot of stuff like this.

He shook those thoughts from his head and bit down on the fish, looking away from the human. Sure it was a nice gesture, but Bill had a plan to follow through with. And he had waited two months now, his patients deserved some pay off.

“And you’re my favorite siren,” Pine Tree laughed a little awkwardly as he sat away from the spilled fish.

The two fell into a bit of a silence, and Bill realized that it was the perfect time to start making him open up.

“So, we’ve been seeing each other a lot lately…” Bill finished off his first fish, then grabbed another and bit it’s head clean off, that time meeting Dipper’s gaze. “You’re really something Dipper. Not once have you tried to kill or trap me, and all you want to do is learn about a species that eats yours.”

Bill readied himself to be as fake as possible, then shyly bit his bottom lip. “I guess, I’m just saying… you’re really nice. And, I uh…” Oh faking this shy thing was hilarious. It was almost hard not to laugh at it. “Yo-you’re special… to me. And I hope you feel a similar way.”

Dipper’s face turned cherry red. “O-oh. Bill, of course. Y-you’re special to me too… I just…”

There was doubt in Pine Tree’s voice, why was there doubt?

“Just what?” Bill almost snapped. Yikes, too much real emotion in that one, he had to keep the act up if this was going to work. He couldn’t let his ego get in the way.

“Seeing each other like this is fine and all, but I’m starting to… Well, I don’t think our situation is exactly one that can be worked around. I mean, you’re not human, Bill. I’ve been meaning to say this for a while now, but…” He took a deep breath and looked down. “I think I love you and I don’t know if I want to because we really can’t be together, and it’s just going to hurt in the end. I don’t
even think you feel the same way and it’s been killing me.” He spat out the words awkwardly, and took another breath when he was finished.

Bill stared at him, his mouth open a little. Well, the human confessed his feelings. Now to finish his act. “Pine Tree…” He tossed what was left of his fish by the others, then inched closer to him and put his cupped his cheek, making Pine Tree look at him. “I do feel the same way. And… I was thinking the same thing. Which, lead me to doing some research. Pine Tree, I think I figured out a way to make it work. To make us work.”

“What?” Dipper nearly flinched back at that information. “How?”

This was too perfect. Bill’s plan was going to work. Pine Tree was right where he wanted him to be.

“I can turn you into a siren, like me.” He held up his hand, stopping the questions the human was about to ask. “You would only change when you get your legs wet, and once you were dry you would change back. It would do the same to me, and make me human if I got too dry. That way we could be the same, no matter where we are.”

“What?” Dipper repeated. He ran his hands through his hair, eyes wide and jaw moving as if he wanted to speak.

Bill couldn’t help but smirk. Pine Tree was seriously thinking about it. “If you don’t want to I understand. I just thought, since you bring so much into this relationship, that I should finally do something. We could spend the day together in the ocean, instead of sitting up here on the beach. I could show you so much about us, and you could see it all rather than have me tell you about it.”

Pine Tree raised his hand and stopped Bill from speaking. “H-how does it work?”

“Well, you need a human and a siren of course, and the two must… be in love, and the siren has to use their magic to do the spell. It changes both of them into their new forms at first, but then makes it so whenever we get our legs wet, we’d change into sirens, and when we’re dry, we change into humans. So when it first happens, you would change into a siren, and I would become human, until I either got wet, or you dried off enough.” He was making sure that he was being clear enough, hoping that he sounded confident enough in it to convince the human.

That was the jist of the spell. There may or may not have been parts Bill couldn’t read, or it skimmed over. He got what mattered though, and he doubted the other parts would even be needed. Plus, Pine Tree didn’t need to know that the bracelets had been part of it, or that both parties didn’t have to feel the whole love thing. If he figured that out, then he would realize that Bill had been planning this from the start.

Dipper nodded slowly. “Okay, okay, that makes sense, I guess. As much sense as magic will make to me.” He ran his hands over his face and Bill could see that he was deep in thought. “You really want to try to make this work? With me?”

“Of course. I love you, Dipper.” Bill was sure to put as much sugar into his voice as possible, without actually using his voice to sway Pine Tree’s mind. He carefully rubbed his thumb on Dipper’s cheek, earning a content sigh from him.

“Okay, Bill. We just have to be insanely careful. If Ford ever found out-” Bill put a finger on Dipper's lips hushing him.

“Don’t over think it,” Bill said, cutting him off. “We’ll make it work.”

Pine Tree nodded. “So, how do we do it then?”
“We’ll do it tomorrow. For now, let’s just enjoy each other like this. After the spell is done, there’s no turning back. I’ll give you a night to make sure it’s what you really want.” Bill said that with confidence, knowing that Dipper wouldn’t change his mind. If anything, it was likely going to make the human want it more.

“Sounds good to me.”

Bill pulled himself between Dipper’s legs, lying down on his chest while Dipper played with his hair, something they tended to do a lot.

“Oh, and Bill?”

“Hm?” Bill had closed his eyes and was completely relaxed against Pine Tree.

“I love you too.”

After the awkward drawing incident with Bill, two months seemed to fly by, Dipper and Bill seeing each other every day like clockwork. In that time, Dipper had become really fond of Bill. It definitely wasn’t just a crush anymore.

Ford and Stan excused him from classes, since Dipper seemed to be doing just fine on his own, “learning how to set traps”, and they didn’t want to stop the progress that he had been making. He had even demonstrated the smaller traps one time, just to make sure they weren’t getting wise to him, and to prove that all this alone time was helping.

Yes, those two months went by smoothly. Too smoothly. Dipper was starting to like Bill, a little too much as time went on. And he could’ve sworn each time he thought about the siren like that, his bracelet would poke at him, but he waved it off as his head just making things up, trying to distract himself from his emotions.

Mabel was becoming more and more persistent about meeting the non-existent girl though. He swore up and down that one day she would meet the mystery person, careful not to gender him around her ever, but he just needed time to warm them up to the idea. She warily accepted it, and after a little while, she seemed to let it go.

Dipper wished he could show Bill off to his family, but he would never be able to. In fact, having these strong feelings towards Bill was a bad thing. If his family ever found out… well, he actually had no idea exactly what they would do, but it likely wouldn’t be pretty. Ford would probably kill Bill, and lock Dipper up for God knows how long.

After a week or so of fighting himself over it, Dipper decided that he needed to tell Bill how he felt, and that maybe they should stop seeing each other. Ending the deal would be heart breaking, but Dipper knew it would be best for both of them. It was likely just going to end in Bill telling him that...
he didn’t feel the same way anyway.

On a particularly sunny day, like usual, Dipper made his way out of the house to the beach. That time though, he figured he’d stop and get something for Bill. A little bit of a goodbye present.

Getting a sizable amount of fish wasn’t hard to do, as Dipper simply had to ask and hand over a few gold coins, and no one would question a hunter buying bait, so it wasn’t like he would have to answer any questions about it later.

With the smelly fish in tow, Dipper continued down to the cove, where he saw Bill stacking rocks on top of each other, making a miniature fort of some sort.

“Having fun?” Dipper chuckled as he maneuvered over some rocks.

Bill looked up at him and lazily knocked the rocks down. “Eh, I have more fun when you’re around.”

Dipper felt his face flush and he bit at his cheek. “Anyway, I brought you some fish. You mentioned the other day about how sometimes you don’t eat very well because of our fishing, so, uh, yeah.” He let the net fall in front of Bill, some of the fish slipping out.

Bill’s eyes widened and he tilted his head at them. “You really did this for me?” He sounded genuinely pleased, and it made Dipper happy to know that it was a good farewell gift.

“Uh, yeah,” he chuckled and scratched at the back of his neck. “I uh.” He cleared his throat. “I don’t want you to be uncomfortable in anyway.” Ugh, saying goodbye would be hard.

“Thanks Pine Tree. You’re definitely my favorite human,” he chuckled. Bill picked one of them up and bit down on the fish, looking away from Dipper as he chewed it.

Dipper really wanted to know what was going through his head, but decided against asking. “And you’re my favorite siren,” he chuckled as he sat down, careful not to be too close to the fish.

Both of them went quiet after that. Should he tell Bill now? Or should he wait until their meeting came to the natural end, of Dipper carrying Bill out to the water, and Bill kissing him on the nose? God he would miss those little kisses.

Before Dipper could act on anything though, Bill spoke up. “So, we’ve been seeing each other a lot lately…” Bill finished off his fish, grabbed another one and bit it’s head off, that time looking at Dipper. “You’re really something Dipper. Not once have you tried to kill or trap me, and all you want to do is learn about a species that eats yours.” Bill bit his bottom lip and looked like he was deep in thought about something. “I guess, I’m just saying that… you’re really nice. And, I uh…You’re special… to me. And I hope you feel a similar way.”

Dipper’s face grew hot and he gulped. “O-oh. Bill, of course. Y-you’re special to me too… I just…” Well, it was now or never, he guessed.

“Just what?” Bill nearly whined.

“Seeing each other like this is fine and all, but I’m starting to… Well, I don’t think our situation is exactly one that can be worked around. I mean, you’re not human, Bill. I’ve been meaning to say this for a while now, but…” He took a deep breath and looked down. “I think I love you and I don’t know if I want to because we really can’t be together, and it’s just going to hurt in the end. I don’t even think you feel the same way and it’s been killing me.” He had to take another breath when he was finished, and felt like he might pass out.
It felt gross almost, getting this off his chest.

Bill stared at him, his mouth open a little, some blood from the fish still on his lips. “Pine Tree…” He inched closer to him, avoiding the net and tossing what was left of his fish, then put his hand on Dipper’s cheek, nudging his face to look at him. “I do feel the same way. And… I was thinking the same thing. Which, lead me to doing some research. Pine Tree, I think I figured out a way to make it work. To make us work.”

“What?” Dipper felt like he had the air knocked from his lungs. “How?”

“I can turn you into a siren, like me.” Bill raised his hand, stopping Dipper from saying anything. “You would only change when you get your legs wet, and once you were dry you would change back. It would do the same to me, and make me human if I got too dry. That way we could be the same, no matter where we are.”

“What?” Was Bill being for real? Would something like this even work? What happened if Dipper got wet while at home? What would he even look like as a siren?

“If you don’t want to I understand,” Bill said softly. “I just thought, since you bring so much into this relationship, that I should finally do something. We could spend the day together in the ocean, instead of sitting up here on the beach. I could show you so much about us, and you could see it all rather than have me tell you about it.”

Bill sounded so excited for this. Not to mention that, holy cow, Bill said that he felt the same way. He even said the word relationship.

Dipper stopped Bill from speaking for a moment, even though he could listen to him talk about them swimming together forever. “H-how does it work?”

As Bill explained the spell to him, Dipper made sure to make mental notes of it. He wouldn’t be able to get near the water while around his family, he would have even more to hide from Mabel, and life would become nothing but sneaking around. Did Dipper love Bill enough to go through that?

Once Bill was done explaining, Dipper nodded slowly. “Okay, okay, that makes sense, I guess. As much sense as magic will make to me.” He ran his hands over his face and huffed. “You really want to try to make this work? With me?”

“Of course. I love you, Dipper.” Bill rubbed at Dipper’s cheek and smiled at him.

Well, that was enough for Dipper. Bill loved him back. It made him feel like he was on top of the world, and as soon as his name rolled off of Bill’s lips, he was hooked. He wanted this. He wanted the beautiful golden siren that was staring at him with wide, curious eyes.

“Okay, Bill. We just have to be insanely careful. If Ford ever found out-” Bill put a finger to his lips, his insanely soft skin hushing Dipper.

“Don’t over think it,” Bill said, cutting him off. “We’ll make it work.”

Dipper nodded. This was could be fun. Being a siren would be fun. “So, how do we do it then?” he asked, getting a little too excited.

“We’ll do it tomorrow. For now, let’s just enjoy each other like this. After the spell is done, there’s no turning back. I’ll give you a night to make sure it’s what you really want.”

Some more time to think things over would be nice. Dipper was already on board, but this would
give him time to plan around it, before he actually had to worry about dodging water.

“Sounds good to me,” he smiled.

Bill pulled himself between Dipper’s legs, and Dipper took that as his queue to run his fingers through Bill’s hair. It had become what they did when they wanted to relax, since Bill loved it, and Dipper loved doing it.

“Oh, and Bill?” Dipper said, suddenly realizing that he hadn’t said something back to Bill.

“Hm?” Bill had closed his eyes and was completely relaxed, nearly purring at Dipper’s warmth and rubs.

“I love you too.”

And that was that. The next day, Dipper would come prepared to be turned into a siren, and would get to swim with Bill. The siren who he loved, and who loved him back.

He would have to ask for some of the other details later, and would be sure to have Bill teach him how to move in his new body, but until then, Dipper wanted to hum and lull Bill into a light slumber, since the siren looked so peaceful and sweet while he slept.

Once he felt the siren’s breathing even out, Dipper kissed the top of his head. “I love you too, Bill. I can’t wait to swim with you.”

Chapter End Notes

Aw Dip’s in love <3 Too bad it’s with a jerk :p
Once again, thanks to anime_is_kawaii__ for editing :3
Dipper woke up way earlier than usual. It was exhausting, since he had barely fallen asleep a few hours before, unable to rest from his excitement.

He had a short dream of being underwater, but a flash of something blue and nearly glowing went passed him quickly, waking him up.

The others would be awake soon, so Dipper decided to just get ready for his day.

Before they had parted ways, Bill told Dipper more about what he would need to do for the spell to go smoothly.

He said to bring medical supplies in case either of them hurt themselves in their new forms, and not to eat too much before he came, just in case it made him sick. Also, he wanted him to come earlier than usual, and to stay as late as he could, so that they could go over as many things as possible.

They had both agreed that they would go over being a siren first, since it would be easier to get away with. According to Bill, it wouldn’t be hard to convince the other sirens that Dipper was from another pack, and had just gotten torn away from them. Him being from a far away place would help excuse his lack of speaking their language, and general awkwardness that he would be sure to have.

Bill had almost seemed a little concerned that this wasn’t what Dipper wanted, and was probably expecting Dipper to come to the beach and tell him that he didn’t want to do it anymore. He was hoping that all of Bill’s doubts would wash away as soon as Dipper told him to start the process.

“Mornin’ Sir Dip!” Mabel did a mock curtsy then plopped down in the chair next to him. “What’re you doing up so early?”

“Good morning,” he chuckled as she seemed to melt into the chair. “Busy day today, I guess.”

“You guess? Dipper, are you going to do something special for that girl of yours? And when are we going to meet, huh?” She crossed her arms in a huff, pouting at her twin.

Dipper sighed and bit at the inside of his cheek. “Yeah, I’m doing something a little different today. And, I don’t know. Still shy about it.”

Mabel groaned. “Fine, fine. Have fun doing your different thing today.”

Soon the Stan’s joined them, and they were all served breakfast, all eating in silence for a few moments.

“So,” Dipper said, breaking the silence “I need to go out early today, and I am going to be out late, possibly until the stars are out. You only need to worry if I’m not back by sunrise.” He tried to play it
off as relaxed and nonchalantly as possible, but he could see that Ford was about to protest.

“Of course Dipper! Romance has no curfew,” Stan laughed. “Just remember, kids are a lot of work, so don’t go putting any buns in any ovens.”

Dipper’s face instantly turned a cherry red and he nearly choked on his food.

“Stanley,” Ford snapped. “I don’t think he should be out that late. The sirens are more active at night.”

Stan scoffed. “He’s his own man now Ford, let the kid be. He’s out setting traps anyway, I doubt they’ll be coming too close to ‘im.”

“I promise to be careful, I always am.” Dipper knew he didn’t have to plead this much with him, but he wanted to reassure him that he would be fine, so that he didn’t end up sending out search parties or something.

“Hm.” Ford looked over him carefully for a moment before sighing. “Alright, I suppose you’ll be fine. Just, keep some hunting gear on you, okay?”

“Always do,” Dipper smiled.

The rest of their breakfast was silent, each person finishing their food then going to do their daily activities.

Once Dipper was up in his room, he stared at his mirror for a while, trying to determine what he would look like as a siren.

Bill looked pretty human from the waist up, so he doubted there would be too big of a change, but he still couldn’t help but come up with wild ideas about having scales everywhere, or having crazy long claws.

Shaking his head, Dipper laughed at himself then went to grab his bag, which was filled with everything he thought he might need.

Mabel gave him a knowing glance as he made his way out of the large double doors of their home, but he just waved her off and made his way down to the cove.

Bill wasn’t there yet, but he knew he would be soon, so Dipper tucked his bag behind a rock and kicked off his shoes, letting his toes get wet, possibly for the last time.

“It’s going to be so weird having those,” Bill chuckled as he pulled himself up on the sand a bit. He reached out and poked at Dipper’s feet, examining them with wide eyes.

“And having fins is going to be weird too.” Dipper sat down, getting eye level with Bill.

“So you still want to do it then?” Bill beamed.

“Of course. This way we can actually be together. And that’s what I want, more than anything…” Dipper quieted as he spoke, getting a little embarrassed at his confession.

Bill’s smile seemed to waver for a moment, but came back quickly, and he made a strange hand gesture at Dipper. “Ready to get started then?”

Dipper took a deep breath and nodded. “What do I have to do?”
“Get naked.”

“W-what? Seriously?” There was no way his face could get any redder, and Dipper felt like his throat was closing. “Naked?”

Bill laughed and rolled his eyes. “Pine Tree, do you see any clothes on me? No. We don’t wear clothes, so if you’re turning into a siren, then you need to strip. They might mess with the spell anyway.”

“W-wait, doesn’t that mean that you’ll be naked when you change?” Oh boy, Dipper hadn’t thought about this. Was he ready to be nude in front of Bill? Was he ready to see Bill nude?

“Well, I have, but that doesn’t mean… You know what? Never mind. I’ll just… get naked.”

With shaky hands, Dipper stood and started to pull his vest, shirt, and pants off, leaving just his undergarments.

Welp. Here goes.

He got it over with quickly, then made sure all of his clothes were back by his bag.

“How, as he looked over a very red Dipper. “So that’s the lower half of a human male. You know, I’ve eaten a few of you, you’d think I’d have paid attention, but I didn’t.”

Dipper cringed at his words. Yikes, he had kind of repressed the whole eating people thing. “I won’t have the urge to like, kill anyone, will I?”

“No, no. I don’t think so anyway. I mean, you’re still going to be you, so you won’t have the same instincts and stuff as someone who grew up being a siren would. Now sit down again.”

He nodded and sat down, sand getting into uncomfortable places. “Now what?”

“Close your eyes,” Bill purred as he moved closer.

Dipper did as told, and waited for what was next.

He almost flinched back when he felt Bill’s super soft skin and smooth scales press onto him, but remained calm. That is, until Bill’s lips were on his, and he was being pushed onto his back.

Dipper’s eyes flew open, only to be greeted with the siren on top of him, holding his hands above his head. Once he got a little more comfortable with the position, Bill’s tail between his legs and his hands holding the other’s, he let his eyes close again.

A strange tingling sensation started to buzz on his lips, slowly spreading at first, but shot through his entire body when Bill deepened the kiss by slipping his pointed tongue between Dipper’s lips.

His head started to spin, nausea setting in, making him glad that he hadn’t eaten lunch.

“Corda unum sunt, animae nostrae terminum, et transibit, et corpora nostra inter,” Bill nearly whispered as he moved back for a moment.

The tingling turned into a dull pain, then suddenly the two of them were engulfed in light, which
separated them, Dipper immediately missing Bill’s warmth.

After a short while though, all Dipper could focus on was the pain in his legs. Man, did it hurt. It soon became numb, and Dipper felt his body start to go limp, the light around him slowly turning black, until he couldn’t feel anything anymore.

When Bill opened his eyes, he was met with a sight that nearly took his breath away.

Not only did he have a pair of long, thin legs with feet and toes at the end of them, but Pine Tree now had a tail, with long, whiskered fins.

His scales were the most vibrant baby blue he had ever seen, and in the sunlight they almost looked like they were sparkling. Instead of normal ears, he now had ear fins that were long and poked out from his now much softer looking brown curls.

Pine Tree was still out cold, but Bill could see that he was starting to wake up, the new spiked fins on his arms twitching, and his claws looking like they were ready to tear into something.

Why did he look so… predatory? Even the best hunters in the pack didn’t look this ready to kill.

His skin had even tinted a bit blue, and he had two sets of gills; one on his throat and the other by his ribs. Pine Tree looked anything but human.

“Bill?” Dipper opened his eyes a little, blinking at the bright sun. “Did- did it work?” He sat up, clearly not sure of how to move his new body yet. His eyes shot open when he saw Bill, and he gasped. “You’re a human.”

“And you’re a siren. A very, uhm… Different, siren.”

“Different?” He looked down at himself, taking in all of the new changes. “Whoa. You don’t look like this. How come I look like this? Did something go wrong?”

Bill could see the panic on his face, and tried to move to comfort him a bit, but his new legs were weird, and he didn’t know how to slide them over.


“Oh Neptune, I don’t know. Mine just does it by itself. Uhm, maybe, think really hard about doing it? Flex a few things, see what that does.” Bill was starting to panic too. They maybe should have thought more about these little/big things before jumping into it.

Pine Tree nodded and kept his eyes shut, looking like he was focusing really hard.

Bill took this time to try and flex his own new muscles, and grab at his new body parts.
Whoa, the thing between the legs was sensitive, maybe he shouldn’t touch that again. His legs however were much more receptive to touch, so he rubbed at the sore muscles in them.

Changing was… uncomfortable. Sure it hurt, but the best word Bill could think of to describe it, was uncomfortable.

“Did yours hurt too?” Bill looked back at Dipper, who seemed to have his breathing figure out, and was now rubbing his arms, where scales now speckled his skin.

“Yeah, but it was more…”

“Uncomfortable?” Bill laughed. “I thought so too.”

Pine Tree looked over at him, his cheeks turning purple instead of red. “S-so, you like being human?”

No, Neptune no. But he couldn’t tell Dipper that. He had to give the illusion that he had intentions of going up on land with Dipper at some point.

“Eh, it’s alright. It will definitely take some getting used to.”

“Same here. This tail feels so cumbersome. I’m not even sure I can move it it’s so heavy.” Pine Tree scrunched his face and rubbed at it. “And it’s starting to itch.”

“That would be you drying out. Let’s get into the water before you change back.” Bill was super eager to be himself again. These legs made it terribly difficult to move, and it felt like an eternity before he was waist deep in the water.

Dipper was having issues following, as he kept trying to kneel, but lacked the knees to do so.

“Just move like I do.” The water around him started to bubble, and Bill felt his legs fall out from under him, a bolt of pain going through them before he felt them pushing back together, forming his beloved tail.

Ick, changing. He definitely didn’t want to do that too often.

Pine Tree finally made it deep enough that he could start moving his tail, and wiggled it until he was fully away from the rocks, and was suspended in the water.

Bill followed, but paused to look over the new siren again.

His fins moved with the water since they were long like an angel fish, and his slightly webbed hands were relaxed and outstretched.

“Are you done gawking? I’d like to swim! And look, I’m talking underwater! This is so cool!” Dipper flipped around, spinning out of control for a moment.

Bill chuckled. At least Pine Tree was having fun with this while he could. “Let’s swim to the others. I’ll show you where I like to hide out.”

“Okay! Where to?” Dipper’s tail was nearly wagging with excitement, and his scales were reflecting the light perfectly, so it look like he was glowing.

“Uh, this way,” Bill pointed weakly as he swam in front of Dipper.

He hadn’t expected him to be so… Well, never mind that. He could ignore that.
Pine Tree was anything but a slow swimmer. As soon as he got a good pattern down, he was darting around, moving way faster than Bill could.

“Look at all this!” Dipper gestured to the coral below them. “The colors are amazing! I can see them so clearly now, too!” He swam right next to Bill, looking towards where they were swimming. “So this island is where you guys are? Man, Ford would die if he knew how close you really were.”

“And of course he’ll never find out,” Bill snapped.

A frown spread on Pine Tree’s face. “O-of course. Why would I tell him?”

Great, he had broken character. “I know you won’t,” he sighed. “I just get defensive. This is my family, after all.” He smiled, hoping that it would get rid of any doubt he might have just given Dipper.

Thankfully, Dipper returned the smile and nodded. “I understand. Race you to the island!”

Before Bill could protest, Dipper was off, a trail of bubbles being the only thing left behind.

Okay, so Dipper was clearly different, he hadn’t planned for that. And he was fast. Bill would have to make sure that didn’t hurt the rest of his plan, and figure out what caused Pine Tree to look so different.

“You comin’?” Dipper shouted back at him. “Races require us both to be playing,” he chuckled.

Even his voice and laugh were different now, sounding a lot more like he was trying to sing constantly.

Maybe that was just because he wasn’t used to having the power yet though.

Ugh, Bill was going to have to ask Orion about this. Hopefully the elder siren wouldn’t be too mad at him for this. He would have to bend the truth a lot, but he could manage to get the information from him.

“I’m coming, I’m coming,” Bill laughed.

Once he was caught up, Dipper wrapped his arms around him, nuzzling his face into Bill’s chest. “This is amazing! Thank you.”

Bill smiled down at him. When had his eyes looked so wide and intriguing? He cleared his throat and returned the hug. “I love you,” he hummed.

“I love you too.”

Well, he had a lot to figure out now, but his plan was well on its way. Dipper was thoroughly convinced that he was deeply in love with him, and it would be easy to put the rest of it in motion. After, he figured out why the spell had made him the way that it did. Then he would get back at Ford.

“Let’s go hang out in my hide out for a bit.”

“Okay!” Dipper swam around him in circles.

Weird, his enthusiasm was starting to seem endearing.

No, no. None of that. Pine Tree was not for that.
He shook his head and looked forwards to where the opening of his cave was. It was the perfect place to feed him more lovey-dovey stuff.

“I hope you’re ready to see my world Pine Tree. ‘Cause it’s going to change yours.”

Chapter End Notes

The phrase Bill says roughly translates to; "Our hearts are one, our souls are bound, take our bodies and switch them around."

Uh oh, Bill, you're emotions are getting in the waaaay~
SIRENS SIRENS SIRENS YEESSS. This chapter introduces Tad a bit more, and we get a nice big story that gives his back story, and a little bit of Bill's. Slowly but surely Dip gets to learn who Bill really is :p Also I wanted to add sexy bits in later chapters, so I bumped up the rating. I will put a warning for it at the beginning of any chapters that have sexual stuff :p

I love writing this story so much :3 It's gotten so much love, like Holy cow. Look at the beautiful picture The Annie Paradigm (That's her Tumblr username, go check out the amazing art!) drew for it!! Siren Dipper!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.
Dipper had never felt so alive. He never imagined that swimming could be this much fun, and now he never wanted to stop.

Bill didn’t seem like he could keep up at times though, so Dipper would slow his pace and even hold his hand so that they didn’t break apart from each other.

They soon reached an opening under a large rock, and Bill slipped through it easily. It looked almost too small for Dipper to fit through, but he managed, even though he was still a little awkward in his new body.

“Whoa.” Dipper poked his head out of the water and looked around the small cave, gawking at the vibrant green vines falling into it, and the smoothed out floor that rubbed pleasingly on his scales.

“Yeah, this is where I spend a lot of my down time.”

Dipper rubbed at his scales, getting used to the smooth texture. “This is so cool. I’m so glad you found a way to do this.”

“Me too. We’ll need to test out just what you can do. You turned out awesome,” he smiled.

He smiled back, then moved himself up to Bill, cuddling up next to him. Once relaxed, he let out an involuntary chirp sound and it startled them both.

“What was that?” Dipper moved back a bit and cleared his throat.

Bill just blinked at him for a moment then smirked. “Well, Pine Tree, that was a sound we make when we’re ready to mate. And it was loud. The entire pack probably heard it.”

_Oh god._ If there were ever a time to blush, it was now. Dipper buried his face into his hands and groaned. “I didn’t mean to. I-it just kinda happened.”

“It’s alright.” He moved closer to Dipper and wrapped his arm around his shoulders. “I am pretty attractive.”

Dipper splashed some water up at him playfully and met his gaze. Man that was embarrassing. He was going to need to learn to control stuff like that. “S-so, how come I have all this extra stuff anyway? You look more human than I do.”

Bill shrugged. “I honestly don’t know. It must be something to do with the spell. I’ll have to ask my elder about it.”

Well, that wasn’t exactly comforting. Was something wrong? What if the spell was cast wrong or something, and it didn’t change him right? What if he couldn’t change back into a human?

That would be… okay, he guessed. At least he could be with Bill that way, but how on Earth would he tell his family? He couldn’t just let them all think he was gone or dead. That would make them come after the sirens.

“Everything is okay though, right?” Dipper took in a deep breath, using the gills on his ribs that were submerged in the water. It was really weird being able to breath in the water like that.

“Of course,” Bill said as he kissed Dipper’s nose. “And if for some reason it’s not, then we’ll fix it. Together.”
Dipper went to say more, but was cut off by Bill kissing him. He hummed pleasantly at it and melted into Bill’s touch, once again making the chirping noise.

He moved back quickly and felt his face grow hot. “Sorry, sorry.”

Bill just laughed and pulled Dipper close to him again. “Yeesh calm down. We can get to that kind of stuff later,” he laughed.

He bit at his lower lip, quickly realizing how incredibly sharp his new teeth were. “Yikes, these are kind of freaky,” he said as he poked at them some more. He opened his mouth and prodded around at his teeth with his new claws, finding that there was a second row behind the first one. “Do you have this many teeth?”

Bill was watching him closely and shook his head. “No, I only have one sharp set. It’s like you’re built to kill,” he chuckled. “We’ll have to be careful with those.”

Dipper nodded. “Well, I’ve told you all about my family, so let’s go meet yours!” He grabbed Bill’s hand and tugged at him until he followed, Dipper slipping out of the cave first, then darting around in the water. “Where do they all like, hang out?”

“Under the island. Follow me.” He grabbed Dipper’s hand and pulled him along as they moved passed the rocks and coral in their way.

Once his view opened up, Dipper nearly gasped.

Sirens of various blues, purples, and pinks were all swimming about, speaking to each other in their native tongue, which sounded a lot like a dolphin would, but with more clicks and purring like sounds. They almost blended in with the coral lining the walls of the large open area, and Dipper knew if he had his normal human eyes, it would be hard to tell where they were.

A few of them stopped their conversations once they saw the two, and a few even swam away. He must’ve looked really weird to them.

A lavender siren emerged from the other side of the area, looking like he was listening to the worried sounding clicks.

The other siren swam right up to Bill and began to speak to him, and Dipper really wanted to know what they were saying, but couldn’t quite pick up what was being said.

The tones gave him the indication that the older one was a little upset, and Bill was trying to soothe him.

“Dipper,” Bill said softly. “Why don’t you look around for a moment? No one will mess with you, just have a look around the gathering area.”

He nodded and wearily swam further from Bill as the two sirens continued their talk.

As he swam, he got a weird urge to scratch at the scales and fins on his arms, but ignored it and tried to control his jitters. After all, he was literally in the siren’s nest right now, he had to take this opportunity to ingrain this all into his memory.

Maybe later he could draw out this scene for his journal, which now had many pages filled with everything Bill had shared with him. All the things sirens could (pretty much any other animal, and most veggies and fruits) and couldn’t eat (Onions and carrots. He didn’t know why, he just knew that they couldn’t). What age they lost their old scales and grew newer, stronger ones (fourteen).
Their mating habits (though there was a set time to mate, and usually they mated with specified birthing sirens, they were allowed to do it other times, and with specific partners, if they choose to).

There was so much he knew now, and it made him eager to learn even more, so that he could fully understand this other species. Bill had given him a great gift by doing this, and Dipper was going to use it.

A deep purple siren, one that had hair and eyes to match his tail, swam up to him, a smile spread on his thin lips. He made a few clicking sounds at Dipper, to which he just shrugged at.

“I-I’m sorry, I don’t uh…”

“Oh, no worries, I speak English,” he chuckled. His voice was deep and it made Dipper feel a little intimidated.

“Okay,” he said quietly.

“My name is Tad,” he said as he brushed his tail up against Dipper’s. “What’s your name?”

He shivered at the touch and gulped. “D-Dipper.” He refrained from saying his last name, in fear of any of them knowing that it was also Ford’s last name.

“That’s a nice name,” he purred as he brushed his tail against Dipper’s again. He swam around him, looking him over and humming. “You look so interesting.”

Being around Bill was fine, but having another siren that he didn’t know getting so close to him, with such a deep voice, and his teeth looked so sharp, and-

Dipper let out a loud, shrill, but quick chirp sound, which caught the attention of nearly everyone. He flinched at it then squeezed his eyes shut, half in fear of angering Tad, and half out of embarrassment from yet again not being able to control the sound.

Bill was to him in seconds, getting right in between Tad and Dipper. “Back off,” he growled.

“I didn’t mean to frighten you. I’m sorry.” Tad looked legitimately distressed, and was trying to look at Dipper over Bill’s shoulder. His eyes met with Bill’s though, which caused him to snarl and bare his teeth. “You back off. I wasn’t doing anything wrong.”

They began to yell at each other in their language, and all Dipper could think to do was stay as close as he could to Bill, which meant that he was clinging to him, burying his face into his back. His tail wrapped itself around Bill’s and it caused the two of them to pause.

“You haven’t known him a day and yet he clings to you like you’re mates or something,” Tad scoffed. “I bet you manipulated him to like you. That would be just like you, to use your words to trick someone into something that’ll likely hurt them. Dipper, I know coming to a new place is scary, but you shouldn’t trust the first nice face you see.”

“Eat it Tad, I didn’t tell him anything. He’s doing this on his own.”

“Enough,” the elder siren said sternly. “Bill, a word? Tad, keep an eye on Dipper. Don’t let him swim off.”

Bill went to protest, but the look the other siren gave him made him shut his mouth. “Fine. Tad, if you touch one scale on him, so help me I’ll throw you to the humans.”
Once Bill started to move, Dipper loosened his grip, but didn’t let go. He made a whining sound and pouted.


“Bill,” the elder warned. “Come along.”

Dipper begrudgingly let him go, and gave another whine.

“Oh, I’ll be back,” he chuckled before he followed the other siren.

Bill soon vanished from Dipper’s line of sight, and another involuntary sound came from Dipper.

“You’re really that attached already?” Tad crossed his arms and looked Dipper over again. “How old are you?”

“N-nineteen.” Dipper felt himself tense up as he met Tad’s stare. He seemed almost more sure of himself than Bill did, and it was extremely intimidating.

“How old are you?”

“Nineteen.” Dipper felt himself tense up as he met Tad’s stare. He seemed almost more sure of himself than Bill did, and it was extremely intimidating.

“Hm.” He narrowed his eyes and leaned forward. “Maybe whatever breed you are is just clingy. What are you anyway? Where is your pack?”

Okay, lying time. He and Bill had come up with a decent story, and they had gone over it after Bill had told him about the spell.

“I-I was up north. I got separated from them when I was really young. I don’t know m-much about what I am. I grew up alone, travelling and looking for a pack. Bill found me near the human island, and got me before I swam into one of the traps.”

Tad hummed again and nodded. “You’re lucky. I’ve seen some of us get caught in those traps before. They’ll rip your fins to shreds if you’re unlucky. Bill’s even been in one before, but Orion got him out, and he’s mostly healed from it. Unfortunately.”

“Why don’t you two like each other? He’s nice.”

“To you maybe,” he spat. “Follow me. This is a long story, and I’d like to swim while I tell it.”

Dipper looked back at where Bill disappeared to and huffed. He really didn’t feel like being too far from him.

“I promise we’ll come get him after. Orion has got to be done with him by time I’ve finished my story.”

He hesitated, but nodded. It wouldn’t hurt to get some of Bill’s backstory from someone else. Sure, Bill had told him about his life after his parents had died, but he had never mentioned being in a trap before, or even that he had someone like Tad in his life. It seemed like he had barely even scratched the surface of Bill’s life.

Tad took him back out into open water, looking back at him every so often to make sure he was following. “So, Bill and I. Hm, where to start.” He paused for a moment and spun around to face Dipper, swimming backwards at a slow pace. “Our parents were siblings. They all came from the same breeding season. His father came out golden like he did, because the father before that and so on was from a siren from the middle earth, where sand covers the land.”
“His skin was the color of sand as well, but of course with the breeding trickled down to the skin we have here, pale from being able to swim deeper and live under the islands. Anyway, the golden sirens are fabled to be great leaders, and his father was chosen to lead us once he was old enough. He picked his mate, and Bill was born. He was spoiled rotten just because of his scales.”

Tad stopped swimming and crossed his arms. “I, was born from the line of sirens who were in charge before Bill’s line came around. Our lines only merged from the one birthing siren, who had his father and my mother. My mother was fertilized from a different male siren though, so I had no such luck in her getting the golden scales.”

Dipper stayed close to Tad, very intrigued by his story. He was careful not to get too close though, as he was still a little weary of how frightening Tad could be.

“My line has been cast to the side, not even recognized as what we once were, back before the humans came and our lives were thriving. Had my parents not been killed when Bill’s were, they would have taken the lead back until Bill was old enough. But, as fate would have it, Bill and I were both so young, and the pack elected that our wisest should take charge until he came of age. Orion took Bill under his wing, only recently having him take charge of things.”

Tad shivered and crossed his arms, his claws picking at the scales on his arms. “I was cast aside to live with the others. As you know, growing up without someone to lean on and learn from is… hard. Bill got to bask in the glory and always had people around him, while I was alone, trying my best to not fall behind. I became one of the best hunters, and live fine now with my hunting pack, but my youth was hard. And it’s because Bill exists. He always gets what he wants. Whether it be his privilege, or his conniving way with words, he always got everything, while I got nothing, and he always treated me like… like…”

“Dirt?” Dipper finished.

He nodded. “That’s why I hate him. I wish he never got out of that trap. The human hunter Ford would’ve skinned him alive and kept all of his scales in a jar to mock us with. I would be next to take charge, and I would drive the humans out. Bill will likely only do ineffective things, like try to keep our distance. He doesn’t realize that we need to take action and start slaughtering the humans. With how stubborn the damned things are, that’s likely the only way to get them to leave.”

Dipper gulped. Well, even though he felt bad for Tad, he was glad that Bill was going to be in charge rather than him. Bill seemed to be on the same track as Dipper was; bring peace between the two races. “And, fighting is the only way you see to get rid of them? Why not try to live with them?”

The two had swum a little ways out, both caught up in Tad’s story, and were coming to a point of where they would need to turn around soon.

Tad laughed and shook his head. “You must not know much about humans. They don’t want to live with anything. They only care about themselves. They’ll kill the land, over fish the water, and fill the air with smoke. As long as it works for them they do-”

A loud metal clanking sound cut Tad off, and the two of them yelped as something sprung upward, a net flipping itself over Tad.

“Dipper, go get help!” His eyes were wide and Dipper could see that he was absolutely terrified. He thrashed around and tried to get it off, but Dipper knew that the nets were weaved in a way that tightened the knots as the creature struggled.

Though, he hadn’t seen this type of trap before. Ford must’ve been developing new ones, not saying
anything since Dipper had been so busy.

“The humans will be here too quickly! I have to get you out.” He had no idea how to pop this trap. Most of them had a spot where he could just cut or hit, opening it up, but since this was entirely new to him, he had no idea where that spot was.

“How do you know? They might not come until they go to check their traps.”

“If I were them, I would have a line from the trap leading back to land that would signal when a trap was set off. Judging by how far we are from their island, and how fast boats generally go, I’d say we only have a few minutes.”

Tad just stared at him with wide eyes, blinking. “Wh-what do we do?”

“I won’t let them get you.” Dipper bolted around the trapping mechanism, finding that it was just a metal box that was set to spring open when crossed. The net was in fact tightly tied to a rope leading back to the island, so Dipper was right when he said that he only had a few minutes.

The net was too strong for sirens to chew or claw through. Wait. It was too tough for normal sirens. He did seem to be a lot stronger, and sharper than the others.

“Don’t move too much, okay?”

Tad nodded.

Dipper grabbed the part of the net that was tied to stones which would help close it up once the trap was sprung, then bit down on the rope, feeling his teeth make decent tears in it. If he could just get a few more bites in, they would come off.

A creaking sound made his earfins perk up, and Dipper looked to the top of the water, where the shadow of a boat was quickly approaching them.

“Dipper these ropes are too strong! Ju-just go!”

“I got it,” he mumbled. It was thinning. Just one more bite and a good tear, and it would be broken.

The anchor dropped, and the boat was nearly on top of them.

“Dipper!” Tad whined.

Just as he was sure they would pull the net up, Dipper yanked at it, and it broke, leaving a large enough opening for Tad.

He held the net open and maneuvered it around Tad so that he could slip out.

“How did you-”

Dipper didn’t let him finish, but instead grabbed his hand and swam as quickly as he could back to the others.

Tad looked absolutely bewildered by him when they got back to the open area under the island, staring at him with his mouth open a little. “W-we uh, have to warn the others that a ship is so close.” He let out a low tone, that rippled through the water and caused the others to scramble quickly and quietly, tucking themselves in caves or swimming out of the area. “We need to hide now.”

“I want to find Bill,” Dipper said as he started to swim away. “You hide. Be careful.”
Tad nodded at him, then ducked into a hole that seemed to let out somewhere else.

Dipper had a feeling Bill would go to his cave if he needed to hide, so he swam there, nearly flinging himself out of the water from coming in too fast.

Bill wasn’t there.

He thought about leaving for a bit, before a faint chirping sound caught his attention. He stuck his head under the water and listened again.

“Dipper!” Though it was a chirp, Dipper fully understood that it was his name, and that it was Bill calling it.

“Bill!” He chirped back. He wasn’t sure how he knew how to do it, but he was glad for it, because soon after Bill nearly slammed into him coming into the cave.

Dipper let out another involuntary sound, that time it was low and quiet, as he hugged Bill and wrapped his tail around his.

Bill seemed a bit caught off guard by the hug at first and just went stiff, but soon after relaxed against the wall and hugged him back. “What happened?” He asked quietly.

“Tad got caught in a trap. I got him out, but the trapsmen got to us pretty quickly, so now they’re anchored close by. Probably about a quarter of the way from Gravity Falls.” Dipper didn’t let up on his hug, and his body was weirdly almost… vibrating? He felt like a cat, curled up on a chair, purring from its comfort.

“Okay.” Bill put his hand on Dipper’s head, running his fingers through his curls. “We’re just going to have to wait until a scout gives us the all clear. It could be a while.”

“Mm, that’s okay,” Dipper said as he squeezed Bill a little. “I could stay like this for a long time.”

Bill chuckled and cleared his throat. “Me too, Pine Tree.”

Dipper let out a relaxed sigh and rested his head on Bill’s chest, the water coming up to his lips. This really was the happiest he had been in so long. He had Bill, was making friends with other sirens, and got to wait out in Bill’s hiding spot together.

Though he realized that he didn’t know as much as he thought he did about Bill, he knew that he would eventually get it all. He would just have to wait.

And from how he felt now, waiting for the all clear, while he and Bill held each other, he knew waiting would be fine. He could wait forever if it meant being like this.

Chapter End Notes

D'aww.

Poor Dipdop, you don't even know. Whomp whomp.

So, I haven't slept much in like, DAYS, so forgive me if this has errors, and please let
me know if anything needs to be clarified. I know it was a bit dialogue heavy, and I'm hoping that I made what everyone was saying clear.

Anyway. Next chapter is Bill's side of this one. Get ready, 'cause Orion knows what kind of siren Dip is :D
Once in Bill’s cave, Pine Tree gasped and looked around it as if he had never seen one before.

“Yeah, this is where I spend a lot of my down time.” Pretty much all of his time, actually. Lately anyway. When Bill wasn’t with Dipper, he loved to hide out in here.

“This is so cool. I’m so glad you found a way to do this.”

“Me too. We’ll need to test out just what you can do. You turned out awesome,” he smiled. That wasn’t a lie. Pine Tree really looked pretty interesting. Though it was slightly concerning, Bill couldn’t see how it would hurt his plan, so he figured it was fine.

Pine Tree smiled back, then moved himself up to Bill, cuddling up on him. Once relaxed, he let out a chirp sound and it startled Bill. Not only because it was so sudden, but because of what it meant.

“What was that?” Dipper moved back a bit and cleared his throat.

Geez, Pine Tree really had fallen pretty hard for him. “Well, Pine Tree, that was a sound we make when we’re ready to mate. And it was loud. The entire pack probably heard it,” he teased. They probably actually had, but none of them would ever say anything about it.

Dipper groaned and hid his face in his hands. “I didn’t mean to. I-it just kinda happened.”

“It’s alright.” He moved closer to Dipper and wrapped his arm around his shoulders, trying to play off that Dipper had just asked for mating. “I am pretty attractive.”

Dipper splashed some water up at him playfully and met his gaze. “S-so, how come I have all this extra stuff anyway? You look more human than I do.”

Bill shrugged. “I honestly don’t know. It must be something to do with the spell. I’ll have to ask my elder about it.” It would be tricky though. He was going to have to make sure to word things very carefully to Orion so that he didn’t get in trouble. And he was still deciding on what to tell him.

Should he tell him the truth so that he could ask why Dipper had turned out this way? Or should he lie and see where that got him?
Either way, hopefully Orion would have answers that Bill could work with.

“Everything is okay though, right?”

“Of course,” Bill said as he kissed Dipper’s nose. “And if for some reason it’s not, then we’ll fix it. Together.” This gushy stuff was gross to Bill, but Dipper was eating it up, so he figured he could be as cheesy as possible to keep the kid interested.

Dipper seemed to like kisses on the lips, and they didn’t really bother Bill, so he leaned forward and mushed their lips together, trying to make sure Dipper thought he was interested in doing those things.

Once again Pine Tree let out a mating sound, that time blushing like crazy. “Sorry, sorry.”

Bill just chuckled and pulled Dipper close to him again. “Yeesh calm down. We can get to that kind of stuff later,” he laughed. More like never. Not that Bill would care if they did that kind of stuff, it felt good, but he doubted he wanted to do that with Dipper.

“Yikes, these are kind of freaky. Do you have this many teeth?” Dipper was clearly trying to change the subject out of embarrassment, but Bill just played along and watched as he poked at his new teeth.

“No, I only have one sharp set. It’s like you’re built to kill,” he chuckled. “We’ll have to be careful with those.” In other words, he wouldn’t want his secret to slip while Dipper had them, since he wasn’t sure if he would use them or not.

Dipper nodded. “Well, I’ve told you all about my family, so let’s go meet yours!” He grabbed Bill’s hand and tugged at him until he followed, Dipper slipping out of the cave first, then darting around in the water. “Where do they all like, hang out?”

Neptune did he seem to have a lot of energy. Probably just part of his new form. “Under the island. Follow me.” He took Dipper’s hand and pulled him along as they moved passed the rocks and coral in their way.

Bill gave Dipper a moment to take in the view, and ignored the whispers and strange looks that the others were giving them.

Once enough of the others had shown their worry and panic, Orion swam in, presumably following the sound of everyone saying, “what is that?”.

“Bill, what is the meaning of this? Who is that?”

“I found him by the human island.” He put up his hand stopping an outburst from his elder. “Before you get mad, no, I wasn’t messing around over there. I heard him crying out. He was about to get caught in a trap and I figured I’d better help him.”

Orion looked Dipper over then looked back at Bill. “Let’s move this conversation away for a moment, shall we?”

“Sure. Dipper,” Bill turned to look at him and noticed how fascinated he was with the area. “Why don’t you look around for a moment? No one will mess with you, just have a look around the gathering area.”

Though he didn’t look too happy about it, Pine Tree nodded and swam off, slowly at first, but picked up his pace as he found more to look at.
“So he only speaks English then?” Orion said as soon as they were alone.

Bill shrugged. “I guess so.”

“And, you say you found him just today, yes? Did he say how long he’s been in the area?” Orion spoke quickly and started to worry the scales on his arms.

“...No. You seem a little, frightened by him. Why is that?”

He sighed and narrowed his eyes at Bill. “I wouldn’t want to say anything to the others yet, so you’d have to keep this to yourself for now.”

This was weird. Bill hadn’t seen Orion like this since they were still heavily fighting with the humans. “Of course. What is he, if not just a siren?”

“He is a siren. The problem is—”

A loud warning sound from another siren sounded, and Bill immediately recognized it as Dipper crying out for help.

He turned around to see that Tad was bothering him, and bolted towards them. Sure he didn’t really care if Dipper was getting hurt a bit, but Bill was going to show the others that Dipper was his for now, so that they viewed him as someone that shouldn’t be bothered.

“Back off.” He growled at Tad and bared his teeth.

“I didn’t mean to frighten you. I’m sorry.” Tad looked back at Dipper, smiling briefly before returning his attention to Bill. “You back off. I wasn’t doing anything wrong.”

“You think I’m going to believe that? I save someone and bring them home, and a leech like you thinks you can, what, make him like you? You’d probably turn around and backstab him. Something you know how to do well.”

“Let that go Bill. It’s been years! And the recent hunting incident was deserved. You’re too stuck up anymore.” Tad looked back at Dipper who was now clinging to Bill and chuckled. “You haven’t known him a day and yet he clings to you like you’re mates or something,” Tad scoffed. “I bet you manipulated him to like you. That would be just like you, to use your words to trick someone into something that’ll likely hurt them. Dipper, I know coming to a new place is scary, but you shouldn’t trust the first nice face you see.”

“Eat it Tad, I didn’t tell him anything. He’s doing this on his own.” It was just like Tad to try and be higher and mightier than everyone else. Play the good guy. It was annoying.

“Enough,” Orion shouted as he swam over to them. “Bill, a word? Tad, keep an eye on Dipper. Don’t let him swim off.”

Bill went to protest, but Orion glared at him. “Fine. Tad, if you touch one scale on him, so help me I’ll throw you to the humans.” It was easier than expected to pretend to be defensive of Dipper. Acting this all out until the end would be a breeze.

Once Bill started to move, Dipper loosened his grip, but didn’t let go. He made a whining sound and pouted.

“P- Dipper,” Bill groaned. Yikes, almost called him Pine Tree. That would’ve given away too much to the others. “I gotta go. Don’t let Tad fill your head with nonsense though. If he tries to bite, bite
back. Harder.”

“Bill. Come along,” Orion said, a bit annoyed.

Dipper begrudgingly let him go, and gave another whine.

“Oh, I’ll be back,” he chuckled before he swam off with Orion.

He doubted Tad would do anything to him now that Orion put Dipper into his care, and he was super eager to learn what was making Orion on edge about him.

They swam to Orion’s space, the area he would normally have private meetings in, then made sure no one else was around.

“Why is this such a big deal? What is he?” Bill leaned against the wall. It was worrying to know that he may have turned Dipper into something too dangerous to handle.

Orion looked at him and chewed at his bottom lip. “What did he tell you? Did he give you a reason as to why he is in this area?”

“He told me he was separated from his pack a long time ago, when he was young, and that he’s been wandering for a while now, looking for more of our kind.” Hopefully Pine Tree would tell everyone that asked the same lie. If Orion caught him lying about something this big, boy would he be in trouble.

He sighed and put his hand to his chin. “Does he ask about our numbers? Did he ask to be brought to our common area?”

“No. What is he Orion? Why are you so worried? Please tell me.” The more Orion danced around the answer, the more unsettled Bill was. Dipper looked and acted super harmless. Cute, even. What could he be that had Orion acting like this?

“Just a siren. But a siren from the high north, like you said. Where the land is white and mostly baron. Though they are rare, there are packs up there. Because of the harsh climate, they have to be able to hunt pretty much everything. They’ve even been known to cannibalize other packs of sirens.”

Whoa. Bill knew he looked predatory, but a siren that hunted everything and anything seemed crazy. How lucky too that his guess about Dipper being from up north was right too.

“He doesn’t seem to have the intention. And he is way down here, by himself. He couldn’t take out all of us, there’s no way. And he didn’t lie about where he came from. He told me that he was from the north from the start.”

“That’s the thing,” Orion started as he leaned on the wall next to Bill. “They usually have scouts to come scope out the pack they are targeting. Though, you’re right, it doesn’t add up. I highly doubt an entire group would come all the way down here, and he looks way more like a hunter than a scout. Also I’m surprised that this climate isn’t too hot for him.”

Okay, now Bill had to change his plan a little. Good thing he was a quick thinker. “What if I spend a lot of my time with him, try to get him to talk? Maybe befriending him would be in our best interest. That way if he is plotting against us, I’ll find out and be able to warn everyone. And if not, then we have a new, super fast hunter in our pack. Neptune knows we could use him.”

Orion thought it over for a moment and scratched at his chin. “Well, I suppose that would be our best bet at finding him out. Though, if he is against us, it may take more than friendship to get information
from him. And he could be lying if he didn’t feel pressured enough to tell the truth. How far are you willing to go to protect the pack?”

Oh this was rich. He was asking Bill to get Dipper to fake fall in love with him. The human’s emotions seemed to be his ticket to getting what he wanted. “I will do whatever it takes. He’s already pretty attached to me, I think I can handle the rest.”

“Alright. That will be your assignment for now. You are excused from chores and other duties until further notice. Just help protect our family. And yourself. He can outswim you by one hundred times.”

“Of course. I’ll be sure to be careful. Now, I’d better go find him before Tad gets into his head.”

“Please do. And remember, Bill; this stays between us. I don’t need everyone freaking out. It would be unfair to Dipper if he really is just lost and for us to kill him out of fear. We would be just like the humans to kill out of confusion, and I refuse to stoop to their level.”

“I won’t tell a soul.”

“Good. Now that you know what he is, please go to the archives and read up on him when you get the chance. It will help you deal with him, should you need it.”

He nodded, then Bill took his leave and started to swim back to find Dipper.

Since he already knew Dipper wasn’t actually going to bring death to his pack, Orion had just cleared up all the time Bill would need to keep his lie going.

Things were working out perfectly. Dipper would become a part of the pack, get others to like him, then one day, once Bill had the ability to set it up perfectly, Dipper would get caught in a trap. Bill would be sure that Ford himself was the one to catch him, and make sure Dipper wouldn’t be able to talk to tell Ford not to kill him.

Then once it was over, Bill would expose the truth to Ford one way or another, and the man would be devastated. If he was mad enough to fight, then all Bill would have to do to get the others fired up would be to tell them that Ford killed Dipper, who had been part of the pack. If he didn’t want to fight, then he would likely stop killing sirens all together, since he’ll have hopefully learned his lesson about mindlessly killing.

A low tone startled Bill, and he knew that it was from Tad, warning everyone of a human ship that had gotten too close.

Things were nowhere near ready for Dipper to be caught. He had to find him.

“Dipper! ” He called out to him but got no response. “Dipper! Where are you! ” Bill swam closer to the edge of the island, hoping that maybe Dipper was smart enough to go to a place that he and Bill had been before. “Dipper!”

“Bill! ”

It was coming from his cave. Thank Neptune Pine Tree wasn’t a complete idiot. The cave was a great place to hide.

He swam to him quickly, hoping that he was alone and didn’t have Tad with him or something.

Bill was met with a tight hug, Dipper wrapping his tail around his, and making a welcoming sound.
He stiffened at the hug, since he wasn’t quite prepared for it, but relaxed soon after so that Dipper didn’t realize that the hug wasn’t very welcome. “What happened?” he asked quietly.

“Tad got caught in a trap. I got him out, but the tramps got to us pretty quickly, so now they’re anchored close by. Probably about a quarter of the way from Gravity Falls.”

“Okay.” Bill put his hand on Dipper’s head, running his fingers through his curls. Pine Tree was happier to see him than Bill thought he would be. “We’re just going to have to wait until a scout gives us the all clear. It could be a while.”

“Mm, that’s okay,” Dipper said as he squeezed Bill a little. “I could stay like this for a long time.”

He was really happy to see Bill. Maybe it would be a little hard to throw him to Ford. Not like he was going to throw all he’s worked for away because of it, but, still. “Me too, Pine Tree.”

Dipper let out a relaxed sigh and rested his head on Bill’s chest, which made Bill relax too. Even though Dipper was just for him to get back at Ford, didn’t mean that he couldn’t enjoy the pleasantries along the way.

After a while, a sound from another siren let Bill know that the coast was clear. He went to move, but found that Dipper had fallen asleep on him.

No wonder the kid hadn’t talked his ear off, he was out cold.

Bill chuckled and nudged him a bit. “Hey, Dipper.”

He let out a groan and shifted a little. “I’m sleepin’,” he mumbled.

“Yeah, I can see that,” Bill laughed. “But we need to get up. We need to get you home soon.”

Dipper got up and looked above him, seeing that the sun was getting close to setting. “Mmkay.” He unwrapped himself from Bill and stretched. “This tail gets cramped too easily.”

“That’ll go away once you get more used to it, I’m sure. You okay to swim?”

He nodded. “I’ll be okay.”

“Alright. Let’s get going then.”

They swam back to the island in silence, and by time they got there, the sun was pretty much set, and the stars were out.

“What will you tell them about me being gone?” Dipper asked as they got to the beach.

“I’ll think of something. I’m really good at coming up with stuff on the spot.”

Dipper pulled himself up onto the beach, making sure that he was out of the water. “Stay with me until I change?”

“Of course.”

It didn’t take too long for a flash of light to engulf Dipper, bringing back his legs. Though, he was panting and had his face scrunched up.

“Changing is not fun,” he whined. “But it’s worth it if it’s for you.”
Bill smiled up at him while Pine Tree pulled his clothes back on. This kid really would do anything for him. He shook his head a little and rubbed his face. That didn’t mean that Bill had to feel bad about what he was doing. He needed to stop thinking like that.

“Thank god my clothes and bag didn’t get soaked or anything.” Dipper put the bag over his shoulder, then kneeled as close to the water as he could. “I’m going to miss you. Swimming was a lot of fun.”

Bill put his hand on Dipper’s cheek and pulled him into a kiss. “I’ll miss you too, Pine Tree. Good luck with the family.”

“Same to you,” he chuckled. He cleared his throat and looked down for a moment. “I love you.”

Ugh. Every time he said it Bill couldn’t help but feel… something. Something in his gut always stirred at those words. “I love you too,” he forced out. Hopefully it didn’t sound forced to Dipper.

“See you tomorrow? Same time? Also, did you want to spend time in the water, or on land?”

Neptune did Bill not want to go on land. Hopefully he wouldn’t need to at any point, and he would be able to just keep lying to Dipper.

“I say we spend tomorrow doing some swimming exercises. It might be boring, but I’d like to see what you can do. My elder said that northern sirens such as yourself are built for speed, and I’d like to see what you can do. And it wouldn’t hurt for you to get more used to your tail.”

Dipper nodded. “Okay. I’ll see you then.”

Bill kissed his nose and patted his cheek. “I’ll see you then Pine Tree.”

He watched Dipper walk off, then once he was out of sight, he let out a sigh.

There was a lot he was getting away with, and luck was apparently on his side. He had guessed Dipper being from up north, and was glad that that had worked out. Orion giving him free time was lucky too, and honestly Bill felt like he was going to completely get away with what he was doing.

As he swam back, he thought he’d better go read up on Dipper before he went to bed. It wouldn’t be fun, staying up late reading, but if it meant keeping things going smoothly, then Bill didn’t mind. He had to keep this lie going. If the truth came out after everything was said and done, then so be it, but for now he had to keep it up.

The archive was still empty of any others, so Bill had no trouble finding his reading material and settling in a spot to read.

This would be easy. Things would go perfectly, and Bill was going to get his revenge.

“Nothing personal Pine Tree. But I have a score to settle.”

Chapter End Notes

I'm not even sorry for the next chapter. It's both adorable and terrifying, so prepare yourselves. Also it will be pretty long, so it may take a while to get it out :p
Thanks for reading :3 Comments and kudos are greatly appreciated :D <3
So this chapter is a little heavy. Dipper learns that being a siren in a family of siren hunters is a lot scarier than he first thought.

I hope you all enjoy it :3

It was a little late when Dipper finally made it home. He was sure his family was still up, waiting on him to get home, so he figured he’d let them know that he was back so that they could go to bed.

“So, how’d it go?” Mabel was in the sitting room, sewing a pair of her pants that had torn during her training. Ford and Stan must’ve been doing some more intense stuff in the training classes for her to have ripped part of an outfit.

“Great,” he beamed. He had to tone down his happiness a bit though. He didn’t need her asking a bunch of questions, since he wasn’t exactly the best at coming up with stuff on the spot. “It, uh, went as expected.”

“As expected? Whoa, did you make one of your silly plans and follow it super closely? The poor girl was probably bored to death Dipper!” She giggled.

He waved his hand at her and rolled his eyes. “Trust me, it was anything but boring.”

“Sure, sure. Anyway, the old men wanted to talk with us once you were home. They’re waiting in Ford’s study.” She set her supplies down and stood, arching her back to stretch. “I needed a good break anyway.”

As they walked, Dipper grew nervous. What could they want? How unsettling that they wanted to talk the day Dipper had changed into a siren. Hopefully they were just wanting to talk about chores or something.

Mabel knocked on the door twice before opening it, then ushered Dipper inside.

Ford and Stan were near his desk, Ford reading an old looking book and Stan pacing in a small stretch of the room.

“Dip’s finally home!” She plopped down into the office chair, her dress puffing up at the sides. “So what’s up?”

Dipper stood nervously by the door while he waited for either of the grunkles to say something. He was desperately hoping that they hadn’t somehow found out about him and Bill. Oh god, what would they do to Bill if they did find out? They’d probably kill him. No. Dipper wouldn’t let them. He would protect Bill.

“We have a potential problem.” Ford closed his book and showed the cover of it to the younger twins.
It was in a foreign language that Dipper didn’t quite recognize.


“No,” Ford groaned. “What the book is about. Sirens. But not the kind we’re used to.”

Dipper stiffened and gulped. “Wh-what kind of sirens?”

He opened the book again, flipping to a specific page before turning it to show them.

The siren in the picture looked like Dipper did. This one had been colored a much lighter blue though, nearly white, and its eyes looked bigger while the claws looked smaller.

“This, is a siren from the high north. They’re extremely deadly, and eat just about everything. Their songs have been known to lure in anything they want it to, including other sirens. Our problem is that I have reason to believe at least one of these things is here.”

Mabel gasped. “How can you be sure?”

He set the book on his desk and crossed his arms, looking down at his boots. “One of the traps was set off earlier today. When the boat reached it, the net had been chewed through. Sirens from this area can’t bite through our ropes. The only ones that we know of that can, are the northern sirens.”

“Not to mention that the guy on the ship said when he looked into the water he could see a siren that was practically glowing, and ones here don’t do that,” Stan added.

Dipper felt himself tremble. He didn’t know whether to laugh or cry. He had accidentally shown himself and apparently he was terrifying. He didn’t feel that powerful though. Sure he could swim pretty fast, but there was no part of him that felt vicious by any means.

“Well, what does this mean? Are we in danger? What does this new siren bring to the table?” Mabel leaned forward and rested her elbows on her knees. “Should we be worried?”

Ford shrugged. “Well, it could mean two things. First, these sirens usually hunt in packs. They could be coming to cannibalize the pack that is here, and we’d be stuck with even worse sirens. But, it wouldn’t be permanent, since they couldn’t stay here for long. This climate is much too hot for them, and they wouldn’t survive in it. Second, it could just mean that they have one, or a few here to help them. They may be planning another attack, one using the new siren, or sirens.”

Mabel hummed for a moment. “So the first would be the one we would be hoping for. That they’re here to eat the others, then eventually move on.”

“Jesus,” Dipper breathed. He couldn’t imagine eating anyone. The thought honestly made him feel sick, and he had to lean against the wall.

“Are you okay Dipper?” His twin stood up and went to his side, putting her hand on his back. “I know this is kind of scary news, but we need to hear it. If either of those things are true, we need to ready ourselves.”

“Mabel’s right. There’s no sense in getting faint over the thought of some blood being shed. We need to make a battle plan if they are trying to attack us. We need to stay on our toes, and move quickly at the slightest sign of any movement from them.” Stan stopped his pacing and nodded to Ford. “We should up the training for the kids. Dipper, how’s trapping been going for you?”

All eyes fell on him and he took in a shaky breath. “G-good. I, uh, I’ve been able to do some of the
bigger ones.” He cleared his throat. This was bad.

“Good. We’ll likely need help setting more traps further out, possibly even around other islands. I expect you to be able to go out on a ship with the others to help. Mabel, pumpkin, you’ll need to assist me and the other old coot with weaponry. Do you both understand?”

Dipper nodded but felt like he might pass out. He couldn’t go out on a ship. What if he got wet? One strong wave and he was done for.

“Alright, well, we can discuss this further tomorrow. You two go and get some sleep.” Ford dismissed them, and went back to reading the book.

Mabel went back to her sewing work, and Dipper went to his room.

He had to lie down after that.

Ford was taking his presence as an attack, and he had no real way of telling him that it wasn’t to be worried about.

Dipper fell onto his bed and sighed. If their secret came out, he had no idea how his family would react. What if… What if Ford killed both of them?

No, none of his family would be able to. If there was one thing he was sure of, it was that they loved him. Bill on the other hand… he would probably have to protect him and his family. Hopefully he would be able to.

He fixed himself so that he was in a more comfortable position, then sighed. Man he couldn’t wait until he and Bill could just fully be together without having to worry about their families so much.

To be able to just lie in bed with him and sleep next to each other, to go for walks, and swims whenever they felt like it, explore the waters, maybe even the world together. It sounded so nice.

He squeezed the blanket and sighed. He missed Bill already. Like, really badly.

Chirp.

Oh. God. Had he just- But he wasn’t even in his siren form! Dipper paled and put his hand over his mouth. That was so loud, everyone probably heard it. Fuck.

He got out of bed quickly and tapped his foot, panicking while trying to think of what to do. The others were probably freaking out.

Maybe they would ignore it if it didn’t happen again? He would have to try really hard not to think of anything that made him too emotional, because his body seemed to have the need to make what he was feeling loud and clear.

He sucked in a deep breath when his door flew open, Mabel standing there in her pants and undershirt, with a sword on her hip.

“Dipper, remember what Ford was just warning us about? Well, we’re going on patrol tonight.”

“P-patrol? We haven’t needed to do one of those in months though.” Patrol seemed a little drastic for one chirp. They didn’t need to go stand around the edges of the island just because Dipper was missing Bill.

She took his hand, took a knife from her belt and slipped it into his, then started to pull him out of his
room. “Good thing you hadn’t changed your clothes yet. Ford wants us at the docks right away. He thinks the sirens might hit there first.”

Dipper didn’t respond, but instead just went limp and allowed himself to be dragged out of the house.

“Ford and Stan should be there by now, telling the trapsmen where to go out to. We’re meeting up with them at the cell house,” she explained as they walked through the town.

The cell house? Ford wasn’t joking about taking this seriously. He was acting like they were fully at war again. They only needed to use that building when they were keeping sirens prisoners, interrogating or torturing them.

He shivered at the thought. It was dark and cruel what they had done to them.

“Mabel, don’t you think this is… a bit drastic?”

She stopped and spun around, glaring at Dipper. “We have reason to believe that the things that killed our parents are trying to attack us again, and you don’t want to be super careful? Dipper even if this is a false alarm, don’t you want to be ready in case one day it isn’t? What if one of us gets killed because we weren’t cautious enough?”

Dipper looked down at his feet. He couldn’t explain to her why she shouldn’t be worrying, so he would just have to play along for now. “You’re right. Sorry. This just freaks me out.”

“I know,” she sighed. “But we have to be brave and deal with it. One moment of weakness and these things will eat you. We’re both going to have those moments though, so we have to agree to be there for each other when we do.”

“Okay.”

They walked the rest of the way in a silence that was a little unsettling. Everyone in town was either in bed or just hiding in their homes. Dipper’s cry was probably loud enough that everyone had heard it. God, why did it have to be so loud?

“Kids, perfect timing.” Stan was waiting in front of the longest dock that was next to the cell house, fixing his long brown coat so that it was covering his sword. “Ford just got done assigning posts, and you two are old enough that we think you can do it solo. Dipper, you’ll be at this dock, and Mabel, you’ll be posted a few yards east on the meat dock.” He handed them the small warning whistles and sighed. “I hope neither of ya have to use these, but don’t be afraid to. It’ll let us know if you need help.”

They nodded in unison.

“Alright, I’m going to be closer to the east side of the island, and Ford will be on the west. Stay safe kiddos.” He ruffled their hair then set off, leaving the two alone.

“How exciting! Our first solo patrol.” She hugged Dipper and squeezed him tightly. “Be safe okay?”

He nodded. “You do the same.”

They parted ways and Dipper slowly walked out to the middle of the pier. There were low-light lanterns along the sides, giving the wood a soft golden glow, and making the water around him as black as the sky above him. Luckily the moon was nearing fullness, so he had a little bit of extra light, which would be nice since he didn’t want to fall into blackness if he was out long enough for
the lanterns to go out.

He stood there for a while, the only sounds being the slight creaking of the wood under his feet, and the water sloshing around underneath the pier.

The sea was so calm right now. So peaceful. So… welcoming. It made him want to just jump in and go for a swim.

If only he could go see Bill right now. He was likely asleep, but Dipper figured he wouldn’t mind being woken up to see each other.

But, he couldn’t do that. Couldn’t let the nice cool water run through his hair, couldn’t cuddle up with Bill…

A wave hit up against the pier and a single droplet of water, not even remotely big enough to worry about, splashed up onto Dipper’s cheek. It felt nice.

He tapped his foot and continued to look out at the water. This patrol was taking forever. And he really, really wanted to get into the water. Swimming was so much fun, and it felt great to be so free, rather than stuck looking for something that wasn’t there.

Maybe a quick swim… wouldn’t hurt…

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Mabel was getting bored, she wasn’t going to lie. Not like she wanted anything to happen, but still. This seemed a bit silly. Maybe Dipper had been right about this being a little much.

Though, he had been acting weird ever since he got this mysterious girlfriend. He was never one for hunting, and she was glad that whoever she was got him into trapping, but… he didn’t seem like himself.

Maybe being in love really did change a person. Was he in love? If so, why would he not tell Mabel the details? They had always been so close, especially after their parents had died, why wouldn’t he let her meet this girl? What if she never met her until the wedding?

No, Dipper wouldn’t hide her that long. Hopefully.

Perhaps there was something about her that he was… ashamed of? Dipper wasn’t the type to care about those kinds of things though, why would he feel the need to hide her?

Mabel huffed. Dipper could be so frustrating sometimes.

She looked over in his direction, his silhouette being the only thing she could see. It looked like he was pacing back and forth, kind of like he was uncomfortable. Maybe she should go check on him. Leaving her post could be bad though…

His pacing stopped, and he paused for a moment before walking slowly towards the end of the pier.
Weird that he was going out that far. Had he seen something? She looked out at the water in front of him, but it looked as still as before.

Dipper continued to walk, getting dangerously close to the edge.

“Dipper? Dipper!” She’d better go check on him.

Mabel started to walk down her pier to go get him, keeping an eye on him.

He didn’t stop walking. Dipper reached the edge, then just fell right into the water.

“Dipper!” She yelled out for him as loud as she could, breaking out into a sprint. She put her whistle to her lips and blew so hard that the thing felt like it might give out.

By time she reached the end of his pier, the water was barely still rippling. There was an awful lot of bubbles, which scared her to no end. Dipper might be struggling to fight something.

“Dipper!” She cried out. She was going to help him. She took her belt off, tossing it and the sword to the side, then started to take her shoes off.

“Mabel!” Stan ran up the pier just in time, grabbing Mabel’s shoulder and stopping her from diving in.

“I have to help him! He fell in! Something took him!” She was struggling against his grasp and nearly broke free, but Ford was then there, helping hold her in place. “You have to let me go! I have to help him! I can’t lose him!”

Stan pulled her into a hug, stopping the struggling, but bringing on sobs.

Ford looked into the water and sighed, clenching his fists. “What happened exactly Mabel?”

“H-he just, walked off. He lo-looked so… gone. He’s gone,” she whimpered.

Stan rubbed her back and shushed her. “Did you hear anything? Signing?”

“No, that’s the weird thing,” she said taking slow breaths. She had to calm down. “He was pacing, he looked so uncomfortable. Th-then he just started walking, and didn’t s-stop. I couldn’t stop him.” She sobbed again and hid her face in Stan’s chest.

No, she hadn’t been fast enough. She didn’t save Dipper. She didn’t have his back. Now he was gone.

“What do we do now Ford?” Stan continued to rub Mabel’s back as he spoke.

Ford looked up and stared at Mabel for a moment. “We find them. They’ve taken too much from this family already, this was the last straw. Send out the boats, we’re lining the ocean floor with traps and nets. Get her home first though.”

“No,” Mabel snapped. “I’m helping. They took Dipper from me. I’m not going to rest until I find the thing that did this. It’s going to pay for this.” She looked back at Ford, seeing that he was going to try and stop her. “You would do the same for Stan.”

“Let the kid do it. We’re all emotionally upset right now, we shouldn’t separate ourselves. The Pines family’s number is dwindling, we don’t need it even lower from any of us doing something drastic.”

He sighed and nodded. “Alright, alright. We’ll go to the beach to have a meeting with all of the
hunters and trappers. We can discuss our course of action once everyone is assembled there.”

Mabel nodded and took a step back from Stan, taking in a few deep breaths. She was going to find the siren that took Dipper. And she wasn’t going to hold back when she did.

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The cool water surrounded Dipper, engulfing him quickly, the inky blackness making it almost feel like he had fallen into a comfortable abyss. It was such an amazing feeling, the coolness of the water rushing over his skin.

He snapped back to attention when the pain started. It started in his legs, then went up his spine, making him shout, the water filling his lungs awkwardly since he was mid change.

He was wearing his clothes too, how was that going to work? Likely it wouldn’t be a comfortable experience once he was fully changed.

After all of the bubbles cleared, Dipper wiggled around and found that he was still wearing his shirt, but there was no sign of his pants over his tail. Weird. He’d have to figure that out later.

He heard shouting from above, and the panic set in.

Of course someone would have noticed that he had gone in. It was likely Mabel too. Oh God, they would probably think he was dead, he had to fix this.

What could he do though? First, he had to swim away from where he had fallen in, just in case someone decided to start shooting harpoons or something into the water.

Once he was a safe distance away, Dipper started to pace, scratching at the fins on his arms.

He had to go back, he couldn’t just let them all think he was dead. They were probably already starting to set some big stuff into motion.

Ugh, what was with his body? He couldn’t control it and it was becoming a big problem.

A strange, low growl came from his throat which just frustrated him more. Every emotion had to be punctuated with some noise, didn’t it? Why did sirens have to be so expressive? Bill didn’t seem to be like this. Maybe it was because Dipper somehow ended up as a different breed. Or maybe Bill just had better control over it.

He needed to talk to Bill about this. There was no way he could do it now though, he still needed to deal with making sure his family didn’t think he was dead.

Okay, so he could go to the cove, dry off, then make his way back home. As for what happened, well… he could say that a siren grabbed him and that he just fought it off. They would likely believe that, especially since they’ll probably be too relieved to question much at the time. That would at least buy him time to think of more to say.

He swam quickly, making great time. That is, until he heard a weird clink sound, that made him pause.

Cold metal snapped up onto his arm and he yelped, trying not to move too much. He had just swam
into his own freaking trap. He hadn’t been paying attention, and now he was caught, and bleeding.

Luckily no one would be monitoring his traps, since he was the only one who knew where they were, but still, this sucked.

Moving carefully, Dipper winced and let his free hand find the release latch, popping the small, metal trap off his arm.

Tears disappeared into the water around him, and Dipper grabbed at his arm, swimming much slower as he reached the rocks on the cove’s beach.

Thankfully no one was posted there, and Dipper was able to pull himself out of the water with a lot of swearing and flinching. His entire sleeve was soaked in blood, and he knew he’d better dry off fast so that he could get medical attention.

As he sat in the sand, Dipper cursed himself. If only he had been able to control himself, none of this would be happening. It was like his brain no longer wanted to be human, and just wanted to spend all of his time swimming.

He shook his head and ran his hand through his still wet hair. This was going to take forever. The sun wasn’t out to help dry him, and there wasn’t even a breeze either.

Dipper sat for a good half hour waiting for his tail to dry, putting as much pressure on his arm as he could. Eventually everything started to hurt, and after an agonizing minute or so and a flash of light, Dipper had his legs back.

Somehow, probably from the magic, he still had pants on, and he thanked God that he had at least that one good thing happen tonight. In fact, his clothes and hair were still slightly damp, so it would help the illusion that he had been pulled under water. If he had shown up in dry clothes, that would’ve looked really suspicious.

The walk along the beach was terrible. Dipper felt like passing out, and he sniffled multiple times, his head feeling like it was ready to explode. It would be just his luck to catch a cold from this.

He reached the beach, finding that a large group of people were gathered, listening to a loud, booming voice. It sounded like Ford.

Mabel was standing next to him, her face red and wet. She looked so ready to punch something right then and it made Dipper smile a little. Mabel was always so strong.

For some reason or another, her gaze shifted from the crowd, looking as if she were going to look out to the water, but instead met Dipper’s. She froze and stared at him for a moment, watching as he fell to his knees, unable to keep himself standing from the blood loss.

She dashed over to him, crying out his name. “Dipper! Oh my god! Dipper!” She pulled him into a tight hug, alarmed by his weak response.

The others had noticed her commotion too, and a few rushed over, Ford and Stan following Mabel and pulling both of the twins into a group hug.

“We thought we had lost you, what happened?” Ford asked as he moved back from the hug.

“I… fought it off. I’ve been bleeding, for a while now,” he slurred. “Probably should fix it.”

“Of course, let’s get you home and a doctor to fix you up.”
Stan carried Dipper home, Mabel ripping her shirt to tie around his arm until the doctor could patch it up. The cuts weren’t too deep, he wouldn’t need anything too big done, but he would have issues swimming for a while because of it.

Once they got the bleeding stopped and the arm bandaged, Mabel escorted Dipper to his room, insisting that she take care of him.

“Mabel, I’m fine now. I just want to go to bed. It’s already five AM. The sun’s coming up. You should sleep as well, it’s been a long night,” he said as he laid down.

She grabbed his hand and he could feel that she was shaking a little. “Dipper, I thought I lost you. I thought—” she stopped herself, stifling a sob. “You were gone Dipper,” she said softly.

“I know.” It hurt him to see that his stupid body had hurt his sister like this. That one little mess up had caused a lot of heartache. He couldn’t even imagine what it would feel like, thinking that he lost Mabel. She was probably cut so deeply by it. “I’m sorry Mabel.”

“It wasn’t your fault Dip. It was that nasty creature’s. We’ll get it. Ford said we’re going to have everyone set aside a day this week to set up a battle plan. The sirens are clearly up to something again.”

Dipper cringed. He was too tired to argue with her, or anyone else right then though, so he would just have to nod and figure it out later. Before he made any decisions, he needed to talk to Bill.

“Okay. We do still need sleep though. I don’t think I can keep my eyes open much longer.”

She chuckled and nodded. “Alright, I’ll leave you be. Are you still going to go out tomorrow?”

He nodded. “I almost died, I want to have some quality time with all my loved ones.”

“So you do love her,” Mabel said quietly. “Well, just tell her I said hello. And to please consider meeting me at some point. I don’t want to see her face for the first time while you two are saying your vows.”

Dipper laughed. “Oh Mabel. I love you.”

“I love you too Dipdop.” She turned and opened the door, pausing to look back for a moment. “We need to spend a day with each other soon. I miss our quality time.”

“Of course. We’ll plan a day,” he yawned. “Good night sis.”

“Night bro-bro.”

The door closed and Dipper sighed. He had a lot to deal with when he woke up. It made him feel anxious, but not so much that he couldn’t sleep. God was he tired. What a long, horrible night and morning that had been. And when he woke up later in the day, it wasn’t going to be any easier.

He took a deep breath, letting himself relax. Sleep now. Worry later. He could think about all of the bad stuff later. For now, he was just going to enjoy how soft and warm his bed was.
Yikes, Dipdop is having some trouble controlling those siren urges. Hopefully that won't be a problem... ;D

Thanks for reading :3 Comment and Kudos are always appreciated <3
Dipper was woken up by Mabel hours later. She was sitting on his bed, lightly rocking him while murmuring his name.

“Dip? Dipdop? If you still want to go see that girl, you’ll need to get up now. The Stan’s didn’t want you to go out, but I’ve got them distracted, so if you hurry you can still make it.” She smiled at him and helped him sit up.

“Thank you Mabel. You’re the best.” He smiled back and rubbed at his arm where the trap had cut into him.

“Anything for you bro-bro. Does your arm hurt? I should probably look at it.” Mabel reached forward to touch it, but Dipper moved back.

He couldn’t let them see the cuts in better lighting, since they were obviously too clean to be from teeth. The doctor hadn’t questioned it last night, but he was too busy trying to get the bleeding to stop to examine them too closely.

“Oh, no it’s fine. I’ll change the bandages on it before I go. Thanks though.” He gave another weak smile, hoping that she would buy it.

“Okay. Do you need any help doing anything before you go? Do you want me to bring food up here for you?”

Dipper tilted his head at her. She was being really helpful. Of course, he would probably be doing the same thing if he had thought Mabel almost died. She was likely just trying to be super nice so that he realized how much it had scared her, and how much she loved him. “I’m okay. Thank you though Mabel. I love you too. Don’t worry so much about me though. As we learned last night, I can take care of myself.”

She gave a weak smile and nodded. “I know,” she said softly. “I was just so scared Dipper. I’ve never cried so hard in my life.” A tear ran down her cheek leaving an obvious streak down her olive colored skin.

He pulled her into a hug, ignoring his arm which was stinging at the movement. “I’m sorry Mabel. I didn’t mean to put you through that. It won’t happen again, I won’t let it.”
“Okay,” she murmured into his shoulder. After a moment, she pulled back and wiped her face off quickly, clearing her throat. “You need to go. I can only keep the old men occupied so long.” She stood and nodded. “Right. Hurry up.”

“Yes ma’am,” he teased.

Once Mabel had left the room, Dipper hurriedly changed his clothes, wincing at his arm. Luckily he had the first aid supplies in his room, so he was able to take the old bandages off and put the new ones on.

The wounds, though they were still pretty deep, had already healed a good amount. They looked as if he had got the wound days ago, rather than just a few hours. The siren healing abilities at least came in handy.

He frowned at them, remembering what had caused the whole ordeal. Dipper hadn’t been able to control himself. The water like… called to him or something. It had felt so wrong to be on land, his legs feeling shaky at the thought of swimming.

Dipper shook his head, clearing his thoughts. He needed to hurry if he was going to meet up with Bill.

Moving quickly and quietly, Dipper snuck out of the house, avoiding all of the help and even Mabel at one point, just to be sure that there were no more hold ups. He really did need to talk to Bill about what had happened.

Through town, Dipper made sure to keep his head down, not wanting to answer questions about last night from curious people in town. He didn’t want to be late seeing Bill. He really wanted to spend time with him. Being away from him was almost as uncomfortable as being out of the water had been.

He found himself nearly running when he got closer to the cove, almost tripping on sand or the rocks he had to maneuver around.

Bill as already sitting on the beach, tail in the water, flipping it absentmindedly. “Pine Tree, there you are. I was starting to ge-”

Dipper cut him off with a hug, falling so hard onto his knees that he almost yelped from the pain. He didn’t mind it though, because now he had Bill in his arms, and that made him ignore any pain his body was feeling.

“Everything okay?” Bill hesitantly hugged back, and Dipper felt himself start to shake.

“No,” he whimpered. Through a shaky voice, Dipper explained what had happened the night before to him, and by time he was done, he had a few tears streaming down his face. “I was so scared. I put them through something so horrible just because I couldn’t control my stupid body.”

Bill didn’t say anything for a little while, continuing to just hold Dipper. “Your body isn’t stupid,” he finally said softly. “It’s probably just the spell being weird. I’ll find a way to fix it. Until then, how about we take a break from the water for today? Show me your world.”

“Really?” Dipper pulled back from the hug, just enough to look at Bill.

“Yeah. Go get me some of these,” he said pinching at Dipper’s shirt “while I dry off. Hurry back though, okay?”
He stared at Bill wide-eyed for a moment before a large grin spread on his lips. It was going to be so exciting to show Bill the island. Gravity Falls had so many interesting places to see, so many cool shops and buildings, and the library was pretty big for being on an island.

“Okay.” Dipper bounced up and almost ran off, but before he did, he stole a quick kiss from Bill. “I’ll be right back.”

Nearly skipping, Dipper back tracked through the island to the manor, again being careful to hide from people that seemed like they might try to stop and talk to him.

In the manor, Dipper had to duck behind a few walls, carefully looking around corners to be sure that the coast was clear.

He finally made it into his room, closing the door as quietly as he could. Bill seemed to be about the same size as him, maybe a bit smaller, so it wouldn’t be hard to just use his clothes.

Grabbing a white undershirt, brown slacks, a black vest, and a pair of his spare shoes, Dipper made his way back out, shoving the outfit into his bag carefully so that he didn’t mess up his notebook.

As he passed the sitting area, he paused, hearing the Stan’s voices coming from inside the room.

“I just can’t believe the kid would still go out after what happened! Is he that thick skulled? He’s hurt!” Dipper could hear Stan’s heavy boots hit the ground as he paced.

“Stanley, you’re the one who was saying that he’s his own man now. I know what happened was frightening, but Dipper managed to fight off a siren, the northern siren no less, and swim back to the island. The kid can take care of himself.”

How had he known that Dipper was the siren that was there? He leaned in closer, making sure not to be seen or heard eavesdropping.

“Yeah, yeah. We need to find a way to get rid of that thing. It can probably break out of most of our traps though.”

“True, but it makes itself an easy target with those glowing scales. Seeing them last night gave me an idea. If we can have someone on the lookout for it, I can develop a trap that will knock it unconscious before grabbing it. The design I’m thinking of will need to be set above the water, which works, since we can spot the thing from the surface.”

Stan sighed. “Alright, I’ll let you do all the nerd work with that. I’m still worried about the kid though. Sure he’s been picking up things now, but he’s still… Dipper. The clumsy, awkward… kid. They’re just kids Ford.”

The chair Ford had been in creaked as he stood, Dipper assuming he was going over to comfort Stan.

“I know Stanley. I was worried we had lost him too. I promise we won’t be putting them in harm's way again. From now on, they get to work inland, and we are not sending Dipper out with the trapsmen. They’ll be just as useful up here.”

Their conversation veered to other things, and Dipper made his leave.

It was a huge relief to know that he wasn’t going to have to worry about being out on a boat. Mabel wasn’t going to be too thrilled about having to stay inland, but it was nice to know that she wouldn’t be in the way if things did go to hell for some reason.
Dipper made it back to the cove in no time, his excitement to see Bill again visible by the smile on his face.

“Finally, what took you so long? I’ve been sitting with these legs for a while now. They’re really awkward.” Bill was sitting on the sand, arms crossed in a huff.

His new legs now matched the rest of his body, pale and covered in freckles that were in place of where his scales usually were, a few coming across the bridge of his nose and speckling his cheeks even though he didn’t have scales there. His blond hair was a mess, but in such a way that it almost looked as if he had done it that way himself, the short length of it giving him the freedom of not to having to keep it untangled.

“Sorry,” Dipper chuckled, breaking his stare. “Had to be sneaky. Here,” he said as he tossed the clothes to Bill. “They might be a bit big. You’re smaller than I thought.”

Bill glared at him. “I am not small.”

He laughed and grabbed Bill’s hand, pulling him up onto his feet. He had to keep hold of him, since Bill couldn’t keep himself up at first. “You’re nearly a foot shorter than I am!”

“Is tallness a thing humans care about? I don’t see the appeal,” he huffed.

Dipper pulled him into a hug, holding him for a moment before becoming very aware that Bill was still naked. He cleared his throat and gestured to the clothes. “Let’s go ahead and put those on.”

After an awkward little while of Dipper helping Bill get dressed, the two made their way back up into the island, Bill holding on to Dipper for support, and because Dipper could see that he was extremely nervous.

“You doing okay? I know this is probably a little scary.”

Bill threw another glare at him and pouted. “I am not scared. These legs are just hard to get used to. Walking is admittedly harder than swimming.” He squeezed Dipper’s hand, Dipper noticing that Bill’s skin had stayed extremely soft.

“I guess it is. I have yet to eat, would you like that to be our first stop?” Dipper let his hand slide out of Bill’s as they reached the part of town that people were walking around in.

Bill made a noise of disapproval. “I’d like to try human food, yes, but why did you let go of my hand? I… was enjoying it.”

“Oh, well, humans don’t really look too kindly on same sex relationships. We know it happens, but some people just frown upon it, and I’d rather not subject you to the harsh words some people may say about us.”

The blond gave him a look of disbelief. “Seriously? That’s so rude. We don’t care who you mate with. Sure we don’t like it when the breeding season is on, but so long as the pack is healthy, we can do what we want.”

Dipper shrugged. “It’s just how it is up here. Now come on, let’s go get something to eat.”

He decided that Bill would probably do best with meat, so he took them to a place that was towards the docks that made fish in every way Dipper could imagine, and occasionally when they had it in, steak and other dishes with cow in it.
“This place smells of death.” Bill scrunched up his nose and put his nearly too long sleeve up to his face. “I guess my sense of smell has stayed with me.”

“Sorry. I promise the food will be worth it.”

They sat at one of the tables, Dipper having to usher Bill to his own side of it.

“I’m sorry, I told you though, we can’t be all touchy out here. People don’t like it.”

Bill huffed. “Fine.” He took a look around the pub, taking in the scene of the dark, wooden tables and chairs, the stain glass windows along the top of the walls, and the tall bar where a few women were serving drinks. “You humans are so… chaotic.”

“Yeah,” Dipper laughed. “Alcohol will do that to you.”

“Can I try some? I want to prove that I can keep myself composed. You are all just weak.”

It would probably be a bad idea to get a siren drunk… but Dipper also kind of wanted to see Bill being loopy. It would probably be adorable. “I don’t know. Just a little bit. I have a bit of a tolerance for it, so I’ll order one for me and you can taste it, okay?”

“Sounds good to me.”

Susan, the plump lady who owned the pub, came over to them, one hand on her hip, her green dress and white apron swaying as she walked. “What can I do for you boys? Dipper, who’s your friend? Haven’t seen you around here before.”

Bill looked to Dipper, eyes wide, clearly unsure of what to say.

“Uh, this is Bill. He’s visiting from out of town. I figured I’d show him around.”

“Oh, well, what would you like to try? I have a little bit of everything right now.” She flipped her graying hair back, and leaned in to listen to Dipper, since the crowd inside was a bit loud.

“We both want just a fish filet with lemon. Please make sure there aren’t any onions or carrots on them though. He hates them. Oh, and a pint of beer, please.” Dipper gave her a smile, hoping that she wouldn’t dwell on the onion and carrot thing. He wasn’t sure how many people knew that sirens couldn’t eat them.

“Sure thing hun! I’ll have that right out for you. Oh, and how are you doing today? I heard about last night. Those nasty sirens. I’m glad you’re okay.”

Dipper cleared his throat and could see Bill glare at her from the corner of his eye. “Fine. I’m fine. Thanks.”

“Well alright. I’ll be back out soon.” She sauntered off, heading behind the bar to talk to the man in the kitchen.

Bill looked down at the table and bit at his lip, his anger subsiding. “Thanks for making sure I can actually eat it. And uh, nice cover up too.”

Dipper waved his hand at him. “Of course. And thanks. I’m usually no good at thinking on my feet, but that was a decent cover. S-sorry about what she said. The people here think that you’re the bad guy still.”

He shrugged. “Neither side is exactly the good guy in this. Albeit you guys did kind of start it, by
over fishing.”

“Yeah, yeah, I know. I’m still hoping that we can come to some sort of truce, for good. Tad told me that you’re kind of next in charge. Is that true?”

Bill narrowed his eyes at the mention of Tad’s name. “I suppose it is. Why?”

“Well, with you in charge of the sirens, and me kind of next to be in charge of the island, then that would work out perfectly. We could lead everyone to peace.”

He blinked at Dipper a few times, mouth slightly open as if he were wanting to say something. “We’ll see,” was all he said.

Before Dipper could talk more about it, Susan came back with their food, giving Dipper the beer.

“You two enjoy! Let me know if you need anything else.”

“Thank you,” Dipper smiled.

Bill sniffed at the plate, poking the fish with his finger. “It’s hot.”

“Yeah, we have to cook the fish before we can eat it. Our bodies can’t handle it raw like yours can. Well, ours now, I guess. Whatever, just eat it like I do.” Dipper picked up the fork, moving slowly so that Bill could copy his actions.

The two successfully ate a good portion of their food, Bill humming at the taste.

“Pine Tree, this is good. Who knew humans knew how to do something this delicious. Can I try some of the alcohol now?” He made a grabbing motion at the large container of beer, and Dipper nodded.

“Just a little though. Take a few sips before actually drinking it. You may not like the taste.” He slid it over to Bill, watching as the blond took it in both hands, then tipped it up to his lips.

Doing as Dipper told him to, Bill took a sip or two before lifting it back up and taking a few gulps.

“I like it. Really weird, but good. Can I drink more?”

Dipper debated it again in his head. He definitely wasn’t going to let Bill get wasted, but letting him experience being tipsy would probably be fine. “Okay, not too much more though. You can get sick from it if you aren’t careful.”

The two finished off their meals, Bill having a bit more alcohol and Dipper finishing off what he didn’t drink. Dipper paid for the meal, the the two made their way back into town.

“That was actually pleasant. You humans don’t have it half bad up here.”

“Yeah, I guess. Wanna go look at some shops? I kind of want to get you something to wear while you’re human. It can be clothes, jewelry, anything you want it to be. We will have to be a bit discreet with buying it, since again, it’s frowned upon for two men to be together in this way, but I think this should be okay.”

Bill reached up to his ears and felt over the piercings that ran along the cartilage in them. “I’ve always wanted these to be a different color. They don’t match my scales. I only put these ones in because Orion only had silver.”
“Perfect! Those should be easy to find in another metal. Shops carry them here in case sailors want to spend their pay making themselves look a bit fancier. And you can wear them while you’re both human and siren.”

Dipper lead the two of them into a small shop that had a few glass cases around the walls, each holding a nice variety of jewelry.

Behind the counter was an old man, his hair nearly gone and white, his body hunched over and skin wrinkled from his old age. Dipper never could remember his name, but didn’t feel too bad about it, because the man hardly remembered anyone anymore.

“Young men, what’re you looking for?” Though his appearance made his age apparent, his voice sounded much like a younger man’s, which unsettled Dipper a little bit.

“Uh, earrings. Something that isn’t silver.”

“Then I’ve only got bronze and gold right now.” The man pointed at the row of earrings, Dipper watching Bill’s eyes go wide.

“Which ones do you like?”

Bill looked them over a few times then groaned. “I like them both. Both would match my- er, would look good with my outfit.”

Dipper cringed a little at Bill almost slipping up, but nodded. “Alright, let’s uh, I want four of each.” He shook his head. The alcohol was starting to mess up his thoughts.

“Sure thing. Give me a moment to get that wrapped.”

The old man disappeared for a moment through a door behind him, and Bill took the time to lean on Dipper.

“I feel warm. And my head is starting to feel weird.”

“It’s probably the alcohol. We can go back to the manor after this and wait for it to wear off.”

The man came back and began putting the earrings in a small box, then put them on the counter. Dipper retrieved his money from his bag, giving it to the old man before he put the earrings away.

“Thank you, have a great day.”

“You as well boys.”

Knowing that Bill wasn’t going to like walking while being tipsy, Dipper headed straight for the manor, Bill following him closely. Though he was a little disappointed that he hadn’t shown Bill more, he knew taking it easy their first day out was probably for the best.

“Okay, so we have to be really sneaky. If Mabel sees you, then we’re done for. And I don’t think you’d like to meet Stan or Ford.”

Bill nearly growled at the mention of their names. “No, I’d rather not. Mabel is the twin you told me about, right?”

“Yeah. And when I say we’re done for, I mean we won’t be able to be alone for the rest of our lives.”
“Got it. Be quiet and move carefully.”

Dipper opened the front door, peeking inside to see that the entry area was thankfully empty of anyone. He grabbed Bill’s hand and pulled him along as they rushed to the stairs, climbing them with minor difficulty, since Bill wasn’t quite sure how to go that quickly up them, and the two were a bit tipsy.

At the top, Dipper hesitantly looked down the hall, finding that both ways were clear. With a sigh of relief, he bolted through the halls to his room, Bill nearly falling over twice as they rounded corners.

“Yeesh, careful. I haven’t had these things for long, I almost fell on my face.”

Dipper closed the door behind them and huffed. “Sorry, I just really didn’t want anyone to see us.”

Bill nodded absentmindedly and looked around his room. “There’s so much space. And look at all of this stuff!” He nearly skipped over to Dipper’s desk, examining the papers and books laid out on it. “You’ll have to teach me to write in English some time. And help me read it a little better.”

“You can’t write in English?” Dipper joined him at his desk, looking over what Bill found so fascinating. None of it looked that cool to him, but to Bill it was probably all new and interesting.

“Nope. I can only speak it. What’s this?” Bill tore his attention away from the desk, falling over onto Dipper’s bed. “This is comfortable. I’m staying here for a little while. I’ll move when I have to.”

Dipper laughed and rolled his eyes. Bill was clearly letting the alcohol get to his head. “We’ll, we can lay down for a little while, until the beer’s effects wear off, but we need to take our shoes off and lay the right way.”

Bill wiggled his feet, kicking them into each other until his shoes flew off, then looked at Dipper. “Show me the right way to lay on it then.”

The idea of lying in bed with Bill made Dipper’s already warm body warmer, and he gulped. “Okay, lemme get my shoes off.” He dropped his bag near the desk, then took his shoes off, nudging them off to the side with his foot.

Dipper could practically pick Bill up, and used that to move him onto the bed properly. “There. Comfortable?”

Bill hummed in response.

“Okay. I-I’m going to uh, cuddle with you, is that okay?”

Another hum.

Dipper laid down, pulling Bill into his arms, the blond burying his face into Dipper’s chest.

“This is nice,” Bill purred. “Though this thing is bothering me. I can’t take it off right?” He pulled at his vest, and Dipper nodded.

“Oh yeah, these can come off. Lemme get the buttons for you.” Dipper undid Bill’s vest, helping him move it off while still lying down. He decided soon after to toss his blue one off as well, leaving them both in their undershirts and slacks.

Bill made a noise of approval now that the vest was off, and it made Dipper blush.

“I know you’re more comfortable now, but that sound you made was a bit much,” he laughed
awkwardly.

“What? This one?” Bill made the noise again and Dipper felt his chest tighten.

“Y-yeah. That one.”

“Why? What does it mean? I didn’t know humans used noises like we do.”

Dipper chuckled dryly and cleared his throat. “Uh, well, remember in the cave when I made that chirping noise? It kind of means the same thing.”

Bill looked honestly shocked for a moment, before smiling. “Seems like you’re going to have to show me how humans mate then.”

Dipper nearly jumped out of the bed, his face burning with embarrassment. “Wh-what? I, I’ve never… It’s not really something I’ve done before. Like, I know h-how, b-but, uh…” He gulped and moved back down next to Bill. “I don’t know that I’d be very good at it.”

“Nonsense, it’s probably easy. How does it start?”

“Kissing usually, I guess? I don’t reall-”

Bill stopped him by pressing his lips onto Dipper’s, who immediately melted into the kiss.

Surprisingly, Bill was a great kisser, and Dipper allowed the kiss to deepen, their tongues meeting and moving around each other in a sloppy manner.

Dipper found his hands wandering around Bill’s body, eventually one finding purchase on his rear and the other in his hair. This was awesome. Dipper was getting really into it, pulling Bill in closer, and grabbing at him.

Bill made more moaning noises, the sound of his voice sending jolts of pleasure right down to Dipper’s crotch.

Not really thinking about it, Dipper started to undo Bill’s shirt, making quick work of it before tossing it off the bed. He got his own shirt off, only breaking their kiss a few times.

Once their bare chests pressed against each other, Bill and Dipper both let out pleased sounds, both still panting from the make out session.

“I’m liking human mating so far. I want more,” he moaned.

Dipper obliged by starting to undo Bill’s pants. Though he normally wouldn’t dive into something like this so quickly and sloppily, he didn’t mind because he wanted this with Bill. He felt so at home with him, and trusted him enough that he didn’t want to wait to strengthen their bond anymore.

With Bill now naked, Dipper put his hand to Bill’s erection, moving his hand slowly at first.

Bill arched his back into it and gasped. “Pine Tree, don’t stop,” he breathed.

“I won’t,” he chuckled.

He quickened the pace, Bill pressing into him, his warm breath hitting Dipper’s cheek and neck. It made Dipper lift his head to expose his throat to Bill, who got the hint and began kissing and licking.

“Take yours off too,” Bill demanded.
Dipper paused his rubbing for a moment, sliding his own pants off.

Bill put his hand over Dipper’s cock, copying his movements, and resumed his work on Dipper’s neck, earning moans and gasps from the brunet.

They fell into a pattern, both rolling their eyes back at the pleasure and letting out sounds of approval.

Dipper pushed Bill onto his back, taking a turn at nipping and licking Bill’s neck.

“Dipper,” Bill panted. “This is amazing.”

“Just wait until the end,” Dipper chuckled. He was excited to see Bill’s beautiful face during orgasm. It was likely going to be a sight he would never forget.

“But I don’t want this to end.” Bill almost sounded legitimately upset, and it made Dipper chuckle.

“Don’t worry, the end is the best part.” Dipper kissed down Bill’s chest, moving slowly down to his waist, where his lips pressed themselves onto Bill’s erection.

Bill made an almost panicked, but pleased noise. “Whatever you’re doing, do it more.”

He had never done anything like this, so Dipper doubted he would be very good with it, but he figured he’d try it anyway, to give Bill an experience while being human that he would never forget. His lips parted and he pushed his head down, enjoying the feeling of Bill wiggling underneath him.

“Pine Tree,” he groaned. “I don’t know what this is, but please don’t stop!”

Dipper moved back and shushed him. “I know it feels good, but trust me, we really don’t want to get caught. Keep quiet.”

“Okay,” he sighed.

He moved his head back down, pressing all the way until Bill’s entire cock was in this mouth and throat. For how small he was built, Bill was pretty well endowed, and Dipper wasn’t able to put it all the way down again. He moved his head back and forth, moving his tongue around and enjoying the noises Bill was making.

As he moved, he could feel Bill’s body start to tense up, and his hips started to move with Dipper, his gasps becoming short and ragged.

With a low growl, Bill tensed, and he emptied his load into Dipper’s throat, Dipper keeping his gaze upwards to watch Bill’s face twist in pleasure, his lips parted in a strangled moan.

Not knowing what else to do with it, Dipper swallowed the mess down, then moved back and coughed a few times.

“Well, that was different. I’ve only ever heard of that stuff being done, so sorry if it wasn’t the greatest. I-I, uh, could practice more… if you want… Later of course.”

Bill was panting still, his face stuck in a relaxed smile. “Being human is not as bad as I thought it would be. But, now I feel bad. I have to fix it.”

Dipper laid down next to him and raised an eyebrow. “Feel bad? About what?”
“Well, you did it for me, I’m going to do it for you.”

Before Dipper could protest, Bill was on top of him, copying what Dipper had done before, starting at his collarbone and kissing down from there.

Though he hadn’t wanted to ask Bill for it, Dipper was glad that he had elected to, because his body had started to get agitated at the lack of attention.

Bill opened his mouth then let Dipper’s erection slide down his throat as he moved, not seeming to mind taking the whole thing in.

Dipper groaned at how hot and tight Bill’s mouth and throat was, his hips moving upwards in an attempt to get further down, even though he was as far as he could get.

The blond took his time moving back and forth, following the tempo of Dipper’s hips, gradually moving faster and faster.

Dipper felt a warmth pool in his gut, and his back arched as he felt the pressure build. “Bill, ah, I’m, gonna-!” He couldn’t finish his sentence, his jaw locking up as he released into Bill’s throat.

Bill moved back and coughed a few times. “I wasn’t expecting that last part.”

“Sorry. I should’ve explained that better.”

“It’s okay.” Bill smiled and moved back up next to Dipper, resting his head on his chest. “You were right about the ending being the best part.”

“Yeah,” he laughed. He moved onto his side and pulled Bill back into his arms. “I love you.”

After a moment of silence Bill nodded. “I love you too.”

Dipper pulled the blanket over them, then laid for a little while, enjoying the warmth next to him.

It was only when he heard a soft knock at his door that Dipper jumped to attention, startling the half asleep Bill.

“Dipper? Are you in here?” Mabel opened the door a bit, looking into the very dimly lit room. “Oh!” She squeaked and closed the door quickly as soon as her eyes met the two of them lying in bed.

Moving faster than he thought he could, Dipper got out of bed and pulled his pants and shirt on. “I’ll be right back,” he said to Bill before he left.

Mabel was standing outside his door, her arms crossed. “Who is that?” Though her eyes looked concerned, she was unable to hide her smile. “I didn’t know you had a thing for blonds.”

“I don’t. I mean, it’s uh.” He took a deep breath, glad that she at least hadn’t come in while they were doing the sexual stuff. “His name is Bill. Please don’t tell grunkle Stan or Ford.”

Realization washed over her face and she raised her eyebrows. “So the reason you never showed us the ‘girl’, was because it was another guy! Oh Dipper, you think that we’d shun you for wanting to be with another man? We love you, we don’t care about that.”

He smiled, but still felt a bit panicky. “It’s, well, yeah. That’s why. But, can we please just keep this to ourselves for a little while? I don’t want this coming out just yet.”

“Only if I get to meet him.” Her smile went away and she gave Dipper a stern look. “Those are my
terms.”

Dipper gulped and nodded slowly. “O-okay. Le-lemme just uh… he’s naked right now.”

She squealed and smack his arm. “Dipper! You dog!”

He shrugged, his face turning cherry red. “I’ll be back in a sec.”

After explaining to Bill what to, and what not to say, and helping him get his clothes back on, Dipper reluctantly went back to the door and let Mabel in.

Bill was sitting on the edge of the bed, swinging his legs back and forth. “Hello.”

Mabel rushed over and hugged him. “Hi! I’ve been dying to meet you! Oh man does Dipdop get red in the face when we mention you! Okay, well not you, but like the person he’s been spending time with. Oh and you’re so attractive! Dip you scored!”

“Oh, god Mabel, please stop,” Dipper groaned.

“I like her, Dipdop,” Bill teased. “Does he really blush when you tease him about me?”

“Oh, so badly! Did you know that one time-”

“No!” Dipper stopped her. “No embarrassing stories! You met him, now go!” He grabbed her arm and dragged her out of the room. At the door, he paused before closing it on her. “And uh, hey, would you mind keeping the old men off my trail for a little while? I need to get him out of here at some point.”

“Sure! But where does he live? I haven’t seen him around before.”

“Uh, it’s a long story. Later. Thanks Mabes!” He closed the door, making sure to lock it that time.

“So, Dipdop,” Bill chuckled. “Wanna go back to cuddling? I have all the time in the world, and I enjoy doing it.”

He couldn’t help but smile at Bill, who was still kicking his short legs back and forth. “Let’s do that. But only for a little while. Mabel can only keep the Stan’s off of us for so long.”

“Okay. Can I take my clothes back off? They kind of drive me crazy. I’m not used to wearing them, and I like what we can do while they’re off.”

“That’s fine.” Dipper joined him in bed, the two resuming their cuddling.

Alright, so Mabel knew about Bill now. That was… okay. She didn’t need to know the full truth, not yet. Maybe having her know would help give him time to see Bill. Or, it could end in disaster. Dipper had no way of knowing.

All he knew right then was that he was holding Bill in his bed, and that for now, was all he was going to think about.

“I love you Bill,” he mumbled.

“I love you too Pine Tree.”
Lol lock your doors kids, (°_°) sin is my fave tbh. I'm going to hell.

Anyway, next chapter will be in Bill's POV and explain why he was so willing to come up onto land.

I hope you enjoyed! Comments and kudos are greatly appreciated :3
Hunter

Chapter Notes

Not even sorry for the end of this one
I hope you enjoy :D

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Being human hadn’t been so bad. Bill did things that were amazing, and though walking wasn’t very easy, the other things made up for it. He was glad that he got to see experience human food, human mating, and being on land at least once, because he vowed that he wasn’t going to do it again.

Pine Tree’s sister had come too close to things, and it would put a huge dent in his plans if she knew about their secret. Her seeing his face was already too much, and he couldn’t risk going up there again.

The only real reason he had done it was because Dipper had looked so sad and scared. The poor kid was freaking trembling in his arms, he couldn’t help but feel a little bad. Plus it had turned out really nice, so it worked out mostly for his benefit.

From now on though he would just offer to go on swims to calm Dipper down if he ever showed up upset again. He seemed to like it well enough, so it would work.

Bill had left late in the night when Dipper’s family had gone to bed, Dipper walking him down to the cove fairly quickly.

“Getting caught this far out would suck,” he laughed as he stepped over a rock.

“Yeah. At least your sister seems willing to help us, even if she doesn’t know the full story.” Bill reached the edge of the water, already stripping the constricting clothes.

They weren’t very comfortable to wear, and they made him wonder why humans didn’t just walk around naked all the time, rather than dealing with the horrible things.

“She’s the best. Well, not better than you, but you know.” Pine Tree’s face turned a shade of pink, and Bill just playfully rolled his eyes at him.

“I’ll see you tomorrow. Same time, as always.” Now naked, Bill handed the body prisons to Dipper. “...Today was, uh. Nice. Thank you.” He leaned in just enough to steal a quick kiss, his lips only touching Dipper’s for a brief moment.

Before he could move away, Dipper dropped the clothes onto the sand and pulled Bill back, kissing him more passionately than he had while they were doing the mating stuff. One hand tangled into Bill’s hair, and the other went around his waist, pulling him as close as he could get.

Bill couldn’t help but lean into it, finding that with Pine tree leading the kiss, it felt more... wanted. He didn’t want to want it, but the warmth of Dipper’s lips and the way he was holding onto him so tightly made Bill feel breathless.
“Good night Bill,” Dipper said as he broke the kiss. “I’ll be here tomorrow for sure, as always.”

“Okay. Good night Dipper.”

And just like that, Dipper scooped up the clothes, then left, leaving Bill on the beach, staring at the rocks that then blocked his view of the human walking away.

This was bad.

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Bill was lying in his cave, the sun now just above the horizon. He hadn’t slept.

Knowing that Orion was awake by then, he figured he’d go out and ask more about whatever he could, hoping the elder siren had the kind of information he would need.

It didn’t take long to find him. Whether it be checking in on the newborns and children, or telling someone where to be, he always picked similar places to hang out, and most of the sirens knew those places well.

“Good morning Bill.” Orion smiled at him pleasantly. “It’s good to see you up this early. Coming to help me with the morning chores? And where’s the northerner?”

“Uh, yeah. H-he’s still asleep. Figured I’d help out while he rests. Mind if we talk while we take care of things?”

Orion motioned for Bill to follow him, and the two began to make their way to the hidden area under the island where all the younger sirens were kept. “What’s on your mind? Did you find much on him while you were in the archives?”

Bill nodded slowly, trying to keep his mind from wandering. He had to focus on this. He’d come too far to mess things up now. “Not much more than you already told me. That place has a lot of stuff in it. I found spells that surprised me.”

“Oh?” Orion peeked his head around the wall of the large cave that houses the children, making sure not to disrupt the mothers or children in case they were asleep.

Of course all of them were wide awake, the poor birthing sirens trying to keep them from swimming into the walls. One of the smaller ones seemed to keep drifting farther off than the others, his gray scales and hair matching the walls, making it hard for the mothers to see him.

Both Orion and Bill couldn’t help but chuckle at the sight, and swam in for a little while, wrangling the stray ones in to help the mothers.

Finally after a little bit of a fight, all of the older sirens were able to get the younger ones to settle, and Bill found himself smiling at the mischievous one that blended in with the walls.

“I’ll teach you to use that skill someday kid. It’ll be handy if you become a hunter. Or if you just want to mess with others,” he whispered to him in their tongue. Sirens didn’t usually learn human languages until later in their lives, a skill only needed if they lived by humans.

The kid, who Bill was guessing was about five years old, nodded excitedly. “Can you show me how
Bill ruffled his hair and smiled. “But then your ability to hide would go away. Don’t you want that useful talent?”

“I guess. But yours are still better.” The small siren glanced down at Bill’s tail, his still very large eyes looking over his color.

“Your scales are just as good as mine. I can’t get away with half the things I do because I stand out so much. But you, you can do so many things! Your hair and scales could make you the greatest hunter, and prankster, this pack has ever seen.” He said with a large grin. Poor little thing shouldn't be feeling so down on himself over his scales.

“Mama says pranks are bad.”

“Don’t listen to her, these birthing sirens have half their minds gone dealing with the lot of you. Do what you want in life kid.”

He nodded, his smile large enough to see his tiny shark-like teeth.

“Bill, let’s move on from here.” Orion nudged Bill’s arm lightly, giving him a curious glance for what he was saying to the child.

The two swam back away from the children, Orion going straight back into business.

“So, what was it that you found in the archive that was surprising?” They started to make their way back to the common area, Orion making sure to politely greet anyone they passed.

“Well, I happened to find a few strange ones. The one that stuck out the most though was one that could turn a human into a siren, and vice versa. Strange that someone would have crafted such a spell.” Bill was making sure to avoid as many eyes as possible, swimming just behind Orion so that others couldn’t see him.

Orion laughed as he waved at someone, pausing for a moment to turn and speak face to face with Bill. “That’s a spell so old I’m surprised it survived being tucked away for so long. It was made by a human, actually.”

“Really? How did it come to be?” Bill was thankful that his questions weren’t rousing any suspicion in the elder. Orion probably just thought he was curious, which was good because he tended to tell stories when someone seemed interested in hearing them.

“Well, the legend goes, -and forgive me if this is a bit wrong, it’s been passed down by so many elders before me- but a human had fallen madly in love with a siren, a female who had sung to him once and decided to spare his life because she could see the kindness in his eyes. He was so heartbroken that they couldn’t spend every waking moment together that he crafted the spell. Because it was done by a human, someone who doesn’t understand magic quite like we do, it has flaws. It was supposed to be a straightforward switch; the human turning into a siren when wet, and the siren turning into a human while dry. But instead, it ended up being much more open than that. The spell follows the heart of the caster and is open ended, meaning the magic changes as it goes to fulfill the casters needs.”

Bill nodded and rubbed his eyes, the lack of sleep affecting his ability to fully focus. “So, then, it works, but can be bad?”
“Oh yes. Because his wish was to be with her all of the time, the magic made it nearly impossible for them to leave each other. It sometimes physically hurt them to be apart. In other cases, in which the spell had been used by others years later, it sometimes would work out fine. The two would live blissfully ever after.” Orion paused and ushered Bill to follow him into his cave, since the discussion was turning into a story.

He followed, wanting to know exactly what he had gotten himself into. So far it seemed like he may have bitten off more than he could chew. Maybe the spell had backfired, and that’s why Pine Tree turned into such a different siren.

“But,” he continued once they were alone “most of those times, things didn’t turn out so well. As you may have read, the spell only works if there is love involved, so when things went bad, it was tragically so. Lovers would cast the spell, the caster desiring the other to be more of a certain way, and the magic would force the other to become that way, usually ruining the relationship, and getting them both stuck as lonely half breeds. Or, one would want something more selfish out of it at the time of casting, the other suffering in some way because of it.”

“Is there no way to reverse it?” Bill leaned onto the wall, his eyes wide. This spell was much different than he thought it would be.

Orion shook his head. “None that have ever been passed down. The specific tales of this are lost on me, as I don’t remember them all, but what I do know is that a majority of the time, this spell ends in tragedy. One likely dies, or both, since sirens and humans have never really gotten along, and mixing the two always ends in death and sadness. That’s why the humans here aren’t to be messed with; they’re dangerous creatures, as are we, and we butt heads too much.”

Bill stared at him as the information sunk in. His mind started to work around why the spell had reacted the way it did when he had cast it.

At the time, Bill wanted nothing more than Dipper to become a siren that would be caught by Ford specifically, and be killed, by Ford. The fact that he turned into a northern siren made sense then, since Ford would likely take it upon himself to catch such a dangerous creature.

“Well, though this has been nice, -I do enjoy talking about old legends- I should be going. More chores to do. And you should be checking on that friend of yours. I don’t like the idea of him being left alone for long. Besides, this warm weather must be a bit of a drag on him, so you should take him to some of the cooler spots.” Orion gave a small wave before swimming out of the cave, leaving Bill alone.

He had a few more hours before Pine Tree would be at the cove, so he decided to go back to his cave to figure some new things out.

The spell was messy. Now he knew that. It was at least aimed at what Bill wanted, and from what Orion had said, it sounded relentless in making sure it did its job.

That was… okay. It would be okay. Sure Dipper had grown on him a bit, but there wasn’t much turning back now. The spell was going to help him have Dipper be caught and killed, and he now knew there was no known way to stop it.

He would just have to be sure not to do anything else that made the two of them closer. He couldn’t let his feelings get in the way of this. How weak does someone have to be to let a silly thing like a crush get in the way of revenge over their dead parents?

Bill was not weak. He could do this, and he could do it without being too cold to Pine Tree, since he
really was just a pawn that didn’t know what was coming to him. Faking things was easy.

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A wave hit the rock next to Bill, splashing water onto his face. He was waiting for Dipper, who was a bit late. Hopefully he would still be coming. The more he thought Bill was into this, the better.

While thinking things over, Bill figured if he did it right, he could do this without hurting him emotionally. Too badly anyway.

Dipper would just think that being caught was a stroke of bad luck, and would never have to know that Bill did it to him. He would die thinking that Bill loved him, and wouldn’t have to have his heart broken on top of it.

“Bill!” Pine Tree was nearly running, almost tripping twice before he engulfed Bill into a warm hug. “I know we weren’t apart for long, but… I missed you.”

He hesitantly hugged him back and nodded. “Missed you too Pine Tree.”

“So!” Dipper said as he moved back and started to undress. “Let’s go for a swim!” He tossed his clothes back onto his bag then tUCKed them all behind a rock, rushing to get into the water. He dove in with a loud splash, barely missing a few rocks on his way in.

The mass of bubbles was interesting to watch, since it moved in strange ways while covering up his transformation. Once they cleared, the incredibly interesting northern siren was in front of him, wiggling his tail as if he were adjusting to it.

“We need to be careful today. After the incident the other day, Ford has way more traps out than normal. Not to mention today is one of the heaviest fishing days, so there will be boats out in the waters with large nets.”

“I will be ever vigilant,” Bill said in a teasing voice. “Now let’s swim and talk. I have a few things to tell you.”

As they swam back to the island, Bill told Dipper a very censored version of what he learned from Orion about how he was a siren from the north, what the difference was between the two, and that it was in fact just part of the spell that made him that way.

“I know about the differences,” he said softly. “Ford explained it when he learned about me chewing through the net to save Tad.”

Bill hummed and nodded. “Well, at least we know what we’re dealing with a little better now. Orion is concerned that you’re with an actual pack of your own though, so get on his good side as much as possible. We wouldn’t want the pack turning on you.”

“Definitely not,” Dipper laughed.

They reached the common area, Bill wanting to show Dipper’s face a little before they went off, just so that if Orion asked, the others would say that they had seen him, and that he wasn’t just alone somewhere.
“Dipper!”

Bill cringed. Tad was here.

The purple siren swam up to Dipper with a smile on his face, ignoring Bill. “I’m glad to see that you’re doing well. Was your night relaxing?”

Dipper was clearly a little uncomfortable, and seemed to float a little closer to Bill before answering. “It was, thank you. How was yours?”

“It was good, thanks to you. I would be hung on a hunter’s wall right now if it weren’t for you.” Tad moved closer, his tail flicking upwards to brush against Dipper’s.

Was Tad flirting with Dipper? Right in front of Bill? Sure Tad didn’t know they were together, but still. Dipper was his, even if it was a fake relationship.

“We were just going to go for a swim, actually. Good day, Tad.” Bill wrapped his arm around Dipper’s, only moving a little before a very frustrated Orion swam up to the three of them.

The elder was worrying his bottom lip, his eyes stern but full of worry. “Fishermen are out. We need to get everyone under the island, now. The three of you go out and round anyone and everyone up. Split up a bit so that more water gets covered.” He waved his hand at them then swam away quickly, likely to try to get everyone else in order.

Bill continued to move with Dipper, glaring back at Tad. “We’ll take closest to the boats, since we’re faster swimmers.” He didn’t wait for any kind of response, and dragged Dipper along with him as he swam back into open waters.

“Well, I think this side is clear.” Dipper asked as they cleared the cave.

“Not likely. But it’s always good to check. Occasionally someone will go out for a swim and need to be told to come back in.”

Dipper nodded and scanned the water, darting around while Bill figured he’d just call out to anyone who might be there.

He used the whistling sound that simply meant, “home”, and called it out a few times, not getting any response back. “Well, I think this side is clear.”

“Boat.” Dipper was staring and pointing out to the human island, where one of the larger fishing boats was coming towards them, net sprawled out a little ways behind a large school of fish.

“We should go in then. If that net caught us, well, I don’t have to tell you why that would be bad.” Bill swam to him, ready to grab his arm and pull him back to the island. “A real shame though that they’re fishing out that entire school. Not a lot of big groups come our way very often, and it would be good for the pack to have a large haul for once.”

Dipper put his hand up and stopped Bill from talking. “I can sing, right?”

Bill froze and gave him a strange look. “I-I mean, I think so? I don’t see why you wouldn’t be able to.”

He nodded. “Wait here.” Dipper bolted off, swimming straight towards the school.
“Wait! Are you crazy!?” Bill stayed put, hoping that Dipper just had a plan of sorts, not wanting to ruin it if he did. Plus Pine Tree could chew through the net if need be, so it wasn’t too big of an issue.

Having to squint a little to see, Bill watched as Dipper swam around the school in large circles, getting closer and closer to them as he went, rounding them up into a tight ball. Once they were compacted, he swam around to the back of it and bolted straight through, the fish following the small current he caused.

Then, the smoothest, most incredible tone Bill had ever heard filled his ears, the sound going with the waves, pushing back and forth in a calming way, relaxing every muscle in Bill’s body. It made the his vision blur a little, but the colors around him intensified, disorienting him.

It was coming from Dipper, who was leading the fish back to the island, the net from the boat right behind them. The fish seemed to be just as enthralled as Bill was, since they were following him without hesitation to their deaths.

Dipper had a good momentum going, the school somehow managing to keep up with him, but just before he reached the caves, he stopped abruptly, half of the school swimming straight into them, and the other half behind him getting scooped into the net.

Bill hadn’t realised it, but Pine Tree’s song had relaxed him so much that he had sunk down to the ocean floor, and lying against a rather uncomfortable rock, which he only noticed when Dipper stopped singing.

From what he could see, Dipper was breathing heavily and looked incredibly focused. He should probably go talk with him, and give him praise for what he had just done. After all, if the pack could use his hunting skills until the plan was done with, then that would be a huge help.

As he moved, the rock scraped his arm, cutting it open a little making Bill hiss at the pain. He’d have to remember to be somewhere more comfortable next time Dipper sang.

“Hey, that was incredible!” Bill smiled at him as he got closer. He went to pat him on the back, but he noticed that something seemed off. “Pine Tree?”

“Wha…?” Dipper turned to him, his pupils dilated to a point where his eyes almost lost their color. “You’re bleeding.” His face was expressionless, and his tone was flat.

Bill waved his hand at him. “Nothing I can’t handle.”

Dipper’s breathing quickened and his pupils swallowed the rest of the chocolate color, a low growl coming from his throat. It was a very aggressive growl that meant business.

“H-hey, what’s wrong?” Bill’s voice wavered a little and he backed up a bit. “Dipper?”

Claws were suddenly swiping at Bill, Dipper’s growls becoming louder and his face contorting into a snarl.

“Dipper! What’re you doing?” He swam back a little more, dodging his swings. “Dipper, stop!”

Everything about the way Dipper was moving screamed predator to Bill, and his instincts told him to swim away, so he did, as fast as he could. But Dipper was much faster than he was, and Bill was soon having to maneuver away from his swipes again.

Knowing that he couldn’t bring Dipper into the common area like this, Bill instead lead him behind
the island, suffering a few scratches to his tail from Dipper, who was persistent in chasing him.

They reached the back of the island, but before Bill could think of another plan, a searing, sharp pain in the back of his left shoulder stopped him, blood suddenly clouding the water around him.

“Dipper!” Bill was met with the pair of black eyes, only able to see them for a second before he was thrown into a boulder near by.

His head was fuzzy for a moment, only clearing up when he felt himself being pinned against the rock, his bleeding shoulder screaming at him to stop the new pressure on it.

Dipper’s breathing hadn’t calmed down, and Bill could see his gills moving with the breaths, his random fury causing his body to shake and tremble with how much it was pushing itself.

Another growl came, that one making Bill tremble.

“Dipper,” he whimpered. “Dipper please.” Though he hated crying, Bill felt himself start to, his throat threatening to let out a loud sob and his eyes stinging from the tears that mixed in with the water. “Please stop.” He preemptively flinched and kept himself braced for another attack, his chest heaving from the crying.

Instead of a blow, the pressure let up a little, and Bill slowly opened his eyes to see what had happened.

The growling had stopped, and he could see that Dipper was blinking in a weird way, almost like he was trying to get something out of his eyes.

“B-Bill? I feel weird.” He shook his head a little roughly, then rubbed his face, his hands leaving Bill’s aching shoulders. “What happened?”

Blood was still seeping from his wounds, and Bill stayed pressed up against the rock, his whimpering and heavy breathing refusing to stop.

Dipper seemed to fully come to, and he stared at Bill for a little while, the situation putting itself together in his head. “O-Oh, god. Oh god.” He moved back from Bill, looking down at his claws, where skin and blood still clung to them. “Oh god.” Dipper started to sputter too, his eyes darting back and forth between his hands and Bill as he waved his them around to clean them off. “What did I do?”

“Y-you lost i-it for a b-bit there.” Bill desperately tried to pull himself together but he couldn’t stop the shaking. Dipper, his sweet and cuddly Pine Tree, had almost just torn him to shreds, and his mind couldn’t wrap itself around that.

“I’m sorry,” he said quietly. “I’m so, so sorry. I-I just- I-I…” He shook his head and buried his face into his hands, where he began to sob. “I hurt you. I almost killed you!”

Bill forced himself away from the rock, shakily putting his hand out to comfort Dipper, but when he touched his arm, Dipper flinched away.

“Please, I-I can’t. I don’t want to hurt you again.”

“You won’t.” Bill pulled him into a hug and tugged him back against the boulder, ignoring the pain that was making him flinch each time he moved.

Dipper wrapped his arms around him as well, his tail winding around Bill’s as they relaxed against
the rock. “I’m sorry,” he whimpered.

“I know.”

They stayed like that for a long time, both shaking in each other’s arms, and both coming down from their crying, quiet sniffles being the only sound for quite some time. It had been terrifying for both of them, and it was something that Bill knew he never wanted to have happen again.

Bill closed his eyes and knew he had to think this over.

Dipper was having trouble overcoming some of the more basic instincts his new siren half was giving him, from the jumping into the water, to going feral when hunting and smelling blood. Not to mention his singing had come out perfectly with no practice or any kind of direction.

Maybe the spell was making him as dangerous as possible so that he was seen as a huge threat. It was what Bill had wanted at the time. But, now… now it wasn’t working. Now he was wishing he had thought this through better. Now he was holding Dipper in his arms while they both cried and shook, wanting nothing more than to just be in bed with him again, warm and safe.

Should he go through with the plan sooner than he wanted to? What if Dipper became too dangerous to handle? Was Bill going to be able to even toss Dipper to Ford like that?

“I’m so sorry Bill.” Dipper’s voice came out strained and a violent shiver caused him to wiggle a little against Bill, breaking him from his thoughts.

“It’s okay Dipper. It’ll be okay,” he lied. Things were far from okay right then. And it was scary. “We’re okay.”

Chapter End Notes

Lol me @ Bill - https://youtu.be/-tGL-buZ94Y?t=7s

Welp, things are getting serious. Bill is in a bit of a bind, and Dipper still has little to no clue what's really going on. Poor babes.

Thanks for reading :D As always, comments and kudos are always appreciated :3
The water started to get cold, the day now well into the evening. It felt nice, since Dipper seemed to be having a hard time with the heat, but he couldn’t fully enjoy it. He was still trying to help Bill close up the wounds that he had caused from losing control.

They were sitting in his cave, both still a little shaky from what had happened, Dipper mostly unable to talk.

Bill’s shoulder was torn open, and he had claw marks all over his tail, scales missing from having been ripped out.

He hadn’t thought that Bill was the type to cry or freak out, since he was usually pretty stubborn about looking cool and collected, but here they were, Bill still sniffling and shaking.

Dipper had fallen into a state of shock. Sure he freaked out at first, when he realized what he had done, but now all he could do was stare blankly at the wall, only giving slight mumbles in response to Bill talking.

“I think we should keep you on land for a little while. And… maybe, take a break from seeing each other for a few days. Just to cool off.” Bill was trying to look him in the eye, but Dipper kept his gaze on the walls.

“Oh, he said softly. With a deep breath, he worked up the courage to look at Bill, offering a broken smile.

Bill nodded and rubbed at his arm. “I’ll swim you to the cove.”

They swam in silence, Dipper going slowly so that Bill could keep up. It was a painful silence. There were a few times that Dipper was glad that he was underwater, so that no one could see the tears slipping out.

“You hurt him. There’s no way to rectify that. You hurt the person you love. You don’t deserve him.”
His thoughts made him shiver. Maybe he really didn’t deserve Bill. What kind of person loses control to a point where they nearly kill their partner? He clearly wasn’t strong enough to deal with this.

“Five days,” Bill said as Dipper pulled himself up onto the sand. “We’ll meet up after that and talk. This isn’t me saying goodbye to you, I hope you know that. I’m doing this so that you can try to be more human. Maybe it’ll help if you don’t turn for a while. And... I need some time to think.” He frowned and cleared his throat. “I’ll think of something to tell the others about where you are. And I’ll try to figure out how to fix this.”

Dipper nodded, unable to speak because of the lump that had formed in his throat.

“I’ll see you then.” Bill slid back into the water, pausing before his head disappeared beneath the surface. “I love you, Dipper.” Then he was gone, Dipper only able to see his shimmering scales fading as he swam away.

“I love you too, Bill.” He said it as if Bill were still there, hoping he it somehow would help him feel better. It didn’t.

While Dipper dried off, he cried. It wasn’t heavy sobs like it had been earlier. Instead it was silent tears, flowing over his cheeks freely while he stared at the sand with wide eyes.

It felt like forever until he was finally able to get dressed and head home, the walk slow and agonizing. He was getting further and further from Bill, and would stay that way for almost a week. Sure, couples should be able to spend time away from each other, but after being so used to seeing him every day, it was going to be hard to go cold turkey.

Once home, Dipper slumped against the door, looking at the entryway to the house. It felt cold, like it wasn’t home anymore. It made his mood even worse and his chest heaved and trembled at his heavy sigh.

“DipDip! I feel like you’re home early.” Mabel pranced over to him, her new, blue dress that ruffled in the back swaying with her bounding steps. “What’s wrong?” Her smile vanished when she saw that his face still had tear streaks on it and her steps slowed as she neared him. “Dipper what happened?”

With how fluffy the dress was, it nearly swallowed up Dipper when she hugged him, and he had to move some of the ribbon and fabric from his face. “I’m fine. Just… I wanna go to my room.” He lightly pushed her away, dragging his feet as he shuffled off.

“Oh. Okay. I-I’ll come see you in the morning then! I’ll wake you up and we’ll sneak into the kitchen to get sweets! Like we used to do when we were little.”

He paused at the bottom of the stairs and nodded, then continued to his room.

Sleep never came. He was honestly afraid to, since he feared he might see himself tearing Bill or a family member apart. Though he agreed that turning into a siren made it easier to spend time with each other, he was worried that it had turned him into a monster as well.

Everything had gone black when he saw Bill bleeding, and he couldn’t stop himself from going after him. It was as if he was asleep, or out of his body while it took it upon itself to be the predator it was.

Eventually morning came, and Dipper pulled himself out of bed, thinking about what he might do for the day, since he wasn’t going to go see Bill. He could just lay in bed and sulk, reading over the journal that he had been keeping about sirens. Or, he could try to find something to busy himself
“DipDop! C’mon we gotta hurry if we’re going to sneak into the kitchen!” Mabel was wearing her nightgown still, her hair pulled up with loose strands hanging on her shoulders.

Dipper was already dressed and sitting in the chair by his desk, tucking the journal away so that Mabel wouldn’t ask about it. “Didn’t feel like putting clothes on?”

She shook her head, the loose hair flying around. “Nope! We used to always do this in our nightwear, remember? Now come on!” Mabel cleared the distance between them in a few strides, then grabbed Dipper by the arm and pulled him out of the room. “We gotta be sneaky. The Stans probably won’t be as nice about it as they were when we were younger.”

They made their way downstairs, Dipper following behind in a sluggish manner. It was kind of nice that Mabel had taken it upon herself to cheer him up. It really was helping him keep his mind off of things already, since now his brain was working on formulating a plan, rather than what he had done to Bill.

“Okay,” Mabel whispered as they hide behind the doorway into the kitchen. “I’ll go talk to the cook and distract her, while you go and get the basket of sweets she keeps in the pantry. ‘Kay? I’ll give you the signal when I’ve got her hooked.”

He nodded and peeked into the kitchen, seeing that thankfully no other help was in there. It would be a little tricky for Mabel to angle her away from the path Dipper would need to take, but Mabel had done it before, so he didn’t worry too much about it.

After all, when they were ten, they had this method perfected, even changing it up a few times so that no one would catch on.

“I’m going in!” Mabel gave a mock salute, then ducked around the corner, saying a loud and warm hello to their cook, Mary, trying to immediately draw her attention away from the back of the kitchen.

Dipper watched carefully, waiting for the signal to be given. Man was it nice to have this small distraction.

“To what do I owe the pleasure, Madam?” The middle aged woman with pitch black hair smiled politely at Mabel, her focus going solely to the fact that she wasn’t dressed.

“Oh you know, gotta say hello to all of my favorite people! It’s a beautiful day, even if there is a little bit of rain. What are you cooking today?” Mabel gestured to the stove, and as soon as Mary was turned around, she cleared her throat and flipped her hair, the signal for Dipper to move in.

He couldn’t help but smile as he tiptoed in, moving quickly to the arched doorway into the pantry. It didn’t take long for him to spot the old basket, a nice cloth covering the nearly fresh bread and sweets inside.

Pleasant nostalgia made him pause for a moment, his mind trying to take him back to the days when he and Mabel did this once a week. Back when their parents were alive, and the war with the sirens was the most intense. Strangely enough, it had been an alright time, since they were able to spend their time together, he and Mabel not having to worry about going to training, or figuring out how to set traps and skin sirens.

Mabel cleared her throat again, ripping Dipper from his thoughts. He had been standing there like an idiot and almost got them caught.
He grabbed the basket and had to hold back a laugh as he made his way back out, since Mabel was still trying her best to seem interested in their breakfast.

Their usual spot to meet up afterwards was behind the small tool shed on the side of the house, the one place their parents or the Stans would never look. Now that he was older, he wondered if it was because they were letting the twins get away with it. Maybe they didn’t really mind them doing it, but acted as if they did since it was the “responsible” thing to do.

Dipper patiently waited for Mabel, taking out one of the chocolates and fanning his face as he did. It was strangely warm out that day, and he was almost glad that he didn’t have to be out too much.

Doing the little heist was fun, and he wished he could do it with Bill. Maybe if they somehow did patch things up, he could bring Bill on land and have him help with the next one. Having Bill on land had been a lot of fun, and he was really hoping that things got better quickly so that they could do it again.

That is, if Bill could forgive him. He did say that he needed to think about things. Oh god, what if he didn’t forgive Dipper? What if this was it? Would the spell break if Bill stopped loving him? Or would he be forever stuck as a half siren, a reminder that he had fucked up royally and lost control, losing him the love of his life?

“Are you okay? Please tell me what’s wrong.”

Dipper hadn’t noticed Mabel coming and sitting next to him, and had to wipe his face quickly of the tears that had slipped out. “Bill and I are taking a bit of a break. I… we got into a fight of sorts.”

Mabel nodded as she took out a roll and a chocolate, splitting the bread in half then putting the chocolate between the two pieces. “What was it about?” She took a bite of her cavity sandwich while she waited for his reply, humming at the taste.

“It, uh…” He took a deep breath and ran his hands through his hair. “I accidentally hurt him. He’s okay, but it put a strain on things. We’re taking five whole days to cool off.”

“Well, if it was an accident, then why is it a problem? Accidents happen. Sure, sometimes they’re pretty bad, but I doubt you hurt him enough for you two to need a break.” After she spoke, she finished off her treat, then reached into the basket to grab another. “We’re spoiling our breakfast. It actually looked like it was going to be good today too,” she laughed.

Dipper laughed lightly as well, but shook his head. “It was bad. I can’t get into detail, but…” The memory of Bill’s terrified face flashed in his mind, and it made Dipper shiver. “It was bad Mabel,” he said softly.

She leaned on his shoulder and used her free hand to rub his upper back. “It’ll be okay bro-bro. You love him, and I’m guessing he loves you back, so I doubt this will last long. Relationships always have their hiccups like this, it’s actually healthy.”

He leaned his head onto hers and sighed. “I know. Mom and dad would fight sometimes too, and they would usually come back stronger. It’s just… it sucks in the meantime, y’know?”

“Yeah.”

They sat and ate their pastries in silence, the two staying leaned on each other. It was comforting and Dipper was glad that Mabel could always tell when something was wrong. She was always so helpful, and knew just what to do. Maybe… maybe if he told her everything, then she would be able to help even more?
How would he even start though? Would she even be okay with it?

“Mabel?”

“Hm?” She turned and looked up at him, smiling while chewing on her chocolate.

“You… you really don’t mind that I’m with Bill? Like, you love me regardless?”

Mabel sat up and put her hand on his shoulder, a frown now on her face. “Why would I ever not love you Dipper? I don’t care if Bill is a man or a woman, as long as you’re happy, then I’m happy. Stranger things happen out at sea you know.” Her smile returned, and she stood up. “Now come on, the old men are probably looking for us, and I need to go get dressed.”

He opened his mouth to stop her, to tell her everything, but was interrupted by the sound of Stan shouting.

“Kids, where’d you go? We need to talk to you, come have breakfast!”

She held her hand out to help Dipper up, and he took it, closing his mouth. He would have to wait to tell her the whole story, but for now, he could give himself some security, just in case something were to happen.

“Mabel, really quickly before we go inside; if anything happens to me like what happened at the docs, go get my journal. I usually keep it in my bag. Please promise to only look through it if I’m missing or… well, you know what I’m trying to say.”

“Okay? Dipper you don’t think something bad is going to happen do you?”

“It’s okay, I’m sure nothing will. It’s just in case.”

With a nod shared between them, they made their way back inside, Mabel going to her room to put the basket away for later and to go change, and Dipper going to the breakfast table to talk to the Stans.

“Morning Dipper. Where is your sister?” Ford was sat down already, a few books stacked up on the table in front of him.

Dipper tried to see what they were named, but found that the spines were blank. They were journals. “Changing. We talked for a little while this morning and she hadn’t had the chance to earlier.”

“I see. Well, seeing as you’re the one interested in traps, I suppose I can start and have her join in later.”

“Start?” Dipper asked as he looked down at his breakfast. Mabel was right, the sweets had spoiled it, even though the food did look pretty good.

“Yes, I wanted to go over this new trap with you. I designed it to knock the siren out before capturing it, using a plant that I had imported from the mainland. I managed to turn it into a powder that will spread in the water and effectively surround the siren. Though, this plant is only rumoured to actually knock one out. I’ll have to do a field test on one.”

He felt his stomach churn and he gulped. “How will you do the field test?”

Ford lifted one of the journals, an older one that was thicker than the others. “I’ve been mapping out siren sightings for years now. I think with all of this information, I’ve been able to pinpoint which
island they stick around.” He pulled one of the loose papers from the book, unfolding it to reveal a large map. “If we fish near this island,” he said as he pointed to one of the larger pieces of land on the map “we’re bound to catch one.”

Dipper felt relief wash over him. Ford had the wrong island. He wasn’t sure if the sirens had made those wrong patterns on purpose, or if it was just dumb luck, but he thankful for it either way. “That’s great Ford! Do you want me to come out with you?”

“Actually…” Ford looked to Stan, who had been eating silently, since he had likely already heard this a ton of times. “Stan and I think it would be best if you and Mabel stay inland. That’s what we wanted to tell the both of you.”

Dipper silently celebrated. He already knew that they had made that decision, and it made him happy to know that they were sticking to it.

“What!?” Mabel was standing in the doorway, now wearing one of her pink day dresses. “I’m fine with Dipper staying inland, but I for one want to go out and fight these things!” She made her way to her spot at the table, sitting in a huff with her arms crossed. “These fucks tried to take Dipper from me, I won’t just sit by and let them get away with that!”

“Pumpkin, we’re only doing this to protect you kids. We don’t want to ever go through losing one of you again. Us old men are supposed to go before ya, not the other way ‘round.” Stan motioned to all of Ford’s books and papers. “There needs to be someone to take on all this crap when we kick the bucket.”

“Don’t call it crap Stanley, it’s important research.” Ford folded the map back up and tucked it back into the journal.

Stan waved his hand at him. “Yeah, yeah. All I’m tryin’ to say is, we don’t feel like risking your lives over our guesses. Once you’re the ones doing the guess work, then it’s on you, but for now it would just feel like us sending you to your deaths if something goes wrong again.”

Mabel kept her arms crossed in annoyance, but nodded anyway. “Fine. But we are adults now, so the choices we make on our own are our faults, so don’t come after us if we fuck up on our own time.”

“They can’t come after us if we’re dead, Mabel. We do need to be more careful.” Dipper forced himself to eat a little bit of the food, knowing that he would be sick later if he didn’t.

“I know, but still.”

“Enough talk about this for now. We’re going to finish breakfast then we have a few chores to see to. Dipper, I hope you don’t mind going out a bit late today, we need help in the stalls.” Ford moved a majority of the books off the table so that he could sit and eat as well.

Dipper sighed and set his fork down. “I’m not going out today,” he said quietly.

“Oh?” Ford took a bite of his food and furrowed his brows in a concerned way.

He could see Mabel making motions to the older men from the corner of his eye, and was yet again thankful that she was there, since now he wouldn’t have to try and explain it to them.

“Well then, more time to spend with the family then. We’ve missed having you around during the day.”
The rest of breakfast was spent mostly in silence, save for Ford and Stan occasionally talking about ships that were to come into port soon, and what the cargo would be.

It gave Dipper too much time to think, and he was soon back into his sad mood. He wouldn’t be seeing Bill that day. He wouldn’t be seeing him for the next few days. It was going to be rough.

“Alright, well if you’re all finished, then let’s head out to the stalls with Soos. He’ll likely be out there already waiting for us.” Ford stood and lead them all out, Mabel being the only one talking, trying to lighten the mood with jokes or jabs at how old the Stans were.

They earned a few laughs, but nothing that got Dipper out of his mood again.

“Hey guys! Ready to break a sweat?” Soos was petting one of their American Saddlebred mares, feeding her from his hand. “This place needs a few repairs since the weather knocked some stuff around, so be ready to do some heavy lifting.”

Dipper looked at the stalls, finding that the half that the horses weren’t in was nearly caved in, and one of the doors was hanging off of its hinges. The old place had definitely seen better days.

“Oh, well then why don’t Mabel and Dipper tend to the animals while we do that?” Ford gestured to the horses as he spoke, then took his long coat off and hung it on one of the rope hooks.

“I can help with lifting and fixing.” Dipper crossed his arms and glared at Ford. “I’m not weak.”

Stan laughed and ruffled his hair. “Kid, it’s not like we’re sayin’ that, we just need two people to handle six horses. Mabel can’t do that on her own.”

He relaxed his arms and let them fall to his sides. “Oh, right, okay.”

While the older men went to work, he and Mabel gathered the ropes to lead the horses to the small field, where they would walk with them and let them snack of the grass.

As Dipper approached one of the mares, it got tense, and took a few steps back from him while it whined.

“What’s wrong?” He put his hand out to soothe it, but that startled it more and it got up on its hind legs while kicking at him with the front ones. “H-hey! Watch it!” Dipper backed away a little to give it some space.

None of them had ever reacted to him that way before. Was it because the mare could tell what he was?

Even though he had given it some space, the horse still wasn’t happy with him, and continued to stomp at Dipper, each time coming closer to him in a very threatening way.

He kept his hands up, hoping to show that he didn’t want any trouble. “C’mon girl, what’s wrong?”

“Dipper? What’s going on? What did you do?” Mabel rushed over and tried to calm the horse down as well, but was unable to soothe her.

“I didn’t do anything! She’s just freaking out!”

The two ended up not being able to calm her down, so Mabel closed her stall and huffed.

“Alright, so maybe she doesn’t need to come with today. Let’s try Max.” She moved to the next stall and opened the door, immediately putting the lead onto the stallion. “See? I didn’t antagonize the
Dipper rolled his eyes and snatched the lead from her hand. “I didn’t ‘antagonize’ her!” He tugged on the rope to get the horse to follow him, but found that it wouldn’t. “C’mon, not you too!” Out of frustration, Dipper took a step towards the horse, trying to get a better grip on the lead.

The horse didn’t take that very well, and kicked up, its leg smacking Dipper right in the face and knocking him to the ground.

He grunted at the impact and tried to turn over to get out of the horses way, but didn’t move in time and was met with the horse stamping down around him, trying to inflict more damage.

His head was pounding, and all Dipper could hear was the hooves hitting the dirt and the stallion crying out at him.

“Oh my god! Dipper!” Mabel grabbed at the rope and yanked the horse back, forcing it into its stall and slamming the gate closed. “Are you okay?” She dropped next to him, and carefully cupped his face to see the black eye the hoof had given him.

He could only force out a groan and had to keep his eyes screwed shut.

“Grunkle Ford! Grunkle Stan!” Mabel rubbed Dipper’s head and pushed his hair out of his face. “Did it step on your chest at all?”

“N-no,” he croaked. Both the front and back of his head were pounding, and he felt like he might vomit.

Ford and Stan came running over, Soos trailing behind them.

“Mabel, what happened?” Ford kneeled down on the other side of Dipper and glanced over him to survey the damage.

“The horse just freaked out! It hit him in the head!”

“Dipper? I’m going to pick you up, okay? Are you okay to move?”

Dipper gave a short nod, still keeping his eyes shut. It hurt too bad to even think about opening them or moving on his own.

Ford picked him up carefully, holding him like a child. It must’ve been easy to do for him, because it took almost no effort for him to stand while holding Dipper. “Mabel go get a wet cloth, Stan help me get him into bed.”

As he was carried back inside, Dipper’s thoughts kept going back to why the horse had freaked out. He was a siren. A horribly deadly, unable to control himself, siren. Bill wasn’t like this. Tad and the others weren’t like this. It was just Dipper that was a monster.

“I’m going to send Mabel in to put the cloth over the bruise, okay? Try not to fall asleep, she’ll be here soon, and I’ll be back after I grab some things.” Ford pulled Dipper’s blanket over him, giving a soft sigh as he straightened himself out. “You are always managing to find trouble,” he chuckled. “Try to be more careful okay? We can’t lose you.”


“Don’t apologize kid.” Stan lightly ruffled his hair. “Not your fault the world’s out to get ya. You’ll
always have us to help you when it tries to bite yer head off though, so don’t worry too much about
it.”

“Thank you.”

“Sure thing kid,” Stan smiled.

“Of course Dipper. I’ll be back.”

The two left the room, leaving Dipper alone with his thoughts.

He let out a low whine, luckily a human one rather than a siren one, and put his arm over his eyes. God he wished he could see Bill. He wished all of this bad stuff wasn’t happening and that he could just go back to what they had before. It was going to be so hard not seeing Bill, especially since he was already having a hard time being on land. Now he had no one to run to and find comfort in.

Mabel knocked once before coming into his room, a small bowl full of water in one hand and a rag in the other. “Ford thinks you might have a concussion, so he told me to keep you awake. How are you feeling? I know today hasn’t been the best day for you. I hope I was able to make it at least a little better.” She sat on his bed and began dabbing the bruise as carefully as she could.

Dipper moved his hand for her and winced a little at the contact. “You did. You were the best part of today.”

She smiled and ran the cloth over his forehead. “You feel really hot. Do you feel feverish?”

“Only since I got hit. Though today has been pretty warm.”

Mabel gave him a strange look and put the bowl on his nightstand. “Dipper, today was cold. Are you sure the fever hasn’t been an all day thing? How well did you sleep?”

“Well it felt hot to me. And… not at all. I’ll probably be unable to stay up tonight though, so don’t worry, I will get rest.”

“Good,” Ford said as he swung the door open. He was holding some papers, probably medical research, looking over them intently. “I believe the best course of action will be for you to be on bed rest for the next few days. We will have someone come and check on you periodically. I know it may seem excessive, but I don’t want to risk you getting hurt again.”

Dipper groaned. Not only was he going to have to have five days without Bill, he also was now not allowed to get up and do things to get his mind off of what had happened.

“It’ll be okay bro-bro. I’ll bring you some stuff to read, or we can play games.”

“Only occasionally though,” Ford interrupted. “I need you to help with some other things while he’s down Mabel.”

Her smile faltered a little, but she just nodded and forced it to come back full force. “Okay! I’ll come up as often as I can then, okay Dipper?”

“Okay,” he said softly.

Now he had no Mabel either. At least, not as much as he would need her over the five days. He put his hand back over his eyes, this time to fight back the tears he didn’t want them to see him cry.

This was going to be the longest five days of his life.
Dip needs a hug ;A;

Yeeeaah so things get fluffy again next chapter, but I'm warning you now, after that, things go straight to hell soooo keep that in mind XD

Thanks for reading! Comment and kudos are always appreciated :3 <3
Hey-hey! Look who wrote more siren stuff :D

I'm so sick tho so forgive errors since I'm not thinking straight XD RIP me ;A;

Also remember, when speech is italicized it means that the person talking is speaking in siren tongue :D

Anyway, here's a chapter in Bill's POV. I hope you enjoy :D

Content warning; Siren Sin OwO

See the end of the chapter for more notes

He wasn’t sure if it was because they shared some sort of messed up bond, or if because he had become attached to Dipper, but Bill could feel the human’s misery.

Dipper was up on land, suffering because of him. If Bill had stuck to his plan, then he wouldn’t care. If Bill hadn’t started to care, then he would be able to swim around freely, rather than sitting in his cave. If he hadn’t started to care, then he wouldn’t be questioning whether or not he had meant it when he told Pine Tree that he loved him. He wouldn’t be lying down for days, thinking about what to do.

Sure, he had to take it easy for a day or two anyway to nurse his wounds, but once the third day settled in, Bill still couldn’t find it in himself to go out. Not even to eat. Sirens didn’t need to eat daily, and he was fairly used to skipping meals, but mixed with how horrible he felt mentally, it was really taking a toll on him.

Halfway through day four, he forced himself out of thinking in circles. His mind would go back and forth between hating himself for caring, and asking himself just how much he actually cared.

Was he returning Dipper’s feelings? Or was he just feeling bad for treating someone so nice so poorly?

Dipper was actually pretty nice to spend time with. The mating thing had felt pretty amazing too. But was it just because Dipper was a great person, or was it because Bill just felt bad?

He groaned and shook his head. Circles. That all his mind was going in. He needed to go out for a swim.

Bill made his way to the common area to socialize a little, since he hadn’t shown his face much in the past few days. Though he wasn’t really one for talk in the first place, he figured it would do him some good to at least speak with Orion about Dipper being away.

“Where have you been! You all but disappeared after that ship came, and I thought the worst.” Orion made his way over to Bill quickly, putting his hand on his shoulders. “Where’s the northerner?”

He moved away from the elder’s grasp and forced himself to not look so mopey. “He’s not feeling
well. The hot weather is making him ill, so I’m letting him rest in a cooler area.”

“Hm, I suspected as much. He’s really not built for this climate. Though, he should be able to adjust to it if he takes it easy.”

Bill nodded then the two fell into a silence, the only sounds being the others around them clicking and whistling to each other, the sound reminding Bill almost more of a dolphin pod.

A small group of females swam passed them, all politely giving a hello, then swam off, which seemed to prompt Orion to speak again.

“Though they do not know it, they appreciate you keeping him in check to keep us all safe. He hasn’t said anything more about where he’s from, has he?”

He shook his head and worried at the scales on his arm. “He says there’s not much to tell. He doesn’t remember much of it, and said he couldn’t tell me more if he tried.”

The elder looked him over with a careful eye. “Are you sure? We all heard him sing, Bill. He has the ability to do to us what we do to humans. If you’re under some spell of his-”

“I am not,” he said sternly. “Dipper hasn’t done anything to hurt me. If he does anything bad it’s my fault for not being better about helping him. He’s in a weird new place, things are confusing, and he needs my help, but I’m not helping him, and he’s suffering because of it, and-” Bill snapped his jaw shut and realized he had maybe said too much to Orion.

“Bill, just how attached are you to Dipper? Those words had a lot more emotion behind them than probably should be there.”

He groaned and rubbed his face. “I don’t know,” he said quietly behind his hands. “It’s… complicated. I just really want to help him. He’s so hurt and confused right now, and I just somehow feel like it’s my fault. Like I’m not doing a good enough job.”

Orion placed a hand on Bill’s shoulder and gave a soft smile. “I put you in charge of him for more reasons than just the fact that you’re the one who found him. Bill, you’re meant to be in charge after me, I needed to see how you reacted to sudden responsibility. You clearly care about both the well being of the pack, and the well being of Dipper. And, I can see that you’re having trouble with that. Caring is hard. It just means you fight harder, think more, and do more. It’s not a bad thing to care, and you shouldn’t beat yourself up when you feel like you aren’t doing enough. Dipper is sick right now, but that’s because of the weather. It’s not your fault. You’re helping him by letting him relax in a cool place, and that’s the best that you can do. I know you want to do more, and I trust that when you get the opportunity to, you will, but for now you have to just realize you’ve done all you can. There is no sense in thinking you’re the one harming him.”

The elder’s words resonated in Bill’s head for a little while. He had praised him for being kind to Dipper. He didn’t deserve that praise. Bill was what was hurting him.

“I also trust,” Orion continued “that if for some reason Dipper is planning something to harm the pack, that you’ll make the right choice in whom you’re going to help. You’ve a good head on those shoulders Bill, you’ll figure out this inner turmoil soon enough.”

Bill could only nod in response, his eyes glued to the ocean floor.

“Yes, well, I have some things I need to go do. I’m glad that you and the northerner are okay, and I hope to see more of the both of you.” He gave a nod then was off, leaving Bill with his heavy words.
He needed to make a decision. This was tearing him apart, and it needed to be settled. He would need to see Dipper again though before he could make one.

Hopefully Orion was right about him making the right choice, whatever it came out to be.

Bill refused to let himself think about anything during the last day that he and Dipper were apart. He busied himself with chores, hunting, watching the children, and anything that would keep himself from thinking about the human.

It worked for the most part. The only time his mind wandered was when he fell asleep, and dreamed about the outcomes that would come from each choice.

If he told Dipper, if he spilled the whole truth and exposed himself as a dirty liar, he might be hated, never to see Dipper again. At least that way Dipper would be safer.

He could never tell Dipper the truth, and just never let him be caught by Ford, trying to find ways to counter the magic. Though, he wasn’t sure if he could handle the guilt of things while still seeing Dipper.

Then, of course, there was the option of letting his plan unfold as originally intended, letting Dipper die at the hands of Ford. All he would have to do is sit back and watch the magic do the work. The guilt and pain would be incredibly difficult to deal with though. Especially if his feelings were more than he was admitting them to be.

When he woke up on the day that he would meet with Dipper, he raced to the cove, not letting himself get distracted by any more of those thoughts. He had to see Dipper. Maybe one more meeting would help him decide.

Waiting for Pine Tree to come proved to be boring. Bill played with rocks, drew in the sand, and found himself laughing at memories he had made there. With Dipper.

He shook his head and slammed his fist down into the sand.

No. There would be no thinking about any of that until he made up his mind. No sense in making himself sad over it just yet.

Dipper finally showed up, much later than usual, and instead of running like he usually would, he walked slowly, his head down and his hands tucked into his pockets.

“Pine Tree? Are you okay?” Bill pulled himself out of the water as much as he could to get closer to Dipper, since the human’s pain was practically radiating off of him.

“No,” he said quietly as he slumped down next to Bill. He didn’t have his bag that day, and he was only wearing his undershirt and pants, his blue vest nowhere to be seen.

Bill put his hand on the human’s cheek and pulled his face up to look at him.

Dipper’s eye had a bruise that was yellowing at the edges, but still a deep purple over his eyelid.

“What happened? Who hurt you?” There was more emotion in his voice than he wanted there to be, but Bill ignored it. He needed to know what happened to Dipper.

“A… A horse. It kicked me. It was… a-afraid of me.” He was speaking softly, and he sounded like
he was on the verge of tears.

Pine Tree looked down right hurt and pathetic, and it didn’t help that he was burning up. Rather than thinking the sight of a hurt human was funny though, Bill felt something in his chest tug at the broken man.

“Those terrible things you ride? Oh what does it know, it has a rock for a brain.”

All Dipper did was shrug, his gaze still averting Bill’s.

“Dipper,” Bill said softly. “I hope you know I’m not mad or scared of you. What happened wasn’t your fault. If anything it was mine. I should have learned more about the spell before putting you through it.”

His deep, brown eyes finally met Bill’s light blue ones, and a very small, very fragile smile tugged at his lips. “You’re really not scared of me?”

“Psht,” Bill said as he rolled his eyes. “Me, afraid of a silly human? Bah! You must’ve gotten hit in the head pretty hard, because that is delusional.”

There was a sniffle first, but a light laugh followed, and it was enough to make Bill feel better about the seeing the broken man.

“Hey, this heats probably the worst, let’s get you in the water and into a cool place, okay?” Bill lightly brushed his thumb over Dipper’s cheek, smiling to help make sure he knew that he wasn’t mad.

“Okay.”

Soon after, Dipper was stripped down and in the water, an audible sigh of relief sounding from him.

“This already feels so much better.” He wiggled around to get used to his limbs, spinning around a few times to let the water rush around him.

“Good. I bet it’ll feel even better once we get deeper and into one of the cooler caves. Follow me.” Bill grabbed Dipper’s wrist and took the lead, pulling him all the way to one of the back islands.

It was small, but it’s caves went deeper than the others, and the further down they were, the cooler it would be for Dipper.

Just as the darkness of the cave swallowed them, Bill’s warning about lack of light was caught in his throat, his eyes gluing themselves to Dipper.

A soft but powerful blue glow was coming from his scales and fins, lighting the caves walls around them, just enough to act like their very own personal sun.

“Pine Tree…” He continued to gawk at the beautiful siren before him, who was already looking much better, the bruise even lightening in color. Bill just figured that his siren form must heal faster than his human form.

“This is amazing Bill!” Dipper rolled around and made excited chirping sounds as he examined his tail. It was good to see that Dipper was still himself, at least a little.

“It really is! You’re amazing!”

Bill was then pulled into a hug, one that warmed his slowly chilling skin. He found himself hugging
back, pressing himself into the fevered siren.

As he went to look at Dipper to crack a joke about his fever being a good thing, he froze and his breath caught in his gills.

The way Dipper was smiling at him, the way he was holding him, the lighting…

Two chirps went off at the same time, both of their faces turning bright red.

Instead of saying anything, Bill just pulled Dipper closer, very carefully kissing him. He would need to be gentle, since Dipper was still recovering from whatever horrors he had endeared on land.

His hands roamed up into Dipper’s hair, where he gently combed his fingers through it, earning a purring sound from the other.

Bill deepened the kiss but was still taking it slow, since he really didn’t want either of their sharp teeth to cut the other open.

Dipper seemed to be following well with that, and was pacing his movements with Bill’s.

They moved flawlessly together, Dipper’s tail wrapping around Bill’s almost possessively, which elicited another chirp from the golden siren, this one a little lower in tone.

Mating between two siren males was much simpler than it was for humans. Where the human males had what Dipper had referred to as a “penis”, which let out the “semen”, the siren males simply needed certain muscles in their front fins rubbed just right to release the milt, which Bill guessed was a pretty similar experience to the human mating.

Though, he liked the whole mouth thing a lot, and kind of wished he could do something like that now. But since he couldn’t, he would just have to show Dipper what is was like to reach climax as a siren.

Bill ushered Dipper against the wall of the cave, one of his hands sliding in between them so that he could rub at Dipper’s fins.

The other squirmed against him as Bill’s hand moved around the scales and fins skillfully, and he was glad that Dipper’s anatomy was similar enough to his that he could use the same motions he had learned from being a younger siren full of hormones.

They were still sure to move slowly, since they were both wielding sharp claws and teeth, which was actually very nice. It was… intimate.

Their fragile kiss resumed, muffled moans and purrs escaping their lips every so often, Bill loving the unspoken praise he was getting from the younger siren.

Dipper’s human mating instincts were clearly not all gone while he was in this form, since his hips began to move with Bill’s movements. It turned out not to be a bad thing though, since it made their fronts grind together, giving Bill friction as well.

“Bill, this f-feels really good,” Dipper forced between his heavy breaths.

“It’s the perfect stress reliever,” Bill purred as he moved a little faster. “Which is exactly what you need.”

“N-no, Bill. I ju-just need you.”
He almost stopped entirely at Dipper’s words, but was swept up in it all again as he was pulled into another soft kiss.

Bill felt his own body start to get heated, which meant that Dipper had to be pretty close, so he pushed into the kiss just a little harder, and used more pressure in his touch, hoping to bring him over the edge.

“Ah, Bill, mm~mm!” Dipper’s head flew back and his mouth opened in a silent moan, his hips pressing forward as the cloudy white substance released from the pores under his scales.

Satisfied with Dipper’s release, Bill then moved his hand onto himself, and continued to kiss Dipper while he finished himself off, soon adding his own milt to the mess.

“So, siren mating,” Bill panted as he moved back a little. “Better or worse than human mating?”

Dipper let out a short laugh and shrugged. “An orgasm is an orgasm. Though, the ones with you,” he cleared his throat and winced a little “whether it was siren or human, w-were definitely the best.” His voice cracked near the end of his sentence, his voice sounding strained.

“You okay?” Bill moved back up against him, his hand cupping Dipper’s cheek.

“F-fine, I-I uhm, my throat feels weird.” He rubbed at his gills as if they were bothering him, coughing again as he did.

“How are you speaking my language?” Bill’s brows knitted together and he leaned forward a little as if he was demanding an answer. There wasn’t any real way Dipper could have learned any of his tongue, so his mind was racing with how he could have just choked some out.

“I don’t know! I-I can’t stop it now! I’m trying to speak English, b-but it’s not working!” Dipper became a little frantic, his chest now heaving with his quickened breathing.

“Okay, okay, sh, you’re okay.” Bill pulled the panicking siren into a tight hug, shushing him over and over as he soothed his hand through his hair.

“Why is this happening?” He asked in a strained and shaky voice.

“I don’t know,” Bill answered truthfully. “But we’ll figure it out.”

Dipper nodded a little quickly. “Okay. Yeah, we’ll figure it out.”

Bill continued to shush him while he screwed his eyes shut and tried to think.

Okay, so new variable was just added; Dipper can’t get himself to speak English. Maybe it was only while in his siren form? Hopefully that was the case. If not, Bill would need to come up with a lie to have Dipper tell his family.

As for Bill’s main decision? Well, for now he decided that he was at least going to help Dipper speak normally again. That was all his brain would let him think of at the time, and it was all he needed to know for now. He didn’t want to ruin their good time anyway.

“We’ll figure this out together. I’ll figure it out, and everything will be fine.”

Chapter End Notes
Ooohh things are getting tense!

I hope you enjoyed this kinda shorter chapter :p

Comments and kudos are always appreciated :3 <3
Chapter Notes

BACK FROM HIATUS BABY. Did you miss me?

Admit it, you missed me. XD

I'm so sorry, this just turns into an angst fest from here. I just can't stop making them suffer, man.

So yeah, prepare for the feels.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The feeling in Dipper’s throat was so strange it made him cough over and over, his body attempting, and failing, to get it out. The fact that it made him unable to speak English was a nightmare too, and he wanted nothing more than to be rid of it.

“How are you feeling?” Bill was holding his hand as they swam back to the cove, being more gentle than he had ever been before. Which was nice, but it made Dipper worry that Bill was worried.

What if they couldn’t fix this? What if he had to tell everyone what was happening sooner than he wanted to? How would they even react? He wasn’t ready for that. Hopefully he could speak English again when he changed back into a human.

“O-okay I guess. This is weird. How does this even happen?”

Bill looked away from him and sighed. “I-it… I…” He took in another deep breath and gripped his hand a little harder. “I’ll figure it out.”

Dipper nodded and picked up his pace. He need to get on land and find out if changing would fix this.

Once they reached the sand, Dipper hastily pulled himself out of the water. His body felt incredibly sensitive to the hot air, and his gills fought him a little to breath it.

“I feel weird.” He wiggled up completely out of the water then rested against a rock.

The heat felt like a wall and he had to take a few deep breaths to get himself to adjust to it.

“I’m sorry. Just focus on changing right now so we can know for sure what we need to do next, okay?” Bill cupped his cheek and Dipper found himself leaning into it, humming at the cool touch. “You’re burning up.”

“It’s hot,” he huffed.

Bill placed both hands on his face and rubbed his cheeks, earning a purring sound from Dipper.

“This is nice.” He enjoyed the comforting touch up until his tail started to sting, the dryness feeling like hundreds of needles stabbing him all at once. The brunet cringed and sucked in a sharp breath,
gritting his teeth while the white flash of light engulfed him and changed him back into a human.

This time had been so much more painful than the others, and Dipper found himself writhing in the sand and panting.

“Are you okay?” Bill moved himself closer and pet Dipper’s head. “Can you speak now?”

Dipper cleared his throat a few times and gulped. This was the moment of truth, and he was afraid he wouldn’t be able to speak purely because of his nerves. “I-I hope so.” He cringed.

“K-keep trying. Maybe it takes a second.” The look on Bill’s face worried Dipper. He looked almost more concerned than he was.

He nodded and tried to take even, deep breaths. After a few he cleared his throat and tried again. “I’m scared, Bill.” A horrible shiver went up his spine at his own words.

Bill’s face dropped and he nodded. “Me too, Pine Tree.” He bit his lip and looked down at the sand. “For now, just try and convey that you have a sore throat or something, and that you don’t want to speak. I promise I’ll try and fix this tomorrow. Go home and rest.”

The two shared a brief and light kiss, Dipper being the first to pull away.

“I love you. I-If… anything happens, I want you to know that. I know I haven’t been the best-”

“No,” Bill interrupted. “You have been the best, Dipper. More than you’ll know. And nothing’s going to happen because I’m going to figure this out and we’re going to be okay, okay?”

Dipper nodded and sniffled a bit. He wasn’t going to lie and say that this wasn’t terrifying, because it was. It was very terrifying. He had no idea how his family would react. Mabel might come around, but Ford and Stan…

“Now go rest. Please, you’re burning up and I don’t know what will happen if you exert yourself too much.”

With another kiss, the two parted, Dipper getting dressed quickly then heading home to lie down.

The walk was painful since the sun felt like it was about to make him combust, and his legs were aching as if they were offended simply because they existed.

By the time he had made it home Dipper found himself completely out of breath, and had to lean on everything he could, as his legs were then almost too weak to even keep himself standing.

“You look terrible! I told you that you should have let me come with you this time!” Mabel was in the hall upstairs, just coming out of her own room when she saw Dipper breathing heavily and leaning on the wall.

He just shrugged and motioned for her to come help him.

“What’s wrong?” She made her way over to him quickly, draping his arm over her shoulders and wrapping an arm around his middle.

Dipper could only gesture to his throat, making a grabbing and scratching motion.

“Your throat hurts?” Mabel was sure to be very gentle with Dipper and he could tell she was more worried than she was letting on.
He nodded and tried his best not to be dead weight to her, but it was becoming harder and harder to walk.

As soon as they were in his room Dipper crawled into bed and took his shirt off since it was starting to make the heat even worse.

Mabel sat on the bed near him and put her hand onto his forehead. “I’m going to get a doctor. Bro, you look really sick. Did Bill catch this? Did he give it to you? What all hurts?”

There was no telling what a doctor might find if they did a full check up, so he had to try his best to tell her not to get one.

Shaking his head, Dipper just pointed to the bed and closed his eyes.

“No doctor, just sleep?” She scoffed. “Dipper, that’s ridiculous! You look awful! And this fever could kill you!”

He looked up at her with pleading eyes, silently begging.

She groaned and sighed, standing up with her arms crossed. “You can sleep until dinner time. Then if you’re still this bad, I’m getting someone to look at you. Don’t think I won’t tell Ford if it means saving your life.”

Dipper gave a grateful smile and nodded.

With how tired he was from the walk, he passed out almost immediately after she left. It was a restless sleep, one that he woke up from every so often and had to readjust a bunch of times before falling asleep again, but it helped nonetheless.

As night came, Dipper found it too hot to be as he was anymore, and his body forced him to stand up and find some way to cool himself off.

The cave that he and Bill had been in earlier was promising…

No, he couldn’t leave. Mabel would absolutely freak out if she came to get him and he was missing. But it was better than sweating to death up here…

Like the time he fell into the water at the doc, Dipper found his body practically moving on its own, throwing on a shirt and his shoes quickly before sneaking out of his room, even though he still felt incredibly sluggish.

For now he would go out and take the time to relax in the cool caves below the islands. Then he would go and find Bill and talk to him about telling their families. That way Mabel wouldn’t have to worry so much all the time.

He managed to avoid everyone in the house, but going through town to get to the cove was another story.

There were still plenty of people out, mostly trying to get home and finish up their daily chores, and Dipper wanted to make sure no one would notice him sneaking off, since Mabel would likely go looking for him, and he did not want her coming to the cove. Not until things were sorted out.

Luckily, to his knowledge, no one that knew his face too well saw him, and Dipper was at the cove before he knew it.
He tossed his shirt and shoes behind a rock, but opted to keep his pants on this time since he learned before that having them on didn’t effect anything with his change.

His mind didn’t even register when he had dove into the water. All it cared to think about was how much nicer it was to be swimming rather than walking.

Since it was getting late and he was tired, Dipper decided to see if he could get some shut eye while in a cool place.

The water made him feel a lot better and the exhaustion of making his way down there caught up with him, so it was fairly easy to fall asleep on the floor of the cave, his arms curled up and his tail stretched out.

It was possibly the best sleep he had had in weeks, and waking up felt great for once.

After stretching and wigging around to get his limbs loosened up, Dipper sluggishly made his way to Bill’s cave. For some reason, even though he had slept well, his body was moving slowly and he constantly felt like he needed to wiggle or stretch.

This was becoming too much and Dipper was getting done with it fast. He and Bill needed help figuring it out. Hopefully when he found Bill he would be able to talk him into telling their families.

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The lack of sleep was starting to annoy Bill. He was frustrated at everything, including himself, and it was coming to a boiling point.

Something needed to change, and it needed to happen sooner rather than later. The truth needed to come out. At least, it needed to be told to the person who deserved it. The person who threw Bill for a loop and made him feel more than he ever thought he would. The person who he had put through Hell for his own selfish, stupid plan.

When it was time, he would go to meet Dipper and tell him everything. He would do it while Dipper was in his human form though, just in case he lost his cool as a siren and tried to eat him again.

Sure Bill would deserve it, but he was hoping they could maybe work past this and eventually be okay again, and maybe Dipper would give him a chance to make it up to him somehow. Couldn’t do that if he was dead though, so human form was the safest bet.

After thinking of all the things he would say, Bill was able to get an hour or so of sleep, his eyes only closing after the sun had already risen.

Soft chirping roused him from his light sleep and Bill groaned at it.

“If one of the children has snuck in here to bother me, I swear to Neptune-”

“It’s me Bill. We need to talk.”

Bill shot up and his eyes flew open. “Dipper? Why are you here?”

The brunet flinched back and it made Bill realize how angry he had sounded.
“Hey, I’m not mad, I’m sorry.” He pulled Dipper into a hug and ran a hand through his hair. So much for talking while he was human. “Is something wrong?”

Dipper sighed and nuzzled into the hug. “I think we need to tell everyone. This is becoming really difficult for me, and we need help fixing it. I had to come down here because the weather up there was killing me, probably literally. It’s still too hot, even down here.”

Well, at least they were on the same page. But Bill still didn’t want to be eaten, so he decided then to at least take Dipper out to a more open area, one that he could swim away in. There was a larger island not too far from them, and he knew enough hiding places around it to get away to if needed.

“Let’s swim and talk. I… need to tell you something. It’s kind of big.”

“What is it?” Dipper looked up at Bill with wide eyes. “Does it have to do with fixing me?”

Bill scratched at the back of his head and cleared his throat. “Kind of. But uh, let’s swim a bit first, okay?”

Dipper nodded and released his grip on Bill, wiggling out of the cave quickly.

He followed the brunet out and scratched at his arms. This was not going to be easy. He could already imagine how heartbroken Dipper was going to look and it made his chest grow tight.

“Where are we headed to?” He asked as they got into open water.

“Just out. I’d like for us to be alone when I tell you this.” Bill’s voice cracked and it made him flinch a little.

The two stayed quiet for a while as they swam, the nervous tension building quickly between both of them.

“Bill, you’re scaring me. What is it?” Dipper stopped right out in the middle of the open space between their island and the larger one to the north of it, stopping Bill with him.

Bill supposed it was a good spot, so he took in a deep, shaky breath and tried his best to begin. Even with the practice of saying these things to himself over and over, he still wasn’t sure where to even start, or what to say to let Dipper know how sorry he was. “Pi- Dipper, I uh. I know wha-what’s…” A lump formed in his throat and he swallowed thickly to try and clear it.

“Please, just… tell me. If you found out that there’s no way to fix this, I’d like to know. There’s ways we can work around it, I’m sure. We’re both smart, we can figure this out together.” Dipper offered a smile, and it made something in Bill’s chest shatter into a million pieces.

His eyes stung and he sneered at himself for being so weak. He could do this. He dug this pit, and now he should lie in it.

“Dipper, I know why this is happening. It’s… I-It’s because…” his voice cracked a couple times and he took in another shuddering breath. “I-I’m the reason.”

Dipper tilted his head and his lips were pulled into a frown. “How do you mean? Like, your magic didn’t work right, or-”

“No,” he interrupted Dipper, “it, it's not that. I-” He stopped himself again, trying desperately to find the courage to just spit it out. No matter how hard he tried though, his words would die at his quivering lips.
“Bill,” Dipper grabbed him by the shoulders and his eyes grew wide.

“Just… Just give me a moment Dipper, I’m trying to piece my thoughts together.” Bill put his hands on Dipper’s shoulders and sighed.

“No, Bill, we need to move.”

Bill just shook his head. “No, it’s not the place we’re in, it’s what I’m trying to tell you that’s making it difficult.”

Dipper became tense under his touch and shook Bill a bit roughly. “No, Bill, we need to move! Ship!”

Bill turned around and followed Dipper’s gaze, seeing that a large boat had come up on them while he was attempting to spill his guts.

While Bill froze, dumbfounded by the turn of events, Dipper bolted off, clearly under the impression that Bill had followed him.

Before he knew it the ship was above him, and Bill just stared up at it, blinking at the large boat that was eerily familiar.

Why were the humans out this way? Why wouldn’t his body come out of the weird, scared trance?

“Bill! Move!” Dipper was crying out to him from a little whiles away, but was soon on top of him, shoving him harshly aside as something fell into the water.

The water rushed around him as he tumbled back, and it took Bill a moment to fully register what had happened and right himself again.

Dipper was in his place, a dark purple cloud of something swallowing him while a net floated down around his limbs. Bubbles fizzed around him to a point where Bill could barely make out his closed eyes.

He had saved Bill’s life, knowing it could mean the end of his.

This is what Bill had wanted. He could swim away, never look back, and his plan would go on, Dipper thinking that Bill hadn’t meant for this to happen. The magic would make sure that Dipper would die by Ford’s hand, since that’s what Bill had wanted. War would likely break out in some form or another. Bill was betting that the sirens would win, eventually. But not until after gallons of blood was spilled.

Innocent sirens. His family. Innocent people. Dipper’s family.

It would be his fault. All of it. Every drop of blood would be on his hands. Which didn’t bother him before, but now...

He lightly touched at his ears where the jewelry Dipper had bought him was complimenting his scales so nicely. That date had been an incredible day. He was shown the world he once hated, and Dipper had put it into a new light for him. Dipper had been so nice to him. Dipper had done so much for him without even blinking at it.

Dipper loved him.

The human who had held him so gently when he was hurt. Had always been a great conversation
partner. The person who was adorable and amazing to cuddle with. Yes, Diper loved him.

And Bill knew that he loved Dipper.

Shouts coming from the ship roused Bill from his moment of realization, and he raced forward, grabbing at the net to try and free Dipper from it.

The rope proved to be too thick for him to tear or cut through, and whatever that purple stuff was, it was making him incredibly light headed.

As he struggled with it, the net began to rise out of the water, taking the out-cold Dipper with it.

A second one was promptly dumped over Bill, and he let it wrap around himself.

If Dipper was going up, then so was he.

Chapter End Notes

WELP. Somethings are going to start coming out, whether they want to or not.

Poor Dippy. He did nothing wrong, yet I'm going to hurt him as if he did.

Anyway, this story will now be updating once a week :D (possibly more if I happen to have the time to type more :D) Just keep in mind though that shit happens so I may occasionally miss an update, but I will mostly post this on Fridays or Saturdays :p

Thanks for reading! Comments and kudos are greatly appreciated :3
Both sirens were dropped unceremoniously onto the deck of the ship with a wet thud. Bill flinched and grunted at the impact, and his first reaction was to put himself over Dipper, since he was out cold and couldn’t defend himself.

The purple fog had blurred his vision a bit, so Bill couldn’t exactly see the humans that were closing in around them, but he knew if he tried, he could sing and put the five or so men under his spell.

He opened his mouth to let the notes spill over his lips, but was promptly smacked upside the head, his jaw clamping shut painfully. Though the hit had moved him a bit, Bill kept himself on Dipper, one arm over him while the other was trying to pull at the net off of his face.

“Don’t even think about trying to get out,” a low, clearly aged voice growled. “You’re both going to answer some questions, then I’m going to gut you.”

Ford.

Bill recognized the hateful tone. He had only ever run into the man once when he was much younger, but his voice was forever burned into his memory. “What do you want?” He spat.

“You things had something to do with my nephew going missing, didn’t you? Where is he?” Ford yanked a knife out of his belt and kneeled down in front of Bill. “Where is Dipper?”

A laugh almost escaped Bill’s mouth. Dipper was literally right there, but the old idiot was apparently too blind with rage to see it.

Bill decided to give himself time to think of some solid plan to get out of this. He knew he was caught, now both in his lie and physically, so the truth needed to come out. To everyone, unfortunately. But he wanted Dipper to be awake and aware of what he had done before they told anyone else, so Bill thought of something that would be just clever enough to buy him that time.

“This little blue guppy right here is the only one who knows,” Bill said as he softly ruffled Dipper’s hair, still not fully turning to look at his unconscious mate. “But he doesn’t speak any English. You’ll have to wait for him to wake and to have me translate.” He kept his smug smile to himself.

This would work out nicely. He would protect Dipper’s face from Ford just long enough for him to wake up, they would be given the chance to talk, then they would tell the old man.
“Is that so?” Ford stood slowly and eyed the two of them. “Fine then. If you want to be kept as a prisoner so badly, then be my guest.” He motioned to some of the crew and spoke loudly as he ordered them to get some tanks. “We’ll take you to the docks. I’m sure you’ve heard plenty about them.”

Before Bill could make any retort, the handle of Ford’s knife hit him in the side of his head, just hard enough to send his already blurry vision into an inky black abyss, his body slumping on top of Dipper’s.

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“This thing better wake up soon. Ford’s been in a weird mood since we brought ‘em in,” an unfamiliar voice said in a hushed tone.

It was loud enough for Dipper’s ears to pick up, and he cringed at being woken up.

“Aye, leave it be. Better that the damned thing be kept sleepin’. I wouldn’t want the devil to try ‘n eat us,” Another voice whispered back.

Dipper let out a whine and tried to turn himself over, but couldn’t because a pane of glass was in his way.

“It’s movin’! Go get Ford!” The first voice said in a panic.

A door opened and closed quickly, the loud sound ringing in Dipper’s ears.

He opened his eyes, only to find that they stung horribly and his vision was blurred to a point that all he could make out was blobs of color. Dipper forced himself to sit up out of the water and assess what had happened, and what was going on.

After a moment of racking his brain for answers, he remembered that Bill had been frozen in place, and Dipper had saved him from being netted. But then he was caught.

He frantically felt around and his hands confirmed that he was in fact in a tank, a very small one just barely large enough to cover him completely in water. The room seemed small, and Dipper could barely make out the man that was standing near the spot that Dipper was pretty sure was the door.

When he sat up his eyes began to water and itch, and Dipper couldn’t help but sniffle as he rubbed at them, trying to wipe out whatever was in them.

“What’re you cryin’ for?” The man by the door scoffed. “You’re the damned thing that took Ford’s nephew. Or are ye scared of Ford comin’ for ya?”

Dipper’s eyes widened. Ford was coming to see him. Like this. He was going to be in so much trouble.

Though his eyes were still hurting and watering, Dipper moved his hands away because they seemed to be making it worse. He groaned and slicked his hair back. That way Ford would see his birthmark right away and know that it was him. Also it was insanely hot, and Dipper wanted to get his hair out of his face.
He leaned on the edge of the tank and rested his head on his hand while he waited for Ford to come in.

Stan might be with him, but if they really thought Dipper was missing again then he might be back trying to console Mabel. Either way, Dipper was about to face a confused, and probably angry, grunkle.

The door slammed open and Dipper yawned, making sure to keep his head tilted so that his birthmark was showing.

“Tired?” Ford questioned, his voice sharp and cold.

Dipper nodded and lightly rubbed at his eyes again.

“And that stuff probably made your eyes hurt, too, yes?” Ford stepped closer to him, but Dipper could barely see most of his features.

Again he nodded.

“Well I can help make all of that go away.” Ford kneeled down in front of him, a knife now pressed against Dipper’s throat.

He audibly gulped and frantically pointed at himself. Maybe Ford hadn’t seen his birthmark.

“Yes you, tell me where he is. Now,” he warned as he pressed the knife further.

Dipper whined and carefully lifted his hands to his hair to make sure it was away from his forehead. He pointed to the mark and frowned.

“Yes, the kid with the mark on his head,” he groaned. “I’m not here to play games with you! You know who I’m speaking about, and you know where he is! Tell me!”

His heart dropped. Why wasn’t Ford seeing his birthmark? Why didn’t he recognize him?

“I can’t! Please, Ford, it’s me, Dipper!”

Ford rolled his eyes. “It seems maybe the other siren wasn’t lying when he said that you don’t speak English. Or, you’re just being difficult again,” he snapped.

Dipper flinched at his words and gritted his teeth as the knife nipped at his throat. Other siren? Had they caught Bill, too, then?

“Please, grunkle Ford,” he whined.

“Fine then. I’ll get you to talk.”

Ford was gone for a moment, then back again with a chair that had been by the door. He set it down near the end of the tank and sat in it, then lifted the end of Dipper’s tail, gripping the fin painfully.

“For each question you don’t answer in English, you lose a scale. Now,” he said as he pulled a thin metal thing from his pocket, “where is my nephew?”

The cold metal thing happened to be a small knife, one with a hooked end that dug right into one of Dipper’s scales.

“IT’s me! Dipper! Me!” All he could do was point frantically and making his chirping and clicking noises, ones that Ford clearly didn’t understand.
The small hook dug deeper into the scale and Dipper’s sensitive ears picked up the horrible scraping sound it made.

“Please, please, grunkle Ford!” Dipper shouted as the tool began to slowly pull the scale from his tail. He gripped the sides of the tank, his sharp claws scraping at the glass. “Gr-ah! Ford! Please!” Dipper had no idea that getting a scale pulled forcefully was so painful, and he suddenly felt bad for asking Bill for one of his all that time ago.

“Still not talking, huh?” Ford flicked the pulled scale from the knife and dug it into another. “We can do this all day. Where is Dipper?” His voice had become a bit frantic, and that time he didn’t want long for an answer before he yanked the hooked scale out.

Dipper cried out and more tears sprang from his eyes. His jaw was clenched so tightly that it began to ache and his breaths short and ragged now that his tail was stinging.

“Is he even alive? You things aren’t ones to take prisoners, but I can see one of you taking him to pick a fight.” Ford dug the hook into another scale and leaned forward a bit. “Am I wasting my time, or is he alive?”

He nodded frantically. “I’m alive! I’m right here!”

“So he is alive then?” Ford tugged at the scale a little, prompting Dipper to answer.

Dipper gulped and squeezed his eyes shut before nodding, hoping that the answer would make Ford ease up.

“Good!” Ford yanked the scale out and Dipper let out a very inhuman cry. “Then where is he?”

All Dipper could do then was whimper and sniffle. He had to stop this somehow. For a moment he thought about singing his way out, but the last time he did that he went all feral and almost killed Bill, and he didn’t want to risk that with Ford.

“You look too mature to be this childish. You’re nearly full grown, stop crying.” Ford sighed and gripped his tail even harder. “Now I’m going to get as much information from you as I can while my men go and scour the ocean for my nephew.”

This went on for a while. Dipper cried out every time a scale was plucked from his tail, still unable to tell Ford what he wanted. He had asked questions about why a siren like Dipper was even there and why he was being such a pain, but all of them went unanswered from the crying brunet.

“Please, no more! It’s me! Grunkle Ford!” He sobbed.

“Why have you not been fighting back? Are you feeling sorry for something?” Ford said as his grip tightened a little.

When Dipper didn’t give an answer, too busy sobbing then, Ford let his tail flop back into the water and he hissed at the coolness of it going over the raw spots of where his scales had been ripped from.

“I’m right here,” he whimpered.

His grunkle let out an exasperated sigh. “I really didn’t want to put you two together, but maybe you really can’t speak any English. Tomorrow I’ll put him in this room with you, then we’ll see how eager you things are to talk. For now, you will be left with a guard.” Ford stood and grunted at his limbs popping. “You will be muzzled and chained. Fight back and I will make you regret it.”
Dipper weakly nodded. Why wasn’t Ford seeing him? Was he really so mad that he couldn’t recognize Dipper? He didn’t look that different as a siren.

To make sure Ford didn’t think he was fighting him at all, Dipper simply went limp as his wrists were chained to the wall his tank was up against, and a leather muzzle that covered the lower half of his face was tied on him. The thing was tight, and it made it a little hard to breath with his mouth and nose, so Dipper relied on breathing through his gills when he could, still careful not to do it too often, since the water only had so much oxygen.

He didn’t worry too much though, because he knew the process of this place well enough to know that they changed the water in the tanks daily while a siren was being held there, via a mechanism Ford built into the floor and tanks. It would slide a sheet of glass between two that had holes cut into them, emptying the stale water into the ocean below them, then a chute on the wall near his bottom fin would have water put in it from the outside, filling the tank back up.

They only set it up this way since the sirens absolutely needed fresh water at least once a day so that they could breathe properly, therefore keeping them prisoner longer. Though, Dipper wasn’t sure how willing Ford would be to do that for him, since he seemed so sure that Dipper wasn’t really Dipper.

He laid back in the tank after Ford left, trying to blink the fog from his eyes. It didn’t seem to help at all though.

Dipper groaned when he remembered that Ford had said that they caught Bill as well. Maybe he would be able to explain things to them. Ford had no reason to believe Bill though, so it was unlikely that him explaining would help much.

Though he didn’t want to, Dipper began to cry again. They were doomed. Maybe the tears would help clear his eyes up if he did it until Bill was with him.

Bill awoke in a panic, sitting up and grabbing at whatever his hands could find. His immediate assessment was that Dipper was gone, he was in a small tank, and the room he was in was tiny and dark.

A horrible crying sound made him turn his head and let out a low whine. It was Dipper that was crying.

He went to shout to try and defend his mate, but something over his mouth prevented anything but muffled cries. Chains bound to his wrists prevented him from putting his hands on his face to tear the mask off.

Bill sighed and slipped back under the water, his arms resting uncomfortably at his sides, slightly elevated by the restraints.

This was all his fault. Now Dipper was going to be tortured and killed, and Bill was going to follow suit. Was someone that didn’t recognize Dipper doing it? How well was he even known on the island of humans? Or did Ford really not recognize his own flesh and blood just because he was a siren?
Another cry from his mate made Bill’s insides shiver and he cringed.

They went on for way too long, and when they finally seemed to stop, Bill was practically sobbing. Dipper didn’t deserve this. His mate had done nothing wrong. He should be the one being tortured and questioned. It was his fault after all. All of it. He had told Ford that Dipper was the one who knew where Dipper was. He should have told Ford that he knew and would only tell him if he kept Dipper alive.

He shook his head and groaned. This was going to be confusing and frustrating.

The door opened and in came Ford, stomping up to him and pulling him up out of the water by his hair.

Bill cringed as the man pulled him up, squirming a bit and cursing at him from under the mask.

“It would seem that your friend really can’t speak English. We’ll try again tomorrow with you in the room. In the meantime, you might want to think about what you’re going to say.”

He made a motion to the muzzle and mumbled to try and get him to remove it.

Ford stared at him for a moment before yanking it off his face. “What?”

“I’ll only talk if you stop hurting him, please. He doesn’t deserve it, he didn’t do anything. I know you have no reason to believe me right now, but I swear at the end of this, you will have your nephew. You just have to stop doing things you might regret.”

The man rolled his eyes and stuffed the muzzle back on him. “If it means saving Dipper, I won’t regret a thing.” He let go of Bill’s hair and turned on his heels, leaving in a huff.

Bill carefully laid back down and blew bubbles to help keep himself calm. He really wanted to fight and give Ford a piece of his mind, but he knew if he did, Dipper would be put into an even worse situation.

Hours passed and Bill watched as the small amounts of light coming through the cracks on the walls started to disappear. It was mind numbingly boring and lonely, something Bill usually didn’t mind. Peace and quiet was normally something Bill would kill for, but now it just hurt.

A high pitched chirp from Dipper echoed through the air and Bill responded with his own to let his mate know that he was there.

Dipper sounded scared and hurt and it broke Bill’s heart.

He gave another chirp, this one lower in tone, letting Dipper know that he was okay. There was no response. Bill let it out again, only to have someone open the door to the room and hush him.

“Do that again and you’ll be hung by your fins!” An angry, clearly just awoken, man snapped.

Someone must’ve stopped Dipper too.

He groaned and clenched his eyes shut. He needed to rest. Sleep wasn’t an option, but he could at least relax as much as possible to conserve his energy. The next day would surely be eventful, and he would need it, since he knew he was going to tell Dipper the truth, no matter what. And who knew what that was going to bring.
The reason Ford doesn't recognize Dip will be explained in the next chapter. Which actually WILL take a week or so to get out, 'cause I haven't finished that one yet. Which for some reason is a relief. Idk I'm just a giant mess anymore. I swear I'm working on my other fics. My hiatus just didn't work as planned because life sucks and people suck, but I also didn't want to stay on it any longer, so pbtbtbtbt. Again, I'm just a mess these days.

Comments and kudos always appreciated! Thanks for reading :3 <3
Not once did Bill drift off that night. For the most part, his eyes were stuck open, staring at the cell’s old ceiling through the murky water. He would need fresh water soon. Hopefully they would be at least smart enough to give both he and Dipper new water to stay in.

The hours passed slowly and agonizingly. Bill was *itching* to move, to swim, to just have a voice. Being chained up and gagged was not ideal.

At one point, Bill felt nauseous, and did his best to lean over the side of the tank so that he could give his burning gills a bit of a break. The water was becoming stale. He wasn’t sure how long Dipper’s breed could go in stale water, and the thought made him antsy.

He needed to see his mate.

Bill gave a loud chirp, the sound being slightly muffled by the mask. There was no reply.

A man, one possibly more disheveled looking than Bill, came in and examined him for a moment before speaking.

“Yer whinin’ won’t help ya none, ya nasty fish. We’re ‘bout to move ye into the other things room, so get your slime together and brace yerself tah be lifted.” He turned on his heels and slammed the door behind himself, leaving Bill alone again.

About an hour went by, Bill trying his best to ignore that breathing air was becoming bothersome. It was hard not to focus on though, since there was nothing else to preoccupy himself with.

The door slammed open, startling Bill up from his slump.

“Time to go,” Ford grumbled. “If you even think about biting, scratching, singing, or anything like that, I’m going to tear your fin. Got it?”

Bill just nodded and let himself relax as much as possible while Ford and another man freed him from his chains and lifted him out of the tank. They were anything but gentle about it.

Not only did they keep touching his fins and gripping too tightly, but at one point while they were out in the hall leading to Dipper’s cell, the other man let his bottom fin drag along the very dry, very scratchy wall.
Dry.

Oh, Neptune. If Bill dried out at all while they were around, then it would cause too much confusion before he got to tell Dipper about everything. And he needed to tell him first.

Luckily they made it to the other cell fairly quickly, where Ford practically kicked the door open. He did not seem to like carrying Bill.

He was dropped rather harshly into a smaller tank, one that was next to Dipper’s. The fresh water in it felt amazing, and Bill let himself take a few breaths of it before popping up and checking over his mate.

Dipper was still chained and he looked like he was half asleep, his body slumped over in an uncomfortable looking way.

Bill waited for their masks to be removed before trying to get his attention. The only problem was, once Dipper’s mask was removed, all of his words died in his throat.

That wasn’t Dipper. And yet, it was. There were some features that looked the same, but most of them had shifted just enough to make him look like a new person. His round nose had narrowed a bit, the roundness in his cheeks had gone away, his jaw more square than it had been before. The thing he noticed the most though, was Dipper’s birthmark. It was gone.

“You two talk. And what comes out of this had better be the location on my nephew.” Ford leaned against the wall as the other man left, and watched the two of them intently.

“Bill? Oh thank god, you’re okay!” Dipper perked up and wiggled against his chains a bit.

“I’m fine, but are you okay? What did he do to you? I heard you crying out, and I-”

“I’m okay. Ford just doesn’t know what’s happening. You need to tell him. We can try to convince him. Though, for some reason he’s not seeing that’s it’s me. I don’t look that different as a siren, do I?”

Bill felt his chest tighten and he took in a shaky breath. “L-look, uh... You do look different. Really different, in fact. It’s because of the spell. It’s making it so that Ford doesn’t recognize you.”

Dipper tilted his head and his brows went up in concern. “Why?”

A very uncomfortable heat rose in Bill’s cheeks and he took another deep breath. This was it. It was time to come clean to his mate. “I... did it. Dipper, it’s my fault this is happening. All of it. I-I... wanted this to happen.”

His mate’s face dropped and understanding filled his features. “You used me?”

The tone of voice he used made Bill cringe. He sounded so hurt.

“I did. But that was the old me! I-I love you now, and don’t want this to continue! ” He reached his hand out to comfort Dipper, but his mate moved away.

“Why? What was the point? ” He was speaking softly, his clicks barely making sound.

Bill shuddered and tried to keep himself from losing his cool. “I... wanted to get back at Ford. I thought I could use the spell to turn you into a siren and make him think you were a threat, and... kill you. Turns out the spell I used is one that makes sure the caster gets what they want. I just...
thought it would make him feel what I felt when he killed my parents. The plan was stupid anyway, and I didn’t think it through. I didn’t think I would fall in love with you.”

Dipper just stared at him and Bill then noticed his clouded eyes.

“Your eyes… What did you do to him? What’s wrong with his eyes?” Bill turned and glared at Ford who looked beyond irritated with them.

“The plant I used to knock him out can damage the eyes sometimes. He can still mostly see. What has he said about my nephew? Or are you two planning something?” He stepped forward and clenched his fists. “You two had better start giving me some answers.”

Bill looked back over at Dipper and saw that he had tears rolling down his cheeks. “How do you wanna tell him?”

Time itself seemed to stop as he waited for Dipper’s answer, and it didn’t start back up when he gave it.

“I don’t want to. Just… let him do whatever. I don’t care anymore.”

A lump formed in Bill’s throat and Dipper turned away from him as much as he could.

All of them stayed silent for a moment, waiting for Dipper to speak again, since neither of them seemed to have much to say about his fit.

“So I’m stuck like this then? Or can I change back and fix this?” Dipper said as he looked down at his tail. It had a few spots that looked sore, and some of his scales were missing.

It hurt Bill to look at, so he put his gaze back on Dipper’s face, which was still a bit strange to see.

“I-I don’t know,” Bill said quietly. “It’s possible that the spell… won’t let you.”

Dipper took in a deep breath, one that looked a bit painful, and shook his head. “If I can’t change back -if I’m stuck like this- I want you to tell Ford that I’m on one of the islands. While they’re gone I can help you escape.”

“But what happens when they don’t find you? Dipper, we can find a way out of this I just ha-”

“Not!” Dipper growled. He looked back at Bill and snarled. “You tried to kill me! You used me and it was all just to… to get revenge! I love you, Bill, and all you did was plot against me and my family!”

Bill had tears of his own then and was trying to keep a leveled head. “I know, I messed up. I was just-” he stopped himself and shook his head. “There’s no excuse for what I did to you. I… understand i-if you don’t want anything to do with me after this. But I will help you find a way out. I promise.”

Ford loudly cleared his throat. “You seem to just be making each other upset. Which is not helping. Are you actually going to give me information, or not?”

Both he and Dipper stared at Ford for a moment, the room going silent again.

“Try to get him to dry me out.” Dipper turned and looked at Bill, his eyes not fully moving the way he seemed to want them to. “We’ll see what happens then, and go from there.”

“Dipper…” Bill reached out again, only to have Dipper snarl at him.
No. Give me time to be upset. I need to be upset. Just get him to dry me out.”

Bill flinched back at his tone, but nodded. “He says he doesn’t want to talk. Of course, he might if he had some fresh water. He’d be okay to be kept out of the tank while you change it out.” He gave Ford a stern look, hoping he had worded his demand correctly to elicit the response he wanted.

“He wants out of the water? Fine.” The old man stomped over to Dipper and undid his chains, gripping his wrists and yanking him out of the water and onto the floor. “I’ll empty the tank and he can wait here on the floor while one of the men refills it. Until then, though, start talking!” Ford threw his wrists down and Dipper cringed at the roughness of the floor.

“Stall,” Dipper whined out to Bill.

Bill felt a small wave of relief briefly wash over him when he got what he wanted from the man. “Uh, he needs a minute to piece together his wording. He’s just very flustered and upset right now, give him some time. I promise you, Dipper is fine while we wait.”

A strong grip was suddenly on Bill’s throat and he gripped at the hand that was then slamming him against the wall.

“I have no reason to trust that! For all I know, he’s dead and you things are lying to save your own hides! I’m only letting you get away with it, so that on the off chance that he is alive, I can try to get him home safely!” Ford had a very pained expression on his face, almost looking as if he wanted Bill to reassure him.

So he did. “Dipper is alive. He’s…” He looked down at Dipper to see how he was reacting to the situation before responding.

His mate looked concerned, but was beginning to cringe and flick his tail around. He was drying up, which meant they simply had to wait a little longer. That is, if him changing back worked. He honestly didn’t know if it would or not, and it was beginning to scare him.

“He’s alive, and as much as you might hate to hear it, we have to wait for him to be ready to talk.” Bill nudged the hand on his throat and nodded towards Dipper. “Work with us, and we’ll work with you; agreed?

Ford glared down at him for a moment, a million different emotions flying passed his face before he gave a solid nod. “If it means getting Dipper home safely, I’ll work with you. For now. If I don’t get answers by tomorrow, I’m going back to the methods I was using before. So get on with whatever it is you need to do.” He moved his hand away and Bill slipped back into the tank just enough to take a breath through his gills.

“We wait. He needs to dry up a bit. It will either solve our problem, or make it so that time limit you gave will be a problem.”

“Problem?” Ford crossed his arms and stared down at Dipper, who was starting to breath heavily and squirm. “I’d say this is a problem for your friend. I don’t see how drying him out will bring Dipper back.”

Bill just shrugged and lowered himself to take a few more breaths of water. He was much more relaxed with Ford calmed down a bit. Honestly the man just looked exhausted and sad, clinging on to the little bit of hope that Dipper was still alive. Ford probably hadn’t slept since Dipper went missing, and at that point he was probably willing to try anything to get him back. Bill could use that. He would need to be careful not to get him to lash out in anger though, seeing as he or Dipper could
be killed from it.

“You know,” Ford said after a moment of watching Dipper, “I don’t think he ever wanted to kill you things. I’ve seen him reading books about you, but whenever it came to actually trapping and killing, he would rather sneak off with some mystery girl. The kid never even wanted to hurt you things and yet you hurt him.”

A wave of guilt hit Bill like a rock and he gulped. “He sounds smart. Killing mindlessly is a waste of time,” he mumbled.

Dipper groaned and their attention snapped back on him. His muscles were tensing and his face was twisted in pain. Low growls bubbled up from his throat and he began to thrash around. Something definitely wasn’t right. He looked like he was getting more angry than anything.

His eyes snapped over to Bill and though they were clouded, Bill could see that they were wide and frenzied.

“Didn’t work, we have a problem!” Bill wiggled back in his tank a little bit and tried to make calming sounds at his mate. None of them seemed to work.

Ford backed away and pulled a knife from his belt. “What the Hell, how was this supposed to help!?” He moved his feet just in time to avoid a swipe from Dipper’s claws and retaliated by lunging forward and using the blunt of the knife to hit him in the side of the head, hard enough that Dipper went limp and groaned as he fell to the ground. “Was your plan to have him attack me!?” Ford lifted him by the arms and put the knife to his throat.

Bill shook his head and moved to grab Dipper away from him, but couldn’t quite reach. “No! Neptune no, I thought it would… Change him differently. Don’t hurt him, please!” He watched the knife carefully and whimpered. Seeing his mate about to be killed made his whole being ache, and he knew he had to do something to stop it.

“Explain then, you rotten fish!” Ford was mad again. It was time to make an attempt at the truth.

“That is Dipper!”

There was a pregnant pause and the two stared at each other very intently, Ford looking anything but convinced.

“Look, I don’t know how to get you to believe me, but that blue guppy right there is your nephew.” He straightened himself out and did his best to make himself seem more confident. “I used a spell to change him into this. I was trying to get this to happen. You killed my parents, so I lashed out and tried to get you to kill him. It was dumb and he hates me now, but-”

“You expect me to believe any of that?” Ford snapped. “My nephew would never become one of the things that killed his parents. You think someone in your same position would turn into a human, simply because one asked him nicely enough to?”

Bill’s eyes widened and he smiled. “Yes! Actually, I can turn into a human! I just need to dry off!” He wiggled a bit at his revelation and tried to lift himself up out of the tank.

Ford dropped Dipper and pointed his knife at Bill. “No! I’m not falling for that again. If you went wild too it wouldn’t solve anything.” He put the knife away and pulled Dipper up, tossing him back into the tank. With a small knock on the wall, water spilled out of a chute and began to fill it back up.

“I’m chaining him back up and gagging him, but you can stay here so that when he wakes up, you can both decide on what to tell me when I come back. If it’s an answer I don’t like, you’re both
“No, no! I really can though!”

“I’m not listening to anything else you say unless it’s about where my nephew really is. I’m going out to assign my men areas of the islands to search through. The sooner you tell me where he is, the less we snoop around where the rest of you are.” He secured Dipper as he spoke then made his way over to the door when he finished. “I suggest you have the correct answer when I get back.”

The door slammed shut before Bill could argue any more.

He growled and slammed his fists down into the water, wetting the area round him. For once, Bill really wasn’t sure what to do. Dipper hated him, Ford didn’t believe him, and his mind was too busy being upset to think of any kind of plan out of there.

With one glance over at his mate, Bill made at least one plan, and he was sticking to it. He was going to climb over into Dipper’s tank, cuddle him and use body vibrations to help heal some of his soreness.

It took a lot of effort, and with how tired he was Bill almost couldn’t do it, but eventually he managed to pull himself into Dipper’s tank and wiggle around until he was comfortably against his mate.

He began to comfort him, and shivered a bit when he thought of what might happen when Dipper woke up.

There was a possibility that Dipper wasn’t going to be Dipper. Maybe the spell was making him into the feral northern siren that he looked like. Regardless of what was going to happen later, though, Bill would stay put. He needed to help him as much as he could, while he could, and he needed to hold him while he could. It may very well be the last time he ever got to hold Dipper, so he was going to enjoy it.

He gently rubbed his hand on Dipper’s cheek and sighed. “I’m going to save you. Even if you hate me now, I’m going to save you. Because I love you, and you deserve the life I took from you.”

Chapter End Notes

Here’s a fluffy thought to help with all of this angst; Cats purr to help heal themselves sometimes. So do my sirens. Bill is cuddling Dipper and purring.

Anyway, hope you enjoyed, comments and kudos always appreciated :3 <3
A day had gone by since Dipper had gone missing. Mabel sat uncomfortably in her room, holding herself as she rocked back and forth. The tears had stopped, but her body ached and she emotionally confused.

She wanted nothing more than to be angry, to go out and find whatever took him from her and kill it, but her body simply wanted to be sad and mope about. It was frustrating, and she was over it.

Taking a deep breath, Mabel pulled herself together and stood up from her bed, straightening out her dress so that she could walk in it properly. The damned thing was being fitful and she decided to change out of it before leaving her room, choosing instead her brown slacks and one of Dipper’s old, near-white undershirts.

With faked confidence she made her way to Dipper’s room to find something, anything, that might help the situation. She did remember that he told her to read through his journal should something happen to him, so she decided that that would be her first step.

If only she could find the thing. When she opened his door, she found that his room was messier than she seemed to remember.

She huffed and began her search for the thing, rummaging through Dipper’s clothes, loose papers, and weird specimens he liked to keep in jars. He was too much like Ford.

Eventually she came to the desk, admittedly probably the first place she should have checked, and she started to go through his drawers. She was a little worried that she may come across something… interesting, seeing as Dipper had told her that he wasn’t interested in women. Not like she would truly mind, but she knew that some part of her mind would find it appalling, and she needed to focus on finding Dipper, not judging something that shouldn’t be judged anyway.

His art supplies were out and had been used a bit more recently, which lead her to believe that he might be drawing pictures for Bill.

Oh god, had Bill noticed that Dipper had gone missing? She would need to find him after she went through the journal a bit, and see if he knew anything more. Of course, she would need to go through the journal first since she knew nothing of Bill. He was a complete mystery to her, which bothered her to no end.

She would have told Dipper all about a secret love of hers, why had he not told her more about Bill?
It was a little upsetting to know that he hadn’t trusted her.

No matter though, she needed to find that journal. She could chastise him later for not telling her. If there would be a later. The sirens Ford had captured claimed that Dipper was still alive, and Mabel felt that he was, but she couldn’t help but worry that he might be gone.

After searching through the desk, Mabel found that Dipper’s bag was off to the side of it. Luckily enough, the journal was in it.

She flipped to the first page and began to read silently to herself, squinting a bit to read Dipper’s sloppy writing.

*I’ve met a siren in the cove at the north end of the island. It tried to eat me! Luckily I was being searched for and it overheard that I was Ford’s nephew. It seemed to be upset by this and I offered it a deal. If it comes back to answer my questions daily, I won’t tell Ford. It took the deal! This will be the perfect opportunity to learn more about sirens.*

Mabel gasped at the very first passage in it. Dipper had met and talked to a siren? And it was in the cove on the north end of the island, her first stop in her search. She would need to sneak out of the house since the Stans told her not to leave, but Mabel knew she could do it.

Tucking the journal back into the bag, Mabel pulled it over her shoulder and ducked out of his room.

Though she hadn’t really snuck around in years, she was impressed by her light footwork as she moved through the house unseen to grab her shoes and then leave.

The weather had cooled quite a bit, and she cursed herself for not also grabbing more layers, but she moved on despite it. The cold could wait, Dipper couldn’t.

It was easy enough to make it down to the beach, but Mabel was stopped by Wendy and the others before she could head further to the cove.

“Hey, I heard about Dipper,” the redhead said solemnly while hugging herself. “How are you doing?”

A murmur of sorrys went through the crowd, none speaking up enough to actually bother to be acknowledged.

Mabel shrugged and sucked in a deep breath. She didn’t have time for questions. “I’m finding him. He’s not gone, I can feel it. I just need to keep looking. So-”

“Need any help?” She gave a friendly smile and rested her hands on her hips.

“No, thanks,” Mabel lied. She would love some help, but she knew Dipper wanted to keep some things a secret for the time being. Unless she really needed it, Mabel would go without the help.

“Allright, dude. Let me know though, okay?”

Mabel gave a nod and waved as she started off again. “Will do! Thanks, Wendy!”

The older girl waved back, and as soon as she was out of sight, Mabel practically ran to the cove. Though Mabel liked her, she was thankful to be back on track again. Even small interruptions like
that weren’t welcome while she was on a bit of a time crunch.

Sharp rocks were all over the place with very few spots of sand where someone would actually be able to sit or just stand comfortably. It was strange to her that it would be the place chosen to meet, but she supposed it made sense since it was hidden fairly well.

She sat down on a clear spot of sand and dug the journal back out. “Okay, I’m at the cove, let’s hope the next passage clears up more, and doesn’t make me need to go anywhere too far.”

_The siren and I were able to work out more of the deal. It told me I could only ask three questions and, while under pressure, I asked it’s name, age, and why it tried to eat me. Its name is Bill, it’s twenty years of age, and it claims that it was just looking for revenge. We’ve been over fishing the waters and hurting the siren population. Perhaps I’ll find someway to help that._

_It also shared a story with me, one that’s written on the page marked for stories. It was the reason it calls me, “Pine Tree.”_

_I supposedly need to make it a bracelet to match the one it gave me. I’ll need to ask Mabel to help me make one._

“Bill is the siren?” She gasped.

Mabel reread the passage a few times to let it sink in. The bracelet Dipper wore was from a siren. From Bill. They had all noticed it once Dipper stopped wearing a cloth around it, and just never said anything because they assumed it was from the “girl”.

She had noticed Bill wearing the one Dipper made when she had caught them together, too. Which meant Bill really was the siren Dipper had written about.

After reading the next entry, one about how they both shared interesting birthmarks, Mabel skimmed through the journal a bit to see what else could be used as proof. If Bill really had wormed his way into Dipper’s heart, it was likely that the damned thing was what took him.

_Bill came up hurt. I helped it, but I had to sneak around a bit to get the supplies to trap it while it healed. No one seemed to notice, and I managed to get it back to health before it swam home again. Sirens do in fact have magic. It healed rather quickly. Also it really seemed to appreciate my assistance a lot._

_And… it doesn’t mind when I touch it. Will definitely think about holding it again. The kiss on the nose wasn’t too bad either._

“Aw,” Mabel cooed. She couldn’t help but smile at how his writing seemed more fluid and light the more he spent time with the siren.

_It was a bit awkward, but I managed to get Bill to pose for a drawing. He seemed to like the picture,
but asked me nicely not to call him “it” anymore. I had to change the labels on the picture, but it’s fine. I don’t mind doing it for him.

Sure enough a few pages after was a beautifully detailed picture of Bill, the notes with small bits scribbled out and replaced with “he” or “him”. She took the time to read over a lot of the side notes he made, but soon returned to the other passages.

Bill and I talked about siblings today. He has none directly, but he was really curious about Mabel. Apparently twins are extremely rare for sirens, so I was suddenly a novelty to him. It was very fun to listen to him go on about how siren families worked. He got into quite a bit of detail, and I managed to make a good chart of how it works on another page.

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We talked more about our families today. He still hates Ford and Stan, but joked freely about meeting Mabel. Not sure how well any of them would take to him though.

His parents were killed, like mine, while the fighting was the worst between us.

He explained that some sirens could use spells to make their songs strong enough to reach clear inland! It was hard to do though, so it was used sparingly.

The nose kisses have become a part of our goodbye. I’m okay with this.

“They’ve been seeing each other for so long. How did we miss this?” Mabel said frustratedly while she combed a hand through her hair.

Bill didn’t seem to have evil intentions from what she read, though. In fact, Dipper began talking about Bill as if he were the greatest being in the world. As the entries went on, Dipper talked more and more about how hurt he was that he and Bill were too different to be together.

Mabel was about to read more, but a loud gasp and splash made her jolt up.

“Who’s there?” She demanded. She stood and searched the rocks, her eyes catching sight of a purple tail. “Siren! Come out! If you dare try to sing I’ll cut your tongue out!”

A pair of purple eyes were suddenly on her, squinting as if the thing was trying to recognize her. “Where’s Bill?” She demanded.

“Uh,” the siren stumbled over his words for a moment before clearing his throat. “Dipper?”

Mabel titled her head and tucked the journal away. “No, I’m his sister. Do you know Bill?”

The purple siren nodded and pulled himself closer to the beach. “He’s my relative, unfortunately, yes. I came looking for him under my elder’s orders. He and Dipper have been missing, and it’s been worrying.”

“Dipper has been missing, yes, but I thought he was with Bill.” She sat down again, not worried about how close the siren was getting. She could take him, so she did not fear him. “I’m confused.”
“As am I. You’re saying that you, a human, are sister to Dipper, the siren who is very clearly from up north?” He rested himself next to her and had an interesting look on his face. It was a mixture of hatred and curiosity, though the curiosity seemed to be winning.

Mabel shook her head. “No, I’m saying I’m sister to Dipper, the very much human man. We’re twins.”

“Twins? That explains why you look so much like him. Though I suppose your breasts should have given me a hint-”

“Do not look at those!” She lightly smack his arm with one hand and covered her chest with the other.

He flinched back and scowled. “I wasn’t staring! I saw them when I looked you over!”

She rolled her eyes and grabbed the journal again, flipping open to the drawing of Bill and pointing to it. “This is Bill, yes?”

“Yes,” the siren nodded.

“Then he is for sure a siren, born and raised that way, yes?”

Again he nodded. “And Dipper, as your twin, is very much a human, born and raised?”

Mabel flipped a few pages and shook her head. “Then how is it that I’ve seen Bill with legs on land, and you’ve seen Dipper in the sea with fins?”

The last entry had to have the answers, and both she and the purple siren leaned in to look it over.

_I confronted Bill today about no longer seeing him. I’ve developed feelings, as wrong as that is, and that it would be unwise for us to continue to see each other._

_Though I was pleasantly surprised to hear that he had a solution, and that he feels the same way._

_He’s found a spell to change us both so that when dry, he would be human, and while wet, I would become a siren. We’re going to do it tomorrow. I won’t let anything hold us back, I love him, I cannot deny it anymore. I want to be with him._

“That’s the last entry,” she said quietly. “They’ve used magic to change themselves.” She turned her head quickly to look at the siren and gauge his reaction. “Is that possible?”

He tilted his head and glared at the page. “Bill? Love?” He scoffed. “As weird as that sounds to me, I do know that there may be a spell like that.” There was a brief pause before he shook his head and began to move back into the water. “I need to speak to my elder.”

“Wait!” Mabel grabbed his hand and gave him a stern look. “I’m coming with you. We’re sorting this out and helping them. If what we’re being told from this is true, then that means Ford has Bill and Dipper, and we need to bring solid enough proof to sway him into believing us.”

The siren glared at the hand holding him. “Does he not recognize his own kin?”

She shrugged. “Apparently not. Ford has a tendency to be blinded with his emotions. He doesn’t
deal with them properly. It’s up to us to save them both. Don’t you want to save Bill?”

He laughed and shook his head. “I could care less if he’s dead or alive! I’m only here because Orion made me come.”

“Well, if you’re so cold as to not save your own family, then help me to help Dipper. Surely you don’t hate him.”

“Well…” The siren looked down at the sand and sighed. “He was nice to me… But you can’t really come with me! I’ll be under the water, you can’t breathe down there.”

Mabel huffed and wracked her brain for a way she could follow him. “If I go by ship it would alarm your people… Wait. There’s an old legend about kissing a siren. If I kiss you, I can breathe underwater for a short time, no?”

“Though that’s true, I hardly think kissing each other is app-”

With no warning, Mabel cut him off by pulling him into a kiss. She deepened it by sipping her tongue passed his surprisingly warm lips, making sure to be careful of his incredibly sharp teeth. It was short, but it left both a little breathless when she pulled away.

The siren was red in the face, but did nothing to move away the entire time. “You kissed me!”

“I did. I’ll do anything to save my brother. Now are we going to go or not?”

He stayed still for a moment, staring at her with an unreadable expression. “Fine. But may we at least exchange names? I feel as though that should have come before the inking kiss! I mean for Neptune’s sake, you gave no warning!”

Mabel giggled and nodded. “I’m Mabel. And I don’t care, you didn’t seem to hate it. How long does it last anyway?”

“Tad,” he grumbled. “A few hours, so we must hurry.” He began to pull her under the water, but she resisted. “Did you not just hear me?” He turned and glared at Mabel, only to cower back a little at her scowl.

“Let me put this bag somewhere safe first. And you must promise this isn’t some trap. You have to protect me from other sirens while we’re down there, got it?” She stood and quickly trotted to a rock away from the water, tucking the bag away before coming back to him.

“Fine. Only if you promise to let me do the talking then. They’re not going to be very open to talk at first, seeing as I’m our top hunter. Anything I bring back is first thought to be food, so let me handle it, alright?” He grabbed her hand again and pulled her into the water.

"Got it." As she walked out with him, Mabel cursed under her breath. The water was cold. But she was doing it for Dipper, and not even her freezing toes would stop her.

She swallowed thickly as she ducked her head under the water, half expecting to just drown.

Though her lungs stung a little at the first breath, she found that she was able to take a few more without trouble.

“Are you alright?” The siren’s voice sounded less inhuman under the water, and because Mabel wasn’t sure if hers would work at all, she just nodded. “Good. Then let’s go.”
She gave another nod then kicked her legs as he pulled her along. It was thrilling, if she were being honest with herself. She wasn’t able to see very well, but Mabel was enjoying it regardless. It had been a very long time since she had gone for a swim, and she was glad that she was able to set aside her hatred for the creature pulling her along to have that moment.

The siren looked back at her as if he were checking on her wellbeing, but quickly looked away again to guide them through the water.

He seemed pretty tame, why was he not like what she was told they were? She would look into that at a later time. Surely he was just being nice to ease his own curiosity about the situation.

For the time being, Mabel just wanted to focus on getting the information she needed to help Dipper. Though he had kept something huge from her and hurt her feelings, she was still going at full steam to do whatever she could to sort things out. There would be nothing that could stop Mabel from reaching her goal.

Not even the very real fear of being surrounded by the pack of sirens, which she was about to face.

Chapter End Notes

WOO GO MABEL

Hopefully the other sirens don’t try to eat her.

Also "inking" was just something I thought would be cute as a siren swear word :p

Thanks for reading, comments and kudos always appreciated :3 <3
Dipper tried to blink away the haziness in his eyes for the fifth time that day. It never worked. Honestly it seemed to be getting worse the more that he messed with it, and he figured it was time to give up on fixing them.

Bill was asleep on top of him, restlessly twitching every so often.

Dipper had no idea how to feel about his partner anymore. To know that he had been used, and to know that Bill had wanted him to die, hurt. Tears wouldn’t even come anymore, he was too exhausted to even try to cry.

The blond shifted a little and groaned. He was awake.

“Dipper?” He said sleepily. “Are you okay? Do you feel better?”

Dipper only gave a short nod, unable to talk with the muzzle over his face. Not like he would talk anyway. He was still really hurt. It wasn’t even anger he was feeling. Sure, at first it had been, but after just a few hours all he could feel was a horrible sinking feeling in his chest, as if his heart were being dragged down into his stomach.

The muzzle was suddenly removed from his face and Bill was smiling up at him, his eyes heavy with guilt and sadness.

“I…don’t know if I’m up for it right now, Bill,” he said softly.

“Please, Dipper,” Bill’s voice cracked, “I need you to understand why I did what I did. I-I’m not asking for forgiveness- though that would be incredible -I just want you to know how I felt then and how I feel now.” He very slowly reached out and cupped Dipper’s cheek, looking as if he were ready to flinch back at any second.

Though Dipper was still upset, he leaned into the touch. It felt nice, and Dipper was sore all over, so anything soothing was too nice to pass up.

“Fine.” He would at least hear Bill out. It wasn’t like he wanted to hate Bill, the siren he was very much in love with, so he would try his best to understand it. Though he wasn’t sure if just an
explanation would make the pain hurt any less.

Bill took a deep breath and let his hand fall into the water. “I hated humans. Why I did should be clear enough. I was so hurt and angry still over my parents death, I just felt like I needed some sort of revenge. Literally anything would do. When you came along, I just…took the opportunity.”

“*You tried to eat me to begin with, so I understand we weren’t on good terms at first anyway,*” he laughed dryly. “*But… It hurts, Bill. You’ve hurt me, more than I thought I even could be hurt. And I may not ever have the time to get over it because now we’re both trapped here. My family will think that you and I killed me, and let me tell you, my family will not let us get away with it.*”

“I know, I know.” Bill flicked his tail a bit and nodded to the floor. “I can dry myself out to show Ford that I can be human. It’ll help with the whole getting us out of here thing. I… I’m not sure where to go from there though. This is the first time I’m not able to think my way out of something, and I’m scared for us.”

Dipper stared at Bill, trying to read the other’s expression. He understood where Bill was coming from, and he truly wanted to just say everything was okay and be happy again, but he knew he needed to take time to be upset, and to make Bill realize how hurt he really was.

“*You can try drying out, we’ll see where that takes us. If we do manage to get out of here though, I want you to know we’re going to take a break. I’m sure we’ll both need to sort things out with our families anyway, so I’ll take that time to think.*”

Bill gulped. “Think?” His voice cracked again and he pouted. “Okay, but please keep in mind that I do love you. You’re my mate, and I’m okay with a break, but I don’t know what to do without you.”

Dipper sighed and nodded, motioning to the floor as best as he could with his chained hands. “I’ll keep that in mind. Now go dry up so we can get out of here.”

The water only got colder as Mabel was pulled along by the siren. Her nerves became more and more frayed as they neared the bottom of one of the larger islands. A network of caves could be seen, and Mabel gasped when she saw the underwater plants that were grown out around them.

Tad laughed at her reaction and paused for a moment. “This is the kind of beautiful thing you humans are ruining with your overfishing,” he said a bit coldly.

“Whoa…” Mabel was shocked to hear her voice work under the water, but was too stunned by the scenery to care much about that.

“Anyway, this is the point in our trip where things may get dangerous for you. Are you prepared to face my pack?” He gave her a serious look and glanced down at her hand, which he was holding. His hand quickly slipped up to her wrist instead and he looked back up at her. “Uh, they may try to eat you.”

Mabel gave a short nod. “And you promised to protect me from them, so it shouldn’t be a problem.” She chose to ignore the siren’s hilarious awkwardness from the hand holding.
“Still… Just stay close. I need you to help Bill and Dipper, which I need to do make Orion happy. Stay alive until things are sorted out, at least.”

She rolled her eyes at him and motioned him to go forward. “Let’s just get it over with.”

Tad hesitantly swam forward, his hand slipping back down into hers as he pulled her along.

A large group of sirens were swimming in and out of the caves, all immediately looking to Tad and Mabel when the passed. It was extremely intimidating to see that many pairs of unnatural eyes on her, but Mabel kept her head high, trying to remember that she was there for a purpose.

The siren seemed to want to keep her alive, so she felt safe up until they spoke to his elder at least, but she made sure to mentally map out the caves as well as she could, should she need to make a break for it.

Tad made a few low clicking sounds which made the others back away a bit, but none of them drifted too far.

“Tad, what is with you and Bill bringing home-” A second purple siren, one lighter in color than Tad, swam up to them, freezing in place when he saw Mabel. “Let’s take this conversation elsewhere, shall we?”

Mabel followed the two through one of the tunnels until they were out in the open water again, the older siren making sure to stay close to the island to avoid any boats that may be out in the water.

“You’re related to Dipper, aren’t you?” The siren asked when they came to a stop.

“Uh, yeah. He’s my twin brother. He and Bill have done something that-”

He raised a hand and stopped her. “I’m aware. The second I saw you my suspicions were confirmed. Bill had asked me about the spell he used, and I grew more curious about Dipper once he discussed it with me. He was most nervous about the spell being able to be reversed, and I told him that there is no known way to do so.” He put a hand on his chin and idly rubbed at it. “I don’t understand why Bill of all people would form such a bond with a human, but I suppose if it made him happy…”

“I think it made both of them pretty happy,” Mabel snorted. “I’d show you the journal my brother kept on it all, but seeing as it’s a book…”

“I understand,” he mumbled. “Why is it though,” he said more clearly, “that you’re here? Is Bill not up on land then like I suspected him to be?”

Tad shook his head. “Mabel here says Ford has them both. Supposedly he is unable to tell that it is Dipper, or doesn’t seem to care.”

“He does have them both locked up. He thinks that your people took Dipper, and that those two know where he is. I wanted to prove it before charging in and speaking what will sound like nonsense to Ford, claiming that Dipper is one of the sirens he’s been holding. Now that I know for sure, I can go back and help get them both out.”

The elder siren nodded and let his hands fall to his sides. “This is definitely an interesting turn of events…” He closed his eyes and took in a slow deep breath.

While waiting for him to say more, Mabel noticed that Tad was still holding her hand, squeezing it lightly. It made her smile to herself and she allowed it to continue. Both of them were nervous about the situation, and she didn’t mind the strange comfort while in unknown territory.
“Tad, I believe we should go with her.”

“What!?” Tad tensed and his tail flicked around. “Orion, Bill got himself into this mess, he should get himself out!”

Orion glared at him. “If it is alright with Mabel, I believe this is the perfect opportunity to discuss peaceful terms with the humans. Bill may not have done this knowingly, but he’s handed us a fantastic chance to finally stand up and try to live together with the humans, rather than fight them to the death.”

Mabel scoffed. “I always thought you were the ones doing the fighting. Now you wish to make peace?”

His glare moved to Mabel and he pointed out into the open water. “Fish used to swim openly all around these waters. My people used to be able to come out into our home and live freely. Your people moved in and began killing too many fish, and killed us on site. We’ve been doing nothing but protect ourselves. You are the intruders, you are the ones who sought blood. We only became aggressive when we knew that we had to.”

Her face blanched and she tensed to defend herself, but words failed her. He was right. They had moved to the island in hopes to find better land to live off of, and they had kind of tried to kick the sirens out. She… supposed they had reason to fight.

“I can help talk Ford down to a point in which he’ll listen to reason. I’m his great niece, he should stand down.”

Orion’s face softened and he nodded. “There’s much we need to figure out and discuss, but for now I must speak to the people. They may not fully support my decision if it is just me expressing want for this. Will you do this with me Tad?”

Tad threw Mabel’s hand away and crossed his arms in a huff. “Make peace with them!? I’m sick of the fighting as well, but what makes you think they’ll even want to speak with us? They’ve slaughtered us without mercy, ruined our home, and are cruel creatures!”

“Calm down,” Orion said sternly. “Do you not see who is right beside you? She is blood to Ford, and even she is willing to help end this. Mistakes and cruelties have been made on both parts, but that does not mean that we both cannot change. Dipper was kind to you, no? He helped free you from a trap. That’s two humans now who have decided on peace once they understood us. If we could just speak and understand each other like civil creatures, the fighting could come to an end. I wholeheartedly believe this.”

He took a few deep breaths and stared Orion down, clearly trying to process his thoughts over what he had been told.

Mabel knew that she would be alright with the two species trying to sort everything out. As much as she loved doing all of the hunting stuff, she knew that in practice it was cruel. She had just always believed that the sirens attacked first, and never thought about how she and her people were the ones ruining things. It was easy to forget the other side of things when fear and anger was involved.

“I will do this with you, Orion. Only in the hopes that this will save lives. But what can we do, should this go wrong? What if they don’t want to speak, but instead attack us?”

“I can make sure no one attacks you,” Mabel reassured.

Orion nodded. “I trust that. But I would like to have some reassurance, so I believe we should bring
a few of the hunters. Tad, can you keep your group under tight control while we’re at the human island?”

He looked down and seemed a bit nervous. “Uh… Maybe another hunting group should come. Mine would be too likely to jump at the slightest upset.”

“Alright, I’ll round a few others up. Mabel, we need a place of entry. It will be difficult to swim through traps without knowing where they all are. Can you help with that?”

“I can,” she nodded.

“Perfect. Then let’s go speak with the others, and begin our rescue and peace mission, shall we?”

Mabel and Tad both gave a nod, and soon she was being pulled back under the island, Tad once again holding her hand.

The situation felt more surreal than she thought it would, and her nerves began to calm. It felt too unreal to even be worried about. All she did know, was that she was going to do whatever it took to save Dipper. Even if that meant starting a peace revolution with her once enemies, against her family and friends.

It was going to be quite the day.

Chapter End Notes

Happiness and sadness or both on the horizon. Let's see if Mabel's peace mission goes well ;D

Thanks so much for reading, comments and kudos are always appreciated! :3 <3
Mabel was crawling in her skin as she stared out at the group of sirens who were looking at her as if she were about to jump at them. It was unsettling, to say the least, to see that many pairs of strangely colored eyes on her, and she did her best to stay next to Tad. He seemed pretty adamant about keeping his word, and would occasionally move closer to her, glaring out at the others to back off.

The elder siren, Orion, was speaking out to the group in their tongue, and he seemed to be giving orders, rather than trying to convince them of anything. And a lot of them looked like they were ignoring him.

It made Mabel nervous to see that they might not be on board with the plan. Honestly she didn’t care what they thought, but she needed them to help get Dipper back, safe and sound.

Orion’s speech ended and weird clicks vibrated through the water, the group all closing their eyes. “Then it’s settled,” he said. “I will go forward with this.”

“They’re okay with it?” Mabel looked out at the group again, trying to find any happy faces. Not one siren looked thrilled about the fighting coming to an end.

“They are all just weary of this. Of you, and your people. I do not blame them for being that way. But, they will see in time that this is an event that will be celebrated by future generations.” He put his hand on Tad’s shoulder and gave a warm smile. “Thank you, Tad, for doing this with me. Now go round up the more tame hunters and meet me in the open water facing the human’s island.”

Tad nodded and looked over at Mabel, who he was still nearly hugging. “I promised to protect her…”

“She will be safe with me, do not worry. You will be gone for only a moment, she and I can speak until you get back.” He gave another smile and Tad nodded, slowly inching away from Mabel before swimming off quickly to fetch the others.

Mabel watched as the others dispersed, and waited patiently for Orion to speak first, since she wasn’t sure what to even say.

“Follow me,” he said as he began to swim towards one of the caves.

She nodded and kicked her legs to follow, noticing that he was swimming slowly so that she could keep up.
They were nearly back out in the open water when Orion slowed so that he was next to her.

“Do you truly think Ford will listen?”

“I do,” she said honestly. “He will be a pain at first, and it won’t be a clean thing, but I’m sure we can convince him with enough talk. I just hope Dipper and Bill are doing okay. I… am not sure what Ford is doing to them. I know what goes on in that building, and I pray he isn’t doing those things to Dipper.”

Orion gave a weary nod. “I hope they are safe as well. I’ve not known Dipper for long, but anyone that is able to tame Bill like he seems to have, must be a good person.”

“He is. He’s never been anything but kind.” She sighed and felt her lungs begin to burn a bit. “I think the spell is wearing off,” she said as she grabbed at her throat.

The cave opened up and she was able to see a few ships on the water, getting dangerously close to the island of sirens.

“Do not worry,” he said as if he could tell that she was tense. “I’ve instructed everyone to stay completely hidden until things get cleared up. And I will have Tad renew the spell for you once he returns with the others. It would be too dangerous to break the surface, and you would be of more help to us if you continue to stay under water.”

She nodded and looked out to Gravity Falls, mentally mapping out where she knew traps were. “It won’t be easy, Ford has put out nets and traps everywhere. I will be able to disarm a few of them, but I hope you and the others can navigate carefully through tight spaces.”

He chuckled and waved his hand dismissively. “I worry not about that. Tad and the others are hunters, they are well versed in moving skillfully through these trapped waters. Will you be alright maneuvering around them? You’re not exactly a skilled swimmer.”

“I will be fine. I’m sure Tad will help me. He seems like he wants to keep his word and keep me from harm.”

“We’re people of our word. Tad especially is a noble being, who wouldn’t go back on his promises. Regardless of how much he may not like the situation, he is one who is loyal to what he says.”

Mabel nodded thoughtfully and smiled. “Good to know.”

Clicking sounds brought their attention back to the caves, where Tad was leading a group of three other sirens towards them.

“I’ve got the others. Let’s go now before we lose anymore light.” Tad grabbed Mabel’s hand and tried to swim forward, but Orion stopped him.

“She needs the breathing spell renewed, Tad. Do that first, then we will leave.”

Tad groaned and huffed. “Fine.” In a quick motion he pulled Mabel’s face to his and pressed their lips together.

She hadn’t been expecting it, so she let out a surprised noise, only to have it muffled by Tad’s tongue pushing past her lips to deepen the kiss. It lasted longer than she thought it might, and she began to wonder if Tad was enjoying it.

“There,” he said as he moved away. “She can breathe now.”
The others were awkwardly staring anywhere but at them, and began to swim off as soon as they were done.

“Alright, everyone, watch your fins,” she said as she put her arms out to stop the group.

Old and new traps littered the ocean floor, they’re triggers varying in depth. The more rusted ones were much harder to see, hidden by the mud and foliage, but Mabel was confident that she would be able to maneuver the six of them safely around them all.

The others followed closely behind her, watching as she disarmed a few of the traps, or carefully moved them from their path. The sirens were all nervous of what might happen should one go off, but Mabel was becoming concerned that the trapsmen on land might start to notice the lax ropes.

“We’re getting close,” she said quietly as the docks came into view. The traps were practically the only thing she could see, and they slowed their progress even worse. “If we’re going to make it before they notice anything, I’m going to have to clear the way.”

“What do you—” Tad froze and tensed up to grab her when Mabel picked up one of the disarmed traps and tossed it into the others.

Trap after trap went off in a domino-like fashion, and the sirens huddled together in fear as the traps went off around them.

“Are you crazy!?” Tad shouted as he grabbed her arm.

“Nope! Now the path is clear and we can swim faster, they’re going to know about us soon anyway. Now let’s go!” She pulled him along and the others followed silently, still watching out for any traps that hadn’t gone off.

Soon they reached the cell house and they all stared at it for a moment before Orion finally spoke.

“We’re going to have to sing a light song to avoid being shot on sight. Once we get the to toss their immediate weapons away, we will cease our song and tell them that we only wish to speak. Hopefully Ford will be nearby to discuss our terms.”

Mabel nodded. “I’m more hoping Stan is around. He has a cooler head about these things.”

“You can ask for him if he is not around, I have no problem with bringing in the other head of the island. Tad, you will need to stay by Mabel while we sing and help her cover her ears. Being so close to us while we sing might cause problems. Are we all ready?”

The sirens all gave a short nod at each other and pushed up to the surface, where already Mabel could hear shouting.

Tad wrapped his arms around her and pulled her up with him, both of them gasping as they broke the water’s surface.

Being able to breath air again was uncomfortable at first, and Mabel had to take a few quick breaths to get her lungs working properly again.

“Sirens!” A man yelled from one of the docks.

“Plug your ears,” Tad said as he lifted her hands up to the sides of her head.

Mabel was barely able to cover her ears before they all started to sing loudly. She stared at Tad and
watched his lips move, but was unable to hear the words he was belting out because of Tad’s hands over hers.

It was fascinating to see how strangely beautiful they looked while they sang, and Mabel found herself staring at the group of sirens, rather than watching the men on land fall under their spell.

When the music stopped, Tad’s hands went back into the water, but still stayed on Mabel’s. His hands were much larger than hers, and they were warm, so she didn’t object to it.

Her attention went to the docks, where multiple men were standing and staring down at all of them.

“Men, where are Ford and Stan?”

A man with a scruffy beard, who was possibly older than her grunkles, stepped forward and squinted down at her. “Aye, yer a Pines! What’ ye doin’ in the water with those monsters?”

“I come with the sirens to bring a message of peace,” she said loudly so that all could hear her. “We wish not to fight, but instead speak with the Pines family to discuss our terms of peace.” Orion matched her tone and made sure to stay right beside her so that no one saw him as a threat to her.

“If yer not watin’ a fight, why’d ye take her brother!?” The man pulled a gun from his belt and aimed it at Orion, but Mabel put herself between them.

“They didn’t do anything! All of this is a huge misunderstanding! Now holster your weapon or I will come up there and shove it where the sun don’t shine!”

The man stayed still for a moment, only complying after a stare down with Mabel. “Fine,” he said as he put his gun back. “Ford ‘n Stan are on their way already, I’m sure. Yer all going to stay right where ye are.”

“That’s alright with us,” Orion nodded. “But Mabel, you should go attempt to get to Dipper and Bill. They may need your help.”

Mabel eyed the men on the docks and shook her head. “I know, but I can’t leave you all here with them. I don’t want to risk either side getting hurt. I’m sure my grunkles won’t be lo–” Something grabbing her ankle and pulling her under the water cut her sentence off, and Mabel was suddenly being thrown down, deeper into the water.

A vibrantly pink siren was glaring down at her, baring her sharp teeth while growling loudly. Two other sirens were pulling the ones she came with under the water and thrashing around, clearly fighting with them.

She was confused as to what was happening, and her moment of confusion left an opening for the pink siren to pin her down. Mabel tried to kick the thing off of her, but her shoes just slid around the things tail, and she realized the breathing spell had worn off when she broke the surface, so she just began to thrash in a panic.

The siren lunged at her to bite at her throat, but was knocked away at the last second.

Tad was grabbing her arms then, and he pulled her up near a dock. “My hunting pack must’ve heard me telling the others where we were going. I knew they wouldn’t take this well!”

A clawed hand came out of the water and ripped into his shoulder, causing him to cry out before being pulled under the water again.
“Tad!” Mabel swam to the man who had pulled his gun back out and held out her hand. “Give me your knife, now!”

The man hurriedly tugged a long knife from the back of his belt and carefully tossed it to her. “I thought they brought peace!” He shouted as he shot into the water.

“They do! Stop shooting! There are only a few who seem to be against this. But I’m ending that now.” She took a deep breath and dove back down, firmly holding the knife while she scanned the water for Tad.

He was struggling with a light pink, male siren, and blood was making the water around them murky.

She kicked her legs as hard as she could and reached out to grab the other siren. Once she had a grip on his shoulder, Mabel did the thing she had trained to do, and went for the things gills, dragging the knife from one set to the other across its throat.

It struggled for a moment and flopped around in the water, grabbing at the cut.

Mabel hadn’t made it very deep, since she didn’t want to actually kill the thing, so she was hoping it would just scare the thing off to go heal up elsewhere. She only hoped though, since she wasn’t sure how accurate Dipper’s notes were on the whole healing thing they seemed to be able to do.

Tad was suddenly up and darting for the space behind her, where the female siren from before was coming right at her.

While Tad pushed her back, Mabel turned to check on the others, only to have the siren she had cut tackle her and pull her deeper into the water.

Her lungs began to burn from the lack of air and she tried to fight the siren off, but the knife had been knocked from her hand, and she was mostly focusing on holding the siren at its wrists to avoid it slashing her open.

It growled at her and pressed forward, grinning like a maniac. Its teeth looked bigger and sharper than the others she had seen, and Mabel began to panic again. She had to think of something, fast, before those teeth were tearing her apart.

She brought up her knee and forced her leg up as high as she could before kicking with all her strength, sending the siren back a bit.

It paused only for a moment, shaking its head before coming back at her.

Mabel scrambled to find something to defend herself with, trying to focus on what her hands were feeling rather than her burning lungs. Her hand finally connected with a rock, and she grasped it tightly, pulling it from the mud then smashing it into the mouth of the siren coming at her.

The siren cried out and flailed a bit as it backed off, trying to pull the rock from its mouth.

Though she wanted to go at it again, Mabel felt herself start to black out, and her limbs refused to move much more. Black spots began to obstruct her sight, and she tried to push herself back up out of the water, but didn’t get very far.

Tad’s face was the last thing she saw before she went limp and blacked out completely.
After talking a bit more to Dipper about what their plan to get out was, Bill pulled himself from the tank and wiggled to a dry spot on the floor. He only hoped he would actually be able to dry off before someone came in and scolded him for being out of his restraints.

“I hope this goes well,” Bill sighed. He rubbed at his tail and cringed at the burning sensation that was starting to set in.

“Me too,” Dipper said quietly.

Bill watched his mate sulk while he dried off. It hurt to see him look so… broken. The only thing he could do about it, though, was help them break out and fix things with their families. He didn’t care if that meant changing, or possibly getting shot at when he left the room. If it would help get Dipper back home, he’d do it.

Thankfully the spell didn’t affect Bill, and his change kicked in as soon as his scales were dry enough. The flash of light made Dipper flinch back a bit, and Bill cried out as his legs began to form. Changing that time hurt. If the spell was affecting him at all, he may not even be able to change back into his true form.

“That fucking hurt,” he grumbled as he forced himself to stand up. Having legs was still uncomfortable for him, and he wobbled a lot while he walked to the door, but he didn’t mind. It was for Dipper.

“The door is likely locked. You may have to kick it open.” Dipper adjusted himself and huffed a few times. “Why is it so hot?”

Being naked, Bill found himself to be quite cold. “I think it’s just you. I promise I’m going to hurry—”

“Please, stop promising things, Bill. Just- Get us out of here.”

Bill was taken aback for a second, but nodded and looked down at his feet. With a deep breath, he turned to face the door and lifted his leg up, slamming it in the middle of the door.

All that came of that was pain, and Bill fell back onto his ass with a loud thud.

Dipper let out a weak laugh. “You have to kick it by the handle, not in the middle.”

“Right, right. I knew that. Just trying to loosen it up,” Bill joked. He hoped it would lighten the mood, but a heavy tension was still present between them.

The sound of other sirens singing made Bill pause his second attempt at the door, and he looked back at Dipper.

His ear fins were twitching at the sounds and his eyes widened. “You don’t think the others are here trying to break us out, do you? What if they hurt someone?”

Bill quietly shushed him and listened as well as he could to the others. “They’re just telling them to drop their weapons. They don’t sound like they mean harm. And oh Neptune, I hear Orion. He’s going to shave my scales for this,” he groaned.

“Well, try to get out there and make sure no fighting happens.”
“Good plan.” Bill kicked the door again, that time near the handle, and the wood splintered a bit as it flew open.

“W-wait! Bill…” Dipper leaned forward a bit and gnawed at his bottom lip.

“Yeah?” He turned and faced Dipper, his chest clenching at how sick he looked. His eyes were still clouded, and his skin was more blue than it normally was.

“I… Even though you’ve hurt me, and I’m still very upset… Well, when you go out there, it may not be pretty. And, I don’t want you hurt. Be careful, please.” He kept his gaze down at the water and made a point to turn his head away when Bill spoke.

“I will. I’ll come back, I swear.” With that, Bill stepped out of the room and made his way towards the noises.

Shouting could be heard, and he began to worry that the others had come to fight for them. If they were fighting, it could already be a bloody mess out there.

He picked up his pace and maneuvered through the building as carefully as he could, his legs fumbling a bit every so often.

When he came to the door that lead outside, to the fighting, shouting, and shooting, Bill froze. Not only was he naked, he was small comparatively to other humans. How was he supposed to stop any of the fighting?

Bill sucked in a deep breath and shook his head. It didn’t matter what he did, he just needed to try. He had to help Dipper.

The door flew open easily and Bill blinked a few times to get used to the sunlight. From what he could tell, most of the fighting was happening in the water, and the humans were mostly just standing by, shouting out for Mabel.

Tad broke the surface with Mabel in tow, and pulled her over to the dock, where Ford and Stan grabbed her from him, patting her on the back while she coughed water up.

Not a single person noticed that Bill was there, and he figured if he made his presence known, it would cause enough of a stir to stop everyone’s frantic confusion.

With all the air he could muster, Bill forced his throat to make a high-pitched whistle, and held the note until everything else was silent.

“Bill?” Orion swam closer to the dock, backing away a bit when Ford pointed a gun at him.

“What in the lord’s name is going on!” Ford shouted. “Not only are you things attacking each other, this one’s gone and sprouted legs!”

Orion glanced over at Bill. “I came with Mabel to express our want for peace. And to help rescue Dipper and Bill.”

Ford threw his hands up in frustration. “For the last time, that thing in there is not my nephew!”

“That is Dipper, grunkle Ford!” Mabel said in a strained voice. “It’s a long story, but that is Dipper.”

Someone’s gonna need to explain this ‘long story’, because I’m still not sure what’s goin’ on.” Stan helped Mabel stand, and every pair of eyes went to Bill, most of them seeming not to mind that he
was naked.

Orion had motioned for the others to come closer and they all did while nursing their wounds from the other sirens, who were in even worse shape, but still stayed above the water to listen. “Bill is going to be the one with all of the answers. Bill?”

Bill laughed nervously and scratched the back of his head. “S-so… funny story…” He huffed and closed his eyes. Time to confess his wrongdoings to everyone. “Dipper and I met on accident. We made a deal to meet every day so that he could learn more about sirens, and I agreed to it so that he wouldn’t tell you two—” he pointed to Ford and Stan “—about me showing up on the island. I… planned to use him against you, and used a spell to turn him into a siren so that you would catch him, think he was dangerous, then… kill him.”

His throat grew tight and he felt his eyes start to sting a bit. “I know, it was a stupid plan. And it backfired horribly. I didn’t realize I would actually fall for the nerd. His silly notes, his awkward speech patterns, his love for knowledge—” Bill stopped himself and let out a laugh that came out more like a sob. “I fell in love with him. He fell in love with me. And now he’s in there hurting, and I…” He sniffled and wiped his face of the tears that had fallen. “And now he’s hurting, and I don’t know how to save him!”

He hadn’t noticed when he started to shake, but his legs gave out from under him and he fell onto his knees. “I’m stupid and don’t deserve to be helped, but he does! Dipper was just trying to understand us better so that he could stop the fighting, but instead I hurt him. And now I’ve got legs, and I’m crying in front of all of you, and I’m naked because the magic wasn’t intuitive enough to give me pants! But I don’t care because despite all of that, I’m actually doing something right for once. Please, help me help Dipper.”

Everything was deathly silent after that, and Bill just sat with his eyes closed, arms wrapped around himself. He wholeheartedly expected to be scolded, or maybe even hit, but instead a pair of arms was pulling him into a warm embrace.

When he opened his eyes, he saw that Mabel was the one who was hugging him, and he laughed a little.

“Why? I don’t deserve this,” he choked out.

“Bill, everyone is capable of change. Though your intentions at first were cruel, you are clearly doing everything that you can to right your wrong. People make mistakes. Humans and sirens alike. Not a one of us has lived our life free of guilt, or free of sin. But our flaws help make up who we are. Dipper is my brother, and I don’t like that you did this to him, but if he loves you, then so do I. He’s smart, smarter than most people in this world, and I trust him to know a good soul when he sees one. If you saw the way he writes about you in his journal, you would think you were a god.”

Bill laughed again, that time much louder. “Oh, Neptune. I’ve made such a mess. Even if I have your forgiveness, I still don’t know if I have his. I’ve no way of knowing how to even help him. The spell can’t be reversed, and it’s the thing hurting him.”

Orion sighed loudly and waved his hand behind him. “You two, if you would be so kind as to take the delinquants home, I would be most appreciative. Tad and I have the rest of this covered.”

The others disappeared into the water, and left Tad and Orion without a word.

“Now,” Orion continued. “Before we deal with your punishment for doing such a thing, let us first focus on helping Dipper.” He looked to Ford and Stan, who were both standing still, pale as ghosts.
“You don’t mind if I take it from here, do you?”

Ford opened his mouth to speak, but no words came out. Instead, he just gave a small nod.

“Good. You’re welcome to stay of course, but if you could get the others to leave, it would help.” With minor difficulty, Orion pulled himself up onto the dock, waiting for everyone else to be cleared out.

Stan turned to the small group of men and shouted, “You heard ‘em, move out!”

As the men moved, Orion motioned for Bill to walk over to him.

Bill nodded and lightly nudged Mabel off, then carefully made his way to the elder siren. “Y-yes?”

Orion slapped him across the face, the smack making his head turn slightly. “I’m proud of you. But I am also very upset with you. We’ll discuss that later though. For now, I think I have the solution to your problem.”

“You do?” Bill rubbed his face where he had been smacked, ignoring the stinging feeling it left. He had deserved that.

“Indeed. I’ve been thinking of solutions to this spell, should it go wrong, ever since you asked me about it. I had an inkling that Dipper wasn’t really from the north.”

Bill looked down, breaking eye contact with Orion, and sighed. “I’m sorry.”

Orion rolled his eyes. “That can come later. For now you need to go in there, and re-cast the spell. It may unbreakable, but it can be redone. You just have to be thinking of the right things. You have to give in to Dipper’s wants this time. He deserves that much.”

“Of course,” Bill said quietly. “I will go in there and re-cast the spell.” He stood up straight and clenched his fists. “I’m going to save Dipper.” Without waiting for anyone else to say anything, Bill strode back into the building, shakily making his way back into the room where Dipper was being held.

At the door, he paused. He was going to have to do the spell while ignoring how badly he wanted everything back to normal, and for Dipper to just love him fully again. It would be hard to push his own wants aside, but he knew if he forced Dipper to do anything else, he would hate himself.

When he walked in, his mouth ran dry at the sight of his mate. He looked even worse than he had before. His skin was a sickly blue, his hair looked gray and flat, and he was completely lax and unmoving. Even his chest rising and falling from breathing was hard to see.

“Dipper?” Bill rushed over to him and cupped his cheeks in his hands. “Dipper?”

His mate was barely conscious, and mumbled a bit, but couldn’t seem to speak at all.

As he forced Dipper’s chains off to pull him out of the tank, Bill explained to Dipper what was happening so that he wouldn’t freak out at all. “I’m going to get you out of here, and I’m going to kiss you. It’ll fix this, I promise. Okay?”

Dipper let out a low hum and gave a slight nod.

With how small Bill was as a human, it was awkward pulling Dipper out of the tank, but he pressed on. He had to do this.
Once Dipper was out and lying on the floor, Bill took a shaky breath and leaned over him, pressing his lips onto his mate’s. They were cold and clammy, and at first didn’t feel quite right, but Bill continued to kiss him while he let his magic flow while thinking about only wanting whatever Dipper wanted. He hoped Orion was right about this.

The light flashed and Bill groaned as his body began to change again. As his tail reformed, he kept his hold on Dipper, wanting to hold onto his mate for as long as he was able to, since he wasn’t sure he would be allowed to again after everything was said and done.

It seemed to take longer this time around, and by the end of it, Bill felt like he might pass out. His eyes felt heavy, and his body refused to move, but from what he could tell, it had worked on his end. Dipper was still underneath him, out cold. But, he was human, and he looked like himself again. Neptune had Bill missed that face.

He pulled Dipper into a cuddle and kissed his nose. “I fixed it,” he sighed. “I fixed you.” Bill held him a little tighter and pushed his tired body to do some healing vibrations.

They could’ve laid like that for hours if Mabel hadn’t come in to assess what was going on.

“So it worked then?” She asked as she kneeled down by her twin and ran a hand through his hair.

“I’m pretty sure. Now we just have to wait for him to wake up.”

Mabel nodded and looked down at Dipper’s legs. “The magic gave him pants.”

Bill smiled. “The magic can give him whatever it wants, so long as he wants it.”

She laughed while adjusting herself to sit in a more relaxed position. “Stan and Ford are discussing peace with Orion. I never thought I would see this day.”

“Me either.” He loosened his grip on Dipper and started to move to get into the tank. He didn’t want to dry off just yet. He preferred to be in his siren form anyway. “How did you end up with him?” He asked as he pulled himself into the water.

After a large, deep breath, Mabel explained her journey to him, careful not to leave out too many details.

“You are not one to be trifled with,” he laughed when she finished her story.

“Hey, if someone messes with Dipper, then they mess with me.” She met his stare and gave a small smile. “Which is why I have a feeling he’ll forgive you, like I already have. It’ll take him some time, but if you’re willing to wait through that, then I know he’ll come around. Like I said, he wrote very highly of you in his journal.”

“I’ll wait forever for him. He can take all the time he needs.” He put his arms over the side of the tank and rested his head on them. “I hope you’re right. He has every right not to forgive me, but Neptune do I want him to. I’m not sure what I’ll do if he tells me he’s done with me.”

Mabel looked back down at Dipper and hummed. “Just let him know how you feel. Anyone who comes out and cries in front of that many people, naked no less, has proven themselves, at least a little bit.”

Bill huffed. “He didn’t see that though.”
“He didn’t need to,” she said matter of factly. “He’ll definitely hear about it. Like I said, Bill, he’ll just need time.”

He nodded and looked down at his sleeping mate. Dipper could take all the time in the world. Bill would wait. If it meant getting him back someday, he could wait.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter will be in Dip's POV :D

Bill has to fix a lot more than the spell :p

Thanks so much for reading, and sorry again about the posting then deleting thing ^~^'

<3

Also, my Wi-Fi is down, so I'm going on an unexpected hiatus Dx I have no idea when I'll get it back :( if you want updates on when I might be posting again, follow me on Tumblr (same username) as I post updates there when I hear anything on when it might be back on.

Two chapters left and I can't just finish it off. RIP.
Recovery

Chapter Notes

Forgive me this was all done on mobile so it's going to be a bit weird.

But here's the chapter of Dipper dealing with everything that's happened.

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hushed voices outside of his door made Dipper crack his eyes open. There was a candle lit on his nightstand, but it was small and offered little to no light. He wondered briefly if the lack of light was what caused the room to look blurry, but he soon was bombarded by the memories of the past week.

He got sick. Then he and Bill got captured. Bill had lied to him. Ford had tortured him. He was in constant pain from the chains holding his wrists, and his jaw was stiff from being held shut for so long. Not to mention his eyes. Though they were no longer burning, they still felt constantly dry and his vision was as if he were trying to look through fog. He could see more details than a few days before, but things were mostly still just blobs of color.

With a groan, Dipper rolled onto his side and rubbed his face. He was in bed, that was at least good. He had a vague memory of Bill kissing him, then more pain, then darkness. After that he had half memories of being carried home by Stan, but they were so fuzzy he felt as though he could’ve dreamt them.

Dipper knew Mabel had been there though. He didn’t see her, but he remembered hearing her soft voice lull him to sleep a few times. It made him wonder how long he had been out.

It took him longer than he would’ve liked to get his legs to cooperate, but eventually Dipper hauled himself from his bed. He was only wearing pants, something that he didn’t mind since it was a bit warm, but he figured no one would mind if he walked out half dressed.

When he opened the door, he was met with Mabel and Stan, who both stared at him with their mouths slightly open. He was really only able to tell that it was Stan rather than Ford because of the man’s facial hair. Hopefully his bad vision wouldn’t lead to too many mix-ups with who was who.

“I’m thirsty.” he croaked out. His voice was surprisingly his own, and he couldn’t help but relax a bit when it came out in English.

“I’ll go get you a drink, kid.” Stan seemed to hurry off, going downstairs before Dipper could say anything else to him. Not like he really wanted to per se, but he wondered why Stan seemed to be in a hurry to leave.

“You should lie back down, Dipper.” Mabel’s voice was low and seemed a bit heavier than normal.

“How long have I been out? What happened? Is something wrong?”

She gave a small laugh and shook her head. “I will not answer a single question until you are back in bed Dipdop.”
Dipper rolled his eyes but complied, dragging his feet back over to his bed so that he didn’t accidentally trip over something that he couldn’t see. Instead of lying down, he leaned against the headboard and gestured for her to sit in his desk chair.

“There. I’m in bed. Please tell me how long I’ve been out and what’s gone on since then.”

Mabel took a deep breath and nodded. “You’ve only been out for two days. After Bill re-did the spell, you just went out and stayed out until now. Ford says you were just recovering from the… harsh treatment, and that you would wake up when your body was ready to. Nothing and everything has changed, though. We’re at a bit of a stand-still with making peace with the sirens, since Ford hasn’t left his room much, and Orion has been busy dealing with Bill and the other sirens that attacked us.”

“Whoa, whoa, whoa. I’m missing some pieces here. Other sirens attacked you?” He sat up a bit more, slinking back down when she seemed to be upset about him moving too much.

“Let me explain it from the beginning I guess. You went missing that night that I helped you up to your room, and naturally we all freaked out. Ford immediately went to blaming the sirens, and lashed out by going to catch some, as you, uh, experienced. Stan stayed up on land to organize search parties and where to set traps, and I moped for a while. Once I got over being sad, I went and got your journal like you told me too.”

Dipper cringed and looked away. “Oh, you got to read that.”

She laughed and leaned forward, resting her elbows on her knees, which were covered by a soft looking dress. “I did. I learned pretty quickly what had happened, and went to the cove for answers. There I met Tad, who was also looking for answers. I demanded that he take me with to talk to Orion to try and clear things up, and when we went down there Orion figured that this time was as good as ever to try and make peace. So we got a few others, then headed out to get you. Some of the other hunter sirens heard about it, weren’t happy, and tried to stop us. We kicked their asses, or tails, whatever, then Bill, oh man, Bill—”

“What did he do?” Dipper nearly spat. He was over being sad about the betrayal. At that point he was just mad.

Mabel sensed his tension and sighed. “Dipper, he came out, bare assed, and sobbed in front of everyone about how he had messed up. He looked so… broken. I understand he messed up, big time, but he’s changed.”

“Don’t side with him right now, Mabel, please.” Dipper rubbed his face and huffed. “I know… I know he feels differently now, but…” He shook his head. “So we’re trying to be peaceful now?” He said to change the subject.

“Yeah. But like I said, Ford won’t leave his room much and Orion is busy getting things back in order with his people. Until things settle we’re at a stand still. But, Stan is out helping clean up traps out of the water. Ford told him to.”

Dipper stared down at the bed for a little while. Finding peace was what he had been aiming for in the beginning of all of this. Really, he should be happy. But just wasn’t feeling it. Not with how raw he still felt. His body felt heavy, and his mind was a tornado of emotions and confusion.

“Where’s Bill now? In the water with Orion?” His knuckles turned white with how hard he was holding onto his blanket. Right then he hated that he cared. He hated that he cared so deeply about Bill’s well being. He hated him, but he still loved him, so much.
“Tad told me he’s been either following Orion around or hiding. Bill tried to talk to me a little yesterday about coming to see you, but we agreed you might not be ready to see him. I haven’t heard from him since.”

Bill wanted to come see him? And do what, apologize? How could someone even say sorry enough to cover what he did?

“Dipper?”

Mabel’s voice broke the angry stare down he was having with his bed and Dipper blinked a few times before looking at her. “Yeah?”

“I completely understand that you need time with this. You’ve had a lot happen to you, and none of it was fair. Loved ones turned on you, and I know it wasn’t easy. But… You have to remember that a lot of it wasn’t really anyone’s fault. Bill was raised to hate us, just as much as we were raised to hate him. He thought what he was doing was okay. And Ford… He was scared. He thought you were dead, and he lashed out. I’ve never seen him so hurt in my life. Even Stan looked more and more grim as time went. You can’t imagine how sorry they are, but-”

“Mabel. Can I just be alone for a little while?” He snapped.

She stared at him for a moment, then stood up from the chair. “Okay.” And then she was gone, just missing Stan who was coming in with his water.

“Tried to make it as cold as I could,” he said as he handed Dipper the cup.

Dipper gulped it down then carefully set it down on his nightstand, looking down at his bed again.

“How’re ya feelin’?” Stan said a bit awkwardly.

“Well, I can barely see. I feel like I’ve been hit by a bag of rocks, and my mind is hurt and confused.” He hunched over and put his forehead on his knees. “So not good.”

Stan sat on the bed and was silent for a moment, letting Dipper sulk before he spoke. “Listen, kid, I may not be great with this feelings stuff, but I get that you’re feeling like the mud in the stalls, and I want ya to know that I’m here for ya. If I need to punch that fish in the face, let me know.”

Dipper laughed dryly and shook his head. “Thanks grunkle Stan, but I think that’s okay. I just…need some time.”

He reached over and ruffled Dipper’s hair then stood up. “Alright, kid. Let me know if ya need anything, aright? The offer to punch someone still stands.”

“Okay, grunkle Stan. Thanks.”

“No problem, kid. Get some rest.”

Then Dipper was left alone, that time for hours. He spent that time staring at the wall, thinking about what he might do with Bill.

He knew in his heart that he loved Bill too much to let him go. He was hurt, but he was sure that it would hurt more to cut him out completely. Though, he didn’t mind cutting him out for at least a little while. It would be hard to see Bill and not want to shout at him, so he would wait for a few more days. Maybe more.
Ford hadn’t made an effort to talk to him in the week Dipper spent up in his room. No one other than Mabel really had. Though, he supposed that was for the best. It was possible that they sensed his hostility. Or, maybe they were mad at him. Maybe they didn’t forgive him for bringing the enemy so close. After all, everyone hated sirens. So why wouldn’t they hate him? He had gone off and made friends with a siren. Became a siren. The things that had killed his parents. The things that created the person who tricked him.

Dipper shook his head. He was so done with thinking about how Bill had hurt him. He just wanted to go back to when things were mostly okay, and their love was private.

A soft knock on his door made him look up from his desk, which he had unknowingly been staring at.

“Dipper?” It was Ford. He stepped into the room, obviously nervous about how he was going to be received. One whole week, and he hadn’t come in until now. Dipper wasn’t sure how to even feel.

“Yes?”

“I… Can we speak?” He closed the door behind himself but stayed up against it. Almost as if he were afraid of Dipper lashing out at him.

Dipper didn’t have the energy to, though, even if he were going to do it. “Sure.”

Ford sighed and ran a hand through his hair. He stayed silent for a good five or so minutes before he finally spoke. “I don’t fully know what to say. Mostly that… I’m sorry. I really didn’t think that it was you. You looked so different-”

“I begged you to stop,” Dipper said quietly. “I know you couldn’t understand my words, but the tone was clear.” He closed his eyes and clenched his fists. He didn’t want to let out everything that he felt, but it was coming anyway.

“God, I know. I know… I just- Dipper, you were missing! I had every belief that it was the only way to get you back! Had you spoken to us about what was going on-”

“Then you would’ve killed Bill and started the fighting again,” Dipper snapped. “You honestly think you and Stan would have taken well to me seeing a siren? It would have made things far worse. At least this way lives were saved.”

His grunkle looked down and let out a long sigh. “That doesn’t mean you deserved what happened.” He paused and rubbed his face. “I don’t know how to tell you what I’m trying to say. I’m furious that this happened, but I also feel horrible for what I did.” Though he was clearly upset, Ford’s voice stayed strong and didn’t crack like Dipper’s had. “You have every right to be upset with me. But you have to realize that the situation… it isn’t one that’s going to be easy for any of us to adjust to.”

Dipper opened his eyes and sucked in a calming breath. “Everyone is confused right now. I know. And I realize not telling you was wrong. But I think, right now, I have every right to be as mad as I want to be. I may need to make some apologizes later, but for right now, I want you to leave. I need more time.”

“You’ve been in here alone, for-”
“A little over a week. I know. But if I say I need more time, then I need more time. I’m doing this for myself. I haven’t done anything for myself in…probably ever, so I’m doing it now. I hurt, and I just want to cry and scream it out. Then we can talk. Alright?”

Ford opened his mouth to protest, but snapped it shut, just giving a nod. “I understand,” he mumbled as he turned to leave.

Once Dipper was left alone, he lied down on his bed. Their talk resulted in very little, if any, resolution of any kind. If anything, it was just a big, awkward way the two of them just acknowledged that the other was still alive. It did, though, let Dipper know that Ford at least felt bad for what he had done. Maybe not as bad as he should have felt, but he was still clearly upset with himself.

And Dipper understood that. The whole thing was challenging Ford’s entire belief system. Who wouldn’t be having a lot of confusing inner turmoil over that?

Dipper fully recognized then that he really wasn’t the only one that needed more time. And that made him wonder just how Bill was doing. ...Maybe he’d ask Mabel about him.

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Days sort of started to melt together. Dipper wasn’t entirely sure how much time had passed since he had seen anyone but Mabel. She was the only one to come in after his and Ford’s talk, bringing him food, water, and clean clothes.

It felt like too much time had passed before he finally asked her about Bill. As much as he was still upset, Dipper missed him. So much that it was almost hurting worse than the betrayal.

“Hey… Mabel?”

“Hm?” She didn’t turn her head away from her sewing project. She had been sitting at Dipper’s desk, working on it silently while Dipper tried to read despite his eyesight. It was going poorly.

“H-how’s… Have you talked to-”

“No. I talk to Tad, mostly, about how things are going on both sides. The last I spoke to Bill, he looked…unwell. Tad says Orion worries about him.” She drummed her fingers and licked her lips. “I don’t expect you to really care, but I think he’s hurting just as badly as you are. At this point he likely thinks you want nothing to do with him. I told him, when we saved you, that you would eventually forgive him. I...guess I may have been wrong.”

Dipper closed his book harshly and sat up. “I don’t know how I can, Mabel. Or, more of, I don’t know if I should. What he did…”

“Was terrible, I agree.” She looked over to him and huffed. “But it was also done in confusion. Bill didn’t fully understand what he was doing, and I truly believe that he loves you, and I know he feels absolutely terrible for what he’s done.”

He groaned and rubbed his eyes. “Well, what do I do? I’m still upset, I can’t pretend that I’m not.”

She stood up, setting her work down on the desk before moving to his bag on the floor. “Read this,” she said as she took his journal out and tossed it to him, not aware that Dipper couldn’t. “Every page, every entry. Remind yourself of why you love him. And, try to see where he started to love you back. I sure noticed the change, so you should too.” Mabel gathered her things then left Dipper to it.
At first, Dipper thought of just shoving the book under his pillow. He didn’t want to find a way to read it, just to relive the fake parts of their relationship. But… He did want to see what Mabel was talking about. He wanted to see just when Bill started to feel it too. If it was close to the end of things, Dipper would probably feel worse. But if it was close to the beginning, close to when he started to feel it, well then, Dipper might just be willing to go for a swim.

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After sneaking out of his room to snag one of Ford’s spare pairs of glasses in his office, it took him no time at all to re-read his journal. Twice. He was becoming frustrated because he couldn’t see the change in emotions, and the glasses were giving him a headache. There was no point in it where Bill went from scheming siren to gentle lover.

Squinting to try and relieve some of the strain on his eyes, he poured over the pages again, trying to find a point in which Bill’s attitude changed. It was becoming late, and Dipper had even refused his supper. He needed to find it.

After a third and a fourth time reading through it, Dipper was ready to throw the thing at the wall and then burn it.

Instead, Dipper decided that the fifth time was the charm. It had to be.

As he read over the events, he pieced together in his head how he felt during the events. They met. He was afraid, but intrigued. Excited, even. Then, they worked on their deal a bit more. His excitement grew, and his fear ebbed. He laughed a bit when he read over the entry about Bill getting excited over their birthmarks. He felt good that day. His fear of Bill hurting him was mostly gone, and it was about when he realized that he liked Bill, just as a friend.

Then there was the time Bill got hurt. That day was the first day he felt something in his gut heat up. Bill had laid on him, trusted him. Dipper remembered the blond whining a bit when he woke up, but it ended well. He got a kiss on the nose that day that made him pretty happy.

The next entry he couldn’t help but blush at. It was the drawing of Bill. He had posed for hours so that Dipper could get it. And though he whinned about that too, it still turned out to be a nice time. He got another kiss on the nose, and it was then that he realized he was in trouble. He liked Bill then.

Other entries after that read the same. Dipper falling more and more for Bill. They cut off when he changed into a siren, though, but he had still written in the journal. It was really only side notes on what his siren body was like, and how the sirens lived though. He hadn’t gone into much more detail about he and Bill spending time with each other, because he was too busy enjoying it.

Maybe Dipper couldn’t spot the change for a reason. Maybe he was too upset still to understand what Mabel saw.

Or maybe… maybe there wasn’t a change to see. Maybe Bill unintentionally was just always himself, and just thought he was being mischievous. Dipper surely didn’t remember feeling a change. Bill was always just…Bill. Did that mean then that Bill fell for Dipper as Dipper fell for him? What if Dipper didn’t see it because Bill’s love grew just as his did, and he was too busy focusing on his feelings for Bill to notice Bill’s feelings for him?

Dipper slammed the book shut and made sure he was dressed just enough to go outside, then left his room in a huff. He was still hurt. Still a bit confused as to how to feel. But he knew he needed to talk to Bill regardless, because they really needed to sort some things out. And…he was worried about him, as much as he didn’t want to right then.
As he made his way to the front door, he realized how late it was and that he might need to wake Bill up to speak with him. He didn’t think the blond would mind much though, if he did.

Mabel, surprisingly enough, was in one of the sitting rooms he passed on his way out. He figured he’d better stop and tell at least one person where he would be, since last time he disappeared it caused too much drama.

“You’re rude for not telling me flat out what I was meant to see, but I’m going to take care of it now, be back later!” He spoke quickly and gave a short wave.

“You had to notice it for yourself Dipdop!” She called out as he quickly continued out of the house.

Going outside was more of a relief than Dipper thought it was going to be. The fresh air was almost suffocating to him, since he had been breathing nothing but the stale air of his room for who knew how long. He made sure to take in deep, even breaths while he walked to the cove, taking in as much of the outside as he could.

The cove was just as he had seen it last. Rocky and cold. Though the chilled air felt really nice, Dipper couldn’t help but feel lonely. The chill just reminded him that he didn’t have another warm body up against his.

He shook his head and clenched his fists, stripping his shirt off quickly, keeping on his pants and borrowed glasses. He was going to talk to Bill, and they were going to try and work this out. Even if that meant fighting a little bit first.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry if the formatting or anything is weird. I had to be a god damn magician to get this to work xD

Next chapter is the last. I hope you've all enjoyed the ride <3

Unfortunately this will be one of the last updates for a little while, because doing this all on my phone is a PAIN. But I will not let it hold me back from posting as much as I can :p thanks for being patient with me! :3 <3
Chapter Notes

Wow, so this took me a while to do, but here's this. I'm sad to see this story go, but I'm also excited to move on to other projects.

Thank you all so much for joining me on this adventure, I hope you've all had as much fun with it as I have.

Enjoy! <3

It was hard to do much of anything for the first few days. Bill tried his best to follow Orion around and do chores, something that was part of his punishment, but it became harder and harder to do. Eventually he just stayed in his cave, curled up while blowing bubbles to pass the time.

Usually when the weather got cold the entire pod would start to sleep in the common area to keep warm, but Bill didn’t really sleep much, so he was content with keeping to himself at night. It made the others whisper about him even more than they already were. Once the truth came out, quite a few of them flat out shunned him, and most just avoided him. Yet another reason to keep away from the common area.

Orion seemed to be the only one who bothered to make sure Bill was even still alive, and occasionally prompted him to eat a few times, but Bill would claim that he already had then turn him away. It was nice that someone cared, but Bill knew he didn’t even deserve that kindness. He had messed up, and he knew he couldn’t fix what he had done. Not all the way. Dipper was healed and the spell was re-cast with his wants in mind, but the emotional hurt was still clearly there.

It became pretty clear to Bill that Dipper was done with him when the second week came to an end. Bill had seen Mabel twice in that time, once out of idiocy, asking if he could come see Dipper, then the second time to ask her how he was doing. She told him he was doing alright. He was getting healthy again, but was all over the place emotionally, which was understandable.

He started to lose track of time and rarely, if ever, left his cave to actually get food. Even when he did eat though, it was barely anything. He just couldn’t stomach much while upset.

A night came when Bill began to wonder how hard it would be to just start swimming and never look back. Leaving his pod could be dangerous, and he likely wouldn’t survive long on his own, but it seemed like a better option than sitting around and withering away. Dipper didn’t want him, his family didn’t want him, why not leave?

It was a tempting idea, and Bill thought it over while sitting in his cave, scratching at the wall because he was yet again unable to sleep. He let out a sigh and closed his eyes. Maybe him leaving would be the best for everyone.

Just when Bill was building up the courage to do it, a small school of fish came rushing into his cave, splashing around him frantically. When he looked to the opening to see what they had swam away from, he flinched back and pushed himself up against the wall.
It was Dipper.

“Eat. I know you probably haven’t in awhile.” He blocked the entrance so that the fish couldn’t swim out, and crossed his arms, staring Bill down.

Bill stayed pressed up against the wall and looked away from Dipper. “I’m not hungry.”

Dipper sighed and plucked one of the fish from out of the water. “I went through the trouble of getting them here, you can eat a few. Besides, Bill… You look sick.”

“I’m fine.” He almost wanted to tell Dipper to go away. It was painful to see him, and he was sure that he was just there to officially break it off, and he wasn’t sure if he could handle that.

“Look. We need to talk.” Dipper lightly tossed the fish towards him. “But I won’t unless you eat.”

He finally got the nerve to at least look at Dipper, and saw that he too was pale and sickly. He was wearing glasses that made the bags under his eyes look even bigger, and it hurt to see him in that condition. Bill had done that to him, he didn’t deserve any kind of forgiveness.

“I-if you’re here to tell me what I think you are, please just go. I can’t bear to actually hear the words.” He grabbed a fish that swam by him and looked at it, still not sure if he even could stomach anything.

There was a long pause, one that made Bill looked back at the wall. He didn’t want to watch Dipper leave just as much as he didn’t want to hear him say that it was over.

“I’m not leaving you.”

Dipper’s voice was so sudden and loud that Bill looked over at him in shock.

“Wh-what?”

He nodded at the fish in Bill’s hand. “Eat and I’ll talk to you.”

Bill eyed the fish for a moment, then lifted it to his mouth and bit the head off, chewing only for a moment before swallowing it, and the rest of the fish whole. Dipper cringed a bit at it, but seemed happy enough about it.

“There. I ate.” He looked away again and crossed his arms, hoping that Dipper was about to explain what he meant about not leaving him.

“I’ve been doing a lot of thinking,” Dipper started, “and I realized that I can’t let you go. I still love you as much as I did before I knew what you were doing.”

“You do?” Bill looked at Dipper and blinked away the tears that had started to make his eyes sting. “Why?”

Dipper looked down at the water and lightly chewed at his bottom lip. “You’re still you, Bill. You always have been. It’s really hard to fall in love with someone and then just let them go. So even after what you did, I’ve decided that I don’t want to stop seeing you.”

A half laugh half sob left Bill’s lips and he rubbed his eyes to stop his tears. “You deserve so much better than me, Dipper. I hurt you and you should leave me.” It hurt to say, but Bill knew he was right. He desperately wanted to just swim over and hug and kiss Dipper, accepting that he had just said that he wanted to stay, but he knew it would be wrong. He really didn’t deserve Dipper.
“Most people probably would. What you did was pretty terrible. But,” he added, “you were doing what you thought was right. From your point of view, a siren’s point of view, what you did would be okay. I was the enemy, and you thought I needed to be taken care of to help protect your family. And when I started seeing you, I should have kept that in mind. I trusted you all too easily, but it was because of my hope for us to understand each other.” He paused and looked back up at Bill.

It was hard to see him upset and he wanted to comfort him, but Bill stayed put, not wanting to push any boundaries that were probably about to be set.

“And I think having this happen, though it sucks, did help us understand each other better. I learned how cruel us humans were being, and how badly it was affecting you and your family. It was bad enough to drive a good person like you to do something bad.”

Bill scoffed. “I’m not a good person.”

Dipper moved closer to Bill and smiled weakly. “I know you well enough to know that’s not true. You always talked about how much you care for your family, even though you’d never admit it to any of them. And only someone who felt truly bad for what they’ve done would become this sickly over it. And… Mabel told me about the docs. I know you love me, and I know what lengths you would go to for me. I like to think that you’ve felt this way about me for as long as I have you, and that you were just denying it to yourself.”

“You think correctly then,” he laughed. “I thought for so long that I just couldn’t be feeling warm and fuzzy for a human. That my crush on you would go away if I willed it to. But it didn’t. It got worse and worse and then I found myself missing you whenever we were apart, and wanting to hold you and kiss you, and just be with you, and—” He stopped himself when he felt tears roll down his cheeks. “I’m so sorry, Dipper,” he added quietly.

A hand was suddenly on his shoulder and then Dipper was next to him, tears of his own running down his cheeks. “I know,” he whispered.

Unable to hold himself back, Bill pulled Dipper into a tight hug, wrapping his tail around the other’s. He was so warm that Bill couldn’t help but shiver and bury his face in the crook of Dipper’s neck.

“Bill, you’re freezing,” Dipper said as he returned the hug. “Why are you even out here so late anyway? Aren’t you supposed to be with the others?”

“I don’t think I’m welcome anymore,” he sighed. “Being technically half human is kind of a deal breaker.” He laughed a bit and wiped his tears away as he moved back a little from Dipper, still keeping their tails together.

The two stared at each other for a moment, Dipper’s soft glow being the only light since the moon was no longer high enough in the sky to provide any.

“How about we just… start over. Do this all the right way.” Dipper pulled him close again and rubbed his arm to help warm him up.

“What do you mean?” He welcomed the embrace and for the first time weeks was able to get his body to use his healing vibrations.

Though he wasn’t sure how he knew how to do it, Dipper started to use his own as well, and it made the ache in Bill’s body start to fade.

“Let’s introduce each other to our families for real this time. No more secrets or hiding. And this time we can really appreciate each other’s cultures by going out and exploring. We can be open about it
and not have to worry about what others will say.”

“That sounds… Are you sure? What will we do if others don’t accept us? I’ve made such a mess, everyone was put into such a strange place because of me. What if they don’t want a truce, and they start fighting again?”

Dipper’s stopped rubbing his arm and sighed. “Then we fight it. I honestly don’t think it will come to that, though. I think, though it will take some time, both sides will start to understand each other, and realize that life will be so much better without having to fear one another. We just have to try, and hope that I am right.” He lightly traced over Bill’s birthmark with his index finger and smiled. “So, will you try? Will you start over and be open with me?”

Bill sniffled and laughed. “Yes. I’ll do anything for you, Dipper.”

“Good. Then as soon as morning comes, we’ll get started.”

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The sun had just barely come over the horizon, lighting the sea up with its golden glow. Dipper stared out at it for a moment while he thought, trying to get his nerves about what he was about to do to go away. He took a deep breath of the salty air and closed his eyes. This was going to make things better, he had to just do it. No more worrying.

He opened the door to his home, stepping inside quickly before he psyched himself out. He was going to talk to his family, and he was going to do it with a strong voice, even though he was emotionally and physically exhausted from going to see Bill.

When he was swimming over to talk to Bill, he had every intention to yell at him before telling him that he still wanted him. To let out his frustrations and maybe feel some sort of victory because of it. But when he saw how hurt and broken Bill was, all of his anger vanished and instead he only felt sad. He had figured that the other hadn’t eaten, which was why he brought the fish, but he had no idea Bill would be in as bad of shape as he was.

So, instead of yell at him, Dipper did what he knew was the right thing to do. He spoke calmly and explained to the best of his ability what he was feeling. He had been hurt, but he still understood why Bill did it, and he was willing to try again. He knew Bill loved him, and he loved Bill, so there was no reason not to, in his mind. It was something that he just accepted then, and after how good it made him feel to hug Bill, he didn’t want to question it.

He knew his family would understand, or at least would just accept it, so he was ready to tell them the same.

With a deep breath, Dipper entered the dining area, where his family was all eating breakfast.

“Dipper! I was hoping you’d be back soon!” Mabel stood up from her chair and pranced over to him excitedly. “How did it go?”

“Well,” he smiled as he pushed up his borrowed glasses. “It went well. I’m actually here to talk with you all about it.”

“What is it that you’d like to share?” She grabbed his shoulder and lead him over to the table, sitting
back down while looking at him expectantly.

Ford and Stan exchanged a glance at one another before turning their attention back to Dipper, who was biting at his lips nervously.

He knew they were at least accepting of him, but he really wasn’t sure how well they would react to meeting Bill. It was a little frightening to wonder what their official meeting would be like. “I want you all to meet Bill. I’ve decided to stay with him, and I want you to know him.”

A tense silenced passed, Ford growing tense and tapping his fingers on the table. Mabel and Stan just looked to each other, having a silent conversation that Dipper hoped was about good things.

“I’d love to,” Mabel said to break the silence. “And I’m sure Ford and Stan agree.” She looked over to Ford, giving him a stern stare. “We are meant to make peace with them, after all.”

Dipper gulped as he watched Ford look up at him. Neither of them said anything, and the silence between the four of them was becoming unbearable. It hurt Dipper to know that Ford wasn’t willing to accept the situation, but he also understood how hard it was to just switch mindsets about something so big. Both sides had done so much wrong, so much killing, that he was almost shocked that either of them had come as far as they did.

“For Christ’s sake, Ford, just say you’re sorry to the kid!” Stan blurted out. “You’ve been mopey about this for a week, you have’ta learn to start doing that ‘accepting’ crap Mabel explained. We can’t change what’s happenin’ so deal with it like a man.”

Ford glared at Stan and scoffed. “I’m simply trying to find the right wording for what I wish to say.” He looked back over at Dipper and let out a long sigh. “What I did wasn’t right. I hurt you, and I’m sorry for it. I just… I will need time to adjust to this big change.”

“And that’s okay with me,” Dipper smiled, despite the weight in his chest. “I understand it is a lot. As long as you’re willing to try, I am as well.”

They held each other’s stares for a moment more before Ford gave a short nod. “I will try, Dipper.”

He let out the breath he hadn’t realized he was holding and a genuine smile pulled at his lips. “Thank you. I’m going to grab him some clothing then I will be back with him.” Dipper excitedly stood and left to go up to his room, quickly maneuvering through the house so that he didn’t make Bill wait too much longer.

With the clothes in hand, Dipper nearly sprinted to the cove. He wasn’t sure if he was being fueled by his nerves or excitement, but hoped it was the latter. Not having to hide anymore was going to be nice, but things would be tense for a little while, probably to a point of having to leave the house occasionally. He only hoped that it would pass quickly and never get to a point of anymore fighting.

“So, how’d it go?” Bill was already dry and was laid out on the sand, his figure already looking more lively. Dipper leaving him seemed to have been a great stress on Bill, and though a part of Dipper was still upset, he was happy to see his boyfriend in a better mood.

“They’d like to meet you,” Dipper said as he tossed the clothes to Bill.

He stood and brushed some sand off of himself, fighting with the clothes to put them on correctly. “They’d like to, or they feel like they have to?”

Dipper shrugged. “Does it matter? Either way we’re getting this out of the way. We need to take these baby steps.” He stepped closer to help Bill put the shirt on since the blond was trying to put it
on backwards.

“I suppose.” Once Bill’s head was through the shirt he began to work with the pants, getting them on without help from Dipper. “I just hope they take it well. Mabel is fine, but…” He looked down at his hands and sighed. “I'm a little...scared…” he mumbled.

Pulling the smaller man into a hug, Dipper hushed him and rubbed his back. “It’ll be okay.”

Bill returned the hug and the two stayed in the embrace for a few minutes, enjoying the warmth of the other.

Dipper missed the physical contact, and was glad that he was able to have that moment with Bill. He was just as afraid of this whole thing as Dipper was, and that was somehow comforting. “It’ll be okay. I'll be there. Nothing bad will happen.”

“I should be the one comforting you,” Bill sniffled. “You’re too good to me, Dipper. I don’t deserve you, I really don’t.”

“Let’s just focus on getting this day over with. It’ll be the rough patch before you and I get to talking you out of saying those kinds of things. We're both imperfect, okay? Let’s just go to my house.”

Bill nodded and pulled away from the hug. “Help me walk?”

He took Bill’s hand and smiled. “Of course.”

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The manor seemed even more menacing than it had before, and Dipper stood at the door, holding onto Bill’s hand tightly. He knew he was supposed to be brave and face this, get all of the hard parts out of the way so that they could start on their road to recovery, but it was proving to be more difficult than he thought it would be.

“Alright. Here we go,” he said with a shaky voice as he pulled the door open.

The two were met with Mabel immediately pulling them into a hug, her poofy dress nearly covering them both.

“I have tea waiting for us!” She grabbed their joined hands and pulled them behind her, ignoring Bill’s occasional tumbles while she lead them to the sitting room where Stan and Ford were likely waiting.

Dipper held his breath as the three entered the room, just waiting for something bad to happen. His nerves were nearly fried when his gaze met his grunkle’s faces, and he couldn’t bring himself to exhale just yet. And he likely wouldn’t until someone said something, other than just stare at each other like they all were.

“Grunkle Stan, Ford, this is Bill,” Mabel smiled. She lead them over to sit down on one of the cream colored chairs and tried to break the tension in the room with a laugh. “It’s nice to have you around with some pants on.”

Bill smiled weakly, but his eyes never left Ford’s. “They’re not very comfortable,” he mumbled.

“Tails are hard to get used to at first, too,” Dipper said in hopes of keeping the conversation going. It was stale and awkward, but it was better than the silence.
Stan chuckled and leaned back in his chair. “I bet Mabel could make you a pair that would fit better. For a big fish, yer pretty small. Dipper is nearly a foot taller than ya!” He laughed and slapped his knee, earning a small laugh from everyone but Ford.

“I’ll get to making some tailored clothes for you soon, okay Bill? That way you can have a wardrobe here for when you come up.” Mabel eyed him for a moment, snapping her fingers as her eyes went wide. “I’ll make things to match your scales! That way it feels a little more like your normal self.”

“Thanks,” he said quietly.

It was hard for Dipper to see Bill being so quiet. So…not himself. He wanted to smash the tension in the air with a hammer.

“Ford.” Dipper cleared his throat. “Despite things, Bill makes me happy. Things are going to be bumpy, but-”

“Dipper, it’s okay. I know. I’m still just...adjusting, is all. I’ve not seen one with legs before. I’m trying to be scientifically fascinated over being mad. Perhaps one day Bill and I could discuss how he did this?”

Everyone looked to Bill, who was then clinging onto Dipper like a lifeline.

“S-sure. It was just some magic. Kind of hard to do, but…” He shrugged and looked down, his grip loosening on Dipper. “But I pulled it off. I’m pretty good with magic.”

The mood lifted quite a bit when Ford went into one of his lectures on magic, talking quickly about his research on just how much magic sirens could do, and what creatures could use it better than others.

They all sat and listened as his words helped melt away the tension. Bill would occasionally butt in when he would correct Ford, slowly acting more and more like the stubborn person Dipper knew him as. He even eventually relaxed his grip and leaned forward to talk more excitedly when Ford asked him a question.

It was nice. There was still some heavy air, but he could see how much everyone was trying. He only hoped that things would continue to go smoothly, and that they could have more days like this.

The time came to say goodbye, since he and Bill still needed to have Dipper meet his family, and they all stood to give their quick goodbyes.

“Look, this has been weird and a little confusing, but I’m proud of ya, kid.” Stan ruffled his hair and looked at Bill, his eyes narrowing. “Hurt my nephew again and you’re a dead fish, got it?”

Bill just nodded and grabbed Dipper’s hand again.

“Glad you understand. Have fun doin’ your fish stuff. I’m gonna go finish some paperwork. Ford should be right behind me, so don’t keep ‘im too long.”

“Okay grunkle Stan.” Dipper smiled and waved him off, then looked to Mabel. “I’ll be back in a little while, okay? Then we can maybe read a book together before bed like we used to.”

She nodded and pulled them both into another bone crushing hug. “I love you both. And I can’t wait, bro-bro. I get to pick the book though! None of your nerdy stuff!”

“Fine,” he laughed. “See you in a little while.”
Mabel moved back from the hug and smiled at them. “See you in a little while.”

With only Ford left in the room with them, Dipper squeezed Bill’s hand and looked to his grunkle.

“I’ll get the process started for you to get some better fitting glasses,” Ford said quickly. “Ones that might be easier to see with. And I’ll be sure to remind Mabel to get Bill some better clothes.”

“Thank you.” Dipper smiled at him, and he smiled back. Things still felt awkward and forced, and it wasn’t anywhere near where he wanted to be, but it was something. And he and Ford silently acknowledged that while they held each other’s stare. Some progress was better than none.

“I’ll be off then. It was...nice to meet you, Bill.” He held out his hand and waited patiently for Bill to shake it.

Bill stared at it for a moment before reaching out his own hand, a little startled when Ford shook it. “It was nice to meet you as well.”

Ford left and they made their way out of the house, still tightly holding hands even though there wasn’t as much to be tense about. In fact, things felt much lighter. He could accept that it was going to take time, and he was willing to wait. Because once everything was settled, life was going to be great. And his next step to having things settled was to meet Bill’s family.

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It was Bill’s turn to wait nervously by the opening of his home, and Dipper did his best to reassure him that it would be okay.

“It’s just a quick swim to Orion,” he said as he rubbed Bill’s back.

Bill wrapped his tail around Dipper’s and pulled him closer. “I haven’t faced any of them in days. I don’t know what they’ll think of me.”

“Ignore the ones who are rude, and be nice to the nice ones. Simple.” He pushed Bill back a bit, wanting to get things moving. “Now let’s go. The sooner we do this, the better.”

“Yeah, okay.” He moved away just enough to swim freely, still not letting go of Dipper’s hand.

Every single siren they passed stared after them, quiet whispers and clicks being shared about them. Dipper chose to ignore them, but he could feel Bill holding himself back from snapping at them. Talking to any other sirens would have to wait until this were cooled off more. For the time being they just needed to make it to where Orion was to finish up the hard part of their day.

The group of sirens thinned out as they entered the cave system, eventually leaving them alone with Dipper’s soft glow to light their way.

Bill lead him into a large cave where Orion and Tad were talking, both immediately stopping when they saw the two of them.

“Bill, Dipper, it’s good to see you,” Orion greeted. “I was worried you two wouldn’t show up again. I’m glad you’ve decided to come say hello.”

“Yeah…” Bill bit his lip and looked to Dipper. “We wanted to come introduce him to you more formally. I’d let everyone else say hi, but they seem...not happy with me.”

Orion laughed and shook his head. “They’re all just concerned right now. They’ll understand how
this is a good thing soon enough. Once we’re able to sort out our terms of peace, both sides will become aware of how beneficial our alliance will be. Speaking of, Dipper, do you think you could pass along a message to your uncles for me? Just a simple one.”

“Yes, of course.”

“Tell them I’d like to meet in three days, at noon on the docks. Just to talk. Do you think that will be alright?”

“Just talk about magic and Ford will agree to whatever terms you have,” Bill chuckled. “He seems fond of it.”

“It should be fine,” Dipper smiled. “They’re both trying, just as everyone else is.”

The silence between them was much lighter than the one between Dipper’s family had been, and he relaxed against Bill. It was refreshing to have someone calm and collected as Orion seemed to be about the situation.

“Perfect. Well, I do appreciate you two coming to say hello, and I’m glad that you seem to have worked through some of your problems. I look forward to seeing you again, but for now I have business with Tad and the other hunters to attend to.”

“It was a pleasure to meet you as, well, me,” Dipper laughed.

“The pleasure’s all mine, Dipper.” He smiled and looked to Bill. “Do not think that this will lessen your chores. I expect you to be up tomorrow morning to help, alright?”

Bill gave a short nod and rolled his eyes. “Of course.”

With another quick smile, Orion began to swim away. “Come along, Tad.”

Tad started to swim after him, but paused when he got close to Dipper. “Could you also pass along a message to Mabel for me?”

“Uh, sure.”

“Tell her I am looking forward to our meeting. And that I will be bringing her a surprise.” He scratched at his arm and looked away from him. “Also… I’m glad you’re… both okay.”

“I will let her know. And, thank you, Tad. We’ll see you around.”

Bill just gave a small nod, letting Tad swim by without saying anything.

After a moment, they followed them out and made their way to Bill’s cave, swimming in silence.

Dipper wasn’t entirely sure where to go from there. Both meetings had been easier than he thought, especially the one with Orion, and he couldn’t quite piece together what the next step was. He knew he and Bill still needed to work through their own issues, but that was going to take time, and he didn’t know what to do right then to start the process.

“You think everyone will actually make this work?” Bill asked as he laid on the bottom of his cave. He looked up at the opening above them, the orange sky making the water look gold. It reflected off of his scales in a way that made it look like they were both glowing, lighting the cave in a mix of gold and blue.

He laid next to Bill, watching the water ripple above him in golden rings. “Right now we can only
hope. They all seem to be doing okay with it.”

Bill turned on his side and looked at Dipper, his mouth pulled into a worried frown. “What if they don’t, though? What if it all falls apart?” He gulped and looked away from Dipper. “What if we fall apart?” He added quietly.

“Bill,” Dipper started as he wrapped his arms and tail around the blond. “We may have a lot to sift through, and I can’t promise that I will be this forgiving every day, but I’m going to try as long as you will.” He kissed Bill’s forehead and sighed. “As for everyone else, well, we’ll just have to face that as it comes. But if we do it together, I know it won’t be a problem for long. So the real question you should be asking, is if you’re willing to stick around, even if things get messy. Because they might, and it has the possibility of being really bad.”

He shifted a bit in Dipper’s arms so that he could look him in the eyes. “I’ll stay if you stay.”

Dipper smiled. “No matter how bad things get, we’ll do this all together then.”

Bill smiled back and tightened the embrace. “Together.”

Chapter End Notes

This ending theme doesn’t fit as well as my other ones do, but I always think of this story when I hear this song:
https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=iUI5uLysKaE

I left the ending very open because I felt it fit. They’re starting a new chapter of their lives, but also ending one, and I hope I captured that.

I wanna thank my beta Cami, even though with my wifi down I haven’t been able to send her anything in a while, she’s still amazing for going through what I was able to send her. I appreciate you a lot <3

And thank YOU for reading and joining me for this fun little story. I love you all so much and I really appreciate the comments and nice things you’ve said.

I hope you liked this final chapter, and I hope your day/night is going well <3

End Notes

Thanks for reading! <3

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